BRITISH LITERATURE I - MIDDLE AGES TO THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY AND NEOCLASSICISM



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This text was compiled on 08/26/2026

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1: THE MIDDLE AGES

Learning Objectives

After completing this chapter, you should be able to do the following:

- Describe the migration and/or invasion of successive groups into Britain;
- Analyze the ways that Anglo-Saxon literature assimilated Christian themes;
- Compare how various groups and individuals used the story of King Arthur for political, religious, and revisionist reasons;
- Describe the languages used in Britain over time, leading to Chaucer's use of English when composing his works;
- Analyze the similarities and differences between the Anglo-Saxon warrior code and the knightly (or chivalric) code in Middle English literature, especially in Malory;
- Analyze the similarities and differences among the portrayals of women in Anglo-Saxon, Anglo-Norman, and Middle English works;
- Analyze the ways that writers use the concept of courtly love, from Marie de France to Malory.

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1.1: Introduction to the Middle Ages

Medieval British literature exists because of the waves of successive groups that made the British Isles a melting pot of cultures, with each contributing a piece of the puzzle. The Middle Ages spans over 1000 years of history, which would be impossible to reproduce in much detail in a concise summary; the avid student of history would do well to pick up a textbook (or two) on British medieval history for a more complete picture of events. The purpose of this introduction is to give an outline of major events that affected literature, including who was in Britain at what time, and how literature responded to the changing times. To understand the context of medieval British literature, it is necessary to begin much earlier, in Roman times.

1.2.1 Roman Britain

Although Julius Caesar invaded Britain in 55 and 54 BCE, it was not until 43 ACE that the Romans began a systematic invasion of the British Isles. The inhabitants, called Britons by the Romans, were not a unified group, but rather many different tribes; popularly, they now are referred to as Celts, although archaeologists and historians suggest that calling them Celtic language speakers would be more accurate. The Celts were not the original or only inhabitants of the island (archaeologists have found evidence of settlements dating back to the Stone Age), and even some sites now associated with the Celts, such as Stonehenge, predate them. Although these Celtic tribes had an oral culture, rather than a written one, Roman authors wrote about them (not the most unbiased of sources); it would be difficult to imagine later medieval British literature without references to their cultures (such as the druids, who served as priests and advisors, among other functions) and their languages. The tribes in the south—the ones first encountered by the Romans—spoke Common Brittonic, a Celtic language that would develop into modern Welsh, Cornish, and Breton (and the now- extinct Cumbric). The Goidelic, or Gaelic, language developed into Irish Gaelic, Scottish Gaelic, and Manx (spoken on the Isle of Man). The influence of Celtic languages can be found most prominently in place names, such as London, Dover, Avon, and Cornwall.



Image 1.1 | Map of Roman conquest of Britain
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The Roman conquest of Britain was met with considerable resistance; the most famous example was the revolt led by Queen Boudica of the Iceni, a Celtic tribe, in either 60 or 61 ACE. Boudica and her coalition of several Celtic tribes came close to driving out the Romans, but Roman forces under Suetonius managed to defeat the coalition and reassert control. To the north, the Roman Emperor Hadrian ordered the construction of a wall in 122 ACE to keep out the Picts, who inhabited what is present-day Scotland. The Picts may have been a combination of indigenous tribes (who predat- ed the Celtic migration to the island hundreds of years earlier) and immigrants from Ireland (the word *Scoti*, from which the name Scotland derives, was used by the Romans to describe the Irish). The Picts were never conquered by the Romans, just as Ireland resisted Roman rule. Much later, in the Declaration of Arbroath (1320), the Scots would use this fact to argue to the Pope that they historically were an in- dependent kingdom, and there- fore Edward I of England had no right to their lands.



Image 1.2 | Map of Roman withdrawal from Britain
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Although the Middle Ages in Europe are often seen as beginning after the fall of Rome in 476 ACE, the Middle Ages in Britain start with the withdrawal of Roman troops. By 383 ACE, Roman forces had withdrawn from the north and west, with the final departure of troops from the island in 410 ACE. The medieval legend of King Arthur and his knights comes from the events that followed this departure.

1.2.2 Anglo-Saxon Britain

When Roman forces abandoned their British outposts, the Britons were left vulnerable after several hundred years of Roman military protection. The Irish and the Picts began raiding the lands formerly controlled by the Romans, while Saxon pirates stepped up their raids along the British coastline. Although historical records from this time are scarce (most literature at this point was transmitted orally), some later authors claim that a leader named Vortigern (possibly itself a title) made the colossal mistake of inviting Saxon mercenaries into the country to protect Britons from the Picts and Irish. Instead, according to later literary sources, the Saxons began their own invasion of the island. Although modern historians debate whether the invasion was actually more of a migration, literary sources follow the version of events found in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* (first composed in the ninth century). However it started, the Saxons, Angles, and Jutes would eventually overrun what is now England, or "Angleland," pushing many of the Celtic tribes into Wales, Cornwall, Scotland, and Ireland, as well as across the British Channel to Armorica (modern-day Brittany in France).

The Anglo-Saxon kingdoms of England (Wessex, Sussex, Essex, Kent, Mercia, East Anglia, and Northumbria, along with other smaller domains) were slowly Christianized in the seventh and eighth centuries. Missionaries often tried to convert the ruler first, who would then allow (or order) the conversion of his people. Bede describes part of this process in his *Ecclesiastical History of the English People*, completed in about 731 ACE. Bede begins with the Roman invasion and continues to this present day. For the previously-pagan Germanic tribes, the process of conversion involved reconciling the warrior code with Christian teachings. Anglo-Saxon literature, therefore, often couches traditional warrior behavior in a Christian context. Stories such as *Beowulf* take a clearly pagan story and retool it into a Christian framework (scholars still debate the extent to which this effort is successful in that story). One of the most successful examples of this reworking is *The Dream of the Rood*, which tells the story of Christ's crucifixion as the actions of a warrior who defeats his enemies through his bravery. More frequently, as in the poem *The Wanderer*, the Christian meaning of the story appears added after the fact. The opposite transformation happens with the story of Judith, taken from *The Book of Judith* (still found in the Roman Catholic and Eastern Orthodox Bibles, but removed from both Jewish and Protestant versions). The Hebrew Judith who fights the Assyrian Holofernes is described as a type of Anglo-Saxon shield maiden, worthy of her share of the enemy's treasure. Our understanding of this process is limited as well by the scarcity of manuscripts that have survived; both *Beowulf* and *Judith* survive in only one manuscript, while only four manuscript books, or codices, of Anglo-Saxon poetry are extant.

1.2.3 Danelaw Britain

In 793, the Vikings raided the monastery at Lindisfarne, and Danish attacks on England began to increase. Over the next hundred

years, Danish forces would occupy more and more Anglo-Saxon territory, at one point leaving only the kingdom of Wessex independent. Sections in the northern and eastern parts of England became known as the Danelaw, or areas where Danish laws were used, rather than Anglo-Saxon ones. Ironically, as Britain went through a temporary phase where fewer people knew Latin, more books were translated from Latin to Old English (or Anglo-Saxon, which is basically a dialect of Old German). In particular, King Alfred of Wessex (who ruled from 871 to 899) oversaw the translations of numerous Latin texts into Old English, so that past learning would not be lost. At the same time, areas under the Danelaw picked up quite a few loanwords from Norse/Scandinavian languages, including words like “anger,” “cake,” “window,” “glitter,” “mistake,” “eggs,” and “awkward.” Those words would spread to other areas of the island over time.

In 1016, King Canute of Norway and Denmark became king of all England, ruling until 1035. After a struggle with the succession among Canute’s heirs, the Wessex line was briefly restored when Edward the Confessor took the throne in 1042. Edward ruled until 1066, and his death led to a fight for the succession that resulted in the Norman conquest of England by William, Duke of Normandy (more commonly referred to now as William the Conqueror). William defeated his main rival, Harold Godwin, at the Battle of Hastings, on October 14, 1066.

1.2.4 Norman Britain

The *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* records the Norman Conquest as a punishment from God, although it is not complimentary about the instrument of that punishment, William, or his Norman troops. While suppressing revolts, William began the process of removing Anglo-Saxons from power and replacing them with his Norman followers. The *Domesday Book* (a survey of all the lands and wealth of England) records the removal of lands from Anglo-Saxon nobles, whose lands were then awarded to Normans. Many free peasants suddenly found themselves bound to the lord of the manor and required to work for him, signaling the start of the feudal system. At one point, fewer than 250 people owned most of the land in England.

William did not speak English, so Norman French became the most commonly- used language of the British royal court—as well as government offices and the legal system. Just as the Christianization of the Anglo-Saxons had introduced Latin words into the language, Old English incorporated more and more French vocabulary over time. As a result, English speakers can say that they are going to have a “drink” (Anglo-Saxon origin) or a “beverage” (Old French origin), or that they are going to “weep” (Anglo-Saxon) or “cry” (Old French). Additionally, the very word “government” is of French origin, as are the words “office,” “city,” “police,” “tax,” “jury,” “attorney,” and “prison.”

The Norman invasion also led to a resurgence of interest in King Arthur, and it would be during the next few centuries that the most common modern image of Arthur was created. The three main topics of literature in medieval Britain were “the Matter of Rome” (stories of the Trojan War, using Virgil’s *Aeneid* as a reference), “the Matter of France” (mostly stories of Charlemagne and his men), and “the Matter of Britain,” which were mostly stories related to King Arthur. Geoffrey of Monmouth’s *History of the Kings of Britain*, written around 1135-1139, introduced many Normans to the story of Arthur, including a new character from a different tradition: Merlin. (Well over two hundred years later, Chaucer would mention in *The House of Fame* that some people considered Geoffrey of Monmouth a liar.) Many of the most well-known elements of the Arthurian legend were added over the next forty years or so; the Anglo-Norman writer Wace, in his *Roman de Brut* (1155), added the Round Table, while the French writer Chrétien de Troyes added a French knight, Lancelot, as the lover of Queen Guinevere and the greatest knight of King Arthur’s court in his *The Knight of the Cart; or Lancelot* (written roughly between 1175 and 1181).

The quest for the Holy Grail evolved during this time as well. In the Welsh *Peredur*, the grail is a platter with a severed head on it; in Chrétien’s *Perceval*, it is a serving dish with contents that light up the room; and in Wolfram von Eschenbach’s *Parzival*, the grail is a stone (possibly a meteorite) guarded by the Knights Templar. It is in Robert de Boron’s *Joseph d’Arimathe* that the grail becomes the cup used by Jesus at the Last Supper and used by Joseph of Arimathea to catch blood from Jesus during the Crucifixion. By the time that Sir Thomas Malory wrote his huge compilation of Arthurian stories in *Le Morte d’Arthur*, the Grail knight was no longer Percival, but Galahad, the son of Lancelot and Elaine, the daughter of King Pelles (a version of the Fisher King of the Grail stories), although Percival accompanies Galahad on his quest.

Several British monarchs attempted to use the Arthurian stories for their own political advantage. Henry II (who reigned from 1154-1189) claimed to have found the grave of Arthur and Guinevere in Glastonbury, possibly to discourage the popular idea that Arthur might return one day. During the reign of Edward I (1272-1307), a Round Table was constructed (5.5 meters in diameter), which now hangs on the wall in the Great Hall of Winchester Castle. Edward III (1327- 1377) created the Order of the Garter (rather than a Round Table, which he considered at one point) to create a new type of community of knights. It was during Edward III’s reign that the English language, rather than French, slowly became prominent again. In 1362, English was re-established as the language of the legal system (before the Pleading in English Act of 1362, all legal proceedings were conducted in French, even though most of the English did not know French), although it would not be until the reign of Henry V (1413-1422) that English

would be re-established as the official language of government for the first time since the Norman conquest.

By the time that Geoffrey Chaucer began writing, English was slowly becoming the language of literature in Britain once more. Although some of his contemporaries, such as John Gower, wrote in French and Latin as well as English to reach a wider audience, Chaucer wrote his works in Middle English, as did the anonymous author of *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, William Langland with his *Piers Plowman*, and other authors. By the time that William Caxton printed a copy of Chaucer's *The Canterbury Tales* in 1476 (long after Chaucer's death in 1400), Chaucer was considered the master that many English and Scottish authors sought to emulate. In the Renaissance, Shakespeare took Chaucer's poem *Troilus and Criseyde* and turned it into a play, writing in Early Modern English.

The Middle Ages in Britain end (more or less) in 1485, when Henry VII ends the Wars of the Roses (and the Early Modern Period begins). Malory's *Le Morte d'Arthur* was published in the same year, and it is the literary reaction to the wars between the houses of Lancaster and York that had just ended. As the Middle Ages drew to a close, Malory records a picture of knighthood that is both nostalgic and, at times, cynical: celebrating the concept while criticizing the practice of it. Just as the start of the Middle Ages gave rise to the legend of King Arthur, *Le Morte d'Arthur* serves as a bookend to the period.

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1.2: Recommended Reading

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1.3: (Anglo-Saxon Litterature) The Dream of the Rood

Approximately seventh to eighth century

The Dream of the Rood dates from at least the early eighth century, when eighteen verses of it were carved on the Ruthwell Cross in runic letters. The Ruthwell Cross, in southern Scotland, stands over eighteen feet tall and includes Gospel scenes, Latin inscriptions, and elaborately-carved vines in addition to the fragment of The Dream of the Rood. Like other Anglo-Saxon poems, The Dream of the Rood uses alliteration rather than rhyme; it is divided into half-lines (with a pause, or caesura, in the middle) that vary between short rhythmic sections and longer hypermetrical sections (with more syllables). The 156 lines of the complete poem are found in the tenth century Vercelli Book, a manuscript rediscovered in 1822, in the cathedral in Vercelli, in northern Italy. Just as the Ruthwell Cross is meant to appeal to a variety of audiences, the poem presents a Christian subject (the Crucifixion) in a way that would appeal to the traditions of a warrior class only recently converted to Christianity in some cases. Warriors followed a lord (who could be a king or a chieftain), who distributed gold and other rewards to loyal retainers. When the Rood (Cross) speaks of its history, from tree to loyal retainer of Christ (his liege lord/Lord), it describes Christ as a warrior who climbs up onto the cross freely and bravely to defeat sin. An Anglo-Saxon audience could not help but see a comparison to Odin/Woden sacrificing himself on the Tree of Life (Yggdrasil) to gain the secret of the runes, the very language in which the fragment is written.

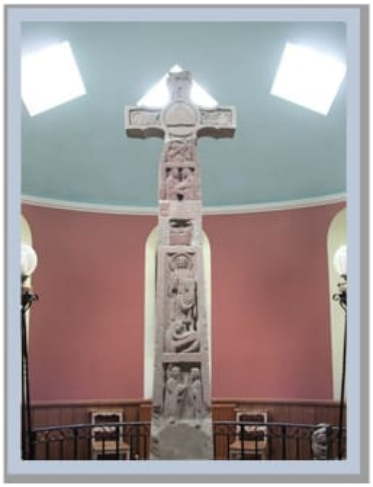


Image 1.3 | The Ruthwell Cross
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The poem is also a dream vision, a popular genre in medieval English literature (see, for example, Chaucer's Parlement of Fowles, found in this anthology). When the dreamer awakes, he longs to rejoin his companions, who have gone on to feast at the Lord's table in heaven: a situation similar to that found in the Anglo-Saxon poem The Wanderer (also in the anthology). Near the end, the dreamer refers to Christ saving those who "suffered the burning," an indirect reference to the popular Harrowing of Hell, found in the (now) apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus and in numerous medieval works, from mystery plays to Dante's is meant to appeal to a variety of audiences, the poem presents a Christian subject (the Crucifixion) in a way that would appeal to the traditions of a warrior class only recently converted to Christianity in some cases. Warriors followed a lord (who could be a king or a chieftain), who distributed gold and other rewards to loyal retainers. When the Rood (Cross) speaks of its history, from tree to loyal retainer of Christ (his liege lord/Lord), it describes Christ as a warrior who climbs up onto the cross freely and bravely to defeat sin. An Anglo-Saxon audience could not help but see a comparison to Odin/Woden sacrificing himself on the Tree of Life (Yggdrasil) to gain the secret of the runes, the very language in which the fragment is written. The poem is also a dream vision, a popular genre in medieval English literature (see, for example, Chaucer's Parlement of Fowles, found in this anthology). When the dreamer awakes, he longs to rejoin his companions, who have gone on to feast at the Lord's table in heaven: a situation similar to that found in the Anglo-Saxon poem The Wanderer (also in the anthology). Near the end, the dreamer refers to Christ saving those who "suffered the burning," an indirect reference to the popular Harrowing of Hell, found in the (now) apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus and in numerous medieval works, from mystery plays to Dante's.

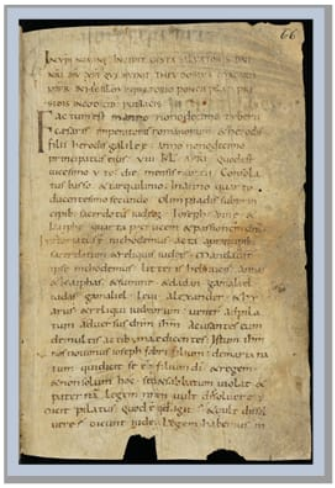


Image 1.4 | The Gospel of Nicodemos
Artist | Nicodemos
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1.4.1 *The Dream of the Rood*

Lo! choicest of dreams I will relate,

What dream I dreamt in middle of night

When mortal men reposed in rest.

Methought I saw a wondrous wood

Tower aloft with light bewound,

Brightest of trees; that beacon was all

Begirt with gold; jewels were standing

Four at surface of earth, likewise were there five

Above on the shoulder-brace. All angels of God beheld it,

Fair through future ages; 'twas no criminal's cross indeed,

But holy spirits beheld it there,

Men upon earth, all this glorious creation.

Strange was that victor-tree, and stained with sins was I,

With foulness defiled. I saw the glorious tree

With vesture adorned winsomely shine,

Begirt with gold; bright gems had there

Worthily decked the tree of the Lord.

Yet through that gold I might perceive

Old strife of the wretched, that first it gave

Blood on the stronger [right] side. With sorrows was I oppressed,

Afraid for that fair sight; I saw the ready beacon

Change in vesture and hue; at times with moisture covered,

Soiled with course of blood; at times with treasure adorned.

Yet lying there a longer while,

Beheld I sad the Saviour's tree

Until I heard that words it uttered;

The best of woods gan speak these words:

"'Twas long ago (I remember it still)

That I was hewn at end of a grove,

Stripped from off my stem; strong foes laid hold of me there,

Wrought for themselves a show, bade felons raise me up;

Men bore me on their shoulders, till on a mount they set me;

Fiends many fixed me there. Then saw I mankind's Lord

Hasten with mickle might, for He would sty upon me.

There durst I not 'gainst word of the Lord

Bow down or break, when saw I tremble

The surface of earth; I might then all

My foes have felled, yet fast I stood.

The Hero young begirt Himself, Almighty God was He,

Strong and stern of mind; He stied on the gallows high,

Bold in sight of many, for man He would redeem.

I shook when the Hero clasped me, yet durst not bow to earth,

Fall to surface of earth, but firm I must there stand.

A rood was I upreared; I raised the mighty King,

The Lord of Heaven; I durst not bend me.

They drove their dark nails through me; the wounds are seen upon me,

The open gashes of guile; I durst harm none of them.

They mocked us both together; all moistened with blood was I,

Shed from side of the man, when forth He sent His spirit.

Many have I on that mount endured

Of cruel fates; I saw the Lord of Hosts

Strongly outstretched; darkness had then

Covered with clouds the corse of the Lord,

The brilliant brightness; the shadow continued,

Wan ’neath the welkin. There wept all creation,

Bewailed the King’s death; Christ was on the cross.

Yet hastening thither they came from afar

To the Son of the King: that all I beheld.

Sorely with sorrows was I oppressed; yet I bowed ’neath the hands of men,

Lowly with mickle might. Took they there Almighty God,

Him raised from the heavy torture; the battle-warriors left me

To stand bedrenched with blood; all wounded with darts was I.

There laid they the weary of limb, at head of His corse they stood,

Beheld the Lord of Heaven, and He rested Him there awhile,

Worn from the mickle war. Began they an earth-house to work,

Men in the murderers’ sight, carved it of brightest stone,

Placed therein victories’ Lord. Began sad songs to sing

The wretched at eventide; then would they back return

Mourning from the mighty prince; all lonely rested He there.

Yet weeping we then a longer while

Stood at our station: the [voice] arose

Of battle-warriors; the corse grew cold,

Fair house of life. Then one gan fell

Us all to earth; ’twas a fearful fate!

One buried us in deep pit, yet of me the thanes of the Lord,

His friends, heard tell; [from earth they raised me],

And me begirt with gold and silver.

Now thou mayst hear, my dearest man,

That bale of woes have I endured,

Of sorrows sore. Now the time is come,

That me shall honor both far and wide

Men upon earth, and all this mighty creation

Will pray to this beacon. On me God's Son

Suffered awhile; so glorious now

I tower to Heaven, and I may heal

Each one of those who reverence me;

Of old I became the hardest of pains,

Most loathsome to ledes [nations], the way of life,

Right way, I prepared for mortal men.

Lo! the Lord of Glory honored me then

Above the grove, the guardian of Heaven,

As He His mother, even Mary herself,

Almighty God before all men

Worthily honored above all women.

Now thee I bid, my dearest man,

That thou this sight shalt say to men,

Reveal in words, 'tis the tree of glory,

On which once suffered Almighty God

For the many sins of all mankind,

And also for Adam's misdeeds of old.

Death tasted He there; yet the Lord arose

With His mickle might for help to men.

Then stied He to Heaven; again shall come

Upon this mid-earth to seek mankind

At the day of doom the Lord Himself,

Almighty God, and His angels with Him;

Then He will judge, who hath right of doom,

Each one of men as here before

In this vain life he hath deserved.

No one may there be free from fear

In view of the word that the Judge will speak.

He will ask 'fore the crowd, where is the man

Who for name of the Lord would bitter death

Be willing to taste, as He did on the tree.

But then they will fear, and few will be think them

What they to Christ may venture to say.

Then need there no one be filled with fear

Who bears in his breast the best of beacons;

But through the rood a kingdom shall seek

From earthly way each single soul

That with the Lord thinketh to dwell."

Then I prayed to the tree with joyous heart,

With mickle might, when I was alone

With small attendance; the thought of my mind

For the journey was ready; I've lived through many

Hours of longing. Now 'tis hope of my life

That the victory-tree I am able to seek,

Oftener than all men I alone may

Honor it well; my will to that

Is mickle in mind, and my plea for protection

To the rood is directed. I've not many mighty

Of friends on earth; but hence went they forth

From joys of the world, sought glory's King;

Now live they in Heaven with the Father on high,

In glory dwell, and I hope for myself

On every day when the rood of the Lord,

Which here on earth before I viewed,

In this vain life may fetch me away

And bring me then, where bliss is mickle,

Joy in the Heavens, where the folk of the Lord

Is set at the feast, where bliss is eternal;

And may He then set me where I may hereafter

In glory dwell, and well with the saints

Of joy partake. May the Lord be my friend,

Who here on earth suffered before

On the gallows-tree for the sins of man!

He us redeemed, and gave to us life,

A heavenly home. Hope was renewed,

With blessing and bliss, for the sufferers of burning.

The Son was victorious on that fateful journey,

Mighty and happy, when He came with a many,

With a band of spirits to the kingdom of God,

The Ruler Almighty, for joy to the angels

And to all the saints, who in Heaven before

In glory dwelt, when their Ruler came,

Almighty God, where was His home.

1.4.2 Reading and Review Questions

- In what ways is the Rood a loyal retainer of Christ? How does he not betray his lord/Lord, despite the circumstances?
- How much does the Dreamer seem to identify with the Rood, and how much does he seem to identify with the “hero?”
- Which passages of the poem could be used in any Anglo-Saxon heroic poem, and which are specifically religious? Why?
- How does the image in this poem of Christ on the cross compare to depictions of Odin hanging on Yggdrasil in Norse mythology? Compare how each one is described and what each one accomplishes.
- Do the last three lines of the poem go off-topic in a small way? Why or why not?

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1.4: Beowulf

Author unknown

Manuscript from around 1000 ACE (from an earlier oral story)

Beowulf survives in a single manuscript that was burned around the edges in a fire in 1741; without it, the story of the hero of the Geats would have been lost to history. It is impossible to know how long the oral story was in circulation before it was written down. The British manuscript is written mostly in a West Saxon dialect of Anglo- Saxon/Old English, although the main actions of the story take place in what would be modern- day Denmark and Sweden (see map). Saxon lands were just south of that area, in modern day northern Germany, so when the Saxons, Angles, and Jutes invaded Britain, leading to the creation of Angleland, or England, they brought with them stories of their previous homelands. There are some real people and historical events mentioned in Beowulf alongside the more legendary and literary elements of the story, although scholars have not found any historical reference to Beowulf himself.



Image 1.5 | Beowulf Geography Map
Artist | User "Wiglaf"
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The story can be divided into three major sections: the conflict with Grendel (a monster), which draws Beowulf to Hrothgar's kingdom at the beginning of the story; the fight with Grendel's (unnamed) mother; and Beowulf's battle with the dragon years later. As those divisions suggest, heroic behavior drives the action, but the story also asks the audience to stop and consider what heroic behavior really is, sometimes by highlighting the opposite. When Hrothgar lectures Beowulf after Grendel dies (a passage referred to as Hrothgar's sermon), he warns about the dangers of pride and seeking after fame, foreshadowing Beowulf's death. This warning is appropriate for a warrior culture, but it also works as a reference to Christian values. The tensions in the story between the Germanic heroic code and Christian values are worth noting, since the clearly-pagan story was written down after the Saxons had begun to convert. The story records the past glories of the warrior culture within a (barely) Christian framework to justify preserving the story.

The poem contains over three thousand lines, each consisting of alliterative half-lines separated by a caesura (a pause or gap), which is the standard format of Anglo-Saxon poetry (with the exception of the lyric poetry, all of the other works in this section follow the same pattern). Another standard feature of Anglo-Saxon (and Norse) writing is its use of kennings: a type of metaphor that takes a simple word, such as "ship," and describes it figuratively in a compound phrase, such as "wave-rider." The kennings "gold-friend" almost always refers to the leader of a band of warriors (perhaps a king, perhaps a war lord) who was expected to maintain his status and the loyalty of his men by distributing his accumulated wealth to them. The band of warriors, or comitatus, were expected to fight and die alongside their leader; the shame of not falling in battle by the side of your gold- friend is demonstrated near the end of Beowulf in the speech that Wiglaf gives to the other men. Many of the customs in the story require some explanation for a modern audience. Grendel is considered uncivilized for many reasons in the story, but one of them is that he does not pay wergild, or blood money, for the men that he kills. In order to avoid blood feuds between families, wergild would be paid to the family by the killer, at which point the feud would be (supposedly) ended. In Beowulf, there are nonetheless many

moments when revenge is praised as a mark of loyalty and honor, even when the families were related by marriage. High-born women often were sent to marry into a rival or enemy family, in an attempt to bring the families together; these “peace-weavers,” however, more often than not found themselves caught in the middle when their families resumed their feuds. The song that the bard sings in honor of Beowulf’s triumph is about Hildeburh, the daughter of a Danish king and the wife of a Frisian king. As with all of the songs (or stories-within-the-story), it uses past events to foreshadow future events: in this instance, the fate of Wealhtheow’s sons. Far from being unrelated digressions, the songs enrich the story by placing the action in a larger context.

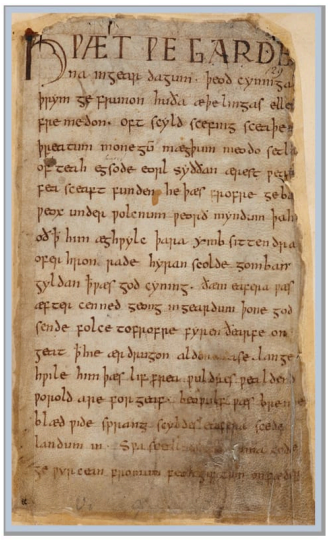


Image 1.6 | First Page of Beowulf
Artist | Unknown
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1.5.1 Beowulf

Part I:

Lo! the Spear-Danes’ glory through splendid achievements

The folk-kings’ former fame we have heard of,

How princes displayed then their prowess-in-battle.

Oft Scyld the Scefing from scathers in numbers

From many a people their mead-benches tore.

Since first he found him friendless and wretched,

The earl had had terror: comfort he got for it,

Waxed ’neath the welkin, world-honor gained,

Till all his neighbors o’er sea were compelled to

Bow to his bidding and bring him their tribute:

An excellent atheling! After was borne him

A son and heir, young in his dwelling,

Whom God-Father sent to solace the people.

He had marked the misery malice had caused them,

That reaved of their rulers they wretched had erstwhile

Long been afflicted. The Lord, in requital,

Wielder of Glory, with world-honor blessed him.

Famed was Beowulf, far spread the glory

Of Scyld's great son in the lands of the Danemen.

So the carle that is young, by kindnesses rendered

The friends of his father, with fees in abundance

Must be able to earn that when age approacheth

Eager companions aid him requitingly,

When war assaults him serve him as liegemen:

By praise-worthy actions must honor be got

'Mong all of the races. At the hour that was fated

Scyld then departed to the All-Father's keeping

Warlike to wend him; away then they bare him

To the flood of the current, his fond-loving comrades,

As himself he had bidden, while the friend of the Scyldings

Word-sway wielded, and the well-lovèd land-prince

Long did rule them. The ring-stemmèd vessel,

Bark of the atheling, lay there at anchor,

Icy in glimmer and eager for sailing;

The belovèd leader laid they down there,

Giver of rings, on the breast of the vessel,

The famed by the mainmast. A many of jewels,

Of fretted embossings, from far-lands brought over,

Was placed near at hand then; and heard I not ever

That a folk ever furnished a float more superbly

With weapons of warfare, weeds for the battle,

Bills and burnies; on his bosom sparkled

Many a jewel that with him must travel

On the flush of the flood afar on the current.

And favors no fewer they furnished him soothly,

Excellent folk-gems, than others had given him

Who when first he was born outward did send him

Lone on the main, the merest of infants:

And a gold-fashioned standard they stretched under heaven

High o’er his head, let the holm-currents bear him,

Seaward consigned him: sad was their spirit,

Their mood very mournful. Men are not able

Soothly to tell us, they in halls who reside,

Heroes under heaven, to what haven he hied.

Part II

In the boroughs then Beowulf, bairn of the Scyldings,

Belovèd land-prince, for long-lasting season

Was famed mid the folk (his father departed,

The prince from his dwelling), till afterward sprang

Great-minded Healfdene; the Danes in his lifetime

He graciously governed, grim-mooded, agèd.

Four bairns of his body born in succession

Woke in the world, war-troopers’ leader

Heorogar, Hrothgar, and Halga the good;

Heard I that Elan was Ongentheow’s consort,

The well-beloved bedmate of the War-Scylfing leader.

Then glory in battle to Hrothgar was given,

Waxing of war-fame, that willingly kinsmen

Obeyed his bidding, till the boys grew to manhood,

A numerous band. It burned in his spirit

To urge his folk to found a great building,

A mead-hall grander than men of the era

Ever had heard of, and in it to share

With young and old all of the blessings

The Lord had allowed him, save life and retainers.

Then the work I find afar was assigned

To many races in middle-earth's regions,

To adorn the great folk-hall. In due time it happened

Early 'mong men, that 'twas finished entirely,

The greatest of hall-buildings; Heorot he named it

Who wide-reaching word-sway wielded 'mong earlmen.

His promise he brake not, rings he lavished,

Treasure at banquet. Towered the hall up

High and horn-crested, huge between antlers:

It battle-waves bided, the blasting fire-demon;

Ere long then from hottest hatred must sword-wrath

Arise for a woman's husband and father.

Then the mighty war-spirit endured for a season,

Bore it bitterly, he who bided in darkness,

That light-hearted laughter loud in the building

Greeted him daily; there was dulcet harp-music,

Clear song of the singer. He said that was able

To tell from of old earthmen's beginnings,

That Father Almighty earth had created,

The winsome wold that the water encircleth,

Set exultingly the sun's and the moon's beams

To lavish their lustre on land-folk and races,

And earth He embellished in all her regions

With limbs and leaves; life He bestowed too

On all the kindreds that live under heaven.

So blessed with abundance, brimming with joyance,

The warriors abided, till a certain one gan to

Dog them with deeds of direfullest malice,

A foe in the hall-building: this horrible stranger

Was Grendel entitled, the march-stepper famous

Who dwelt in the moor-fens, the marsh and the fastness; T

he wan-mooded being abode for a season

In the land of the giants, when the Lord and Creator

Had banned him and branded. For that bitter murder,

The killing of Abel, all-ruling Father

The kindred of Cain crushed with His vengeance;

In the feud He rejoiced not, but far away drove him

From kindred and kind, that crime to atone for,

Meter of Justice. Thence ill-favored creatures,

Elves and giants, monsters of ocean,

Came into being, and the giants that longtime

Grappled with God; He gave them requital.

Part III

When the sun was sunken, he set out to visit

The lofty hall-building, how the Ring-Danes had used it

For beds and benches when the banquet was over.

Then he found there reposing many a noble

Asleep after supper; sorrow the heroes,

Misery knew not. The monster of evil

Greedy and cruel tarried but little,

Fell and frantic, and forced from their slumbers

Thirty of thanemen; thence he departed

Leaping and laughing, his lair to return to,

With surfeit of slaughter sallying homeward.

In the dusk of the dawning, as the day was just breaking,

Was Grendel's prowess revealed to the warriors:

Then, his meal-taking finished, a moan was uplifted,

Morning-cry mighty. The man-ruler famous,

The long-worthy atheling, sat very woful,

Suffered great sorrow, sighed for his liegemen,

When they had seen the track of the hateful pursuer,

The spirit accursèd: too crushing that sorrow,

Too loathsome and lasting. Not longer he tarried,

But one night after continued his slaughter

Shameless and shocking, shrinking but little

From malice and murder; they mastered him fully.

He was easy to find then who otherwhere looked for

A pleasanter place of repose in the lodges,

A bed in the bowers. Then was brought to his notice

Told him truly by token apparent

The hall-thane's hatred: he held himself after

Further and faster who the foeman did baffle.

So ruled he and strongly strove against justice

Lone against all men, till empty uptowered

The choicest of houses. Long was the season:

Twelve-winters' time torture suffered

The friend of the Scyldings, every affliction,

Endless agony; hence it after became

Certainly known to the children of men

Sadly in measures, that long against Hrothgar

Grendel struggled:—his grudges he cherished,

Murderous malice, many a winter,

Strife unremitting, and peacefully wished he

Life-woe to lift from no liegeman at all of

The men of the Dane-folk, for money to settle,

No counsellor needed count for a moment

On handsome amends at the hands of the murderer;

The monster of evil fiercely did harass,

The ill-planning death-shade, both elder and younger,

Trapping and tricking them. He trod every night then

The mist-covered moor-fens; men do not know where

Witches and wizards wander and ramble.

So the foe of mankind many of evils

Grievous injuries, often accomplished,

Horrible hermit; Heort he frequented,

Gem-bedecked palace, when night-shades had fallen

(Since God did oppose him, not the throne could he touch,

The light-flashing jewel, love of Him knew not).

'Twas a fearful affliction to the friend of the Scyldings

Soul-crushing sorrow. Not seldom in private

Sat the king in his council; conference held they

What the braves should determine 'gainst terrors unlooked for.

At the shrines of their idols often they promised

Gifts and offerings, earnestly prayed they

The devil from hell would help them to lighten

Their people's oppression. Such practice they used then,

Hope of the heathen; hell they remembered

In innermost spirit, God they knew not,

The true God they do not know.

Judge of their actions, All-wielding Ruler,

No praise could they give th Greedy and cruel tarried but little,

Fell and frantic, and forced from their slumbers Thirty

of thanemen; thence he departed Leaping and

laughing, his lair to return to, With surfeit of

slaughter sallying homeward.

In the dusk of the dawning, as the day was just breaking, Was

Grendel's prowess revealed to the warriors:

Part IV

So Healfdene's kinsman constantly mused on

His long-lasting sorrow; the battle-thane clever

Was not anywise able evils to 'scape from:

Too crushing the sorrow that came to the people,

Loathsome and lasting the life-grinding torture,

Greatest of night-woes. So Higelac's liegeman,

Good amid Geatmen, of Grendel's achievements

Heard in his home: of heroes then living

He was stoutest and strongest, sturdy and noble.

He bade them prepare him a bark that was trusty;

He said he the war-king would seek o'er the ocean,

The folk-leader noble, since he needed retainers.

For the perilous project prudent companions

Chided him little, though loving him dearly;

They egged the brave atheling, augured him glory.

The excellent knight from the folk of the Geatmen

Had liegemen selected, likest to prove them

Trustworthy warriors; with fourteen companions

The vessel he looked for; a liegeman then showed them,

A sea-crafty man, the bounds of the country.

Fast the days fleeted; the float was a-water,

The craft by the cliff. Clomb to the prow then

Well-equipped warriors: the wave-currents twisted

The sea on the sand; soldiers then carried

On the breast of the vessel bright-shining jewels,

Handsome war-armor; heroes outshoved then,

Warmen the wood-ship, on its wished-for adventure.

The foamy-necked floater fanned by the breeze,

Likest a bird, glided the waters,

Till twenty and four hours thereafter

The twist-stemmed vessel had traveled such distance

That the sailing-men saw the sloping embankments,

The sea cliffs gleaming, precipitous mountains,

Nesses enormous: they were nearing the limits

At the end of the ocean. Up thence quickly

The men of the Weders clomb to the mainland,

Fastened their vessel (battle weeds rattled,

War burnies clattered), the Wielder they thanked

That the ways o’er the waters had waxen so gentle.

Then well from the cliff edge the guard of the Scyldings

Who the sea-cliffs should see to, saw o’er the gangway

Brave ones bearing beauteous targets,

Armor all ready, anxiously thought he,

Musing and wondering what men were approaching.

High on his horse then Hrothgar’s retainer

Turned him to coastward, mightily brandished

His lance in his hands, questioned with boldness.

“Who are ye men here, mail-covered warriors

Clad in your corslets, come thus a-driving

A high riding ship o’er the shoals of the waters,

And hither ’neath helmets have hied o’er the ocean?

I have been strand-guard, standing as warden,

Lest enemies ever anywise ravage

Danish dominions with army of war-ships.

More boldly never have warriors ventured

Hither to come; of kinsmen’s approval,

Word-leave of warriors, I ween that ye surely

Nothing have known. Never a greater one

Of earls o’er the earth have I had a sight of

Than is one of your number, a hero in armor;

No low-ranking fellow adorned with his weapons,

But launching them little, unless looks are deceiving,

And striking appearance. Ere ye pass on your journey

As treacherous spies to the land of the Scyldings

And farther fare, I fully must know now

What race ye belong to. Ye far-away dwellers,

Sea-faring sailors, my simple opinion

Hear ye and hearken: haste is most fitting

Plainly to tell me what place ye are come from.”

Part V

The chief of the strangers rendered him answer,

War-troopers' leader, and word-treasure opened:

"We are sprung from the lineage of the people of Geatland,

And Higelac's hearth-friends. To heroes unnumbered

My father was known, a noble head-warrior

Ecgtheow titled; many a winter

He lived with the people, ere he passed on his journey,

Old from his dwelling; each of the counsellors

Widely mid world-folk well remembers him.

We, kindly of spirit, the lord of thy people,

The son of King Healfdene, have come here to visit,

Folk-troop's defender: be free in thy counsels!

To the noble one bear we a weighty commission,

The helm of the Danemen; we shall hide, I ween,

Naught of our message. Thou know'st if it happen,

As we soothly heard say, that some savage despoiler,

Some hidden pursuer, on nights that are murky

By deeds very direful 'mid the Danemen exhibits

Hatred unheard of, horrid destruction

And the falling of dead. From feelings least selfish

I am able to render counsel to Hrothgar,

How he, wise and worthy, may worst the destroyer,

If the anguish of sorrow should ever be lessened,

Comfort come to him, and care-waves grow cooler,

Or ever hereafter he agony suffer

And troublous distress, while towereth upward

The handsomest of houses high on the summit."

Bestriding his stallion, the strand-watchman answered,

The doughty retainer: "The difference surely

'Twixt words and works, the warlike shield-bearer

Who judgeth wisely well shall determine.

This band, I hear, beareth no malice

To the prince of the Scyldings. Pass ye then onward

With weapons and armor. I shall lead you in person;

To my war-trusty vassals command I shall issue

To keep from all injury your excellent vessel,

Your fresh-tarred craft, 'gainst every opposer

Close by the sea-shore, till the curved-neckèd bark shall

Waft back again the well-beloved hero

O'er the way of the water to Weder dominions.

To warrior so great 'twill be granted sure

In the storm of strife to stand secure."

Onward they fared then (the vessel lay quiet,

The broad-bosomed bark was bound by its cable,

Firmly at anchor); the boar-signs glistened

Bright on the visors vivid with gilding,

Blaze-hardened, brilliant; the boar acted warden.

The heroes hastened, hurried the liegemen,

Descended together, till they saw the great palace,

The well-fashioned wassail-hall wondrous and gleaming:

'Mid world-folk and kindreds that was widest reputed

Of halls under heaven which the hero abode in;

Its lustre enlightened lands without number.

Then the battle-brave hero showed them the glittering

Court of the bold ones, that they easily thither

Might fare on their journey; the aforementioned warrior

Turning his courser, quoth as he left them:

"'Tis time I were faring; Father Almighty

Grant you His grace, and give you to journey

Safe on your mission! To the sea I will get me

'Gainst hostile warriors as warden to stand."

Part VI

The highway glistened with many-hued pebble,

A by-path led the liegemen together.

Firm and hand-locked the war-burnie glistened,

The ring-sword radiant rang 'mid the armor

As the party was approaching the palace together

In warlike equipments. 'Gainst the wall of the building

Their wide-fashioned war-shields they weary did set then,

Battle-shields sturdy; benchward they turned then;

Their battle-sarks rattled, the gear of the heroes;

The lances stood up then, all in a cluster,

The arms of the seamen, ashen-shafts mounted

With edges of iron: the armor-clad troopers

Were decked with weapons. Then a proud-mooded hero

Asked of the champions questions of lineage:

"From what borders bear ye your battle-shields plated,

Gilded and gleaming, your gray-colored burnies,

Helmets with visors and heap of war-lances?—

To Hrothgar the king I am servant and liegeman.

'Mong folk from far-lands found I have never

Men so many of mien more courageous.

I ween that from valor, nowise as outlaws,

But from greatness of soul ye sought for King Hrothgar."

Then the strength-famous earlman answer rendered,

The proud-mooded Wederchief replied to his question,

Hardy 'neath helmet: "Higelac's mates are we;

Beowulf hight I. To the bairn of Healfdene,

The famous folk-leader, I freely will tell

To thy prince my commission, if pleasantly hearing

He'll grant we may greet him so gracious to all men."

Wulfgar replied then (he was prince of the Wendels,

His boldness of spirit was known unto many,

His prowess and prudence): “The prince of the Scyldings,

The friend-lord of Danemen, I will ask of thy journey,

The giver of rings, as thou urgest me do it,

The folk-chief famous, and inform thee early

What answer the good one mindeth to render me.”

He turned then hurriedly where Hrothgar was sitting,

Old and hoary, his earlmen attending him;

The strength-famous went till he stood at the shoulder

Of the lord of the Danemen, of courteous thanemen

The custom he minded. Wulfgar addressed then

His friendly liegelord: “Folk of the Geatmen

O’er the way of the waters are wafted hither,

Faring from far-lands: the foremost in rank

The battle-champions Beowulf title.

They make this petition: with thee, O my chieftain,

To be granted a conference; O gracious King Hrothgar,

Friendly answer refuse not to give them!

In war-trappings weeded worthy they seem

Of earls to be honored; sure the atheling is doughty

Who headed the heroes hitherward coming.”

Part VII

Hrothgar answered, helm of the Scyldings:

“I remember this man as the merest of striplings.

His father long dead now was Ecgtheow titled,

Him Hrethel the Geatman granted at home his

One only daughter; his battle-brave son

Is come but now, sought a trustworthy friend.

Seafaring sailors asserted it then,

Who valuable gift-gems of the Geatmen carried

As peace-offering thither, that he thirty men’s grapple

Has in his hand, the hero-in-battle.

The holy Creator usward sent him,

To West-Dane warriors, I ween, for to render

'Gainst Grendel's grimness gracious assistance:

I shall give to the good one gift-gems for courage.

Hasten to bid them hither to speed them,

To see assembled this circle of kinsmen;

Tell them expressly they're welcome in sooth to

The men of the Danes." To the door of the building

Wulfgar went then, this word-message shouted:

"My victorious liegelord bade me to tell you,

The East-Danes' atheling, that your origin knows he,

And o'er wave-billows wafted ye welcome are hither,

Valiant of spirit. Ye straightway may enter

Clad in corslets, cased in your helmets,

To see King Hrothgar. Here let your battle-boards,

Wood-spears and war-shafts, await your conferring."

The mighty one rose then, with many a liegeman,

An excellent thane-group; some there did await them,

And as bid of the brave one the battle-gear guarded.

Together they hied them, while the hero did guide them,

'Neath Heorot's roof; the high-minded went then

Sturdy 'neath helmet till he stood in the building.

Beowulf spake (his burnie did glisten,

His armor seamed over by the art of the craftsman):

"Hail thou, Hrothgar! I am Higelac's kinsman

And vassal forsooth; many a wonder

I dared as a stripling. The doings of Grendel,

In far-off fatherland I fully did know of:

Sea-farers tell us, this hall-building standeth,

Excellent edifice, empty and useless

To all the earlmen after evenlight's glimmer

'Neath heaven's bright hues hath hidden its glory.

This my earls then urged me, the most excellent of them,

Carles very clever, to come and assist thee,

Folk-leader Hrothgar; fully they knew of

The strength of my body. Themselves they beheld me

When I came from the contest, when covered with gore

Foes I escaped from, where five I had bound,

The giant-race wasted, in the waters destroying

The nickers by night, bore numberless sorrows,

The Weders avenged (woes had they suffered)

Enemies ravaged; alone now with Grendel

I shall manage the matter, with the monster of evil,

The giant, decide it. Thee I would therefore

Beg of thy bounty, Bright-Danish chieftain,

Lord of the Scyldings, this single petition:

Not to refuse me, defender of warriors,

Friend-lord of folks, so far have I sought thee,

That I may unaided, my earlmen assisting me,

This brave-mooded war-band, purify Heorot.

I have heard on inquiry, the horrible creature

From veriest rashness recks not for weapons;

I this do scorn then, so be Higelac gracious,

My liegelord belovèd, lenient of spirit,

To bear a blade or a broad-fashioned target,

A shield to the onset; only with hand-grip

The foe I must grapple, fight for my life then,

Foeman with foeman; he fain must rely on

The doom of the Lord whom death layeth hold of.

I ween he will wish, if he win in the struggle,

To eat in the war-hall earls of the Geat-folk,

Boldly to swallow them, as of yore he did often

The best of the Hrethmen! Thou needest not trouble

A head-watch to give me; he will have me dripping

And dreary with gore, if death overtake me,

Will bear me off bleeding, biting and mouthing me,

The hermit will eat me, heedless of pity,

Marking the moor-fens; no more wilt thou need then

Should I fall, send my armor to my lord, King Higelac.

Find me my food. If I fall in the battle,

Send to Higelac the armor that serveth

To shield my bosom, the best of equipments,

Richest of ring-mails; 'tis the relic of Hrethla,

The work of Wayland. Goes Weird as she must go!"

Part VIII

Hrothgar discoursed, helm of the Scyldings:

"To defend our folk and to furnish assistance,

Thou soughtest us hither, good friend Beowulf.

The fiercest of feuds thy father engaged in,

Heatholaf killed he in hand-to-hand conflict

'Mid Wilfingish warriors; then the Wederish people

For fear of a feud were forced to disown him.

Thence flying he fled to the folk of the South-Danes,

The race of the Scyldings, o'er the roll of the waters;

I had lately begun then to govern the Danemen,

The hoard-seat of heroes held in my youth,

Rich in its jewels: dead was Heregar,

My kinsman and elder had earth-joys forsaken,

Healfdene his bairn. He was better than I am!

That feud thereafter for a fee I compounded;

O'er the weltering waters to the Wilfings I sent

Ornaments old; oaths did he swear me.

It pains me in spirit to any to tell it,

What grief in Heorot Grendel hath caused me,

What horror unlooked-for, by hatred unceasing.

Waned is my war-band, wasted my hall-troop;

Weird hath offcast them to the clutches of Grendel.

God can easily hinder the scather

From deeds so direful. Oft drunken with beer

O'er the ale-vessel promised warriors in armor

They would willingly wait on the wassailing-benches

A grapple with Grendel, with grimmest of edges.

Then this mead-hall at morning with murder was reeking,

The building was bloody at breaking of daylight,

The bench-deals all flooded, dripping and bloodied,

The folk-hall was gory: I had fewer retainers,

Dear-beloved warriors, whom death had laid hold of.

Sit at the feast now, thy intents unto heroes,

Thy victor-fame show, as thy spirit doth urge thee!"

For the men of the Geats then together assembled,

In the beer-hall blithesome a bench was made ready;

There warlike in spirit they went to be seated,

Proud and exultant. A liegeman did service,

Who a beaker embellished bore with decorum,

And gleaming-drink poured. The gleeman sang whilom

Hearty in Heorot; there was heroes' rejoicing,

A numerous war-band of Weders and Danemen.

Part IX

Unferth spoke up, Ecglaf his son,

Who sat at the feet of the lord of the Scyldings,

Opened the jousting (the journey of Beowulf,

Sea-farer doughty, gave sorrow to Unferth

And greatest chagrin, too, for granted he never

That any man else on earth should attain to,

Gain under heaven, more glory than he):

“Art thou that Beowulf with Breca did struggle,

On the wide sea-currents at swimming contended,

Where to humor your pride the ocean ye tried,

From vainest vaunting adventured your bodies

In care of the waters? And no one was able

Nor lief nor loth one, in the least to dissuade you

Your difficult voyage; then ye ventured a-swimming,

Where your arms outstretching the streams ye did cover,

The mere-ways measured, mixing and stirring them,

Glided the ocean; angry the waves were,

With the weltering of winter. In the water’s possession,

Ye toiled for a seven-night; he at swimming outdid thee,

In strength excelled thee. Then early at morning

On the Heathoremes’ shore the holm-currents tossed him,

Sought he thenceward the home of his fathers,

Beloved of his liegemen, the land of the Brondings,

The peace-castle pleasant, where a people he wielded,

Had borough and jewels. The pledge that he made thee

The son of Beanstan hath soothly accomplished.

Then I ween thou wilt find thee less fortunate issue,

Though ever triumphant in onset of battle,

A grim grappling, if Grendel thou darest

For the space of a night near-by to wait for!”

Beowulf answered, offspring of Ecgtheow:

“My good friend Unferth, sure freely and wildly,

Thou fuddled with beer of Breca hast spoken,

Hast told of his journey! A fact I allege it,

That greater strength in the waters I had then,

Ills in the ocean, than any man else had.

We made agreement as the merest of striplings

Promised each other (both of us then were

Younkers in years) that we yet would adventure

Out on the ocean; it all we accomplished.

While swimming the sea-floods, sword-blade unscabbarded

Boldly we brandished, our bodies expected

To shield from the sharks. He sure was unable

To swim on the waters further than I could,

More swift on the waves, nor would I from him go.

Then we two companions stayed in the ocean

Five nights together, till the currents did part us,

The weltering waters, weathers the bleakest,

And nethermost night, and the north-wind whistled

Fierce in our faces; fell were the billows.

The mere fishes' mood was mightily ruffled:

And there against foemen my firm-knotted corslet,

Hand-jointed, hardy, help did afford me;

My battle-sark braided, brilliantly gilded,

Lay on my bosom. To the bottom then dragged me,

A hateful fiend-scather, seized me and held me,

Grim in his grapple: 'twas granted me, nathless,

To pierce the monster with the point of my weapon,

My obedient blade; battle offcarried

The mighty mere-creature by means of my hand-blow.

Part X

"So ill-meaning enemies often did cause me

Sorrow the sorest. I served them, in quittance,

With my dear-lovèd sword, as in sooth it was fitting;

They missed the pleasure of feasting abundantly,

Ill-doers evil, of eating my body,

Of surrounding the banquet deep in the ocean;

But wounded with edges early at morning

They were stretched a-high on the strand of the ocean,

Put to sleep with the sword, that sea-going travelers

No longer thereafter were hindered from sailing

The foam-dashing currents. Came a light from the east,

God's beautiful beacon; the billows subsided,

That well I could see the nesses projecting,

The blustering crags. Weird often saveth

The undoomed hero if doughty his valor!

But me did it fortune to fell with my weapon

Nine of the nickers. Of night-struggle harder

'Neath dome of the heaven heard I but rarely,

Nor of wight more woful in the waves of the ocean;

Yet I 'scaped with my life the grip of the monsters,

Weary from travel. Then the waters bare me

To the land of the Finns, the flood with the current,

The weltering waves. Not a word hath been told me

Of deeds so daring done by thee, Unferth,

And of sword-terror none; never hath Breca

At the play of the battle, nor either of you two,

Feat so fearless performèd with weapons

Glinting and gleaming . . . . . .

. . . . . I utter no boasting;

Though with cold-blooded cruelty thou killedst thy brothers,

Thy nearest of kin; thou needs must in hell get

Direful damnation, though doughty thy wisdom.

I tell thee in earnest, offspring of Ecglaf,

Never had Grendel such numberless horrors,

The direful demon, done to thy liegelord,

Harrying in Heorot, if thy heart were as sturdy,

Thy mood as ferocious as thou dost describe them.

He hath found out fully that the fierce-burning hatred,

The edge-battle eager, of all of your kindred,

Of the Victory-Scyldings, need little dismay him:

Oaths he exacteth, not any he spares

Of the folk of the Danemen, but fighteth with pleasure,

Killeth and feasteth, no contest expecteth

From Spear-Danish people. But the prowess and valor

Of the earls of the Geatmen early shall venture

To give him a grapple. He shall go who is able

Bravely to banquet, when the bright-light of morning

Which the second day bringeth, the sun in its ether-robes,

O'er children of men shines from the southward!"

Then the gray-haired, war-famed giver of treasure

Was blithesome and joyous, the Bright-Danish ruler

Expected assistance; the people's protector

Heard from Beowulf his bold resolution.

There was laughter of heroes; loud was the clatter,

The words were winsome. Wealhtheow advanced then,

Consort of Hrothgar, of courtesy mindful,

Gold-decked saluted the men in the building,

And the freeborn woman the beaker presented

To the lord of the kingdom, first of the East-Danes,

Bade him be blithesome when beer was a-flowing,

Lief to his liegemen; he lustily tasted

Of banquet and beaker, battle-famed ruler.

The Helmingish lady then graciously circled

'Mid all the liegemen lesser and greater:

Treasure-cups tendered, till time was afforded

That the decorous-mooded, diademed folk-queen

Might bear to Beowulf the bumper o'errunning;

She greeted the Geat-prince, God she did thank,

Most wise in her words, that her wish was accomplished

That in any of earlmen she ever should look for

Solace in sorrow. He accepted the beaker,

Battle-bold warrior, at Wealhtheow's giving,

Then equipped for combat quoth he in measures,

Beowulf spake, offspring of Ecgtheow:

"I purposed in spirit when I mounted the ocean,

When I boarded my boat with a band of my liegemen,

I would work to the fullest the will of your people

Or in foe's-clutches fastened fall in the battle.

Deeds I shall do of daring and prowess,

Or the last of my life-days live in this mead-hall."

These words to the lady were welcome and pleasing,

The boast of the Geatman; with gold trappings broidered

Went the freeborn folk-queen her fond-lord to sit by.

Then again as of yore was heard in the building

Courtly discussion, conquerors' shouting,

Heroes were happy, till Healfdene's son would

Go to his slumber to seek for refreshing;

For the horrid hell-monster in the hall-building knew he

A fight was determined, since the light of the sun they

No longer could see, and lowering darkness

O'er all had descended, and dark under heaven

Shadowy shapes came shying around them.

The liegemen all rose then. One saluted the other,

Hrothgar Beowulf, in rhythmical measures,

Wishing him well, and, the wassail-hall giving

To his care and keeping, quoth he departing:

"Not to any one else have I ever entrusted,

But thee and thee only, the hall of the Danemen,

Since high I could heave my hand and my buckler.

Take thou in charge now the noblest of houses;

Be mindful of honor, exhibiting prowess,

Watch 'gainst the foeman! Thou shalt want no enjoyments,

Survive thou safely adventure so glorious!"

Part XI

Then Hrothgar departed, his earl-throng attending him,

Folk-lord of Scyldings, forth from the building;

The war-chieftain wished then Wealhtheow to look for,

The queen for a bedmate. To keep away Grendel

The Glory of Kings had given a hall-watch,

As men heard recounted: for the king of the Danemen

He did special service, gave the giant a watcher:

And the prince of the Geatmen implicitly trusted

His warlike strength and the Wielder's protection.

His armor of iron off him he did then,

His helmet from his head, to his henchman committed

His chased-handled chain-sword, choicest of weapons,

And bade him bide with his battle-equipments.

The good one then uttered words of defiance,

Beowulf Geatman, ere his bed he upmounted:

"I hold me no meaner in matters of prowess,

In warlike achievements, than Grendel does himself;

Hence I seek not with sword-edge to sooth him to slumber,

Of life to bereave him, though well I am able.

No battle-skill has he, that blows he should strike me,

To shatter my shield, though sure he is mighty

In strife and destruction; but struggling by night we

Shall do without edges, dare he to look for

Weaponless warfare, and wise-mooded Father

The glory apportion, God ever-holy,

On which hand soever to him seemeth proper."

Then the brave-mooded hero bent to his slumber,

The pillow received the cheek of the noble;

And many a martial mere-thane attending

Sank to his slumber. Seemed it unlikely

That ever thereafter any should hope to

Be happy at home, hero-friends visit

Or the lordly troop-castle where he lived from his childhood;

They had heard how slaughter had snatched from the wine-hall

Had recently ravished, of the race of the Scyldings

Too many by far. But the Lord to them granted

The weaving of war-speed, to Wederish heroes

Aid and comfort, that every opponent

By one man's war-might they worsted and vanquished,

By the might of himself; the truth is established

That God Almighty hath governed for ages

Kindreds and nations. A night very lurid

The trav'ler-at-twilight came tramping and striding.

The warriors were sleeping who should watch the horned-building,

One only excepted. 'Mid earthmen 'twas 'stablished,

Th' implacable foeman was powerless to hurl them

To the land of shadows, if the Lord were unwilling;

But serving as warder, in terror to foemen,

He angrily bided the issue of battle.

Part XII

'Neath the cloudy cliffs came from the moor then

Grendel going, God's anger bare he.

The monster intended some one of earthmen

In the hall-building grand to entrap and make way with:

He went under welkin where well he knew of

The wine-joyous building, brilliant with plating,

Gold-hall of earthmen. Not the earliest occasion

He the home and manor of Hrothgar had sought:

Ne'er found he in life-days later nor earlier

Hardier hero, hall-thanes more sturdy!

Then came to the building the warrior marching,

Bereft of his joyance. The door quickly opened

On fire-hinges fastened, when his fingers had touched it;

The fell one had flung then—his fury so bitter—

Open the entrance. Early thereafter

The foeman trod the shining hall-pavement,

Strode he angrily; from the eyes of him glimmered

A lustre unlovely likest to fire.

He beheld in the hall the heroes in numbers,

A circle of kinsmen sleeping together,

A throng of thanemen: then his thoughts were exultant, He minded to sunder from each of the thanemen

The life from his body, horrible demon,

Ere morning came, since fate had allowed him

The prospect of plenty. Providence willed not

To permit him any more of men under heaven

To eat in the night-time. Higelac's kinsman

Great sorrow endured how the dire-mooded creature

In unlooked-for assaults were likely to bear him.

No thought had the monster of deferring the matter,

But on earliest occasion he quickly laid hold of

A soldier asleep, suddenly tore him,

Bit his bone-prison, the blood drank in currents,

Swallowed in mouthfuls: he soon had the dead man's

Feet and hands, too, eaten entirely.

Nearer he strode then, the stout-hearted warrior

Snatched as he slumbered, seizing with hand-grip,

Forward the foeman foined with his hand;

Caught he quickly the cunning deviser,

On his elbow he rested. This early discovered

The master of malice, that in middle-earth's regions,

'Neath the whole of the heavens, no hand-grapple greater

In any man else had he ever encountered:

Fearful in spirit, faint-mooded waxed he,

Not off could betake him; death he was pondering,

Would fly to his covert, seek the devils' assembly:

His calling no more was the same he had followed

Long in his lifetime. The liege-kinsman worthy

Of Higelac minded his speech of the evening,

Stood he up straight and stoutly did seize him.

His fingers crackled; the giant was outward,

The earl stepped farther. The famous one minded

To flee away farther, if he found an occasion,

And off and away, avoiding delay,

To fly to the fen-moors; he fully was ware of

The strength of his grapple in the grip of the foeman.

'Twas an ill-taken journey that the injury-bringing,

Harrying harmer to Heorot wandered:

The palace re-echoed; to all of the Danemen,

Dwellers in castles, to each of the bold ones,

Earlmen, was terror. Angry they both were,

Archwarders raging. Rattled the building;

'Twas a marvellous wonder that the wine-hall withstood then

The bold-in-battle, bent not to earthward,

Excellent earth-hall; but within and without it

Was fastened so firmly in fetters of iron,

By the art of the armorer. Off from the sill there

Bent mead-benches many, as men have informed me,

Adorned with gold-work, where the grim ones did struggle.

The Scylding wise men weened ne'er before

That by might and main-strength a man under heaven

Might break it in pieces, bone-decked, resplendent,

Crush it by cunning, unless clutch of the fire

In smoke should consume it. The sound mounted upward

Novel enough; on the North Danes fastened

A terror of anguish, on all of the men there

Who heard from the wall the weeping and plaining,

The song of defeat from the foeman of heaven,

Heard him hymns of horror howl, and his sorrow

Hell-bound bewailing. He held him too firmly

Who was strongest of main-strength of men of that era.

Part XIII

For no cause whatever would the earlmen's defender

Leave in life-joys the loathsome newcomer,

He deemed his existence utterly useless

To men under heaven. Many a noble

Of Beowulf brandished his battle-sword old,

Would guard the life of his lord and protector,

The far-famous chieftain, if able to do so;

While waging the warfare, this wist they but little,

Brave battle-thanes, while his body intending

To slit into slivers, and seeking his spirit:

That the relentless foeman nor finest of weapons

Of all on the earth, nor any of war-bills

Was willing to injure; but weapons of victory

Swords and suchlike he had sworn to dispense with.

His death at that time must prove to be wretched,

And the far-away spirit widely should journey

Into enemies' power. This plainly he saw then

Who with mirth of mood malice no little

Had wrought in the past on the race of the earthmen

(To God he was hostile), that his body would fail him,

But Higelac's hardy henchman and kinsman

Held him by the hand; hateful to other

Was each one if living. A body-wound suffered

The direful demon, damage incurable

Was seen on his shoulder, his sinews were shivered,

His body did burst. To Beowulf was given

Glory in battle; Grendel from thenceward

Must flee and hide him in the fen-cliffs and marshes,

Sick unto death, his dwelling must look for

Unwinsome and woful; he wist the more fully

The monster flees away to hide in the moors.

The end of his earthly existence was nearing,

His life-days' limits. At last for the Danemen,

When the slaughter was over, their wish was accomplished.

The comer-from-far-land had cleansed then of evil,

Wise and valiant, the war-hall of Hrothgar,

Saved it from violence. He joyed in the night-work,

In repute for prowess; the prince of the Geatmen

For the East-Danish people his boast had accomplished,

Bettered their burdensome bale-sorrows fully,

The craft-begot evil they erstwhile had suffered

And were forced to endure from crushing oppression,

Their manifold misery. 'Twas a manifest token,

When the hero-in-battle the hand suspended,

The arm and the shoulder (there was all of the claw

Of Grendel together) 'neath great-stretching hall-roof.

Part XIV

In the mist of the morning many a warrior

Stood round the gift-hall, as the story is told me:

Folk-princes fared then from far and from near

Through long-stretching journeys to look at the wonder,

The footprints of the foeman. Few of the warriors

Who gazed on the foot-tracks of the inglorious creature

His parting from life pained very deeply,

How, weary in spirit, off from those regions

In combats conquered he carried his traces,

Fated and flying, to the flood of the nickers.

There in bloody billows bubbled the currents,

The angry eddy was everywhere mingled

And seething with gore, welling with sword-blood;

He death-doomed had hid him, when reaved of his joyance

He laid down his life in the lair he had fled to,

His heathenish spirit, where hell did receive him.

Thence the friends from of old backward turned them,

And many a younker from merry adventure,

Striding their stallions, stout from the seaward,

Heroes on horses. There were heard very often

Beowulf's praises; many often asserted

That neither south nor north, in the circuit of waters,

O'er outstretching earth-plain, none other was better

'Mid bearers of war-shields, more worthy to govern,

'Neath the arch of the ether. Not any, however,

'Gainst the friend-lord muttered, mocking-words uttered

Of Hrothgar the gracious (a good king he).

Oft the famed ones permitted their fallow-skinned horses

To run in rivalry, racing and chasing,

Where the fieldways appeared to them fair and inviting,

Known for their excellence; oft a thane of the folk-lord,

A man of celebrity, mindful of rhythms,

Who ancient traditions treasured in memory,

New word-groups found properly bound:

The bard after 'gan then Beowulf's venture

Wisely to tell of, and words that were clever

To utter skilfully, earnestly speaking,

Everything told he that he heard as to Sigmund's

Mighty achievements, many things hidden,

The strife of the Wælsing, the wide-going ventures

The children of men knew of but little,

The feud and the fury, but Fitela with him,

When suchlike matters he minded to speak of,

Uncle to nephew, as in every contention

Each to other was ever devoted:

A numerous host of the race of the scathers

They had slain with the sword-edge. To Sigmund accrued then

No little of glory, when his life-days were over,

Since he sturdy in struggle had destroyed the great dragon,

The hoard-treasure's keeper; 'neath the hoar-grayish stone he,

The son of the atheling, unaided adventured

The perilous project; not present was Fitela,

Yet the fortune befell him of forcing his weapon

Through the marvellous dragon, that it stood in the wall,

Well-honored weapon; the worm was slaughtered.

The great one had gained then by his glorious achievement

To reap from the ring-hoard richest enjoyment,

As best it did please him: his vessel he loaded,

Shining ornaments on the ship's bosom carried,

Kinsman of Wæls: the drake in heat melted.

He was farthest famed of fugitive pilgrims,

Mid wide-scattered world-folk, for works of great prowess,

War-troopers' shelter: hence waxed he in honor.4

Afterward Heremod's hero-strength failed him,

His vigor and valor. 'Mid venomous haters

To the hands of foemen he was foully delivered,

Offdriven early. Agony-billows

Oppressed him too long, to his people he became then,

To all the athelings, an ever-great burden;

And the daring one's journey in days of yore

Many wise men were wont to deplore,

Such as hoped he would bring them help in their sorrow,

That the son of their ruler should rise into power,

Holding the headship held by his fathers,

Should govern the people, the gold-hoard and borough,

The kingdom of heroes, the realm of the Scyldings.

He to all men became then far more beloved,

Higelac's kinsman, to kindreds and races,

To his friends much dearer; him malice assaulted.—

Oft running and racing on roadsters they measured

The dun-colored highways. Then the light of the morning

Was hurried and hastened. Went henchmen in numbers

To the beautiful building, bold ones in spirit,

To look at the wonder; the liegelord himself then

From his wife-bower wending, warden of treasures,

Glorious trod with troopers unnumbered,

Famed for his virtues, and with him the queen-wife

Measured the mead-ways, with maidens attending.

Part XV

Hrothgar discoursed (to the hall-building went he,

He stood by the pillar, saw the steep-rising hall-roof

Gleaming with gold-gems, and Grendel his hand there):

"For the sight we behold now, thanks to the Wielder

Early be offered! Much evil I bided,

Snaring from Grendel: God can e'er 'complish

Wonder on wonder, Wielder of Glory!

But lately I reckoned ne'er under heaven

Comfort to gain me for any of sorrows,

While the handsomest of houses horrid with bloodstain

Gory uptowered; grief had offfrightened

Each of the wise ones who weened not that ever

The folk-troop's defences 'gainst foes they should strengthen,

'Gainst sprites and monsters. Through the might of the Wielder

A doughty retainer hath a deed now accomplished

Which erstwhile we all with our excellent wisdom

Failed to perform. May affirm very truly

What woman soever in all of the nations

Gave birth to the child, if yet she surviveth,

That the long-ruling Lord was lavish to herward

In the birth of the bairn. Now, Beowulf dear,

Most excellent hero, I'll love thee in spirit

As bairn of my body; bear well henceforward

The relationship new. No lack shall befall thee

Of earth-joys any I ever can give thee.

Full often for lesser service I've given

Hero less hardy hoard-treasure precious,

To a weaker in war-strife. By works of distinction

Thou hast gained for thyself now that thy glory shall flourish

Forever and ever. The All-Ruler quite thee

With good from His hand as He hitherto did thee!"

Beowulf answered, Ecgtheow's offspring:

"That labor of glory most gladly achieved we,

The combat accomplished, unquailing we ventured

The enemy's grapple; I would grant it much rather

Thou wert able to look at the creature in person,

Faint unto falling, the foe in his trappings!

On murder-bed quickly I minded to bind him,

With firm-holding fetters, that forced by my grapple

Low he should lie in life-and-death struggle

'Less his body escape; I was wholly unable,

Since God did not will it, to keep him from going,

Not held him that firmly, hated opposer;

Too swift was the foeman. Yet safety regarding

He suffered his hand behind him to linger,

His arm and shoulder, to act as watcher;

No shadow of solace the woe-begone creature

Found him there nathless: the hated destroyer

Liveth no longer, lashed for his evils,

But sorrow hath seized him, in snare-meshes hath him

Close in its clutches, keepeth him writhing

In baleful bonds: there banished for evil

The man shall wait for the mighty tribunal,

How the God of glory shall give him his earnings."

Then the soldier kept silent, son of old Ecglaf,

From boasting and bragging of battle-achievements,

Since the princes beheld there the hand that depended

'Neath the lofty hall-timbers by the might of the nobleman, Each one before him, the enemy's fingers;

Each finger-nail strong steel most resembled,

The heathen one's hand-spur, the hero-in-battle's

Claw most uncanny; quoth they agreeing,

That not any excellent edges of brave ones

Was willing to touch him, the terrible creature's

Battle-hand bloody to bear away from him.

Part XVI

Then straight was ordered that Heorot inside

With hands be embellished: a host of them gathered,

Of men and women, who the wassailing-building

The guest-hall begeared. Gold-flashing sparkled

Webs on the walls then, of wonders a many

To each of the heroes that look on such objects.

The beautiful building was broken to pieces

Which all within with irons was fastened,

Its hinges torn off: only the roof was

Whole and uninjured when the horrible creature

Outlawed for evil off had betaken him,

Hopeless of living. 'Tis hard to avoid it

(Whoever will do it!); but he doubtless must come to The place awaiting, as Wyrd hath appointed,

Soul-bearers, earth-dwellers, earls under heaven,

Where bound on its bed his body shall slumber

When feasting is finished. Full was the time then

That the son of Healfdene went to the building;

The excellent atheling would eat of the banquet.

Ne'er heard I that people with hero-band larger

Bare them better tow'rds their bracelet-bestower.

The laden-with-glory stooped to the bench then

(Their kinsmen-companions in plenty were joyful,

Many a cupful quaffing complaisantly),

Doughty of spirit in the high-tow'ring palace,

Hrothgar and Hrothulf. Heorot then inside

Was filled with friendly ones; falsehood and treachery

The Folk-Scyldings now nowise did practise.

Then the offspring of Healfdene offered to Beowulf

A golden standard, as reward for the victory,

A banner embossed, burnie and helmet;

Many men saw then a song-famous weapon

Borne 'fore the hero. Beowulf drank of

The cup in the building; that treasure-bestowing

He needed not blush for in battle-men's presence.

Ne'er heard I that many men on the ale-bench

In friendlier fashion to their fellows presented

Four bright jewels with gold-work embellished.

'Round the roof of the helmet a head-guarder outside

Braided with wires, with bosses was furnished,

That swords-for-the-battle fight-hardened might fail

Boldly to harm him, when the hero proceeded

Forth against foemen. The defender of earls then

Commanded that eight steeds with bridles

Gold-plated, gleaming, be guided to hallward,

Inside the building; on one of them stood then

An art-broidered saddle embellished with jewels;

'Twas the sovereign's seat, when the son of King Healfdene

Was pleased to take part in the play of the edges;

The famous one's valor ne'er failed at the front when

Slain ones were bowing. And to Beowulf granted

The prince of the Ingwins, power over both,

O'er war-steeds and weapons; bade him well to enjoy them.

In so manly a manner the mighty-famed chieftain,

Hoard-ward of heroes, with horses and jewels

War-storms requited, that none e'er condemneth

Who willeth to tell truth with full justice.

Part XVII

And the atheling of earlmen to each of the heroes

Who the ways of the waters went with Beowulf,

A costly gift-token gave on the mead-bench,

Offered an heirloom, and ordered that that man

The warrior killed by Grendel is to be paid for in gold.

With gold should be paid for, whom Grendel had erstwhile

Wickedly slaughtered, as he more of them had done

Had far-seeing God and the mood of the hero

The fate not averted: the Father then governed

All of the earth-dwellers, as He ever is doing;

Hence insight for all men is everywhere fittest,

Forethought of spirit! much he shall suffer

Of lief and of loathsome who long in this present

Useth the world in this woful existence.

There was music and merriment mingling together

Touching Healfdene's leader; the joy-wood was fingered,

Measures recited, when the singer of Hrothgar

On mead-bench should mention the merry hall-joyance

Of the kinsmen of Finn, when onset surprised them:

"The Half-Danish hero, Hnæf of the Scyldings,

On the field of the Frisians was fated to perish.

Sure Hildeburg needed not mention approving

The faith of the Jutemen: though blameless entirely,

When shields were shivered she was shorn of her darlings,

Of bairns and brothers: they bent to their fate

With war-spear wounded; woe was that woman.

Not causeless lamented the daughter of Hoce

The decree of the Wielder when morning-light came and

She was able 'neath heaven to behold the destruction

Of brothers and bairns, where the brightest of earth-joys

She had hitherto had: all the henchmen of Finn

War had offtaken, save a handful remaining,

That he nowise was able to offer resistance

To the onset of Hengest in the parley of battle,

Nor the wretched remnant to rescue in war from

The earl of the atheling; but they offered conditions,

Compact between the Frisians and the Danes.

Another great building to fully make ready,

A hall and a high-seat, that half they might rule with

The sons of the Jutemen, and that Folcwalda's son would

Day after day the Danemen honor

When gifts were giving, and grant of his ring-store

To Hengest's earl-troop ever so freely,

Of his gold-plated jewels, as he encouraged the Frisians

On the bench of the beer-hall. On both sides they swore then

A fast-binding compact; Finn unto Hengest

With no thought of revoking vowed then most solemnly

The woe-begone remnant well to take charge of,

His Witan advising; the agreement should no one

By words or works weaken and shatter,

By artifice ever injure its value,

Though reaved of their ruler their ring-giver's slayer

They followed as vassals, Fate so requiring:

Then if one of the Frisians the quarrel should speak of

In tones that were taunting, terrible edges

Should cut in requital. Accomplished the oath was,

And treasure of gold from the hoard was uplifted.

The best of the Scylding braves was then fully

Prepared for the pile; at the pyre was seen clearly

The blood-gory burnie, the boar with his gilding,

The iron-hard swine, athelings many

Fatally wounded; no few had been slaughtered.

Hildeburg bade then, at the burning of Hnæf,

The bairn of her bosom to bear to the fire,

That his body be burned and borne to the pyre.

The woe-stricken woman wept on his shoulder,

In measures lamented; upmounted the hero.

The greatest of dead-fires curled to the welkin,

On the hill's-front crackled; heads were a-melting,

Wound-doors bursting, while the blood was a-coursing

From body-bite fierce. The fire devoured them,

Greediest of spirits, whom war had offcarried

From both of the peoples; their bravest were fallen.

Part XVIII

“Then the warriors departed to go to their dwellings,

Reaved of their friends, Friesland to visit,

Their homes and high-city. Hengest continued

Biding with Finn the blood-tainted winter,

Wholly unsundered; of fatherland thought he

Though unable to drive the ring-stemmèd vessel

O’er the ways of the waters; the wave-deeps were tossing,

Fought with the wind; winter in ice-bonds

Closed up the currents, till there came to the dwelling

A year in its course, as yet it revolveth,

If season propitious one alway regardeth,

World-cheering weathers. Then winter was gone,

Earth’s bosom was lovely; the exile would get him,

The guest from the palace; on grewsomest vengeance

He brooded more eager than on oversea journeys,

Whe’r onset-of-anger he were able to ’complish,

The bairns of the Jutemen therein to remember.

Nowise refused he the duties of liegeman

When Hun of the Frisians the battle-sword Láfing,

Fairest of falchions, friendly did give him:

Its edges were famous in folk-talk of Jutland.

And savage sword-fury seized in its clutches

Bold-mooded Finn where he bode in his palace,

When the grewsome grapple Guthlaf and Oslaf

Had mournfully mentioned, the mere-journey over,

For sorrows half-blamed him; the flickering spirit

Could not bide in his bosom. Then the building was covered

With corpses of foemen, and Finn too was slaughtered,

The king with his comrades, and the queen made a prisoner.

The troops of the Scyldings bore to their vessels

All that the land-king had in his palace,

Such trinkets and treasures they took as, on searching,

At Finn's they could find. They ferried to Daneland

The excellent woman on oversea journey,

Led her to their land-folk." The lay was concluded,

The gleeman's recital. Shouts again rose then,

Bench-glee resounded, bearers then offered

Wine from wonder-vats. Wealhtheo advanced then

Going 'neath gold-crown, where the good ones were seated

Uncle and nephew; their peace was yet mutual,

True each to the other. And Unferth the spokesman

Sat at the feet of the lord of the Scyldings:

Each trusted his spirit that his mood was courageous,

Though at fight he had failed in faith to his kinsmen.

Said the queen of the Scyldings: "My lord and protector,

Treasure-bestower, take thou this beaker;

Joyance attend thee, gold-friend of heroes,

And greet thou the Geatmen with gracious responses!

So ought one to do. Be kind to the Geatmen,

In gifts not niggardly; anear and afar now

Peace thou enjoyest. Report hath informed me

Thou'lt have for a bairn the battle-brave hero.

Now is Heorot cleansèd, ring-palace gleaming;

Give while thou mayest many rewards,

And bequeath to thy kinsmen kingdom and people,

On wending thy way to the Wielder's splendor.

I know good Hrothulf, that the noble young troopers

He'll care for and honor, lord of the Scyldings,

If earth-joys thou endest earlier than he doth;

I reckon that recompense he'll render with kindness

Our offspring and issue, if that all he remember,

What favors of yore, when he yet was an infant,

We awarded to him for his worship and pleasure."

Then she turned by the bench where her sons were carousing,

Hrethric and Hrothmund, and the heroes' offspring,

The war-youth together; there the good one was sitting

'Twixt the brothers twain, Beowulf Geatman.

Part XIX

A beaker was borne him, and bidding to quaff it

Graciously given, and gold that was twisted

Pleasantly proffered, a pair of arm-jewels,

Rings and corslet, of collars the greatest

I've heard of 'neath heaven. Of heroes not any

More splendid from jewels have I heard 'neath the welkin,

Since Hama off bore the Brosingmen's necklace,

The bracteates and jewels, from the bright-shining city,

Eormenric's cunning craftiness fled from,

Chose gain everlasting. Geatish Higelac,

Grandson of Swerting, last had this jewel

When tramping 'neath banner the treasure he guarded,

The field-spoil defended; Fate offcarried him

When for deeds of daring he endured tribulation,

Hate from the Frisians; the ornaments bare he

O'er the cup of the currents, costly gem-treasures,

Mighty folk-leader, he fell 'neath his target;

The corpse of the king then came into charge of

The race of the Frankmen, the mail-shirt and collar:

Warmen less noble plundered the fallen,

When the fight was finished; the folk of the Geatmen

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The race of the Frankmen, the mail-shirt and collar:

Warmen less noble plundered the fallen,

When the fight was finished; the folk of the Geatmen

The field of the dead held in possession.

The choicest of mead-halls with cheering resounded.

Wealhtheo discoursed, the war-troop addressed she:

"This collar enjoy thou, Beowulf worthy,

Young man, in safety, and use thou this armor,

Gems of the people, and prosper thou fully,

Show thyself sturdy and be to these liegemen

Mild with instruction! I'll mind thy requital.

Thou hast brought it to pass that far and near

Forever and ever earthmen shall honor thee,

Even so widely as ocean surroundeth

The blustering bluffs. Be, while thou livest,

A wealth-blessèd atheling. I wish thee most truly

Jewels and treasure. Be kind to my son, thou

Living in joyance! Here each of the nobles

Is true unto other, gentle in spirit,

Loyal to leader. The liegemen are peaceful,

The war-troops ready: well-drunken heroes,

Do as I bid ye." Then she went to the settle.

There was choicest of banquets, wine drank the heroes:

Weird they knew not, destiny cruel,

As to many an earlman early it happened,

When evening had come and Hrothgar had parted

Off to his manor, the mighty to slumber.

Warriors unnumbered warded the building

As erst they did often: the ale-settle bared they,

'Twas covered all over with beds and pillows.

Doomed unto death, down to his slumber

Bowed then a beer-thane. Their battle-shields placed they,

Bright-shining targets, up by their heads then;

O'er the atheling on ale-bench 'twas easy to see there

Battle-high helmet, burnie of ring-mail,

And mighty war-spear. 'Twas the wont of that people

To constantly keep them equipped for the battle,

At home or marching—in either condition—

At seasons just such as necessity ordered

As best for their ruler; that people was worthy.

Part XX

They sank then to slumber. With sorrow one paid for

His evening repose, as often betid them

While Grendel was holding the gold-bedecked palace,

Ill-deeds performing, till his end overtook him,

Death for his sins. 'Twas seen very clearly,

Known unto earth-folk, that still an avenger

Outlived the loathed one, long since the sorrow

Caused by the struggle; the mother of Grendel,

Devil-shaped woman, her woe ever minded,

Who was held to inhabit the horrible waters,

The cold-flowing currents, after Cain had become a

Slayer-with-edges to his one only brother,

The son of his sire; he set out then banished,

Marked as a murderer, man-joys avoiding,

Lived in the desert. Thence demons unnumbered

Fate-sent awoke; one of them Grendel,

Sword-cursèd, hateful, who at Heorot met with

A man that was watching, waiting the struggle,

Where a horrid one held him with hand-grapple sturdy;

Nathless he minded the might of his body,

The glorious gift God had allowed him,

And folk-ruling Father's favor relied on,

His help and His comfort: so he conquered the foeman,

The hell-spirit humbled: he unhappy departed then,

Reaved of his joyance, journeying to death-haunts,

Foeman of man. His mother moreover

Eager and gloomy was anxious to go on

Her mournful mission, mindful of vengeance

For the death of her son. She came then to Heorot

Where the Armor-Dane earlmen all through the building

Were lying in slumber. Soon there became then

Return to the nobles, when the mother of Grendel

Entered the folk-hall; the fear was less grievous

By even so much as the vigor of maidens,

War-strength of women, by warrior is reckoned,

When well-carved weapon, worked with the hammer,

Blade very bloody, brave with its edges,

Strikes down the boar-sign that stands on the helmet.

Then the hard-edgèd weapon was heaved in the building,

The brand o'er the benches, broad-lindens many

Hand-fast were lifted; for helmet he recked not,

For armor-net broad, whom terror laid hold of.

She went then hastily, outward would get her

Her life for to save, when some one did spy her;

Soon she had grappled one of the athelings

Fast and firmly, when fenward she hied her;

That one to Hrothgar was liefest of heroes

In rank of retainer where waters encircle,

A mighty shield-warrior, whom she murdered at slumber,

A broadly-famed battle-knight. Beowulf was absent,

But another apartment was erstwhile devoted

To the glory-decked Geatman when gold was distributed.

There was hubbub in Heorot. The hand that was famous

She grasped in its gore; grief was renewed then

In homes and houses: 'twas no happy arrangement

In both of the quarters to barter and purchase

With lives of their friends. Then the well-agèd ruler,

The gray-headed war-thane, was woful in spirit,

When his long-trusted liegeman lifeless he knew of,

His dearest one gone. Quick from a room was

Beowulf brought, brave and triumphant.

As day was dawning in the dusk of the morning,

Went then that earlman, champion noble,

Came with comrades, where the clever one bided

Whether God all gracious would grant him a respite

After the woe he had suffered. The war-worthy hero

With a troop of retainers trod then the pavement

(The hall-building groaned), till he greeted the wise one,

The earl of the Ingwins; asked if the night had

Fully refreshed him, as fain he would have it.

Part XXI

Hrothgar rejoined, helm of the Scyldings:

“Ask not of joyance! Grief is renewed to

The folk of the Danemen. Dead is Æschere,

Yrmenlaf’s brother, older than he,

My true-hearted counsellor, trusty adviser,

Shoulder-companion, when fighting in battle

Our heads we protected, when troopers were clashing,

And heroes were dashing; such an earl should be ever,

An erst-worthy atheling, as Æschere proved him.

The flickering death-spirit became in Heorot

His hand-to-hand murderer; I can not tell whither

The cruel one turned in the carcass exulting,

By cramming discovered. The quarrel she wreaked then,

That last night igone Grendel thou killedst

In grewsomest manner, with grim-holding clutches,

Since too long he had lessened my liege-troop and wasted

My folk-men so foully. He fell in the battle

With forfeit of life, and another has followed,

A mighty crime-worker, her kinsman avenging,

And henceforth hath ‘stablished her hatred unyielding,

As it well may appear to many a liegeman,

Who mourneth in spirit the treasure-bestower,

Her heavy heart-sorrow; the hand is now lifeless

Which availed you in every wish that you cherished.

Land-people heard I, liegemen, this saying,

Dwellers in halls, they had seen very often

A pair of such mighty march-striding creatures,

Far-dwelling spirits, holding the moorlands:

One of them wore, as well they might notice,

The image of woman, the other one wretched

In guise of a man wandered in exile,

Except he was huger than any of earthmen;

Earth-dwelling people entitled him Grendel

In days of yore: they know not their father,

Whe'r ill-going spirits any were borne him Ever before.

They guard the wolf-coverts, Lands inaccessible, wind-beaten nesses,

Fearfullest fen-deeps, where a flood from the mountains

'Neath mists of the nesses netherward rattles,

The stream under earth: not far is it henceward

Measured by mile-lengths that the mere-water standeth,

Which forests hang over, with frost-whiting covered,

A firm-rooted forest, the floods overshadow.

There ever at night one an ill-meaning portent

A fire-flood may see; 'mong children of men

None liveth so wise that wot of the bottom;

Though harassed by hounds the heath-stepper seek for,

Fly to the forest, firm-antlered he-deer,

Spurred from afar, his spirit he yieldeth,

His life on the shore, ere in he will venture

To cover his head. Uncanny the place is:

Thence upward ascendeth the surging of waters,

Wan to the welkin, when the wind is stirring

The weathers unpleasing, till the air groweth gloomy,

And the heavens lower. Now is help to be gotten

From thee and thee only! The abode thou know'st not,

The dangerous place where thou'rt able to meet with

The sin-laden hero: seek if thou darest!

For the feud I will fully fee thee with money,

With old-time treasure, as erstwhile I did thee,

With well-twisted jewels, if away thou shalt get thee."

Part XXII

Beowulf answered, Ecgtheow's son:

"Grieve not, O wise one! for each it is better,

His friend to avenge than with vehemence wail him;

Each of us must the end-day abide of

His earthly existence; who is able accomplish

Glory ere death! To battle-thane noble

Lifeless lying, 'tis at last most fitting.

Arise, O king, quick let us hasten

To look at the footprint of the kinsman of Grendel!

I promise thee this now: to his place he'll escape not,

To embrace of the earth, nor to mountainous forest,

Nor to depths of the ocean, wherever he wanders.

Practice thou now patient endurance

Of each of thy sorrows, as I hope for thee soothly!"

Then up sprang the old one, the All-Wielder thanked he,

Ruler Almighty, that the man had outspoken.

Then for Hrothgar a war-horse was decked with a bridle,

Curly-maned courser. The clever folk-leader

Stately proceeded: stepped then an earl-troop

Of linden-wood bearers. Her footprints were seen then

Widely in wood-paths, her way o'er the bottoms,

Where she faraway fared o'er fen-country murky,

Bore away breathless the best of retainers

Who pondered with Hrothgar the welfare of country.

The son of the athelings then went o'er the stony,

Declivitous cliffs, the close-covered passes,

Narrow passages, paths unfrequented,

Nesses abrupt, nicker-haunts many;

One of a few of wise-mooded heroes,

He onward advanced to view the surroundings,

Till he found unawares woods of the mountain

O'er hoar-stones hanging, holt-wood unjoyful;

The water stood under, welling and gory.

'Twas irksome in spirit to all of the Danemen,

Friends of the Scyldings, to many a liegeman

Sad to be suffered, a sorrow unlittle

To each of the earlmen, when to Æschere's head they

Came on the cliff. The current was seething

With blood and with gore (the troopers gazed on it).

The horn anon sang the battle-song ready.

The troop were all seated; they saw 'long the water then

Many a serpent, mere-dragons wondrous

Trying the waters, nickers a-lying

On the cliffs of the nesses, which at noonday full often

Go on the sea-deeps their sorrowful journey,

Wild-beasts and wormkind; away then they hastened

ot-mooded, hateful, they heard the great clamor,

The war-trumpet winding. One did the Geat-prince

Sunder from earth-joys, with arrow from bowstring,

From his sea-struggle tore him, that the trusty war-missile

Pierced to his vitals; he proved in the currents

Less doughty at swimming whom death had offcarried.

Soon in the waters the wonderful swimmer

Was straitened most sorely with sword-pointed boar-spears,

Pressed in the battle and pulled to the cliff-edge;

The liegemen then looked on the loath-fashioned stranger.

Beowulf donned then his battle-equipments,

Cared little for life; inlaid and most ample,

The hand-woven corslet which could cover his body,

Must the wave-deeps explore, that war might be powerless

To harm the great hero, and the hating one's grasp might

Not peril his safety; his head was protected

By the light-flashing helmet that should mix with the bottoms,

Trying the eddies, treasure-emblazoned,

Encircled with jewels, as in seasons long past

The weapon-smith worked it, wondrously made it,

With swine-bodies fashioned it, that thenceforward no longer

Brand might bite it, and battle-sword hurt it.

And that was not least of helpers in prowess

That Hrothgar's spokesman had lent him when straitened;

And the hilted hand-sword was Hrunting entitled,

Old and most excellent 'mong all of the treasures;

Its blade was of iron, blotted with poison,

Hardened with gore; it failed not in battle

Any hero under heaven in hand who it brandished,

Who ventured to take the terrible journeys,

The battle-field sought; not the earliest occasion

That deeds of daring 'twas destined to 'complish.

Ecglaf's kinsman minded not soothly,

Exulting in strength, what erst he had spoken

Drunken with wine, when the weapon he lent to

A sword-hero bolder; himself did not venture

'Neath the strife of the currents his life to endanger,

To fame-deeds perform; there he forfeited glory,

Repute for his strength. Not so with the other

When he clad in his corslet had equipped him for battle.

Part XXIII

Beowulf spake, Ecgtheow's son:

“Recall now, oh, famous kinsman of Healfdene,

Prince very prudent, now to part I am ready,

Gold-friend of earlmen, what erst we agreed on,

Should I lay down my life in lending thee assistance,

When my earth-joys were over, thou wouldst evermore serve me

In stead of a father; my faithful thanemen,

My trusty retainers, protect thou and care for,

Fall I in battle: and, Hrothgar belovèd,

Send unto Higelac the high-valued jewels

Thou to me hast allotted. The lord of the Geatmen

May perceive from the gold, the Hrethling may see it

When he looks on the jewels, that a gem-giver found I

Good over-measure, enjoyed him while able.

And the ancient heirloom Unferth permit thou,

The famed one to have, the heavy-sword splendid

The hard-edgèd weapon; with Hrunting to aid me,

I shall gain me glory, or grim-death shall take me.”

The atheling of Geatmen uttered these words and

Heroic did hasten, not any rejoinder

Was willing to wait for; the wave-current swallowed

The doughty-in-battle. Then a day’s-length elapsed ere

He was able to see the sea at its bottom.

Early she found then who fifty of winters

The course of the currents kept in her fury,

Grisly and greedy, that the grim one’s dominion

Some one of men from above was exploring.

Forth did she grab them, grappled the warrior

With horrible clutches; yet no sooner she injured

His body unscathèd: the burnie out-guarded,

That she proved but powerless to pierce through the armor,

The limb-mail locked, with loath-grabbing fingers.

The sea-wolf bare then, when bottomward came she,

The ring-prince homeward, that he after was powerless

(He had daring to do it) to deal with his weapons,

But many a mere-beast tormented him swimming,

Flood-beasts no few with fierce-biting tusks did

Break through his burnie, the brave one pursued they.

The earl then discovered he was down in some cavern

Where no water whatever anywise harmed him,

And the clutch of the current could come not anear him,

Since the roofed-hall prevented; brightness a-gleaming

Fire-light he saw, flashing resplendent.

The good one saw then the sea-bottom's monster,

The mighty mere-woman; he made a great onset

With weapon-of-battle, his hand not desisted

From striking, that war-blade struck on her head then

A battle-song greedy. The stranger perceived then

The sword would not bite, her life would not injure,

But the falchion failed the folk-prince when straitened:

Erst had it often onsets encountered,

Oft cloven the helmet, the fated one's armor:

'Twas the first time that ever the excellent jewel

Had failed of its fame. Firm-mooded after,

Not heedless of valor, but mindful of glory,

Was Higelac's kinsman; the hero-chief angry

Cast then his carved-sword covered with jewels

That it lay on the earth, hard and steel-pointed;

He hoped in his strength, his hand-grapple sturdy.

So any must act whenever he thinketh

To gain him in battle glory unending,

And is reckless of living. The lord of the War-Geats

(He shrank not from battle) seized by the shoulder

The mother of Grendel; then mighty in struggle

Swung he his enemy, since his anger was kindled,

That she fell to the floor. With furious grapple

She gave him requital early thereafter,

And stretched out to grab him; the strongest of warriors

Faint-mooded stumbled, till he fell in his traces,

Foot-going champion. Then she sat on the hall-guest

And wielded her war-knife wide-bladed, flashing,

For her son would take vengeance, her one only bairn.

His breast-armor woven bode on his shoulder;

It guarded his life, the entrance defended

'Gainst sword-point and edges. Ecgtheow's son there

Had fatally journeyed, champion of Geatmen,

In the arms of the ocean, had the armor not given,

Close-woven corslet, comfort and succor,

And had God most holy not awarded the victory,

All-knowing Lord; easily did heaven's

Ruler most righteous arrange it with justice;

Uprose he erect ready for battle.

Part XXIV

Then he saw mid the war-gems a weapon of victory,

An ancient giant-sword, of edges a-doughty,

Glory of warriors: of weapons 'twas choicest,

Only 'twas larger than any man else was

Able to bear to the battle-encounter,

The good and splendid work of the giants.

He grasped then the sword-hilt, knight of the Scyldings,

Bold and battle-grim, brandished his ring-sword,

Hopeless of living, hotly he smote her,

That the fiend-woman's neck firmly it grappled,

Broke through her bone-joints, the bill fully pierced her

Fate-cursèd body, she fell to the ground then:

The hand-sword was bloody, the hero exulted.

The brand was brilliant, brightly it glimmered,

Just as from heaven gemlike shineth

The torch of the firmament. He glanced 'long the building,

And turned by the wall then, Higelac's vassal

Raging and wrathful raised his battle-sword

Strong by the handle. The edge was not useless

To the hero-in-battle, but he speedily wished to

Give Grendel requital for the many assaults he

Had worked on the West-Danes not once, but often,

When he slew in slumber the subjects of Hrothgar,

Swallowed down fifteen sleeping retainers

Of the folk of the Danemen, and fully as many

Carried away, a horrible prey.

He gave him requital, grim-raging champion,

When he saw on his rest-place weary of conflict

Grendel lying, of life-joys bereavèd,

As the battle at Heorot erstwhile had scathed him;

His body far bounded, a blow when he suffered,

Death having seized him, sword-smiting heavy,

And he cut off his head then. Early this noticed

The clever carles who as comrades of Hrothgar

Gazed on the sea-deeps, that the surging wave-currents

Were mightily mingled, the mere-flood was gory:

Of the good one the gray-haired together held converse,

The hoary of head, that they hoped not to see again

The atheling ever, that exulting in victory

He'd return there to visit the distinguished folk-ruler:

Then many concluded the mere-wolf had killed him.

The ninth hour came then. From the ness-edge departed

The bold-mooded Scyldings; the gold-friend of heroes

Homeward betook him. The strangers sat down then

Soul-sick, sorrowful, the sea-waves regarding:

They wished and yet weened not their well-loved friend-lord

To see any more. The sword-blade began then,

The blood having touched it, contracting and shriveling

With battle-icicles; 'twas a wonderful marvel

That it melted entirely, likest to ice when

The Father unbindeth the bond of the frost and

Unwindeth the wave-bands, He who wieldeth dominion

Of times and of tides: a truth-firm Creator.

Nor took he of jewels more in the dwelling,

Lord of the Weders, though they lay all around him,

Than the head and the handle handsome with jewels;

The brand early melted, burnt was the weapon:

So hot was the blood, the strange-spirit poisonous

That in it did perish. He early swam off then

Who had bided in combat the carnage of haters,

Went up through the ocean; the eddies were cleansèd,

The spacious expanses, when the spirit from farland

His life put aside and this short-lived existence.

The seamen's defender came swimming to land then

Doughty of spirit, rejoiced in his sea-gift,

The bulky burden which he bore in his keeping.

The excellent vassals advanced then to meet him,

To God they were grateful, were glad in their chieftain,

That to see him safe and sound was granted them.

From the high-minded hero, then, helmet and burnie

Were speedily loosened: the ocean was putrid,

The water 'neath welkin weltered with gore.

Forth did they fare, then, their footsteps retracing,

Merry and mirthful, measured the earth-way,

The highway familiar: men very daring

Bare then the head from the sea-cliff, burdening

Each of the earlmen, excellent-valiant.

Four of them had to carry with labor

The head of Grendel to the high towering gold-hall

Upstuck on the spear, till fourteen most-valiant

And battle-brave Geatmen came there going

Straight to the palace: the prince of the people

Measured the mead-ways, their mood-brave companion.

The atheling of earlmen entered the building,

Deed-valiant man, adorned with distinction,

Doughty shield-warrior, to address King Hrothgar:

Then hung by the hair, the head of Grendel

Was borne to the building, where beer-thanes were drinking,

Loth before earlmen and eke 'fore the lady:

The warriors beheld then a wonderful sight.

Part XXV

Beowulf spake, offspring of Ecgtheow:

"Lo! we blithely have brought thee, bairn of Healfdene,

Prince of the Scyldings, these presents from ocean

Which thine eye looketh on, for an emblem of glory.

I came off alive from this, narrowly 'scaping:

In war 'neath the water the work with great pains I

Performed, and the fight had been finished quite nearly,

Had God not defended me. I failed in the battle

Aught to accomplish, aided by Hrunting,

Though that weapon was worthy, but the Wielder of earth-folk

Gave me willingly to see on the wall a

Heavy old hand-sword hanging in splendor

(He guided most often the lorn and the friendless),

That I swung as a weapon. The wards of the house then

I killed in the conflict (when occasion was given me).

Then the battle-sword burned, the brand that was lifted,

As the blood-current sprang, hottest of war-sweats;

Seizing the hilt, from my foes I offbore it;

I avenged as I ought to their acts of malignity,

The murder of Danemen. I then make thee this promise,

Thou'lt be able in Heorot careless to slumber

With thy throng of heroes and the thanes of thy people

Every and each, of greater and lesser,

And thou needest not fear for them from the selfsame direction

As thou formerly fearedst, oh, folk-lord of Scyldings,

End-day for earlmen." To the age-hoary man then,

The gray-haired chieftain, the gold-fashioned sword-hilt,

Old-work of giants, was thereupon given;

Since the fall of the fiends, it fell to the keeping

Of the wielder of Danemen, the wonder-smith's labor,

And the bad-mooded being abandoned this world then,

Opponent of God, victim of murder,

And also his mother; it went to the keeping

Of the best of the world-kings, where waters encircle,

Who the scot divided in Scylding dominion.

Hrothgar discoursed, the hilt he regarded,

The ancient heirloom where an old-time contention's

Beginning was graven: the gurgling currents,

The flood slew thereafter the race of the giants,

They had proved themselves daring: that people was loth to

The Lord everlasting, through lash of the billows

The Father gave them final requital.

So in letters of rune on the clasp of the handle

Gleaming and golden, 'twas graven exactly,

Set forth and said, whom that sword had been made for,

Finest of irons, who first it was wrought for,

Wreathed at its handle and gleaming with serpents.

The wise one then said (silent they all were)

Son of old Healfdene: “He may say unrefuted

Who performs ’mid the folk-men fairness and truth

(The hoary old ruler remembers the past),

That better by birth is this bairn of the nobles!

Thy fame is extended through far-away countries,

Good friend Beowulf, o’er all of the races,

Thou holdest all firmly, hero-like strength with

Prudence of spirit. I’ll prove myself grateful

As before we agreed on; thou granted for long shalt

Become a great comfort to kinsmen and comrades,

A help unto heroes. Heremod became not

Such to the Scyldings, successors of Ecgwela;

He grew not to please them, but grievous destruction,

And diresome death-woes to Danemen attracted;

He slew in anger his table-companions,

Trustworthy counsellors, till he turned off lonely

From world-joys away, wide-famous ruler:

Though high-ruling heaven in hero-strength raised him,

In might exalted him, o’er men of all nations

Made him supreme, yet a murderous spirit

Grew in his bosom: he gave then no ring-gems

To the Danes after custom; endured he unjoyful

Standing the straits from strife that was raging,

Longsome folk-sorrow. Learn then from this,

Lay hold of virtue! Though laden with winters,

I have sung thee these measures. ’Tis a marvel to tell it,

How all-ruling God from greatness of spirit

Giveth wisdom to children of men,

Manor and earlship: all things He ruleth.

He often permitteth the mood-thought of man of

The illustrious lineage to lean to possessions,

Allows him earthly delights at his manor,

A high-burg of heroes to hold in his keeping,

Maketh portions of earth-folk hear him,

And a wide-reaching kingdom so that, wisdom failing him,

He himself is unable to reckon its boundaries;

He liveth in luxury, little debars him,

Nor sickness nor age, no treachery-sorrow

Becloudeth his spirit, conflict nowhere,

No sword-hate, appeareth, but all of the world doth

Wend as he wisheth; the worse he knoweth not,

Till arrant arrogance inward pervading,

Waxeth and springeth, when the warder is sleeping,

The guard of the soul: with sorrows encompassed,

Too sound is his slumber, the slayer is near him,

Who with bow and arrow aimeth in malice.

Part XXVI

“Then bruised in his bosom he with bitter-toothed missile

Is hurt ’neath his helmet: from harmful pollution

He is powerless to shield him by the wonderful mandates

Of the loath-cursèd spirit; what too long he hath holden

Him seemeth too small, savage he hoardeth,

Nor boastfully giveth gold-plated rings,

The fate of the future flouts and forgetteth

Since God had erst given him greatness no little,

Wielder of Glory. His end-day anear,

It afterward happens that the bodily-dwelling

Fleetingly fadeth, falls into ruins;

Another lays hold who doleth the ornaments,

The nobleman's jewels, nothing lamenting,

Heedeth no terror. Oh, Beowulf dear,

Best of the heroes, from bale-strife defend thee,

And choose thee the better, counsels eternal;

Beware of arrogance, world-famous champion!

But a little-while lasts thy life-vigor's fulness;

'Twill after hap early, that illness or sword-edge

Shall part thee from strength, or the grasp of the fire,

Or the wave of the current, or clutch of the edges,

Or flight of the war-spear, or age with its horrors,

Or thine eyes' bright flashing shall fade into darkness:

'Twill happen full early, excellent hero,

That death shall subdue thee. So the Danes a half-century

I held under heaven, helped them in struggles

'Gainst many a race in middle-earth's regions,

With ash-wood and edges, that enemies none

On earth molested me. Lo! offsetting change, now,

Came to my manor, grief after joyance,

When Grendel became my constant visitor,

Inveterate hater: I from that malice

Continually travailed with trouble no little.

Thanks be to God that I gained in my lifetime,

To the Lord everlasting, to look on the gory

Head with mine eyes, after long-lasting sorrow!

Go to the bench now, battle-adornèd

Joy in the feasting: of jewels in common

We'll meet with many when morning appeareth."

The Geatman was gladsome, ganged he immediately

To go to the bench, as the clever one bade him.

Then again as before were the famous-for-prowess,

Hall-inhabiters, handsomely banqueted,

Feasted anew. The night-veil fell then

Dark o’er the warriors. The courtiers rose then;

The gray-haired was anxious to go to his slumbers,

The hoary old Scylding. Hankered the Geatman,

The champion doughty, greatly, to rest him:

An earlman early outward did lead him,

Fagged from his faring, from far-country springing,

Who for etiquette’s sake all of a liegeman’s

Needs regarded, such as seamen at that time

Were bounden to feel. The big-hearted rested;

The building uptowered, spacious and gilded,

The guest within slumbered, till the sable-clad raven

Blithely foreboded the beacon of heaven.

Then the bright-shining sun o’er the bottoms came going;

The warriors hastened, the heads of the peoples

Were ready to go again to their peoples,

The high-mooded farer would faraway thenceward

Look for his vessel. The valiant one bade then,

Offspring of Ecglaf, off to bear Hrunting,

To take his weapon, his well-beloved iron;

He him thanked for the gift, saying good he accounted

The war-friend and mighty, nor chid he with words then

The blade of the brand: ’twas a brave-mooded hero.

When the warriors were ready, arrayed in their trappings,

The atheling dear to the Danemen advanced then

On to the dais, where the other was sitting,

Grim-mooded hero, greeted King Hrothgar.

Part XXVII

Beowulf spake, Ecgtheow’s offspring:

“We men of the water wish to declare now

Fared from far-lands, we're firmly determined

To seek King Higelac. Here have we fitly

Been welcomed and feasted, as heart would desire it;

Good was the greeting. If greater affection

I am anywise able ever on earth to

Gain at thy hands, ruler of heroes,

Than yet I have done, I shall quickly be ready

For combat and conflict. O'er the course of the waters

Learn I that neighbors alarm thee with terror,

As haters did whilom, I hither will bring thee

For help unto heroes henchmen by thousands.

I know as to Higelac, the lord of the Geatmen,

Though young in years, he yet will permit me,

By words and by works, ward of the people,

Fully to furnish thee forces and bear thee

My lance to relieve thee, if liegemen shall fail thee,

And help of my hand-strength; if Hrethric be treating,

Bairn of the king, at the court of the Geatmen,

He thereat may find him friends in abundance:

Faraway countries he were better to seek for

Who trusts in himself." Hrothgar discoursed then,

Making rejoinder: "These words thou hast uttered

All-knowing God hath given thy spirit!

Ne'er heard I an earlman thus early in life

More clever in speaking: thou'rt cautious of spirit,

Mighty of muscle, in mouth-answers prudent.

I count on the hope that, happen it ever

That missile shall rob thee of Hrethel's descendant,

Edge-horrid battle, and illness or weapon

Deprive thee of prince, of people's protector,

And life thou yet holdest, the Sea-Geats will never

Find a more fitting folk-lord to choose them,

Gem-ward of heroes, than thou mightest prove thee,

If the kingdom of kinsmen thou carest to govern.

Thy mood-spirit likes me the longer the better,

Beowulf dear: thou hast brought it to pass that

To both these peoples peace shall be common,

To Geat-folk and Danemen, the strife be suspended,

The secret assailings they suffered in yore-days;

And also that jewels be shared while I govern

The wide-stretching kingdom, and that many shall visit

Others o'er the ocean with excellent gift-gems:

The ring-adorned bark shall bring o'er the currents

Presents and love-gifts. This people I know

Tow'rd foeman and friend firmly established,

After ancient etiquette everywise blameless."

Then the warden of earlmen gave him still farther,

Kinsman of Healfdene, a dozen of jewels,

Bade him safely seek with the presents

His well-beloved people, early returning.

Then the noble-born king kissed the distinguished,

Dear-lovèd liegeman, the Dane-prince saluted him,

And claspèd his neck; tears from him fell,

From the gray-headed man: he two things expected,

Agèd and reverend, but rather the second,

That bold in council they'd meet thereafter.

The man was so dear that he failed to suppress the

Emotions that moved him, but in mood-fetters fastened

The long-famous hero longeth in secret

Deep in his spirit for the dear-beloved man

Though not a blood-kinsman. Beowulf thenceward,

Gold-splendid warrior, walked o'er the meadows

Exulting in treasure: the sea-going vessel

Riding at anchor awaited its owner.

As they pressed on their way then, the present of Hrothgar

Was frequently referred to: a folk-king indeed that

Everyway blameless, till age did debar him

The joys of his might, which hath many oft injured.

Part XXVIII

Then the band of very valiant retainers

Came to the current; they were clad all in armor,

In link-woven burnies. The land-warder noticed

The return of the earlmen, as he erstwhile had seen them;

Nowise with insult he greeted the strangers

From the naze of the cliff, but rode on to meet them;

Said the bright-armored visitors vesselward traveled

Welcome to Weders. The wide-bosomed craft then

Lay on the sand, laden with armor,

With horses and jewels, the ring-stemmèd sailer:

The mast uptowered o'er the treasure of Hrothgar.

To the boat-ward a gold-bound brand he presented,

That he was afterwards honored on the ale-bench more highly

As the heirloom's owner. Set he out on his vessel,

To drive on the deep, Dane-country left he.

Along by the mast then a sea-garment fluttered,

A rope-fastened sail. The sea-boat resounded,

The wind o'er the waters the wave-floater nowise

Kept from its journey; the sea-goer traveled,

The foamy-necked floated forth o'er the currents,

The well-fashioned vessel o'er the ways of the ocean,

Till they came within sight of the cliffs of the Geatmen,

The well-known headlands. The wave-goer hastened

Driven by breezes, stood on the shore.

Prompt at the ocean, the port-ward was ready,

Who long in the past outlooked in the distance,

At water's-edge waiting well-lovèd heroes;

He bound to the bank then the broad-bosomed vessel

Fast in its fetters, lest the force of the waters

Should be able to injure the ocean-wood winsome.

Bade he up then take the treasure of princes,

Plate-gold and fretwork; not far was it thence

To go off in search of the giver of jewels:

Hrethel's son Higelac at home there remaineth,

Himself with his comrades close to the sea-coast.

The building was splendid, the king heroic,

Great in his hall, Hygd very young was,

Fine-mooded, clever, though few were the winters

That the daughter of Hæreth had dwelt in the borough;

But she nowise was cringing nor niggard of presents,

Of ornaments rare, to the race of the Geatmen.

Thrytho nursed anger, excellent folk-queen,

Hot-burning hatred: no hero whatever

'Mong household companions, her husband excepted

Dared to adventure to look at the woman

With eyes in the daytime; but he knew that death-chains

Hand-wreathed were wrought him: early thereafter,

When the hand-strife was over, edges were ready,

That fierce-raging sword-point had to force a decision,

Murder-bale show. Such no womanly custom

For a lady to practise, though lovely her person,

That a weaver-of-peace, on pretence of anger

A belovèd liegeman of life should deprive.

Soothly this hindered Heming's kinsman;

Other ale-drinking earlmen asserted

That fearful folk-sorrows fewer she wrought them,

Treacherous doings, since first she was given

Adorned with gold to the war-hero youthful,

For her origin honored, when Offa's great palace

O'er the fallow flood by her father's instructions

She sought on her journey, where she afterwards fully,

Famed for her virtue, her fate on the king's-seat

Enjoyed in her lifetime, love did she hold with

The ruler of heroes, the best, it is told me,

Of all of the earthmen that oceans encompass,

Of earl-kindreds endless; hence Offa was famous

Far and widely, by gifts and by battles,

Spear-valiant hero; the home of his fathers

He governed with wisdom, whence Eomær did issue

For help unto heroes, Heming's kinsman,

Grandson of Garmund, great in encounters.

Part XXIX

Then the brave one departed, his band along with him,

Seeking the sea-shore, the sea-marches treading,

The wide-stretching shores. The world-candle glimmered,

The sun from the southward; they proceeded then onward,

Early arriving where they heard that the troop-lord,

Ongentheow's slayer, excellent, youthful

Folk-prince and warrior was distributing jewels,

Close in his castle. The coming of Beowulf

Was announced in a message quickly to Higelac,

That the folk-troop's defender forth to the palace

The linden-companion alive was advancing,

Secure from the combat courtward a-going.

The building was early inward made ready

For the foot-going guests as the good one had ordered.

He sat by the man then who had lived through the struggle,

Kinsman by kinsman, when the king of the people

Had in lordly language saluted the dear one,

In words that were formal. The daughter of Hæreth

Coursed through the building, carrying mead-cups:

She loved the retainers, tendered the beakers

To the high-minded Geatmen. Higelac 'gan then

Pleasantly plying his companion with questions

In the high-towering palace. A curious interest

Tormented his spirit, what meaning to see in

The Sea-Geats' adventures: "Beowulf worthy,

How throve your journeying, when thou thoughtest suddenly

Far o'er the salt-streams to seek an encounter,

A battle at Heorot? Hast bettered for Hrothgar,

The famous folk-leader, his far-published sorrows

Any at all? In agony-billows

I mused upon torture, distrusted the journey

Of the belovèd liegeman; I long time did pray thee

By no means to seek out the murderous spirit,

To suffer the South-Danes themselves to decide on

Grappling with Grendel. To God I am thankful

To be suffered to see thee safe from thy journey."

Beowulf answered, bairn of old Ecgtheow:

"'Tis hidden by no means, Higelac chieftain,

From many of men, the meeting so famous,

What mournful moments of me and of Grendel

Were passed in the place where he pressing affliction

On the Victory-Scyldings scathefully brought,

Anguish forever; that all I avengèd,

So that any under heaven of the kinsmen of Grendel

Needeth not boast of that cry-in-the-morning,

Who longest liveth of the loth-going kindred,

Encompassed by moorland. I came in my journey

To the royal ring-hall, Hrothgar to greet there:

Soon did the famous scion of Healfdene,

When he understood fully the spirit that led me,

Assign me a seat with the son of his bosom.

The troop was in joyance; mead-glee greater

'Neath arch of the ether not ever beheld I

'Mid hall-building holders. The highly-famed queen,

Peace-tie of peoples, oft passed through the building,

Cheered the young troopers; she oft tendered a hero

A beautiful ring-band, ere she went to her sitting.

Oft the daughter of Hrothgar in view of the courtiers

To the earls at the end the ale-vessel carried,

Whom Freaware I heard then hall-sitters title,

When nail-adorned jewels she gave to the heroes:

Gold-bedecked, youthful, to the glad son of Froda

Her faith has been plighted; the friend of the Scyldings,

The guard of the kingdom, hath given his sanction,

And counts it a vantage, for a part of the quarrels,

A portion of hatred, to pay with the woman.

Somewhere not rarely, when the ruler has fallen,

The life-taking lance relaxeth its fury

For a brief breathing-spell, though the bride be charming!

Part XXX

"It well may discomfit the prince of the Heathobards

And each of the thanemen of earls that attend him,

When he goes to the building escorting the woman,

That a noble-born Daneman the knights should be feasting:

There gleam on his person the leavings of elders

Hard and ring-bright, Heathobards' treasure,

While they wielded their arms, till they misled to the battle

Their own dear lives and belovèd companions.

He saith at the banquet who the collar beholdeth,

An ancient ash-warrior who earlmen's destruction

Clearly recalleth (cruel his spirit),

Sadly beginneth sounding the youthful

Thane-champion's spirit through the thoughts of his bosom,

War-grief to waken, and this word-answer speaketh:

'Art thou able, my friend, to know when thou seest it

The brand which thy father bare to the conflict

In his latest adventure, 'neath visor of helmet,

The dearly-loved iron, where Danemen did slay him,

And brave-mooded Scyldings, on the fall of the heroes,

(When vengeance was sleeping) the slaughter-place wielded?

E'en now some man of the murderer's progeny

Exulting in ornaments enters the building,

Boasts of his blood-shedding, offbeareth the jewel

Which thou shouldst wholly hold in possession!'

So he urgeth and mindeth on every occasion

With woe-bringing words, till waxeth the season

When the woman's thane for the works of his father,

The bill having bitten, blood-gory sleepeth,

Fated to perish; the other one thenceward

'Scapeth alive, the land knoweth thoroughly.

Then the oaths of the earlmen on each side are broken,

When rancors unresting are raging in Ingeld

And his wife-love waxeth less warm after sorrow.

So the Heathobards' favor not faithful I reckon,

Their part in the treaty not true to the Danemen,

Their friendship not fast. I further shall tell thee

More about Grendel, that thou fully mayst hear,

Ornament-giver, what afterward came from

The hand-rush of heroes. When heaven's bright jewel

O'er earthfields had glided, the stranger came raging,

The horrible night-fiend, us for to visit,

Where wholly unharmed the hall we were guarding.

To Hondscio happened a hopeless contention,

Death to the doomed one, dead he fell foremost,

Girded war-champion; to him Grendel became then,

To the vassal distinguished, a tooth-weaponed murderer,

The well-beloved henchman's body all swallowed.

Not the earlier off empty of hand did

The bloody-toothed murderer, mindful of evils,

Wish to escape from the gold-giver's palace,

But sturdy of strength he strove to outdo me,

Hand-ready grappled. A glove was suspended

Spacious and wondrous, in art-fetters fastened,

Which was fashioned entirely by touch of the craftman

From the dragon's skin by the devil's devices:

He down in its depths would do me unsadly

One among many, deed-doer raging,

Though sinless he saw me; not so could it happen

When I in my anger upright did stand.

'Tis too long to recount how requital I furnished

For every evil to the earlmen's destroyer;

'Twas there, my prince, that I proudly distinguished

Thy land with my labors. He left and retreated,

He lived his life a little while longer:

Yet his right-hand guarded his footstep in Heorot,

And sad-mooded thence to the sea-bottom fell he,

Mournful in mind. For the might-rush of battle

The friend of the Scyldings, with gold that was plated,

With ornaments many, much requited me,

When daylight had dawned, and down to the banquet

We had sat us together. There was chanting and joyance:

The age-stricken Scylding asked many questions

And of old-times related; oft light-ringing harp-strings,

Joy-telling wood, were touched by the brave one;

Now he uttered measures, mourning and truthful,

Then the large-hearted land-king a legend of wonder

Truthfully told us. Now troubled with years

The age-hoary warrior afterward began to

Mourn for the might that marked him in youth-days;

His breast within boiled, when burdened with winters

Much he remembered. From morning till night then

We joyed us therein as etiquette suffered,

Till the second night season came unto earth-folk.

Then early thereafter, the mother of Grendel

Was ready for vengeance, wretched she journeyed;

Her son had death ravished, the wrath of the Geatmen.

The horrible woman avengèd her offspring,

And with mighty mainstrength murdered a hero.

There the spirit of Æschere, agèd adviser,

Was ready to vanish; nor when morn had lightened

Were they anywise suffered to consume him with fire,

Folk of the Danemen, the death-weakened hero,

Nor the belovèd liegeman to lay on the pyre;

She the corpse had offcarried in the clutch of the foeman

'Neath mountain-brook's flood. To Hrothgar 'twas saddest

Of pains that ever had preyed on the chieftain;

By the life of thee the land-prince then me

Besought very sadly, in sea-currents' eddies

To display my prowess, to peril my safety,

Might-deeds accomplish; much did he promise.

I found then the famous flood-current's cruel,

Horrible depth-warder. A while unto us two

Hand was in common; the currents were seething

With gore that was clotted, and Grendel's fierce mother's

Head I offhacked in the hall at the bottom

With huge-reaching sword-edge, hardly I wrested

My life from her clutches; not doomed was I then,

But the warden of earlmen afterward gave me

Jewels in quantity, kinsman of Healfdene.

Part XXXI

"So the belovèd land-prince lived in decorum;

I had missed no rewards, no meeds of my prowess,

But he gave me jewels, regarding my wishes,

Healfdene his bairn; I'll bring them to thee, then,

Atheling of earlmen, offer them gladly.

And still unto thee is all my affection:

But few of my folk-kin find I surviving

But thee, dear Higelac!" Bade he in then to carry

The boar-image, banner, battle-high helmet,

Iron-gray armor, the excellent weapon,

In song-measures said: "This suit-for-the-battle

Hrothgar presented me, bade me expressly,

Wise-mooded atheling, thereafter to tell thee

The whole of its history, said King Heregar owned it,

Dane-prince for long: yet he wished not to give then

The mail to his son, though dearly he loved him,

Hereward the hardy. Hold all in joyance!"

I heard that there followed hard on the jewels

Two braces of stallions of striking resemblance,

Dappled and yellow; he granted him usance

Of horses and treasures. So a kinsman should bear him,

No web of treachery weave for another,

Nor by cunning craftiness cause the destruction

Of trusty companion. Most precious to Higelac,

The bold one in battle, was the bairn of his sister,

And each unto other mindful of favors.

I am told that to Hygd he proffered the necklace,

Wonder-gem rare that Wealhtheow gave him,

The troop-leader's daughter, a trio of horses

Slender and saddle-bright; soon did the jewel

Embellish her bosom, when the beer-feast was over.

So Ecgtheow's bairn brave did prove him,

War-famous man, by deeds that were valiant,

He lived in honor, belovèd companions

Slew not carousing; his mood was not cruel,

But by hand-strength hugest of heroes then living

The brave one retained the bountiful gift that

The Lord had allowed him. Long was he wretched,

So that sons of the Geatmen accounted him worthless,

And the lord of the liegemen loth was to do him

Mickle of honor, when mead-cups were passing;

They fully believed him idle and sluggish,

An indolent atheling: to the honor-blest man there

Came requital for the cuts he had suffered.

The folk-troop's defender bade fetch to the building

The heirloom of Hrethel, embellished with gold,

So the brave one enjoined it; there was jewel no richer

In the form of a weapon 'mong Geats of that era;

In Beowulf's keeping he placed it and gave him

Seven of thousands, manor and lordship.

Common to both was land 'mong the people,

Estate and inherited rights and possessions,

To the second one specially spacious dominions,

To the one who was better. It afterward happened

In days that followed, befell the battle-thanes,

After Higelac's death, and when Heardred was murdered

With weapons of warfare 'neath well-covered targets,

When valiant battlemen in victor-band sought him,

War-Scylfing heroes harassed the nephew

Of Hereric in battle. To Beowulf's keeping

Turned there in time extensive dominions:

He fittingly ruled them a fifty of winters

(He a man-ruler wise was, manor-ward old) till

A certain one 'gan, on gloom-darkening nights, a

Dragon, to govern, who guarded a treasure,

A high-rising stone-cliff, on heath that was grayish:

A path 'neath it lay, unknown unto mortals.

Some one of earthmen entered the mountain,

The heathenish hoard laid hold of with ardor;

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Part XXXII

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He sought of himself who sorely did harm him,

But, for need very pressing, the servant of one of

The sons of the heroes hate-blows evaded,

Seeking for shelter and the sin-driven warrior

Took refuge within there. He early looked in it,

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* * * * * when the onset surprised him,

He a gem-vessel saw there: many of suchlike

Ancient ornaments in the earth-cave were lying,

As in days of yore some one of men of

Illustrious lineage, as a legacy monstrous,

There had secreted them, careful and thoughtful,

Dear-valued jewels. Death had offsnatched them,

In the days of the past, and the one man moreover

Of the flower of the folk who fared there the longest,

Was fain to defer it, friend-mourning warder,

A little longer to be left in enjoyment

Of long-lasting treasure. A barrow all-ready

Stood on the plain the stream-currents nigh to,

New by the ness-edge, unnethe of approaching:

The keeper of rings carried within a

Ponderous deal of the treasure of nobles,

Of gold that was beaten, briefly he spake then:

“Hold thou, O Earth, now heroes no more may,

The earnings of earlmen. Lo! erst in thy bosom

Worthy men won them; war-death hath ravished,

Perilous life-bale, all my warriors,

Liegemen belovèd, who this life have forsaken,

Who hall-pleasures saw. No sword-bearer have I,

And no one to burnish the gold-plated vessel,

The high-valued beaker: my heroes are vanished.

The hardy helmet behung with gilding

Shall be reaved of its riches: the ring-cleansers slumber

Who were charged to have ready visors-for-battle,

And the burnie that bided in battle-encounter

O’er breaking of war-shields the bite of the edges

Moulds with the hero. The ring-twisted armor,

Its lord being lifeless, no longer may journey

Hanging by heroes; harp-joy is vanished,

The rapture of glee-wood, no excellent falcon

Swoops through the building, no swift-footed charger

Grindeth the gravel. A grievous destruction

No few of the world-folk widely hath scattered!”

So, woful of spirit one after all

Lamented mournfully, moaning in sadness

By day and by night, till death with its billows

Dashed on his spirit. Then the ancient dusk-scather

Found the great treasure standing all open,

He who flaming and fiery flies to the barrows,

Naked war-dragon, nightly escapeth

Encompassed with fire; men under heaven

Widely beheld him. ’Tis said that he looks for

The hoard in the earth, where old he is guarding

The heathenish treasure; he’ll be nowise the better.

So three-hundred winters the waster of peoples

Held upon earth that excellent hoard-hall,

Till the forementioned earlman angered him bitterly:

The beat-plated beaker he bare to his chieftain

And fullest remission for all his remissness

Begged of his liegelord. Then the hoard5 was discovered,

The treasure was taken, his petition was granted

The lorn-mooded liegeman. His lord regarded

The old-work of earth-folk—’twas the earliest occasion.

When the dragon awoke, the strife was renewed there;

He snuffed ’long the stone then, stout-hearted found he

The footprint of foeman; too far had he gone

With cunning craftiness close to the head of

The fire-spewing dragon. So undoomed he may ’scape from

Anguish and exile with ease who possesseth

The favor of Heaven. The hoard-warden eagerly

Searched o’er the ground then, would meet with the person

That caused him sorrow while in slumber reclining:

Gleaming and wild he oft went round the cavern,

All of it outward; not any of earthmen

Was seen in that desert. Yet he joyed in the battle,

Rejoiced in the conflict: oft he turned to the barrow,

Sought for the gem-cup; this he soon perceived then

That some man or other had discovered the gold,

The famous folk-treasure. Not fain did the hoard-ward

Wait until evening; then the ward of the barrow

Was angry in spirit, the loathèd one wished to

Pay for the dear-valued drink-cup with fire.

Then the day was done as the dragon would have it,

He no longer would wait on the wall, but departed

Fire-impelled, flaming. Fearful the start was

To earls in the land, as it early thereafter

To their giver-of-gold was grievously ended.

Part XXXIII

The stranger began then to vomit forth fire,

To burn the great manor; the blaze then glimmered

For anguish to earlmen, not anything living

Was the hateful air-goer willing to leave there.

The war of the worm widely was noticed,

The feud of the foeman afar and anear,

How the enemy injured the earls of the Geatmen,

Harried with hatred: back he hied to the treasure,

To the well-hidden cavern ere the coming of daylight.

He had circled with fire the folk of those regions,

With brand and burning; in the barrow he trusted,

In the wall and his war-might: the weening deceived him.

Then straight was the horror to Beowulf published,

Early forsooth, that his own native homestead,

The best of buildings, was burning and melting,

Gift-seat of Geatmen. 'Twas a grief to the spirit

Of the good-mooded hero, the greatest of sorrows:

The wise one weened then that wielding his kingdom

'Gainst the ancient commandments, he had bitterly angered

The Lord everlasting: with lorn meditations

His bosom welled inward, as was nowise his custom.

The fire-spewing dragon fully had wasted

The fastness of warriors, the water-land outward,

The manor with fire. The folk-ruling hero,

Prince of the Weders, was planning to wreak him.

The warmen's defender bade them to make him,

Earlmen's atheling, an excellent war-shield

Wholly of iron: fully he knew then

That wood from the forest was helpless to aid him,

Shield against fire. The long-worthy ruler

Must live the last of his limited earth-days,

Of life in the world and the worm along with him,

Though he long had been holding hoard-wealth in plenty.

Then the ring-prince disdained to seek with a war-band,

With army extensive, the air-going ranger;

He felt no fear of the foeman's assaults and

He counted for little the might of the dragon,

His power and prowess: for previously dared he

A heap of hostility, hazarded dangers,

War-thane, when Hrothgar's palace he cleansèd,

Conquering combatant, clutched in the battle

The kinsmen of Grendel, of kindred detested.

'Twas of hand-fights not least where Higelac was slaughtered,

When the king of the Geatmen with clashings of battle,

Friend-lord of folks in Frisian dominions,

Offspring of Hrethrel perished through sword-drink,

With battle-swords beaten; thence Beowulf came then

On self-help relying, swam through the waters;

He bare on his arm, lone-going, thirty

Outfits of armor, when the ocean he mounted.

The Hetwars by no means had need to be boastful

Of their fighting afoot, who forward to meet him

Carried their war-shields: not many returned from

The brave-mooded battle-knight back to their homesteads.

Ecgtheow's bairn o'er the bight-courses swam then,

Lone-goer lorn to his land-folk returning,

Where Hygd to him tendered treasure and kingdom,

Rings and dominion: her son she not trusted,

To be able to keep the kingdom devised him

'Gainst alien races, on the death of King Higelac.

Yet the sad ones succeeded not in persuading the atheling

In any way ever, to act as a suzerain

To Heardred, or promise to govern the kingdom;

Yet with friendly counsel in the folk he sustained him,

Gracious, with honor, till he grew to be older,

Wielded the Weders. Wide-fleeing outlaws,

Ohthere's sons, sought him o'er the waters:

They had stirred a revolt 'gainst the helm of the Scylfings,

The best of the sea-kings, who in Swedish dominions

Distributed treasure, distinguished folk-leader.

'Twas the end of his earth-days; injury fatal

By swing of the sword he received as a greeting,

Offspring of Higelac; Ongentheow's bairn

Later departed to visit his homestead,

When Heardred was dead; let Beowulf rule them,

Govern the Geatmen: good was that folk-king.

Part XXXIV

He planned requital for the folk-leader's ruin

In days thereafter, to Eadgils the wretched

Becoming an enemy. Ohthere's son then

Went with a war-troop o'er the wide-stretching currents

With warriors and weapons: with woe-journeys cold he

After avenged him, the king's life he took.

So he came off uninjured from all of his battles,

Perilous fights, offspring of Ecgtheow,

From his deeds of daring, till that day most momentous

When he fate-driven fared to fight with the dragon.

With eleven companions the prince of the Geatmen

Went lowering with fury to look at the fire-drake:

Inquiring he'd found how the feud had arisen,

Hate to his heroes; the highly-famed gem-vessel

Was brought to his keeping through the hand of th' informer.

That in the throng was thirteenth of heroes,

That caused the beginning of conflict so bitter,

Captive and wretched, must sad-mooded thenceward

Point out the place: he passed then unwillingly

To the spot where he knew of the notable cavern,

The cave under earth, not far from the ocean,

The anger of eddies, which inward was full of

Jewels and wires: a warden uncanny,

Warrior weaponed, wardered the treasure,

Old under earth; no easy possession

For any of earth-folk access to get to.

Then the battle-brave atheling sat on the naze-edge,

While the gold-friend of Geatmen gracious saluted

His fireside-companions: woe was his spirit,

Death-boding, wav'ring; Weird very near him,

Who must seize the old hero, his soul-treasure look for,

Dragging aloof his life from his body:

Not flesh-hidden long was the folk-leader's spirit.

Beowulf spake, Ecgtheow's son:

"I survived in my youth-days many a conflict,

Hours of onset: that all I remember.

I was seven-winters old when the jewel-prince took me,

High-lord of heroes, at the hands of my father,

Hrethel the hero-king had me in keeping,

Gave me treasure and feasting, our kinship remembered;

Not ever was I any less dear to him

Knight in the boroughs, than the bairns of his household,

Herebald and Hæthcyn and Higelac mine.

To the eldest unjustly by acts of a kinsman

Was murder-bed strewn, since him Hæthcyn from horn-bow

His sheltering chieftain shot with an arrow,

Erred in his aim and injured his kinsman,

One brother the other, with blood-sprinkled spear:

'Twas a feeless fight, finished in malice,

Sad to his spirit; the folk-prince however

Had to part from existence with vengeance untaken.

So to hoar-headed hero 'tis heavily crushing

To live to see his son as he rideth

Young on the gallows: then measures he chanteth,

A song of sorrow, when his son is hanging

For the raven's delight, and aged and hoary

He is unable to offer any assistance.

Every morning his offspring's departure

Is constant recalled: he cares not to wait for

The birth of an heir in his borough-enclosures,

Since that one through death-pain the deeds hath experienced.

He heart-grieved beholds in the house of his son the

Wine-building wasted, the wind-lodging places

Reaved of their roaring; the riders are sleeping,

The knights in the grave; there's no sound of the harp-wood,

Joy in the yards, as of yore were familiar.

Part XXXV

"He seeks then his chamber, singeth a woe-song

One for the other; all too extensive

Seemed homesteads and plains.

So the helm of the Weders Mindful of Herebald heart-sorrow carried,

Stirred with emotion, nowise was able

To wreak his ruin on the ruthless destroyer:

He was unable to follow the warrior with hatred,

With deeds that were direful, though dear he not held him.

Then pressed by the pang this pain occasioned him,

He gave up glee, God-light elected;

He left to his sons, as the man that is rich does,

His land and fortress, when from life he departed.

Then was crime and hostility 'twixt Swedes and Geatmen,

O'er wide-stretching water warring was mutual,

Burdensome hatred, when Hrethel had perished,

And Ongentheow's offspring were active and valiant,

Wished not to hold to peace oversea, but

Round Hreosna-beorh often accomplished

Cruelest massacre. This my kinsman avengèd,

The feud and fury, as 'tis found on inquiry,

Though one of them paid it with forfeit of life-joys,

With price that was hard: the struggle became then

Fatal to Hæthcyn, lord of the Geatmen.

Then I heard that at morning one brother the other

With edges of irons egged on to murder,

Where Ongentheow maketh onset on Eofor:

The helmet crashed, the hoary-haired Scylfing

Sword-smitten fell, his hand then remembered

Feud-hate sufficient, refused not the death-blow.

The gems that he gave me, with jewel-bright sword I

'Quited in contest, as occasion was offered:

Land he allowed me, life-joy at homestead,

Manor to live on. Little he needed

From Gepids or Danes or in Sweden to look for

Trooper less true, with treasure to buy him;

'Mong foot-soldiers ever in front I would hie me,

Alone in the vanguard, and evermore gladly

Warfare shall wage, while this weapon endureth

That late and early often did serve me

When I proved before heroes the slayer of Dæghrefn,

Knight of the Hugmen: he by no means was suffered

To the king of the Frisians to carry the jewels,

The breast-decoration; but the banner-possessor

Bowed in the battle, brave-mooded atheling.

No weapon was slayer, but war-grapple broke then

The surge of his spirit, his body destroying.

Now shall weapon's edge make war for the treasure,

And hand and firm-sword." Beowulf spake then,

Boast-words uttered—the latest occasion:

"I braved in my youth-days battles unnumbered;

Still am I willing the struggle to look for,

Fame-deeds perform, folk-warden prudent,

If the hateful despoiler forth from his cavern

Seeketh me out!" Each of the heroes,

Helm-bearers sturdy, he thereupon greeted

Belovèd co-liegemen—his last salutation:

"No brand would I bear, no blade for the dragon,

Wist I a way my word-boast to 'complish

Else with the monster, as with Grendel I did it;

But fire in the battle hot I expect there,

Furious flame-burning: so I fixed on my body

Target and war-mail. The ward of the barrow

I'll not flee from a foot-length, the foeman uncanny.

At the wall 'twill befall us as Fate decreeth,

Each one's Creator. I am eager in spirit,

With the wingèd war-hero to away with all boasting.

Bide on the barrow with burnies protected,

Earls in armor, which of us two may better

Bear his disaster, when the battle is over.

'Tis no matter of yours, and man cannot do it,

But me and me only, to measure his strength with

The monster of malice, might-deeds to 'complish.

I with prowess shall gain the gold, or the battle,

Direful death-woe will drag off your ruler!"

The mighty champion rose by his shield then,

Brave under helmet, in battle-mail went he

'Neath steep-rising stone-cliffs, the strength he relied on

Of one man alone: no work for a coward.

Then he saw by the wall who a great many battles

Had lived through, most worthy, when foot-troops collided,

Stone-arches standing, stout-hearted champion,

Saw a brook from the barrow bubbling out thenceward:

The flood of the fountain was fuming with war-flame:

Not nigh to the hoard, for season the briefest

Could he brave, without burning, the abyss that was yawning,

The drake was so fiery. The prince of the Weders

Caused then that words came from his bosom,

So fierce was his fury; the firm-hearted shouted:

His battle-clear voice came in resounding

'Neath the gray-colored stone. Stirred was his hatred,

The hoard-ward distinguished the speech of a man;

Time was no longer to look out for friendship.

The breath of the monster issued forth first,

Vapory war-sweat, out of the stone-cave:

The earth re-echoed. The earl 'neath the barrow

Lifted his shield, lord of the Geatmen,

Tow'rd the terrible stranger: the ring-twisted creature's

Heart was then ready to seek for a struggle.

The excellent battle-king first brandished his weapon,

The ancient heirloom, of edges unblunted,

To the death-planners twain was terror from other.

The lord of the troopers intrepidly stood then

'Gainst his high-rising shield, when the dragon coiled him Quickly together: in corslet he bided.

He went then in blazes, bended and striding,

Hasting him forward. His life and body

The targe well protected, for time-period shorter

Than wish demanded for the well-renowned leader,

Where he then for the first day was forced to be victor,

Famous in battle, as Fate had not willed it.

The lord of the Geatmen uplifted his hand then,

Smiting the fire-drake with sword that was precious,

That bright on the bone the blade-edge did weaken,

Bit more feebly than his folk-leader needed,

Burdened with bale-griefs. Then the barrow-protector,

When the sword-blow had fallen, was fierce in his spirit,

Flinging his fires, flamings of battle

Gleamed then afar: the gold-friend of Weders

Boasted no conquests, his battle-sword failed him

Naked in conflict, as by no means it ought to,

Long-trusty weapon. 'Twas no slight undertaking

That Ecgtheow's famous offspring would leave

The drake-cavern's bottom; he must live in some region

Other than this, by the will of the dragon,

As each one of earthmen existence must forfeit.

'Twas early thereafter the excellent warriors

Met with each other. Anew and afresh

The hoard-ward took heart (gasps heaved then his bosom):

Sorrow he suffered encircled with fire

Who the people erst governed. His companions by no means

Were banded about him, bairns of the princes,

With valorous spirit, but they sped to the forest,

Seeking for safety. The soul-deeps of one were

Ruffled by care: kin-love can never

Aught in him waver who well doth consider.

Part XXXVI

The son of Weohstan was Wiglaf entitled,

Shield-warrior precious, prince of the Scylfings,

Ælfhere's kinsman: he saw his dear liegelord

Enduring the heat 'neath helmet and visor.

Then he minded the holding that erst he had given him,

The Wægmunding warriors' wealth-blessèd homestead,

Each of the folk-rights his father had wielded;

He was hot for the battle, his hand seized the target,

The yellow-bark shield, he unsheathed his old weapon,

Which was known among earthmen as the relic of Eanmund,

Ohthere's offspring, whom, exiled and friendless,

Weohstan did slay with sword-edge in battle,

And carried his kinsman the clear-shining helmet,

The ring-made burnie, the old giant-weapon

That Onela gave him, his boon-fellow's armor,

Ready war-trappings: he the feud did not mention,

Though he'd fatally smitten the son of his brother.

Many a half-year held he the treasures,

The bill and the burnie, till his bairn became able,

Like his father before him, fame-deeds to 'complish;

Then he gave him 'mong Geatmen a goodly array of

Weeds for his warfare; he went from life then

Old on his journey. 'Twas the earliest time then

That the youthful champion might charge in the battle

Aiding his liegelord; his spirit was dauntless.

Nor did kinsman's bequest quail at the battle:

This the dragon discovered on their coming together.

Wiglaf uttered many a right-saying,

Said to his fellows, sad was his spirit:

"I remember the time when, tasting the mead-cup,

We promised in the hall the lord of us all

Who gave us these ring-treasures, that this battle-equipment,

Swords and helmets, we'd certainly quite him,

Should need of such aid ever befall him:

In the war-band he chose us for this journey spontaneously,

Stirred us to glory and gave me these jewels,

Since he held and esteemed us trust-worthy spearmen,

Hardy helm-bearers, though this hero-achievement

Our lord intended alone to accomplish,

Ward of his people, for most of achievements,

Doings audacious, he did among earth-folk.

The day is now come when the ruler of earthmen

Needeth the vigor of valiant heroes:

Let us wend us towards him, the war-prince to succor,

While the heat yet rageth, horrible fire-fight.

God wot in me, 'tis mickle the liefer

The blaze should embrace my body and eat it

With my treasure-bestower. Meseemeth not proper

To bear our battle-shields back to our country,

'Less first we are able to fell and destroy the

Long-hating foeman, to defend the life of

The prince of the Weders. Well do I know 'tisn't

Earned by his exploits, he only of Geatmen

Sorrow should suffer, sink in the battle:

Brand and helmet to us both shall be common,

Shield-cover, burnie." Through the bale-smoke he stalked then,

Went under helmet to the help of his chieftain,

Briefly discoursing: "Beowulf dear,

Perform thou all fully, as thou formerly saidst,

In thy youthful years, that while yet thou livedst

Thou wouldst let thine honor not ever be lessened.

Thy life thou shalt save, mighty in actions,

Atheling undaunted, with all of thy vigor;

I'll give thee assistance." The dragon came raging,

Wild-mooded stranger, when these words had been uttered

('Twas the second occasion), seeking his enemies,

Men that were hated, with hot-gleaming fire-waves;

With blaze-billows burned the board to its edges:

The fight-armor failed then to furnish assistance

To the youthful spear-hero: but the young-agèd stripling

Quickly advanced 'neath his kinsman's war-target,

Since his own had been ground in the grip of the fire.

Then the warrior-king was careful of glory,

He soundly smote with sword-for-the-battle,

That it stood in the head by hatred driven;

Nægling was shivered, the old and iron-made

Brand of Beowulf in battle deceived him.

'Twas denied him that edges of irons were able

To help in the battle; the hand was too mighty

Which every weapon, as I heard on inquiry,

Outstruck in its stroke, when to struggle he carried

The wonderful war-sword: it waxed him no better.

Then the people-despoiler—third of his onsets—

Fierce-raging fire-drake, of feud-hate was mindful,

Charged on the strong one, when chance was afforded,

Heated and war-grim, seized on his neck

With teeth that were bitter; he bloody did wax with

Soul-gore seething; sword-blood in waves boiled.

Part XXXVII

Then I heard that at need of the king of the people

The upstanding earlman exhibited prowess,

Vigor and courage, as suited his nature;

He his head did not guard, but the high-minded liegeman's

Hand was consumed, when he succored his kinsman,

So he struck the strife-bringing strange-comer lower,

Earl-thane in armor, that in went the weapon

Gleaming and plated, that 'gan then the fire

Later to lessen. The liegelord himself then

Retained his consciousness, brandished his war-knife,

Battle-sharp, bitter, that he bare on his armor:

The Weder-lord cut the worm in the middle.

They had felled the enemy (life drove out then

Puissant prowess), the pair had destroyed him,

Land-chiefs related: so a liegeman should prove him,

A thaneman when needed. To the prince ’twas the last of

His era of conquest by his own great achievements,

The latest of world-deeds. The wound then began

Which the earth-dwelling dragon erstwhile had wrought him

To burn and to swell. He soon then discovered

That bitterest bale-woe in his bosom was raging,

Poison within. The atheling advanced then,

That along by the wall, he prudent of spirit

Might sit on a settle; he saw the giant-work,

How arches of stone strengthened with pillars

The earth-hall eternal inward supported.

Then the long-worthy liegeman laved with his hand the

Far-famous chieftain, gory from sword-edge,

Refreshing the face of his friend-lord and ruler,

Sated with battle, unbinding his helmet.

Beowulf answered, of his injury spake he,

His wound that was fatal (he was fully aware

He had lived his allotted life-days enjoying

The pleasures of earth; then past was entirely

His measure of days, death very near):

“My son I would give now my battle-equipments,

Had any of heirs been after me granted,

Along of my body. This people I governed

Fifty of winters: no king ’mong my neighbors

Dared to encounter me with comrades-in-battle,

Try me with terror. The time to me ordered

I bided at home, mine own kept fitly,

Sought me no snares, swore me not many

Oaths in injustice. Joy over all this

I’m able to have, though ill with my death-wounds;

Hence the Ruler of Earthmen need not charge me

With the killing of kinsmen, when cometh my life out

Forth from my body. Fare thou with haste now

To behold the hoard 'neath the hoar-grayish stone,

Well-lovèd Wiglaf, now the worm is a-lying,

Sore-wounded sleepeth, disseized of his treasure.

Go thou in haste that treasures of old I,

Gold-wealth may gaze on, together see lying

The ether-bright jewels, be easier able,

Having the heap of hoard-gems, to yield my

Life and the land-folk whom long I have governed."

Part XXXVIII

Then heard I that Wihstan's son very quickly,

These words being uttered, heeded his liegelord

Wounded and war-sick, went in his armor,

His well-woven ring-mail, 'neath the roof of the barrow.

Then the trusty retainer treasure-gems many

Victorious saw, when the seat he came near to,

Gold-treasure sparkling spread on the bottom,

Wonder on the wall, and the worm-creature's cavern,

The ancient dawn-flier's, vessels a-standing,

Cups of the ancients of cleansers bereavèd,

Robbed of their ornaments: there were helmets in numbers,

Old and rust-eaten, arm-bracelets many,

Artfully woven. Wealth can easily,

Gold on the sea-bottom, turn into vanity

Each one of earthmen, arm him who pleaseth!

And he saw there lying an all-golden banner

High o'er the hoard, of hand-wonders greatest,

Linkèd with lacets: a light from it sparkled,

That the floor of the cavern he was able to look on,

To examine the jewels. Sight of the dragon

Not any was offered, but edge offcarried him.

Then I heard that the hero the hoard-treasure plundered,

The giant-work ancient reaved in the cavern,

Bare on his bosom the beakers and platters,

As himself would fain have it, and took off the standard,

The brightest of beacons; the bill had erst injured

(Its edge was of iron), the old-ruler's weapon,

Him who long had watched as ward of the jewels,

Who fire-terror carried hot for the treasure,

Rolling in battle, in middlemost darkness,

Till murdered he perished. The messenger hastened,

Not loth to return, hurried by jewels:

Curiosity urged him if, excellent-mooded,

Alive he should find the lord of the Weders

Mortally wounded, at the place where he left him.

'Mid the jewels he found then the famous old chieftain,

His liegelord belovèd, at his life's-end gory:

He thereupon 'gan to lave him with water,

Till the point of his word piercèd his breast-hoard.

Beowulf spake (the gold-gems he noticed),

The old one in sorrow: "For the jewels I look on

Thanks do I utter for all to the Ruler,

Wielder of Worship, with words of devotion,

The Lord everlasting, that He let me such treasures

Gain for my people ere death overtook me.

Since I've bartered the agèd life to me granted

For treasure of jewels, attend ye henceforward

The wants of the war-thanes; I can wait here no longer.

The battle-famed bid ye to build them a grave-hill,

Bright when I'm burned, at the brim-current's limit;

As a memory-mark to the men I have governed,

Aloft it shall tower on Whale's-Ness uprising,

That earls of the ocean hereafter may call it

Beowulf's barrow, those who barks ever-dashing

From a distance shall drive o'er the darkness of waters."

The bold-mooded troop-lord took from his neck then

The ring that was golden, gave to his liegeman,

The youthful war-hero, his gold-flashing helmet,

His collar and war-mail, bade him well to enjoy them:

"Thou art latest left of the line of our kindred,

Of Wægmunding people: Weird hath offcarried

All of my kinsmen to the Creator's glory,

Earls in their vigor: I shall after them fare."

'Twas the aged liegelord's last-spoken word in

His musings of spirit, ere he mounted the fire,

The battle-waves burning: from his bosom departed

His soul to seek the sainted ones' glory.

Part XXXIX

It had wofully chanced then the youthful retainer

To behold on earth the most ardent-belovèd

At his life-days' limit, lying there helpless.

The slayer too lay there, of life all bereavèd,

Horrible earth-drake, harassed with sorrow:

The round-twisted monster was permitted no longer

To govern the ring-hoards, but edges of war-swords

Mightily seized him, battle-sharp, sturdy

Leavings of hammers, that still from his wounds

The flier-from-farland fell to the earth

Hard by his hoard-house, hopped he at midnight

Not e'er through the air, nor exulting in jewels

Suffered them to see him: but he sank then to earthward

Through the hero-chief's handwork. I heard sure it throve then

But few in the land of liegemen of valor,

Though of every achievement bold he had proved him,

To run 'gainst the breath of the venomous scather,

Or the hall of the treasure to trouble with hand-blows,

If he watching had found the ward of the hoard-hall

On the barrow abiding. Beowulf's part of

The treasure of jewels was paid for with death;

Each of the twain had attained to the end of

Life so unlasting. Not long was the time till

The tardy-at-battle returned from the thicket,

The timid truce-breakers ten all together,

Who durst not before play with the lances

In the prince of the people's pressing emergency;

But blushing with shame, with shields they betook them,

With arms and armor where the old one was lying:

They gazed upon Wiglaf. He was sitting exhausted,

Foot-going fighter, not far from the shoulders

Of the lord of the people, would rouse him with water;

No whit did it help him; though he hoped for it keenly,

He was able on earth not at all in the leader

Life to retain, and nowise to alter

The will of the Wielder; the World-Ruler's power

Would govern the actions of each one of heroes,

As yet He is doing. From the young one forthwith then

Could grim-worded greeting be got for him quickly

Whose courage had failed him. Wiglaf discoursed then,

Weohstan his son, sad-mooded hero,

Looked on the hated: "He who soothness will utter

Can say that the liegelord who gave you the jewels,

The ornament-armor wherein ye are standing,

When on ale-bench often he offered to hall-men Helmet and burnie, the prince to his liegemen,

As best upon earth he was able to find him,—

That he wildly wasted his war-gear undoubtedly

When battle o'ertook him. The troop-king no need had

To glory in comrades; yet God permitted him,

Victory-Wielder, with weapon unaided

Himself to avenge, when vigor was needed.

I life-protection but little was able

To give him in battle, and I 'gan, notwithstanding,

Helping my kinsman (my strength overtaxing):

He waxed the weaker when with weapon I smote on

My mortal opponent, the fire less strongly

Flamed from his bosom. Too few of protectors

Came round the king at the critical moment.

Now must ornament-taking and weapon-bestowing,

Home-joyance all, cease for your kindred,

Food for the people; each of your warriors

Must needs be bereavèd of rights that he holdeth

In landed possessions, when faraway nobles

Shall learn of your leaving your lord so basely,

The dastardly deed. Death is more pleasant

To every earlman than infamous life is!"

Part XL

Then he charged that the battle be announced at the hedge

Up o'er the cliff-edge, where the earl-troopers bided

The whole of the morning, mood-wretched sat them,

Bearers of battle-shields, both things expecting,

The end of his lifetime and the coming again of

The liegelord belovèd. Little reserved he

Of news that was known, who the ness-cliff did travel,

But he truly discoursed to all that could hear him:

“Now the free-giving friend-lord of the folk of the Weders,

The folk-prince of Geatmen, is fast in his death-bed,

By the deeds of the dragon in death-bed abideth;

Along with him lieth his life-taking foeman

Slain with knife-wounds: he was wholly unable

To injure at all the ill-planning monster

With bite of his sword-edge. Wiglaf is sitting,

Offspring of Wihstan, up over Beowulf,

Earl o’er another whose end-day hath reached him,

Head-watch holdeth o’er heroes unliving,

For friend and for foeman. The folk now expecteth

A season of strife when the death of the folk-king

To Frankmen and Frisians in far-lands is published.

The war-hatred waxed warm ’gainst the Hugmen,

When Higelac came with an army of vessels

Faring to Friesland, where the Frankmen in battle

Humbled him and bravely with overmight ’complished

That the mail-clad warrior must sink in the battle,

Fell ’mid his folk-troop: no fret-gems presented

The atheling to earlmen; aye was denied us

Merewing’s mercy. The men of the Swedelands

For truce or for truth trust I but little;

But widely ’twas known that near Ravenswood Ongentheow

Sundered Hæthcyn the Hrethling from life-joys,

When for pride overweening the War-Scylfings first did

Seek the Geatmen with savage intentions.

Early did Ohthere’s age-laden father,

Old and terrible, give blow in requital,

Killing the sea-king, the queen-mother rescued,

The old one his consort deprived of her gold,

Onela’s mother and Ohthere’s also,

And then followed the feud-nursing foemen till hardly,

Reaved of their ruler, they Ravenswood entered.

Then with vast-numbered forces he assaulted the remnant,

Weary with wounds, woe often promised

The livelong night to the sad-hearted war-troop:

Said he at morning would kill them with edges of weapons,

Some on the gallows for glee to the fowls.

Aid came after to the anxious-in-spirit

At dawn of the day, after Higelac's bugle

And trumpet-sound heard they, when the good one proceeded

And faring followed the flower of the troopers.

Part XLI

"The blood-stainèd trace of Swedes and Geatmen,

The death-rush of warmen, widely was noticed,

How the folks with each other feud did awaken.

The worthy one went then with well-beloved comrades,

Old and dejected to go to the fastness,

Ongentheo earl upward then turned him;

Of Higelac's battle he'd heard on inquiry,

The exultant one's prowess, despaired of resistance,

With earls of the ocean to be able to struggle,

'Gainst sea-going sailors to save the hoard-treasure,

His wife and his children; he fled after thenceward

Old 'neath the earth-wall. Then was offered pursuance

To the braves of the Swedemen, the banner to Higelac.

They fared then forth o'er the field-of-protection,

When the Hrethling heroes hedgeward had thronged them.

Then with edges of irons was Ongentheow driven,

The gray-haired to tarry, that the troop-ruler had to Suffer the power solely of Eofor:

Wulf then wildly with weapon assaulted him,

Wonred his son, that for swinge of the edges

The blood from his body burst out in currents,

Forth ’neath his hair. He feared not however,

Gray-headed Scylfing, but speedily quited

The wasting wound-stroke with worse exchange,

When the king of the thane-troop thither did turn him:

The wise-mooded son of Wonred was powerless

To give a return-blow to the age-hoary man,

But his head-shielding helmet first hewed he to pieces,

That flecked with gore perforce he did totter,

Fell to the earth; not fey was he yet then,

But up did he spring though an edge-wound had reached him.

Then Higelac’s vassal, valiant and dauntless,

When his brother lay dead, made his broad-bladed weapon,

Giant-sword ancient, defence of the giants,

Bound o’er the shield-wall; the folk-prince succumbed then,

Shepherd of people, was pierced to the vitals.

There were many attendants who bound up his kinsman,

Carried him quickly when occasion was granted

That the place of the slain they were suffered to manage.

This pending, one hero plundered the other,

His armor of iron from Ongentheow ravished,

His hard-sword hilted and helmet together;

The old one’s equipments he carried to Higelac.

He the jewels received, and rewards ’mid the troopers

Graciously promised, and so did accomplish:

The king of the Weders requited the war-rush,

Hrethel’s descendant, when home he repaired him,

To Eofor and Wulf with wide-lavished treasures,

To each of them granted a hundred of thousands

In land and rings wrought out of wire:

None upon mid-earth needed to twit him

With the gifts he gave them, when glory they conquered;

And to Eofor then gave he his one only daughter,

The honor of home, as an earnest of favor.

That's the feud and hatred—as ween I 'twill happen—

The anger of earthmen, that earls of the Swedemen

Will visit on us, when they hear that our leader

Lifeless is lying, he who longtime protected

His hoard and kingdom 'gainst hating assailers,

Who on the fall of the heroes defended of yore

The deed-mighty Scyldings, did for the troopers

What best did avail them, and further moreover

Hero-deeds 'complished. Now is haste most fitting,

That the lord of liegemen we look upon yonder,

And that one carry on journey to death-pyre

Who ring-presents gave us. Not aught of it all

Shall melt with the brave one—there's a mass of bright jewels,

Gold beyond measure, grewsomely purchased

And ending it all ornament-rings too

Bought with his life; these fire shall devour,

Flame shall cover, no earlman shall wear

A jewel-memento, nor beautiful virgin

Have on her neck rings to adorn her,

But wretched in spirit bereavèd of gold-gems

She shall oft with others be exiled and banished,

Since the leader of liegemen hath laughter forsaken,

Mirth and merriment. Hence many a war-spear

Cold from the morning shall be clutched in the fingers,

Heaved in the hand, no harp-music's sound shall

Waken the warriors, but the wan-coated raven

Fain over fey ones freely shall gabble,

Shall say to the eagle how he sped in the eating,

When, the wolf his companion, he plundered the slain.”

So the high-minded hero was rehearsing these stories

Loathsome to hear; he lied as to few of

Weirds and of words. All the war-troop arose then,

’Neath the Eagle’s Cape sadly betook them,

Weeping and woful, the wonder to look at.

They saw on the sand then soulless a-lying,

His slaughter-bed holding, him who rings had given them

In days that were done; then the death-bringing moment

Was come to the good one, that the king very warlike,

Wielder of Weders, with wonder-death perished.

First they beheld there a creature more wondrous,

The worm on the field, in front of them lying,

The foeman before them: the fire-spewing dragon,

Ghostly and grisly guest in his terrors,

Was scorched in the fire; as he lay there he measured

Fifty of feet; came forth in the night-time

To rejoice in the air, thereafter departing

To visit his den; he in death was then fastened,

He would joy in no other earth-hollowed caverns.

There stood round about him beakers and vessels,

Dishes were lying and dear-valued weapons,

With iron-rust eaten, as in earth’s mighty bosom

A thousand of winters there they had rested:

That mighty bequest then with magic was guarded,

Gold of the ancients, that earlman not any

The ring-hall could touch, save Ruling-God only,

Sooth-king of Vict’ries gave whom He wished to

(He is earth-folk’s protector) to open the treasure,

E’en to such among mortals as seemed to Him proper.

Part XLII

Then ’twas seen that the journey prospered him little

Who wrongly within had the ornaments hidden

Down ’neath the wall. The warden erst slaughtered

Some few of the folk-troop: the feud then thereafter

Was hotly avengèd. ’Tis a wonder where,

When the strength-famous trooper has attained to the end of

Life-days allotted, then no longer the man may

Remain with his kinsmen where mead-cups are flowing.

So to Beowulf happened when the ward of the barrow,

Assaults, he sought for: himself had no knowledge

How his leaving this life was likely to happen.

So to doomsday, famous folk-leaders down did

Call it with curses—who ’complished it there—

That that man should be ever of ill-deeds convicted,

Confined in foul-places, fastened in hell-bonds,

Punished with plagues, who this place should e’er ravage.

He cared not for gold: rather the Wielder’s

Favor preferred he first to get sight of.

Wiglaf discoursed then, Wihstan his son:

“Oft many an earlman on one man’s account must

Sorrow endure, as to us it hath happened.

The liegelord belovèd we could little prevail on,

Kingdom’s keeper, counsel to follow,

Not to go to the guardian of the gold-hoard, but let him

Lie where he long was, live in his dwelling

Till the end of the world. Met we a destiny

Hard to endure: the hoard has been looked at,

Been gained very grimly; too grievous the fate that

The prince of the people pricked to come thither.

I was therein and all of it looked at,

The building’s equipments, since access was given me,

Not kindly at all entrance permitted

Within under earth-wall. Hastily seized I

And held in my hands a huge-weighing burden

Of hoard-treasures costly, hither out bare them

To my liegelord belovèd: life was yet in him,

And consciousness also; the old one discoursed then

Much and mournfully, commanded to greet you,

Bade that remembering the deeds of your friend-lord

Ye build on the fire-hill of corpses a lofty

Burial-barrow, broad and far-famous,

As 'mid world-dwelling warriors he was widely most honored

While he reveled in riches. Let us rouse us and hasten

Again to see and seek for the treasure,

The wonder 'neath wall. The way I will show you,

That close ye may look at ring-gems sufficient

And gold in abundance. Let the bier with promptness

Fully be fashioned, when forth we shall come,

And lift we our lord, then, where long he shall tarry,

Well-beloved warrior, 'neath the Wielder's protection."

Then the son of Wihstan bade orders be given,

Mood-valiant man, to many of heroes,

Holders of homesteads, that they hither from far,

Leaders of liegemen, should look for the good one

With wood for his pyre: "The flame shall now swallow

(The wan fire shall wax) the warriors' leader

Who the rain of the iron often abided,

When, sturdily hurled, the storm of the arrows

Leapt o'er linden-wall, the lance rendered service,

Furnished with feathers followed the arrow."

Now the wise-mooded son of Wihstan did summon

The best of the braves from the band of the ruler

Seven together; 'neath the enemy's roof he

Went with the seven; one of the heroes

Who fared at the front, a fire-blazing torch-light

Bare in his hand. No lot then decided

Who that hoard should havoc, when hero-earls saw it

Lying in the cavern uncared-for entirely,

Rusting to ruin: they rued then but little

That they hastily hence hauled out the treasure,

The dear-valued jewels; the dragon eke pushed they,

The worm o'er the wall, let the wave-currents take him,

The waters enwind the ward of the treasures.

There wounden gold on a wain was uploaded,

A mass unmeasured, the men-leader off then,

The hero hoary, to Whale's-Ness was carried.

Part XLIII

The folk of the Geatmen got him then ready

A pile on the earth strong for the burning,

Behung with helmets, hero-knights' targets,

And bright-shining burnies, as he begged they should have them;

Then wailing war-heroes their world-famous chieftain,

Their liegelord beloved, laid in the middle.

Soldiers began then to make on the barrow

The largest of dead-fires: dark o'er the vapor

The smoke-cloud ascended, the sad-roaring fire,

Mingled with weeping (the wind-roar subsided)

Till the building of bone it had broken to pieces,

Hot in the heart. Heavy in spirit

They mood-sad lamented the men-leader's ruin;

And mournful measures the much-grieving widow

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The men of the Weders made accordingly

A hill on the height, high and extensive,

Of sea-going sailors to be seen from a distance,

And the brave one's beacon built where the fire was,

In ten-days' space, with a wall surrounded it,

As wisest of world-folk could most worthily plan it.

They placed in the barrow rings and jewels,

All such ornaments as erst in the treasure

War-mooded men had won in possession:

The earnings of earlmen to earth they entrusted,

The gold to the dust, where yet it remaineth

As useless to mortals as in foregoing eras.

'Round the dead-mound rode then the doughty-in-battle,

Bairns of all twelve of the chiefs of the people,

More would they mourn, lament for their ruler,

Speak in measure, mention him with pleasure,

Weighed his worth, and his warlike achievements

Mightily commended, as 'tis meet one praise his

Liegelord in words and love him in spirit,

When forth from his body he fares to destruction.

So lamented mourning the men of the Geats,

Fond-loving vassals, the fall of their lord,

Said he was kindest of kings under heaven,

Gentlest of men, most winning of manner,

Friendliest to folk-troops and fondest of honor.

1.5.2 Reading and Review Questions

- Are Grendel and his mother symbolic? Do they represent something to the characters? Does the dragon at the end symbolize something else?
- What do each of the stories-within-the-story add to the overall theme of
- *Beowulf*? How do they foreshadow later events?
- What is explicitly Christian in *Beowulf*, and what isn't? How much does Christianity influence the story?
- How does *Beowulf* represent ideas about family/kinship? What should the audience emulate, and are there warnings about kin?
- Is Beowulf a good hero and/or a good king? To what extent in each case? Give evidence.

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1.4.1: Beowulf (Parts I - XV)

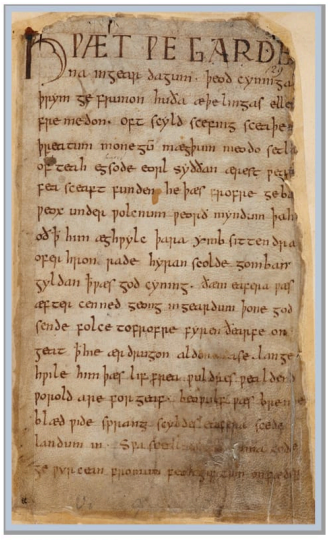


Image 1.6 | First Page of Beowulf
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Part I:

Lo! the Spear-Danes' glory through splendid achievements

The folk-kings' former fame we have heard of,

How princes displayed then their prowess-in-battle.

Oft Scyld the Scefing from scathers in numbers

From many a people their mead-benches tore.

Since first he found him friendless and wretched,

The earl had had terror: comfort he got for it,

Waxed 'neath the welkin, world-honor gained,

Till all his neighbors o'er sea were compelled to

Bow to his bidding and bring him their tribute:

An excellent atheling! After was borne him

A son and heir, young in his dwelling,

Whom God-Father sent to solace the people.

He had marked the misery malice had caused them,

That reaved of their rulers they wretched had erstwhile

Long been afflicted. The Lord, in requital,

Wielder of Glory, with world-honor blessed him.

Famed was Beowulf, far spread the glory

Of Scyld's great son in the lands of the Danemen.

So the carle that is young, by kindnesses rendered

The friends of his father, with fees in abundance

Must be able to earn that when age approacheth

Eager companions aid him requitingly,

When war assaults him serve him as liegemen:

By praise-worthy actions must honor be got

'Mong all of the races. At the hour that was fated

Scyld then departed to the All-Father's keeping

Warlike to wend him; away then they bare him

To the flood of the current, his fond-loving comrades,

As himself he had bidden, while the friend of the Scyldings

Word-sway wielded, and the well-lovèd land-prince

Long did rule them. The ring-stemmèd vessel,

Bark of the atheling, lay there at anchor,

Icy in glimmer and eager for sailing;

The belovèd leader laid they down there,

Giver of rings, on the breast of the vessel,

The famed by the mainmast. A many of jewels,

Of fretted embossings, from far-lands brought over,

Was placed near at hand then; and heard I not ever

That a folk ever furnished a float more superbly

With weapons of warfare, weeds for the battle,

Bills and burnies; on his bosom sparkled

Many a jewel that with him must travel

On the flush of the flood afar on the current.

And favors no fewer they furnished him soothly,

Excellent folk-gems, than others had given him

Who when first he was born outward did send him

Lone on the main, the merest of infants:

And a gold-fashioned standard they stretched under heaven

High o’er his head, let the holm-currents bear him,

Seaward consigned him: sad was their spirit,

Their mood very mournful. Men are not able

Soothly to tell us, they in halls who reside,

Heroes under heaven, to what haven he hied.

Part II

In the boroughs then Beowulf, bairn of the Scyldings,

Belovèd land-prince, for long-lasting season

Was famed mid the folk (his father departed,

The prince from his dwelling), till afterward sprang

Great-minded Healfdene; the Danes in his lifetime

He graciously governed, grim-mooded, agèd.

Four bairns of his body born in succession

Woke in the world, war-troopers’ leader

Heorogar, Hrothgar, and Halga the good;

Heard I that Elan was Ongentheow’s consort,

The well-beloved bedmate of the War-Scylfing leader.

Then glory in battle to Hrothgar was given,

Waxing of war-fame, that willingly kinsmen

Obeyed his bidding, till the boys grew to manhood,

A numerous band. It burned in his spirit

To urge his folk to found a great building,

A mead-hall grander than men of the era

Ever had heard of, and in it to share

With young and old all of the blessings

The Lord had allowed him, save life and retainers.

Then the work I find afar was assigned

To many races in middle-earth’s regions,

To adorn the great folk-hall. In due time it happened

Early 'mong men, that 'twas finished entirely,

The greatest of hall-buildings; Heorot he named it

Who wide-reaching word-sway wielded 'mong earlmen.

His promise he brake not, rings he lavished,

Treasure at banquet. Towered the hall up

High and horn-crested, huge between antlers:

It battle-waves bided, the blasting fire-demon;

Ere long then from hottest hatred must sword-wrath

Arise for a woman's husband and father.

Then the mighty war-spirit endured for a season,

Bore it bitterly, he who bided in darkness,

That light-hearted laughter loud in the building

Greeted him daily; there was dulcet harp-music,

Clear song of the singer. He said that was able

To tell from of old earthmen's beginnings,

That Father Almighty earth had created,

The winsome wold that the water encircleth,

Set exultingly the sun's and the moon's beams

To lavish their lustre on land-folk and races,

And earth He embellished in all her regions

With limbs and leaves; life He bestowed too

On all the kindreds that live under heaven.

So blessed with abundance, brimming with joyance,

The warriors abided, till a certain one gan to

Dog them with deeds of direfullest malice,

A foe in the hall-building: this horrible stranger

Was Grendel entitled, the march-stepper famous

Who dwelt in the moor-fens, the marsh and the fastness; T

he wan-mooded being abode for a season

In the land of the giants, when the Lord and Creator

Had banned him and branded. For that bitter murder,

The killing of Abel, all-ruling Father

The kindred of Cain crushed with His vengeance;

In the feud He rejoiced not, but far away drove him

From kindred and kind, that crime to atone for,

Meter of Justice. Thence ill-favored creatures,

Elves and giants, monsters of ocean,

Came into being, and the giants that longtime

Grappled with God; He gave them requital.

Part III

When the sun was sunken, he set out to visit

The lofty hall-building, how the Ring-Danes had used it

For beds and benches when the banquet was over.

Then he found there reposing many a noble

Asleep after supper; sorrow the heroes,

Misery knew not. The monster of evil

Greedy and cruel tarried but little,

Fell and frantic, and forced from their slumbers

Thirty of thanemen; thence he departed

Leaping and laughing, his lair to return to,

With surfeit of slaughter sallying homeward.

In the dusk of the dawning, as the day was just breaking,

Was Grendel's prowess revealed to the warriors:

Then, his meal-taking finished, a moan was uplifted,

Morning-cry mighty. The man-ruler famous,

The long-worthy atheling, sat very woful,

Suffered great sorrow, sighed for his liegemen,

When they had seen the track of the hateful pursuer,

The spirit accursèd: too crushing that sorrow,

Too loathsome and lasting. Not longer he tarried,

But one night after continued his slaughter

Shameless and shocking, shrinking but little

From malice and murder; they mastered him fully.

He was easy to find then who otherwhere looked for

A pleasanter place of repose in the lodges,

A bed in the bowers. Then was brought to his notice

Told him truly by token apparent

The hall-thane's hatred: he held himself after

Further and faster who the foeman did baffle.

So ruled he and strongly strove against justice

Lone against all men, till empty uptowered

The choicest of houses. Long was the season:

Twelve-winters' time torture suffered

The friend of the Scyldings, every affliction,

Endless agony; hence it after became

Certainly known to the children of men

Sadly in measures, that long against Hrothgar

Grendel struggled:—his grudges he cherished,

Murderous malice, many a winter,

Strife unremitting, and peacefully wished he

Life-woe to lift from no liegeman at all of

The men of the Dane-folk, for money to settle,

No counsellor needed count for a moment

On handsome amends at the hands of the murderer;

The monster of evil fiercely did harass,

The ill-planning death-shade, both elder and younger,

Trapping and tricking them. He trod every night then

The mist-covered moor-fens; men do not know where

Witches and wizards wander and ramble.

So the foe of mankind many of evils

Grievous injuries, often accomplished,

Horrible hermit; Heort he frequented,

Gem-bedecked palace, when night-shades had fallen

(Since God did oppose him, not the throne could he touch,

The light-flashing jewel, love of Him knew not).

'Twas a fearful affliction to the friend of the Scyldings

Soul-crushing sorrow. Not seldom in private

Sat the king in his council; conference held they

What the braves should determine 'gainst terrors unlooked for.

At the shrines of their idols often they promised

Gifts and offerings, earnestly prayed they

The devil from hell would help them to lighten

Their people's oppression. Such practice they used then,

Hope of the heathen; hell they remembered

In innermost spirit, God they knew not,

The true God they do not know.

Judge of their actions, All-wielding Ruler,

No praise could they give th Greedy and cruel tarried but little,

Fell and frantic, and forced from their slumbers Thirty

of thanemen; thence he departed Leaping and

laughing, his lair to return to, With surfeit of

slaughter sallying homeward.

In the dusk of the dawning, as the day was just breaking, Was

Grendel's prowess revealed to the warriors:

Part IV

So Healfdene's kinsman constantly mused on

His long-lasting sorrow; the battle-thane clever

Was not anywise able evils to 'scape from:

Too crushing the sorrow that came to the people,

Loathsome and lasting the life-grinding torture,

Greatest of night-woes. So Higelac's liegeman,

Good amid Geatmen, of Grendel's achievements

Heard in his home: of heroes then living

He was stoutest and strongest, sturdy and noble.

He bade them prepare him a bark that was trusty;

He said he the war-king would seek o'er the ocean,

The folk-leader noble, since he needed retainers.

For the perilous project prudent companions

Chided him little, though loving him dearly;

They egged the brave atheling, augured him glory.

The excellent knight from the folk of the Geatmen

Had liegemen selected, likest to prove them

Trustworthy warriors; with fourteen companions

The vessel he looked for; a liegeman then showed them,

A sea-crafty man, the bounds of the country.

Fast the days fleeted; the float was a-water,

The craft by the cliff. Clomb to the prow then

Well-equipped warriors: the wave-currents twisted

The sea on the sand; soldiers then carried

On the breast of the vessel bright-shining jewels,

Handsome war-armor; heroes outshoved then,

Warmen the wood-ship, on its wished-for adventure.

The foamy-necked floater fanned by the breeze,

Likest a bird, glided the waters,

Till twenty and four hours thereafter

The twist-stemmed vessel had traveled such distance

That the sailing-men saw the sloping embankments,

The sea cliffs gleaming, precipitous mountains,

Nesses enormous: they were nearing the limits

At the end of the ocean. Up thence quickly

The men of the Weders clomb to the mainland,

Fastened their vessel (battle weeds rattled,

War burnies clattered), the Wielder they thanked

That the ways o’er the waters had waxen so gentle.

Then well from the cliff edge the guard of the Scyldings

Who the sea-cliffs should see to, saw o’er the gangway

Brave ones bearing beauteous targets,

Armor all ready, anxiously thought he,

Musing and wondering what men were approaching.

High on his horse then Hrothgar’s retainer

Turned him to coastward, mightily brandished

His lance in his hands, questioned with boldness.

“Who are ye men here, mail-covered warriors

Clad in your corslets, come thus a-driving

A high riding ship o’er the shoals of the waters,

And hither ’neath helmets have hied o’er the ocean?

I have been strand-guard, standing as warden,

Lest enemies ever anywise ravage

Danish dominions with army of war-ships.

More boldly never have warriors ventured

Hither to come; of kinsmen’s approval,

Word-leave of warriors, I ween that ye surely

Nothing have known. Never a greater one

Of earls o’er the earth have I had a sight of

Than is one of your number, a hero in armor;

No low-ranking fellow adorned with his weapons,

But launching them little, unless looks are deceiving,

And striking appearance. Ere ye pass on your journey

As treacherous spies to the land of the Scyldings

And farther fare, I fully must know now

What race ye belong to. Ye far-away dwellers,

Sea-faring sailors, my simple opinion

Hear ye and hearken: haste is most fitting

Plainly to tell me what place ye are come from.”

Part V

The chief of the strangers rendered him answer,

War-troopers’ leader, and word-treasure opened:

“We are sprung from the lineage of the people of Geatland,

And Higelac’s hearth-friends. To heroes unnumbered

My father was known, a noble head-warrior

Ecgtheow titled; many a winter

He lived with the people, ere he passed on his journey,

Old from his dwelling; each of the counsellors

Widely mid world-folk well remembers him.

We, kindly of spirit, the lord of thy people,

The son of King Healfdene, have come here to visit,

Folk-troop’s defender: be free in thy counsels!

To the noble one bear we a weighty commission,

The helm of the Danemen; we shall hide, I ween,

Naught of our message. Thou know’st if it happen,

As we soothly heard say, that some savage despoiler,

Some hidden pursuer, on nights that are murky

By deeds very direful ’mid the Danemen exhibits

Hatred unheard of, horrid destruction

And the falling of dead. From feelings least selfish

I am able to render counsel to Hrothgar,

How he, wise and worthy, may worst the destroyer,

If the anguish of sorrow should ever be lessened,

Comfort come to him, and care-waves grow cooler,

Or ever hereafter he agony suffer

And troublous distress, while towereth upward

The handsomest of houses high on the summit.”

Bestriding his stallion, the strand-watchman answered,

The doughty retainer: “The difference surely

’Twixt words and works, the warlike shield-bearer

Who judgeth wisely well shall determine.

This band, I hear, beareth no malice

To the prince of the Scyldings. Pass ye then onward

With weapons and armor. I shall lead you in person;

To my war-trusty vassals command I shall issue

To keep from all injury your excellent vessel,

Your fresh-tarred craft, ’gainst every opposer

Close by the sea-shore, till the curved-neckèd bark shall

Waft back again the well-beloved hero

O’er the way of the water to Weder dominions.

To warrior so great ’twill be granted sure

In the storm of strife to stand secure.”

Onward they fared then (the vessel lay quiet,

The broad-bosomed bark was bound by its cable,

Firmly at anchor); the boar-signs glistened

Bright on the visors vivid with gilding,

Blaze-hardened, brilliant; the boar acted warden.

The heroes hastened, hurried the liegemen,

Descended together, till they saw the great palace,

The well-fashioned wassail-hall wondrous and gleaming:

’Mid world-folk and kindreds that was widest reputed

Of halls under heaven which the hero abode in;

Its lustre enlightened lands without number.

Then the battle-brave hero showed them the glittering

Court of the bold ones, that they easily thither

Might fare on their journey; the aforementioned warrior

Turning his courser, quoth as he left them:

“’Tis time I were faring; Father Almighty

Grant you His grace, and give you to journey

Safe on your mission! To the sea I will get me

'Gainst hostile warriors as warden to stand."

Part VI

The highway glistened with many-hued pebble,

A by-path led the liegemen together.

Firm and hand-locked the war-burnie glistened,

The ring-sword radiant rang 'mid the armor

As the party was approaching the palace together

In warlike equipments. 'Gainst the wall of the building

Their wide-fashioned war-shields they weary did set then,

Battle-shields sturdy; benchward they turned then;

Their battle-sarks rattled, the gear of the heroes;

The lances stood up then, all in a cluster,

The arms of the seamen, ashen-shafts mounted

With edges of iron: the armor-clad troopers

Were decked with weapons. Then a proud-mooded hero

Asked of the champions questions of lineage:

"From what borders bear ye your battle-shields plated,

Gilded and gleaming, your gray-colored burnies,

Helmets with visors and heap of war-lances?—

To Hrothgar the king I am servant and liegeman.

'Mong folk from far-lands found I have never

Men so many of mien more courageous.

I ween that from valor, nowise as outlaws,

But from greatness of soul ye sought for King Hrothgar."

Then the strength-famous earlman answer rendered,

The proud-mooded Wederchief replied to his question,

Hardy 'neath helmet: "Higelac's mates are we;

Beowulf hight I. To the bairn of Healfdene,

The famous folk-leader, I freely will tell

To thy prince my commission, if pleasantly hearing

He'll grant we may greet him so gracious to all men."

Wulfgar replied then (he was prince of the Wendels,

His boldness of spirit was known unto many,

His prowess and prudence): "The prince of the Scyldings,

The friend-lord of Danemen, I will ask of thy journey,

The giver of rings, as thou urgest me do it,

The folk-chief famous, and inform thee early

What answer the good one mindeth to render me."

He turned then hurriedly where Hrothgar was sitting,

Old and hoary, his earlmen attending him;

The strength-famous went till he stood at the shoulder

Of the lord of the Danemen, of courteous thanemen

The custom he minded. Wulfgar addressed then

His friendly liegelord: "Folk of the Geatmen

O'er the way of the waters are wafted hither,

Faring from far-lands: the foremost in rank

The battle-champions Beowulf title.

They make this petition: with thee, O my chieftain,

To be granted a conference; O gracious King Hrothgar,

Friendly answer refuse not to give them!

In war-trappings weeded worthy they seem

Of earls to be honored; sure the atheling is doughty

Who headed the heroes hitherward coming."

Part VII

Hrothgar answered, helm of the Scyldings:

"I remember this man as the merest of striplings.

His father long dead now was Ecgtheow titled,

Him Hrethel the Geatman granted at home his

One only daughter; his battle-brave son

Is come but now, sought a trustworthy friend.

Seafaring sailors asserted it then,

Who valuable gift-gems of the Geatmen carried

As peace-offering thither, that he thirty men's grapple

Has in his hand, the hero-in-battle.

The holy Creator usward sent him,

To West-Dane warriors, I ween, for to render

'Gainst Grendel's grimness gracious assistance:

I shall give to the good one gift-gems for courage.

Hasten to bid them hither to speed them,

To see assembled this circle of kinsmen;

Tell them expressly they're welcome in sooth to

The men of the Danes." To the door of the building

Wulfgar went then, this word-message shouted:

"My victorious liegelord bade me to tell you,

The East-Danes' atheling, that your origin knows he,

And o'er wave-billows wafted ye welcome are hither,

Valiant of spirit. Ye straightway may enter

Clad in corslets, cased in your helmets,

To see King Hrothgar. Here let your battle-boards,

Wood-spears and war-shafts, await your conferring."

The mighty one rose then, with many a liegeman,

An excellent thane-group; some there did await them,

And as bid of the brave one the battle-gear guarded.

Together they hied them, while the hero did guide them,

'Neath Heorot's roof; the high-minded went then

Sturdy 'neath helmet till he stood in the building.

Beowulf spake (his burnie did glisten,

His armor seamed over by the art of the craftsman):

"Hail thou, Hrothgar! I am Higelac's kinsman

And vassal forsooth; many a wonder

I dared as a stripling. The doings of Grendel,

In far-off fatherland I fully did know of:

Sea-farers tell us, this hall-building standeth,

Excellent edifice, empty and useless

To all the earlmen after evenlight's glimmer

'Neath heaven's bright hues hath hidden its glory.

This my earls then urged me, the most excellent of them,

Carles very clever, to come and assist thee,

Folk-leader Hrothgar; fully they knew of

The strength of my body. Themselves they beheld me

When I came from the contest, when covered with gore

Foes I escaped from, where five I had bound,

The giant-race wasted, in the waters destroying

The nickers by night, bore numberless sorrows,

The Weders avenged (woes had they suffered)

Enemies ravaged; alone now with Grendel

I shall manage the matter, with the monster of evil,

The giant, decide it. Thee I would therefore

Beg of thy bounty, Bright-Danish chieftain,

Lord of the Scyldings, this single petition:

Not to refuse me, defender of warriors,

Friend-lord of folks, so far have I sought thee,

That I may unaided, my earlmen assisting me,

This brave-mooded war-band, purify Heorot.

I have heard on inquiry, the horrible creature

From veriest rashness recks not for weapons;

I this do scorn then, so be Higelac gracious,

My liegelord belovèd, lenient of spirit,

To bear a blade or a broad-fashioned target,

A shield to the onset; only with hand-grip

The foe I must grapple, fight for my life then,

Foeman with foeman; he fain must rely on

The doom of the Lord whom death layeth hold of.

I ween he will wish, if he win in the struggle,

To eat in the war-hall earls of the Geat-folk,

Boldly to swallow them, as of yore he did often

The best of the Hrethmen! Thou needest not trouble

A head-watch to give me; he will have me dripping

And dreary with gore, if death overtake me,

Will bear me off bleeding, biting and mouthing me,

The hermit will eat me, heedless of pity,

Marking the moor-fens; no more wilt thou need then

Should I fall, send my armor to my lord, King Higelac.

Find me my food. If I fall in the battle,

Send to Higelac the armor that serveth

To shield my bosom, the best of equipments,

Richest of ring-mails; 'tis the relic of Hrethla,

The work of Wayland. Goes Weird as she must go!"

Part VIII

Hrothgar discoursed, helm of the Scyldings:

"To defend our folk and to furnish assistance,

Thou soughtest us hither, good friend Beowulf.

The fiercest of feuds thy father engaged in,

Heatholaf killed he in hand-to-hand conflict

'Mid Wilfingish warriors; then the Wederish people

For fear of a feud were forced to disown him.

Thence flying he fled to the folk of the South-Danes,

The race of the Scyldings, o'er the roll of the waters;

I had lately begun then to govern the Danemen,

The hoard-seat of heroes held in my youth,

Rich in its jewels: dead was Heregar,

My kinsman and elder had earth-joys forsaken,

Healfdene his bairn. He was better than I am!

That feud thereafter for a fee I compounded;

O’er the weltering waters to the Wilfings I sent

Ornaments old; oaths did he swear me.

It pains me in spirit to any to tell it,

What grief in Heorot Grendel hath caused me,

What horror unlooked-for, by hatred unceasing.

Waned is my war-band, wasted my hall-troop;

Weird hath offcast them to the clutches of Grendel.

God can easily hinder the scather

From deeds so direful. Oft drunken with beer

O’er the ale-vessel promised warriors in armor

They would willingly wait on the wassailing-benches

A grapple with Grendel, with grimmest of edges.

Then this mead-hall at morning with murder was reeking,

The building was bloody at breaking of daylight,

The bench-deals all flooded, dripping and bloodied,

The folk-hall was gory: I had fewer retainers,

Dear-beloved warriors, whom death had laid hold of.

Sit at the feast now, thy intents unto heroes,

Thy victor-fame show, as thy spirit doth urge thee!”

For the men of the Geats then together assembled,

In the beer-hall blithesome a bench was made ready;

There warlike in spirit they went to be seated,

Proud and exultant. A liegeman did service,

Who a beaker embellished bore with decorum,

And gleaming-drink poured. The gleeman sang whilom

Hearty in Heorot; there was heroes’ rejoicing,

A numerous war-band of Weders and Danemen.

Part IX

Unferth spoke up, Ecglaf his son,

Who sat at the feet of the lord of the Scyldings,

Opened the jousting (the journey of Beowulf,

Sea-farer doughty, gave sorrow to Unferth

And greatest chagrin, too, for granted he never

That any man else on earth should attain to,

Gain under heaven, more glory than he):

“Art thou that Beowulf with Breca did struggle,

On the wide sea-currents at swimming contended,

Where to humor your pride the ocean ye tried,

From vainest vaunting adventured your bodies

In care of the waters? And no one was able

Nor lief nor loth one, in the least to dissuade you

Your difficult voyage; then ye ventured a-swimming,

Where your arms outstretching the streams ye did cover,

The mere-ways measured, mixing and stirring them,

Glided the ocean; angry the waves were,

With the weltering of winter. In the water’s possession,

Ye toiled for a seven-night; he at swimming outdid thee,

In strength excelled thee. Then early at morning

On the Heathoremes’ shore the holm-currents tossed him,

Sought he thenceward the home of his fathers,

Beloved of his liegemen, the land of the Brondings,

The peace-castle pleasant, where a people he wielded,

Had borough and jewels. The pledge that he made thee

The son of Beanstan hath soothly accomplished.

Then I ween thou wilt find thee less fortunate issue,

Though ever triumphant in onset of battle,

A grim grappling, if Grendel thou darest

For the space of a night near-by to wait for!”

Beowulf answered, offspring of Ecgtheow:

“My good friend Unferth, sure freely and wildly,

Thou fuddled with beer of Breca hast spoken,

Hast told of his journey! A fact I allege it,

That greater strength in the waters I had then,

Ills in the ocean, than any man else had.

We made agreement as the merest of striplings

Promised each other (both of us then were

Younkers in years) that we yet would adventure

Out on the ocean; it all we accomplished.

While swimming the sea-floods, sword-blade unscabbarded

Boldly we brandished, our bodies expected

To shield from the sharks. He sure was unable

To swim on the waters further than I could,

More swift on the waves, nor would I from him go.

Then we two companions stayed in the ocean

Five nights together, till the currents did part us,

The weltering waters, weathers the bleakest,

And nethermost night, and the north-wind whistled

Fierce in our faces; fell were the billows.

The mere fishes’ mood was mightily ruffled:

And there against foemen my firm-knotted corslet,

Hand-jointed, hardy, help did afford me;

My battle-sark braided, brilliantly gilded,

Lay on my bosom. To the bottom then dragged me,

A hateful fiend-scather, seized me and held me,

Grim in his grapple: ’twas granted me, nathless,

To pierce the monster with the point of my weapon,

My obedient blade; battle offcarried

The mighty mere-creature by means of my hand-blow.

Part X

“So ill-meaning enemies often did cause me

Sorrow the sorest. I served them, in quittance,

With my dear-lovèd sword, as in sooth it was fitting;

They missed the pleasure of feasting abundantly,

Ill-doers evil, of eating my body,

Of surrounding the banquet deep in the ocean;

But wounded with edges early at morning

They were stretched a-high on the strand of the ocean,

Put to sleep with the sword, that sea-going travelers

No longer thereafter were hindered from sailing

The foam-dashing currents. Came a light from the east,

God’s beautiful beacon; the billows subsided,

That well I could see the nesses projecting,

The blustering crags. Weird often saveth

The undoomed hero if doughty his valor!

But me did it fortune to fell with my weapon

Nine of the nickers. Of night-struggle harder

’Neath dome of the heaven heard I but rarely,

Nor of wight more woful in the waves of the ocean;

Yet I ’scaped with my life the grip of the monsters,

Weary from travel. Then the waters bare me

To the land of the Finns, the flood with the current,

The weltering waves. Not a word hath been told me

Of deeds so daring done by thee, Unferth,

And of sword-terror none; never hath Breca

At the play of the battle, nor either of you two,

Feat so fearless performèd with weapons

Glinting and gleaming . . . . . .

. . . . . I utter no boasting;

Though with cold-blooded cruelty thou killedst thy brothers,

Thy nearest of kin; thou needs must in hell get

Direful damnation, though doughty thy wisdom.

I tell thee in earnest, offspring of Ecglaf,

Never had Grendel such numberless horrors,

The direful demon, done to thy liegelord,

Harrying in Heorot, if thy heart were as sturdy,

Thy mood as ferocious as thou dost describe them.

He hath found out fully that the fierce-burning hatred,

The edge-battle eager, of all of your kindred,

Of the Victory-Scyldings, need little dismay him:

Oaths he exacteth, not any he spares

Of the folk of the Danemen, but fighteth with pleasure,

Killeth and feasteth, no contest expecteth

From Spear-Danish people. But the prowess and valor

Of the earls of the Geatmen early shall venture

To give him a grapple. He shall go who is able

Bravely to banquet, when the bright-light of morning

Which the second day bringeth, the sun in its ether-robes,

O'er children of men shines from the southward!"

Then the gray-haired, war-famed giver of treasure

Was blithesome and joyous, the Bright-Danish ruler

Expected assistance; the people's protector

Heard from Beowulf his bold resolution.

There was laughter of heroes; loud was the clatter,

The words were winsome. Wealhtheow advanced then,

Consort of Hrothgar, of courtesy mindful,

Gold-decked saluted the men in the building,

And the freeborn woman the beaker presented

To the lord of the kingdom, first of the East-Danes,

Bade him be blithesome when beer was a-flowing,

Lief to his liegemen; he lustily tasted

Of banquet and beaker, battle-famed ruler.

The Helmingish lady then graciously circled

'Mid all the liegemen lesser and greater:

Treasure-cups tendered, till time was afforded

That the decorous-mooded, diademed folk-queen

Might bear to Beowulf the bumper o'errunning;

She greeted the Geat-prince, God she did thank,

Most wise in her words, that her wish was accomplished

That in any of earlmen she ever should look for

Solace in sorrow. He accepted the beaker,

Battle-bold warrior, at Wealhtheow's giving,

Then equipped for combat quoth he in measures,

Beowulf spake, offspring of Ecgtheow:

"I purposed in spirit when I mounted the ocean,

When I boarded my boat with a band of my liegemen,

I would work to the fullest the will of your people

Or in foe's-clutches fastened fall in the battle.

Deeds I shall do of daring and prowess,

Or the last of my life-days live in this mead-hall."

These words to the lady were welcome and pleasing,

The boast of the Geatman; with gold trappings broidered

Went the freeborn folk-queen her fond-lord to sit by.

Then again as of yore was heard in the building

Courtly discussion, conquerors' shouting,

Heroes were happy, till Healfdene's son would

Go to his slumber to seek for refreshing;

For the horrid hell-monster in the hall-building knew he

A fight was determined, since the light of the sun they

No longer could see, and lowering darkness

O'er all had descended, and dark under heaven

Shadowy shapes came shying around them.

The liegemen all rose then. One saluted the other,

Hrothgar Beowulf, in rhythmical measures,

Wishing him well, and, the wassail-hall giving

To his care and keeping, quoth he departing:

“Not to any one else have I ever entrusted,

But thee and thee only, the hall of the Danemen,

Since high I could heave my hand and my buckler.

Take thou in charge now the noblest of houses;

Be mindful of honor, exhibiting prowess,

Watch ’gainst the foeman! Thou shalt want no enjoyments,

Survive thou safely adventure so glorious!”

Part XI

Then Hrothgar departed, his earl-throng attending him,

Folk-lord of Scyldings, forth from the building;

The war-chieftain wished then Wealhtheow to look for,

The queen for a bedmate. To keep away Grendel

The Glory of Kings had given a hall-watch,

As men heard recounted: for the king of the Danemen

He did special service, gave the giant a watcher:

And the prince of the Geatmen implicitly trusted

His warlike strength and the Wielder’s protection.

His armor of iron off him he did then,

His helmet from his head, to his henchman committed

His chased-handled chain-sword, choicest of weapons,

And bade him bide with his battle-equipments.

The good one then uttered words of defiance,

Beowulf Geatman, ere his bed he upmounted:

“I hold me no meaner in matters of prowess,

In warlike achievements, than Grendel does himself;

Hence I seek not with sword-edge to sooth him to slumber,

Of life to bereave him, though well I am able.

No battle-skill has he, that blows he should strike me,

To shatter my shield, though sure he is mighty

In strife and destruction; but struggling by night we

Shall do without edges, dare he to look for

Weaponless warfare, and wise-mooded Father

The glory apportion, God ever-holy,

On which hand soever to him seemeth proper.”

Then the brave-mooded hero bent to his slumber,

The pillow received the cheek of the noble;

And many a martial mere-thane attending

Sank to his slumber. Seemed it unlikely

That ever thereafter any should hope to

Be happy at home, hero-friends visit

Or the lordly troop-castle where he lived from his childhood;

They had heard how slaughter had snatched from the wine-hall

Had recently ravished, of the race of the Scyldings

Too many by far. But the Lord to them granted

The weaving of war-speed, to Wederish heroes

Aid and comfort, that every opponent

By one man’s war-might they worsted and vanquished,

By the might of himself; the truth is established

That God Almighty hath governed for ages

Kindreds and nations. A night very lurid

The trav’ler-at-twilight came tramping and striding.

The warriors were sleeping who should watch the horned-building,

One only excepted. ’Mid earthmen ’twas ’stablished,

Th’ implacable foeman was powerless to hurl them

To the land of shadows, if the Lord were unwilling;

But serving as warder, in terror to foemen,

He angrily bided the issue of battle.

Part XII

'Neath the cloudy cliffs came from the moor then

Grendel going, God's anger bare he.

The monster intended some one of earthmen

In the hall-building grand to entrap and make way with:

He went under welkin where well he knew of

The wine-joyous building, brilliant with plating,

Gold-hall of earthmen. Not the earliest occasion

He the home and manor of Hrothgar had sought:

Ne'er found he in life-days later nor earlier

Hardier hero, hall-thanes more sturdy!

Then came to the building the warrior marching,

Bereft of his joyance. The door quickly opened

On fire-hinges fastened, when his fingers had touched it;

The fell one had flung then—his fury so bitter—

Open the entrance. Early thereafter

The foeman trod the shining hall-pavement,

Strode he angrily; from the eyes of him glimmered

A lustre unlovely likest to fire.

He beheld in the hall the heroes in numbers,

A circle of kinsmen sleeping together,

A throng of thanemen: then his thoughts were exultant, He minded to sunder from each of the thanemen

The life from his body, horrible demon,

Ere morning came, since fate had allowed him

The prospect of plenty. Providence willed not

To permit him any more of men under heaven

To eat in the night-time. Higelac's kinsman

Great sorrow endured how the dire-mooded creature

In unlooked-for assaults were likely to bear him.

No thought had the monster of deferring the matter,

But on earliest occasion he quickly laid hold of

A soldier asleep, suddenly tore him,

Bit his bone-prison, the blood drank in currents,

Swallowed in mouthfuls: he soon had the dead man's

Feet and hands, too, eaten entirely.

Nearer he strode then, the stout-hearted warrior

Snatched as he slumbered, seizing with hand-grip,

Forward the foeman foined with his hand;

Caught he quickly the cunning deviser,

On his elbow he rested. This early discovered

The master of malice, that in middle-earth's regions,

'Neath the whole of the heavens, no hand-grapple greater

In any man else had he ever encountered:

Fearful in spirit, faint-mooded waxed he,

Not off could betake him; death he was pondering,

Would fly to his covert, seek the devils' assembly:

His calling no more was the same he had followed

Long in his lifetime. The liege-kinsman worthy

Of Higelac minded his speech of the evening,

Stood he up straight and stoutly did seize him.

His fingers crackled; the giant was outward,

The earl stepped farther. The famous one minded

To flee away farther, if he found an occasion,

And off and away, avoiding delay,

To fly to the fen-moors; he fully was ware of

The strength of his grapple in the grip of the foeman.

'Twas an ill-taken journey that the injury-bringing,

Harrying harmer to Heorot wandered:

The palace re-echoed; to all of the Danemen,

Dwellers in castles, to each of the bold ones,

Earlmen, was terror. Angry they both were,

Archwarders raging. Rattled the building;

'Twas a marvellous wonder that the wine-hall withstood then

The bold-in-battle, bent not to earthward,

Excellent earth-hall; but within and without it

Was fastened so firmly in fetters of iron,

By the art of the armorer. Off from the sill there

Bent mead-benches many, as men have informed me,

Adorned with gold-work, where the grim ones did struggle.

The Scylding wise men weened ne'er before

That by might and main-strength a man under heaven

Might break it in pieces, bone-decked, resplendent,

Crush it by cunning, unless clutch of the fire

In smoke should consume it. The sound mounted upward

Novel enough; on the North Danes fastened

A terror of anguish, on all of the men there

Who heard from the wall the weeping and plaining,

The song of defeat from the foeman of heaven,

Heard him hymns of horror howl, and his sorrow

Hell-bound bewailing. He held him too firmly

Who was strongest of main-strength of men of that era.

Part XIII

For no cause whatever would the earlmen's defender

Leave in life-joys the loathsome newcomer,

He deemed his existence utterly useless

To men under heaven. Many a noble

Of Beowulf brandished his battle-sword old,

Would guard the life of his lord and protector,

The far-famous chieftain, if able to do so;

While waging the warfare, this wist they but little,

Brave battle-thanes, while his body intending

To slit into slivers, and seeking his spirit:

That the relentless foeman nor finest of weapons

Of all on the earth, nor any of war-bills

Was willing to injure; but weapons of victory

Swords and suchlike he had sworn to dispense with.

His death at that time must prove to be wretched,

And the far-away spirit widely should journey

Into enemies' power. This plainly he saw then

Who with mirth of mood malice no little

Had wrought in the past on the race of the earthmen

(To God he was hostile), that his body would fail him,

But Higelac's hardy henchman and kinsman

Held him by the hand; hateful to other

Was each one if living. A body-wound suffered

The direful demon, damage incurable

Was seen on his shoulder, his sinews were shivered,

His body did burst. To Beowulf was given

Glory in battle; Grendel from thenceward

Must flee and hide him in the fen-cliffs and marshes,

Sick unto death, his dwelling must look for

Unwinsome and woful; he wist the more fully

The monster flees away to hide in the moors.

The end of his earthly existence was nearing,

His life-days' limits. At last for the Danemen,

When the slaughter was over, their wish was accomplished.

The comer-from-far-land had cleansed then of evil,

Wise and valiant, the war-hall of Hrothgar,

Saved it from violence. He joyed in the night-work,

In repute for prowess; the prince of the Geatmen

For the East-Danish people his boast had accomplished,

Bettered their burdensome bale-sorrows fully,

The craft-begot evil they erstwhile had suffered

And were forced to endure from crushing oppression,

Their manifold misery. 'Twas a manifest token,

When the hero-in-battle the hand suspended,

The arm and the shoulder (there was all of the claw

Of Grendel together) 'neath great-stretching hall-roof.

Part XIV

In the mist of the morning many a warrior

Stood round the gift-hall, as the story is told me:

Folk-princes fared then from far and from near

Through long-stretching journeys to look at the wonder,

The footprints of the foeman. Few of the warriors

Who gazed on the foot-tracks of the inglorious creature

His parting from life pained very deeply,

How, weary in spirit, off from those regions

In combats conquered he carried his traces,

Fated and flying, to the flood of the nickers.

There in bloody billows bubbled the currents,

The angry eddy was everywhere mingled

And seething with gore, welling with sword-blood;

He death-doomed had hid him, when reaved of his joyance

He laid down his life in the lair he had fled to,

His heathenish spirit, where hell did receive him.

Thence the friends from of old backward turned them,

And many a younker from merry adventure,

Striding their stallions, stout from the seaward,

Heroes on horses. There were heard very often

Beowulf's praises; many often asserted

That neither south nor north, in the circuit of waters,

O’er outstretching earth-plain, none other was better

’Mid bearers of war-shields, more worthy to govern,

’Neath the arch of the ether. Not any, however,

’Gainst the friend-lord muttered, mocking-words uttered

Of Hrothgar the gracious (a good king he).

Oft the famed ones permitted their fallow-skinned horses

To run in rivalry, racing and chasing,

Where the fieldways appeared to them fair and inviting,

Known for their excellence; oft a thane of the folk-lord,

A man of celebrity, mindful of rhythms,

Who ancient traditions treasured in memory,

New word-groups found properly bound:

The bard after ’gan then Beowulf’s venture

Wisely to tell of, and words that were clever

To utter skilfully, earnestly speaking,

Everything told he that he heard as to Sigmund’s

Mighty achievements, many things hidden,

The strife of the Wælsing, the wide-going ventures

The children of men knew of but little,

The feud and the fury, but Fitela with him,

When suchlike matters he minded to speak of,

Uncle to nephew, as in every contention

Each to other was ever devoted:

A numerous host of the race of the scathers

They had slain with the sword-edge. To Sigmund accrued then

No little of glory, when his life-days were over,

Since he sturdy in struggle had destroyed the great dragon,

The hoard-treasure’s keeper; ’neath the hoar-grayish stone he,

The son of the atheling, unaided adventured

The perilous project; not present was Fitela,

Yet the fortune befell him of forcing his weapon

Through the marvellous dragon, that it stood in the wall,

Well-honored weapon; the worm was slaughtered.

The great one had gained then by his glorious achievement

To reap from the ring-hoard richest enjoyment,

As best it did please him: his vessel he loaded,

Shining ornaments on the ship's bosom carried,

Kinsman of Wæls: the drake in heat melted.

He was farthest famed of fugitive pilgrims,

Mid wide-scattered world-folk, for works of great prowess,

War-troopers' shelter: hence waxed he in honor.4

Afterward Heremod's hero-strength failed him,

His vigor and valor. 'Mid venomous haters

To the hands of foemen he was foully delivered,

Offdriven early. Agony-billows

Oppressed him too long, to his people he became then,

To all the athelings, an ever-great burden;

And the daring one's journey in days of yore

Many wise men were wont to deplore,

Such as hoped he would bring them help in their sorrow,

That the son of their ruler should rise into power,

Holding the headship held by his fathers,

Should govern the people, the gold-hoard and borough,

The kingdom of heroes, the realm of the Scyldings.

He to all men became then far more beloved,

Higelac's kinsman, to kindreds and races,

To his friends much dearer; him malice assaulted.—

Oft running and racing on roadsters they measured

The dun-colored highways. Then the light of the morning

Was hurried and hastened. Went henchmen in numbers

To the beautiful building, bold ones in spirit,

To look at the wonder; the liegelord himself then

From his wife-bower wending, warden of treasures,

Glorious trod with troopers unnumbered,

Famed for his virtues, and with him the queen-wife

Measured the mead-ways, with maidens attending.

Part XV

Hrothgar discoursed (to the hall-building went he,

He stood by the pillar, saw the steep-rising hall-roof

Gleaming with gold-gems, and Grendel his hand there):

“For the sight we behold now, thanks to the Wielder

Early be offered! Much evil I bided,

Snaring from Grendel: God can e’er ’complish

Wonder on wonder, Wielder of Glory!

But lately I reckoned ne’er under heaven

Comfort to gain me for any of sorrows,

While the handsomest of houses horrid with bloodstain

Gory uptowered; grief had offfrightened

Each of the wise ones who weened not that ever

The folk-troop’s defences ’gainst foes they should strengthen,

’Gainst sprites and monsters. Through the might of the Wielder

A doughty retainer hath a deed now accomplished

Which erstwhile we all with our excellent wisdom

Failed to perform. May affirm very truly

What woman soever in all of the nations

Gave birth to the child, if yet she surviveth,

That the long-ruling Lord was lavish to herward

In the birth of the bairn. Now, Beowulf dear,

Most excellent hero, I’ll love thee in spirit

As bairn of my body; bear well henceforward

The relationship new. No lack shall befall thee

Of earth-joys any I ever can give thee.

Full often for lesser service I've given

Hero less hardy hoard-treasure precious,

To a weaker in war-strife. By works of distinction

Thou hast gained for thyself now that thy glory shall flourish

Forever and ever. The All-Ruler quite thee

With good from His hand as He hitherto did thee!"

Beowulf answered, Ecgtheow's offspring:

"That labor of glory most gladly achieved we,

The combat accomplished, unquailing we ventured

The enemy's grapple; I would grant it much rather

Thou wert able to look at the creature in person,

Faint unto falling, the foe in his trappings!

On murder-bed quickly I minded to bind him,

With firm-holding fetters, that forced by my grapple

Low he should lie in life-and-death struggle

'Less his body escape; I was wholly unable,

Since God did not will it, to keep him from going,

Not held him that firmly, hated opposer;

Too swift was the foeman. Yet safety regarding

He suffered his hand behind him to linger,

His arm and shoulder, to act as watcher;

No shadow of solace the woe-begone creature

Found him there nathless: the hated destroyer

Liveth no longer, lashed for his evils,

But sorrow hath seized him, in snare-meshes hath him

Close in its clutches, keepeth him writhing

In baleful bonds: there banished for evil

The man shall wait for the mighty tribunal,

How the God of glory shall give him his earnings."

Then the soldier kept silent, son of old Ecglaf,

From boasting and bragging of battle-achievements,

Since the princes beheld there the hand that depended

'Neath the lofty hall-timbers by the might of the nobleman, Each one before him, the enemy's fingers;

Each finger-nail strong steel most resembled,

The heathen one's hand-spur, the hero-in-battle's

Claw most uncanny; quoth they agreeing,

That not any excellent edges of brave ones

Was willing to touch him, the terrible creature's

Battle-hand bloody to bear away from him.

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1.4.2: Beowulf (Parts XVI - XXX)

Part XVI

Then straight was ordered that Heorot inside

With hands be embellished: a host of them gathered, Of men and women, who the wassailing-building The guest-hall begeared. Gold-flashing sparkled Webs on the walls then, of wonders a many

To each of the heroes that look on such objects. The beautiful building was broken to pieces Which all within with irons was fastened,

Its hinges torn off: only the roof was

Whole and uninjured when the horrible creature Outlawed for evil off had betaken him,

Hopeless of living. 'Tis hard to avoid it

(Whoever will do it!); but he doubtless must come to The place awaiting, as Wyrd hath appointed,

Soul-bearers, earth-dwellers, earls under heaven, Where bound on its bed his body shall slumber When feasting is finished. Full was the time then That the son of Healfdene went to the building; The excellent atheling would eat of the banquet. Ne'er heard I that people with hero-band larger Bare them better tow'rds their bracelet-bestower. The laden-with-glory stooped to the bench then (Their kinsmen-companions in plenty were joyful, Many a cupful quaffing complaisantly),

Doughty of spirit in the high-tow'ring palace, Hrothgar and Hrothulf. Heorot then inside

Was filled with friendly ones; falsehood and treachery The Folk-Scyldings now nowise did practise.

Then the offspring of Healfdene offered to Beowulf A golden standard, as reward for the victory,

A banner embossed, burnie and helmet; Many men saw then a song-famous weapon Borne 'fore the hero. Beowulf drank of

The cup in the building; that treasure-bestowing He needed not blush for in battle-men's presence. Ne'er heard I that many men on the ale-bench

In friendlier fashion to their fellows presented Four bright jewels with gold-work embellished.

'Round the roof of the helmet a head-guarder outside Braided with wires, with bosses was furnished,

That swords-for-the-battle fight-hardened might fail Boldly to harm him, when the hero proceeded

Forth against foemen. The defender of earls then Commanded that eight steeds with bridles

Gold-plated, gleaming, be guided to hallward, Inside the building; on one of them stood then An art-broidered saddle embellished with jewels;

'Twas the sovereign's seat, when the son of King Healfdene Was pleased to take part in the play of the edges;

The famous one's valor ne'er failed at the front when Slain ones were bowing. And to Beowulf granted The prince of the Ingwins, power over both,

O'er war-steeds and weapons; bade him well to enjoy them. In so manly a manner the mighty-famed chieftain,

Hoard-ward of heroes, with horses and jewels War-storms requited, that none e'er condemneth Who willeth to tell truth with full justice.

Part XVII

And the atheling of earlmen to each of the heroes Who the ways of the waters went with Beowulf, A costly gift-token gave on the mead-bench, Offered an heirloom, and ordered that that man

The warrior killed by Grendel is to be paid for in gold. With gold should be paid for, whom Grendel had erstwhile Wickedly slaughtered, as he more of them had done

Had far-seeing God and the mood of the hero The fate not averted: the Father then governed All of the earth-dwellers, as He ever is doing; Hence insight for all men is everywhere fittest, Forethought of spirit! much he shall suffer

Of lief and of loathsome who long in this present Useth the world in this woful existence.

There was music and merriment mingling together Touching Healfdene's leader; the joy-wood was fingered, Measures recited, when the singer of Hrothgar

On mead-bench should mention the merry hall-joyance Of the kinsmen of Finn, when onset surprised them: "The Half-Danish hero, Hnref of the Scyldings,

On the field of the Frisians was fated to perish. Sure Hildeburg needed not mention approving

The faith of the Jutemen: though blameless entirely, When shields were shivered she was shorn of her darlings, Of bairns and brothers: they bent to their fate

With war-spear wounded; woe was that woman. Not causeless lamented the daughter of Hoce

The decree of the Wielder when morning-light came and She was able 'neath heaven to behold the destruction

Of brothers and bairns, where the brightest of earth-joys She had hitherto had: all the henchmen of Finn

War had offtaken, save a handful remaining, That he nowise was able to offer resistance

To the onset of Hengest in the parley of battle, Nor the wretched remnant to rescue in war from

The earl of the atheling; but they offered conditions,

Compact between the Frisians and the Danes. Another great building to fully make ready,

A hall and a high-seat, that half they might rule with

The sons of the Jutemen, and that Folcwalda's son would Day after day the Danemen honor

When gifts were giving, and grant of his ring-store To Hengest's earl-troop ever so freely,

Of his gold-plated jewels, as he encouraged the Frisians

On the bench of the beer-hall. On both sides they swore then A fast-binding compact; Finn unto Hengest

With no thought of revoking vowed then most solemnly The woe-begone remnant well to take charge of,

His Witan advising; the agreement should no one By words or works weaken and shatter,

By artifice ever injure its value,

Though reaved of their ruler their ring-giver's slayer They followed as vassals, Fate so requiring:

Then if one of the Frisians the quarrel should speak of In tones that were taunting, terrible edges

Should cut in requital. Accomplished the oath was, And treasure of gold from the hoard was uplifted. The best of the Scylding braves was then fully Prepared for the pile; at the pyre was seen clearly The blood-gory burnie, the boar with his gilding, The

iron-hard swine, athelings many

Fatally wounded; no few had been slaughtered. Hildeburg bade then, at the burning of Hnref, The bairn of her bosom to bear to the fire,

That his body be burned and borne to the pyre. The woe-stricken woman wept on his shoulder, In measures lamented; upmounted the hero.

The greatest of dead-fires curled to the welkin,

On the hill's-front crackled; heads were a-melting, Wound-doors bursting, while the blood was a-coursing From body-bite fierce . The fire devoured them, Greediest of spirits, whom war had offcarried

From both of the peoples; their bravest were fallen.

Part XVIII

"Then the warriors departed to go to their dwellings, Reaved of their friends, Friesland to visit,

Their homes and high-city. Hengest continued Biding with Finn the blood-tainted winter,

Wholly unsundered; of fatherland thought he Though unable to drive the ring-stemmed vessel

O'er the ways of the waters; the wave-deeps were tossing, Fought with the wind; winter in ice-bonds

Closed up the currents, till there came to the dwelling A year in its course, as yet it revolveth,

If season propitious one alway regardeth,

World-cheering weathers. Then winter was gone, Earth's bosom was lovely; the exile would get him, The guest from the palace; on grewsomest vengeance He brooded more eager than on oversea journeys, Whe'r onset-of-anger he were able to 'complish,

The bairns of the Jutemen therein to remember. Nowise refused he the duties ofliegeman

When Hun of the Frisians the battle-sword Lafing, Fairest of falchions, friendly did give him:

Its edges were famous in folk-talk of Jutland. And savage sword-fury seized in its clutches Bold-mooded Finn where he bode **in** his palace, When the grewsome grapple Guthlaf and Oslaf

Had mournfully mentioned, the mere-journey over, For sorrows half-blamed him; the flickering spirit

Could not bide in his bosom. Then the building was covered With corpses of foemen, and Finn too was slaughtered,

The king with his comrades, and the queen made a prisoner. The troops of the Scyldings bore to their vessels

All that the land-king had in his palace,

Such trinkets and treasures they took as, on searching, At Finn's they could find. They ferried to Daneland The excellent woman on oversea journey,

Led her to their land-folk." The lay was concluded, The gleeman's recital. Shouts again rose then, Bench-glee resounded, bearers then offered

Wine from wonder-vats. Wealhtheo advanced then

Going 'neath gold-crown, where the good ones were seated Uncle and nephew; their peace was yet mutual,

True each to the other. And Unferth the spokesman Sat at the feet of the lord of the Scyldings:

Each trusted his spirit that his mood was courageous, Though at fight he had failed in faith to his kinsmen. Said the queen of the

Scyldings: "My lord and protector, Treasure-bestower, take thou this beaker;

Joyance attend thee, gold-friend of heroes,

And greet thou the Geatmen with gracious responses! So ought one to do. Be kind to the Geatmen,

In gifts not niggardly; anear and afar now Peace thou enjoyest. Report hath informed me Thou'lt have for a bairn the battle-brave hero. Now is Heorot cleansed, ring-palace gleaming; Give while thou mayest many rewards,

And bequeath to thy kinsmen kingdom and people, On wending thy way to the Wielder's splendor.

I know good Hrothulf, that the noble young troopers He'll care for and honor, lord of the Scyldings,

If earth-joys thou endest earlier than he doth;

I reckon that recompense he'll render with kindness Our offspring and issue, if that all he remember, What favors of yore, when he yet was an infant,

We awarded to him for his worship and pleasure."

Then she turned by the bench where her sons were carousing, Hrethric and Hrothmund, and the heroes' offspring,

The war-youth together; there the good one was sitting 'Twixt the brothers twain, Beowulf Geatman.

Part XIX

A beaker was borne him, and bidding to quaff it Graciously given, and gold that was twisted Pleasantly proffered, a pair of arm-jewels, Rings and corslet, of collars the greatest

I've heard of 'neath heaven. Of heroes not any

More splendid from jewels have I heard 'neath the welkin, Since Hama off bore the Brosingmen's necklace,

The bracteates and jewels, from the bright-shining city, Eormenric's cunning craftiness fled from,

Chose gain everlasting . Geatish Higelac, Grandson of Swerting, last had this jewel

When tramping 'neath banner the treasure he guarded, The field-spoil defended; Fate offcarried him

When for deeds of daring he endured tribulation, Hate from the Frisians; the ornaments bare he O'er the cup of the currents, costly gem-treasures, Mighty folk-leader, he fell 'neath his target;

The corpse of the king then came into charge of

The race of the Frankmen, the mail-shirt and collar: Warmen less noble plundered the fallen,

When the fight was finished; the folk of the Geatmen

The field of the dead held in possession.

The choicest of mead-halls with cheering resounded. Wealhtheo discoursed, the war-troop addressed she: "This collar enjoy thou, Beowulf worthy,

Young man, in safety, and use thou this armor, Gems of the people, and prosper thou fully, Show thyself sturdy and be to these liegemen Mild with instruction! I'll mind thy requital.

Thou hast brought it to pass that far and near Forever and ever earthmen shall honor thee, Even so widely as ocean surroundeth

The blustering bluffs. Be, while thou livest,

A wealth-blessed atheling. I wish thee most truly Jewels and treasure. Be kind to my son, thou Living in joyance! Here each of the nobles

Is true unto other, gentle in spirit,

Loyal to leader. The liegemen are peaceful, The war-troops ready: well-drunken heroes, Do as I bid ye." Then she went to the settle.

There was choicest of banquets, wine drank the heroes: Weird they knew not, destiny cruel,

As to many an earlman early it happened,

When evening had come and Hrothgar had parted Off to his manor, the mighty to slumber.

Warriors unnumbered warded the building

As erst they did often: the ale-settle bared they, 'Twas covered all over with beds and pillows.

Doomed unto death, down to his slumber

Bowed then a beer-thane. Their battle-shields placed they, Bright-shining targets, up by their heads then;

O'er the atheling on ale-bench 'twas easy to see there Battle-high helmet, burnie of ring-mail,

And mighty war-spear. 'Twas the wont of that people To constantly keep them equipped for the battle,

At home or marching-in either condition- At seasons just such as necessity ordered

As best for their ruler; that people was worthy.

Part XX

They sank then to slumber. With sorrow one paid for His evening repose, as often betid them

While Grendel was holding the gold-bedecked palace, Ill-deeds performing, till his end overtook him,

Death for his sins. 'Twas seen very clearly, Known unto earth-folk, that still an avenger Outlived the loathed one, long since the sorrow Caused by the struggle; the mother of Grendel, Devil-shaped woman, her woe ever minded, Who was held to inhabit the horrible waters,

The cold-flowing currents, after Cain had become a Slayer-with-edges to his one only brother,

The son of his sire; he set out then banished, Marked as a murderer, man-joys avoiding,

Lived in the desert. Thence demons unnumbered Fate-sent awoke; one of them Grendel,

Sword-cursed, hateful, who at Heorot met with A man that was watching, waiting the struggle,

Where a horrid one held him with hand-grapple sturdy; Nathless he minded the might of his body,

The glorious gift God had allowed him, And folk-ruling Father's favor relied on,

His help and His comfort: so he conquered the foeman, The hell-spirit humbled: he unhappy departed then, Reaved of his joyance, journeying to death-haunts, Foeman of man. His mother moreover

Eager and gloomy was anxious to go on

Her mournful mission, mindful of vengeance

For the death of her son. She came then to Heorot Where the Armor-Dane earlmen all through the building Were lying in slumber.

Soon there became then

Return to the nobles, when the mother of Grendel Entered the folk-hall; the fear was less grievous By even so much as the vigor of maidens,

War-strength of women, by warrior is reckoned, When well-carved weapon, worked with the hammer, Blade very bloody, brave with its edges,

Strikes down the boar-sign that stands on the helmet. Then the hard-edged weapon was heaved in the building, The brand o'er the benches, broad-lindens many

Hand-fast were lifted; for helmet he recked not, For armor-net broad, whom terror laid hold of. She went then hastily, outward would get her Her life for to save, when some one did spy her; Soon she had grappled one of the athelings

Fast and firmly, when fenward she hied her; That one to Hrothgar was liefest of heroes

In rank of retainer where waters encircle,

A mighty shield-warrior, whom she murdered at slumber, A broadly-famed battle-knight. Beowulf was absent,

But another apartment was erstwhile devoted

To the glory-decked Geatman when gold was distributed. There was hubbub in Heorot. The hand that was famous She grasped in its gore; grief was renewed then

In homes and houses: 'twas no happy arrangement In both of the quarters to barter and purchase

With lives of their friends. Then the well-aged ruler, The gray-headed war-thane, was woful in spirit, When his long-trusted Hegeman lifeless he knew of, His dearest one gone. Quick from a room was Beowulf brought, brave and triumphant.

As day was dawning in the dusk of the morning, Went then that earlman, champion noble,

Came with comrades, where the clever one bided Whether God all gracious would grant him a respite After the woe he had suffered. The war-worthy hero With a troop of retainers trod then the pavement

(The hall-building groaned), till he greeted the wise one, The earl of the Ingwins; asked if the night had

Fully refreshed him, as fain he would have it.

Part XXI

Hrothgar rejoined, helm of the Scyldings: "Ask not of joyance! Grief is renewed to The folk of the Danemen. Dead is /Eschere, Yrmenlafs brother, older than he,

My true-hearted counsellor, trusty adviser, Shoulder-companion, when fighting in battle

Our heads we protected, when troopers were clashing, And heroes were dashing; such an earl should be ever, An erst-worthy atheling, as /Eschere proved him.

The flickering death-spirit became in Heorot

His hand-to-hand murderer; I can not tell whither The cruel one turned in the carcass exulting,

By cramming discovered. The quarrel she wreaked then, That last night igone Grendel thou killedst

In grewsomest manner, with grim-holding clutches, Since too long he had lessened my liege-troop and wasted My folk-men so foully. He fell in the battle

With forfeit of life, and another has followed,

A mighty crime-worker, her kinsman avenging,

And henceforth hath 'stablished her hatred unyielding, As it well may appear to many a liegeman,

Who mourneth in spirit the treasure-bestower, Her heavy heart-sorrow; the hand is now lifeless

Which availed you in every wish that you cherished. Land-people heard I, liegemen, this saying, Dwellers in halls, they had seen very often

A pair of such mighty march-striding creatures, Far-dwelling spirits, holding the moorlands: One of them wore, as well they might notice, The image of woman, the other one wretched In guise of a man wandered in exile,

Except he was huger than any of earthmen; Earth-dwelling people entitled him Grendel In days of yore: they know not their father, Whe'r ill-going spirits any were borne him Ever before. They guard the wolf-coverts, Lands inaccessible, wind-beaten nesses,

Fearfullest fen-deeps, where a flood from the mountains 'Neath mists of the nesses netherward rattles,

The stream under earth: not far is it henceward Measured by mile-lengths that the mere-water standeth, Which forests hang over, with frost-whiting covered,

A firm-rooted forest, the floods overshadow. There ever at night one an ill-meaning portent A fire-flood may see; 'mong children of men None liveth so wise that wot of the bottom;

Though harassed by hounds the heath-stepper seek for, Fly to the forest, firm-antlered he-deer,

Spurred from afar, his spirit he yieldeth, His life on the shore, ere in he will venture To cover his head. Uncanny the place is:

Thence upward ascendeth the surging of waters, Wan to the welkin, when the wind is stirring

The weathers unpleasing, till the air groweth gloomy, And the heavens lower. Now is help to be gotten

From thee and thee only! The abode thou know'st not, The dangerous place where thou'rt able to meet with The sin-laden hero: seek if thou darest!

For the feud I will fully fee thee with money, With old-time treasure, as erstwhile I did thee,

With well-twisted jewels, if away thou shalt get thee."

Part XXII

Beowulf answered, Ecgtheow's son:

"Grieve not, O wise one! for each it is better,

His friend to avenge than with vehemence wail him; Each of us must the end-day abide of

His earthly existence; who is able accomplish Glory ere death! To battle-thane noble Lifeless lying, 'tis at last most fitting.

Arise, O king, quick let us hasten

To look at the footprint of the kinsman of Grendel!

I promise thee this now: to his place he'll escape not, To embrace of the earth, nor to mountainous forest, Nor to depths of the ocean, wherever he wanders.

Practice thou now patient endurance

Of each of thy sorrows, as I hope for thee soothly!"

Then up sprang the old one, the All-Wielder thanked he, Ruler Almighty, that the man had outspoken.

Then for Hrothgar a war-horse was decked with a bridle, Curly-maned courser. The clever folk-leader

Stately proceeded: stepped then an earl-troop Oflinden-wood bearers. Her footprints were seen then Widely in wood-paths, her way o'er the bottoms, Where she faraway fared o'er fen-country murky,

Bore away breathless the best of retainers

Who pondered with Hrothgar the welfare of country. The son of the athelings then went o'er the stony, Declivitous cliffs, the close-covered passes,

Narrow passages, paths unfrequented, Nesses abrupt, nicker-haunts many; One of a few of wise-mooded heroes,

He onward advanced to view the surroundings, Till he found unawares woods of the mountain O'er hoar-stones hanging, halt-wood unjoyful; The water stood under, welling and gory. 'Twas irksome in spirit to all of the Danemen, Friends of the Scyldings, to many a Hegeman Sad to be suffered, a sorrow unlittle

To each of the earlmen, when to l:Eschere's head they Came on the cliff. The current was seething

With blood and with gore (the troopers gazed on it). The horn anon sang the battle-song ready.

The troop were all seated; they saw 'long the water then Many a serpent, mere-dragons wondrous

Trying the waters, nickers a-lying

On the cliffs of the nesses, which at noonday full often Go on the sea-deeps their sorrowful journey,

Wild-beasts and wormkind; away then they hastened ot-mooded, hateful, they heard the great clamor, The war-trumpet winding. One did the Geat-prince Sunder from earth-joys, with arrow from bowstring,

From his sea-struggle tore him, that the trusty war-missile Pierced to his vitals; he proved in the currents

Less doughty at swimming whom death had offcarried. Soon in the waters the wonderful swimmer

Was straitened most sorely with sword-pointed boar-spears, Pressed in the battle and pulled to the cliff-edge;

The liegemen then looked on the loath-fashioned stranger. Beowulf donned then his battle-equipments,

Cared little for life; inlaid and most ample,

The hand-woven corslet which could cover his body,

Must the wave-deeps explore, that war might be powerless To harm the great hero, and the hating one's grasp might Not peril his safety; his head was protected

By the light-flashing helmet that should mix with the bottoms, Trying the eddies, treasure-emblazoned,

Encircled with jewels, as in seasons long past

The weapon-smith worked it, wondrously made it,

With swine-bodies fashioned it, that thenceforward no longer Brand might bite it, and battle-sword hurt it.

And that was not least of helpers in prowess

That Hrothgar's spokesman had lent him when straitened; And the hilted hand-sword was Hrunting entitled,

Old and most excellent 'mong all of the treasures; Its blade was of iron, blotted with poison, Hardened with gore; it failed not in battle

Any hero under heaven in hand who it brandished, Who ventured to take the terrible journeys,

The battle-field sought; not the earliest occasion That deeds of daring 'twas destined to 'complish. Ecglafs kinsman minded not soothly,

Exulting in strength, what erst he had spoken Drunken with wine, when the weapon he lent to A sword-hero bolder; himself did not venture

'Neath the strife of the currents his life to endanger, To fame-deeds perform; there he forfeited glory,

Repute for his strength. Not so with the other

When he clad in his corslet had equipped him for battle.

Part XXIII

Beowulf spake, Ecgtheow's son:

"Recall now, oh, famous kinsman of Healfdene, Prince very prudent, now to part I am ready, Gold-friend of earlmen, what erst we agreed on,

Should I lay down my life in lending thee assistance,

When my earth-joys were over, thou wouldst evermore serve me In stead of a father; my faithful thanemen,

My trusty retainers, protect thou and care for, Fall I in battle: and, Hrothgar beloved,

Send unto Higelac the high-valued jewels

Thou to me hast allotted . The lord of the Geatmen May perceive from the gold, the Hrethling may see it When he looks on the jewels, that a gem-giver found I Good over-measure, enjoyed him while able.

And the ancient heirloom Unferth permit thou, The famed one to have, the heavy-sword splendid The hard-edged weapon; with Hrunting to aid me, I shall gain me glory, or grim-death shall take me." The atheling of Geatmen uttered these words and Heroic did hasten, not any rejoinder

Was willing to wait for; the wave-current swallowed The doughty-in-battle. Then a day's-length elapsed ere He was able to see the sea at its bottom.

Early she found then who fifty of winters The course of the currents kept in her fury,

Grisly and greedy, that the grim one's dominion Some one of men from above was exploring.

Forth did she grab them, grappled the warrior With horrible clutches; yet no sooner she injured His body unscathed: the burnie out-guarded,

That she proved but powerless to pierce through the armor, The limb-mail locked, with loath-grabbing fingers.

The sea-wolf bare then, when bottomward came she, The ring-prince homeward, that he after was powerless (He had daring to do it) to deal with his weapons,

But many a mere-beast tormented him swimming, Flood-beasts no few with fierce-biting tusks did

Break through his burnie, the brave one pursued they. The earl then discovered he was down in some cavern

Where no water whatever anywise harmed him,

And the clutch of the current could come not anear him, Since the roofed-hall prevented; brightness a-gleaming Fire-light he saw, flashing resplendent.

The good one saw then the sea-bottom's monster, The mighty mere-woman; he made a great onset With weapon-of-battle, his hand not desisted

From striking, that war-blade struck on her head then A battle-song greedy. The stranger perceived then The sword would not bite, her life would not injure,

But the falchion failed the folk-prince when straitened: Erst had it often onsets encountered,

Oft cloven the helmet, the fated one's armor: 'Twas the first time that ever the excellent jewel Had failed of its fame. Firm-mooded after,

Not heedless of valor, but mindful of glory, Was Higelac's kinsman; the hero-chief angry Cast then his carved-sword covered with jewels That it lay on the earth, hard and steel-pointed;

He hoped in his strength, his hand-grapple sturdy. So any must act whenever he thinketh

To gain him in battle glory unending,

And is reckless of living. The lord of the War-Geats (He shrank not from battle) seized by the shoulder The mother of Grendel; then mighty in struggle Swung he his enemy, since his anger was kindled, That she fell to the floor . With furious grapple

She gave him requital early thereafter,

And stretched out to grab him; the strongest of warriors Faint-mooded stumbled, till he fell in his traces,

Foot-going champion. Then she sat on the hall-guest And wielded her war-knife wide-bladed, flashing,

For her son would take vengeance, her one only bairn. His breast-armor woven bode on his shoulder;

It guarded his life, the entrance defended

'Gainst sword-point and edges. Ecgtheow's son there Had fatally journeyed, champion of Geatmen,

In the arms of the ocean, had the armor not given, Close-woven corslet, comfort and succor,

And had God most holy not awarded the victory, All-knowing Lord; easily did heaven's

Ruler most righteous arrange it with justice; Uprose he erect ready for battle.

Part XXIV

Then he saw mid the war-gems a weapon of victory, An ancient giant-sword, of edges a-doughty,

Glory of warriors: of weapons 'twas choicest, Only 'twas larger than any man else was Able to bear to the battle-encounter,

The good and splendid work of the giants.

He grasped then the sword-hilt, knight of the Scyldings, Bold and battle-grim, brandished his ring-sword, Hopeless of living, hotly he smote her,

That the fiend-woman's neck firmly it grappled,

Broke through her bone-joints, the bill fully pierced her Fate-cursed body, she fell to the ground then:

The hand-sword was bloody, the hero exulted. The brand was brilliant, brightly it glimmered, Just as from heaven gemlike shineth

The torch of the firmament. He glanced 'long the building, And turned by the wall then, Higelac's vassal

Raging and wrathful raised his battle-sword Strong by the handle. The edge was not useless To the hero-in-battle, but he speedily wished to Give Grendel requital for the many assaults he

Had worked on the West-Danes not once, but often, When he slew in slumber the subjects of Hrothgar, Swallowed down fifteen sleeping retainers

Of the folk of the Danemen, and fully as many Carried away, a horrible prey.

He gave him requital, grim-raging champion, When he saw on his rest-place weary of conflict Grendel lying, of life-joys bereaved,

As the battle at Heorot erstwhile had scathed him; His body far bounded, a blow when he suffered, Death having seized him, sword-smiting heavy, And he cut off his head then. Early this noticed The clever carles who as comrades of Hrothgar

Gazed on the sea-deeps, that the surging wave-currents Were mightily mingled, the mere-flood was gory:

Of the good one the gray-haired together held converse, The hoary of head, that they hoped not to see again The atheling ever, that exulting in victory

He'd return there to visit the distinguished folk-ruler: Then many concluded the mere-wolf had killed him. The ninth hour came then. From the ness-edge departed

The bold-mooded Scyldings; the gold-friend of heroes Homeward betook him. The strangers sat down then Soul-sick, sorrowful, the sea-waves regarding:

They wished and yet weened not their well-loved friend-lord To see any more. The sword-blade began then,

The blood having touched it, contracting and shriveling With battle-icicles; 'twas a wonderful marvel

That it melted entirely, likest to ice when

The Father unbindeth the bond of the frost and Unwindeth the wave-bands, He who wieldeth dominion Of times and of tides: a truth-firm Creator.

Nor took he of jewels more in the dwelling,

Lord of the Weders, though they lay all around him, Than the head and the handle handsome with jewels; The brand early melted, burnt was the weapon:

So hot was the blood, the strange-spirit poisonous That in it did perish. He early swam off then

Who had bided in combat the carnage of haters, Went up through the ocean; the eddies were cleansed, The spacious expanses, when the spirit from farland His life put aside and this short-lived existence.

The seamen's defender came swimming to land then Doughty of spirit, rejoiced in his sea-gift,

The bulky burden which he bore in his keeping. The excellent vassals advanced then to meet him,

To God they were grateful, were glad in their chieftain, That to see him safe and sound was granted them.

From the high-minded hero, then, helmet and burnie Were speedily loosened: the ocean was putrid,

The water 'neath welkin weltered with gore.

Forth did they fare, then, their footsteps retracing, Merry and mirthful, measured the earth-way,

The highway familiar: men very daring

Bare then the head from the sea-cliff, burdening Each of the earlmen, excellent-valiant.

Four of them had to carry with labor

The head of Grendel to the high towering gold-hall Upstuck on the spear, till fourteen most-valiant And battle-brave Geatmen came there going Straight to the palace: the prince of the people

Measured the mead-ways, their mood-brave companion. The atheling of earlmen entered the building,

Deed-valiant man, adorned with distinction,

Doughty shield-warrior, to address King Hrothgar: Then hung by the hair, the head of Grendel

Was borne to the building, where beer-thanes were drinking, Loth before earlmen and eke 'fore the lady:

The warriors beheld then a wonderful sight.

Part XXV

Beowulf spake, offspring of Ecgtheow:

"Lo! we blithely have brought thee, bairn of Healfdene, Prince of the Scyldings, these presents from ocean Which thine eye looketh on, for an emblem of glory.

I came off alive from this, narrowly 'scaping:

In war 'neath the water the work with great pains I Performed, and the fight had been finished quite nearly, Had God not defended me. I failed in the battle

Aught to accomplish, aided by Hrunting,

Though that weapon was worthy, but the Wielder of earth-folk Gave me willingly to see on the wall a

Heavy old hand-sword hanging in splendor

(He guided most often the lorn and the friendless), That I swung as a weapon. The wards of the house then I killed in the conflict (when occasion was given me).

Then the battle-sword burned, the brand that was lifted, As the blood-current sprang, hottest of war-sweats; Seizing the hilt, from my foes I oftbore it;

I avenged as I ought to their acts of malignity,

The murder of Danemen. I then make thee this promise, Thou'lt be able in Heorot careless to slumber

With thy throng of heroes and the thanes of thy people Every and each, of greater and lesser,

And thou needest not fear for them from the selfsame direction As thou formerly fearedst, oh, folk-lord of Scyldings,

End-day for earlmen." To the age-hoary man then,

The gray-haired chieftain, the gold-fashioned sword-hilt, Old-work of giants, was thereupon given;

Since the fall of the fiends, it fell to the keeping

Of the wielder of Danemen, the wonder-smith's labor, And the bad-mooded being abandoned this world then, Opponent of God, victim of murder,

And also his mother; it went to the keeping

Of the best of the world-kings, where waters encircle, Who the scot divided in Scylding dominion.

Hrothgar discoursed, the hilt he regarded,

The ancient heirloom where an old-time contention's Beginning was graven: the gurgling currents,

The flood slew thereafter the race of the giants,

They had proved themselves daring: that people was loth to The Lord everlasting, through lash of the billows

The Father gave them final requital.

So in letters of rune on the clasp of the handle Gleaming and golden, 'twas graven exactly,

Set forth and said, whom that sword had been made for, Finest of irons, who first it was wrought for,

Wreathed at its handle and gleaming with serpents. The wise one then said (silent they all were)

Son of old Healfdene: "He may say unrefuted

Who performs 'mid the folk-men fairness and truth (The hoary old ruler remembers the past),

That better by birth is this bairn of the nobles! Thy fame is extended through far-away countries, Good friend Beowulf, o'er all of the races,

Thou holdest all firmly, hero-like strength with Prudence of spirit. I'll prove myself grateful

As before we agreed on; thou granted for long shalt Become a great comfort to kinsmen and comrades, A help unto heroes. Heremod became not

Such to the Scyldings, successors of Ecgwela;

He grew not to please them, but grievous destruction, And diresome death-woes to Danemen attracted;

He slew in anger his table-companions, Trustworthy counsellors, till he turned off lonely From world-joys away, wide-famous ruler:

Though high-ruling heaven in hero-strength raised him, In might exalted him, o'er men of all nations

Made him supreme, yet a murderous spirit Grew in his bosom: he gave then no ring-gems To the Danes after custom; endured he unjoyful Standing the straits from strife that was raging, Longsome folk-sorrow. Learn then from this, Lay hold of virtue! Though laden with winters,

I have sung thee these measures. 'Tis a marvel to tell it, How all-ruling God from greatness of spirit

Giveth wisdom to children of men, Manor and earlship: all things He ruleth.

He often permitteth the mood-thought of man of The illustrious lineage to lean to possessions,

Allows him earthly delights at his manor,

A high-burg of heroes to hold in his keeping, Maketh portions of earth-folk hear him,

And a wide-reaching kingdom so that, wisdom failing him, He himself is unable to reckon its boundaries;

He liveth in luxury, little debars him,

Nor sickness nor age, no treachery-sorrow Becloudeth his spirit, conflict nowhere,

No sword-hate, appeareth, but all of the world doth Wend as he wisheth; the worse he knoweth not, Till arrant arrogance inward pervading,

Waxeth and springeth, when the warder is sleeping, The guard of the soul: with sorrows encompassed, Too sound is his slumber, the slayer is near him, Who with bow and arrow aimeth in malice.

Part XXVI

"Then bruised in his bosom he with bitter-toothed missile Is hurt 'neath his helmet: from harmful pollution

He is powerless to shield him by the wonderful mandates Of the loath-cursed spirit; what too long he hath holden Him seemeth too small, savage he hoardeth,

Nor boastfully giveth gold-plated rings, The fate of the future flouts and forgetteth

Since God had erst given him greatness no little, Wielder of Glory. His end-day anear,

It afterward happens that the bodily-dwelling Fleetingly fadeth, falls into ruins;

Another lays hold who daleth the ornaments, The nobleman's jewels, nothing lamenting, Heedeth no terror. Oh, Beowulf dear,

Best of the heroes, from bale-strife defend thee, And choose thee the better, counsels eternal; Beware of arrogance, world-famous champion! But a little-while lasts thy life-vigor's fulness; 'Twill after hap early, that illness or sword-edge

Shall part thee from strength, or the grasp of the fire, Or the wave of the current, or clutch of the edges,

Or flight of the war-spear, or age with its horrors,

Or thine eyes' bright flashing shall fade into darkness: 'Twill happen full early, excellent hero,

That death shall subdue thee. So the Danes a half-century I held under heaven, helped them in struggles

'Gainst many a race in middle-earth's regions, With ash-wood and edges, that enemies none

On earth molested me. Lo! offsetting change, now, Came to my manor, grief after joyance,

When Grendel became my constant visitor, Inveterate hater: I from that malice Continually travailed with trouble no little. Thanks be to God that I gained in my lifetime, To the Lord everlasting, to look on the gory

Head with mine eyes, after long-lasting sorrow! Go to the bench now, battle-adorned

Joy in the feasting: of jewels in common

We'll meet with many when morning appeareth." The Geatman was gladsome, ganged he immediately To go to the bench, as the clever one bade him.

Then again as before were the famous-for-prowess, Hall-inhabiters, handsomely banqueted,

Feasted anew. The night-veil fell then

Dark o'er the warriors. The courtiers rose then; The gray-haired was anxious to go to his slumbers, The hoary old Scylding. Hankered the Geatman, The champion doughty, greatly, to rest him:

An earlman early outward did lead him,

Fagged from his faring, from far-country springing, Who for etiquette's sake all of a liegeman's

Needs regarded, such as seamen at that time Were bounden to feel. The big-hearted rested; The building uptowered, spacious and gilded,

The guest within slumbered, till the sable-clad raven Blithely foreboded the beacon of heaven.

Then the bright-shining sun o'er the bottoms came going; The warriors hastened, the heads of the peoples

Were ready to go again to their peoples,

The high-mooded farer would faraway thenceward Look for his vessel. The valiant one bade then, Offspring of Ecglaf, off to bear Hrunting,

To take his weapon, his well-beloved iron;

He him thanked for the gift, saying good he accounted The war-friend and mighty, nor chid he with words then The blade of the brand: 'twas a brave-mooded hero.

When the warriors were ready, arrayed in their trappings, The atheling dear to the Danemen advanced then

On to the dais, where the other was sitting, Grim-mooded hero, greeted King Hrothgar.

Part XXVII

Beowulf spake, Ecgtheow's offspring:

"We men of the water wish to declare now Fared from far-lands, we're firmly determined To seek King Higelac. Here have we fitly

Been welcomed and feasted, as heart would desire it; Good was the greeting. If greater affection

I am anywise able ever on earth to Gain at thy hands, ruler of heroes,

Than yet I have done, I shall quickly be ready

For combat and conflict. O'er the course of the waters Learn I that neighbors alarm thee with terror,

As haters did whilom, I hither will bring thee For help unto heroes henchmen by thousands. I know as to Higelac, the lord of the Geatmen, Though young in years, he yet will permit me, By words and by works, ward of the people, Fully to furnish thee forces and bear thee

My lance to relieve thee, if liegemen shall fail thee, And help of my hand-strength; if Hrethric be treating, Bairn of the king, at the court of the Geatmen,

He thereat may find him friends in abundance: Faraway countries he were better to seek for

Who trusts in himself." Hrothgar discoursed then, Making rejoinder: "These words thou hast uttered All-knowing God hath given thy spirit!

Ne'er heard I an earlman thus early in life

More clever in speaking: thou'rt cautious of spirit, Mighty of muscle, in mouth-answers prudent.

I count on the hope that, happen it ever

That missile shall rob thee of Hrethel's descendant, Edge-horrid battle, and illness or weapon

Deprive thee of prince, of people's protector,

And life thou yet holdest, the Sea-Geats will never Find a more fitting folk-lord to choose them,

Gem-ward of heroes, than thou mightest prove thee,

If the kingdom of kinsmen thou carest to govern. Thy mood-spirit likes me the longer the better, Beowulf dear: thou hast brought it to pass that To both these peoples peace shall be common,

To Geat-folk and Danemen, the strife be suspended, The secret assailings they suffered in yore-days; And also that jewels be shared while I govern

The wide-stretching kingdom, and that many shall visit Others o'er the ocean with excellent gift-gems:

The ring-adorned bark shall bring o'er the currents Presents and love-gifts. This people I know

Tow'rd foeman and friend firmly established, After ancient etiquette everywise blameless." Then the warden of earlmen gave him still farther, Kinsman of Healfdene, a dozen of jewels,

Bade him safely seek with the presents His well-beloved people, early returning.

Then the noble-born king kissed the distinguished, Dear-loved liegeman, the Dane-prince saluted him, And clasped his neck; tears from him fell,

From the gray-headed man: he two things expected, Aged and reverend, but rather the second,

That bold in council they'd meet thereafter.

The man was so dear that he failed to suppress the Emotions that moved him, but in mood-fetters fastened The long-famous hero longeth in secret

Deep in his spirit for the dear-beloved man Though not a blood-kinsman. Beowulf thenceward, Gold-splendid warrior, walked o'er the meadows Exulting in treasure: the sea-going vessel

Riding at anchor awaited its owner.

As they pressed on their way then, the present of Hrothgar Was frequently referred to: a folk-king indeed that Everyway blameless, till age did debar him

The joys of his might, which hath many oft injured.

Part XXVIII

Then the band of very valiant retainers

Came to the current; they were clad all in armor, In link-woven burnies. The land-warder noticed

The return of the earlmen, as he erstwhile had seen them; Nowise with insult he greeted the strangers

From the naze of the cliff, but rode on to meet them; Said the bright-armored visitors vesselward traveled Welcome to Weders. The wide-bosomed craft then Lay on the sand, laden with armor,

With horses and jewels, the ring-stemmed sailer:

The mast uptowered o'er the treasure of Hrothgar. To the boat-ward a gold-bound brand he presented,

That he was afterwards honored on the ale-bench more highly As the heirloom's owner. Set he out on his vessel,

To drive on the deep, Dane-country left he. Along by the mast then a sea-garment fluttered, A rope-fastened sail. The sea-boat resounded, The wind o'er the waters the wave-floater nowise Kept from its journey; the sea-goer traveled,

The foamy-necked floated forth o'er the currents, The well-fashioned vessel o'er the ways of the ocean,

Till they came within sight of the cliffs of the Geatmen, The well-known headlands. The wave-goer hastened Driven by breezes, stood on the shore.

Prompt at the ocean, the port-ward was ready, Who long in the past outlooked in the distance, At water's-edge waiting well-loved heroes;

He bound to the bank then the broad-bosomed vessel Fast in its fetters, lest the force of the waters

Should be able to injure the ocean-wood winsome. Bade he up then take the treasure of princes,

Plate-gold and fretwork; not far was it thence To go off in search of the giver of jewels : Hrethel's son Higelac at home there remaineth,

Himself with his comrades close to the sea-coast. The building was splendid, the king heroic, Great in his hall, Hygd very young was,

Fine-mooded, clever, though few were the winters That the daughter of Hrereth had dwelt in the borough; But she nowise was cringing nor niggard of presents, Of ornaments rare, to the race of the Geatmen.

Thrytho nursed anger, excellent folk-queen,

Hot-burning hatred: no hero whatever

'Mong household companions, her husband excepted Dared to adventure to look at the woman

With eyes in the daytime; but he knew that death-chains Hand-wreathed were wrought him: early thereafter, When the hand-strife was over, edges were ready,

That fierce-raging sword-point had to force a decision, Murder-bale show. Such no womanly custom

For a lady to practise, though lovely her person, That a weaver-of-peace, on pretence of anger

A beloved Hegeman of life should deprive.

Soothly this hindered Heming's kinsman; Other ale-drinking earlmen asserted

That fearful folk-sorrows fewer she wrought them, Treacherous doings, since first she was given Adorned with gold to the war-hero youthful,

For her origin honored, when Offa's great palace O'er the fallow flood by her father's instructions

She sought on her journey, where she afterwards fully, Famed for her virtue, her fate on the king's-seat Enjoyed in her lifetime, love did she hold with

The ruler of heroes, the best, it is told me,

Of all of the earthmen that oceans encompass, Of earl-kindreds endless; hence Offa was famous Far and widely, by gifts and by battles,

Spear-valiant hero; the home of his fathers

He governed with wisdom, whence Eomrer did issue For help unto heroes, Heming's kinsman,

Grandson of Garmund, great in encounters.

Part XXIX

Then the brave one departed, his band along with him, Seeking the sea-shore, the sea-marches treading,

The wide-stretching shores. The world-candle glimmered, The sun from the southward; they proceeded then onward, Early arriving where they heard that the troop-lord, Ongentheow's slayer, excellent, youthful

Folk-prince and warrior was distributing jewels, Close in his castle. The coming of Beowulf

Was announced in a message quickly to Higelac, That the folk-troop's defender forth to the palace The linden-companion alive was advancing, Secure from the combat courtward a-going.

The building was early inward made ready

For the foot-going guests as the good one had ordered.

He sat by the man then who had lived through the struggle, Kinsman by kinsman, when the king of the people

Had in lordly language saluted the dear one,

In words that were formal. The daughter of Hrereth Coursed through the building, carrying mead-cups: She loved the retainers, tendered the beakers

To the high-minded Geatmen. Higelac 'gan then Pleasantly plying his companion with questions In the high-towering palace. A curious interest

Tormented his spirit, what meaning to see in The Sea-Geats' adventures: "Beowulf worthy,

How throve your journeying, when thou thoughtest suddenly Far o'er the salt-streams to seek an encounter,

A battle at Heorot? Hast bettered for Hrothgar, The famous folk-leader, his far-published sorrows Any at all? In agony-billows

I mused upon torture, distrusted the journey

Of the beloved liegeman; I long time did pray thee By no means to seek out the murderous spirit,

To suffer the South-Danes themselves to decide on Grappling with Grendel. To God I am thankful

To be suffered to see thee safe from thy journey." Beowulf answered, bairn of old Ecgtheow:

"'Tis hidden by no means, Higelac chieftain, From many of men, the meeting so famous, What mournful moments of me and of Grendel

Were passed in the place where he pressing affliction On the Victory-Scyldings scathefully brought, Anguish forever; that all I avenged,

So that any under heaven of the kinsmen of Grendel Needeth not boast of that cry-in-the-morning,

Who longest liveth of the loth-going kindred, Encompassed by moorland. I came in my journey To the royal ring-hall, Hrothgar to greet there: Soon did the famous scion of Healfdene,

When he understood fully the spirit that led me, Assign me a seat with the son of his bosom.

The troop was injoyance; mead-glee greater 'Neath arch of the ether not ever beheld I

'Mid hall-building holders. The highly-famed queen, Peace-tie of peoples, oft passed through the building, Cheered the young troopers; she oft tendered a hero A beautiful ring-band, ere she went to her sitting.

Oft the daughter of Hrothgar in view of the courtiers To the earls at the end the ale-vessel carried,

Whom Freaware I heard then hall-sitters title, When nail-adorned jewels she gave to the heroes: Gold-bedecked, youthful, to the glad son of Froda

Her faith has been plighted; the friend of the Scyldings, The guard of the kingdom, hath given his sanction, And counts it a vantage, for a part of the quarrels,

A portion of hatred, to pay with the woman.

Somewhere not rarely, when the ruler has fallen, The life-taking lance relaxeth its fury

For a brief breathing-spell, though the bride be charming!

Part XXX

"It well may discomfit the prince of the Heathobards And each of the thanemen of earls that attend him, When he goes to the building escorting the woman,

That a noble-born Daneman the knights should be feasting: There gleam on his person the leavings of elders

Hard and ring-bright, Heathobards' treasure,

While they wielded their arms, till they misled to the battle Their own dear lives and beloved companions.

He saith at the banquet who the collar beholdeth, An ancient ash-warrior who earlmen's destruction Clearly recalleth (cruel his spirit),

Sadly beginneth sounding the youthful

Thane-champion's spirit through the thoughts of his bosom, War-grief to waken, and this word-answer speaketh:

'Art thou able, my friend, to know when thou seest it The brand which thy father bare to the conflict

In his latest adventure, 'neath visor of helmet,

The dearly-loved iron, where Danemen did slay him, And brave-mooded Scyldings, on the fall of the heroes,

(When vengeance was sleeping) the slaughter-place wielded? E'en now some man of the murderer's progeny

Exulting in ornaments enters the building,

Boasts of his blood-shedding, oftbeareth the jewel Which thou shouldst wholly hold in possession!' So he urgeth and mindeth on every occasion

With woe-bringing words, till waxeth the season When the woman's thane for the works of his father, The bill having bitten, blood-gory sleepeth,

Fated to perish; the other one thenceward 'Scapeth alive, the land knoweth thoroughly.

Then the oaths of the earlmen on each side are broken, When rancors unresting are raging in Ingeld

And his wife-love waxeth less warm after sorrow. So the Heathobards' favor not faithful I reckon, Their part in the treaty not true to the Danemen, Their friendship not fast. I further shall tell thee More about Grendel, that thou fully mayst hear, Ornament-giver, what afterward came from

The hand-rush of heroes. When heaven's bright jewel O'er earthfields had glided, the stranger came raging, The horrible night-fiend, us for to visit,

Where wholly unharmed the hall we were guarding. To Hondscio happened a hopeless contention, Death to the doomed one, dead he fell foremost, Girded war-champion; to him Grendel became then,

To the vassal distinguished, a tooth-weaponed murderer, The well-beloved henchman's body all swallowed.

Not the earlier off empty of hand did

The bloody-toothed murderer, mindful of evils, Wish to escape from the gold-giver's palace, But sturdy of strength he strove to outdo me, Hand-ready grappled. A glove was suspended Spacious and wondrous, in art-fetters fastened,

Which was fashioned entirely by touch of the craftman From the dragon's skin by the devil's devices:

He down in its depths would do me unsadly One among many, deed-doer raging,

Though sinless he saw me; not so could it happen When I in my anger upright did stand.

'Tis too long to recount how requital I furnished For every evil to the earlmen's destroyer;

'Twas there, my prince, that I proudly distinguished Thy land with my labors. He left and retreated,

He lived his life a little while longer:

Yet his right-hand guarded his footstep in Heorot, And sad-mooded thence to the sea-bottom fell he, Mournful in mind. For the might-rush of battle

The friend of the Scyldings, with gold that was plated, With ornaments many, much requited me,

When daylight had dawned, and down to the banquet We had sat us together. There was chanting andjoyance: The age-stricken Scylding asked many questions

And of old-times related; oft light-ringing harp-strings, Joy-telling wood, were touched by the brave one;

Now he uttered measures, mourning and truthful, Then the large-hearted land-king a legend of wonder Truthfully told us. Now troubled with years

The age-hoary warrior afterward began to

Mourn for the might that marked him in youth-days; His breast within boiled, when burdened with winters Much he remembered. From morning till night then

We joyed us therein as etiquette suffered,

Till the second night season came unto earth-folk. Then early thereafter, the mother of Grendel

Was ready for vengeance, wretched she journeyed; Her son had death ravished, the wrath of the Geatmen. The horrible woman avenged her offspring,

And with mighty mainstrength murdered a hero. There the spirit of lEschere, aged adviser,

Was ready to vanish; nor when morn had lightened Were they anywise suffered to consume him with fire, Folk of the Danemen, the death-weakened hero,

Nor the beloved Hegeman to lay on the pyre;

She the corpse had offcarried in the clutch of the foeman 'Neath mountain-b rook's flood. To Hrothgar 'twas saddest Of pains that ever had preyed on the chieftain;

By the life of thee the land-prince then me Besought very sadly, in sea-currents' eddies To display my prowess, to peril my safety,

Might-deeds accomplish; much did he promise. I found then the famous flood-current's cruel, Horrible depth-warder. A while unto us two

Hand was in common; the currents were seething

With gore that was clotted, and Grendel's fierce mother's Head I offhacked in the hall at the bottom

With huge-reaching sword-edge, hardly I wrested My life from her clutches; not doomed was I then, But the warden of earlmen afterward gave me Jewels in quantity, kinsman of Healfdene.

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1.4.3: Beowulf (Part XXXI - XLIII)

Part XXXI

"So the beloved land-prince lived in decorum;

I had missed no rewards, no meeds of my prowess, But he gave me jewels, regarding my wishes, Healfdene his bairn; I'll bring them to thee, then, Atheling of earlmen, offer them gladly.

And still unto thee is all my affection: But few of my folk-kin find I surviving

But thee, dear Higelac!" Bade he in then to carry The boar-image, banner, battle-high helmet, Iron-gray armor, the excellent weapon,

In song-measures said: "This suit-for-the-battle Hrothgar presented me, bade me expressly, Wise-mooded atheling, thereafter to tell thee

The whole of its history, said King Heregar owned it, Dane-prince for long: yet he wished not to give then The mail to his son, though dearly he loved him, Hereward the hardy. Hold all injoyance!"

I heard that there followed hard on the jewels Two braces of stallions of striking resemblance, Dappled and yellow; he granted him usance

Of horses and treasures. So a kinsman should bear him, No web of treachery weave for another,

Nor by cunning craftiness cause the destruction Of trusty companion. Most precious to Higelac, The bold one in battle, was the bairn of his sister, And each unto other mindful of favors.

I am told that to Hygd he proffered the necklace, Wonder-gem rare that Wealhtheow gave him, The troop-leader's daughter, a trio of horses Slender and saddle-bright; soon did the jewel

Embellish her bosom, when the beer-feast was over. So Ecgtheow's bairn brave did prove him,

War-famous man, by deeds that were valiant, He lived in honor, beloved companions

Slew not carousing; his mood was not cruel,

But by hand-strength hugest of heroes then living The brave one retained the bountiful gift that

The Lord had allowed him. Long was he wretched,

So that sons of the Geatmen accounted him worthless, And the lord of the liegemen lath was to do him Mickle of honor, when mead-cups were passing;

They fully believed him idle and sluggish,

An indolent atheling: to the honor-blest man there Came requital for the cuts he had suffered.

The folk-troop's defender bade fetch to the building The heirloom of Hrethel, embellished with gold,

So the brave one enjoined it; there was jewel no richer In the form of a weapon 'mong Geats of that era;

In Beowulfs keeping he placed it and gave him Seven of thousands, manor and lordship.

Common to both was land 'mong the people, Estate and inherited rights and possessions,

To the second one specially spacious dominions, To the one who was better. It afterward happened In days that followed, befell

the battle-thanes,

After Higelac's death, and when Heardred was murdered

With weapons of warfare 'neath well-covered targets, When valiant battlemen in victor-band sought him, War-Scylfing heroes harassed the nephew

Of Hereric in battle. To Beowulf s keeping Turned there in time extensive dominions:

He fittingly ruled them a fifty of winters

(He a man-ruler wise was, manor-ward old) till A certain one 'gan, on gloom-darkening nights, a Dragon, to govern, who guarded a treasure,

A high-rising stone-cliff, on heath that was grayish: A path 'neath it lay, unknown unto mortals.

Some one of earthmen entered the mountain, The heathenish hoard laid hold of with ardor;

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Part XXXII

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He sought of himself who sorely did harm him, But, for need very pressing, the servant of one of The sons of the heroes hate-blows evaded, Seeking for shelter and the sin-driven warrior Took refuge within there. He early looked in it,

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* * * * * when the onset surprised him, He a gem-vessel saw there: many of suchlike Ancient ornaments in the earth-cave were lying, As in days of yore some one of men of Illustrious lineage, as a legacy monstrous,

There had secreted them, careful and thoughtful, Dear-valued jewels. Death had offsnatched them, In the days of the past, and the one man moreover

Of the flower of the folk who fared there the longest, Was fain to defer it, friend-mourning warder,

A little longer to be left in enjoyment Oflong-lasting treasure. A barrow all-ready

Stood on the plain the stream-currents nigh to, New by the ness-edge, unnethe of approaching: The keeper of rings carried within a

Ponderous deal of the treasure of nobles,

Of gold that was beaten, briefly he spake then: "Hold thou, O Earth, now heroes no more may, The earnings of earlmen. Lo! erst in thy bosom Worthy men won them; war-death hath ravished, Perilous life-bale, all my warriors,

Liegemen beloved, who this life have forsaken, Who hall-pleasures saw. No sword-bearer have I, And no one to burnish the gold-

plated vessel, The high-valued beaker: my heroes are vanished. The hardy helmet behung with gilding

Shall bereaved of its riches: the ring-cleansers slumber Who were charged to have ready visors-for-battle,

And the burnie that bided in battle-encounter O'er breaking of war-shields the bite of the edges Moulds with the hero. The ring-twisted armor, Its lord being lifeless, no longer may journey Hanging by heroes; harp-joy is vanished,

The rapture of glee-wood, no excellent falcon

Swoops through the building, no swift-footed charger Grindeth the gravel. A grievous destruction

No few of the world-folk widely hath scattered!" So, woful of spirit one after all

Lamented mournfully, moaning in sadness By day and by night, till death with its billows

Dashed on his spirit. Then the ancient dusk-scather Found the great treasure standing all open,

He who flaming and fiery flies to the barrows, Naked war-dragon, nightly escapeth Encompassed with fire; men under heaven Widely beheld him. 'Tis said that he looks for The hoard in the earth, where old he is guarding

The heathenish treasure; he'll be nowise the better. So three-hundred winters the waster of peoples Held upon earth that excellent hoard-hall,

Till the forementioned earlman angered him bitterly: The beat-plated beaker he bare to his chieftain

And fullest remission for all his remissness

Begged of his liegelord. Then the hoards was discovered, The treasure was taken, his petition was granted

The lorn-mooded Hegeman. His lord regarded

The old-work of earth-folk-'twas the earliest occasion. When the dragon awoke, the strife was renewed there;

He snuffed 'long the stone then, stout-hearted found he The footprint of foeman; too far had he gone

With cunning craftiness close to the head of

The fire-spewing dragon. So undoomed he may 'scape from Anguish and exile with ease who possesseth

The favor of Heaven. The hoard-warden eagerly

Searched o'er the ground then, would meet with the person That caused him sorrow while in slumber reclining: Gleaming and wild he oft went round the cavern,

All of it outward; not any of earthmen

Was seen in that desert. Yet he joyed in the battle, Rejoiced in the conflict: oft he turned to the barrow, Sought for the gem-cup; this he soon perceived then That some man or other had discovered the gold,

The famous folk-treasure. Not fain did the hoard-ward Wait until evening; then the ward of the barrow

Was angry in spirit, the loathed one wished to Pay for the dear-valued drink-cup with fire.

Then the day was done as the dragon would have it, He no longer would wait on the wall, but departed Fire-impelled, flaming . Fearful the start was

To earls in the land, as it early thereafter

To their giver-of-gold was grievously ended.

Part XXXIII

The stranger began then to vomit forth fire,

To burn the great manor; the blaze then glimmered For anguish to earlmen, not anything living

Was the hateful air-goer willing to leave there. The war of the worm widely was noticed,

The feud of the foeman afar and arrear,

How the enemy injured the earls of the Geatmen, Harried with hatred: back he hied to the treasure,

To the well-hidden cavern ere the coming of daylight. He had circled with fire the folk of those regions, With brand and burning; in the barrow he trusted,

In the wall and his war-might: the weening deceived him. Then straight was the horror to Beowulf published,

Early forsooth, that his own native homestead, The best of buildings, was burning and melting, Gift-seat of Geatmen. 'Twas a grief to the spirit

Of the good-mooded hero, the greatest of sorrows: The wise one weened then that wielding his kingdom

'Gainst the ancient commandments, he had bitterly angered The Lord everlasting: with lorn meditations

His bosom welled inward, as was nowise his custom. The fire-spewing dragon fully had wasted

The fastness of warriors, the water-land outward, The manor with fire. The folk-ruling hero,

Prince of the Weders, was planning to wreak him. The warmen's defender bade them to make him, Earlmen's atheling, an excellent war-shield Wholly of iron: fully he knew then

That wood from the forest was helpless to aid him, Shield against fire. The long-worthy ruler

Must live the last of his limited earth-days,

Of life in the world and the worm along with him, Though he long had been holding hoard-wealth in plenty. Then the ring-prince disdained to seek with a war-band, With army extensive, the air-going ranger;

He felt no fear of the foeman's assaults and He counted for little the might of the dragon,

His power and prowess: for previously dared he A heap of hostility, hazarded dangers,

War-thane, when Hrothgar's palace he cleansed, Conquering combatant, clutched in the battle The kinsmen of Grendel, of kindred detested.

'Twas of hand-fights not least where Higelac was slaughtered, When the king of the Geatmen with clashings of battle, Friend-lord of folks in Frisian dominions,

Offspring of Hrethrel perished through sword-drink, With battle-swords beaten; thence Beowulf came then On self-help relying, swam through the waters;

He bare on his arm, lone-going, thirty

Outfits of armor, when the ocean he mounted. The Hetwars by no means had need to be boastful Of their fighting afoot, who forward to meet him Carried their war-shields: not many returned from

The brave-mooded battle-knight back to their homesteads. Ecgtheow's bairn o'er the bight-courses swam then,

Lone-goer lorn to his land-folk returning,

Where Hygd to him tendered treasure and kingdom, Rings and dominion: her son she not trusted,

To be able to keep the kingdom devised him 'Gainst alien races, on the death of King Higelac.

Yet the sad ones succeeded not in persuading the atheling In any way ever, to act as a suzerain

To Heardred, or promise to govern the kingdom;

Yet with friendly counsel in the folk he sustained him, Gracious, with honor, till he grew to be older, Wielded the Weders. Wide-fleeing outlaws,

Ohthere's sons, sought him o'er the waters:

They had stirred a revolt 'gainst the helm of the Scylfings, The best of the sea-kings, who in Swedish dominions Distributed treasure, distinguished folk-leader.

'Twas the end of his earth-days; injury fatal

By swing of the sword he received as a greeting, Offspring of Higelac; Ongentheow's bairn Later departed to visit his homestead,

When Heardred was dead; let Beowulf rule them, Govern the Geatmen: good was that folk-king.

Part XXXIV

He planned requital for the folk-leader's ruin In days thereafter, to Eadgils the wretched Becoming an enemy. Ohthere's son then

Went with a war-troop o'er the wide-stretching currents With warriors and weapons: with woe-journeys cold he After avenged him, the king's life he took.

So he came off uninjured from all of his battles, Perilous fights, offspring of Ecgtheow,

From his deeds of daring, till that day most momentous When he fate-driven fared to fight with the dragon.

With eleven companions the prince of the Geatmen Went lowering with fury to look at the fire-drake : Inquiring he'd found how the feud had arisen, Hate to his heroes; the highly-famed gem-vessel

Was brought to his keeping through the hand of th' informer. That in the throng was thirteenth of heroes,

That caused the beginning of conflict so bitter, Captive and wretched, must sad-mooded thenceward Point out the place: he passed then unwillingly

To the spot where he knew of the notable cavern, The cave under earth, not far from the ocean, The anger of eddies, which inward was full of Jewels and wires: a warden uncanny,

Warrior weaponed, wardered the treasure,

Old under earth; no easy possession For any of earth-folk access to get to.

Then the battle-brave atheling sat on the naze-edge, While the gold-friend of Geatmen gracious saluted His fireside-companions: woe was his spirit,

Death-boding, wav'ring; Weird very near him,

Who must seize the old hero, his soul-treasure look for, Dragging aloof his life from his body:

Not flesh-hidden long was the folk-leader's spirit. Beowulf spake, Ecgtheow's son:

"I survived in my youth-days many a conflict, Hours of onset: that all I remember.

I was seven-winters old when the jewel-prince took me, High-lord of heroes, at the hands of my father,

Hrethel the hero-king had me in keeping,

Gave me treasure and feasting, our kinship remembered; Not ever was I any less dear to him

Knight in the boroughs, than the bairns of his household, Herebald and Hrethcyn and Higelac mine.

To the eldest unjustly by acts of a kinsman

Was murder-bed strewn, since him Hrethcyn from horn-bow His sheltering chieftain shot with an arrow,

Erred in his aim and injured his kinsman,

One brother the other, with blood-sprinkled spear: 'Twas a feeless fight, finished in malice,

Sad to his spirit; the folk-prince however

Had to part from existence with vengeance untaken. So to hoar-headed hero 'tis heavily crushing

To live to see his son as he rideth

Young on the gallows: then measures he chanteth, A song of sorrow, when his son is hanging

For the raven's delight, and aged and hoary He is unable to offer any assistance.

Every morning his offspring's departure

Is constant recalled: he cares not to wait for The birth of an heir in his borough-enclosures,

Since that one through death-pain the deeds hath experienced. He heart-grieved beholds in the house of his son the

Wine-building wasted, the wind-lodging places Reaved of their roaring; the riders are sleeping,

The knights in the grave; there's no sound of the harp-wood, Joy in the yards, as of yore were familiar.

Part XXXV

"He seeks then his chamber, singeth a woe-song One for the other; all too extensive

Seemed homesteads and plains. So the helm of the Weders Mindful of Herebald heart-sorrow carried,

Stirred with emotion, nowise was able

To wreak his ruin on the ruthless destroyer:

He was unable to follow the warrior with hatred,

With deeds that were direful, though dear he not held him. Then pressed by the pang this pain occasioned him,

He gave up glee, God-light elected;

He left to his sons, as the man that is rich does, His land and fortress, when from life he departed.

Then was crime and hostility 'twixt Swedes and Geatmen, O'er wide-stretching water warring was mutual, Burdensome hatred, when Hrethel had perished,

And Ongentheow's offspring were active and valiant, Wished not to hold to peace oversea, but

Round Hreosna-beorh often accomplished Cruelest massacre. This my kinsman avenged, The feud and fury, as 'tis found on inquiry,

Though one of them paid it with forfeit of life-joys, With price that was hard: the struggle became then Fatal to Hrethcyn, lord of the Geatmen.

Then I heard that at morning one brother the other With edges of irons egged on to murder,

Where Ongentheow maketh onset on Eofor: The helmet crashed, the hoary-haired Scylfing Sword-smitten fell, his hand then remembered

Feud-hate sufficient, refused not the death-blow. The gems that he gave me, with jewel-bright sword I 'Quited in contest, as occasion was offered:

Land he allowed me, life-joy at homestead, Manor to live on. Little he needed

From Gepids or Danes or in Sweden to look for Trooper less true, with treasure to buy him; 'Mong foot-soldiers ever in front I would hie me, Alone in the vanguard, and evermore gladly Warfare shall wage, while this weapon endureth That late and early often did serve me

When I proved before heroes the slayer of Dreghrefn, Knight of the Hugmen: he by no means was suffered To the king of the Frisians to carry the jewels,

The breast-decoration; but the banner-possessor Bowed in the battle, brave-mooded atheling.

No weapon was slayer, but war-grapple broke then The surge of his spirit, his body destroying.

Now shall weapon's edge make war for the treasure, And hand and firm-sword." Beowulf spake then, Boast-words uttered-the latest occasion:

"I braved in my youth-days battles unnumbered; Still am I willing the struggle to look for,

Fame-deeds perform, folk-warden prudent, If the hateful despoiler forth from his cavern Seeketh me out!" Each of the heroes,

Helm-bearers sturdy, he thereupon greeted Beloved co-liegemen-his last salutation:

"No brand would I bear, no blade for the dragon, Wist I a way my word-boast to 'complish

Else with the monster, as with Grendel I did it; But fire in the battle hot I expect there, Furious flame-bu rning: so I fixed on my body Target and war-mail. The ward of the barrow

I'll not flee from a foot-length, the foeman uncanny. At the wall 'twill befall us as Fate decreeth,

Each one's Creator. I am eager in spirit,

With the winged war-hero to away with all boasting. Bide on the barrow with burnies protected,

Earls in armor, which of us two may better Bear his disaster, when the battle is over.

'Tis no matter of yours, and man cannot do it, But me and me only, to measure his strength with The monster of malice, might-deeds to 'complish. I with prowess shall gain the gold, or the battle, Direful death-woe will drag off your ruler!"

The mighty champion rose by his shield then,

Brave under helmet, in battle-mail went he

'Neath steep-rising stone-cliffs, the strength he relied on Of one man alone: no work for a coward.

Then he saw by the wall who a great many battles

Had lived through, most worthy, when foot-troops collided, Stone-arches standing, stout-hearted champion,

Saw a brook from the barrow bubbling out thenceward: The flood of the fountain was fuming with war-flame: Not nigh to the hoard, for season the briefest

Could he brave, without burning, the abyss that was yawning,

The drake was so fiery. The prince of the Weders Caused then that words came from his bosom, So fierce was his fury; the firm-hearted shouted:

His battle-clear voice came in resounding

'Neath the gray-colored stone. Stirred was his hatred, The hoard-ward distinguished the speech of a man; Time was no longer to look out for friendship.

The breath of the monster issued forth first, Vapory war-sweat, out of the stone-cave:

The earth re-echoed. The earl 'neath the barrow Lifted his shield, lord of the Geatmen,

Tow'rd the terrible stranger: the ring-twisted creature's Heart was then ready to seek for a struggle.

The excellent battle-king first brandished his weapon, The ancient heirloom, of edges unblunted,

To the death-planners twain was terror from other.

The lord of the troopers intrepidly stood then

'Gainst his high-rising shield, when the dragon coiled him Quickly together: in corslet he bided.

He went then in blazes, bended and striding, Hasting him forward. His life and body

The targe well protected, for time-period shorter Than wish demanded for the well-renowned leader, Where he then for the first day was forced to be victor, Famous in battle, as Fate had not willed it.

The lord of the Geatmen uplifted his hand then, Smiting the fire-drake with sword that was precious, That bright on the bone the blade-edge did weaken, Bit more feebly than his folk-leader needed,

Burdened with bale-griefs. Then the barrow-protector, When the sword-blow had fallen, was fierce in his spirit, Flinging his fires, flamings of battle

Gleamed then afar: the gold-friend ofWeders Boasted no conquests, his battle-sword failed him Naked in conflict, as by no means it ought to, Long-trusty weapon. 'Twas no slight undertaking That Ecgtheow's famous offspring would leave

The drake-cavern's bottom; he must live in some region Other than this, by the will of the dragon,

As each one of earthmen existence must forfeit. 'Twas early thereafter the excellent warriors Met with each other. Anew and afresh

The hoard-ward took heart (gasps heaved then his bosom):

Sorrow he suffered encircled with fire

Who the people erst governed. His companions by no means Were banded about him, bairns of the princes,

With valorous spirit, but they sped to the forest, Seeking for safety. The soul-deeps of one were Ruffled by care: kin-love can never

Aught in him waver who well doth consider.

Part XXXVI

The son ofWeohstan was Wiglaf entitled, Shield-warrior precious, prince of the Scylfings,

.IElfhere's kinsman: he saw his dear liegelord Enduring the heat 'neath helmet and visor.

Then he minded the holding that erst he had given him, The Wregmunding warriors ' wealth-blessed homestead, Each of the folk-rights his father had wielded;

He was hot for the battle, his hand seized the target, The yellow-bark shield, he unsheathed his old weapon,

Which was known among earthmen as the relic of Eanmund, Ohthere's offspring, whom, exiled and friendless,

Weohstan did slay with sword-edge in battle,

And carried his kinsman the clear-shining helmet, The ring-made burnie, the old giant-weapon

That Onela gave him, his boon-fellow's armor, Ready war-trappings: he the feud did not mention, Though he'd fatally smitten the son of his brother. Many a half-year held he the treasures,

The bill and the burnie, till his bairn became able, Like his father before him, fame-deeds to 'complish; Then he gave him 'mong Geatmen a goodly array of Weeds for his warfare; he went from life then

Old on his journey. 'Twas the earliest time then

That the youthful champion might charge in the battle Aiding his liegelord; his spirit was dauntless.

Nor did kinsman's bequest quail at the battle:

This the dragon discovered on their coming together. Wiglaf uttered many a right-saying,

Said to his fellows, sad was his spirit:

"I remember the time when, tasting the mead-cup, We promised in the hall the lord of us all

Who gave us these ring-treasures, that this battle-equipment, Swords and helmets, we'd certainly quite him,

Should need of such aid ever befall him:

In the war-band he chose us for this journey spontaneously, Stirred us to glory and gave me these jewels,

Since he held and esteemed us trust-worthy spearmen, Hardy helm-bearers, though this hero-achievement Our lord intended alone to accomplish,

Ward of his people, for most of achievements, Doings audacious, he did among earth-folk.

The day is now come when the ruler of earthmen Needeth the vigor of valiant heroes:

Let us wend us towards him, the war-prince to succor, While the heat yet rageth , horrible fire-fight.

God wot in me, 'tis mickle the liefer

The blaze should embrace my body and eat it

With my treasure-bestower. Meseemeth not proper To bear our battle-shields back to our country, 'Less first we are able to fell and destroy the

Long-hating foeman, to defend the life of

The prince of the Weders. Well do I know 'tisn't Earned by his exploits, he only of Geatmen Sorrow should suffer, sink in the battle:

Brand and helmet to us both shall be common,

Shield-cover, burnie." Through the bale-smoke he stalked then, Went under helmet to the help of his chieftain,

Briefly discoursing: "Beowulf dear,

Perform thou all fully, as thou formerly saidst, In thy youthful years, that while yet thou livedst

Thou wouldst let thine honor not ever be lessened. Thy life thou shalt save, mighty in actions, Atheling undaunted, with all of thy

vigor;

I'll give thee assistance." The dragon came raging,

Wild-mooded stranger, when these words had been uttered ('Twas the second occasion), seeking his enemies,

Men that were hated, with hot-gleaming fire-waves; With blaze-billows burned the board to its edges: The fight-armor failed then to furnish assistance

To the youthful spear-hero: but the young-aged stripling Quickly advanced 'neath his kinsman's war-target,

Since his own had been ground in the grip of the fire. Then the warrior-king was careful of glory,

He soundly smote with sword-for-the-battle, That it stood in the head by hatred driven; Nregling was shivered, the old and iron-made Brand of Beowulf in battle deceived him.

'Twas denied him that edges of irons were able To help in the battle; the hand was too mighty Which every weapon, as I heard on inquiry,

Outstruck in its stroke, when to struggle he carried The wonderful war-sword: it waxed him no better. Then the people-despoiler-third of his onsets Fierce-raging fire-drake, of feud-hate was mindful, Charged on the strong one, when chance was afforded, Heated and war-grim, seized on his neck

With teeth that were bitter; he bloody did wax with Soul-gore seething; sword-blood in waves boiled.

Part XXXVII

Then I heard that at need of the king of the people The upstanding earlman exhibited prowess,

Vigor and courage, as suited his nature;

He his head did not guard, but the high-minded liegeman's Hand was consumed, when he succored his kinsman,

So he struck the strife-bringing strange-comer lower, Earl-thane in armor, that in went the weapon Gleaming and plated, that 'gan then the fire

Later to lessen. The liegelord himself then

Retained his consciousness, brandished his war-knife, Battle-sharp, bitter, that he bare on his armor:

The Weder-lord cut the worm in the middle. They had felled the enemy (life drove out then Puissant prowess), the pair had destroyed him,

Land-chiefs related: so a liegeman should prove him,

A thaneman when needed. To the prince 'twas the last of His era of conquest by his own great achievements,

The latest of world-deeds. The wound then began

Which the earth-dwelling dragon erstwhile had wrought him To burn and to swell. He soon then discovered

That bitterest bale-woe in his bosom was raging, Poison within. The atheling advanced then, That along by the wall, he prudent of spirit Might sit on a settle; he saw the giant-work, How arches of stone strengthened with pillars The earth-hall eternal inward supported.

Then the long-worthy liegeman laved with his hand the Far-famous chieftain, gory from sword-edge, Refreshing the face of his friend-lord and ruler,

Sated with battle, unbinding his helmet.

Beowulf answered, of his injury spake he, His wound that was fatal (he was fully aware He had lived his allotted life-days enjoying The pleasures of earth; then past was entirely His measure of days, death very near):

"My son I would give now my battle-equipments, Had any of heirs been after me granted,

Along of my body. This people I governed Fifty of winters: no king 'mong my neighbors

Dared to encounter me with comrades-in-battle, Try me with terror. The time to me ordered

I bided at home, mine own kept fitly, Sought me no snares, swore me not many Oaths in injustice. Joy over all this

I'm able to have, though ill with my death-wounds; Hence the Ruler of Earthmen need not charge me With the killing of kinsmen, when cometh my life out Forth from my body. Fare thou with haste now

To behold the hoard 'neath the hoar-grayish stone, Well-loved Wiglaf, now the worm is a-lying,

Sore-wounded sleepeth, disseized of his treasure. Go thou in haste that treasures of old I,

Gold-wealth may gaze on, together see lying The ether-bright jewels, be easier able, Having the heap of hoard-gems, to yield my

Life and the land-folk whom long I have govern ed."

Part XXXVIII

Then heard I that Wihstan's son very quickly, These words being uttered, heeded his liegelord Wounded and war-sick, went in his armor,

His well-woven ring-mail, 'neath the roof of the barrow. Then the trusty retainer treasure-gems many Victorious saw, when the seat he came near to,

Gold-treasure sparkling spread on the bottom, Wonder on the wall, and the worm-creature's cavern, The ancient dawn-flier's, vessels a-standing,

Cups of the ancients of cleansers bereaved,

Robbed of their ornaments: there were helmets in numbers, Old and rust-eaten, arm-bracelets many,

Artfully woven. Wealth can easily,

Gold on the sea-bottom, turn into vanity

Each one of earthmen, arm him who pleaseth!

And he saw there lying an all-golden banner High o'er the hoard, of hand-wonders greatest, Linked with lacets: a light from it sparkled,

That the floor of the cavern he was able to look on, To examine the jewels. Sight of the dragon

Not any was offered, but edge offcarried him.

Then I heard that the hero the hoard-treasure plundered, The giant-work ancient reaved in the cavern,

Bare on his bosom the beakers and platters,

As himself would fain have it, and took off the standard,

The brightest of beacons; the bill had erst injured (Its edge was of iron), the old-ruler's weapon, Him who long had watched as ward of the jewels, Who fire-terror carried hot for the treasure, Rolling in battle, in middlemost darkness,

Till murdered he perished. The messenger hastened, Not loth to return, hurried by jewels:

Curiosity urged him if, excellent-mooded, Alive he should find the lord of the Weders

Mortally wounded, at the place where he left him.

'Mid the jewels he found then the famous old chieftain, His liegelord beloved, at his life's-end gory:

He thereupon 'gan to lave him with water,

Till the point of his word pierced his breast-hoard. Beowulf spake (the gold-gems he noticed),

The old one in sorrow: "For the jewels I look on Thanks do I utter for all to the Ruler,

Wielder of Worship, with words of devotion,

The Lord everlasting, that He let me such treasures Gain for my people ere death overtook me.

Since I've bartered the aged life to me granted For treasure of jewels, attend ye henceforward

The wants of the war-thanes; I can wait here no longer. The battle-famed bid ye to build them a grave-hill, Bright when I'm burned, at the brim-current's limit; As a memory-mark to the men I have governed,

Aloft it shall tower on Whale's-Ness uprising, That earls of the ocean hereafter may call it Beowulf s barrow, those who barks ever-dashing

From a distance shall drive o'er the darkness of waters." The bold-mooded troop-lord took from his neck then The ring that was golden, gave to his Hegeman,

The youthful war-hero, his gold-flashing helmet,

His collar and war-mail, bade him well to enjoy them: "Thou art latest left of the line of our kindred, OfWregmunding people: Weird hath offcarried

All of my kinsmen to the Creator's glory, Earls in their vigor: I shall after them fare." 'Twas the aged liegelord's last-spoken word in His musings of spirit, ere he mounted the fire,

The battle-waves burning: from his bosom departed His soul to seek the sainted ones' glory.

Part XXXIX

It had wofully chanced then the youthful retainer To behold on earth the most ardent-beloved

At his life-days' limit, lying there helpless. The slayer too lay there, of life all bereaved, Horrible earth-drake, harassed with sorrow:

The round-twisted monster was permitted no longer To govern the ring-hoards, but edges of war-swords Mightily seized him, battle-sharp, sturdy

Leavings of hammers, that still from his wounds The flier-from-farland fell to the earth

Hard by his hoard-house, hopped he at midnight Not e'er through the air, nor exulting in jewels

Suffered them to see him: but he sank then to earthward Through the hero-chiefs handwork. I heard sure it throve then But few in the land ofliegemen of valor,

Though of every achievement bold he had proved him, To run 'gainst the breath of the venomous scather,

Or the hall of the treasure to trouble with hand-blows, Ifhe watching had found the ward of the hoard-hall On the barrow abiding. Beowulf s part of

The treasure of jewels was paid for with death; Each of the twain had attained to the end of Life so unlasting. Not long was the time till The tardy-at-battle returned from the thicket, The timid truce-breakers ten all together, Who durst not before play with

the lances

In the prince of the people's pressing emergency;

But blushing with shame, with shields they betook them, With arms and armor where the old one was lying:

They gazed upon Wiglaf. He was sitting exhausted, Foot-going fighter, not far from the shoulders

Of the lord of the people, would rouse him with water;

No whit did it help him; though he hoped for it keenly, He was able on earth not at all in the leader

Life to retain, and nowise to alter

The will of the Wielder; the World-Ruler's power Would govern the actions of each one of heroes,

As yet He is doing. From the young one forthwith then Could grim-worded greeting be got for him quickly Whose courage had failed him. Wiglaf discoursed then, Weohstan his son, sad-mooded hero,

Looked on the hated: "He who soothness will utter Can say that the liegelord who gave you the jewels, The ornament-armor wherein ye are standing, When on ale-bench often he offered to hall-men Helmet and burnie, the prince to his liegemen,

As best upon earth he was able to find him,- That he wildly wasted his war-gear undoubtedly

When battle o'ertook him. The troop-king no need had To glory in comrades; yet God permitted him,

Victory-Wielder, with weapon unaided Himself to avenge, when vigor was needed. I life-protection but little was able

To give him in battle, and I 'gan, notwithstanding, Helping my kinsman (my strength overtaxing):

He waxed the weaker when with weapon I smote on My mortal opponent, the fire less strongly

Flamed from his bosom. Too few of protectors Came round the king at the critical moment.

Now must ornament-taking and weapon-bestowing, Home-joyance all, cease for your kindred,

Food for the people; each of your warriors

Must needs be bereaved of rights that he holdeth In landed possessions, when faraway nobles Shall learn of your leaving your lord so basely, The dastardly deed. Death is more pleasant

To every earlman than infamous life is!"

Part XL

Then he charged that the battle be announced at the hedge Up o'er the cliff-edge, where the earl-troopers bided

The whole of the morning, mood-wretched sat them, Bearers of battle-shields, both things expecting,

The end of his lifetime and the coming again of The liegelord beloved. Little reserved he

Of news that was known, who the ness-cliff did travel, But he truly discoursed to all that could hear him:

"Now the free-giving friend-lord of the folk of the Weders, The folk-prince of Geatmen, is fast in his death-bed,

By the deeds of the dragon in death-bed abideth; Along with him lieth his life-taking foeman

Slain with knife-wounds: he was wholly unable To injure at all the ill-planning monster

With bite of his sword-edge. Wiglaf is sitting, Offspring ofWihstan, up over Beowulf,

Earl o'er another whose end-day hath reached him, Head-watch holdeth o'er heroes unliving,

For friend and for foeman. The folk now expecteth A season of strife when the death of the folk-king To Frankmen and Frisians in far-lands is published. The war-hatred waxed warm 'gainst the Hugmen, When Higelac came with an army of vessels

Faring to Friesland, where the Frankmen in battle Humbled him and bravely with overmight 'complished That the mail-clad warrior must sink in the battle,

Fell 'mid his folk-troop: no fret-gems presented The atheling to earlmen; aye was denied us Merewing's mercy. The men of the Swedelands For truce or for truth trust I but little;

But widely 'twas known that near Ravenswood Ongentheow Sundered Hcethcyn the Hrethling from life-joys,

When for pride overweening the War-Scylfings first did Seek the Geatmen with savage intentions.

Early did Ohthere's age-laden father, Old and terrible, give blow in requital,

Killing the sea-king, the queen-mother rescued, The old one his consort deprived of her gold, Onela's mother and Ohthere's also,

And then followed the feud-nursing foemen till hardly, Reaved of their ruler, they Ravenswood entered.

Then with vast-numbered forces he assaulted the remnant, Weary with wounds, woe often promised

The livelong night to the sad-hearted war-troop:

Said he at morning would kill them with edges of weapons, Some on the gallows for glee to the fowls.

Aid came after to the anxious-in-spirit At dawn of the day, after Higelac's bugle

And trumpet-sound heard they, when the good one proceeded And faring followed the flower of the troopers.

Part XLI

"The blood-stained trace of Swedes and Geatmen, The death-rush ofwarmen, widely was noticed, How the folks with each other feud did awaken.

The worthy one went then with well-beloved comrades, Old and dejected to go to the fastness,

Ongentheo earl upward then turned him; Of Higelac's battle he'd heard on inquiry,

The exultant one's prowess, despaired of resistance, With earls of the ocean to be able to struggle, 'Gainst sea-going sailors to save the hoard-treasure, His wife and his children; he fled after thenceward

Old 'neath the earth-wall. Then was offered pursuance To the braves of the Swedemen, the banner to Higelac. They fared then forth o'er the field-of-protection,

When the Hrethling heroes hedgeward had thronged them. Then with edges of irons was Ongentheow driven,

The gray-haired to tarry, that the troop-ruler had to Suffer the power solely of Eofor:

Wulf then wildly with weapon assaulted him, Wonred his son, that for swinge of the edges The blood from his body burst out in currents, Forth 'neath his hair. He feared not however, Gray-headed Scylfing, but speedily quited

The wasting wound-stroke with worse exchange, When the king of the thane-troop thither did turn him: The wise-mooded son ofWonred was powerless

To give a return-blow to the age-hoary man,

But his head-shielding helmet first hewed he to pieces, That flecked with gore perforce he did totter,

Fell to the earth; not fey was he yet then,

But up did he spring though an edge-wound had reached him. Then Higelac's vassal, valiant and dauntless,

When his brother lay dead, made his broad-bladed weapon, Giant-sword ancient, defence of the giants,

Bound o'er the shield-wall; the folk-prince succumbed then, Shepherd of people, was pierced to the vitals.

There were many attendants who bound up his kinsman, Carried him quickly when occasion was granted

That the place of the slain they were suffered to manage.

This pending, one hero plundered the other, His armor of iron from Ongentheow ravished, His hard-sword hilted and helmet together; The old one's equipments he carried to Higelac.

He the jewels received, and rewards 'mid the troopers Graciously promised, and so did accomplish:

The king of the Weders requited the war-rush, Hrethel's descendant, when home he repaired him, To Eofor and Wulf with wide-lavished treasures, To each of them granted a hundred of thousands In land and rings wrought out of wire:

None upon mid-earth needed to twit him

With the gifts he gave them, when glory they conquered; And to Eofor then gave he his one only daughter,

The honor of home, as an earnest of favor.

That's the feud and hatred-as ween I 'twill happen The anger of earthmen, that earls of the Swedemen Will visit on us, when they hear that our leader Lifeless is lying, he who longtime protected

His hoard and kingdom 'gainst hating assailers, Who on the fall of the heroes defended of yore The deed-mighty Scyldings, did for the troopers What best did avail them, and further moreover

Hero-deeds 'complished. Now is haste most fitting, That the lord ofliegemen we look upon yonder, And that one carry on journey to death-pyre

Who ring-presents gave us. Not aught of it all

Shall melt with the brave one-there's a mass of bright jewels, Gold beyond measure, grewsomely purchased

And ending it all ornament-rings too Bought with his life; these fire shall devour, Flame shall cover, no earlman shall wear

A jewel-memento, nor beautiful virgin Have on her neck rings to adorn her,

But wretched in spirit bereaved of gold-gems She shall oft with others be exiled and banished,

Since the leader of liegemen hath laughter forsaken, Mirth and merriment. Hence many a war-spear

Cold from the morning shall be clutched in the fingers, Heaved in the hand, no harp-music's sound shall Waken the warriors, but the wan-coated raven

Fain over fey ones freely shall gabble,

Shall say to the eagle how he sped in the eating,

When, the wolf his companion, he plundered the slain." So the high-minded hero was rehearsing these stories Loathsome to hear; he lied as to few of

Weirds and of words. All the war-troop arose then, 'Neath the Eagle's Cape sadly betook them, Weeping and woful, the wonder to look at.

They saw on the sand then soulless a-lying,

His slaughter-bed holding, him who rings had given them In days that were done; then the death-bringing moment Was come to the good one, that the king very warlike, Wielder ofWeders, with wonder-death perished.

First they beheld there a creature more wondrous, The worm on the field, in front of them lying,

The foeman before them: the fire-spewing dragon, Ghostly and grisly guest in his terrors,

Was scorched in the fire; as he lay there he measured Fifty offeet; came forth in the night-time

To rejoice in the air, thereafter departing

To visit his den; he in death was then fastened, He would joy in no other earth-hollowed caverns. There stood round about him beakers and vessels, Dishes were lying and dear-valued weapons,

With iron-rust eaten, as in earth's mighty bosom A thousand of winters there they had rested:

That mighty bequest then with magic was guarded, Gold of the ancients, that earlman not any

The ring-hall could touch, save Ruling-God only, Sooth-king of Vict'ries gave whom He wished to (He is earth-folk's protector) to open the treasure,

E'en to such among mortals as seemed to Him proper.

Part XLII

Then 'twas seen that the journey prospered him little Who wrongly within had the ornaments hidden Down 'neath the wall. The warden erst slaughtered Some few of the folk-troop: the feud then thereafter Was hotly avenged. 'Tis a wonder where,

When the strength-famous trooper has attained to the end of Life-days allotted, then no longer the man may

Remain with his kinsmen where mead-cups are flowing. So to Beowulf happened when the ward of the barrow, Assaults, he sought for: himself had no knowledge

How his leaving this life was likely to happen.

So to doomsday, famous folk-leaders down did Call it with curses-who 'complished it there-

That that man should be ever of ill-deeds convicted, Confined in foul-places, fastened in hell-bonds,

Punished with plagues, who this place should e'er ravage. He cared not for gold: rather the Wielder's

Favor preferred he first to get sight of. Wiglaf discoursed then, Wihstan his son:

"Oft many an earlman on one man's account must Sorrow endure, as to us it hath happened.

The liegelord beloved we could little prevail on, Kingdom's keeper, counsel to follow,

Not to go to the guardian of the gold-hoard, but let him Lie where he long was, live in his dwelling

Till the end of the world. Met we a destiny Hard to endure: the hoard has been looked at,

Been gained very grimly; too grievous the fate that The prince of the people pricked to come thither. I was therein and all of it looked at,

The building's equipments, since access was given me, Not kindly at all entrance permitted

Within under earth-wall. Hastily seized I

And held in my hands a huge-weighing burden Of hoard-treasures costly, hither out bare them To my liegelord beloved: life was yet in him,

And consciousness also; the old one discoursed then Much and mournfully, commanded to greet you, Bade that remembering the deeds of your friend-lord Ye build on the fire-hill of corpses a lofty

Burial-barrow, broad and far-famous,

As 'mid world-dwelling warriors he was widely most honored While he reveled in riches. Let us rouse us and hasten

Again to see and seek for the treasure,

The wonder 'neath wall. The way I will show you, That close ye may look at ring-gems sufficient

And gold in abundance. Let the bier with promptness Fully be fashioned, when forth we shall come,

And lift we our lord, then, where long he shall tarry, Well-beloved warrior, 'neath the Wielder's protection." Then the son of Wihstan bade orders be given,

Mood-valiant man, to many of heroes,

Holders of homesteads, that they hither from far, Leaders of liegemen, should look for the good one

With wood for his pyre: "The flame shall now swallow (The wan fire shall wax) the warriors ' leader

Who the rain of the iron often abided,

When, sturdily hurled, the storm of the arrows Leapt o'er linden-wall, the lance rendered service, Furnished with feathers followed the arrow."

Now the wise-mooded son ofWihstan did summon The best of the braves from the band of the ruler Seven together; 'neath the enemy's roof he

Went with the seven; one of the heroes

Who fared at the front, a fire-blazing torch-light Bare in his hand. No lot then decided

Who that hoard should havoc, when hero-earls saw it Lying in the cavern uncared-for entirely,

Rusting to ruin: they rued then but little

That they hastily hence hauled out the treasure,

The dear-valued jewels; the dragon eke pushed they, The worm o'er the wall, let the wave-currents take him, The waters enwind the ward of the treasures .

There wounden gold on a wain was uploaded, A mass unmeasured , the men-leader off then, The hero hoary, to Whale's-Ness was carried.

Part XLIII

The folk of the Geatmen got him then ready A pile on the earth strong for the burning, Behung with helmets, hero-knights' targets,

And bright-shining burnies, as he begged they should have them; Then wailing war-heroes their world-famous chieftain,

Their liegelord beloved, laid in the middle. Soldiers began then to make on the barrow The largest of dead-fires : dark o'er the vapor

The smoke-cloud ascended, the sad-roaring fire, Mingled with weeping (the wind-roar subsided) Till the building of bone it had broken to pieces, Hot in the heart. Heavy in spirit

They mood-sad lamented the men-leader's ruin; And mournful measures the much-grieving widow

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The men of the Weders made accordingly A hill on the height, high and extensive,

Of sea-going sailors to be seen from a distance,

And the brave one's beacon built where the fire was, In ten-days' space, with a wall surrounded it,

As wisest of world-folk could most worthily plan it. They placed in the barrow rings and jewels,

All such ornaments as erst in the treasure War-mooded men had won in possession:

The earnings of earlmen to earth they entrusted, The gold to the dust, where yet it remaineth

As useless to mortals as in foregoing eras.

'Round the dead-mound rode then the doughty-in-battle, Bairns of all twelve of the chiefs of the people,

More would they mourn, lament for their ruler, Speak in measure, mention him with pleasure, Weighed his worth, and his warlike achievements Mightily commended, as 'tis meet one praise his Liegelord in words and love him in spirit,

When forth from his body he fares to destruction. So lamented mourning the men of the Geats, Fond-loving vassals, the fall of their lord,

Said he was kindest of kings under heaven, Gentlest of men, most winning of manner, Friendliest to folk-troops and fondest of honor.

1.5.2 Reading and Review Questions

1. Are Grendel and his mother symbolic? Do they represent something to the characters? Does the dragon at the end symbolize something else?

2. What do each of the stories-within-the-story add to the overall theme of Beowulf? How do they foreshadow later events?

3. What is explicitly Christian in Beowulf, and what isn't? How much does Christianity influence the story?

4. How does Beowulf represent ideas about family/kinship? What should the audience emulate, and are there warnings about kin?

5. Is Beowulf a good hero and/or a good king? To what extent in each case?Give evidence.

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1.5: Judith

Author unknown

At least late tenth century, possibly earlier

Old English / Anglo-Saxon

Like *Beowulf*, the only copy of the poem *Judith* is found in one manuscript— the same manuscript as *Beowulf*. Unlike *Beowulf*, this poem is not the only extant version of the story. The Book of Judith was removed from the Protestant Bible during the Reformation, but remains in the Roman Catholic Bible and Eastern Orthodox Bible. It is no coincidence that *Judith* and *Beowulf* are next to each other in the manuscript; as described in the poem, Judith is a female version of Beowulf, albeit a decidedly more Christian one. There may be "shield-bearing warriors" (11) all around her, but it is Judith who wields the sword against Holofernes as a warrior for God. Holofernes may be an Assyrian general, but both he and the Hebrew maiden Judith are described in ways that the Danish Beowulf or the Anglo-Saxon audience for the poem would recognize: Holofernes is a "gold-friend of men" (22), and Judith is awarded her fair share of the spoils of battle just like any other warrior. The poem is written in alliterative verse, with two half-lines separated by a caesura (pause). Like *Beowulf*, the poem has kennings (such as the "gold-friend" mentioned above—the lord who gives his retainers gold); like *The Dream of the Rood*, some of the half-lines are short (following the standard rhythm), and some of the half-lines are hypermetrical (adding extra syllables). At 348 lines, the Anglo-Saxon poem is only a fragment of the complete story found in the Biblical version, which takes a far less heroic tone than the poem (the Biblical story makes Holofernes far less dangerous and Judith far less brave). In the poem, Judith's war-like attributes are balanced with repeated descriptions of her as a holy woman. Judith's beauty may be described in a vaguely pagan way as "elf- brilliant" (14), but the poem's Christian emphasis on her holiness as a handmaiden of the Lord takes this Old Testament figure and paints her as the warrior-version of a New Testament saint.

1.6.1 Selections from *Judith*

Part I

[The glorious Creator's] gifts doubted she [not]

Upón this wide earth; then found she there ready

Help from the mighty Prince, when she most need did have

Of grace from the highest Judge, that her 'gainst the greatest terror

The Lord of Creation should shield. That Father in heaven to her

The Glorious-in-mind did grant, for thát firm faith she had

Ín the Almighty ever. Then heard I that Holofernes

Wine-summons eagerly wrought, and with all wonders a glorious

Banquet had hé prepared; to thát bade the prince of men

All his noblest thanes. Thát with mickle haste

Did the warriors-with-shields perform; came to the mighty chief

The people's leaders going. Ón the fourth day was that

After that Judith, cunning in mind,

The elf-sheen virgin, him first had sought.

Part II

They then at the feast proceeded to sit,

The proud to the wine-drinking, all his comrades-in-ill,

Bold mailèd-warriors. There were lofty beakers

Oft borne along the benches, alsó were cups and flagons

Full to the hall-sitters borne. The fated partook of them,

Brave warriors-with-shields, though the mighty weened not of it,

Awful lord of earls. Thén was Holofernes,

Gold-friend of men, full of wine-joy:

He laughed and clamored, shouted and dinned,

That children of men from afar might hear

How the strong-minded both stormed and yelled,

Moody and mead-drunken, often admonished

The sitters-on-benches to bear themselves well.

Thus did the hateful one during all day

His liege-men [loyal] keep plying with wine,

Stout-hearted giver of treasure, untíl they lay in a swoon,

He drenched all his nobles [with drink], as if they were slain in death,

Deprived of each one of goods. Thus bade the prince of men

The sitters-in-hall to serve, untíl to children of men

The darkening night drew nigh. He bade then, filled with hate,

The blessed maiden with haste to fetch

To his bed of rest, laden with jewels,

Adorned with rings. They quickly performed,

The attendant thanes, what their lord them bade,

Mailed-warriors' prince; like a flash they stepped

Into the guest-room, where they Judith

Wise-minded found, and quickly then

The warriors-with-shields began to lead

The glorious maid to the lofty tent

Where the mighty himself always rested

By night within, to the Saviour hateful,

Holofernes. There wás an all-golden

Beautiful fly-net around the folk-warrior's

Bed suspended, só that the hateful

Was able to look through, the chief of warriors,

Upon each one that therein came

Of the sons of heroes, and on him no one

Of the race of men, unless the proud some one

Of the strong-in-war bade to him nearer

Of warriors for counsel to come. They then to him at rest brought

Quickly the cunning woman; went then the stout-in-heart

The men their lord to tell that the holy woman was

Brought to his chamber-tent. The famous then in mind

Was glad, the ruler of cities; he thought the beautiful maiden

With spot and stain to defile: that Judge of glory would not

Allow, the Keeper of honor, but him from that deed restrained

The Lord, the Ruler of hosts. Went then the devilish one,

The wanton [warrior-prince], with [mickle] band of men,

The baleful his bed to seek, where hé his life should lose

Quickly within one night; he had then his end attained

On earth ungentle [end], such as before he wrought for,

The mighty prince of men, while in this world he was,

While he dwelt under roof of the clouds. Then fell so drunk with wine

The mighty [chief] on his bed, as if he knew no rede

Within his place of wit; the warriors stepped

Oút from the chamber with mickle haste,

The wine-filled men, whó the oath-breaker,

Hateful folk-hater, had led to his bed

For the very last time. Then was the Saviour's

Glorious maiden earnestly mindful

How she the terrible most easily might

Of life deprive before the lustful,

The wanton, awoke. The wreathed-locked took then,

The Creator's handmaid, a sharp-edged sword

Hardened by war-strokes, and drew from its sheath

With hér right hand; then Keeper of heaven

By name she gan name, Saviour of all

Dwellers-in-th' world, and this word she spake:

"Thee, God of Creation, and Spirit of Comfort,

Son of the Almighty, will I [now] pray

For thine own mercy to me in my need,

Trinity's Glory. To me greatly now then

My heart is inflamed, and my mind is sad,

Sorely with sorrows oppressed; grant, Lord of Heaven, to me

Victory and faith without fear, that I with this sword may be able

To hew down this dealer of murder; grant [too] my safety to me,

Strong-hearted Leader of men; ne'er in this world had I

Of thy mercy more urgent need: avenge now, mighty Lord,

Glorious Giver of honor, that I am so angry in mind,

So heated within my breast." Hér then the highest Judge

Quickly with courage inspired, as doth he [ever] each one

Of dwellers here [upon earth], who him for help to them seek

With rede and righteous belief. Then roomy in mind she became,

The holy one's hope was renewed; then took she the heathen man

Fast by his own [long] hair, with hands him towards her she drew

With marks of contempt, and the baleful one

With cunning laid down, the loathsome man,

As she the accursèd most easily might

Wield at her will. Struck then the curly-locked

The hostile foe with shining sword,

The hateful-minded, that half-way she cut

The [evil one's] neck, that he lay in a swoon,

Drunken and wounded. Not yet was he dead,

Thoroughly lifeless; struck she then earnestly,

The maiden brave-minded, a second time

The heathen hound, that his head rolled off

Forth on the floor: the foul corpse lay

Lifeless behind, went the spirit elsewhere

Beneath the deep earth, and there was disgraced,

In torment bound ever thereafter,

Surrounded with serpents, with tortures encompassed,

Strongly enchained in the fire of hell

After his death. He need never hope,

Enveloped with darkness, that thence he may go

Out of that worm-hall, but there shall he dwell

Ever for ever without end henceforth

In that dark home, of hope-joys deprived.

Part III

Then had she gained glorious honor,

Judith in war, as God to her granted,

The Ruler of Heaven, who gave to her victory.

The cunning maid then quickly brought

The army-leader's head so bloody

In that [very] vessel in which her attendant,

The fair-faced woman, food for them both,

In virtues renowned, thither had brought,

And it then so gory to her gave in hand,

To the thoughtful-in-mind to bear to their home,

Judith to her maid. Went they forth thence,

The women both in courage bold,

Until they had come, proud in their minds,

The women triumphant, out from the army,

So that they plainly were able to see

Of that beautiful city the walls [fair] shine,

Béthulía. Then jewel-decked théy

Upon the foot-path hastened to go,

Until glad-minded they had arrived

At the gate of the wall. The warriors sat,

The watching men were keeping ward

Within that fortress, as before to the folk,

Sad in their minds, Judith had bidden,

The cunning maiden, when she went on her journey,

The stout-hearted woman. Then again was she come,

Dear to her people, and then quickly ordered

The wise-minded woman some one of the men

To come to meet her from out the wide city,

And hér in haste to admit within

Through the gate of the wall, and this word she spake

To the victor-folk: “To you can I say

A thought-worthy thing, that no longer ye need

Mourn in your minds: your Creator is kind,

Glory of kings: that ís become known

Wide through the world, that to you is success

Glorious at hand, and honor is granted

For [all] those sorrows which long ye suffered.”

Glad then were they, the dwellers-in-borough,

After they heard how the holy one spake

O’er the high wall. The host was in joy.

To the fortress-gate the people hastened,

Men, women together, in troops and heaps,

In crowds and throngs, hurried and ran

To meet the Lord’s maid by thousands and thousands,

Both old and young: to each one became

Of men in the mead-city his mind rejoiced,

After they knew that Judith was come

Again to her home, and then in haste

With reverence théy allowed her to enter.

Then bade the clever, with gold adorned,

Her servant-maid, thoughtful-in-mind,

The army-leader's head to uncover,

And it as a proof bloody to show

To the city-folk how she speeded in war.

Then spake the noble one to all the folk:

"Here ye may clearly, victory-blessed warriors,

Chiefs of the people, upón the most hateful

Heathen hero's head fix your gaze,

On Holofernes deprived of life,

Who chiefest of men wrought murders for us,

Sorest sorrows, and that yet more

Would he increase: but God him granted not

A longer life, that hé with woes

Might still afflict us. Of life I deprived him

By help of God. Now I every man

Of these city-dwellers will [earnestly] pray,

Of shield-bearing warriors, that ye yourselves quickly

Hasten to fight; when the God of creation,

The glorious King, shall send from the east

Bright beams of light, bear forth your shields,

Boards before breasts and coats-of-mail,

Bright helmets [too] among the foes,

To fell the folk-leaders with shining swords,

The fated chiefs. Your foes are now

Condemned to death, and ye glory shall gain,

Honor in battle, as to you hath betokened

The mighty Lord through mine own hand."

Then the band of the brave was quickly prepared,

Of the bold for battle; stepped out the valiant

Men and comrades, bore their banners,

Went forth to fight straight on their way

The heroes 'neath helmets from the holy city

At the dawn itself; shields made a din,

Loudly resounded. Thereat laughed the lank

Wolf in the wood, and the raven wan,

Fowl greedy for slaughter: both of them knew

That for them the warriors thought to provide

Their fill on the fated; and flew on their track

The dewy-winged eagle eager for prey,

The dusky-coated sang his war-song,

The crooked-beaked. Stepped forth the warriors,

The heroes for battle with boards protected,

With hollow shields, who awhile before

The foreign-folk's reproach endured,

The heathens' scorn; fiercely was thát

At the ash-spear's play to them all repaid,

[All] the Assyrians, after the Hebrews

Under their banners had [boldly] advanced

To the army-camps. They bravely then

Forthright let fly showers of arrows,

Of battle-adders, óut from the horn-bows,

Of strongly-made shafts; stormed they aloud,

The cruel warriors, sent forth their spears

Among the brave; the heroes were angry,

The dwellers-in-land, with the loathéd race;

The stern-minded stepped, the stout-in-heart,

Rudely awakened their ancient foes

Weary from mead; with hands drew forth

The men from the sheaths the brightly-marked swords

Most choice in their edges, eagerly struck

Of the [host of] Assyrians the battle-warriors,

The hostile-minded; not one they spared

Of the army-folk, nor low nor high

Of living men, whom thέy might subdue.

Part XII

Thus then the thanes in the morning-hours

Pressed on the strangers unceasinglý,

Until they perceived, those who were hostile,

The army-folk's chiefest leaders,

That upón them sword-strokes mighty bestowed

The Hebrew men. They thát in words

To their most noted chiefs of the people

Went to announce, waked helmeted warriors

And to thém with fear the dread news told,

To the weary-from-mead the morning-terror,

The hateful sword-play. Then learnt I that quickly

The slaughter-fated men aroused from sleep

Ánd to the baleful›s sleeping-bower

The saddened men pressed ón in crowds,

To Holofernes: they only were thinking

To their own lord to make known the fight,

Ere terror on him should take its seat,

The might of the Hebrews. They all imagined

That the prince of men and the handsome maid

In the beautiful tent were [still] together,

Judith the noble and the lustful one,

Dreadful and fierce; though no earl there was

Whó the warrior durst [then] awake,

Or durst discover how the helmeted warrior

With the holy maid had passed his time,

The Creator's handmaid. The force approached,

The folk of the Hebrews, courageously fought

With hard battle-arms, fiercely repaid

Their former fights with shining swords,

The old-time grudge; was óf the Assyrians

By thát day's work the glory diminished,

The pride brought low. The warriors stood

'Round their prince's tent strongly excited,

Gloomy in mind. They then all together

Began to groan, to cry aloud

And gnash with their teeth,—afar from God,—

Showing their anger; 'twas the end of their glory,

Of joy and valor. The earls were thinking

To awaken their lord; they did not succeed.

Then at last and too late was one so bold

Of the battle-warriors that to the bower-tent

He daringly ventured, since need him compelled:

Found he then on the bed lying deadly-pale

His [own] gold-giver of breath bereft,

Of life deprived. Then quickly he fell

Astounded to earth, gan tear his hair,

Excited in mind, and his garments too,

And this word he spake to the warriors [brave],

Who saddened there were standing without:

"Here is displayed our own destruction,

The future betokened, that it is to the time

Now amongst men almost arrived,

When wé our lives shall lose together,

In battle perish: here lies with sword hewn

Our lord beheaded." They then sad-in-mind

Threw down their weapons and sorrowful went

To hasten in flight. They fought on their tracks,

The mighty folk, till the greatest part

Of the army lay, in battle struck down,

On the victor-plain, hewn down with swords,

To wolves for pleasure, and to slaughter-greedy

Fowls for a joy. Those who lived fled

The shields of their foes. Went on their tracks

The Hebrews' host, honored with victory,

With glory ennobled; them took the Lord God

Fairly to help, the Lord Almighty.

They bravely then with shining swords,

Stout-hearted heroes, a war-path wrought

Through heaps of their foes, hewed down their shields,

Cut through their phalanx: the warriors were

Enraged in battle, the Hebrew men;

The thanes at that time were much delighted

At the combat with spears. Here fell in the dust

The highest part of the chiefest number

Óf the Assyrians' princely nobility,

Of the hateful race; very few came

Alive to their homes. The nobly-bold turned,

Warriors retiring, among the slaughtered,

The smoking corpses; it was time to take

For the dwellers-in-land from the loathsome ones,

Their ancient foes deprived of life,

The gory booty, the shining trappings,

Shields and broad swords, brown-colored helmets,

Precious treasures. Gloriously had they

On thát folk-place their foes overcome,

The defenders of home their ancient foes

With swords put-to-sleep: behind them rested

Those who in life were most hateful to them

Of living races. Then all the people,

Of tribes most renowned, for one month's space,

The proud twisted-locked, bore and carried

To that bright city, Bethulia [named],

Helmets and hip-swords, hoary byrnies,

War-trappings of men adorned with gold,

More precious treasures than any man

Of the cunning-in-mind may be able to tell,

All that the warriors with might had won,

The bold under banners on the battle-place

By means of Judith's [most] clever lore,

The moody maid's. As meed for her

From that expedition, they brought for herself,

The spear-strong earls, of Holofernes

The sword and gory helm, likewíse the byrnie broad,

Adorned with reddish gold, all that the warrior-chief,

The brave, of treasure had, or individual wealth,

Of rings and jewels bright; thát to the lady fair,

The wise-in-mind, gave thév. For all that Judith said

Glory to the Lord of hosts, who honor to her gave,

Fame in realm of earth, and meed in heaven too,

Reward in the glory of heaven, because true faith she had

Ín the Almighty ever; now at last she doubted not

Of the meed which long she yearned for. For that to the dear Lord be

Glory for ever and ever, who made both wind and air,

The heavens and roomy lands, likewíse the rushing streams,

And joys of firmament too by means of his mercy mild.

1.6.2 Reading and Review Questions

- Why is Judith able to defeat Holofernes so easily? In what ways does she fit the definition of an epic hero, and in what ways doesn't she?
- What do you think that the golden net around Holofernes' bed might symbolize, and why?
- Research how Anglo-Saxons viewed elves. Why might they have used the description "elf-brilliant" for her?
- What are some examples of understatement in the story, and why are they there?
- How does the depiction of religion in *Judith* compare to the depictions of religion in *Beowulf* and *The Dream of the Rood*? What might be the reasons for any differences?

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1.6: The Wanderer

Author unknown

At least late tenth century, possibly much earlier

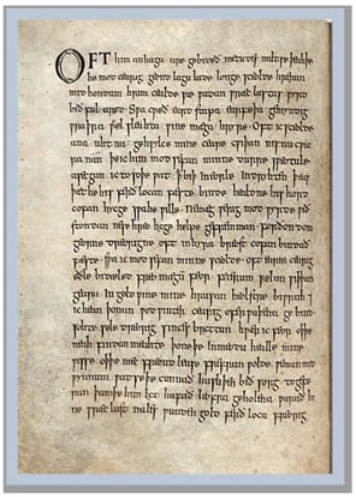


Image 1.7 | First Page of The Wanderer
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The Wanderer is found only in the manuscript known as the Exeter Book, which was copied in the late tenth century. The 115-line poem follows the usual Anglo- Saxon pattern of short alliterative half-lines separated by a caesura (pause). The wanderer (or "earth- stepper") has buried his lord (his "gold-friend") and finds himself alone in the world. Members of a lord's *comitatus*, or war band, were expected to die alongside their leader in battle; the wanderer is looking for a new lord as he suffers through the uncertainty, loneliness, and physical hardships of exile. The poem begins and ends with references to Christianity, with a kenning near the end of the poem with God as "Shaper of Men;" the only certainty that the speaker has is that there is a "safe home" waiting for him in heaven. The rest of the poem focuses on what he has lost. Like *The Ruin* and *The Seafarer*, also found in the Exeter Book, *The Wanderer* is what is known as an "*ubi sunt*" poem (Latin for "where has"). In J.R.R. Tolkien's *The Two Towers*, Aragorn recites a poem about Eorl the Young that begins "Where now the horse and the rider? Where is the horn that was blowing?" (142; the movie transfers the speech to King Theoden), which was drawn directly from *The Wanderer*'s "Where has the horse gone? Where is the man?" Because of its theme, *The Wanderer* is usually classified as a type of elegy, or lament for what has been lost.

1.7.1 Bibliography

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The Lord of the Rings: The Two Towers. Directed by Peter Jackson. New Line Cinema and Wingnut Films. 2002.

1.7.2 *The Wanderer*

Often the solitary man prays for favour, for the mercy of the Lord, though, sad at heart, he must needs stir with his bands for a weary while the icy sea across the watery ways, must journey the paths of exile; settled in truth is fate! So spoke the wanderer, mindful of hardships, of cruel slaughters, of the fall of kinsmen:

'Often I must bewail my sorrows in my loneliness at the dawn of each day; there is none of living men now to whom I dare speak my heart openly. I know for a truth that it is a noble custom for a man to bind fast the thoughts of his heart, to treasure his broodings, let him think as he will. Nor can the weary in mood resist fate, nor does the fierce thought avail anything. Wherefore

those eager for glory often bind fast in their secret hearts a sad thought. So I, sundered from my native land, far from noble kinsmen, often sad at heart, had to fetter my mind, when in years gone by the darkness of the earth covered my gold-friend, and I went thence in wretchedness with wintry care upon me over the frozen waves, gloomily sought the hall of a treasure-giver wherever I could find him far or near, who might know me in the mead hall or comfort me, left without friends, treat me with kindness. He knows who puts it to the test how cruel a comrade is sorrow for him who has few dear protectors; his is the path of exile, in no wise the twisted gold; a chill body, in no wise the riches of the earth; he thinks of retainers in hall and the receiving of treasure, of how in his youth his gold-friend was kind to him at the feast. The joy has all perished. Wherefore he knows this who must long forgo the counsels of his dear lord and friend, when sorrow and sleep together often bind the poor solitary man; it seems to him in his mind that he clasps and kisses his lord and lays hands and head on his knee, as when erstwhile in past days he was near the gift-throne; then the friendless man wakes again, sees before him the dark waves, the sea-birds bathing, spreading their feathers; frost and snow falling mingled with hail. Then heavier are the wounds in his heart, sore for his beloved; sorrow is renewed. Then the memory of kinsmen crosses his mind; he greets them with songs; he gazes on them eagerly. The companions of warriors swim away again; the souls of sailors bring there not many known songs. Care is renewed in him who must needs send very often his weary mind over the frozen waves. And thus I cannot think why in this world my mind becomes not overcast when I consider all the life of earls, how of a sudden they have given up hall, courageous retainers. So this world each day passes and falls; for a man cannot become wise till he has his share of years in the world. A wise man must be patient, not over-passionate, nor over-hasty of speech, nor over-weak or rash in war, nor over-fearful, nor over-glad, nor over-covetous, never over-eager to boast ere he has full knowledge.) A man must bide his time, when he boasts in his speech, until he knows well in his pride whither the thoughts of the mind will turn. A wise man must see how dreary it will be when all the riches of this world stand waste, as in different places throughout this world walls stand, blown upon by winds, hung with frost, the dwellings in ruins. The wine halls crumble; the rulers lie low, bereft of joy; the mighty warriors have all fallen in their pride by the wall; war carried off some, bore them on far paths; one the raven bore away over the high sea; one the grey wolf gave over to death; one an earl with sad face hid in the earth-cave. Thus did the Creator of men lay waste this earth till the old work of giants stood empty, free from the revel of castle-dwellers. Then he who has thought wisely of the foundation of things and who deeply ponders this dark life, wise in his heart, often turns his thoughts to the many slaughters of the past, and speaks these words:

‘“Whither has gone the horse? Whither has gone the man? Whither has gone the giver of treasure? Whither has gone the place of feasting? Where are the joys of hall? Alas, the bright cup! Alas, the warrior in his corslet! Alas, the glory of the prince! How that time has passed away, has grown dark under the shadow of night, as if it had never been! Now in the place of the dear warriors stands a wall, wondrous high, covered with serpent shapes; the might of the ash-wood spears has carried off the earls, the weapon greedy for slaughter—a glorious fate; and storms beat upon these rocky slopes; the falling storm binds the earth, the terror of winter. Then comes darkness, the night shadow casts gloom, sends from the north fierce hailstorms to the terror of men. Everything is full of hardship in the kingdom of earth; the decree of fate changes the world under the heavens. Here possessions are transient, here friends are transient, here man is transient, here woman is transient; all this firm-set earth becomes empty.”’

So spoke the wise man in his heart, and sat apart in thought. Good is he who holds his faith; nor shall a man ever show forth too quickly the sorrow of his breast, except he, the earl, first know how to work its cure bravely. Well is it for him who seeks mercy, comfort from the Father in heaven, where for us all security stands.

1.7.3 Reading and Review Questions

- What are all of the kennings in the poem, and what do they mean?
- Where is the wanderer? Is there any symbolic meaning in the setting of the poem?
- Do the last lines, with their focus on Christianity, fit with the rest of the poem? Why or why not?
- What makes a man wise, according to the poem? How is it an Anglo- Saxon perspective on wisdom, or is it?
- How much does shame play a role in the wanderer’s perspectives? Should he feel shame, in either an Anglo-Saxon or a Christian context?

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1.7: The Wife's Lament

Author unknown

At least late tenth century, possibly earlier

The Wife's Lament survives only in the Exeter Book, just as *The Wanderer* does. It is one of two Old English elegies that are told from the perspective of a woman; instead of a retainer lamenting the loss of his lord, the women lament their separation from a husband or lover (her "lord" regardless of his status). Like *The Wanderer*, the 53-line poem is alliterative, with short half-lines divided by a caesura, or pause. The woman in *The Wife's Lament*, however, does not talk about reuniting with her lord in heaven, as the narrator does in *The Wanderer*. The wife is focused on the anguish of the moment, since she does not know if her lord is dead. Both the wife and the wanderer are in exile, but the wanderer's exile is from the death of his lord, while the wife's exile is from her family when she joins her husband's family. As the wife sits in her "earth-hall" (a kenning for "cave"), lamenting her lot in life, the reader is forced to piece together the few (mostly ambiguous) details she recounts into a coherent story. Scholars argue about how to interpret her circumstances. Has she been separated from her husband by the cruelty of his family, or by his own cruelty (since he apparently has murderous thoughts)? Some scholars suggest that more than one man is involved; some suggest that she is cursing her husband; still others suggest that the "earth-hall" is actually a grave, and she is a ghost.

1.8.1 *The Wife's Lament*

I make this song of my deep sadness, of my own lot. I can say that since I grew up I have not endured miseries new or old more than now. Ever I suffer the torment of my exile. First my lord went hence from his people over the tossing waves. I had sorrow at dawn as to where in the land my lord might be. Then I set out, a friendless exile, to seek helpers in my woeful hard straits. The man's kinsmen began to plot in secret thought to part us, so that we should live most wretchedly, most widely sundered in the world, and a yearning came upon me. My lord bade me take up my dwelling here; few dear loyal friends had I in this place; and so my mind is sad, since I found the man most mated to me unhappy, sad in heart, cloaking his mind, plotting mischief with blithe manner. Full often we two pledged one another that naught but death should divide us; that is changed now. Our friendship now is as if it had not been. I must needs endure the hate of my dear one far and near. They bade me dwell in the forest grove under the oak-tree in the earth-cave. Old is this earth-hall; I am filled with yearning. Dim are the valleys, high the hills, harsh strongholds o'ergrown with briers, dwellings empty of joy. Full often the departure of my lord has seized cruelly upon me. There are loving friends alive on the earth; they have their bed; while alone at dawn I pass through this earth-cave to beneath the oak-tree, where I sit a long summer's day. There I can mourn my miseries, many hardships, for I can never calm my care of mind, nor all that longing which has come upon me in this life. Ever may that youth be sad of mood, grievous the thought of his heart; may he likewise be forced to wear a blithe air and also care in his breast, the affliction of constant sorrows. May all his joy in the world depend on himself only; may he be banished very far in a distant land where my friend sits under a rocky slope chilled by the storm, my friend weary in mind, girt round with water in a sad dwelling. My friend suffers great grief; too often he remembers a happier home. Ill is it for him who must suffer longing for his loved one.

1.8.2 Reading and Review Questions

- Compare the situation of the speakers in *The Wanderer* and *The Wife's Lament*. How are they similar and different?
- Based on the information in the poem itself, why was the wife forced to live in a cave? What are the possible reasons?
- Why does the poem contain so much deliberate ambiguity? What purpose might the multiple possible readings have, if any?
- Why must the wife appear to be cheerful, even if her heart is breaking?
- Based on the poem itself, what evidence suggests that the "earth-hall" might be a grave? What evidence appears to contradict that theory?

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1.8: The Venerable Bede

(c. 673-735 ACE)

Cædmon's Hymn is found in the work of an English monk named Bede (later called the Venerable Bede). Bede's *Ecclesiastical History of the English People*, written in Latin, covers British history from the Roman invasion to 731 ACE, the year the history was completed. In particular, Bede focuses on the conversion of pagan tribes to Christianity: first the Celtic tribes, and then the Anglo-Saxons. Bede credits both Irish and Italian missionaries with doing all of the work to bring about conversions, condemning native Britons for their lack of effort. The process of conversion was still underway when Bede was writing. Early rulers would often convert, and then order their subjects to convert as well, so Bede is careful to record the history of conquests: whoever controls a group potentially controls the religion. Bede's work also features numerous miracle stories, which serve to remind readers both of the power of religion and a reason to convert. The most famous example is the story of the illiterate Caedmon, who is blessed one night with the ability to compose poetry. *Cædmon's Hymn*, composed in Anglo-Saxon and translated by Bede into Latin, is considered one of the earliest example of Anglo-Saxon poetry.

1.9.1 The Story of Cædmon and *Cædmon's Hymn*

Found in the *Ecclesiastical History of the English People*

Completed 731 ACE

Preface

To the most glorious king Ceolwulf . Bede, the servant of Christ and Priest .

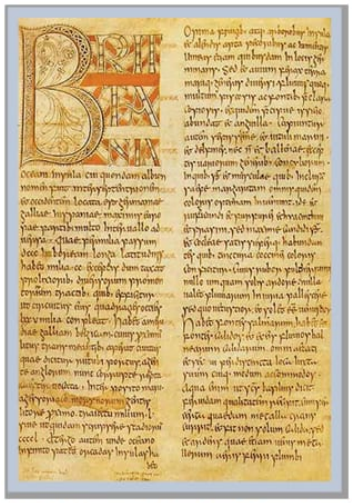


Image 1.8 | Manuscript Image from Cædmon's Hymn
Artist | The Venerable Bede
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I formerly, at your request, most readily sent to you the Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation, which I had lately published, for you to read and judge; and I now send it again to be transcribed, and more fully studied at your leisure. And I rejoice greatly at the sincerity and zeal, with which you not only diligently give ear to hear the words of Holy Scripture, but also industriously take care to become acquainted with the actions and sayings of former men of renown, especially of our own nation. For if history relates good things of good men, the attentive hearer is excited to imitate that which is good; or if it recounts evil things of wicked persons, none the less the conscientious and devout hearer or reader, shunning that which is hurtful and wrong, is the more earnestly fired to perform those things which he knows to be good, and worthy of the service of God. And as you have carefully marked this, you are desirous that the said history should be more fully made known to yourself, and to those over whom the Divine Authority has appointed you governor, from your great regard to the common good. But to the end that I may remove

all occasion of doubting what I have written, both from yourself and other readers or hearers of this history, I will take care briefly to show you from what authors I chiefly learned the same.



Image 1.9 | Memorial to Cædmon
Artist | Rich Tea
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My principal authority and aid in this work was the most learned and reverend Abbot Albinus; who, educated in the Church of Canterbury by those venerable and learned men, Archbishop Theodore of blessed memory, and the Abbot Hadrian, transmitted to me by Nothelm, the pious priest of the Church of London, either in writing, or by word of mouth of the same Nothelm, all that he thought worthy of memory that had been done in the province of Kent, or the adjacent parts, by the disciples of the blessed Pope Gregory, as he had learned the same either from written records, or the traditions of his predecessors. The same Nothelm, afterwards went to Rome, and having, with leave of the present Pope Gregory, searched into the archives of the Holy Roman Church, found there some epistles of the blessed Pope Gregory, and other popes; and, returning home, by the advice of the aforesaid most reverend father Albinus, brought them to me, to be inserted in my history. Thus, from the beginning of this volume to the time when the English nation received the faith of Christ, we have acquired matter from the writings of former men, gathered from various sources; but from that time till the present,what was transacted in the Church of Canterbury by the disciples of the blessed Pope Gregory or their successors, and under what kings the same happened, has been conveyed to us, as we have said, by Nothelm through the industry of the aforesaid Abbot Albinus. They also partly informed me by what bishops and under what kings the provinces of the East and West Saxons, as also of the East Angles, and of the Northumbrians, received the grace of the Gospel. In short, I was chiefly encouraged to undertake this work by the exhortations of the same Albinus. In like manner, Daniel, the most reverend Bishop of the West Saxons, who is still living, communicated to me in writing some things relating to the Ecclesiastical History of that province, and the adjoining one of the South Saxons, as also of the Isle of Wight. But how, by the ministry of those holy priests of Christ, Cedd and Ceadda, the province of the Mercians was brought to the faith of Christ, which they knew not before, and how that of the East Saxons recovered the faith after having rejected it, and how those fathers lived and died, we learned from the brethren of the monastery, which was built by them, and is called Laestingaeu. Further, what ecclesiastical matters took place in the province of the East Angles, was partly made known to us from the writings and tradition of former men, and partly by the account of the most reverend Abbot Esi. What was done with regard to the faith of Christ, and what was the episcopal succession in the province of Lindsey, we had either from the letters of the most reverend prelate Cynibert, or by word of mouth from other persons of good credit. But what was done in the Church in the different parts of the province of Northumbria from the time when they received the faith of Christ till this present, I received not on the authority of any one man, but by the faithful testimony of innumerable witnesses, who might know or remember the same; besides what I had of my own knowledge. Wherein it is to be observed, that what I have written concerning our most holy father, Bishop Cuthbert, either in this volume, or in my account of his life and actions, I partly took from what I found written of him by the brethren of the Church of Lindisfarne, accepting without reserve the statements I found there; but at the same time took care to add such things as I could myself have knowledge of by the faithful testimony of trustworthy informants. And I humbly entreat the reader, that if he shall find in these our writings anything not delivered according to the truth, he will not lay the blame of it on me, for, as the true rule of history requires, withholding nothing, I have laboured to commit to writing such things as I could gather from common report, for the instruction of posterity.

Moreover, I beseech all men who shall hear or read this history of our nation, that for my infirmities both of mind and body, they will offer up frequent intercessions to the throne of Grace. And I further pray, that in recompense for the labour wherewith I have

recorded in the several provinces and more important places those events which I considered worthy of note and of interest to their inhabitants, I may for my reward have the benefit of their pious prayers.

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1.9: Book I

Book I

Chapter I. Of the Situation of Britain and Ireland, and of their ancient inhabitants

Britain, an island in the Atlantic, formerly called Albion, lies to the north- west, facing, though at a considerable distance, the coasts of Germany, France, and Spain, which form the greatest part of Europe. It extends 800 miles in length towards the north, and is 200 miles in breadth, except where several promontories extend further in breadth, by which its compass is made to be 4,875 miles. To the south lies Belgic Gaul. To its nearest shore there is an easy passage from the city of Rutubi Portus, by the English now corrupted into Reptacaestir. The distance from here across the sea to Gessoriacum, the nearest shore in the territory of the Morini, is fifty miles, or as some writers say, 450 furlongs. On the other side of the island, where it opens upon the boundless ocean, it has the islands called Orcades. Britain is rich in grain and trees, and is well adapted for feeding cattle and beasts of burden. It also produces vines in some places, and has plenty of land and water fowl of divers sorts; it is remarkable also for rivers abounding in fish, and plentiful springs. It has the greatest plenty of salmon and eels; seals are also frequently taken, and dolphins, as also whales; besides many sorts of shell-fish, such as mussels, in which are often found excellent pearls of all colours, red, purple, violet and green, but chiefly white. There is also a great abundance of snails, of which the scarlet dye is made, a most beautiful red, which never fades with the heat of the sun or exposure to rain, but the older it is, the more beautiful it becomes. It has both salt and hot springs, and from them flow rivers which furnish hot baths, proper for all ages and both sexes, in separate places, according to their requirements. For water, as St. Basil says, receives the quality of heat, when it runs along certain metals, and becomes not only hot but scalding. Britain is rich also in veins of metals, as copper, iron, lead, and silver; it produces a great deal of excellent jet, which is black and sparkling, and burns when put to the fire, and when set on fire, drives away serpents; being warmed with rubbing, it attracts whatever is applied to it, like amber. The island was formerly distinguished by twenty-eight famous cities, besides innumerable forts, which were all strongly secured with walls, towers, gates, and bars. And, because it lies almost under the North Pole, the nights are light in summer, so that at midnight the beholders are often in doubt whether the evening twilight still continues, or that of the morning has come; since the sun at night returns to the east in the northern regions without passing far beneath the earth. For this reason the days are of a great length in summer, and on the other hand, the nights in winter are eighteen hours long, for the sun then withdraws into southern parts. In like manner the nights are very short in summer, and the days in winter, that is, only six equinoctial hours. Whereas, in Armenia, Macedonia, Italy, and other countries of the same latitude, the longest day or night extends but to fifteen hours, and the shortest to nine.

There are in the island at present, following the number of the books in which the Divine Law was written, five languages of different nations employed in the study and confession of the one self-same knowledge, which is of highest truth and true sublimity, to wit, English, British, Scottish, Pictish, and Latin, the last having become common to all by the study of the Scriptures. But at first this island had no other inhabitants but the Britons, from whom it derived its name, and who, coming over into Britain, as is reported, from Armorica, possessed themselves of the southern parts thereof. Starting from the south, they had occupied the greater part of the island, when it happened, that the nation of the Picts, putting to sea from Scythia, as is reported, in a few ships of war, and being driven by the winds beyond the bounds of Britain, came to Ireland and landed on its northern shores. There, finding the nation of the Scots, they begged to be allowed to settle among them, but could not succeed in obtaining their request. Ireland is the largest island next to Britain, and lies to the west of it; but as it is shorter than Britain to the north, so, on the other hand, it runs out far beyond it to the south, over against the northern part of Spain, though a wide sea lies between them. The Picts then, as has been said, arriving in this island by sea, desired to have a place granted them in which they might settle. The Scots answered that the island could not contain them both; but “We can give you good counsel,” said they, “whereby you may know what to do; we know there is another island, not far from ours, to the eastward, which we often see at a distance, when the days are clear. If you will go thither, you can obtain settlements; or, if any should oppose you, we will help you.” The Picts, accordingly, sailing over into Britain, began to inhabit the northern parts thereof, for the Britons had possessed themselves of the southern. Now the Picts had no wives, and asked them of the Scots; who would not consent to grant them upon any other terms, than that when any question should arise, they should choose a king from the female royal race rather than from the male: which custom, as is well known, has been observed among the Picts to this day. In process of time, Britain, besides the Britons and the Picts, received a third nation, the Scots, who, migrating from Ireland under their leader, Reuda, either by fair means, or by force of arms, secured to themselves those settlements among the Picts which they still possess. From the name of their commander, they are to this day called Dalreudini; for, in their language, Dal signifies a part.

Ireland is broader than Britain and has a much healthier and milder climate; for the snow scarcely ever lies there above three days: no man makes hay in the summer for winter's provision, or builds stables for his beasts of burden. No reptiles are found there, and no snake can live there; for, though snakes are often carried thither out of Britain, as soon as the ship comes near the shore, and the scent of the air reaches them, they die. On the contrary, almost all things in the island are efficacious against poison. In truth, we have known that when men have been bitten by serpents, the scrapings of leaves of books that were brought out of Ireland, being put into water, and given them to drink, have immediately absorbed the spreading poison, and assuaged the swelling.

The island abounds in milk and honey, nor is there any lack of vines, fish, or fowl; and it is noted for the hunting of stags and roe-deer. It is properly the country of the Scots, who, migrating from thence, as has been said, formed the third nation in Britain in addition to the Britons and the Picts.

There is a very large gulf of the sea, which formerly divided the nation of the Britons from the Picts; it runs from the west far into the land, where, to this day, stands a strong city of the Britons, called Alcluith. The Scots, arriving on the north side of this bay, settled themselves there.

Chapter II. How Cain Julius Caesar was the first Roman that came into Britain

Now Britain had never been visited by the Romans, and was entirely unknown to them before the time of Caius Julius Caesar, who, in the year 693 after the foundation of Rome, but the sixtieth year before the Incarnation of our Lord, was consul with Lucius Bibulus. While he was making war upon the Germans and the Gauls, who were divided only by the river Rhine, he came into the province of the Morini, whence is the nearest and shortest passage into Britain. Here, having provided about eighty ships of burden and fast-sailing vessels, he sailed over into Britain; where, being first roughly handled in a battle, and then caught in a storm, he lost a considerable part of his fleet, no small number of foot-soldiers, and almost all his cavalry. Returning into Gaul, he put his legions into winter-quarters, and gave orders for building six hundred sail of both sorts. With these he again crossed over early in spring into Britain, but, whilst he was marching with the army against the enemy, the ships, riding at anchor, were caught in a storm and either dashed one against another, or driven upon the sands and wrecked. Forty of them were lost, the rest, with much difficulty, repaired. Caesar's cavalry was, at the first encounter, defeated by the Britons, and there Labienus, the tribune, was slain. In the second engagement, with great hazard to his men, he defeated the Britons and put them to flight. Thence he proceeded to the river Thames, where a great multitude of the enemy had posted themselves on the farther side of the river, under the command of Cassobellaunus, and fenced the bank of the river and almost all the ford under water with sharp stakes: the remains of these are to be seen to this day, apparently about the thickness of a man's thigh, cased with lead, and fixed immovably in the bottom of the river. This being perceived and avoided by the Romans, the barbarians, not able to stand the charge of the legions, hid themselves in the woods, whence they grievously harassed the Romans with repeated sallies. In the meantime, the strong state of the Trinovantes, with their commander Androgius, surrendered to Caesar, giving him forty hostages. Many other cities, following their example, made a treaty with the Romans. Guided by them, Caesar at length, after severe fighting, took the town of Cassobellaunus, situated between two marshes, fortified by sheltering woods, and plentifully furnished with all necessaries. After this, Caesar returned from Britain into Gaul, but he had no sooner put his legions into winter quarters, than he was suddenly beset and distracted with wars and sudden risings on every side.

Chapter III. How Claudius, the second of the Romans who came into Britain, brought the islands Orcades into subjection to the Roman empire; and Vespasian, sent by him, reduced the Isle of Wight under the dominion of the Romans.

In the year of Rome 798, Claudius, fourth emperor from Augustus, being desirous to approve himself a prince beneficial to the republic, and eagerly bent upon war and conquest on every side, undertook an expedition into Britain, which as it appeared, was roused to rebellion by the refusal of the Romans to give up certain deserters. No one before or after Julius Caesar had dared to land upon the island. Claudius crossed over to it, and within a very few days, without any fighting or bloodshed, the greater part of the island was surrendered into his hands. He also added to the Roman empire the Orcades, which lie in the ocean beyond Britain, and, returning to Rome in the sixth month after his departure, he gave his son the title of Britannicus. This war he concluded in the fourth year of his reign, which is the forty-sixth from the Incarnation of our Lord. In which year there came to pass a most grievous famine in Syria, which is recorded in the Acts of the Apostles to have been foretold by the prophet Agabus.

Vespasian, who was emperor after Nero, being sent into Britain by the same Claudius, brought also under the Roman dominion the Isle of Wight, which is close to Britain on the south, and is about thirty miles in length from east to west, and twelve from north to south; being six miles distant from the southern coast of Britain at the east end, and three at the west. Nero, succeeding Claudius in the empire, undertook no wars at all; and, therefore, among countless other disasters brought by him upon the Roman state, he almost lost Britain; for in his time two most notable towns were there taken and destroyed.

Chap. IV. How Lucius, king of Britain, writing to Pope Eleutherus, desired to be made a Christian.

In the year of our Lord 156, Marcus Antoninus Verus, the fourteenth from Augustus, was made emperor, together with his brother, Aurelius Commodus. In their time, whilst the holy Eleutherus presided over the Roman Church, Lucius, king of Britain, sent a letter to him, entreating that by a mandate from him he might be made a Christian. He soon obtained his pious request, and the Britons preserved the faith, which they had received, uncorrupted and entire, in peace and tranquillity until the time of the Emperor Diocletian.

Chap. V. How the Emperor Severus divided from the rest by a rampart that part of Britain which had been recovered.

In the year of our Lord 189, Severus, an African, born at Leptis, in the province of Tripolis, became emperor. He was the seventeenth from Augustus, and reigned seventeen years. Being naturally of a harsh disposition, and engaged in many wars, he governed the state vigorously, but with much trouble. Having been victorious in all the grievous civil wars which happened in his time, he was drawn into Britain by the revolt of almost all the confederated tribes; and, after many great and severe battles, he thought fit to divide that part of the island, which he had recovered, from the other unconquered nations, not with a wall, as some imagine, but with a rampart. For a wall is made of stones, but a rampart, with which camps are fortified to repel the assaults of enemies, is made of sods, cut out of the earth, and raised high above the ground, like a wall, having in front of it the trench whence the sods were taken, with strong stakes of wood fixed above it. Thus Severus drew a great trench and strong rampart, fortified with several towers, from sea to sea. And there, at York, he fell sick afterwards and died, leaving two sons, Bassianus and Geta; of whom Geta died, adjudged an enemy of the State; but Bassianus, having taken the surname of Antonius, obtained the empire.

Chap. VI. Of the reign of Diocletian, and how he persecuted the Christians.

In the year of our Lord 286, Diocletian, the thirty-third from Augustus, and chosen emperor by the army, reigned twenty years, and created Maximian, surnamed Herculius, his colleague in the empire. In their time, one Carausius, of very mean birth, but a man of great ability and energy, being appointed to guard the sea-coasts, then infested by the Franks and Saxons, acted more to the prejudice than to the advantage of the commonwealth, by not restoring to its owners any of the booty taken from the robbers, but keeping all to himself; thus giving rise to the suspicion that by intentional neglect he suffered the enemy to infest the frontiers. When, therefore, an order was sent by Maximian that he should be put to death, he took upon him the imperial purple, and possessed himself of Britain, and having most valiantly conquered and held it for the space of seven years, he was at length put to death by the treachery of his associate Allectus. The usurper, having thus got the island from Carausius, held it three years, and was then vanquished by Asclepiodotus, the captain of the Praetorian guards, who thus at the end of ten years restored Britain to the Roman empire.

Meanwhile, Diocletian in the east, and Maximian Herculius in the west, commanded the churches to be destroyed, and the Christians to be persecuted and slain. This persecution was the tenth since the reign of Nero, and was more lasting and cruel than almost any before it; for it was carried on incessantly for the space of ten years, with burning of churches, proscription of innocent persons, and the slaughter of martyrs. Finally, Britain also attained to the great glory of bearing faithful witness to God.

Chap. VII. The Passion of St. Alban and his companions, who at that time shed their blood for our Lord.

At that time suffered St. Alban, of whom the priest Fortunatus, in the Praise of Virgins, where he makes mention of the blessed

martyrs that came to the Lord from all parts of the world, says:

And fruitful Britain noble Alban rears.

This Alban, being yet a pagan, at the time when at the bidding of unbelieving rulers all manner of cruelty was practised against the Christians, gave entertainment in his house to a certain clerk, flying from his persecutors. This man he observed to be engaged in continual prayer and watching day and night; when on a sudden the Divine grace shining on him, he began to imitate the example of faith and piety which was set before him, and being gradually instructed by his wholesome admonitions, he cast off the darkness of idolatry, and became a Christian in all sincerity of heart. The aforesaid clerk having been some days entertained by him, it came to the ears of the impious prince, that a confessor of Christ, to whom a martyr's place had not yet been assigned, was concealed at Alban's house. Whereupon he sent some soldiers to make a strict search after him. When they came to the martyr's hut, St. Alban presently came forth to the soldiers, instead of his guest and master, in the habit or long coat which he wore, and was bound and led before the judge.

It happened that the judge, at the time when Alban was carried before him, was standing at the altar, and offering sacrifice to devils. When he saw Alban, being much enraged that he should thus, of his own accord, dare to put himself into the hands of the soldiers, and incur such danger on behalf of the guest whom he had harboured, he commanded him to be dragged to the images of the devils, before which he stood, saying, "Because you have chosen to conceal a rebellious and sacrilegious man, rather than to deliver him up to the soldiers, that his contempt of the gods might meet with the penalty due to such blasphemy, you shall undergo all the punishment that was due to him, if you seek to abandon the worship of our religion." But St. Alban, who had voluntarily declared himself a Christian to the persecutors of the faith, was not at all daunted by the prince's threats, but putting on the armour of spiritual warfare, publicly declared that he would not obey his command. Then said the judge, "Of what family or race are you?"—"What does it concern you," answered Alban, "of what stock I am? If you desire to hear the truth of my religion, be it known to you, that I am now a Christian, and free to fulfil Christian duties."—"I ask your name," said the judge; "tell me it immediately."—"I am called Alban by my parents," replied he; "and I worship ever and adore the true and living God, Who created all things." Then the judge, filled with anger, said, "If you would enjoy the happiness of eternal life, do not delay to offer sacrifice to the great gods." Alban rejoined, "These sacrifices, which by you are offered to devils, neither can avail the worshippers, nor fulfil the desires and petitions of the suppliants. Rather, whosoever shall offer sacrifice to these images, shall receive the everlasting pains of hell for his reward."

The judge, hearing these words, and being much incensed, ordered this holy confessor of God to be scourged by the executioners, believing that he might by stripes shake that constancy of heart, on which he could not prevail by words. He, being most cruelly tortured, bore the same patiently, or rather joyfully, for our Lord's sake. When the judge perceived that he was not to be overcome by tortures, or withdrawn from the exercise of the Christian religion, he ordered him to be put to death. Being led to execution, he came to a river, which, with a most rapid course, ran between the wall of the town and the arena where he was to be executed. He there saw a great multitude of persons of both sexes, and of divers ages and conditions, who were doubtless assembled by Divine inspiration, to attend the blessed confessor and martyr, and had so filled the bridge over the river, that he could scarce pass over that evening. In truth, almost all had gone out, so that the judge remained in the city without attendance. St. Alban, therefore, urged by an ardent and devout wish to attain the sooner to martyrdom, drew near to the stream, and lifted up his eyes to heaven, whereupon the channel was immediately dried up, and he perceived that the water had given place and made way for him to pass. Among the rest, the executioner, who should have put him to death, observed this, and moved doubtless by Divine inspiration hastened to meet him at the appointed place of execution, and casting away the sword which he had carried ready drawn, fell at his feet, praying earnestly that he might rather be accounted worthy to suffer with the martyr, whom he was ordered to execute, or, if possible, instead of him.

Whilst he was thus changed from a persecutor into a companion in the faith and truth, and the other executioners rightly hesitated to take up the sword which was lying on the ground, the holy confessor, accompanied by the multitude, ascended a hill, about half a mile from the arena, beautiful, as was fitting, and of most pleasing appearance, adorned, or rather clothed, everywhere with flowers of many colours, nowhere steep or precipitous or of sheer descent, but with a long, smooth natural slope, like a plain, on its sides, a place altogether worthy from of old, by reason of its native beauty, to be consecrated by the blood of a blessed martyr. On the top of this hill, St. Alban prayed that God would give him water, and immediately a living spring, confined in its channel, sprang up at his feet, so that all men acknowledged that even the stream had yielded its service to the martyr. For it was impossible that the martyr, who had left no water remaining in the river, should desire it on the top of the hill, unless he thought it fitting. The river then having done service and fulfilled the pious duty, returned to its natural course, leaving a testimony of its obedience. Here, therefore, the head of the undaunted martyr was struck off, and here he received the crown of life, which God has promised to them that love him. But he who laid impious hands on the holy man's neck was not permitted to rejoice over his dead body; for his eyes dropped upon the ground at the same moment as the blessed martyr's head fell.

At the same time was also beheaded the soldier, who before, through the Divine admonition, refused to strike the holy confessor.

Of whom it is apparent, that though he was not purified by the waters of baptism, yet he was cleansed by the washing of his own blood, and rendered worthy to enter the kingdom of heaven. Then the judge, astonished at the unwonted sight of so many heavenly miracles, ordered the persecution to cease immediately, and began to honour the death of the saints, by which he once thought that they might have been turned from their zeal for the Christian faith. The blessed Alban suffered death on the twenty-second day of June, near the city of Verulam, which is now by the English nation called Verlamacaestir, or Vaeclingacaestir, where afterwards, when peaceable Christian times were restored, a church of wonderful workmanship, and altogether worthy to commemorate his martyrdom, was erected. In which place the cure of sick persons and the frequent working of wonders cease not to this day.

At that time suffered Aaron and Julius, citizens of the City of Legions, and many more of both sexes in divers places; who, after that they had endured sundry torments, and their limbs had been mangled after an unheard-of manner, when their warfare was accomplished, yielded their souls up to the joys of the heavenly city.

Chap. VIII. How, when the persecution ceased, the Church in Britain enjoyed peace till the time of the Arian heresy.

When the storm of persecution ceased, the faithful Christians, who, during the time of danger, had hidden themselves in woods and deserts and secret caves, came forth and rebuilt the churches which had been levelled to the ground; founded, erected, and finished the cathedrals raised in honour of the holy martyrs, and, as if displaying their conquering standards in all places, celebrated festivals and performed their sacred rites with pure hearts and lips. This peace continued in the Christian churches of Britain until the time of the Arian madness, which, having corrupted the whole world, infected this island also, so far removed from the rest of the world, with the poison of its error; and when once a way was opened across the sea for that plague, straightway all the taint of every heresy fell upon the island, ever desirous to hear some new thing, and never holding firm to any sure belief.

At this time Constantius, who, whilst Diocletian was alive, governed Gaul and Spain, a man of great clemency and urbanity, died in Britain. This man left his son Constantine, born of Helena, his concubine, emperor of the Gauls. Eutropius writes that Constantine, being created emperor in Britain, succeeded his father in the sovereignty. In his time the Arian heresy broke out, and although it was exposed and condemned in the Council of Nicaea, nevertheless, the deadly poison of its evil spread, as has been said, to the Churches in the islands, as well as to those of the rest of the world.

Chap. IX. How during the reign of Gratian, Maximus, being created Emperor in Britain, returned into Gaul with a mighty army.

In the year of our Lord 377, Gratian, the fortieth from Augustus, held the empire for six years after the death of Valens; though he had long before reigned with his uncle Valens, and his brother Valentinian. Finding the condition of the commonwealth much impaired, and almost gone to ruin, and impelled by the necessity of restoring it, he invested the Spaniard, Theodosius, with the purple at Sirmium, and made him emperor of Thrace and the Eastern provinces. At that time, Maximus, a man of energy and probity, and worthy of the title of Augustus, if he had not broken his oath of allegiance, was made emperor by the army somewhat against his will, passed over into Gaul, and there by treachery slew the Emperor Gratian, who in consternation at his sudden invasion, was attempting to escape into Italy. His brother, the Emperor Valentinian, expelled from Italy, fled into the East, where he was entertained by Theodosius with fatherly affection, and soon restored to the empire, for Maximus the tyrant, being shut up in Aquileia, was there taken by them and put to death.

Chap. X. How, in the reign of Arcadius, Pelagius, a Briton, insolently impugned the Grace of God.

In the year of our Lord 394, Arcadius, the son of Theodosius, the forty-third from Augustus, succeeding to the empire, with his brother Honorius, held it thirteen years. In his time, Pelagius, a Briton, spread far and near the infection of his perfidious doctrine, denying the assistance of the Divine grace, being seconded therein by his associate Julianus of Campania, who was impelled by an uncontrolled desire to recover his bishopric, of which he had been deprived. St. Augustine, and the other orthodox fathers, quoted many thousand catholic authorities against them, but failed to amend their folly; nay, more, their madness being rebuked was rather increased by contradiction than suffered by them to be purified through adherence to the truth; which Prosper, the rhetorician, has beautifully expressed thus in heroic verse:—

They tell that one, erewhile consumed with gnawing spite, snake-like attacked Augustine in his writings. Who urged the wretched viper to raise from the ground his head, howsoever hidden in dens of darkness? Either the sea-girt Britons reared him with the fruit of their soil, or fed on Campanian pastures his heart swells with pride.

Chap. XI. How during the reign of Honorius, Gratian and Constantine were created tyrants in Britain; and soon after the former was slain in Britain, and the latter in Gaul.

In the year of our Lord 407, Honorius, the younger son of Theodosius, and the forty- fourth from Augustus, being emperor, two years before the invasion of Rome by Alaric, king of the Goths, when the nations of the Alani, Suevi, Vandals, and many others with them, having defeated the Franks and passed the Rhine, ravaged all Gaul, Gratianus, a citizen of the country, was set up as tyrant in Britain and killed. In his place, Constantine, one of the meanest soldiers, only for the hope afforded by his name, and without any worth to recommend him, was chosen emperor. As soon as he had taken upon him the command, he crossed over into Gaul, where being often imposed upon by the barbarians with untrustworthy treaties, he did more harm than good to the Commonwealth. Whereupon Count Constantius, by the command of Honorius, marching into Gaul with an army, besieged him in the city of Arles, took him prisoner, and put him to death. His son Constans, a monk, whom he had created Caesar, was also put to death by his own follower Count Gerontius, at Vienne.

Rome was taken by the Goths, in the year from its foundation, 1164. Then the Romans ceased to rule in Britain, almost 470 years after Caius Julius Caesar came to the island. They dwelt within the rampart, which, as we have mentioned, Severus made across the island, on the south side of it, as the cities, watch-towers, bridges, and paved roads there made testify to this day; but they had a right of dominion over the farther parts of Britain, as also over the islands that are beyond Britain.

Chap. XII. How the Britons, being ravaged by the Scots and Picts, sought succour from the Romans, who coming a second time, built a wall across the island; but when this was broken down at once by the aforesaid enemies, they were reduced to greater distress than before.

From that time, the British part of Britain, destitute of armed soldiers, of all military stores, and of the whole flower of its active youth, who had been led away by the rashness of the tyrants never to return, was wholly exposed to rapine, the people being altogether ignorant of the use of weapons. Whereupon they suffered many years from the sudden invasions of two very savage nations from beyond the sea, the Scots from the west, and the Picts from the north. We call these nations from beyond the sea, not on account of their being seated out of Britain, but because they were separated from that part of it which was possessed by the Britons, two broad and long inlets of the sea lying between them, one of which runs into the interior of Britain, from the Eastern Sea, and the other from the Western, though they do not reach so far as to touch one another. The eastern has in the midst of it the city Giudi. On the Western Sea, that is, on its right shore, stands the city of Alcluith, which in their language signifies the Rock Cluith, for it is close by the river of that name.

On account of the attacks of these nations, the Britons sent messengers to Rome with letters piteously praying for succour, and promising perpetual subjection, provided that the impending enemy should be driven away. An armed legion was immediately sent them, which, arriving in the island, and engaging the enemy, slew a great multitude of them, drove the rest out of the territories of their allies, and having in the meanwhile delivered them from their worst distress, advised them to build a wall between the two seas across the island, that it might secure them by keeping off the enemy. So they returned home with great triumph. But the islanders building the wall which they had been told to raise, not of stone, since they had no workmen capable of such a work, but of sods, made it of no use. Nevertheless, they carried it for many miles between the two bays or inlets of the sea of which we have spoken; to the end that where the protection of the water was wanting, they might use the rampart to defend their borders from the irruptions of the enemies. Of the work there erected, that is, of a rampart of great breadth and height, there are evident remains to be seen at this day. It begins at about twomiles' distance from the monastery of Aebbercurnig, west of it, at a place called in the Pictish language Peanfahel, but in the English tongue, Penneltun, and running westward, ends near the city of Alcluith.

But the former enemies, when they perceived that the Roman soldiers were gone, immediately coming by sea, broke into the borders, trampled and overran all places, and like men mowing ripe corn, bore down all before them. Hereupon messengers were again sent to Rome miserably imploring aid, lest their wretched country should be utterly blotted out, and the name of a Roman

province, so long renowned among them, overthrown by the cruelties of foreign races, might become utterly contemptible. A legion was accordingly sent again, and, arriving unexpectedly in autumn, made great slaughter of the enemy, obliging all those that could escape, to flee beyond the sea; whereas before, they were wont yearly to carry off their booty without any opposition. Then the Romans declared to the Britons, that they could not for the future undertake such troublesome expeditions for their sake, and advised them rather to take up arms and make an effort to engage their enemies, who could not prove too powerful for them, unless they themselves were enervated by cowardice. Moreover, thinking that it might be some help to the allies, whom they were forced to abandon, they constructed a strong stone wall from sea to sea, in a straight line between the towns that had been there built for fear of the enemy, where Severus also had formerly built a rampart. This famous wall, which is still to be seen, was raised at public and private expense, the Britons also lending their assistance. It is eight feet in breadth, and twelve in height, in astraight line from east to west, as is still evident to beholders. This being presently finished, they gave the dispirited people good advice, and showed them how to furnish themselves with arms. Besides, they built towers to command a view of the sea, at intervals, on the southern coast, where their ships lay, because there also the invasions of the barbarians were apprehended, and so took leave of their allies, never to return again.

After their departure to their own country, the Scots and Picts, understanding that they had refused to return, at once came back, and growing more confident than they had been before, occupied all the northern and farthest part of the island, driving out the natives, as far as the wall. Hereupon a timorous guard was placed upon the fortification, where, dazed with fear, they became ever more dispirited day by day. On the other side, the enemy constantly attacked them with barbed weapons, by which the cowardly defenders were dragged in piteous fashion from the wall, and dashed against the ground. At last, the Britons, forsaking their cities and wall, took to flight and were scattered. The enemy pursued, and forthwith followed a massacre more grievous than ever before; for the wretched natives were torn in pieces by their enemies, as lambs are torn by wild beasts. Thus, being expelled from their dwellings and lands, they saved themselves from the immediate danger of starvation by robbing and plundering one another, adding to the calamities inflicted by the enemy their own domestic broils, till the whole country was left destitute of food except such as could be procured in the chase.

Chap. XIII. How in the reign of Theodosius the younger, in whose time Palladius was sent to the Scots that believed in Christ, the Britons begging assistance of Ætius, the consul, could not obtain it. [446 ACE]

In the year of our Lord 423, Theodosius, the younger, the forty-fifth from Augustus, succeeded Honorius and governed the Roman empire twenty-six years. In the eighth year of his reign, Palladius was sent by Celestinus, the Roman pontiff, to the Scots that believed in Christ, to be their first bishop. In the twenty- third year of his reign, Aetius, a man of note and a patrician, discharged his third consulship with Symmachus for his colleague. To him the wretched remnant of the Britons sent a letter, which began thus:—"To Aetius, thrice Consul, the groans of the Britons." And in the sequel of the letter they thus unfolded their woes:— "The barbarians drive us to the sea; the sea drives us back to the barbarians: between them we are exposed to two sorts of death; we are either slaughtered or drowned." Yet, for all this, they could not obtain any help from him, as he was then engaged in most serious wars with Bledla and Attila, kings of the Huns. And though the year before this Bledla had been murdered by the treachery of his own brother Attila, yet Attila himself remained so intolerable an enemy to the Republic, that he ravaged almost all Europe, attacking and destroying cities and castles. At the same time there was a famine at Constantinople, and soon after a plague followed; moreover, a great part of the wall of that city, with fifty-seven towers, fell to the ground. Many cities also went to ruin, and the famine and pestilential state of the air destroyed thousands of men and cattle.

Chap. XIV. How the Britons, compelled by the great famine, drove the barbarians out of their territories; and soon after there ensued, along with abundance of corn, decay of morals, pestilence, and the downfall of the nation.

In the meantime, the aforesaid famine distressing the Britons more and more, and leaving to posterity a lasting memory of its mischievous effects, obliged many of them to submit themselves to the depredators; though others still held out, putting their trust in God, when human help failed. These continually made raids from the mountains, caves, and woods, and, at length, began to inflict severe losses on their enemies, who had been for so many years plundering the country. The bold Irish robbers thereupon returned home, intending to come again before long. The Picts then settled down in the farthest part of the island and afterwards remained there, but they did not fail to plunder and harass the Britons from time to time.

Now, when the ravages of the enemy at length abated, the island began to abound with such plenty of grain as had never been known in any age before; along with plenty, evil living increased, and this was immediately attended by the taint of all manner of crime; in particular, cruelty, hatred of truth, and love of falsehood; insomuch, that if any one among them happened to be milder than the rest, and more inclined to truth, all the rest abhorred and persecuted him unrestrainedly, as if he had been the enemy of Britain. Nor were the laity only guilty of these things, but even our Lord's own flock, with its shepherds, casting off the easy yoke of Christ, gave themselves up to drunkenness, enmity, quarrels, strife, envy, and other such sins. In the meantime, on a sudden, a grievous plague fell upon that corrupt generation, which soon destroyed such numbers of them, that the living scarcely availed to bury the dead: yet, those that survived, could not be recalled from the spiritual death, which they had incurred through their sins, either by the death of their friends, or the fear of death. Whereupon, not long after, a more severe vengeance for their fearful crimes fell upon the sinful nation. They held a council to determine what was to be done, and where they should seek help to prevent or repel the cruel and frequent incursions of the northern nations; and in concert with their King Vortigern, it was unanimously decided to call the Saxons to their aid from beyond the sea, which, as the event plainly showed, was brought about by the Lord's will, that evil might fall upon them for their wicked deeds.

Chap. XV. How the Angles, being invited into Britain, at first drove off the enemy; but not long after, making a league with them, turned their weapons against their allies.

In the year of our Lord 449, Marcian, the forty-sixth from Augustus, being made emperor with Valentinian, ruled the empire seven years. Then the nation of the Angles, or Saxons, being invited by the aforesaid king, arrived in Britain with three ships of war and had a place in which to settle assigned to them by the same king, in the eastern part of the island, on the pretext of fighting in defence of their country, whilst their real intentions were to conquer it. Accordingly they engaged with the enemy, who were come from the north to give battle, and the Saxons obtained the victory. When the news of their success and of the fertility of the country, and the cowardice of the Britons, reached their own home, a more considerable fleet was quickly sent over, bringing a greater number of men, and these, being added to the former army, made up an invincible force. The newcomers received of the Britons a place to inhabit among them, upon condition that they should wage war against their enemies for the peace and security of the country, whilst the Britons agreed to furnish them with pay. Those who came over were of the three most powerful nations of Germany—Saxons, Angles, and Jutes. From the Jutes are descended the people of Kent, and of the Isle of Wight, including those in the province of the West-Saxons who are to this day called Jutes, seated opposite to the Isle of Wight. From the Saxons, that is, the country which is now called Old Saxony, came the East-Saxons, the South-Saxons, and the West-Saxons. From the Angles, that is, the country which is called Angulus, and which is said, from that time, to have remained desert to this day, between the provinces of the Jutes and the Saxons, are descended the East-Angles, the Midland-Angles, the Mercians, all the race of the Northumbrians, that is, of those nations that dwell on the north side of the river Humber, and the other nations of the Angles. The first commanders are said to have been the two brothers Hengist and Horsa. Of these Horsa was afterwards slain in battle by the Britons, and a monument, bearing his name, is still in existence in the eastern parts of Kent. They were the sons of Victgilsus, whose father was Vitta, son of Vecta, son of Woden; from whose stock the royal race of many provinces trace their descent. In a short time, swarms of the aforesaid nations came over into the island, and the foreigners began to increase so much, that they became a source of terror to the natives themselves who had invited them. Then, having on a sudden entered into league with the Picts, whom they had by this time repelled by force of arms, they began to turn their weapons against their allies. At first, they obliged them to furnish a greater quantity of provisions; and, seeking an occasion of quarrel, protested, that unless more plentiful supplies were brought them, they would break the league, and ravage all the island; nor were they backward in putting their threats into execution. In short, the fire kindled by the hands of the pagans, proved God's just vengeance for the crimes of the people; not unlike that which, being of old lighted by the Chaldeans, consumed the walls and all the buildings of Jerusalem. For here, too, through the agency of the pitiless conqueror, yet by the disposal of the just Judge, it ravaged all the neighbouring cities and country, spread the conflagration from the eastern to the western sea, without any opposition, and overran the whole face of the doomed island. Public as well as private buildings were overturned; the priests were everywhere slain before the altars; no respect was shown for office, the prelates with the people were destroyed with fire and sword; nor were there any left to bury those who had been thus cruelly slaughtered. Some of the miserable remnant, being taken in the mountains, were butchered in heaps. Others, spent with hunger, came forth and submitted themselves to the enemy, to undergo for the sake of food perpetual servitude, if they were not killed upon the spot. Some, with sorrowful hearts, fled beyond the seas. Others, remaining in their own country, led a miserable life of terror and anxiety of mind among the mountains, woods and crags.

Chap. XVI. How the Britons obtained their first victory over the Angles, under the command of Ambrosius, a Roman.

When the army of the enemy, having destroyed and dispersed the natives, had returned home to their own settlements, the Britons began by degrees to take heart, and gather strength, sallying out of the lurking places where they had concealed themselves, and with one accord imploring the Divine help, that they might not utterly be destroyed. They had at that time for their leader, Ambrosius Aurelianus, a man of worth, who alone, by chance, of the Roman nation had survived the storm, in which his parents, who were of the royal race, had perished. Under him the Britons revived, and offering battle to the victors, by the help of God, gained the victory. From that day, sometimes the natives, and sometimes their enemies, prevailed, till the year of the siege of Badon-hill, when they made no small slaughter of those enemies, about forty-four years after their arrival in England. But of this hereafter.

Chap. XVII. How Germanus the Bishop, sailing into Britain with Lupus, first quelled the tempest of the sea, and afterwards that of the Pelagians, by Divine power. [429 ACE]

Some few years before their arrival, the Pelagian heresy, brought over by Agricola, the son of Severianus, a Pelagian bishop, had corrupted with its foul taint the faith of the Britons. But whereas they absolutely refused to embrace that perverse doctrine, and blaspheme the grace of Christ, yet were not able of themselves to confute the subtilty of the unholy belief by force of argument, they bethought them of wholesome counsels and determined to crave aid of the Gallican prelates in that spiritual warfare. Hereupon, these, having assembled a great synod, consulted together to determine what persons should be sent thither to sustain the faith, and by unanimous consent, choice was made of the apostolic prelates, Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, and Lupus of Troyes, to go into Britain to confirm the people's faith in the grace of God. With ready zeal they complied with the request and commands of the Holy Church, and put to sea. The ship sped safely with favouring winds till they were halfway between the coast of Gaul and Britain. There on a sudden they were obstructed by the malevolence of demons, who were jealous that men of such eminence and piety should be sent to bring back the people to salvation. They raised storms, and darkened the sky with clouds. The sails could not support the fury of the winds, the sailors' skill was forced to give way, the ship was sustained by prayer, not by strength, and as it happened, their spiritual leader and bishop, being spent with weariness, had fallen asleep. Then, as if because resistance flagged, the tempest gathered strength, and the ship, overwhelmed by the waves, was ready to sink. Then the blessed Lupus and all the rest, greatly troubled, awakened their elder, that he might oppose the raging elements. He, showing himself the more resolute in proportion to the greatness of the danger, called upon Christ, and having, in the name of the Holy Trinity, taken and sprinkled a little water, quelled the raging waves, admonished his companion, encouraged all, and all with one consent uplifted their voices in prayer. Divine help was granted, the enemies were put to flight, a cloudless calm ensued, the winds veering about set themselves again to forward their voyage, the sea was soon traversed, and they reached the quiet of the wished-for shore. A multitude flocking thither from all parts, received the bishops, whose coming had been foretold by the predictions even of their adversaries. For the evil spirits declared their fear, and when the bishops expelled them from the bodies of the possessed, they made known the nature of the tempest, and the dangers they had occasioned, and confessed that they had been overcome by the merits and authority of these men.

In the meantime the bishops speedily filled the island of Britain with the fame of their preaching and miracles; and the Word of God was by them daily preached, not only in the churches, but even in the streets and fields, so that the faithful and Catholic were everywhere confirmed, and those who had been perverted accepted the way of amendment. Like the Apostles, they acquired honour and authority through a good conscience, learning through the study of letters, and the power of working miracles through their merits. Thus the whole country readily came over to their way of thinking; the authors of the erroneous belief kept themselves in hiding, and, like evil spirits, grieved for the loss of the people that were rescued from them. At length, after long deliberation, they had the boldness to enter the lists. They came forward in all the splendour of their wealth, with gorgeous apparel, and supported by a numerous following; choosing rather to hazard the contest, than to undergo among the people whom they had led astray, the reproach of having been silenced, lest they should seem by saying nothing to condemn themselves. An immense multitude had been attracted thither with their wives and children. The people were present as spectators and judges; the two parties stood there in very different case; on the one side was Divine faith, on the other human presumption; on the one side piety, on the other pride; on the one side Pelagius, the founder of their faith, on the other Christ. The blessed bishops permitted their adversaries to speak first, and their empty speech long took up the time and filled the ears with meaningless words. Then the venerable prelates poured forth the torrent of their eloquence and showered upon them the words of Apostles and Evangelists, mingling the Scriptures with their own discourse and supporting their strongest assertions by the testimony of the written Word. Vainglory was vanquished and unbelief refuted; and the heretics, at every argument put before them, not being able to reply,

confessed their errors. The people, giving judgement, could scarce refrain from violence, and signified their verdict by their acclamations.

Chap. XVIII. How the some holy man gave sight to the blind daughter of a tribune, and then coming to St. Alban, there received of his relics, and left other relics of the blessed Apostles and other martyrs. [429 ACE]

After this, a certain man, who held the office of tribune, came forward with his wife, and brought his blind daughter, a child of ten years of age, to be healed of the bishops. They ordered her to be brought to their adversaries, who, being rebuked by their own conscience, joined their entreaties to those of the child's parents, and besought the bishops that she might be healed. They, therefore, perceiving their adversaries to yield, poured forth a short prayer, and then Germanus, full of the Holy Ghost, invoking the Trinity, at once drew from his side a casket which hung about his neck, containing relics of the saints, and, taking it in his hands, applied it in the sight of all to the girl's eyes, which were immediately delivered from darkness and filled with the light of truth. The parents rejoiced, and the people were filled with awe at the miracle; and after that day, the heretical beliefs were so fully obliterated from the minds of all, that they thirsted for and sought after the doctrine of the bishops.

This damnable heresy being thus suppressed, and the authors thereof confuted, and all the people settled in the purity of the faith, the bishops went to the tomb of the martyr, the blessed Alban, to give thanks to God through him. There Germanus, having with him relics of all the Apostles, and of divers martyrs, after offering up his prayers, commanded the tomb to be opened, that he might lay therein the precious gifts; judging it fitting, that the limbs of saints brought together from divers countries, as their equal merits had procured them admission into heaven, should find shelter in one tomb. These being honourably bestowed, and laid together, he took up a handful of dust from the place where the blessed martyr's blood had been shed, to carry away with him. In this dust the blood had been preserved, showing that the slaughter of the martyrs was red, though the persecutor was pale in death. In consequence of these things, an innumerable multitude of people was that day converted to the Lord.

Chap. XIX. How the same holy man, being detained there by sickness, by his prayers quenched a fire that had broken out among the houses, and was himself cured of his infirmity by a vision. [429 ACE]

As they were returning thence, the treacherous enemy, having, as it chanced, prepared a snare, caused Germanus to bruise his foot by a fall, not knowing that, as it was with the blessed Job, his merits would be but increased by bodily affliction.Whilst he was thus detained some time in the same place by his infirmity, a fire broke out in a cottage neighbouring to that in which he was; and having burned down the other houses which were thatched with reed, fanned by the wind, was carried on to the dwelling in which he lay. The people all flocked to the prelate, entreating that they might lift him in their arms, and save him from the impending danger. But he rebuked them, and in the assurance of his faith, would not suffer himself to be removed. The whole multitude, in terror and despair, ran to oppose the conflagration; but, for the greater manifestation of the Divine power, whatsoever the crowd endeavoured to save, was destroyed; and what the sick and helpless man defended, the flame avoided and passed by, though the house that sheltered the holy man lay open to it, and while the fire raged on every side, the place in which he lay appeared untouched, amid the general conflagration. The multitude rejoiced at the miracle, and was gladly vanquished by the power of God. A great crowd of people watched day and night before the humble cottage; some to have their souls healed, and some their bodies. All that Christ wrought in the person of his servant, all the wonders the sick man performed cannot be told. Moreover, he would suffer no medicines to be applied to his infirmity; but one night he saw one clad in garments as white as snow, standing by him, who reaching out his hand, seemed to raise him up, and ordered him to stand firm upon his feet; from which time his pain ceased, and he was so perfectly restored, that when the day came, with good courage he set forth upon his journey.

Chap. XX. How the same Bishops brought help from Heaven to the Britons in a battle, and then returned home. [430 ACE]

In the meantime, the Saxons and Picts, with their united forces, made war upon the Britons, who in these straits were compelled to take up arms. In their terror thinking themselves unequal to their enemies, they implored the assistance of the holy bishops; who, hastening to them as they had promised, inspired so much confidence into these fearful people, that one would have thought they had been joined by a mighty army. Thus, by these apostolic leaders, Christ Himself commanded in their camp. The holy days of Lent were also at hand, and were rendered more sacred by the presence of the bishops, insomuch that the people being

instructed by daily sermons, came together eagerly to receive the grace of baptism. For a great multitude of the army desired admission to the saving waters, and a wattled church was constructed for the Feast of the Resurrection of our Lord, and so fitted up for the army in the field as if it were in a city. Still wet with the baptismal water the troops set forth; the faith of the people was fired; and where arms had been deemed of no avail, they looked to the help of God. News reached the enemy of the manner and method of their purification, who, assured of success, as if they had to deal with an unarmed host, hastened forward with renewed eagerness. But their approach was made known by scouts. When, after the celebration of Easter, the greater part of the army, fresh from the font, began to take up arms and prepare for war, Germanus offered to be their leader. He picked out the most active, explored the country round about, and observed, in the way by which the enemy was expected, a valley encompassed by hills of moderate height. In that place he drew up his untried troops, himself acting as their general. And now a formidable host of foes drew near, visible, as they approached, to his men lying in ambush. Then, on a sudden, Germanus, bearing the standard, exhorted his men, and bade them all in a loud voice repeat his words. As the enemy advanced in all security, thinking to take them by surprise, the bishops three times cried, “Hallelujah.”A universal shout of the same word followed, and the echoes from the surrounding hills gave back the cry on all sides, the enemy was panic- stricken, fearing, not only the neighbouring rocks, but even the very frame of heaven above them; and such was their terror, that their feet were not swift enough to save them. They fled in disorder, casting away their arms, and well satisfied if, even with unprotected bodies, they could escape the danger; many of them, flying headlong in their fear, were engulfed by the river which they had crossed. The Britons, without a blow, inactive spectators of the victory they had gained, beheld their vengeance complete. The scattered spoils were gathered up, and the devout soldiers rejoiced in the success which Heaven had granted them. The prelates thus triumphed over the enemy without bloodshed, and gained a victory by faith, without the aid of human force. Thus, having settled the affairs of the island, and restored tranquillity by the defeat of the invisible foes, as well as of enemies in the flesh, they prepared to return home. Their own merits, and the intercession of the blessed martyr Alban, obtained for them a calm passage, and the happy vessel restored them in peace to the desires of their people.

Chap. XXI. How, when the Pelagian heresy began to spring up afresh, Germanus, returning to Britain with Severus, first restored bodily strength to a lame youth, then spiritual health to the people of God, having condemned or converted the Heretics. [447 ACE]

Not long after, news was brought from the same island, that certain persons were again attempting to teach and spread abroad the Pelagian heresy, and again the holy Germanus was entreated by all the priests, that he would defend the cause of God, which he had before maintained. He speedily complied with their request; and taking with him Severus, a man of singular sanctity, who was disciple to the blessed father, Lupus, bishop of Troyes, and at that time, having been ordained bishop of the Treveri, was preaching the Word of God to the tribes of Upper Germany, put to sea, and with favouring winds and calm waters sailed to Britain.

In the meantime, the evil spirits, speeding through the whole island, were constrained against their will to foretell that Germanus was coming, insomuch, that one Elafius, a chief of that region, without tidings from any visible messenger, hastened to meet the holy men, carrying with him his son, who in the very flower of his youth laboured under a grievous infirmity; for the sinews of the knee were wasted and shrunk, so that the withered limb was denied the power to walk. All the country followed this Elafius. The bishops arrived, and were met by the ignorant multitude, whom they blessed, and preached the Word of God to them. They found the people constant in the faith as they had left them; and learning that but few had gone astray, they sought out the authors of the evil and condemned them. Then suddenly Elafius cast himself at the feet of the bishops, presenting his son, whose distress was visible and needed no words to express it. All were grieved, but especially the bishops, who, filled with pity, invoked the mercy of God; and straightway the blessed Germanus, causing the youth to sit down, touched the bent and feeble knee and passed his healing hand over all the diseased part. At once health was restored by the power of his touch, the withered limb regained its vigour, the sinews resumed their task, and the youth was, in the presence of all the people, delivered whole to his father. The multitude was amazed at the miracle, and the Catholic faith was firmly established in the hearts of all; after which, they were, in a sermon, exhorted to amend their error. By the judgement of all, the exponents of the heresy, who had been banished from the island, were brought before the bishops, to be conveyed into the continent, that the country might be rid of them, and they corrected of their errors. So it came to pass that the faith in those parts continued long after pure and untainted. Thus when they had settled all things, the blessed prelates returned home as prosperously as they had come.

But Germanus, after this, went to Ravenna to intercede for the tranquillity of the Armoricans, where, after being very honourably received by Valentinian and his mother, Placidia, he departed hence to Christ; his body was conveyed to his own city with a splendid retinue, and mighty works attended his passage to the grave. Not long after, Valentinian was murdered by the followers of Aetius, the patrician, whom he had put to death, in the sixth year of the reign of Marcian, and with him ended the empire of the West.

Chap. XXII. How the Britons, being for a time at rest from foreign invasions, wore themselves out by civil wars, and at the same time gave themselves up to more heinous crimes.

In the meantime, in Britain, there was some respite from foreign, but not from civil war. The cities destroyed by the enemy and abandoned remained in ruins; and the natives, who had escaped the enemy, now fought against each other. Nevertheless, the kings, priests, private men, and the nobility, still remembering the late calamities and slaughters, in some measure kept within bounds; but when these died, and another generation succeeded, which knew nothing of those times, and was only acquainted with the existing peaceable state of things, all the bonds of truth and justice were so entirely broken, that there was not only no trace of them remaining, but only very few persons seemed to retain any memory of them at all. To other crimes beyond description, which their own historian, Gildas, mournfully relates, they added this—that they never preached the faith to the Saxons, or English, who dwelt amongst them. Nevertheless, the goodness of God did not forsake his people, whom he foreknew, but sent to the aforesaid nation much more worthy heralds of the truth, to bring it to the faith.

Chap. XXIII. How the holy Pope Gregory sent Augustine, with other monks, to preach to the English nation, and encouraged them by a letter of exhortation, not to desist from their labour. [596 ACE]

In the year of our Lord 582, Maurice, the fifty-fourth from Augustus, ascended the throne, and reigned twenty-one years. In the tenth year of his reign, Gregory, a man eminent in learning and the conduct of affairs, was promoted to the Apostolic see of Rome, and presided over it thirteen years, six months and ten days. He, being moved by Divine inspiration, in the fourteenth year of the same emperor, and about the one hundred and fiftieth after the coming of the English into Britain, sent the servant of God, Augustine, and with him divers other monks, who feared the Lord, to preach the Word of God to the English nation. They having, in obedience to the pope's commands, undertaken that work, when they had gone but a little way on their journey, were seized with craven terror, and began to think of returning home, rather than proceed to a barbarous, fierce, and unbelieving nation, to whose very language they were strangers; and by common consent they decided that this was the safer course. At once Augustine, who had been appointed to be consecrated bishop, if they should be received by the English, was sent back, that he might, by humble entreaty, obtain of the blessed Gregory, that they should not be compelled to undertake so dangerous, toilsome, and uncertain a journey. The pope, in reply, sent them a letter of exhortation, persuading them to set forth to the work of the Divine Word, and rely on the help of God. The purport of which letter was as follows: "*Gregory, the servant of the servants of God, to the servants of our Lord* . Forasmuch as it had been better not to begin a good work, than to think of desisting from one which has been begun, it behoves you, my beloved sons, to fulfil with all diligence the good work, which, by the help of the Lord, you have undertaken. Let not, therefore, the toil of the journey, nor the tongues of evil-speaking men, discourage you; but with all earnestness and zeal perform, by God›s guidance, that which you have set about; being assured, that great labour is followed by the greater glory of an eternal reward. When Augustine, your Superior, returns, whom we also constitute your abbot, humbly obey him in all things; knowing, that whatsoever you shall do by his direction, will, in all respects, be profitable to your souls. Almighty God protect you with His grace, and grant that I may, in the heavenly country, see the fruits of your labour, inasmuch as, though I cannot labour with you, I shall partake in the joy of the reward, because I am willing to labour. God keep you in safety, my most beloved sons. Given the 23rd of July, in the fourteenth year of the reign of our most religious lord, Mauritius Tiberius Augustus, the thirteenth year after the consulship of our lord aforesaid, and the fourteenth indiction."

Chap. XXIV. How he wrote to the bishop of Arles to entertain them. [596 ACE]

The same venerable pope also sent at the same time a letter to Aetherius, archbishop of Arles, exhorting him to give favourable entertainment to Augustine on his way to Britain; which letter was in these words:"*To his most reverend and holy brother and fellow bishop Aetherius, Gregory, the servant of the servants of God* . Although religious men stand in need of no recommendation with priests who have the charity which is pleasing to God; yet because an opportunity of writing has occurred, we have thought fit to send this letter to you, Brother, to inform you, that with the help of God we have directed thither, for the good of souls, the bearer of these presents, Augustine, the servant of God, of whose zeal we are assured, with other servants of God, whom it is requisite that your Holiness readily assist with priestly zeal, affording him all the comfort in your power. And to the end that you may be the more ready in your help, we have enjoined him to inform you particularly of the occasion of his coming; knowing, that when you are acquainted with it, you will, as the matter requires, for the sake of God, dutifully dispose yourself to give him

comfort. We also in all things recommend to your charity, Candidus, the priest, our common son, whom we have transferred to the administration of a small patrimony in our Church. God keep you in safety, most reverend brother. Given the 23rd day of July, in the fourteenth year of the reign of our most religious lord, Mauritius Tiberius Augustus, the thirteenth year after the consulship of our lord aforesaid, and the fourteenth indiction."

Chap. XXV. How Augustine, coming into Britain, first preached in the Isle of Thanet to the King of Kent, and having obtained licence from him, went into Kent, in order to preach therein. [597 ACE]

Augustine, thus strengthened by the encouragement of the blessed Father Gregory, returned to the work of the Word of God, with the servants of Christ who were with him, and arrived in Britain. The powerful Ethelbert was at that time king of Kent; he had extended his dominions as far as the boundary formed by the great river Humber, by which the Southern Saxons are divided from the Northern. On the east of Kent is the large Isle of Thanet, containing, according to the English way of reckoning, 600 families, divided from the mainland by the river Wantsum, which is about three furlongs in breadth, and which can be crossed only in two places; for at both ends it runs into the sea. On this island landed the servant of the Lord, Augustine, and his companions, being, as is reported, nearly forty men. They had obtained, by order of the blessed Pope Gregory, interpreters of the nation of the Franks, and sending to Ethelbert, signified that they were come from Rome, and brought a joyful message, which most undoubtedly assured to those that hearkened to it everlasting joys in heaven, and a kingdom that would never end, with the living and true God. The king hearing this, gave orders that they should stay in the island where they had landed, and be furnished with necessaries, till he should consider what to do with them. For he had before heard of the Christian religion, having a Christian wife of the royal family of the Franks, called Bertha; whom he had received from her parents, upon condition that she should be permitted to preserve inviolate the rites of her religion with the Bishop Liudhard, who was sent with her to support her in the faith. Some days after, the king came into the island, and sitting in the open air, ordered Augustine and his companions to come and hold a conference with him. For he had taken precaution that they should not come to him in any house, lest, by so coming, according to an ancient superstition, if they practised any magical arts, they might impose upon him, and so get the better of him. But they came endued with Divine, not with magic power, bearing a silver cross for their banner, and the image of our Lord and Saviour painted on a board; and chanting litanies, they offered up their prayers to the Lord for the eternal salvation both of themselves and of those to whom and for whom they had come. When they had sat down, in obedience to the king's commands, and preached to him and his attendants there present the Word of life, the king answered thus: "Your words and promises are fair, but because they are new to us, and of uncertain import, I cannot consent to them so far as to forsake that which I have so long observed with the whole English nation. But because you are come from far as strangers into my kingdom, and, as I conceive, are desirous to impart to us those things which you believe to be true, and most beneficial, we desire not to harm you, but will give you favourable entertainment, and take care to supply you with all things necessary to your sustenance; nor do we forbid you to preach and gain as many as you can to your religion." Accordingly he gave them an abode in the city of Canterbury, which was the metropolis of all his dominions, and, as he had promised, besides supplying them with sustenance, did not refuse them liberty to preach. It is told that, as they drew near to the city, after their manner, with the holy cross, and the image of our sovereign Lord and King, Jesus Christ, they sang in concert this litany: "We beseech thee, O Lord, for Thy great mercy, that Thy wrath and anger be turned away from this city, and from Thy holy house, for we have sinned. Hallelujah."

Chap. XXVI. How St. Augustine in Kent followed the doctrine and manner of life of the primitive Church, and settled his episcopal see in the royal city. [597 ACE]

As soon as they entered the dwelling-place assigned to them, they began to imitate the Apostolic manner of life in the primitive Church; applying themselves to constant prayer, watchings, and fastings; preaching the Word of life to as many as they could; despising all worldly things, as in nowise concerning them; receiving only their necessary food from those they taught; living themselves in all respects conformably to what they taught, and being always ready to suffer any adversity, and even to die for that truth which they preached. In brief, some believed and were baptized, admiring the simplicity of their blameless life, and the sweetness of their heavenly doctrine. There was on the east side of the city, a church dedicated of old to the honour of St. Martin, built whilst the Romans were still in the island, wherein the queen, who, as has been said before, was a Christian, was wont to pray. In this they also first began to come together, to chant the Psalms, to pray, to celebrate Mass, to preach, and to baptize, till when the king had been converted to the faith, they obtained greater liberty to preach everywhere and build or repair churches.When he, among the rest, believed and was baptized, attracted by the pure life of these holy men and their gracious promises, the truth of which they established by many miracles, greater numbers began daily to flock together to hear the Word, and, forsaking their

heathen rites, to have fellowship, through faith, in the unity of Christ's Holy Church. It is told that the king, while he rejoiced at their conversion and their faith, yet compelled none to embrace Christianity, but only showed more affection to the believers, as to his fellow citizens in the kingdom of Heaven. For he had learned from those who had instructed him and guided him to salvation, that the service of Christ ought to be voluntary, not by compulsion. Nor was it long before he gave his teachers a settled residence suited to their degree in his metropolis of Canterbury, with such possessions of divers sorts as were necessary for them.

Chap. XXVII. How St. Augustine, being made a bishop, sent to acquaint Pope Gregory with what had been done in Britain, and asked and received replies, of which he stood in need. [597-601 ACE]

In the meantime, Augustine, the man of God, went to Arles, and, according to the orders received from the holy Father Gregory, was ordained archbishop of the English nation, by Aetherius, archbishop of that city. Then returning into Britain, he sent Laurentius the the priest and Peter the monk to Rome, to acquaint Pope Gregory, that the English nation had received the faith of Christ, and that he was himself made their bishop. At the same time, he desired his solution of some doubts which seemed urgent to him. He soon received fitting answers to his questions, which we have also thought meet to insert in this our history:

The First Question of the blessed Augustine, Bishop of the Church of Canterbury .—Concerning bishops, what should be their manner of conversation towards their clergy? or into how many portions the offerings of the faithful at the altar are to be divided? and how the bishop is to act in the Church?

Gregory, Pope of the City of Rome, answers .—Holy Scripture, in which we doubt not you are well versed, testifies to this, and in particular the Epistles of the Blessed Paul to Timothy, wherein he endeavours to show him what should be his manner of conversation in the house of God; but it is the custom of the Apostolic see to prescribe these rules to bishops when they are ordained: that all emoluments which accrue, are to be divided into four portions;—one for the bishop and his household, for hospitality and entertainment of guests; another for the clergy; a third for the poor; and the fourth for the repair of churches. But in that you, my brother, having been instructed in monastic rules, must not live apart from your clergy in the Church of the English, which has been lately, by the will of God, converted to the faith, you must establish the manner of conversation of our fathers in the primitive Church, among whom, none said that aught of the things which they possessed was his own, but they had all things common.

But if there are any clerks not received into holy orders, who cannot live continent, they are to take wives, and receive their stipends outside of the community; because we know that it is written concerning the same fathers of whom we have spoken that a distribution was made unto every man according as he had need. Care is also to be taken of their stipends, and provision to be made, and they are to be kept under ecclesiastical rule, that they may live orderly, and attend to singing of psalms, and, by the help of God, preserve their hearts and tongues and bodies from all that is unlawful. But as for those that live in common, there is no need to say anything of assigning portions, or dispensing hospitality and showing mercy; inasmuch as all that they have over is to be spent in pious and religious works, according to the teaching of Him who is the Lord and Master of all, "Give alms of such things as ye have over, and behold all things are clean unto you."

Augustine's Second Question .—Whereas the faith is one and the same, are there different customs in different Churches? and is one custom of Masses observed in the holy Roman Church, and another in the Church of Gaul?

Pope Gregory answers .—You know, my brother, the custom of the Roman Church in which you remember that you were bred up. But my will is, that if you have found anything, either in the Roman, or the Gallican, or any other Church, which may be more acceptable to Almighty God, you should carefully make choice of the same, and sedulously teach the Church of the English, which as yet is new in the faith, whatsoever you can gather from the several Churches. For things are not to be loved for the sake of places, but places for the sake of good things. Choose, therefore, from every Church those things that are pious, religious, and right, and when you have, as it were, made them up into one bundle, let the minds of the English be accustomed thereto.

Augustine's Third Question .—I beseech you, what punishment must be inflicted on one who steals anything from a church?

Gregory answers .—You may judge, my brother, by the condition of the thief, in what manner he is to be corrected. For there are some, who, having substance, commit theft; and there are others, who transgress in this matter through want. Wherefore it is requisite, that some be punished with fines, others with stripes; some with more severity, and some more mildly. And when the severity is greater, it is to proceed from charity, not from anger; because this is done for the sake of him who is corrected, that he may not be delivered up to the fires of Hell. For it behoves us to maintain discipline among the faithful, as good parents do with their children according to the flesh, whom they punish with stripes for their faults, and yet they design to make those whom

they chastise their heirs, and preserve their possessions for those whom they seem to visit in wrath. This charity is, therefore, to be kept in mind, and it dictates the measure of the punishment, so that the mind may do nothing beyond the rule prescribed by reason. You will add to this, how men are to restore those things which they have stolen from the church. But let not the Church take more than it has lost of its worldly possessions, or seek gain from vanities.

Augustine's Fourth Question .—Whether two full brothers may marry two sisters, who are of a family far removed from them?

Gregory answers .—Most assuredly this may lawfully be done; for nothing is found in Holy Writ on this matter that seems to contradict it.

Augustine's Fifth Question .—To what degree may the faithful marry with their kindred? and is it lawful to marry a stepmother or a brother's wife?

Gregory answers .—A certain secular law in the Roman commonwealth allows, that the son and daughter of a brother and sister, or of two full brothers, or two sisters, may be joined in matrimony; but we have found, by experience, that the offspring of such wedlock cannot grow up; and the Divine law forbids a man to "uncover the nakedness of his kindred." Hence of necessity it must be the third or fourth generation of the faithful, that can be lawfully joined in matrimony; for the second, which we have mentioned, must altogether abstain from one another. To marry with one's stepmother is a heinous crime, because it is written in the Law, "Thou shalt not uncover the nakedness of thy father:" now the son, indeed, cannot uncover his father's nakedness; but in regard that it is written, "They twain shall be one flesh," he that presumes to uncover the nakedness of his stepmother, who was one flesh with his father, certainly uncovers the nakedness of his father. It is also prohibited to marry with a sister-in-law, because by the former union she is become the brother's flesh. For which thing also John the Baptist was beheaded, and obtained the crown of holy martyrdom. For, though he was not ordered to deny Christ, and it was not for confessing Christ that he was killed, yet inasmuch as the same Jesus Christ, our Lord, said, "I am the Truth," because John was killed for the truth, he also shed his blood for Christ.

But forasmuch as there are many of the English, who, whilst they were still heathens, are said to have been joined in this unholy union, when they attain to the faith they are to be admonished to abstain, and be made to know that this is a grievous sin. Let them fear the dread judgement of God, lest, for the gratification of their carnal desires, they incur the torments of eternal punishment. Yet they are not on this account to be deprived of the Communion of the Body and Blood of Christ, lest they should seem to be punished for those things which they did through ignorance before they had received Baptism. For in these times the Holy Church chastises some things with zeal, and tolerates some in mercy, and is blind to some in her wisdom, and so, by forbearance and blindness often suppresses the evil that stands in her way. But all that come to the faith are to be admonished not to presume to do such things. And if any shall be guilty of them, they are to be excluded from the Communion of the Body and Blood of Christ. For as the offence is, in some measure, to be tolerated in those who did it through ignorance, so it is to be rigorously punished in those who do not fear to sin knowingly.

Augustine's Sixth Question .—Whether a bishop may be consecrated without other bishops being present, if there be so great a distance between them, that they cannot easily come together?

Gregory answers .—In the Church of England, of which you are as yet the only bishop, you cannot otherwise ordain a bishop than in the absence of other bishops. For when do bishops come over from Gaul, that they may be present as witnesses to you in ordaining a bishop? But we would have you, my brother, to ordain bishops in such a manner, that the said bishops may not be far asunder, to the end that there be no lack, but that at the ordination of a bishop other pastors also, whose presence is of great benefit, should easily come together. Thus, when, by the help of God, bishops shall have been ordained in places near to one another, no ordination of a bishop is to take place without assembling three or four bishops. For, even in spiritual affairs, we may take example by the temporal, that they may be wisely and discreetly conducted. For surely, when marriages are celebrated in the world, some married persons are assembled, that those who went before in the way of matrimony, may also partake in the joy of the new union. Why, then, at this spiritual ordinance, wherein, by means of the sacred ministry, man is joined to God, should not such persons be assembled, as may either rejoice in the advancement of the new bishop, or jointly pour forth their prayers to Almighty God for his preservation?

Augustine's Seventh Question .—How are we to deal with the bishops of Gaul and Britain?

Gregory answers .—We give you no authority over the bishops of Gaul, because the bishop of Arles received the pall in the old times of my predecessors, and we must by no means deprive him of the authority he has received. If it shall therefore happen, my brother, that you go over into the province of Gaul, you are to concert with the said bishop of Arles, how, if there be any faults among the bishops, they may be amended. And if he shall be lukewarm in keeping up discipline, he is to be fired by your zeal; to whom we have also written, that aided by the presence of your Holiness in Gaul, he should exert himself to the utmost, and

put away from the behaviour of the bishops all that is opposed to the command of our Creator. But you shall not have power to go beyond your own authority and judge the bishops of Gaul, but by persuading, and winning them, and showing good works for them to imitate, you shall recall the perverted to the pursuit of holiness; for it is written in the Law, “When thou comest into the standing corn of thy neighbour, then thou mayest bruise the ears with thine hand and eat; but thou shalt not move a sickle unto thy neighbours’ standing corn.” For thou mayest not apply the sickle of judgement in that harvest which thou seest to have been committed to another; but by the influence of good works thou shalt clear the Lord’s wheat of the chaff of its vices, and convert it by exhortation and persuasion in the body of the Church, as it were, by eating. But whatsoever is to be done by authority, must be transacted with the aforesaid bishop of Arles, lest that should be omitted, which the ancient institution of the fathers has appointed. But as for all the bishops of Britain, we commit them to your care, that the unlearned may be taught, the weak strengthened by persuasion, and the perverse corrected by authority.

Augustine’s Eighth Question .—Whether a woman with child ought to be baptized? Or when she has brought forth, after what time she may come into the church? As also, after how many days the infant born may be baptized, lest he be prevented by death? Or how long after her husband may have carnal knowledge of her? Or whether it is lawful for her to come into the church when she has her courses, or to receive the Sacrament of Holy Communion? Or whether a man, under certain circumstances, may come into the church before he has washed with water? Or approach to receive the Mystery of the Holy Communion? All which things are requisite to be known by the ignorant nation of the English.

Gregory answers .—I do not doubt but that these questions have been put to you, my brother, and I think I have already answered you therein. But I believe you would wish the opinion which you yourself might give and hold to be confirmed by my reply also. Why should not a woman with child be baptized, since the fruitfulness of the flesh is no offence in the eyes of Almighty God? For when our first parents sinned in Paradise, they forfeited the immortality which they had received, by the just judgement of God. Because, therefore, Almighty God would not for their fault wholly destroy the human race, he both deprived man of immortality for his sin, and, at the same time, of his great goodness and loving-kindness, reserved to him the power of propagating his race after him. On what ground, then, can that which is preserved to human nature by the free gift of Almighty God, be excluded from the privilege of Holy Baptism? For it is very foolish to imagine that the gift can be opposed to grace in that Mystery in which all sin is blotted out. When a woman is delivered, after how many days she may come into the church, you have learnt from the teaching of the Old Testament, to wit, that she is to abstain for a male child thirty-three days, and sixty-six for a female. Now you must know that this is to be received in a mystery; for if she enters the church the very hour that she is delivered, to return thanks, she is not guilty of any sin; because the pleasure of the flesh is a fault, and not the pain; but the pleasure is in the copulation of the flesh, whereas there is pain in bringing forth the child. Wherefore it is said to the first mother of all, “In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children.” If, therefore, we forbid a woman that has brought forth, to enter the church, we make a crime of her very punishment. To baptize either a woman who has brought forth, if there be danger of death, even the very hour that she brings forth, or that which she has brought forth the very hour it is born, is in no way prohibited, because, as the grace of the Holy Mystery is to be with much discretion provided for those who are in full life and capable of understanding, so is it to be without any delay administered to the dying; lest, while a further time is sought to confer the Mystery of redemption, if a small delay intervene, the person that is to be redeemed be dead and gone.

Her husband is not to approach her, till the infant born be weaned. An evil custom is sprung up in the lives of married people, in that women disdain to suckle the children whom they bring forth, and give them to other women to suckle; which seems to have been invented on no other account but incontinency; because, as they will not be continent, they will not suckle the children whom they bear. Those women, therefore, who, from evil custom, give their children to others to bring up, must not approach their husbands till the time of purification is past. For even when there has been no child-birth, women are forbidden to do so, whilst they have their courses, insomuch that the Law condemns to death any man that shall approach unto a woman during her uncleanness. Yet the woman, nevertheless, must not be forbidden to come into the church whilst she has her courses; because the superfluity of nature cannot be imputed to her as a crime; and it is not just that she should be refused admittance into the church, for that which she suffers against her will. For we know, that the woman who had the issue of blood, humbly approaching behind our Lord’s back, touched the hem of his garment, and her infirmity immediately departed from her. If, therefore, she that had an issue of blood might commendably touch the garment of our Lord, why may not she, who has her courses, lawfully enter into the church of God? But you may say, Her infirmity compelled her, whereas these we speak of are bound by custom. Consider, then, most dear brother, that all we suffer in this mortal flesh, through the infirmity of our nature, is ordained by the just judgement of God after the fall; for to hunger, to thirst, to be hot, to be cold, to be weary, is from the infirmity of our nature; and what else is it to seek food against hunger, drink against thirst, air against heat, clothes against cold, rest against weariness, than to procure a remedy against distempers? Thus to a woman her courses are a distemper. If, therefore, it was a commendable boldness in her, who in her disease touched our Lord’s garment, why may not that which is allowed to one infirm person, be granted to all women, who, through the fault of their nature, are rendered infirm?

She must not, therefore, be forbidden to receive the Mystery of the Holy Communion during those days. But if any one out of profound respect does not presume to do it, she is to be commended; yet if she receives it, she is not to be judged. For it is the

part of noble minds in some manner to acknowledge their faults, even when there is no fault; because very often that is done without a fault, which, nevertheless, proceeded from a fault. Thus, when we are hungry, it is no sin to eat; yet our being hungry proceeds from the sin of the first man. The courses are no sin in women, because they happen naturally; yet, because our nature itself is so depraved, that it appears to be defiled even without the concurrence of the will, a defect arises from sin, and thereby human nature may itself know what it is become by judgement. And let man, who wilfully committed the offence, bear the guilt of that offence against his will. And, therefore, let women consider with themselves, and if they do not presume, during their courses, to approach the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of our Lord, they are to be commended for their praiseworthy consideration; but when they are carried away with love of the same Mystery to receive it according to the custom of the religious life, they are not to be restrained, as we said before. For as in the Old Testament the outward works are observed, so in the New Testament, that which is outwardly done, is not so diligently regarded as that which is inwardly thought, that the punishment may be with discernment. For whereas the Law forbids the eating of many things as unclean, yet our Lord says in the Gospel, “Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man; but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man.” And afterwards he added, expounding the same, “Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts.” Where it is abundantly shown, that that is declared by Almighty God to be polluted in deed, which springs from the root of a polluted thought. Whence also Paul the Apostle says, “Unto the pure all things are pure, but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving, nothing is pure.” And presently, declaring the cause of that defilement, he adds, “For even their mind and conscience is defiled.” If, therefore, meat is not unclean to him whose mind is not unclean, why shall that which a woman suffers according to nature, with a clean mind, be imputed to her as uncleanness?

A man who has approached his own wife is not to enter the church unless washed with water, nor is he to enter immediately although washed. The Law prescribed to the ancient people, that a man in such cases should be washed with water, and not enter into the church before the setting of the sun. Which, nevertheless, may be understood spiritually, because a man acts so when the mind is led by the imagination to unlawful concupiscence; for unless the fire of concupiscence be first driven from his mind, he is not to think himself worthy of the congregation of the brethren, while he sees himself burdened by the iniquity of a perverted will. For though divers nations have divers opinions concerning this affair, and seem to observe different rules, it was always the custom of the Romans, from ancient times, for such an one to seek to be cleansed by washing, and for some time reverently to forbear entering the church. Nor do we, in so saying, assign matrimony to be a fault; but forasmuch as lawful intercourse cannot be had without the pleasure of the flesh, it is proper to forbear entering the holy place, because the pleasure itself cannot be without a fault. For he was not born of adultery or fornication, but of lawful marriage, who said, “Behold I was conceived in iniquity, and in sin my mother brought me forth.” For he who knew himself to have been conceived in iniquity, lamented that he [pg 060]was born from sin, because he bears the defect, as a tree bears in its bough the sap it drew from the root. In which words, however, he does not call the union of the married couple iniquity, but the will itself. For there are many things which are lawful and permitted, and yet we are somewhat defiled in doing them. As very often by being angry we correct faults, and at the same time disturb our own peace of mind; and though that which we do is right, yet it is not to be approved that our mind should be disturbed. For he who said, “My eye was disturbed with anger,” had been angry at the vices of sinners. Now, seeing that only a calm mind can rest in the light of contemplation, he grieved that his eye was disturbed with anger; because, whilst he was correcting evil actions below, he was obliged to be confused and disturbed with regard to the contemplation of the highest things. Anger against vice is, therefore, commendable, and yet painful to a man, because he thinks that by his mind being agitated, he has incurred some guilt. Lawful commerce, therefore, must be for the sake of children, not of pleasure; and must be to procure offspring, not to satisfy vices. But if any man is led not by the desire of pleasure, but only for the sake of getting children, such a man is certainly to be left to his own judgement, either as to entering the church, or as to receiving the Mystery of the Body and Blood of our Lord, which he, who being placed in the fire cannot burn, is not to be forbidden by us to receive. But when, not the love of getting children, but of pleasure prevails, the pair have cause to lament their deed. For this the holy preaching concedes to them, and yet fills the mind with dread of the very concession. For when Paul the Apostle said, “Let him that cannot contain have his own wife;” he presently took care to subjoin, “But this I say by way of permission, not of commandment.” For that is not granted by way of permission which is lawful, because it is just; and, therefore, that which he said he permitted, he showed to be an offence.

It is seriously to be considered, that when God was about to speak to the people on Mount Sinai, He first commanded them to abstain from women. And if purity of body was there so carefully required, where God spoke to the people by the means of a creature as His representative, that those who were to hear the words of God should abstain; how much more ought women, who receive the Body of Almighty God, to preserve themselves in purity of flesh, lest they be burdened with the very greatness of that inestimable Mystery? For this reason also, it was said to David, concerning his men, by the priest, that if they were clean in this particular, they should receive the shewbread, which they would not have received at all, had not David first declared them to be clean. Then the man, who, afterwards, has been washed with water, is also capable of receiving the Mystery of the Holy Communion, when it is lawful for him, according to what has been before declared, to enter the church.

Augustine’s Ninth Question .—Whether after an illusion, such as is wont to happen in a dream, any man may receive the Body of our Lord, or if he be a priest, celebrate the Divine Mysteries?

Gregory answers .—The Testament of the Old Law, as has been said already in the article above, calls such a man polluted, and

allows him not to enter into the church till the evening, after being washed with water. Which, nevertheless, a spiritual people, taking in another sense, will understand in the same manner as above; because he is imposed upon as it were in a dream, who, being tempted with uncleanness, is defiled by real representations in thought, and he is to be washed with water, that he may cleanse away the sins of thought with tears; and unless the fire of temptation depart before, may know himself to be in a manner guilty until the evening. But a distinction is very necessary in that illusion, and one must carefully consider what causes it to arise in the mind of the person sleeping; for sometimes it proceeds from excess of eating or drinking; sometimes from the superfluity or infirmity of nature, and sometimes from the thoughts. And when it happens either through superfluity or infirmity of nature, such an illusion is not to be feared at all, because it is to be lamented, that the mind of the person, who knew nothing of it, suffers the same, rather than that he occasioned it. But when the appetite of gluttony commits excess in food, and thereupon the receptacles of the humours are oppressed, the mind thence contracts some guilt; yet not so much as to hinder the receiving of the Holy Mystery, or celebrating Mass, when a holy day requires it, or necessity obliges the Mystery to be shown forth, because there is no other priest in the place; for if there be others who can perform the ministry, the illusion proceeding from over-eating ought not to exclude a man from receiving the sacred Mystery; but I am of opinion he ought humbly to abstain from offering the sacrifice of the Mystery, but not from receiving it, unless the mind of the person sleeping has been disturbed with some foul imagination. For there are some, who for the most part so suffer the illusion, that their mind, even during the sleep of the body, is not defiled with filthy thoughts. In which case, one thing is evident, that the mind is guilty, not being acquitted even in its own judgement; for though it does not remember to have seen anything whilst the body was sleeping, yet it calls to mind that, when the body was awake, it fell into gluttony. But if the illusion of the sleeper proceeds from evil thoughts when he was awake, then its guilt is manifest to the mind; for the man perceives from what root that defilement sprang, because what he had consciously thought of, that he afterwards unconsciously endured. But it is to be considered, whether that thought was no more than a suggestion, or proceeded to delight, or, what is worse, consented to sin. For all sin is committed in three ways, viz., by suggestion, by delight, and by consent. Suggestion comes from the Devil, delight from the flesh, and consent from the spirit. For the serpent suggested the first offence, and Eve, as flesh, took delight in it, but Adam, as the spirit, consented. And when the mind sits in judgement on itself, it must clearly distinguish between suggestion and delight, and between delight and consent. For when the evil spirit suggests a sin to the mind, if there ensue no delight in the sin, the sin is in no way committed; but when the flesh begins to take delight in it, then sin begins to arise. But if it deliberately consents, then the sin is known to be full-grown. The seed, therefore, of sin is in the suggestion, the nourishment of it in delight, its maturity in the consent. And it often happens that what the evil spirit sows in the thought, in that the flesh begins to find delight, and yet the soul does not consent to that delight. And whereas the flesh cannot be delighted without the mind, yet the mind struggling against the pleasures of the flesh, is after a manner unwillingly bound by the carnal delight, so that through reason it opposes it, and does not consent, yet being bound by delight, it grievously laments being so bound. Wherefore that great soldier of our Lord's host, groaned and said, "I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin, which is in my members." Now if he was a captive, he did not fight; but he did fight; wherefore he was a captive and at the same time therefore fought against the law of the mind, which the law that is in the members opposed; but if he fought, he was no captive. Thus, then, man is, as I may say, a captive and yet free. Free on account of justice, which he loves, a captive by the delight which he unwillingly bears within him.

Chap. XXVIII. How Pope Gregory wrote to the bishop of Arles to help Augustine in the work of God. [601 ACE]

Thus far the answers of the holy Pope Gregory, to the questions of the most reverend prelate, Augustine. Now the letter, which he says he had written to the bishop of Arles, was directed to Vergilius, successor to Aetherius, and was in the following words:

"*To his most reverend and holy brother and fellow bishop, Vergilius; Gregory, servant of the servants of God* . With how much kindness brethren, coming of their own accord, are to be entertained, is shown by this, that they are for the most part invited for the sake of brotherly love. Therefore, if our common brother, Bishop Augustine, shall happen to come to you, let your love, as is becoming, receive him with so great kindness and affection, that it may refresh him by the benefit of its consolation and show to others how brotherly charity is to be cultivated. And, since it often happens that those who are at a distance first learn from others the things that need correction, if he bring before you, my brother, any sins of bishops or others, do you, in conjunction with him, carefully inquire into the same, and show yourself so strict and earnest with regard to those things which offend God and provoke His wrath, that for the amendment of others, the punishment may fall upon the guilty, and the innocent may not suffer under false report. God keep you in safety, most reverend brother. Given the 22nd day of June, in the nineteenth year of the reign of our most religious lord, Mauritius Tiberius Augustus, the eighteenth year after the consulship of our said lord, and the fourth indiction."

Chap. XXIX. How the same Pope sent to Augustine the Pall and a letter, along with several ministers of the Word. [601 ACE]

Moreover, the same Pope Gregory, hearing from Bishop Augustine, that the harvest which he had was great and the labourers but few, sent to him, together with his aforesaid envoys, certain fellow labourers and ministers of the Word, of whom the chief and foremost were Mellitus, Justus, Paulinus, and Rufinianus, and by them all things in general that were necessary for the worship and service of the Church, to wit, sacred vessels and altar-cloths, also church-furniture, and vestments for the bishops and clerks, as likewise relics of the holy Apostles and martyrs; besides many manuscripts. He also sent a letter, wherein he signified that he had despatched the pall to him, and at the same time directed how he should constitute bishops in Britain. The letter was in these words:

"*Tohis most reverend andholy brotherandfellowbishop, Augustine; Gregory, the servant of the servants of God* . Though it be certain, that the unspeakable rewards of the eternal kingdom are reserved for those who labour for Almighty God, yet it is requisite that we bestow on them the benefit of honours, to the end that they may by this recompense be encouraged the more vigorously to apply themselves to the care of their spiritual work. And, seeing that the new Church of the English is, through the bounty of the Lord, and your labours, brought to the grace of God, we grant you the use of the pall in the same, only for the celebration of the solemn service of the Mass; that so you may ordain twelve bishops in different places, who shall be subject to your jurisdiction. But the bishop of London shall, for the future, be always consecrated by his own synod, and receive the pall, which is the token of his office, from this holy and Apostolic see, which I, by the grace of God, now serve. But we would have you send to the city of York such a bishop as you shall think fit to ordain; yet so, that if that city, with the places adjoining, shall receive the Word of God, that bishop shall also ordain twelve bishops, and enjoy the honour of a metropolitan; for we design, if we live, by the help of God, to bestow on him also the pall; and yet we would have him to be subject to your authority, my brother; but after your decease, he shall so preside over the bishops he shall have ordained, as to be in no way subject to the jurisdiction of the bishop of London. But for the future let there be this distinction as regards honour between the bishops of the cities of London and York, that he who has been first ordained have the precedence. But let them take counsel and act in concert and with one mind dispose whatsoever is to be done for zeal of Christ; let them judge rightly, and carry out their judgement without dissension.

"But to you, my brother, shall, by the authority of our God and Lord Jesus Christ, be subject not only those bishops whom you shall ordain, and those that shall be ordained by the bishop of York, but also all the prelates in Britain; to the end that from the words and manner of life of your Holiness they may learn the rule of a right belief and a good life, and fulfilling their office in faith and righteousness, they may, when it shall please the Lord, attain to the kingdom of Heaven. God preserve you in safety, most reverend brother.

"Given the 22nd of June, in the nineteenth year of the reign of our most religious lord, Mauritius Tiberius Augustus, the eighteenth year after the consulship of our said lord, and the fourth indiction."

Chap. XXX. A copy of the letter which Pope Gregory sent to the Abbot Mellitus, then going into Britain. [601 ACE]

The aforesaid envoys having departed, the blessed Father Gregory sent after them a letter worthy to be recorded, wherein he plainly shows how carefully he watched over the salvation of our country. The letter was as follows:

"*To his most beloved son, the Abbot Mellitus; Gregory, the servant of the servants of God* . We have been much concerned, since the departure of our people that are with you, because we have received no account of the success of your journey. Howbeit, when Almighty God has led you to the most reverend Bishop Augustine, our brother, tell him what I have long been considering in my own mind concerning the matter of the English people; to wit, that the temples of the idols in that nation ought not to be destroyed; but let the idols that are in them be destroyed; let water be consecrated and sprinkled in the said temples, let altars be erected, and relics placed there. For if those temples are well built, it is requisite that they be converted from the worship of devils to the service of the true God; that the nation, seeing that their temples are not destroyed, may remove error from their hearts, and knowing and adoring the true God, may the more freely resort to the places to which they have been accustomed. And because they are used to slaughter many oxen in sacrifice to devils, some solemnity must be given them in exchange for this, as that on the day of the dedication, or the nativities of the holy martyrs, whose relics are there deposited, they should build themselves huts of the boughs of trees about those churches which have been turned to that use from being temples, and celebrate the solemnity with religious feasting, and no more offer animals to the Devil, but kill cattle and glorify God in their feast, and return thanks to the Giver of all things for their abundance; to the end that, whilst some outward gratifications are retained, they may the more easily consent to the inward joys. For there is no doubt that it is impossible to cut off every thing at once from their rude natures;

because he who endeavours to ascend to the highest place rises by degrees or steps, and not by leaps. Thus the Lord made Himself known to the people of Israel in Egypt; and yet He allowed them the use, in His own worship, of the sacrifices which they were wont to offer to the Devil, commanding them in His sacrifice to kill animals, to the end that, with changed hearts, they might lay aside one part of the sacrifice, whilst they retained another; and although the animals were the same as those which they were wont to offer, they should offer them to the true God, and not to idols; and thus they would no longer be the same sacrifices. This then, dearly beloved, it behoves you to communicate to our aforesaid brother, that he, being placed where he is at present, may consider how he is to order all things. God preserve you in safety, most beloved son.

"Given the 17th of June, in the nineteenth year of the reign of our most religious lord, Mauritius Tiberius Augustus, the eighteenth year after the consulship of our said lord, and the fourth indiction."

Chap. XXXI. How Pope Gregory, by letter, exhorted Augustine not to glory in his miracles. [601 ACE]

At which time he also sent Augustine a letter concerning the miracles that he had heard had been wrought by him; wherein he admonishes him not to incur the danger of being puffed up by the number of them. The letter was in these words:

"I know, dearly beloved brother, that Almighty God, by means of you, shows forth great miracles to the nation which it was His will to choose. Wherefore you must needs rejoice with fear, and fear with joy concerning that heavenly gift; for you will rejoice because the souls of the English are by outward miracles drawn to inward grace; but you will fear, lest, amidst the wonders that are wrought, the weak mind may be puffed up with self-esteem, and that whereby it is outwardly raised to honour cause it inwardly to fall through vain-glory. For we must call to mind, that when the disciples returned with joy from preaching, and said to their Heavenly Master, 'Lord, even the devils are subject to us through Thy Name;' forthwith they received the reply, 'In this rejoice not; but rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven.' For their minds were set on private and temporal joys, when they rejoiced in miracles; but they are recalled from the private to the common joy, and from the temporal to the eternal, when it is said to them, 'Rejoice in this, because your names are written in heaven.' For all the elect do not work miracles, and yet the names of all are written in heaven. For those who are disciples of the truth ought not to rejoice, save for that good thing which all men enjoy as well as they, and in which their joy shall be without end.

"It remains, therefore, most dear brother, that amidst those outward actions, which you perform through the power of the Lord, you should always carefully judge yourself in your heart, and carefully understand both what you are yourself, and how much grace is bestowed upon that same nation, for the conversion of which you have received even the gift of working miracles. And if you remember that you have at any time sinned against our Creator, either by word or deed, always call it to mind, to the end that the remembrance of your guilt may crush the vanity which rises in your heart. And whatsoever gift of working miracles you either shall receive, or have received, consider the same, not as conferred on you, but on those for whose salvation it has been given you."

Chap. XXXII. How Pope Gregory sent letters and gifts to King Ethelbert. [601 ACE]

The same blessed Pope Gregory, at the same time, sent a letter to King Ethelbert, with many gifts of divers sorts; being desirous to glorify the king with temporal honours, at the same time that he rejoiced that through his own labour and zeal he had attained to the knowledge of heavenly glory. The copy of the said letter is as follows:

"*To the most glorious lord, and his most excellent son, Ethelbert, king of the English, Bishop Gregory* . Almighty God advances good men to the government of nations, that He may by their means bestow the gifts of His loving-kindness on those over whom they are placed. This we know to have come to pass in the English nation, over whom your Highness was placed, to the end, that by means of the blessings which are granted to you, heavenly benefits might also be conferred on your subjects. Therefore, my illustrious son, do you carefully guard the grace which you have received from the Divine goodness, and be eager to spread the Christian faith among the people under your rule; in all uprightness increase your zeal for their conversion; suppress the worship of idols; overthrow the structures of the temples; establish the manners of your subjects by much cleanness of life, exhorting, terrifying, winning, correcting, and showing forth an example of good works, that you may obtain your reward in Heaven from Him, Whose Name and the knowledge of Whom you have spread abroad upon earth. For He, Whose honour you seek and maintain among the nations, will also render your Majesty's name more glorious even to posterity.

"For even so the most pious emperor, Constantine, of old, recovering the Roman commonwealth from the false worship of idols, brought it with himself into subjection to Almighty God, our Lord Jesus Christ, and turned to Him with his whole mind, together

with the nations under his rule. Whence it followed, that his praises transcended the fame of former princes; and he excelled his predecessors in renown as much as in good works. Now, therefore, let your Highness hasten to impart to the kings and peoples that are subject to you, the knowledge of one God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; that you may surpass the ancient kings of your nation in praise and merit, and while you cause the sins of others among your own subjects to be blotted out, become the more free from anxiety with regard to your own sins before the dread judgement of Almighty God.

“Willingly hear, devoutly perform, and studiously retain in your memory, whatsoever counsel shall be given you by our most reverend brother, Bishop Augustine, who is trained up in the monastic rule, full of the knowledge of Holy Scripture, and, by the help of God, endued with good works; for if you give ear to him when he speaks on behalf of Almighty God, the sooner will Almighty God hear his prayers for you. But if (which God forbid!) you slight his words, how shall Almighty God hear him on your behalf, when you neglect to hear him on behalf of God? Unite yourself, therefore, to him with all your mind, in the fervour of faith, and further his endeavours, by that virtue which God has given you, that He may make you partaker of His kingdom, Whose faith you cause to be received and maintained in your own.

“Besides, we would have your Highness know that, as we find in Holy Scripture from the words of the Almighty Lord, the end of this present world, and the kingdom of the saints, which will never come to an end, is at hand. But as the end of the world draws near, many things are about to come upon us which were not before, to wit, changes in the air, and terrors from heaven, and tempests out of the order of the seasons, wars, famines, pestilences, earthquakes in divers places; which things will not, nevertheless, all happen in our days, but will all follow after our days. If, therefore, you perceive that any of these things come to pass in your country, let not your mind be in any way disturbed; for these signs of the end of the world are sent before, for this reason, that we may take heed to our souls, and be watchful for the hour of death, and may be found prepared with good works to meet our Judge. Thus much, my illustrious son, I have said in few words, with intent that when the Christian faith is spread abroad in your kingdom, our discourse to you may also be more copious, and we may desire to say the more, as joy for the full conversion of your nation is increased in our mind.

“I have sent you some small gifts, which will not appear small to you, when received by you with the blessing of the blessed Apostle, Peter. May Almighty God, therefore, perfect in you His grace which He has begun, and prolong your life here through a course of many years, and in the fulness of time receive you into the congregation of the heavenly country. May the grace of God preserve you in safety, my most excellent lord and son.

“Given the 22nd day of June, in the nineteenth year of the reign of our most religious lord, Mauritius Tiberius Augustus, in the eighteenth year after his consulship, and the fourth indiction.”

Chap. XXXIII. How Augustine repaired the church of our Saviour, and built the monastery of the blessed Peter the Apostle; and concerning Peter the first abbot of the same.

Augustine having had his episcopal see granted him in the royal city, as has been said, recovered therein, with the support of the king, a church, which he was informed had been built of old by the faithful among the Romans, and consecrated it in the name of the Holy Saviour, our Divine Lord Jesus Christ, and there established a residence for himself and all his successors. He also built a monastery not far from the city to the eastward, in which, by his advice, Ethelbert erected from the foundation the church of the blessed Apostles, Peter and Paul, and enriched it with divers gifts; wherein the bodies of the same Augustine, and of all the bishops of Canterbury, and of the kings of Kent, might be buried. Nevertheless, it was not Augustine himself who consecrated that church, but Laurentius, his successor.

The first abbot of that monastery was the priest Peter, who, being sent on a mission into Gaul, was drowned in a bay of the sea, which is called Amfleat, and committed to a humble tomb by the inhabitants of the place; but since it was the will of Almighty God to reveal his merits, a light from Heaven was seen over his grave every night; till the neighbouring people who saw it, perceiving that he had been a holy man that was buried there, and inquiring who and whence he was, carried away the body, and interred it in the church, in the city of Boulogne, with the honour due to so great a person.

Chap. XXXIV. How Ethelfrid, king of the Northumbrians, having vanquished the nations of the Scots, expelled them from the territories of the English. [603 ACE]

At this time, the brave and ambitious king, Ethelfrid, governed the kingdom of the Northumbrians, and ravaged the Britons more than all the chiefs of the English, insomuch that he might be compared to Saul of old, king of the Israelites, save only in this, that he was ignorant of Divine religion. For he conquered more territories from the Britons than any other chieftain or king, either subduing the inhabitants and making them tributary, or driving them out and planting the English in their places. To him might justly be applied the saying of the patriarch blessing his son in the person of Saul, “Benjamin shall ravin as a wolf; in the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil.” Hereupon, Aedan, king of the Scots that dwell in Britain, being alarmed by his success, came against him with a great and mighty army, but was defeated and fled with a few followers; for almost all his army was cut to pieces at a famous place, called Degsastan, that is, Degsa Stone. In which battle also Theodbald, brother to Ethelfrid, was killed, with almost all the forces he commanded. This war Ethelfrid brought to an end in the year of our Lord 603, the eleventh of his own reign, which lasted twenty-four years, and the first year of the reign of Phocas, who then was at the head of the Roman empire. From that time, no king of the Scots durst come into Britain to make war on the English to this day.

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1.10: Book II

Book II

Chap. I. Of the death of the blessed Pope Gregory. [604 ACE]

At this time, that is, in the year of our Lord 605, the blessed Pope Gregory, after having most gloriously governed the Roman Apostolic see thirteen years, six months, and ten days, died, and was translated to an eternal abode in the kingdom of Heaven. Of whom, seeing that by his zeal he converted our nation, the English, from the power of Satan to the faith of Christ, it behoves us to discourse more at large in our Ecclesiastical History, for we may rightly, nay, we must, call him our apostle; because, as soon as he began to wield the pontifical power over all the world, and was placed over the Churches long before converted to the true faith, he made our nation, till then enslaved to idols, the Church of Christ, so that concerning him we may use those words of the Apostle; “if he be not an apostle to others, yet doubtless he is to us; for the seal of his apostleship are we in the Lord.” He was by nation a Roman, son of Gordianus, tracing his descent from ancestors that were not only noble, but religious. Moreover Felix, once bishop of the same Apostolic see, a man of great honour in Christ and in the Church, was his forefather. Nor did he show his nobility in religion by less strength of devotion than his parents and kindred. But that nobility of this world which was seen in him, by the help of the Divine Grace, he used only to gain the glory of eternal dignity; for soon quitting his secular habit, he entered a monastery, wherein he began to live with so much grace of perfection that (as he was wont afterwards with tears to testify) his mind was above all transitory things; that he rose superior to all that is subject to change; that he used to think of nothing but what was heavenly; that, whilst detained by the body, he broke through the bonds of the flesh by contemplation; and that he even loved death, which is a penalty to almost all men, as the entrance into life, and the reward of his labours. This he used to say of himself, not to boast of his progress in virtue, but rather to bewail the falling off which he imagined he had sustained through his pastoral charge. Indeed, once in a private conversation with his deacon, Peter, after having enumerated the former virtues of his soul, he added sorrowfully, “But now, on account of the pastoral charge, it is entangled with the affairs of laymen, and, after so fair an appearance of inward peace, is defiled with the dust of earthly action. And having wasted itself on outward things, by turning aside to the affairs of many men, even when it desires the inward things, it returns to them undoubtedly impaired. I therefore consider what I endure, I consider what I have lost, and when I behold what I have thrown away, that which I bear appears the more grievous.”

So spake the holy man constrained by his great humility. But it behoves us to believe that he lost nothing of his monastic perfection by reason of his pastoral charge, but rather that he gained greater profit through the labour of converting many, than by the former calm of his private life, and chiefly because, whilst holding the pontifical office, he set about organizing his house like a monastery. And when first drawn from the monastery, ordained to the ministry of the altar, and sent to Constantinople as representative of the Apostolic see, though he now took part in the secular affairs of the palace, yet he did not abandon the fixed course of his heavenly life; for some of the brethren of his monastery, who had followed him to the royal city in their brotherly love, he employed for the better observance of monastic rule, to the end that at all times, by their example, as he writes himself, he might be held fast to the calm shore of prayer, as it were, with the cable of an anchor, whilst he should be tossed up and down by the ceaseless waves of worldly affairs; and daily in the intercourse of studious reading with them, strengthen his mind shaken with temporal concerns. By their company he was not only guarded against the assaults of the world, but more and more roused to the exercises of a heavenly life.

For they persuaded him to interpret by a mystical exposition the book of the blessed Job, which is involved in great obscurity; nor could he refuse to undertake that work, which brotherly affection imposed on him for the future benefit of many; but in a wonderful manner, in five and thirty books of exposition, he taught how that same book is to be understood literally; how to be referred to the mysteries of Christ and the Church; and in what sense it is to be adapted to every one of the faithful. This work he began as papal representative in the royal city, but finished it at Rome after being made pope. Whilst he was still in the royal city, by the help of the grace of Catholic truth, he crushed in its first rise a new heresy which sprang up there, concerning the state of our resurrection. For Eutychius, bishop of that city, taught, that our body, in the glory of resurrection, would be impalpable, and more subtile than wind and air. The blessed Gregory hearing this, proved by force of truth, and by the instance of the Resurrection of our Lord, that this doctrine was every way opposed to the orthodox faith. For the Catholic faith holds that our body, raised by the glory of immortality, is indeed rendered subtile by the effect of spiritual power, but is palpable by the reality of nature; according to the example of our Lord’s Body, concerning which, when risen from the dead, He Himself says to His disciples, “Handle Me and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see Me have.” In maintaining this faith, the venerable Father Gregory so earnestly strove against the rising heresy, and with the help of the most pious emperor, Tiberius Constantine, so fully suppressed it, that

none has been since found to revive it.

He likewise composed another notable book, the “Liber Pastoralis,” wherein he clearly showed what sort of persons ought to be preferred to rule the Church; how such rulers ought to live; with how much discrimination they ought to instruct the different classes of their hearers, and how seriously to reflect every day on their own frailty. He also wrote forty homilies on the Gospel, which he divided equally into two volumes; and composed four books of Dialogues, in which, at the request of his deacon, Peter, he recounted the virtues of the more renowned saints of Italy, whom he had either known or heard of, as a pattern of life for posterity; to the end that, as he taught in his books of Expositions what virtues men ought to strive after, so by describing the miracles of saints, he might make known the glory of those virtues. Further, in twenty-two homilies, he showed how much light is latent in the first and last parts of the prophet Ezekiel, which seemed the most obscure. Besides which, he wrote the “Book of Answers,” to the questions of the holy Augustine, the first bishop of the English nation, as we have shown above, inserting the same book entire in this history; and the useful little “Synodical Book,” which he composed with the bishops of Italy on necessary matters of the Church; as well as private

letters to certain persons. And it is the more wonderful that he could write so many lengthy works, seeing that almost all the time of his youth, to use his own words, he was frequently tormented with internal pain, constantly enfeebled by the weakness of his digestion, and oppressed by a low but persistent fever. But in all these troubles, forasmuch as he carefully reflected that, as the Scripture testifies, “He scourgeth every son whom He receiveth,” the more severely he suffered under those present evils, the more he assured himself of his eternal hope.

Thus much may be said of his immortal genius, which could not be crushed by such severe bodily pains. Other popes applied themselves to building churches or adorning them with gold and silver, but Gregory was wholly intent upon gaining souls. Whatsoever money he had, he took care to distribute diligently and give to the poor, that his righteousness might endure for ever, and his horn be exalted with honour; so that the words of the blessed Job might be truly said of him, “When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me: because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow’s heart to sing for joy. I put on righteousness, and it clothed me; my judgement was as a robe and a diadem. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor; and the cause which I knew not, I searched out. And I brake the jaws of the wicked, and plucked the spoil out of his teeth.” And a little after: “If I have withheld,” says he, “the poor from their desire; or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail; or have eaten my morsel myself alone, and the fatherless hath not eaten thereof: (for from my youth compassion grew up with me, and from my mother’s womb it came forth with me.”)

To his works of piety and righteousness this also may be added, that he saved our nation, by the preachers he sent hither, from the teeth of the old enemy, and made it partaker of eternal liberty. Rejoicing in the faith and salvation of our race, and worthily commending it with praise, he says, in his exposition of the blessed Job, “Behold, the tongue of Britain, which only knew how to utter barbarous cries, has long since begun to raise the Hebrew Hallelujah to the praise of God! Behold, the once swelling ocean now serves prostrate at the feet of the saints; and its wild upheavals, which earthly princes could not subdue with the sword, are now, through the fear of God, bound by the lips of priests with words alone; and the heathenthat stood not in awe of troops of warriors, now believes and fears the tongues of the humble! For he has received a message from on high and mighty works are revealed; the strength of the knowledge of God is given him, and restrained by the fear of the Lord, he dreads to do evil, and with all his heart desires to attain to everlasting grace.” In which words the blessed Gregory shows us this also, that St. Augustine and his companions brought the English to receive the truth, not only by the preaching of words, but also by showing forth heavenly signs.

The blessed Pope Gregory, among other things, caused Masses to be celebrated in the churches of the holy Apostles, Peter and Paul, over their bodies. And in the celebration of Masses, he added three petitions of the utmost perfection: “And dispose our days in thy peace, and bid us to be preserved from eternal damnation, and to be numbered in the flock of thine elect.”

He governed the Church in the days of the Emperors Mauritius and Phocas, and passing out of this life in the second year of the same Phocas, he departed to the true life which is in Heaven. His body was buried in the church of the blessed Apostle Peter before the sacristy, on the 12th day of March, to rise one day in the same body in glory with the rest of the holy pastors of the Church. On his tomb was written this epitaph:

Receive, O Earth, his body taken from thine own; thou canst restore it, when God calls to life. His spirit rises to the stars; the claims of death shall not avail against him, for death itself is but the way to new life. In this tomb are laid the limbs of a great pontiff, who yet lives for ever in all places in countless deeds of mercy. Hunger and cold he overcame with food and raiment, and shielded souls from the enemy by his holy teaching. And whatsoever he taught in word, that he fulfilled in deed, that he might be a pattern, even as he spake words of mystic meaning. By his guiding love he brought the Angles to Christ, gaining armies for the Faith from a new people. This was thy toil, thy task, thy care, thy aim as shepherd, to offer to thy Lord abundant increase of the

flock. So, Consul of God, rejoice in this thy triumph, for now thou hast the reward of thy works for evermore.

Nor must we pass by in silence the story of the blessed Gregory, handed down to us by the tradition of our ancestors, which explains his earnest care for the salvation of our nation. It is said that one day, when some merchants had lately arrived at Rome, many things were exposed for sale in the market place, and much people resorted thither to buy: Gregory himself went with the rest, and saw among other wares some boys put up for sale, of fair complexion, with pleasing countenances, and very beautiful hair. When he beheld them, he asked, it is said, from what region or country they were brought? and was told, from the island of Britain, and that the inhabitants were like that in appearance. He again inquired whether those islanders were Christians, or still involved in the errors of paganism, and was informed that they were pagans. Then fetching a deep sigh from the bottom of his heart, “Alas! what pity,” said he, “that the author of darkness should own men of such fair countenances; and that with such grace of outward form, their minds should be void of inward grace.” He therefore again asked, what was the name of that nation? and was answered, that they were called Angles. “Right,” said he, “for they have an angelic face, and it is meet that such should be co-heirs with the Angels in heaven. What is the name of the province from which they are brought?” It was replied, that the natives of that province were called Deiri. “Truly are they *De ira*,” said he, “saved from wrath, and called to the mercy of Christ. How is the king of that province called?” They told him his name was Aelli; and he, playing upon the name, said, “Allelujah, the praise of God the Creator must be sung in those parts.”

Then he went to the bishop of the Roman Apostolic see (for he was not himself then made pope), and entreated him to send some ministers of the Word into Britain to the nation of the English, that it might be converted to Christ by them; declaring himself ready to carry out that work with the help of God, if the Apostolic Pope should think fit to have it done. But not being then able to perform this task, because, though the Pope was willing to grant his request, yet the citizens of Rome could not be brought to consent that he should depart so far from the city, as soon as he was himself made Pope, he carried out the long-desired work, sending, indeed, other preachers, but himself by his exhortations and prayers helping the preaching to bear fruit. This account, which we have received from a past generation, we have thought fit to insert in our Ecclesiastical History.

Chap. II. How Augustine admonished the bishops of the Britons on behalf of Catholic peace, and to that end wrought a heavenly miracle in their presence; and of the vengeance that pursued them for their contempt. [Circ. 603 ACE]

In the meantime, Augustine, with the help of King Ethelbert, drew together to a conference the bishops and doctors of the nearest province of the Britons, at a place which is to this day called, in the English language, Augustine’s Ác, that is, Augustine’s Oak, on the borders of the Hwiccas and West Saxons; and began by brotherly admonitions to persuade them to preserve Catholic peace with him, and undertake the common labour of preaching the Gospel to the heathen for the Lord’s sake. For they did not keep Easter Sunday at the proper time, but from the fourteenth to the twentieth moon; which computation is contained in a cycle of eighty-four years. Besides, they did many other things which were opposed to the unity of the church. When, after a long disputation, they did not comply with the entreaties, exhortations, or rebukes of Augustine and his companions, but preferred their own traditions before all the Churches which are united in Christ throughout the world, the holy father, Augustine, put an end to this troublesome and tedious contention, saying, “Let us entreat God, who maketh men to be of one mind in His Father’s house, to vouchsafe, by signs from Heaven, to declare to us which tradition is to be followed; and by what path we are to strive to enter His kingdom. Let some sick man be brought, and let the faith and practice of him, by whose prayers he shall be healed, be looked upon as hallowed in God’s sight and such as should be adopted by all.” His adversaries unwillingly consenting, a blind man of the English race was brought, who having been presented to the British bishops, found no benefit or healing from their ministry; at length, Augustine, compelled by strict necessity, bowed his knees to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, praying that He would restore his lost sight to the blind man, and by the bodily enlightenment of one kindle the grace of spiritual light in the hearts of many of the faithful. Immediately the blind man received sight, and Augustine was proclaimed by all to be a true herald of the light from Heaven. The Britons then confessed that they perceived that it was the true way of righteousness which Augustine taught; but that they could not depart from their ancient customs without the consent and sanction of their people. They therefore desired that a second time a synod might be appointed, at which more of their number should be present.

This being decreed, there came, it is said, seven bishops of the Britons, and many men of great learning, particularly from their most celebrated monastery, which is called, in the English tongue, Bancornaburg, and over which the Abbot Dinoot is said to have presided at that time. They that were to go to the aforesaid council, betook themselves first to a certain holy and discreet man, who was wont to lead the life of a hermit among them, to consult with him, whether they ought, at the preaching of Augustine, to forsake their traditions. He answered, “If he is a man of God, follow him.”—“How shall we know that?” said they. He replied, “Our Lord saith, Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart; if therefore, Augustine is meek and lowly

of heart, it is to be believed that he bears the yoke of Christ himself, and offers it to you to bear. But, if he is harsh and proud, it is plain that he is not of God, nor are we to regard his words." They said again, "And how shall we discern even this?"—"Do you contrive," said the anchorite, "that he first arrive with his company at the place where the synod is to be held; and if at your approach he rises up to you, hear him submissively, being assured that he is the servant of Christ; but if he despises you, and does not rise up to you, whereas you are more in number, let him also be despised by you."

They did as he directed; and it happened, that as they approached, Augustine was sitting on a chair. When they perceived it, they were angry, and charging him with pride, set themselves to contradict all he said. He said to them, "Many things ye do which are contrary to our custom, or rather the custom of the universal Church, and yet, if you will comply with me in these three matters, to wit, to keep Easter at the due time; to fulfil the ministry of Baptism, by which we are born again to God, according to the custom of the holy Roman Apostolic Church; and to join with us in preaching the Word of God to the English nation, we will gladly suffer all the other things you do, though contrary to our customs." They answered that they would do none of those things, nor receive him as their archbishop; for they said among themselves, "if he would not rise up to us now, how much more will he despise us, as of no account, if we begin to be under his subjection?" Then the man of God, Augustine, is said to have threatened them, that if they would not accept peace with their brethren, they should have war from their enemies; and, if they would not preach the way of life to the English nation, they should suffer at their hands the vengeance of death. All which, through the dispensation of the Divine judgement, fell out exactly as he had predicted.

For afterwards the warlike king of the English, Ethelfrid, of whom we have spoken, having raised a mighty army, made a very great slaughter of that heretical nation, at the city of Legions, which by the English is called Legacaestir, but by the Britons more rightly Carlegion. Being about to give battle, he observed their priests, who were come together to offer up their prayers to God for the combatants, standing apart in a place of greater safety; he inquired who they were, and what they came together to do in that place. Most of them were of the monastery of Bangor, in which, it is said, there was so great a number of monks, that the monastery being divided into seven parts, with a superior set over each, none of those parts contained less than three hundred men, who all lived by the labour of their hands. Many of these, having observed a fast of three days, had come together along with others to pray at the aforesaid battle, having one Brocmail for their protector, to defend them, whilst they were intent upon their prayers, against the swords of the barbarians. King Ethelfrid being informed of the occasion of their coming, said, "If then they cry to their God against us, in truth, though they do not bear arms, yet they fight against us, because they assail us with their curses." He, therefore, commanded them to be attacked first, and then destroyed the rest of the impious army, not without great loss of his own forces. About twelve hundred of those that came to pray are said to have been killed, and only fifty to have escaped by flight. Brocmail, turning his back with his men, at the first approach of the enemy, left those whom he ought to have defended unarmed and exposed to the swords of the assailants. Thus was fulfilled the prophecy of the holy Bishop Augustine, though he himself had been long before taken up into the heavenly kingdom, that the heretics should feel the vengeance of temporal death also, because they had despised the offer of eternal salvation.

Chap. III. How St. Augustine made Mellitus and Justus bishops; and of his death. [604 ACE]

In the year of our Lord 604, Augustine, Archbishop of Britain, ordained two bishops, to wit, Mellitus and Justus; Mellitus to preach to the province of the East- Saxons, who are divided from Kent by the river Thames, and border on the Eastern sea. Their metropolis is the city of London, which is situated on the bank of the aforesaid river, and is the mart of many nations resorting to it by sea and land. At that time, Sabert, nephew to Ethelbert through his sister Ricula, reigned over the nation, though he was under subjection to Ethelbert, who, as has been said above, had command over all the nations of the English as far as the river Humber. But when this province also received the word of truth, by the preaching of Mellitus, King Ethelbert built the church of St. Paul the Apostle, in the city of London, where he and his successors should have their episcopal see. As for Justus, Augustine ordained him bishop in Kent, at the city of Dorubrevis, which the English call Hrofaescaestrae, from one that was formerly the chief man of it, called Hrof. It is about twenty-four miles distant from the city of Canterbury to the westward, and in it King Ethelbert dedicated a church to the blessed Apostle Andrew, and bestowed many gifts on the bishops of both those churches, as well as on the Bishop of Canterbury, adding lands and possessions for the use of those who were associated with the bishops.

After this, the beloved of God, our father Augustine, died, and his body was laid outside, close by the church of the blessed Apostles, Peter and Paul, above spoken of, because it was not yet finished, nor consecrated, but as soon as it was consecrated, the body was brought in, andfittingly buried in the north chapel thereof; wherein also were interred the bodies of all the succeeding archbishops, except two only, Theodore and Bertwald, whose bodies are in the church itself, because the aforesaid chapel could contain no more. Almost in the midst of this chapel is an altar dedicated in honour of the blessed Pope Gregory, at which every Saturday memorial Masses are celebrated for the archbishops by a priest of that place. On the tomb of Augustine is inscribed this epitaph:

“Here rests the Lord Augustine, first Archbishop of Canterbury, who, being of old sent hither by the blessed Gregory, Bishop of the city of Rome, and supported by God in the working of miracles, led King Ethelbert and his nation from the worship of idols to the faith of Christ, and having ended the days of his office in peace, died the 26th day of May, in the reign of the same king.”

Chap. IV. How Laurentius and his bishops admonished the Scots to observe the unity of the Holy Church, particularly in keeping of Easter; and how Mellitus went to Rome.

Laurentius succeeded Augustine in the bishopric, having been ordained thereto by the latter, in his lifetime, lest, upon his death, the Church, as yet in so unsettled a state, might begin to falter, if it should be destitute of a pastor, though but for one hour. Wherein he also followed the example of the first pastor of the Church, that is, of the most blessed Peter, chief of the Apostles, who, having founded the Church of Christ at Rome, is said to have consecrated Clement to help him in preaching the Gospel, and at the same time to be his successor. Laurentius, being advanced to the rank of archbishop, laboured indefatigably, both by frequent words of holy exhortation and constant example of good works to strengthen the foundations of the Church, which had been so nobly laid, and to carry it on to the fitting height of perfection. In short, he not only took charge of the new Church formed among the English, but endeavoured also to bestow his pastoral care upon the tribes of the ancient inhabitants of Britain, as also of the Scots, who inhabit the island of Ireland, which is next to Britain. For when he understood that the life and profession of the Scots in their aforesaid country, as well as of the Britons in Britain, was not truly in accordance with the practice of the Church in many matters, especially that they did not celebrate the festival of Easter at the due time, but thought that the day of the Resurrection of our Lord ought, as has been said above, to be observed between the 14th and 20th of the moon; he wrote, jointly with his fellow bishops, a hortatory epistle, entreating and conjuring them to keep the unity of peace and Catholic observance with the Church of Christ spread throughout the world. The beginning of which epistle is as follows:

“*To our most dear brethren, the Lords Bishops and Abbots throughout all the country of the Scots, Laurentius, Mellitus, and Justus, Bishops, servants of the servants of God* . When the Apostolic see, according to the universal custom which it has followed elsewhere, sent us to these western parts to preach to pagan nations, and it was our lot to come into this island, which is called Britain, before we knew them, we held both the Britons and Scots in great esteem for sanctity, believing that they walked according to the custom of the universal Church; but becoming acquainted with the Britons, we thought that the Scots had been better. Now we have learnt from Bishop Dagan, who came into this aforesaid island, and the Abbot Columban, in Gaul, that the Scots in no way differ from the Britons in their walk; for when Bishop Dagan came to us, not only did he refuse to eat at the same table, but even to eat in the same house where we were entertained.”

Also Laurentius with his fellow bishops wrote a letter to the bishops of the Britons, suitable to his degree, by which he endeavoured to confirm them in Catholic unity; but what he gained by so doing the present times still show.

About this time, Mellitus, bishop of London, went to Rome, to confer with the Apostolic Pope Boniface about the necessary affairs of the English Church. And the same most reverend pope, assembling a synod of the bishops of Italy, to prescribe rules for the life and peace of the monks, Mellitus also sat among them, in the eighth year of the reign of the Emperor Phocas, the thirteenth indiction, on the 27th of February, to the end that he also might sign and confirm by his authority whatsoever should be regularly decreed, and on his return into Britain might carry the decrees to the Churches of the English, to be committed to them and observed; together with letters which the same pope sent to the beloved of God, Archbishop Laurentius, and to all the clergy; as likewise to King Ethelbert and the English nation. This pope was Boniface, the fourth after the blessed Gregory, bishop of the city of Rome. He obtained for the Church of Christ from the Emperor Phocas the gift of the temple at Rome called by the ancients Pantheon, as representing all the gods; wherein he, having purified it from all defilement, dedicated a church to the holy Mother of God, and to all Christ’s martyrs, to the end that, the company of devils being expelled, the blessed company of the saints might have therein a perpetual memorial.

Chap. V. How, after the death of the kings Ethelbert and Sabert, their successors restored idolatry; for which reason, both Mellitus and Justus departed out of Britain. [616 ACE]

In the year of our Lord 616, which is the twenty-first year after Augustine and his company were sent to preach to the English nation, Ethelbert, king of Kent, having most gloriously governed his temporal kingdom fifty-six years, entered into the eternal joys of the kingdom of Heaven. He was the third of the English kings who ruled over all the southern provinces that are divided from

the northern by the river Humber and the borders contiguous to it; but the first of all that ascended to the heavenly kingdom. The first who had the like sovereignty was Aelli, king of the South-Saxons; the second, Caelin, king of the West-Saxons, who, in their own language, is called Ceaulin; the third, as has been said, was Ethelbert, king of Kent; the fourth was Redwald, king of the East-Angles, who, even in the life-time of Ethelbert, had been acquiring the leadership for his own race. The fifth was Edwin, king of the Northumbrian nation, that is, of those who live in the district to the north of the river Humber; his power was greater; he had the overlordship over all the nations who inhabit Britain, both English and British, except only the people of Kent; and he reduced also under the dominion of the English, the Mevanian Islands of the Britons, lying between Ireland and Britain; the sixth was Oswald, the most Christian king of the Northumbrians, whose kingdom was within the same bounds; the seventh, his brother Oswy, ruled over a kingdom of like extent for a time, and for the most part subdued and made tributary the nations of the Picts and Scots, who occupy the northern parts of Britain: but of that hereafter.

King Ethelbert died on the 24th day of the month of February, twenty-one years after he had received the faith, and was buried in St. Martin's chapel within the church of the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, where also lies his queen, Bertha.Among other benefits which he conferred upon his nation in his care for them, he established, with the help of his council of wise men, judicial decisions, after the Roman model; which are written in the language of the English, and are still kept and observed by them. Among which, he set down first what satisfaction should be given by any one who should steal anything belonging to the Church, the bishop, or the other clergy, for he was resolved to give protection to those whom he had received along with their doctrine.

This Ethelbert was the son of Irminric, whose father was Octa, whose father was Oeric, surnamed Oisc, from whom the kings of Kent are wont to be called Oiscings. His father was Hengist, who, being invited by Vortigern, first came into Britain, with his son Oisc, as has been said above.

But after the death of Ethelbert, the accession of his son Eadbald proved very harmful to the still tender growth of the new Church; for he not only refused to accept the faith of Christ, but was also defiled with such fornication, as the Apostle testifies, as is not so much as named among the Gentiles, that one should have his father's wife. By both which crimes he gave occasion to those to return to their former uncleanness, who, under his father, had, either for favour or fear of the king, submitted to the laws of the faith and of a pure life. Nor did the unbelieving king escape without the scourge of Divine severity in chastisement and correction; for he was troubled with frequent fits of madness, and possessed by an unclean spirit. The storm of this disturbance was increased by the death of Sabert, king of the East Saxons, who departing to the heavenly kingdom, left three sons, still pagans,to inherit his temporal crown. They immediately began openly to give themselves up to idolatry, which, during their father's lifetime, they had seemed somewhat to abandon, and they granted free licence to their subjects to serve idols. And when they saw the bishop, whilst celebrating Mass in the church, give the Eucharist to the people, filled, as they were, with folly and ignorance, they said to him, as is commonly reported, "Why do you not give us also that white bread, which you used to give to our father Saba (for so they were wont to call him), and which you still continue to give to the people in the church?" To whom he answered, "If you will be washed in that font of salvation, in which your father was washed, you may also partake of the holy Bread of which he partook; but if you despise the laver of life, you can in no wise receive the Bread of life." They replied, "We will not enter into that font, because we know that we do not stand in need of it, and yet we will be refreshed by that bread." And being often earnestly admonished by him, that this could by no means be done, nor would any one be admitted to partake of the sacred Oblation without the holy cleansing, at last, they said, filled with rage, "If you will not comply with us in so small a matter as that which we require, you shall not stay in our province." And they drove him out and bade him and his company depart from their kingdom. Being driven thence, he came into Kent, to take counsel with his fellow bishops, Laurentius and Justus, and learn what was to be done in that case; and with one consent they determined that it was better for them all to return to their own country, where they might serve God in freedom of mind, than to continue to no purpose among barbarians, who had revolted from the faith. Mellitus and Justus accordingly went away first, and withdrew into the parts of Gaul, intending there to await the event. But the kings, who had driven from them the herald of the truth, did not continue long unpunished in their worship of devils. For marching out to battle against the nation of the Gewissi, they were all slain with their army. Nevertheless, the people, having been once turned to wickedness, though the authors of it were destroyed, would not be corrected, nor return to the unity of faith and charity which is in Christ.

Chap. VI. How Laurentius, being reproved by the Apostle Peter, converted King Eadbald to Christ; and how the king soon recalled Mellitus and Justus to preach the Word. [617-618 ACE]

Laurentius, being about to follow Mellitus and Justus, and to quit Britain, ordered his bed to be laid that night in the church of the blessed Apostles, Peter and Paul, which has been often mentioned before; wherein having laid himself to rest, after he had with tears poured forth many prayers to God for the state of the Church, he fell asleep; in the dead of night, the blessed chief of the Apostles appeared to him, and scourging him grievously a long time, asked of him with apostolic severity, why he was forsaking

the flock which he had committed to him? or to what shepherd he was leaving, by his flight, Christ's sheep that were in the midst of wolves? "Hast thou," he said, "forgotten my example, who, for the sake of those little ones, whom Christ commended to me in token of His affection, underwent at the hands of infidels and enemies of Christ, bonds, stripes, imprisonment, afflictions, and lastly, death itself, even the death of the cross, that I might at last be crowned with Him?" Laurentius, the servant of Christ, roused by the scourging of the blessed Peter and his words of exhortation, went to the king as soon as morning broke, and laying aside his garment, showed the scars of the stripes which he had received. The king, astonished, asked who had presumed to inflict such stripes on so great a man. And when he heard that for the sake of his salvation the bishop had suffered these cruel blows at the hands of the Apostle of Christ, he was greatly afraid; and abjuring the worship of idols, and renouncing his unlawful marriage, he received the faith of Christ, and being baptized, promoted and supported the interests of the Church to the utmost of his power.

He also sent over into Gaul, and recalled Mellitus and Justus, and bade them return to govern their churches in freedom. They came back one year after their departure, and Justus returned to the city of Rochester, where he had before presided; but the people of London would not receive Bishop Mellitus, choosing rather to be under their idolatrous high priests; for King Eadbald had not so much authority in the kingdom as his father, and was not able to restore the bishop to his church against the will and consent of the pagans. But he and his nation, after his conversion to the Lord, sought to obey the commandments of God. Lastly, he built the church of the holy Mother of God, in the monastery of the most blessed chief of the Apostles, which was afterwards consecrated by Archbishop Mellitus.

Chap. VII. How Bishop Mellitus by prayer quenched a fire in his city. [619 ACE]

In this king's reign, the blessed Archbishop Laurentius was taken up to the heavenly kingdom: he was buried in the church and monastery of the holy Apostle Peter, close by his predecessor Augustine, on the 2nd day of the month of February. Mellitus, who was bishop of London, succeeded to the see of Canterbury, being the third archbishop from Augustine; Justus, who was still living, governed the church of Rochester. These ruled the Church of the English with much care and industry, and received letters of exhortation from Boniface, bishop of the Roman Apostolic see, who presided over the Church after Deusdedit, in the year of our Lord 619. Mellitus laboured under the bodily infirmity of gout, but his mind was sound and active, cheerfully passing over all earthly things, and always aspiring to love, seek, and attain to those which are celestial. He was noble by birth, but still nobler by the elevation of his mind.

In short, that I may give one instance of his power, from which the rest may be inferred, it happened once that the city of Canterbury, being set on fire through carelessness, was in danger of being consumed by the spreading conflagration; water was thrown on the fire in vain; a considerable part of the city was already destroyed, and the fierce flames were advancing towards the bishop's abode, when he, trusting in God, where human help failed, ordered himself to be carried towards the raging masses of fire which were spreading on every side. The church of the four crowned Martyrs was in the place where the fire raged most fiercely. The bishop, being carried thither by his servants, weak as he was, set about averting by prayer the danger which the strong hands of active men had not been able to overcome with all their exertions. Immediately the wind, which blowing from the south had spread the conflagration throughout the city, veered to the north, and thus prevented the destruction of those places that had been exposed to its full violence, then it ceased entirely and there was a calm, while the flames likewise sank and were extinguished. And because the man of God burned with the fire of divine love, and was wont to drive away the storms of the powers of the air, by his frequent prayers and at his bidding, from doing harm to himself, or his people, it was meet that he should be allowed to prevail over the winds and flames of this world, and to obtain that they should not injure him or his.

This archbishop also, having ruled the church five years, departed to heaven in the reign of King Eadbald, and was buried with his fathers in the monastery and church, which we have so often mentioned, of the most blessed chief of the Apostles, in the year of our Lord 624, on the 24th day of April.

Chap. VIII. How Pope Boniface sent the Pall and a letter to Justus, successor to Mellitus. [624 ACE]

Justus, bishop of the church of Rochester, immediately succeeded Mellitus in the archbishopric. He consecrated Romanus bishop of that see in his own stead, having obtained authority to ordain bishops from Pope Boniface, whom we mentioned above as successor to Deusdedit: of which licence this is the form:

"*Boniface, to his most beloved brother Justus* . We have learnt not only from the contents of your letter addressed to us, but from the fulfilment granted to your work, how faithfully and vigilantly you have laboured, my brother, for the Gospel of Christ; for

Almighty God has not forsaken either the mystery of His Name, or the fruit of your labours, having Himself faithfully promised to the preachers of the Gospel, 'Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world;' which promise His mercy has particularly manifested in this ministry imposed upon you, opening the hearts of the nations to receive the wondrous mystery of your preaching. For He has blessed with a rich reward your Eminence's acceptable course, by the support of His loving kindness; granting a plentiful increase to your labours in the faithful management of the talents committed to you, and bestowing it on that which you might confirm to many generations. This is conferred on you by that recompense whereby, constantly persevering in the ministry imposed upon you, you have awaited with praiseworthy patience the redemption of that nation, and that they might profit by your merits, salvation has been bestowed on them. For our Lord Himself says, 'He that endureth to the end shall be saved.' You are, therefore, saved by the hope of patience, and the virtue of endurance, to the end that the hearts of unbelievers, being cleansed from their natural disease of superstition, might obtain the mercy of their Saviour: for having received letters from our son Adulwald, we perceive with how much knowledge of the Sacred Word you, my brother, have brought his mind to the belief in true conversion and the certainty of the faith. Therefore, firmly confiding in the long-suffering of the Divine clemency, we believe that, through the ministry of your preaching, there will ensue most full salvation not only of the nations subject to him, but also of their neighbours; to the end, that as it is written, the recompense of a perfect work may be conferred on you by the Lord, the Rewarder of all the just; and that the universal confession of all nations, having received the mystery of the Christian faith, may declare, that in truth 'Their sound is gone out into all the earth, and their words unto the end of the world.'

"We have also, my brother, moved by the warmth of our goodwill, sent you by the bearer of these presents, the pall, giving you authority to use it only in the celebration of the Sacred Mysteries; granting to you likewise to ordain bishops when there shall be occasion, through the Lord's mercy; that so the Gospel of Christ, by the preaching of many, may be spread abroad in all the nations that are not yet converted. You must, therefore, endeavour, my brother, to preserve with unblemished sincerity of mind that which you have received through the kindness of the Apostolic see, bearing in mind what it is that is represented by the honourable vestment which you have obtained to be borne on your shoulders. And imploring the Divine mercy, study to show yourself such that you may present before the tribunal of the Supreme Judge that is to come, the rewards of the favour granted to you, not with guiltiness, but with the benefit of souls.

"God preserve you in safety, most dear brother!"

Chap. IX. Of the reign of King Edwin, and how Paulinus, coming to preach the Gospel, first converted his daughter and others to the mysteries of the faith of Christ. [625-626 ACE]

At this time the nation of the Northumbrians, that is, the English tribe dwelling on the north side of the river Humber, with their king, Edwin, received the Word of faith through the preaching of Paulinus, of whom we have before spoken. This king, as an earnest of his reception of the faith, and his share in the heavenly kingdom, received an increase also of his temporal realm, for he reduced under his dominion all the parts of Britain that were provinces either of the English, or of the Britons, a thing which no English king had ever done before; and he even subjected to the English the Mevanian islands, as has been said above. The more important of these, which is to the southward, is the larger in extent, and more fruitful, containing nine hundred and sixty families, according to the English computation; the other contains above three hundred.

The occasion of this nation's reception of the faith was the alliance by marriage of their aforesaid king with the kings of Kent, for he had taken to wife Ethelberg, otherwise called Tata, daughter to King Ethelbert. When he first sent ambassadors to ask her in marriage of her brother Eadbald, who then reigned in Kent, he received the answer, "That it was not lawful to give a Christian maiden in marriage to a pagan husband, lest the faith and the mysteries of the heavenly King should be profaned by her union with a king that was altogether a stranger to the worship of the true God." This answer being brought to Edwin by his messengers, he promised that he would in no manner act in opposition to the Christian faith, which the maiden professed; but would give leave to her, and all that went with her, men and women, bishops and clergy, to follow their faith and worship after the custom of the Christians. Nor did he refuse to accept that religion himself, if, being examined by wise men, it should be found more holy and more worthy of God.

So the maiden was promised, and sent to Edwin, and in accordance with the agreement, Paulinus, a man beloved of God, was ordained bishop, to go with her, and by daily exhortations, and celebrating the heavenly Mysteries, to confirm her and her company, lest they should be corrupted by intercourse with the pagans. Paulinus was ordained bishop by the Archbishop Justus, on the 21st day of July, in the year of our Lord 625, and so came to King Edwin with the aforesaid maiden as an attendant on their union in the flesh. But his mind was wholly bent upon calling the nation to which he was sent to the knowledge of truth; according to the words of the Apostle, "To espouse her to the one true Husband, that he might present her as a chaste virgin to Christ." Being come into that province, he laboured much, not only to retain those that went with him, by the help of God, that they should

not abandon the faith, but, if haply he might, to convert some of the pagans to the grace of the faith by his preaching. But, as the Apostle says, though he laboured long in the Word, “The god of this world blinded the minds of them that believed not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ should shine unto them.”

The next year there came into the province one called Eumer, sent by the king of the West-Saxons, whose name was Cuichelm, to lie in wait for King Edwin, in hopes at once to deprive him of his kingdom and his life. He had a two-edged dagger, dipped in poison, to the end that, if the wound inflicted by the weapon did not avail to kill the king, it might be aided by the deadly venom. He came to the king on the first day of the Easter festival, at the river Derwent, where there was then a royal township, and being admitted as if to deliver a message from his master, whilst unfolding in cunning words his pretended embassy, he started up on a sudden, and unsheathing the dagger under his garment, assaulted the king. When Lilla, the king’s most devoted servant, saw this, having no buckler at hand to protect the king from death, he at once interposed his own body to receive the blow; but the enemy struck home with such force, that he wounded the king through the body of the slaughtered thegn. Being then attacked on all sides with swords, in the confusion he also slew impiously with his dagger another of the thegns, whose name was Forthhere.

On that same holy Easter night, the queen had brought forth to the king a daughter, called Eanfled. The king, in the presence of Bishop Paulinus, gave thanks to his gods for the birth of his daughter; and the bishop, on his part, began to give thanks to Christ, and to tell the king, that by his prayers to Him he had obtained that the queen should bring forth the child in safety, and without grievous pain. The king, delighted with his words, promised, that if God would grant him life and victory over the king by whom the murderer who had wounded him had been sent, he would renounce his idols, and serve Christ; and as a pledge that he would perform his promise, he delivered up that same daughter to Bishop Paulinus, to be consecrated to Christ. She was the first to be baptized of the nation of the Northumbrians, and she received Baptism on the holy day of Pentecost, along with eleven others of her house. At that time, the king, being recovered of the wound which he had received, raised an army and marched against the nation of the West-Saxons; and engaging in war, either slew or received in surrender all those of whom he learned that they had conspired to murder him. So he returned victorious into his own country, but he would not immediately and unadvisedly embrace the mysteries of the Christian faith, though he no longer worshipped idols, ever since he made the promise that he would serve Christ; but first took heed earnestly to be instructed at leisure by the venerable Paulinus, in the knowledge of faith, and to confer with such as he knew to be the wisest of his chief men, inquiring what they thought was fittest to be done in that case. And being a man of great natural sagacity, he often sat alone by himself a long time in silence, deliberating in the depths of his heart how he should proceed, and to which religion he should adhere.

Chap. X. How Pope Boniface, by letter, exhorted the same king to embrace the faith. [Circ. 625 ACE]

At this time he received a letter from Pope Boniface exhorting him to embrace the faith, which was as follows:

COPY OF THE LETTER OF THE MOST BLESSED AND APOSTOLIC POPE OF THE CHURCH OF THE CITY OF ROME, BONIFACE, ADDRESSED TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS EDWIN, KING OF THE ENGLISH.

“*To the illustrious Edwin, king of the English, Bishop Boniface, the servant of the servants of God* . Although the power of the Supreme Deity cannot be expressed by[pg 106]the function of human speech, seeing that, by its own greatness, it so consists in invisible and unsearchable eternity, that no keenness of wit can comprehend or express how great it is; yet inasmuch as His Humanity, having opened the doors of the heart to receive Himself, mercifully, by secret inspiration, puts into the minds of men such things as It reveals concerning Itself, we have thought fit to extend our episcopal care so far as to make known to you the fulness of the Christian faith; to the end that, bringing to your knowledge the Gospel of Christ, which our Saviour commanded should be preached to all nations, we might offer to you the cup of the means of salvation.

“Thus the goodness of the Supreme Majesty, which, by the word alone of His command, made and created all things, the heaven, the earth, the sea, and all that in them is, disposing the order by which they should subsist, hath, ordaining all things, with the counsel of His co-eternal Word, and the unity of the Holy Spirit, made man after His own image and likeness, forming him out of the mire of the earth; and granted him such high privilege of distinction, as to place him above all else; so that, preserving the bounds of the law of his being, his substance should be established to eternity. This God,—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the undivided Trinity,—from the east unto the west, through faith by confession to the saving of their souls, men worship and adore as the Creator of all things, and their own Maker; to Whom also the heights of empire and the powers of the world are subject, because the pre-eminence of all kingdoms is granted by His disposition. It hath pleased Him, therefore, in the mercy of His loving kindness, and for the greater benefit of all His creatures, by the fire of His Holy Spirit wonderfully to kindle the cold hearts even of the nations seated at the extremities of the earth in the knowledge of Himself.

“For we suppose, since the two countries are near together, that your Highness has fully understood what the clemency of our Redeemer has effected in the enlightenment of our illustrious son, King Eadbald, and the nations under his rule; we therefore trust, with assured confidence that, through the long-suffering of Heaven, His wonderful gift will be also conferred on you; since, indeed, we have learnt that your illustrious consort, who is discerned to be one flesh with you, has been blessed with the reward of eternity, through the regeneration of Holy Baptism. We have, therefore, taken care by this letter, with all the goodwill of heartfelt love, to exhort your Highness, that, abhorring idols and their worship, and despising the foolishness of temples, and the deceitful flatteries of auguries, you believe in God the Father Almighty, and His Son Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost, to the end that, believing and being released from the bonds of captivity to the Devil, you may, through the co-operating power of the Holy and undivided Trinity, be partaker of the eternal life.

“How great guilt they lie under, who adhere in their worship to the pernicious superstition of idolatry, appears by the examples of the perishing of those whom they worship. Wherefore it is said of them by the Psalmist, ‘All the gods of the nations are devils, but the Lord made the heavens.’ And again, ‘Eyes have they, but they see not; they have ears, but they hear not; noses have they, but they smell not; they have hands, but they handle not; feet have they, but they walk not. Therefore they are made like unto those that place the hope of their confidence in them.’ For how can they have power to help any man, that are made out of corruptible matter, by the hands of your inferiors and subjects, and on which, by employing human art, you have bestowed a lifeless similitude of members? which, moreover, unless they be moved by you, will not be able to walk; but, like a stone fixed in one place, being so formed, and having no understanding, sunk in insensibility, have no power of doing harm or good. We cannot, therefore, by any manner of discernment conceive how you come to be so deceived as to follow and worship those gods, to whom you yourselves have given the likeness of a body.

“It behoves you, therefore, by taking upon you the sign of the Holy Cross, by which the human race has been redeemed, to root out of your hearts all the accursed deceitfulness of the snares of the Devil, who is ever the jealous foe of the works of the Divine Goodness, and to put forth your hands and with all your might set to work to break in pieces and destroy those which you have hitherto fashioned of wood or stone to be your gods. For the very destruction and decay of these, which never had the breath of life in them, nor could in any wise receive feeling from their makers, may plainly teach you how worthless that was which you hitherto worshipped. For you yourselves, who have received the breath of life from the Lord, are certainly better than these which are wrought with hands, seeing that Almighty God has appointed you to be descended, after many ages and through many generations, from the first man whom he formed. Draw near, then, to the knowledge of Him Who created you, Who breathed the breath of life into you, Who sent His only-begotten Son for your redemption, to save you from original sin, that being delivered from the power of the Devil’s perversity and wickedness, He might bestow on you a heavenly reward.

“Hearken to the words of the preachers, and the Gospel of God, which they declare to you, to the end that, believing, as has been said before more than once, in God the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ His Son, and the Holy Ghost, and the indivisible Trinity, having put to flight the thoughts of devils, and driven from you the temptations of the venomous and deceitful enemy, and being born again of water and the Holy Ghost, you may, through the aid of His bounty, dwell in the brightness of eternal glory with Him in Whom you shall have believed.

“We have, moreover, sent you the blessing of your protector, the blessed Peter, chief of the Apostles, to wit, a shirt of proof with one gold ornament, and one cloak of Ancyra, which we pray your Highness to accept with all the goodwill with which it is sent by us.”

Chap. XI. How Pope Boniface advised the king’s consort to use her best endeavours for his salvation. [Circ.625 ACE]

The same pope also wrote to King Edwin’s consort, Ethelberg, to this effect: THE COPY OF THE LETTER OF THE MOST BLESSED AND APOSTOLIC BONIFACE, POPE OF THE CITY OF ROME, TO ETHELBERG, KING EDWIN’S QUEEN.

“*To the illustrious lady his daughter, Queen Ethelberg, Boniface, bishop, servant of the servants of God* .The goodness of our Redeemer has in His abundant Providence offered the means of salvation to the human race, which He rescued, by the shedding of His precious Blood, from the bonds of captivity to the Devil; to the end that, when He had made known His name in divers ways to the nations, they might acknowledge their Creator by embracing the mystery of the Christian faith. And this the mystical purification of your regeneration plainly shows to have been bestowed upon the mind of your Highness by God’s gift. Our heart, therefore, has greatly rejoiced in the benefit bestowed by the bounty of the Lord, for that He has vouchsafed, in your confession, to kindle a spark of the orthodox religion, by which He might the more easily inflame with the love of Himself the understanding, not only of your illustrious consort, but also of all the nation that is subject to you.

“For we have been informed by those, who came to acquaint us with the laudable conversion of our illustrious son, King Eadbald, that your Highness, also, having received the wonderful mystery of the Christian faith, continually excels in the performance of works pious and acceptable to God; that you likewise carefully refrain from the worship of idols, and the deceits of temples and auguries, and with unimpaired devotion, give yourself so wholly to the love of your Redeemer, as never to cease from lending your aid in spreading the Christian faith. But when our fatherly love earnestly inquired concerning your illustrious consort, we were given to understand, that he still served abominable idols, and delayed to yield obedience in giving ear to the voice of the preachers. This occasioned us no small grief, that he that is one flesh with you still remained a stranger to the knowledge of the supreme and undivided Trinity. Whereupon we, in our fatherly care, have not delayed to admonish and exhort your Christian Highness, to the end that, filled with the support of the Divine inspiration, you should not defer to strive, both in season and out of season, that with the co-operating power of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, your husband also may be added to the number of Christians; that so you may uphold the rights of marriage in the bond of a holy and unblemished union. For it is written,‘They twain shall be one flesh.’ How then can it be said, that there is unity in the bond between you, if he continues a stranger to the brightness of your faith, separated from it by the darkness of detestable error?

“Wherefore, applying yourself continually to prayer, do not cease to beg of the long-suffering of the Divine Mercy the benefits of his illumination; to the end, that those whom the union of carnal affection has manifestly made in a manner to be one body, may, after this life continue in perpetual fellowship, by the unity of faith. Persist, therefore, illustrious daughter, and to the utmost of your power endeavour to soften the hardness of his heart by carefully making known to him the Divine precepts; pouring into his mind a knowledge of the greatness of that mystery which you have received by faith, and of the marvellous reward which, by the new birth, you have been made worthy to obtain. Inflame the coldness of his heart by the message of the Holy Ghost, that he may put from him the deadness of an evil worship, and the warmth of the Divine faith may kindle his understanding through your frequent exhortations; and so the testimony of Holy Scripture may shine forth clearly, fulfilled by you, ‘The unbelieving husband shall be saved by the believing wife.’ For to this end you have obtained the mercy of the Lord’s goodness, that you might restore with increase to your Redeemer the fruit of faith and of the benefits entrusted to your hands. That you may be able to fulfil this task, supported by the help of His loving kindness we do not cease to implore with frequent prayers.

“Having premised thus much, in pursuance of the duty of our fatherly affection, we exhort you, that when the opportunity of a bearer shall offer, you will with all speed comfort us with the glad tidings of the wonderful work which the heavenly Power shall vouchsafe to perform by your means in the conversion of your consort, and of the nation subject to you; to the end, that our solicitude, which earnestly awaits the fulfilment of its desire in the soul’s salvation of you and yours, may, by hearing from you, be set at rest; and that we, discerning more fully the light of the Divine propitiation shed abroad in you, may with a joyful confession abundantly return due thanks to God, the Giver of all good things, and to the blessed Peter, the chief of the Apostles.

“We have, moreover, sent you the blessing of your protector, the blessed Peter, the chief of the Apostles, to wit, a silver looking-glass, and a gilded ivory comb, which we pray your Highness to accept with all the goodwill with which it is sent by us.”

Chap. XII. How Edwin was persuaded to believe by a vision which he had once seen when he was in exile. [Circ. 616 ACE]

Thus wrote the aforesaid Pope Boniface for the salvation of King Edwin and his nation. But a heavenly vision, which the Divine Goodness was pleased once to reveal to this king, when he was in banishment at the court of Redwald, king of the Angles, was of no little use in urging him to receive and understand the doctrines of salvation. For when Paulinus perceived that it was a difficult task to incline the king’s proud mind to the humility of the way of salvation and the reception of the mystery of the life-giving Cross, and at the same time was employing the word of exhortation with men, and prayer to the Divine Goodness, for the salvation of Edwin and his subjects; at length, as we may suppose, it was shown him in spirit what the nature of the vision was that had been formerly revealed from Heaven to the king. Then he lost no time, but immediately admonished the king to perform the vow which he had made, when he received the vision, promising to fulfil it, if he should be delivered from the troubles of that time, and advanced to the throne. The vision was this. When Ethelfrid, his predecessor, was persecuting him, he wandered for many years as an exile, hiding in divers places and kingdoms, and at last came to Redwald, beseeching him to give him protection against the snares of his powerful persecutor. Redwald willingly received him, and promised to perform what was asked of him. But when Ethelfrid understood that he had appeared in that province, and that he and his companions were hospitably entertained by Redwald, he sent messengers to bribe that king with a great sum of money to murder him, but without effect. He sent a second and a third time, offering a greater bribe each time, and, moreover, threatening to make war on him if his offer should be despised. Redwald, whether terrified by his threats, or won over by his gifts, complied with this request, and promised either to kill Edwin, or to deliver him up to the envoys. A faithful friend of his, hearing of this, went into his chamber, where he was going to bed, for it was the first hour of the night; and calling him out, told him what the king had promised to do with him, adding, “If, therefore, you are willing, I will this very hour conduct you out of this province, and lead you to a place where neither Redwald nor Ethelfrid

shall ever find you." He answered, "I thank you for your good will, yet I cannot do what you propose, and be guilty of being the first to break the compact I have made with so great a king, when he has done me no harm, nor shown any enmity to me; but, on the contrary, if I must die, let it rather be by his hand than by that of any meaner man. For whither shall I now fly, when I have for so many long years been a vagabond through all the provinces of Britain, to escape the snares of my enemies?" His friend went away; Edwin remained alone without, and sitting with a heavy heart before the palace, began to be overwhelmed with many thoughts, not knowing what to do, or which way to turn.

When he had remained a long time in silent anguish of mind, consumed with inward fire, on a sudden in the stillness of the dead of night he saw approaching a person, whose face and habit were strange to him, at sight of whom, seeing that he was unknown and unlooked for, he was not a little startled. The stranger coming close up, saluted him, and asked why he sat there in solitude on a stone troubled and wakeful at that time, when all others were taking their rest, and were fast asleep. Edwin, in his turn, asked, what it was to him, whether he spent the night within doors or abroad. The stranger, in reply, said, "Do not think that I am ignorant of the

cause of your grief, your watching, and sitting alone without. For I know of a surety who you are, and why you grieve, and the evils which you fear will soon fall upon you. But tell me, what reward you would give the man who should deliver you out of these troubles, and persuade Redwald neither to do you any harm himself, nor to deliver you up to be murdered by your enemies." Edwin replied, that he would give such an one all that he could in return for so great a benefit. The other further added, "What if he should also assure you, that your enemies should be destroyed, and you should be a king surpassing in power, not only all your own ancestors, but even all that have reigned before you in the English nation?" Edwin, encouraged by these questions, did not hesitate to promise that he would make a fitting return to him who should confer such benefits upon him. Then the other spoke a third time and said, "But if he who should truly foretell that all these great blessings are about to befall you, could also give you better and more profitable counsel for your life and salvation than any of your fathers or kindred ever heard, do you consent to submit to him, and to follow his wholesome guidance?" Edwin at once promised that he would in all things follow the teaching of that man who should deliver him from so many great calamities, and raise him to a throne.

Having received this answer, the man who talked to him laid his right hand on his head saying, "When this sign shall be given you, remember this present discourse that has passed between us, and do not delay the performance of what you now promise." Having uttered these words, he is said to have immediately vanished. So the king perceived that it was not a man, but a spirit, that had appeared to him.

Whilst the royal youth still sat there alone, glad of the comfort he had received, but still troubled and earnestly pondering who he was, and whence he came, that had so talked to him, his aforesaid friend came to him, and greeting him with a glad countenance, "Rise," said he, "go in; calm and put away your anxious cares, and compose yourself in body and mind to sleep; for the king's resolution is altered, and he designs to do you no harm, but rather to keep his pledged faith; for when he had privately made known to the queen his intention of doing what I told you before, she dissuaded him from it, reminding him that it was altogether unworthy of so great a king to sell his good friend in such distress for gold, and to sacrifice his honour, which is more valuable than all other adornments, for the love of money." In short, the king did as has been said, and not only refused to deliver up the banished man to his enemy's messengers, but helped him to recover his kingdom. For as soon as the messengers had returned home, he raised a mighty army to subdue Ethelfrid; who, meeting him with much inferior forces, (for Redwald had not given him time to gather and unite all his power,) was slain on the borders of the kingdom of Mercia, on the east side of the river that is called Idle. In this battle, Redwald's son, called Raegenheri, was killed. Thus Edwin, in accordance with the prophecy he had received, not only escaped the danger from his enemy, but, by his death, succeeded the king on the throne.

King Edwin, therefore, delaying to receive the Word of God at the preaching of Paulinus, and being wont for some time, as has been said, to sit many hours alone, and seriously to ponder with himself what he was to do, and what religion he was to follow, the man of God came to him one day, laid his right hand on his head, and asked, whether he knew that sign? The king, trembling, was ready to fall down at his feet, but he raised him up, and speaking to him with the voice of a friend, said, "Behold, by the gift of God you have escaped the hands of the enemies whom you feared. Behold, you have obtained of His bounty the kingdom which you desired. Take heed not to delay to perform your third promise; accept the faith, and keep the precepts of Him Who, delivering you from temporal adversity, has raised you to the honour of a temporal kingdom; and if, from this time forward, you shall be obedient to His will, which through me He signifies to you, He will also deliver you from the everlasting torments of the wicked, and make you partaker with Him of His eternal kingdom in heaven."

Chap. XIII. Of the Council he held with his chief men concerning their reception of the faith of Christ, and how the high priest profaned his own altars. [627 ACE]

The king, hearing these words, answered, that he was both willing and bound to receive the faith which Paulinus taught; but that he would confer about it with his chief friends and counsellors, to the end that if they also were of his opinion, they might all together be consecrated to Christ in the font of life. Paulinus consenting, the king did as he said; for, holding a council with the wise men, he asked of every one in particular what he thought of this doctrine hitherto unknown to them, and the new worship of God that was preached? The chief of his own priests, Coifi, immediately answered him, “O king, consider what this is which is now preached to us; for I verily declare to you what I have learnt beyond doubt, that the religion which we have hitherto professed has no virtue in it and no profit. For none of your people has applied himself more diligently to the worship of our gods than I; and yet there are many who receive greater favours from you, and are more preferred than I, and are more prosperous in all that they undertake to do or to get. Now if the gods were good for any thing, they would rather forward me, who have been careful to serve them with greater zeal. It remains, therefore, that if upon examination you find those new doctrines, which are now preached to us, better and more efficacious, we hasten to receive them without any delay.”

Another of the king’s chief men, approving of his wise words and exhortations, added thereafter: “The present life of man upon earth, O king, seems to me, in comparison with that time which is unknown to us, like to the swift flight of a sparrow through the house wherein you sit at supper in winter, with your ealdormen and thegns, while the fire blazes in the midst, and the hall is warmed, but the wintry storms of rain or snow are raging abroad. The sparrow, flying in at one door and immediately out at another, whilst he is within, is safe from the wintry tempest; but after a short space of fair weather, he immediately vanishes out of your sight, passing from winter into winter again. So this life of man appears for a little while, but of what is to follow or what went before we know nothing at all. If, therefore, this new doctrine tells us something more certain, it seems justly to deserve to be followed.” The other elders and king’s counsellors, by Divine prompting, spoke to the same effect.

But Coifi added, that he wished more attentively to hear Paulinus discourse concerning the God Whom he preached. When he did so, at the king’s command, Coifi, hearing his words, cried out, “This long time I have perceived that what we worshipped was naught; because the more diligently I sought after truth in that worship, the less I found it. But now I freely confess, that such truth evidently appears in this preaching as can confer on us the gifts of life, of salvation, and of eternal happiness. For which reason my counsel is, O king, that we instantly give up to ban and fire those temples and altars which we have consecrated without reaping any benefit from them.” In brief, the king openly assented to the preaching of the Gospel by Paulinus, and renouncing idolatry, declared that he received the faith of Christ: and when he inquired of the aforesaid high priest of his religion, who should first desecrate the altars and temples of their idols, with the precincts that were about them, he answered, “I; for who can more fittingly than myself destroy those things which I worshipped in my folly, for an example to all others, through the wisdom which has been given me by the true God?” Then immediately, in contempt of his vain superstitions, he desired the king to furnish him with arms and a stallion, that he might mount and go forth to destroy the idols; for it was not lawful before for the high priest either to carry arms, or to ride on anything but a mare. Having, therefore, girt a sword about him, with a spear in his hand, he mounted the king’s stallion, and went his way to the idols. The multitude, beholding it, thought that he was mad; but as soon as he drew near the temple he did not delay to desecrate it by casting into it the spear which he held; and rejoicing in the knowledge of the worship of the true God, he commanded his companions to tear down and set on fire the temple, with all its precincts. This place where the idols once stood is still shown, not far from York, to the eastward, beyond the river Derwent, and is now called Godmunddingaham, where the high priest, by the inspiration of the true God, profaned and destroyed the altars which he had himself consecrated.

Chap. XIV. How King Edwin and his nation became Christians; and where Paulinus baptized them. [627 ACE]

King Edwin, therefore, with all the nobility of the nation, and a large number of the common sort, received the faith, and the washing of holy regeneration, in the eleventh year of his reign, which is the year of our Lord 627, and about one hundred and eighty after the coming of the English into Britain. He was baptized at York, on the holy day of Easter, being the 12th of April, in the church of St. Peter the Apostle, which he himself had built of timber there in haste, whilst he was a catechumen receiving instruction in order to be admitted to baptism. In that city also he bestowed upon his instructor and bishop, Paulinus, his episcopal see. But as soon as he was baptized, he set about building, by the direction of Paulinus, in the same place a larger and nobler church of stone, in the midst whereof the oratory which he had first erected should be enclosed. Having, therefore, laid the foundation, he began to build the church square, encompassing the former oratory. But before the walls were raised to their full height, the cruel

death of the king left that work to be finished by Oswald his successor. Paulinus, for the space of six years from this time, that is, till the end of the king's reign, with his consent and favour, preached the Word of God in that country, and as many as were foreordained to eternal life believed and were baptized. Among them were Osfrid and Eadfrid, King Edwin's sons who were both born to him, whilst he was in banishment, of Quenburga, the daughter of Cearl, king of the Mercians.

Afterwards other children of his, by Queen Ethelberg, were baptized, Ethelhun and his daughter Ethelthryth, and another, Wuscfrea, a son; the first two were snatched out of this life whilst they were still in the white garments of the newly- baptized, and buried in the church at York. Yffi, the son of Osfrid, was also baptized, and many other noble and royal persons. So great was then the fervour of the faith, as is reported, and the desire for the laver of salvation among the nation of the Northumbrians, that Paulinus at a certain time coming with the king and queen to the royal township, which is called Adgefrin, stayed there with them thirty-six days, fully occupied in catechizing and baptizing; during which days, from morning till night, he did nothing else but instruct the people resorting from all villages and places, in Christ's saving Word; and when they were instructed, he washed them with the water of absolution in the river Glen, which is close by. This township, under the following kings, was abandoned, and another was built instead of it, at the place called Maelmin.

These things happened in the province of the Bernicians; but in that of the Deiri also, where he was wont often to be with the king, he baptized in the river Swale, which runs by the village of Cataract; for as yet oratories, or baptisteries, could not be built in the early infancy of the Church in those parts. But in Campodonum, where there was then a royal township, he built a church which the pagans, by whom King Edwin was slain, afterwards burnt, together with all the place. Instead of this royal seat the later kings built themselves a township in the country called Loidis. But the altar, being of stone, escaped the fire and is still preserved in the monastery of the most reverend abbot and priest, Thrydwulf, which is in the forest of Elmet.

Chap. XV. How the province of the East Angles received the faith of Christ. [627-628 ACE]

Edwin was so zealous for the true worship, that he likewise persuaded Earpwald, king of the East Angles, and son of Redwald, to abandon his idolatrous superstitions, and with his whole province to receive the faith and mysteries of Christ. And indeed his father Redwald had long before been initiated into the mysteries of the Christian faith in Kent, but in vain; for on his return home, he was seduced by his wife and certain perverse teachers, and turned aside from the sincerity of the faith; and thus his latter state was worse than the former; so that, like the Samaritans of old, he seemed at the same time to serve Christ and the gods whom he served before; and in the same temple he had an altar for the Christian Sacrifice, and another small one at which to offer victims to devils. Aldwulf, king of that same province, who lived in our time, testifies that this temple had stood until his time, and that he had seen it when he was a boy. The aforesaid King Redwald was noble by birth, though ignoble in his actions, being the son of Tytilus, whose father was Uuffa, from whom the kings of the East Angles are called Uuffings.

Earpwald, not long after he had embraced the Christian faith, was slain by one Ricbert, a pagan; and from that time the province was in error for three years, till Sigbert succeeded to the kingdom, brother to the same Earpwald, a most Christian and learned man, who was banished, and went to live in Gaul during his brother's life, and was there initiated into the mysteries of the faith, whereof he made it his business to cause all his province to partake as soon as he came to the throne. His exertions were nobly promoted by Bishop Felix, who, coming to Honorius, the archbishop, from the parts of Burgundy, where he had been born and ordained, and having told him what he desired, was sent by him to preach the Word of life to the aforesaid nation of the Angles. Nor were his good wishes in vain; for the pious labourer in the spiritual field reaped therein a great harvest of believers, delivering all that province (according to the inner signification of his name) from long iniquity and unhappiness, and bringing it to the faith and works of righteousness, and the gifts of everlasting happiness. He had the see of his bishopric appointed him in the city Dommoc, and having presided over the same province with pontifical authority seventeen years, he ended his days there in peace.

Chap. XVI. How Paulinus preached in the province of Lindsey; and of the character of the reign of Edwin. [Circ. 628 ACE]

Paulinus also preached the Word to the province of Lindsey, which is the first on the south side of the river Humber, stretching as far as the sea; and he first converted to the Lord the reeve of the city of Lincoln, whose name was Blaecca, with his whole house. He likewise built, in that city, a stone church of beautiful workmanship; the roof of which has either fallen through long neglect, or been thrown down by enemies, but the walls are still to be seen standing, and every year miraculous cures are wrought in that place, for the benefit of those who have faith to seek them. In that church, when Justus had departed to Christ, Paulinus consecrated Honorius bishop in his stead, as will be hereafter mentioned in its proper place. A certain priest and abbot of the

monastery of Peartaneu, a man of singular veracity, whose name was Deda, told me concerning the faith of this province that an old man had informed him that he himself had been baptized at noon-day, by Bishop Paulinus, in the presence of King Edwin, and with him a great multitude of the people, in the river Trent, near the city, which in the English tongue is called Tiouulfingacaestir; and he was also wont to describe the person of the same Paulinus, saying that he was tall of stature, stooping somewhat, his hair black, his visage thin, his nose slender and aquiline, his aspect both venerable and awe-inspiring. He had also with him in the ministry, James, the deacon, a man of zeal and great fame in Christ and in the church, who lived even to our days.

It is told that there was then such perfect peace in Britain, wheresoever the dominion of King Edwin extended, that, as is still proverbially said, a woman with her new-born babe might walk throughout the island, from sea to sea, without receiving any harm. That king took such care for the good of his nation, that in several places where he had seen clear springs near the highways, he caused stakes to be fixed, with copper drinking-vessels hanging on them, for the refreshment of travellers; nor durst any man touch them for any other purpose than that for which they were designed, either through the great dread they had of the king, or for the affection which they bore him. His dignity was so great throughout his dominions, that not only were his banners borne before him in battle, but even in time of peace, when he rode about his cities, townships, or provinces, with his thegns, the standard-bearer was always wont to go before him. Also, when he walked anywhere along the streets, that sort of banner which the Romans call Tufa, and the English, Thuuf, was in like manner borne before him.

Chap. XVII. How Edwin received letters of exhortation from Pope Honorius, who also sent the pall to Paulinus. [634 ACE]

At that time Honorius, successor to Boniface, was Bishop of the Apostolic see. When he learned that the nation of the Northumbrians, with their king, had been, by the preaching of Paulinus, converted to the faith and confession of Christ, he sent the pall to the said Paulinus, and with it letters of exhortation to King Edwin, with fatherly love inflaming his zeal, to the end that he and his people should persist in belief of the truth which they had received. The contents of which letter were as follow:

"*To his most noble son, and excellent lord, Edwin king of the Angles, Bishop Honorius, servant of the servants of God, greeting* . The wholeheartedness of your Christian Majesty, in the worship of your Creator, is so inflamed with the fire of faith, that it shines out far and wide, and, being reported throughout the world, brings forth plentiful fruits of your labours. For the terms of your kingship you know to be this, that taught by orthodox preaching the knowledge of your King and Creator, you believe and worship God, and as far as man is able, pay Him the sincere devotion of your mind. For what else are we able to offer to our God, but our readiness to worship Him and to pay Him our vows, persisting in good actions, and confessing Him the Creator of mankind? And, therefore, most excellent son, we exhort you with such fatherly love as is meet, to labour to preserve this gift in every way, by earnest striving and constant prayer, in that the Divine Mercy has vouchsafed to call you to His grace; to the end that He, Who has been pleased to deliver you from all errors, and bring you to the knowledge of His name in this present world, may likewise prepare a place for you in the heavenly country. Employing yourself, therefore, in reading frequently the works of my lord Gregory, your Evangelist, of apostolic memory, keep before your eyes that love of his doctrine, which he zealously bestowed for the sake of your souls; that his prayers may exalt your kingdom and people, and present you faultless before Almighty God. We are preparing with a willing mind immediately to grant those things which you hoped would be by us ordained for your bishops, and this we do on account of the sincerity of your faith, which has been made known to us abundantly in terms of praise by the bearers of these presents. We have sent two palls to the two metropolitans, Honorius and Paulinus; to the intent, that when either of them shall be called out of this world to his Creator, the other may, by this authority of ours, substitute another bishop in his place; which privilege we are induced to grant by the warmth of our love for you, as well as by reason of the great extent of the provinces which lie between us and you; that we may in all things support your devotion and likewise satisfy your desires. May God's grace preserve your Highness in safety!"

Chap. XVIII. How Honorius, who succeeded Justus in the bishopric of Canterbury, received the pall and letters from Pope Honorius. [634 ACE]

In the meantime, Archbishop Justus was taken up to the heavenly kingdom, on the 10th of November, and Honorius, who was elected to the see in his stead, came to Paulinus to be ordained, and meeting him at Lincoln was there consecrated the fifth prelate of the Church of Canterbury from Augustine. To him also the aforesaid Pope Honorius sent the pall, and a letter, wherein he ordains the same that he had before ordained in his epistle to King Edwin, to wit, that when either the Archbishop of Canterbury or of York shall depart this life, the survivor, being of the same degree, shall have power to ordain another bishop in the room of him that is departed; that it might not be necessary always to undertake the toilsome journey to Rome, at so great a distance by sea and land, to ordain an archbishop. Which letter we have also thought fit to insert in this our history:

"*Honorius to his most beloved brother Honorius:* Among the many good gifts which the mercy of our Redeemer is pleased to bestow on His servants He grants to us in His bounty, graciously conferred on us by His goodness, the special blessing of realizing by brotherly intercourse, as it were face to face, our mutual love. For which gift we continually render thanks to His Majesty; and we humbly beseech Him, that He will ever confirm your labour, beloved, in preaching the Gospel, and bringing forth fruit, and following the rule of your master and head, the holy Gregory; and that, for the advancement of His Church, He may by your means raise up further increase; to the end, that through faith and works, in the fear and love of God, what you and your predecessors have already gained from the seed sown by our lord Gregory, may grow strong and be further extended; that so the promises spoken by our Lord may hereafter be brought to pass in you; and that these words may summon you to everlasting happiness: 'Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you.' And again, 'Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' And we, most beloved brothers, sending you first these words of exhortation out of our enduring charity, do not fail further to grant those things which we perceive may be suitable for the privileges of your Churches.

"Wherefore, in accordance with your request, and that of the kings our sons, we do hereby in the name of the blessed Peter, chief of the Apostles, grant you authority, that when the Divine Grace shall call either of you to Himself, the survivor shall ordain a bishop in the room of him that is deceased. To which end also we have sent a pall to each of you, beloved, for celebrating the said ordination; that by the authority which we hereby commit to you, you may make an ordination acceptable to God; because the long distance of sea and land that lies between us and you, has obliged us to grant you this, that no loss may happen to your Church in any way, on any pretext whatever, but that the devotion of the people committed to you may increase the more. God preserve you in safety, most dear brother! Given the 11th day of June, in the reign of these our lords and emperors, in the twenty-fourth year of the reign of Heraclius, and the twenty-third after his consulship; and in the twenty-third of his son Constantine, and the third after his consulship; and in the third year of the most prosperous Caesar, his son Heraclius, the seventh indiction; that is, in the year of our Lord, 634."

Chap. XIX. How the aforesaid Honorius first, and afterwards John, wrote letters to the nation of the Scots, concerning the observance of Easter, and the Pelagian heresy. [640 ACE]

The same Pope Honorius also wrote to the Scots, whom he had found to err in the observance of the holy Festival of Easter, as has been shown above, with subtlety of argument exhorting them not to think themselves, few as they were, and placed in the utmost borders of the earth, wiser than all the ancient and modern Churches of Christ, throughout the world; and not to celebrate a different Easter, contrary to the Paschal calculation and the decrees of all the bishops upon earth sitting in synod. Likewise John, who succeeded Severinus, successor to the same Honorius, being yet but Pope elect, sent to them letters of great authority and erudition for the purpose of correcting the same error; evidently showing, that Easter Sunday is to be found between the fifteenth of the moon and the twenty-first, as was approved in the Council of Nicaea. He also in the same epistle admonished them to guard against the Pelagian heresy, and reject it, for he had been informed that it was again springing up among them. The beginning of the epistle was as follows:

"*To our most beloved and most holy Tomianus, Columbanus, Cromanus, Dinnaus, and Baithanus, bishops; to Cromanus, Ernianus, Laistranus, Scellanus, and Segenus, priests; to Saranus and the rest of the Scottish doctors and abbots, Hilarus, the arch-presbyter, and vice-gerent of the holy Apostolic See; John, the deacon, and elect in the name of God; likewise John, the chief of the notaries and vice-gerent of the holy Apostolic See, and John, the servant of God, and counsellor of the same Apostolic See* . The writings which were brought by the bearers to Pope Severinus, of holy memory, were left, when he departed from the light of this world, without an answer to the questions contained in them. Lest any obscurity should long remain undispelled in a matter of so great moment, we opened the same, and found that some in your province, endeavouring to revive a new heresy out of an old one, contrary to the orthodox faith, do through the darkness of their minds reject our Easter, when Christ was sacrificed; and contend that the same should be kept with the Hebrews on the fourteenth of the moon."

By this beginning of the epistle it evidently appears that this heresy arose among them in very late times, and that not all their nation, but only some of them, were involved in the same.

After having laid down the manner of keeping Easter, they add this concerning the Pelagians in the same epistle:

"And we have also learnt that the poison of the Pelagian heresy again springs up among you; we, therefore, exhort you, that you put away from your thoughts all such venomous and superstitious wickedness. For you cannot be ignorant how that execrable heresy has been condemned; for it has not only been abolished these two hundred years, but it is also daily condemned by us and buried under our perpetual ban; and we exhort you not to rake up the ashes of those whose weapons have been burnt. For

who would not detest that insolent and impious assertion, ‘That man can live without sin of his own free will, and not through the grace of God?’ And in the first place, it is blasphemous folly to say that man is without sin, which none can be, but only the one Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus, Who was conceived and born without sin; for all other men, being born in original sin, are known to bear the mark of Adam›s transgression, even whilst they are without actual sin, according to the saying of the prophet, ‘For behold, I was conceived in iniquity; and in sin did my mother give birth to me.’ ”

Chap. XX. How Edwin being slain, Paulinus returned into Kent, and had the bishopric of Rochester conferred upon him. [633 ACE]

Edwin reigned most gloriously seventeen years over the nations of the English and the Britons, six whereof, as has been said, he also was a soldier in the kingdom of Christ. Caedwalla, king of the Britons, rebelled against him, being supported by the vigorous Penda, of the royal race of the Mercians, who from that time governed that nation for twenty-two years with varying success. A great battle being fought in the plain that is called Haethfelth, Edwin was killed on the 12th of October, in the year of our Lord 633, being then forty-eight years of age, and all his army was either slain or dispersed. In the same war also, Osfrid, one of his sons, a warlike youth, fell before him; Eadfrid, another of them, compelled by necessity, went over to King Penda, and was by him afterwards slain in the reign of Oswald, contrary to his oath. At this time a great slaughter was made in the Church and nation of the Northumbrians; chiefly because one of the chiefs, by whom it was carried on, was a pagan, and the other a barbarian, more cruel than a pagan; for Penda, with all the nation of the Mercians, was an idolater, and a stranger to the name of Christ; but Caedwalla, though he professed and called himself a Christian, was so barbarous in his disposition and manner of living, that he did not even spare women and innocent children, but with bestial cruelty put all alike to death by torture, and overran all their country in his fury for a long time, intending to cut off all the race of the English within the borders of Britain. Nor did he pay any respect to the Christian religion which had sprung up among them; it being to this day the custom of the Britons to despise the faith and religion of the English, and to have no part with them in anything any more than with pagans. King Edwin’s head was brought to York, and afterwards taken into the church of the blessed Peter the Apostle, which he had begun, but which his successor Oswald finished, as has been said before. It was laid in the chapel of the holy Pope Gregory, from whose disciples he had received the word of life.

The affairs of the Northumbrians being thrown into confusion at the moment of this disaster, when there seemed to be no prospect of safety except in flight, Paulinus, taking with him Queen Ethelberg, whom he had before brought thither, returned into Kent by sea, and was very honourably received by the Archbishop Honorius and King Eadbald. He came thither under the conduct of Bassus, a most valiant thegn of King Edwin, having with him Eanfled, the daughter, and Wuscfrea, the son of Edwin, as well as Yffi, the son of Osfrid, Edwin’s son. Afterwards Ethelberg, for fear of the kings Eadbald and Oswald, sent Wuscfrea and Yffi over into Gaul to be bred up by King Dagobert, who was her friend; and there they both died in infancy, and were buried in the church with the honour due to royal children and to Christ’s innocents. He also brought with him many rich goods of King Edwin, among which were a large gold cross, and a golden chalice, consecrated to the service of the altar, which are still preserved, and shown in the church of Canterbury.

At that time the church of Rochester had no pastor, for Romanus, the bishop thereof, being sent on a mission to Pope Honorius by Archbishop Justus, was drowned in the Italian Sea; and thus Paulinus, at the request of Archbishop Honorius and King Eadbald, took upon him the charge of the same, and held it until he too, in his own time, departed to heaven, with the fruits of his glorious labours; and, dying in that Church, he left there the pall which he had received from the Pope of Rome. He had left behind him in his Church at York, James, the deacon, a true churchman and a holy man, who continuing long after in that Church, by teaching and baptizing, rescued much prey from the ancient enemy; and from him the village, where he chiefly dwelt, near Cataract, has its name to this day. He had great skill in singing in church, and when the province was afterwards restored to peace, and the number of the faithful increased, he began to teach church music to many, according to the custom of the Romans, or of the Cantuarians. And being old and full of days, as the Scripture says, he went the way of his fathers.

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1.11: Book III

Book III

Chap. I. How King Edwin's next successors lost both the faith of their nation and the kingdom; but the most Christian King Oswald retrieved both. [633 ACE]

Edwin being slain in battle, the kingdom of the Deiri, to which province his family belonged, and where he first began to reign, passed to Osric, the son of his uncle Aelfric, who, through the preaching of Paulinus, had also received the mysteries of the faith. But the kingdom of the Bernicians—for into these two provinces the nation of the Northumbrians was formerly divided—passed to Eanfrid, the son of Ethelfrid, who derived his origin from the royal family of that province. For all the time that Edwin reigned, the sons of the aforesaid Ethelfrid, who had reigned before him, with many of the younger nobility, lived in banishment among the Scots or Picts, and were there instructed according to the doctrine of the Scots, and were renewed with the grace of Baptism. Upon the death of the king, their enemy, they were allowed to return home, and the aforesaid Eanfrid, as the eldest of them, became king of the Bernicians. Both those kings, as soon as they obtained the government of their earthly kingdoms, abjured and betrayed the mysteries of the heavenly kingdom to which they had been admitted, and again delivered themselves up to defilement and perdition through the abominations of their former idolatry.

But soon after, the king of the Britons, Caedwalla, the unrighteous instrument of rightful vengeance, slew them both. First, in the following summer, he put Osric to death; for, being rashly besieged by him in the municipal town, he sallied out on a sudden with all his forces, took him by surprise, and destroyed him and all his army. Then, when he had occupied the provinces of the Northumbrians for a whole year, not ruling them like a victorious king, but ravaging them like a furious tyrant, he at length put an end to Eanfrid, in like manner, when he unadvisedly came to him with only twelve chosen soldiers, to sue for peace. To this day, that year is looked upon as ill- omened, and hateful to all good men; as well on account of the apostacy of the English kings, who had renounced the mysteries of the faith, as of the outrageous tyranny of the British king. Hence it has been generally agreed, in reckoning the dates of the kings, to abolish the memory of those faithless monarchs, and to assign that year to the reign of the following king, Oswald, a man beloved of God. This king, after the death of his brother Eanfrid, advanced with an army, small, indeed, in number, but strengthened with the faith of Christ; and the impious commander of the Britons, in spite of his vast forces, which he boasted nothing could withstand, was slain at a place called in the English tongue Denisesburna, that is, the brook of Denis.

Chap. II. How, among innumerable other miracles of healing wrought by the wood of the cross, which King Oswald, being ready to engage against the barbarians, erected, a certain man had his injured arm healed. [634 ACE]

The place is shown to this day, and held in much veneration, where Oswald, being about to engage in this battle, erected the symbol of the Holy Cross, and

knelt down and prayed to God that he would send help from Heaven to his worshippers in their sore need. Then, we are told, that the cross being made in haste, and the hole dug in which it was to be set up, the king himself, in the ardour of his faith, laid hold of it and held it upright with both his hands, till the earth was heaped up by the soldiers and it was fixed. Thereupon, uplifting his voice, he cried to his whole army, "Let us all kneel, and together beseech the true and living God Almighty in His mercy to defend us from the proud and cruel enemy; for He knows that we have undertaken a just war for the safety of our nation." All did as he had commanded, and accordingly advancing towards the enemy with the first dawn of day, they obtained the victory, as their faith deserved. In the place where they prayed very many miracles of healing are known to have been wrought, as a token and memorial of the king's faith; for even to this day, many are wont to cut off small splinters from the wood of the holy cross, and put them into water, which they give to sick men or cattle to drink, or they sprinkle them therewith, and these are presently restored to health.

The place is called in the English tongue Hefenfelth, or the Heavenly Field, which name it undoubtedly received of old as a presage of what was afterwards to happen, denoting, that the heavenly trophy was to be erected, the heavenly victory begun, and heavenly miracles shown forth to this day. The place is near the wall in the north which the Romans formerly drew across the whole of Britain from sea to sea, to restrain the onslaught of the barbarous nations, as has been said before. Hither also the brothers of the church of Hagustald, which is not far distant, long ago made it their custom to resort every year, on the day before that on which King Oswald was afterwards slain, to keep vigils there for the health of his soul, and having sung many psalms of praise, to offer for him in the morning the sacrifice of the Holy Oblation. And since that good custom has spread, they have lately built a church there, which has attached additional sanctity and honour in the eyes of all men to that place; and this with good reason; for it appears that there was no symbol of the Christian faith, no church, no altar erected throughout all the nation of the Bernicians, before that new leader in war, prompted by the zeal of his faith, set up this standard of the Cross as he was going to give battle to his barbarous enemy.

Nor is it foreign to our purpose to relate one of the many miracles that have been wrought at this cross. One of the brothers of the same church of Hagulstald, whose name is Bothelm, and who is still living, a few years ago, walking carelessly on the ice at night, suddenly fell and broke his arm; he was soon tormented with a most grievous pain in the broken part, so that he could not lift his arm to his mouth for the anguish. Hearing one morning that one of the brothers designed to go up to the place of the holy cross, he desired him, on his return, to bring him a piece of that sacred wood, saying, he believed that with the mercy of God he might thereby be healed. The brother did as he was desired; and returning in the evening, when the brothers were sitting at table, gave him some of the old moss which grew on the surface of the wood. As he sat at table, having no place to bestow the gift which was brought him, he put it into his bosom; and forgetting, when he went to bed, to put it away, left it in his bosom. Awaking in the middle of the night, he felt something cold lying by his side, and putting his hand upon it to feel what it was, he found his arm and hand as sound as if he had never felt any such pain.

Chap. III. How the same king Oswald, asking a bishop of the Scottish nation, had Aidan sent him, and granted him an episcopal see in the Isle of Lindisfarne. [635 ACE]

The same Oswald, as soon as he ascended the throne, being desirous that all the nation under his rule should be endued with the grace of the Christian faith, whereof he had found happy experience in vanquishing the barbarians, sent to the elders of the Scots, among whom himself and his followers, when in banishment, had received the sacrament of Baptism, desiring that they would send him a bishop, by whose instruction and ministry the English nation, which he governed, might learn the privileges and receive the Sacraments of the faith of our Lord. Nor were they slow in granting his request; for they sent him Bishop Aidan, a man of singular gentleness, piety, and moderation; having a zeal of God, but not fully according to knowledge; for he was wont to keep Easter Sunday according to the custom of his country, which we have before so often mentioned, from the fourteenth to the twentieth of the moon; the northern province of the Scots, and all the nation of the Picts, at [pg 139]that time still celebrating Easter after that manner, and believing that in this observance they followed the writings of the holy and praiseworthy Father Anatolius. Whether this be true, every instructed person can easily judge. But the Scots which dwelt in the South of Ireland had long since, by the admonition of the Bishop of the Apostolic see, learned to observe Easter according to the canonical custom.

On the arrival of the bishop, the king appointed him his episcopal see in the island of Lindisfarne, as he desired. Which place, as the tide ebbs and flows, is twice a day enclosed by the waves of the sea like an island; and again, twice, when the beach is left dry, becomes contiguous with the land. The king also humbly and willingly in all things giving ear to his admonitions, industriously applied himself to build up and extend the Church of Christ in his kingdom; wherein, when the bishop, who was not perfectly skilled in the English tongue, preached the Gospel, it was a fair sight to see the king himself interpreting the Word of God to his ealdormen and thegns, for he had thoroughly learned the language of the Scots during his long banishment. From that time many came daily into Britain from the country of the Scots, and with great devotion preached the Word to those provinces of the English, over which King Oswald reigned, and those among them that had received priest's orders, administered the grace of Baptism to the believers. Churches were built in divers places; the people joyfully flocked together to hear the Word; lands and other property were given of the king's bounty to found monasteries; English children, as well as their elders, were instructed by their Scottish teachers in study and the observance of monastic discipline. For most of those who came to preach were monks. Bishop Aidan was himself a monk, having been sent out from the island called Hii, whereof the monastery was for a long time the chief of almost all those of the northern Scots, and all those of the Picts, and had the direction of their people. That island belongs to Britain, being divided from it by a small arm of the sea, but had been long since given by the Picts, who inhabit those parts of Britain, to the Scottish monks, because they had received the faith of Christ through their preaching.

Chap. IV. When the nation of the Picts received the faith of Christ. [565 ACE]

In the year of our Lord 565, when Justin, the younger, the successor of Justinian, obtained the government of the Roman empire, there came into Britain from Ireland a famous priest and abbot, marked as a monk by habit and manner of life, whose name was Columba, to preach the word of God to the provinces of the northern Picts, who are separated from the southern parts belonging to that nation by steep and rugged mountains. For the southern Picts, who dwell on this side of those mountains, had, it is said, long before forsaken the errors of idolatry, and received the true faith by the preaching of Bishop Ninias, a most reverend and holy man of the British nation, who had been regularly instructed at Rome in the faith and mysteries of the truth; whose episcopal see, named after St. Martin the bishop, and famous for a church dedicated to him (wherein Ninias himself and many other saints rest in the body), is now in the possession of the English nation. The place belongs to the province of the Bernicians, and is commonly called the White House, because he there built a church of stone, which was not usual among the Britons.

Columba came into Britain in the ninth year of the reign of Bridius, who was the son of Meilochon, and the powerful king of the Pictish nation, and he converted that nation to the faith of Christ, by his preaching and example. Wherefore he also received of them the gift of the aforesaid island whereon to found a monastery. It is not a large island, but contains about five families, according to the English computation; his successors hold it to this day; he was also buried therein, having died at the age of seventy-seven, about thirty-two years after he came into Britain to preach. Before he crossed over into Britain, he had built a famous monastery in Ireland, which, from the great number of oaks, is in the Scottish tongue called Dearmach—The Field of Oaks. From both these monasteries, many others had their beginning through his disciples, both in Britain and Ireland; but the island monastery where his body lies, has the pre-eminence among them all.

That island has for its ruler an abbot, who is a priest, to whose jurisdiction all the province, and even the bishops, contrary to the usual method, are bound to be subject, according to the example of their first teacher, who was not a bishop, but a priest and monk; of whose life and discourses some records are said to be preserved by his disciples. But whatsoever he was himself, this we know for certain concerning him, that he left successors renowned for their continence, their love

of God, and observance of monastic rules. It is true they employed doubtful cycles in fixing the time of the great festival, as having none to bring them the synodal decrees for the observance of Easter, by reason of their being so far away from the rest of the world; but they earnestly practised such works of piety and chastity as they could learn from the Prophets, the Gospels and the Apostolic writings. This manner of keeping Easter continued among them no little time, to wit, for the space of 150 years, till the year of our Lord 715.

But then the most reverend and holy father and priest, Egbert, of the English nation, who had long lived in banishment in Ireland for the sake of Christ, and was most learned in the Scriptures, and renowned for long perfection of life, came among them, corrected their error, and led them to observe the true and canonical day of Easter; which, nevertheless, they did not always keep on the fourteenth of the moon with the Jews, as some imagined, but on Sunday, although not in the proper week. For, as Christians, they knew that the Resurrection of our Lord, which happened on the first day of the week, was always to be celebrated on the first day of the week; but being rude and barbarous, they had not learned when that same first day after the Sabbath, which is now called the Lord's day, should come. But because they had not failed in the grace of fervent charity, they were accounted worthy to receive the full knowledge of this matter also, according to the promise of the Apostle, "And if in any thing ye be otherwise minded, God shall reveal even this unto you." Of which we shall speak more fully hereafter in its proper place.

Chap. V. Of the life of Bishop Aidan. [635 ACE]

From this island, then, and the fraternity of these monks, Aidan was sent to instruct the English nation in Christ, having received the dignity of a bishop. At that time Segeni, abbot and priest, presided over that monastery. Among other lessons in holy living, Aidan left the clergy a most salutary example of abstinence and continence; it was the highest commendation of his doctrine with all men, that he taught nothing that he did not practise in his life among his brethren; for he neither sought nor loved anything of this world, but delighted in distributing immediately among the poor whom he met whatsoever was given him by the kings or rich men of the world. He was wont to traverse both town and country on foot, never on horseback, unless compelled by some urgent necessity; to the end that, as he went, he might turn aside to any whomsoever he saw, whether rich or poor, and call upon them, if infidels, to receive the mystery of the faith, or, if they were believers, strengthen them in the faith, and stir them up by words and actions to giving of alms and the performance of good works.

His course of life was so different from the slothfulness of our times, that all those who bore him company, whether they were tonsured or laymen, had to study either reading the Scriptures, or learning psalms. This was the daily employmentof himself and

all that were with him, wheresoever they went; and if it happened, which was but seldom, that he was invited to the king's table, he went with one or two clerks, and having taken a little food, made haste to be gone, either to read with his brethren or to pray. At that time, many religious men and women, led by his example, adopted the custom of prolonging their fast on Wednesdays and Fridays, till the ninth hour, throughout the year, except during the fifty days after Easter. Never, through fear or respect of persons, did he keep silence with regard to the sins of the rich; but was wont to correct them with a severe rebuke. He never gave money to the powerful men of the world, but only food, if he happened to entertain them; and, on the contrary, whatsoever gifts of money he received from the rich, he either distributed, as has been said, for the use of the poor, or bestowed in ransoming such as had been wrongfully sold for slaves. Moreover, he afterwards made many of those he had ransomed his disciples, and after having taught and instructed them, advanced them to priest's orders.

It is said, that when King Oswald had asked a bishop of the Scots to administer the Word of faith to him and his nation, there was first sent to him another man of more harsh disposition, who, after preaching for some time to the English and meeting with no success, not being gladly heard by the people, returned home, and in an assembly of the elders reported, that he had not been able to do any good by his teaching to the nation to whom he had been sent, because they were intractable men, and of a stubborn and barbarous disposition. They then, it is said, held a council and seriously debated what was to be done, being desirous that the nation should obtain the salvation it demanded, but grieving that they had not received the preacher sent to them. Then said Aidan, who was also present in the council, to the priest in question, "Methinks, brother, that you were more severe to your unlearned hearers than you ought to have been, and did not at first, conformably to the Apostolic rule, give them the milk of more easy doctrine, till, being by degrees nourished with the Word of God, they should be capable of receiving that which is more perfect and of performing the higher precepts of God." Having heard these words, all present turned their attention to him and began diligently to weigh what he had said, and they decided that he was worthy to be made a bishop, and that he was the man who ought to be sent to instruct the unbelieving and unlearned; since he was found to be endued preeminently with the grace of discretion, which is the mother of the virtues. So they ordained him and sent him forth to preach; and, as time went on, his other virtues became apparent, as well as that temperate discretion which had marked him at first.

Chap. VI. Of King Oswald's wonderful piety and religion. [635-642 ACE]

King Oswald, with the English nation which he governed, being instructed by the teaching of this bishop, not only learned to hope for a heavenly kingdom unknown to his fathers, but also obtained of the one God, Who made heaven and earth, a greater earthly kingdom than any of his ancestors. In brief, he brought under his dominion all the nations and provinces of Britain, which are divided into four languages, to wit, those of the Britons, the Picts, the Scots, and the English. Though raised to that height of regal power, wonderful to relate, he was always humble, kind, and generous to the poor and to strangers.

To give one instance, it is told, that when he was once sitting at dinner, on the holy day of Easter, with the aforesaid bishop, and a silver dish full of royal dainties was set before him, and they were just about to put forth their hands to bless the bread, the servant, whom he had appointed to relieve the needy, came in on a sudden, and told the king, that a great multitude of poor folk from all parts was sitting in the streets begging alms of the king; he immediately ordered the meat set before him to be carried to the poor, and the dish to be broken in pieces and divided among them. At which sight, the bishop who sat by him, greatly rejoicing at such an act of piety, clasped his right hand and said, "May this hand never decay." This fell out according to his prayer, for his hands with the arms being cut off from his body, when he was slain in battle, remain uncorrupted to this day, and are kept in a silver shrine, as revered relics, in St. Peter's church in the royal city, which has taken its name from Bebba, one of its former queens. Through this king's exertions the provinces of the Deiri and the Bernicians, which till then had been at variance, were peacefully united and moulded into one people. He was nephew to King Edwin through his sister Acha; and it was fit that so great a predecessor should have in his own family such an one to succeed him in his religion and sovereignty.

Chap. VII. How the West Saxons received the Word of God by the preaching of Birinus; and of his successors, Agilbert and Leutherius. [635-670 ACE]

At that time, the West Saxons, formerly called Gewissae, in the reign of Cynegils, received the faith of Christ, through the preaching of Bishop Birinus, who came into Britain by the counsel of Pope Honorius; having promised in his presence that he would sow the seed of the holy faith in the farthest inland regions of the English, where no other teacher had been before him. Hereupon at the bidding of the Pope he received episcopal consecration from Asterius, bishop of Genoa; but on his arrival in Britain, he first came to the nation of the Gewissae, and finding all in that place confirmed pagans, he thought it better to preach the Word there, than to proceed further to seek for other hearers of his preaching.

Now, as he was spreading the Gospel in the aforesaid province, it happened that when the king himself, having received instruction as a catechumen, was being baptized together with his people, Oswald, the most holy and victorious king of the Northumbrians, being present, received him as he came forth from baptism, and by an honourable alliance most acceptable to God, first adopted as his son, thus born again and dedicated to God, the man whose daughter he was about to receive in marriage. The two kings gave to the bishop the city called Dorcic, there to establish his episcopal see; where having built and consecrated churches, and by his pious labours called many to the Lord, he departed to the Lord, and was buried in the same city; but many years after, when Haedde was bishop, he was translated thence to the city of Venta, and laid in the church of the blessed Apostles, Peter and Paul.

When the king died, his son Coinwalch succeeded him on the throne, but refused to receive the faith and the mysteries of the heavenly kingdom; and not long after he lost also the dominion of his earthly kingdom; for he put away the sister of Penda, king of the Mercians, whom he had married, and took another wife; whereupon a war ensuing, he was by him deprived of his kingdom, and withdrew to Anna, king of the East Angles, where he lived three years in banishment, and learned and received the true faith; for the king, with whom he lived in his banishment, was a good man, and happy in a good and saintly offspring, as we shall show hereafter.

But when Coinwalch was restored to his kingdom, there came into that province out of Ireland, a certain bishop called Agilbert, a native of Gaul, but who had then lived a long time in Ireland, for the purpose of reading the Scriptures. He attached himself to the king, and voluntarily undertook the ministry of preaching. The king, observing his learning and industry, desired him to accept an episcopal see there and remain as the bishop of his people. Agilbert complied with the request, and presided over that nation as their bishop for many years. At length the king, who understood only the language of the Saxons, weary of his barbarous tongue, privately brought into the province another bishop, speaking his own language, by name Wini, who had also been ordained in Gaul; and dividing his province into two dioceses, appointed this last his episcopal see in the city of Venta, by the Saxons called Wintancaestir. Agilbert, being highly offended, that the king should do this without consulting him, returned into Gaul, and being made bishop of the city of Paris, died there, being old and full of days. Not many years after his departure out of Britain, Wini was also expelled from his bishopric by the same king, and took refuge with Wulfhere, king of the Mercians, of whom he purchased for money the see of the city of London, and remained bishop thereof till his death. Thus the province of the West Saxons continued no small time without a bishop.

During which time, the aforesaid king of that nation, sustaining repeatedly very great losses in his kingdom from his enemies, at length bethought himself, that as he had been before expelled from the throne for his unbelief, he had been restored when he acknowledged the faith of Christ; and he perceived that his kingdom, being deprived of a bishop, was justly deprived also of the Divine protection. He, therefore, sent messengers into Gaul to Agilbert, with humble apologies entreating him to return to the bishopric of his nation. But he excused himself, and protested that he could not go, because he was bound to the bishopric of his own city and diocese; notwithstanding, in order to give him some help in answer to his earnest request, he sent thither in his stead the priest Leutherius, his nephew, to be ordained as his bishop, if he thought fit, saying that he thought him worthy of a bishopric. The king and the people received him honourably, and asked Theodore, then Archbishop of Canterbury, to consecrate him as their bishop. He was accordingly consecrated in the same city, and many years diligently governed the whole bishopric of the West Saxons by synodical authority.

Chap. VIII. How Earconbert, King of Kent, ordered the idols to be destroyed; and of his daughter Earcongota, and his kinswoman Ethelberg, virgins consecrated to God. [640 ACE]

In the year of our Lord 640, Eadbald, king of Kent, departed this life, and left his kingdom to his son Earconbert, who governed it most nobly twenty-four years and some months. He was the first of the English kings that of his supreme authority commanded the idols throughout his whole kingdom to be forsaken and destroyed, and the fast of forty days to be observed; and that the same might not be lightly neglected, he appointed fitting and condign punishments for the offenders. His daughter Earcongota, as became the offspring of such a parent, was a most virtuous virgin, serving God in a monastery in the country of the Franks, built by a most noble abbess, named Fara, at a place called In Brige; for at that time but few monasteries had been built in the country of the Angles, and many were wont, for the sake of monastic life, to repair to the monasteries of the Franks or Gauls; and they also sent their daughters there to be instructed, and united to their Heavenly Bridegroom, especially in the monasteries of Brige, of Cale, and Andilegum. Among whom was also Saethryth, daughter of the wife of Anna, king of the East Angles, above mentioned; and Ethelberg, the king's own daughter; both of whom, though strangers, were for their virtue made abbesses of the monastery of Brige. Sexburg, that king's elder daughter, wife to Earconbert, king of Kent, had a daughter called Earcongota, of whom we are about to speak.

Many wonderful works and miracles of this virgin, dedicated to God, are to this day related by the inhabitants of that place; but for us it shall suffice to say something briefly of her departure out of this world to the heavenly kingdom. The day of her summoning drawing near, she began to visit in the monastery the cells of the infirm handmaidens of Christ, and particularly those that were of a great age, or most noted for their virtuous life, and humbly commending herself to their prayers, she let them know that her death was at hand, as she had learnt by revelation, which she said she had received in this manner. She had seen a band of men, clothed in white, come into the monastery, and being asked by her what they wanted, and what they did there, they answered, “They had been sent thither to carry away with them the gold coin that had been brought thither from Kent.” Towards the close of that same night, as morning began to dawn, leaving the darkness of this world, she departed to the light of heaven. Many of the brethren of that monastery who were in other houses, declared they had then plainly heard choirs of singing angels, and, as it were, the sound of a multitude entering the monastery. Whereupon going out immediately to see what it might be, they beheld a great light coming down from heaven, which bore that holy soul, set loose from the bonds of the flesh, to the eternal joys of the celestial country. They also tell of other miracles that were wrought that night in the same monastery by the power of God; but as we must proceed to other matters, we leave them to be related by those whose concern they are. The body of this venerable virgin and bride of Christ was buried in the church of the blessed protomartyr, Stephen. It was thought fit, three days after, to take up the stone that covered the tomb, and to raise it higher in the same place, and whilst they were doing this, so sweet a fragrance rose from below, that it seemed to all the brethren and sisters there present, as if a store of balsam had been opened.

Her aunt also, Ethelberg, of whom we have spoken, preserved the glory, acceptable to God, of perpetual virginity, in a life of great self-denial, but the extent of her virtue became more conspicuous after her death. Whilst she was abbess, she began to build in her monastery a church, in honour of all the Apostles, wherein she desired that her body should be buried; but when that work was advanced half way, she was prevented by death from finishing it, and was buried in the place in the church which she had chosen. After her death, the brothers occupied themselves with other things, and this structure was left untouched for seven years, at the expiration whereof they resolved, by reason of the greatness of the work, wholly to abandon the building of the church, and to remove the abbess’s bones thence to some other church that was finished and consecrated. On opening her tomb, they found the body as untouched by decay as it had been free from the corruption of carnal concupiscence, and having washed it again and clothed it in other garments, they removed it to the church of the blessed Stephen, the Martyr. And her festival is wont to be celebrated there with much honour on the 7th of July.

Chap. IX. How miracles of healing have been frequently wrought in the place where King Oswald was killed; and how, first, a traveller’s horse was restored and afterwards a young girl cured of the palsy. [642 ACE]

Oswald, the most Christian king of the Northumbrians, reigned nine years, including that year which was held accursed for the barbarous cruelty of the king of the Britons and the reckless apostacy of the English kings; for, as was said above, it is agreed by the unanimous consent of all, that the names and memory of the apostates should be erased from the catalogue of the Christian kings, and no year assigned to their reign. After which period, Oswald was killed in a great battle, by the same pagan nation and pagan king of the Mercians, who had slain his predecessor Edwin, at a place called in the English tongue Maserfelth, in the thirty-eighth year of his age, on the fifth day of the month of August.

How great his faith was towards God, and how remarkable his devotion, has been made evident by miracles even after his death; for, in the place where he was killed by the pagans, fighting for his country, sick men and cattle are frequently healed to this day. Whence it came to pass that many took up the very dust of the place where his body fell, and putting it into water, brought much relief with it to their friends who were sick. This custom came so much into use, that the earth being carried away by degrees, a hole was made as deep as the height of a man. Nor is it surprising that the sick should be healed in the place where he died; for, whilst he lived, he never ceased to provide for the poor and the sick, and to bestow alms on them, and assist them. Many miracles are said to have been wrought in that place, or with the dust carried from it; but we have thought it sufficient to mention two, which we have heard from our elders.

It happened, not long after his death, that a man was travelling on horseback near that place, when his horse on a sudden fell sick, stood still, hung his head, and foamed at the mouth, and, at length, as his pain increased, he fell to the ground; the rider dismounted, and taking off his saddle, waited to see whether the beast would recover or die. At length, after writhing for a long time in extreme anguish, the horse happened in his struggles to come to the very place where the great king died. Immediately the pain abated, the beast ceased from his frantic kicking, and, after the manner of horses, as if resting from his weariness, he rolled from side to side, and then starting up, perfectly recovered, began to graze hungrily on the green herbage. The rider observing this, and being an intelligent man, concluded that there must be some wonderful sanctity in the place where the horse had been healed, and he marked the spot. After which he again mounted his horse, and went on to the inn where he intended

to stop. On his arrival he found a girl, niece to the landlord, who had long been sick of the palsy; and when the members of the household, in his presence, lamented the girl's grievous calamity, he gave them an account of the place where his horse had been cured. In brief, she was put into a wagon and carried to the place and laid down there. At first she slept awhile, and when she awoke, found herself healed of her infirmity. Upon which she called for water, washed her face, arranged her hair, put a kerchief on her head, and returned home on foot, in good health, with those who had brought her.

Chap. X. How the dust of that place prevailed against fire. [After 642 ACE]

About the same time, another traveller, a Briton, as is reported, happened to pass by the same place, where the aforesaid battle was fought. Observing one particular spot of ground greener and more beautiful than any other part of the field, he had the wisdom to infer that the cause of the unusual greenness in that place must be that some person of greater holiness than any other in the army had been killed there. He therefore took along with him some of the dust of that piece of ground, tying it up in a linen cloth, supposing, as was indeed the case, that it would be of use for curing sick people, and proceeding on his journey, came in the evening to a certain village, and entered a house where the villagers were feasting at supper. Being received by the owners of the house, he sat down with them at the entertainment, hanging the cloth, with the dust which he had carried in it, on a post in the wall. They sat long at supper and drank deep. Now there was a great fire in the middle of the room, and it happened that the sparks flew up and caught the roof of the house, which being made of wattles and thatch, was suddenly wrapped in flames; the guests ran out in panic and confusion, but they were not able to save the burning house, which was rapidly being destroyed. Wherefore the house was burnt down, and only that post on which the dust hung in the linen cloth remained safe and untouched by the fire. When they beheld this miracle, they were all amazed, and inquiring into it diligently, learned that the dust had been taken from the place where the blood of King Oswald had been shed. These wonderful works being made known and reported abroad, many began daily to resort to that place, and received the blessing of health for themselves and their friends.

Chap. XI. How a light from Heaven stood all night over his relics, and how those possessed with devils were healed by them. [679-697 ACE]

Among the rest, I think we ought not to pass over in silence the miracles and signs from Heaven that were shown when King Oswald's bones were found, and translated into the church where they are now preserved. This was done by the zealous care of Osthryth, queen of the Mercians, the daughter of his brother Oswy, who reigned after him, as shall be said hereafter.

There is a famous monastery in the province of Lindsey, called Beardaneu, which that queen and her husband Ethelred greatly loved and venerated, conferring upon it many honours. It was here that she was desirous to lay the revered bones of her uncle. When the wagon in which those bones were carried arrived towards evening at the aforesaid monastery, they that were in it were unwilling to admit them, because, though they knew him to be a holy man, yet, as he was a native of another province, and had obtained the sovereignty over them, they retained their ancient aversion to him even after his death. Thus it came to pass that the relics were left in the open air all that night, with only a large tent spread over the wagon which contained them. But it was revealed by a sign from Heaven with how much reverence they ought to be received by all the faithful; for all that night, a pillar of light, reaching from the wagon up to heaven, was visible in almost every part of the province of Lindsey. Hereupon, in the morning, the brethren of that monastery who had refused it the day before, began themselves earnestly to pray that those holy relics, beloved of God, might be laid among them. Accordingly, the bones, being washed, were put into a shrine which they had made for that purpose, and placed in the church, with due honour; and that there might be a perpetual memorial of the royal character of this holy man, they hung up over the monument his banner of gold and purple. Then they poured out the water in which they had washed the bones, in a corner of the cemetery. From that time, the very earth which received that holy water, had the power of saving grace in casting out devils from the bodies of persons possessed.

Lastly, when the aforesaid queen afterwards abode some time in that monastery, there came to visit her a certain venerable abbess, who is still living, called Ethelhild, the sister of the holy men, Ethelwin and Aldwin, the first of whom was bishop in the province of Lindsey, the other abbot of the monastery of Peartaneu; not far from which was the monastery of Ethelhild. When this lady was come, in a conversation between her and the queen, the discourse, among other things, turning upon Oswald, she said, that she also had that night seen the light over his relics reaching up to heaven. The queen thereupon added, that the very dust of the pavement on which the water that washed the bones had been poured out, had already healed many sick persons. The abbess thereupon desired that some of that health-bringing dust might be given her, and, receiving it, she tied itup in a cloth, and, putting it into a casket, returned home. Some time after, when she was in her monastery, there came to it a guest, who was wont often in the night to be on a sudden grievously tormented with an unclean spirit; he being hospitably entertained, when he had gone to bed after supper, was suddenly seized by the Devil, and began to cry out, to gnash his teeth, to foam at the mouth, and to

writhe and distort his limbs. None being able to hold or bind him, the servant ran, and knocking at the door, told the abbess. She, opening the monastery door, went out herself with one of the nuns to the men's apartment, and calling a priest, desired that he would go with her to the sufferer. Being come thither, and seeing many present, who had not been able, by their efforts, to hold the tormented person and restrain his convulsive movements, the priest used exorcisms, and did all that he could to assuage the madness of the unfortunate man, but, though he took much pains, he could not prevail. When no hope appeared of easing him in his ravings, the abbess bethought herself of the dust, and immediately bade her handmaiden go and fetch her the casket in which it was. As soon as she came with it, as she had been bidden, and was entering the hall of the house, in the inner part whereof the possessed person was writhing in torment, he suddenly became silent, and laid down his head, as if he had been falling asleep, stretching out all his limbs to rest. "Silence fell upon all and intent they gazed," anxiously waiting to see the end of the matter. And after about the space of an hour the man that had been tormented sat up, and fetching a deep sigh, said, "Now I am whole, for I am restored to my senses." They earnestly inquired how that came to pass, and he answered, "As soon as that maiden drew near the hall of this house, with the casket she brought, all the evil spirits that vexed me departed and left me, and were no more to be seen." Then the abbess gave him a little of that dust, and the priest having prayed, he passed that night in great peace; nor was he, from that time forward, alarmed by night, or in any way troubled by his old enemy.

Chap. XII. How a little boy was cured of a fever at his tomb.

Some time after, there was a certain little boy in the said monastery, who had been long grievously troubled with a fever; he was one day anxiously expecting the hour when his fit was to come on, when one of the brothers, coming in to him, said, "Shall I tell you, my son, how you may be cured of this sickness? Rise, enter the church, and go close to Oswald's tomb; sit down and stay there quiet and do not leave it; do not come away, or stir from the place, till the time is past, when the fever leaves you: then I will go in and fetch you away." The boy did as he was advised, and the disease durst not assail him as he sat by the saint's tomb; but fled in such fear that it did not dare to touch him, either the second or third day, or ever after. The brother that came from thence, and told me this, added, that at the time when he was talking with me, the young man was then still living in the monastery, on whom, when a boy, that miracle of healing had been wrought. Nor need we wonder that the prayers of that king who is now reigning with our Lord, should be very efficacious with Him, since he, whilst yet governing his temporal kingdom, was always wont to pray and labour more for that which is eternal. Nay, it is said, that he often continued in prayer from the hour of morning thanksgiving till it was day; and that by reason of his constant custom of praying or giving thanks to God, he was wont always, wherever he sat, to hold his hands on his knees with the palms turned upwards. It is also commonly affirmed and has passed into a proverb, that he ended his life in prayer; for when he was beset with the weapons of his enemies, and perceived that death was at hand, he prayed for the souls of his army. Whence it is proverbially said, " 'Lord have mercy on their souls,' said Oswald, as he fell to the ground."

Now his bones were translated to the monastery which we have mentioned, and buried therein: but the king who slew him commanded his head, and hands, with the arms, to be cut off from the body, and set upon stakes. But his successor in the throne, Oswy, coming thither the next year with his army, took them down, and buried his head in the cemetery of the church of Lindisfarne, and the hands and arms in his royal city.

Chap. XIII. How a certain person in Ireland was restored, when at the point of death, by his relics.

Nor was the fame of the renowned Oswald confined to Britain, but, spreading rays of healing light even beyond the sea, reached also to Germany and Ireland. For the most reverend prelate, Acca, is wont to relate, that when, in his journey to Rome, he and his bishop Wilfrid stayed some time with Wilbrord, the holy archbishop of the Frisians, he often heard him tell of the wonders which had been wrought in that province at the relics of that most worshipful king. And he used to say that in Ireland, when, being yet only a priest, he led the life of a stranger and pilgrim for love of the eternal country, the fame of that king's sanctity was already spread far and near in that island also. One of the miracles, among the rest, which he related, we have thought fit to insert in this our history.

"At the time," said he, "of the plague which made such widespread havoc in Britain and Ireland, among others, a certain scholar of the Scottish race was smitten with the disease, a man learned in the study of letters, but in no way careful or studious of his eternal salvation; who, seeing his death near at hand, began to fear and tremble lest, as soon as he was dead, he should be hurried away to the prison-house of Hell for his sins. He called me, for I was near, and trembling and sighing in his weakness, with a lamentable voice made his complaint to me, after this manner: 'You see that my bodily distress increases, and that I am now reduced to the point of death. Nor do I question but that after the death of my body, I shall be immediately snatched away to the everlasting death of my soul, and cast into the torments of hell, since for a long time, amidst all my reading of divine books, I have

suffered myself to be ensnared by sin, instead of keeping the commandments of God. But it is my resolve, if the Divine Mercy shall grant me a new term of life, to correct my sinful habits, and wholly to devote anew my mind and life to obedience to the Divine will. But I know that I have no merits of my own whereby to obtain a prolongation of life, nor can I hope to have it, unless it shall please God to forgive me, wretched and unworthy of pardon as I am, through the help of those who have faithfully served him. We have heard, and the report is widespread, that there was in your nation a king, of wonderful sanctity, called Oswald, the excellency of whose faith and virtue has been made famous even after his death by the working of many miracles. I beseech you, if you have any relics of his in your keeping, that you will bring them to me; if haply the Lord shall be pleased, through his merits, to have mercy on me.' I answered, 'I have indeed a part of the stake on which his head was set up by the pagans, when he was killed, and if you believe with steadfast heart, the Divine mercy may, through the merits of so great a man, both grant you a longer term of life here, and render you worthy to be admitted into eternal life.' He answered immediately that he had entire faith therein. Then I blessed some water, and put into it a splinter of the aforesaid oak, and gave it to the sick man to drink. He presently found ease, and, recovering of his sickness, lived a long time after; and, being entirely converted to God in heart and deed, wherever he went, he spoke of the goodness of his merciful Creator, and the honour of His faithful servant."

Chap. XIV. How on the death of Paulinus, Ithamar was made bishop of Rochester in his stead; and of the wonderful humility of King Oswin, who was cruelly slain by Oswy. [644-651 ACE]

Oswald being translated to the heavenly kingdom, his brother Oswy, a young man of about thirty years of age, succeeded him on the throne of his earthly kingdom, and held it twenty-eight years with much trouble, being attacked by the pagan nation of the Mercians, that had slain his brother, as also by his son Alchfrid, and by his nephew Oidilwald, the son of his brother who reigned before him. In his second year, that is, in the year of our Lord 644, the most reverend Father Paulinus, formerly Bishop of York, but at that time Bishop of the city of Rochester, departed to the Lord, on the 10th day of October, having held the office of a bishop nineteen years, two months, and twenty-one days; and was buried in the sacristy of the blessed Apostle Andrew, which King Ethelbert had built from the foundation, in the same city of Rochester. In his place, Archbishop Honorius ordained Ithamar, of the Kentish nation, but not inferior to his predecessors in learning and conduct of life. Oswy, during the first part of his reign, had a partner in the royal dignity called Oswin, of the race of King Edwin, and son to Osric of whom we have spoken above, a man of wonderful piety and devotion, who governed the province of the Deiri seven years in very great prosperity, and was himself beloved by all men. But Oswy, who governed all the other northern part of the nation beyond the Humber, that is, the province of the Bernicians, could not live at peace with him; and at last, when the causes of their disagreement increased, he murdered him most cruelly. For when each had raised an army against the other, Oswin perceived that he could not maintain a war against his enemy who had more auxiliaries than himself, and he thought it better at that time to lay aside all thoughts of engaging, and to reserve himself for better times. He therefore disbanded the army which he had assembled, and ordered all his men to return to their own homes, from the place that is called Wilfaraesdun, that is, Wilfar's Hill, which is about ten miles distant from the village called Cataract, towards the north-west. He himself, with only one trusty thegn, whose name was Tondhere, withdrew and lay concealed in the house of Hunwald, a noble, whom he imagined to be his most assured friend. But, alas! it was far otherwise; for Hunwald betrayed him, and Oswy, by the hands of his reeve, Ethilwin, foully slew him and the thegn aforesaid. This happened on the 20th of August, in the ninth year of his reign, at a place called Ingetlingum, where afterwards, to atone for this crime, a monastery was built, wherein prayers should be daily offered up to God for the redemption of the souls of both kings, to wit, of him that was murdered, and of him that commanded the murder.

King Oswin was of a goodly countenance, and tall of stature, pleasant in discourse, and courteous in behaviour; and bountiful to all, gentle and simple alike; so that he was beloved by all men for the royal dignity of his mind and appearance and actions, and men of the highest rank came from almost all provinces to serve him. Among all the graces of virtue and moderation by which he was distinguished and, if I may say so, blessed in a special manner, humility is said to have been the greatest, which it will suffice to prove by one instance.

He had given a beautiful horse to Bishop Aidan, to use either in crossing rivers, or in performing a journey upon any urgent necessity, though the Bishop was wont to travel ordinarily on foot. Some short time after, a poor man meeting the Bishop, and asking alms, he immediately dismounted, and ordered the horse, with all his royal trappings, to be given to the beggar; for he was very compassionate, a great friend to the poor, and, in a manner, the father of the wretched. This being told to the king, when they were going in to dinner, he said to the Bishop, "What did you mean, my lord Bishop, by giving the poor man that royal horse, which it was fitting that you should have for your own use? Had not we many other horses of less value, or things of other sorts, which would have been good enough to give to the poor, instead of giving that horse, which I had chosen and set apart for your own use?" Thereupon the Bishop answered, "What do you say, O king? Is that son of a mare more dear to you than that son of God?" Upon this they went in to dinner, and the Bishop sat in his place; but the king, who had come in from hunting, stood warming

himself, with his attendants, at the fire. Then, on a sudden, whilst he was warming himself, calling to mind what the bishop had said to him, he ungirt his sword, and gave it to a servant, and hastened to the Bishop and fell down at his feet, beseeching him to forgive him; “For from this time forward,” said he, “I will never speak any more of this, nor will I judge of what or how much of our money you shall give to the sons of God.” The bishop was much moved at this sight, and starting up, raised him, saying that he was entirely reconciled to him, if he would but sit down to his meat, and lay aside all sorrow. The king, at the bishop’s command and request, was comforted, but the bishop, on the other hand, grew sad and was moved even to tears. His priest then asking him, in the language of his country, which the king and his servants did not understand, why he wept, “I know,” said he, “that the king will not live long; for I never before saw a humble king; whence I perceive that he will soon be snatched out of this life, because this nation is not worthy of such a ruler.” Not long after, the bishop’s gloomy foreboding was fulfilled by the king’s sad death, as has been said above. But Bishop Aidan himself was also taken out of this world, not more than twelve days after the death of the king he loved, on the 31st of August, to receive the eternal reward of his labours from the Lord.

Chap. XV. How Bishop Aidan foretold to certain seamen that a storm would arise, and gave them some holy oil to calm it. [Between 642 and 645 ACE]

How great the merits of Aidan were, was made manifest by the Judge of the heart, with the testimony of miracles, whereof it will suffice to mention three, that they may not be forgotten. A certain priest, whose name was Utta, a man of greatweight and sincerity, and on that account honoured by all men, even the princes of the world, was sent to Kent, to bring thence, as wife for King Oswy, Eanfled, the daughter of King Edwin, who had been carried thither when her father was killed. Intending to go thither by land, but to return with the maiden by sea, he went to Bishop Aidan, and entreated him to offer up his prayers to the Lord for him and his company, who were then to set out on so long a journey. He, blessing them, and commending them to the Lord, at the same time gave them some holy oil, saying, “I know that when you go on board ship, you will meet with a storm and contrary wind; but be mindful to cast this oil I give you into the sea, and the wind will cease immediately; you will have pleasant calm weather to attend you and send you home by the way that you desire.”

All these things fell out in order, even as the bishop had foretold. For first, the waves of the sea raged, and the sailors endeavoured to ride it out at anchor, but all to no purpose; for the sea sweeping over the ship on all sides and beginning to fill it with water, they all perceived that death was at hand and about to overtake them. The priest at last, remembering the bishop’s words, laid hold of the phial and cast some of the oil into the sea, which at once, as had been foretold, ceased from its uproar. Thus it came to pass that the man of God, by the spirit of prophecy, foretold the storm that was to come to pass, and by virtue of the same spirit, though absent in the body, calmed it when it had arisen. The story of this miracle was not told me by a person of little credit, but by Cynimund, a most faithful priest of our church, who declared that it was related to him by Utta, the priest, in whose case and through whom the same was wrought.

Chap. XVI. How the same Aidan, by his prayers, saved the royal city when it was fired by the enemy [Before 651 ACE]

Another notable miracle of the same father is related by many such as were likely to have knowledge thereof; for during the time that he was bishop, the hostile army of the Mercians, under the command of Penda, cruelly ravaged the country of the Northumbrians far and near, even to the royal city, which has its name from Bebba, formerly its queen. Not being able to take it by storm or by siege, he endeavoured to burn it down; and having pulled down all the villages in the neighbourhood of the city, he brought thither an immense quantity of beams, rafters, partitions, wattles and thatch, wherewith he encompassed the place to a great height on the land side, and when he found the wind favourable, he set fire to it and attempted to burn the town.

At that time, the most reverend Bishop Aidan was dwelling in the Isle of Farne, which is about two miles from the city; for thither he was wont often to retire to pray in solitude and silence; and, indeed, this lonely dwelling of his is to this day shown in that island. When he saw the flames of fire and the smoke carried by the wind rising above the city walls, he is said to have lifted up his eyes and hands to heaven, and cried with tears, “Behold, Lord, how great evil is wrought by Penda!” These words were hardly uttered, when the wind immediately veering from the city, drove back the flames upon those who had kindled them, so that some being hurt, and all afraid, they forebore any further attempts against the city, which they perceived to be protected by the hand of God.

Chap. XVII. How a prop of the church on which Bishop Aidan was leaning when he died, could not be consumed when the rest of the Church was on fire; and concerning his inward life. [651 ACE]

Aidan was in the king's township, not far from the city of which we have spoken above, at the time when death caused him to quit the body, after he had been bishop sixteen years; for having a church and a chamber in that place, he was wont often to go and stay there, and to make excursions from it to preach in the country round about, which he likewise did at other of the king's townships, having nothing of his own besides his church and a few fields about it. When he was sick they set up a tent for him against the wall at the west end of the church, and so it happened that he breathed his last, leaning against a buttress that was on the outside of the church to strengthen the wall. He died in the seventeenth year of his episcopate, on the 31st of August. His body was thence presently translated to the isle of Lindisfarne, and buried in the cemetery of the brethren. Some time after, when a larger church was built there and dedicated in honour of the blessed prince of the Apostles, his bones were translated thither, and laid on the right side of the altar, with the respect due to so great a prelate.

Finan, who had likewise been sent thither from Hii, the island monastery of the Scots, succeeded him, and continued no small time in the bishopric. It happened some years after, that Penda, king of the Mercians, coming into these parts with a hostile army, destroyed all he could with fire and sword, and the village where the bishop died, along with the church above mentioned, was burnt down; but it fell out in a wonderful manner that the buttress against which he had been leaning when he died, could not be consumed by the fire which devoured all about it. This miracle being noised abroad, the church was soon rebuilt in the same place, and that same buttress was set up on the outside, as it had been before, to strengthen the wall. It happened again, some time after, that the village and likewise the church were carelessly burned down the second time. Then again, the fire could not touch the buttress; and, miraculously, though the fire broke through the very holes of the nails wherewith it was fixed to the building, yet it could do no hurt to the buttress itself. When therefore the church was built there the third time, they did not, as before, place that buttress on the outside as a support of the building, but within the church, as a memorial of the miracle; where the people coming in might kneel, and implore the Divine mercy. And it is well known that since then many have found grace and been healed in that same place, as also that by means of splinters cut off from the buttress, and put into water, many more have obtained a remedy for their own infirmities and those of their friends.

I have written thus much concerning the character and works of the aforesaid Aidan, in no way commending or approving his lack of wisdom with regard to the observance of Easter; nay, heartily detesting it, as I have most manifestly proved in the book I have written, "De Temporibus"; but, like an impartial historian, unreservedly relating what was done by or through him, and commending such things as are praiseworthy in his actions, and preserving the memory thereof for the benefit of the readers; to wit, his love of peace and charity; of continence and humility; his mind superior to anger and avarice, and despising pride and vainglory; his industry in keeping and teaching the Divine commandments, his power of study and keeping vigil; his priestly authority in reproving the haughty and powerful, and at the same time his tenderness in comforting the afflicted, and relieving or defending the poor. To be brief, so far as I have learnt from those that knew him, he took care to neglect none of those things which he found in the Gospels and the writings of Apostles and prophets, but to the utmost of his power endeavoured to fulfil them all in his deeds.

These things I greatly admire and love in the aforesaid bishop, because I do not doubt that they were pleasing to God; but I do not approve or praise his observance of Easter at the wrong time, either through ignorance of the canonical time appointed, or, if he knew it, being prevailed on by the authority of his nation not to adopt it. Yet this I approve in him, that in the celebration of his Easter, the object which he had at heart and reverenced and preached was the same as ours, to wit, the redemption of mankind, through the Passion, Resurrection and Ascension into Heaven of the Man Christ Jesus, who is the mediator between God and man. And therefore he always celebrated Easter, not as some falsely imagine, on the fourteenth of the moon, like the Jews, on any day of the week, but on the Lord's day, from the fourteenth to the twentieth of the moon; and this he did from his belief that the Resurrection of our Lord happened on the first day of the week, and for the hope of our resurrection, which also he, with the holy Church, believed would truly happen on that same first day of the week, now called the Lord's day.

Chap. XVIII. Of the life and death of the religious King Sigbert. [Circ. 631 ACE]

At this time, the kingdom of the East Angles, after the death of Earpwald, the successor of Redwald, was governed by his brother Sigbert, a good and religious man, who some time before had been baptized in Gaul, whilst he lived in banishment, a fugitive from the enmity of Redwald. When he returned home, as soon as he ascended the throne, being desirous to imitate the good

institutions which he had seen in Gaul, he founded a school wherein boys should be taught letters, and was assisted therein by Bishop Felix, who came to him from Kent, and who furnished them with masters and teachers after the manner of the people of Kent.

This king became so great a lover of the heavenly kingdom, that at last, quitting the affairs of his kingdom, and committing them to his kinsman Ecgric, who before had a share in that kingdom, he entered a monastery, which he had built for himself, and having received the tonsure, applied himself rather to do battle for a heavenly throne. A long time after this, it happened that the nation of the Mercians, under King Penda, made war on the East Angles; who finding themselves no match for their enemy, entreated Sigbert to go with them to battle, to encourage the soldiers. He was unwilling and refused, upon which they drew him against his will out of the monastery, and carried him to the army, hoping that the soldiers would be less afraid and less disposed to flee in the presence of one who had formerly been an active and distinguished commander. But he, still mindful of his profession, surrounded, as he was, by a royal army, would carry nothing in his hand but a wand, and was killed with King Ecgric; and the pagans pressing on, all their army was either slaughtered or dispersed.

They were succeeded in the kingdom by Anna, the son of Eni, of the blood royal, a good man, and the father of good children, of whom, in the proper place, we shall speak hereafter. He also was afterwards slain like his predecessors by the same pagan chief of the Mercians.

Chap. XIX. How Fursa built a monastery among the East Angles, and of his visions and sanctity, to which, his flesh remaining uncorrupted after death bore testimony. [Circ. 633 ACE]

Whilst Sigbert still governed the kingdom, there came out of Ireland a holy man called Fursa, renowned both for his words and actions, and remarkable for singular virtues, being desirous to live as a stranger and pilgrim for the Lord's sake, wherever an opportunity should offer. On coming into the province of the East Angles, he was honourably received by the aforesaid king, and performing his wonted task of preaching the Gospel, by the example of his virtue and the influence of his words, converted many unbelievers to Christ, and confirmed in the faith and love of Christ those that already believed.

Here he fell into some infirmity of body, and was thought worthy to see a vision of angels; in which he was admonished diligently to persevere in the ministry of the Word which he had undertaken, and indefatigably to apply himself to his usual watching and prayers; inasmuch as his end was certain, but the hour thereof uncertain, according to the saying of our Lord, "Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour." Being confirmed by this vision, he set himself with all speed to build a monastery on the ground which had been given him by King Sigbert, and to establish a rule of life therein. This monastery was pleasantly situated in the woods, near the sea; it was built within the area of a fort, which in the English language is called Cnobheresburg, that is, Cnobhere's Town; afterwards, Anna, king of that province, and certain of the nobles, embellished it with more stately buildings and with gifts.

This man was of noble Scottish blood, but much more noble in mind than in birth. From his boyish years, he had earnestly applied himself to reading sacred books and observing monastic discipline, and, as is most fitting for holy men, he carefully practised all that he learned to be right.

Now, in course of time he himself built a monastery, wherein he might with more freedom devote himself to his heavenly studies. There, falling sick, as the book concerning his life clearly informs us, he fell into a trance, and quitting his body from the evening till cockcrow, he was accounted worthy to behold the sight of the choirs of angels, and to hear their glad songs of praise. He was wont to declare, that among other things he distinctly heard this refrain: "The saints shall go from strength to strength." And again, "The God of gods shall be seen in Sion." Being restored to his body, and again taken from it three days after, he not only saw the greater joys of the blessed, but also fierce conflicts of evil spirits, who by frequent accusations wickedly endeavoured to obstruct his journey to heaven; but the angels protected him, and all their endeavours were in vain. Concerning all these matters, if any one desires to be more fully informed, to wit, with what subtlety of deceit the devils recounted both his actions and idle words, and even his thoughts, as if they had been written down in a book; and what joyous or grievous tidings he learned from the holy angels and just men who appeared to him among the angels; let him read the little book of his life which I have mentioned, and I doubt not that he will thereby reap much spiritual profit.

But there is one thing among the rest, which we have thought it may be beneficial to many to insert in this history. When he had been taken up on high, he was bidden by the angels that conducted him to look back upon the world. Upon which, casting his eyes downward, he saw, as it were, a dark valley in the depths underneath him. He also saw four fires in the air, not far distant from each other. Then asking the angels, what fires those were, he was told, they were the fires which would kindle and consume

the world. One of them was of falsehood, when we do not fulfil that which we promised in Baptism, to renounce the Devil and all his works. The next was of covetousness, when we prefer the riches of the world to the love of heavenly things. The third was of discord, when we do not fear to offend our neighbour even in needless things. The fourth was of ruthlessness when we think it a light thing to rob and to defraud the weak. These fires, increasing by degrees, extended so as to meet one another, and united in one immense flame. When it drew near, fearing for himself, he said to the angel, “Lord, behold the fire draws near to me.” The angel answered, “That which you did not kindle will not burn you; for though this appears to be a terrible and great pyre, yet it tries every man according to the merits of his works; for every man’s concupiscence shall burn in this fire; for as a man burns in the body through unlawful pleasure, so, when set free from the body, he shall burn by the punishment which he has deserved.”

Then he saw one of the three angels, who had been his guides throughout both visions, go before and divide the flaming fires, whilst the other two, flying about on both sides, defended him from the danger of the fire. He also saw devils flying through the fire, raising the flames of war against the just. Then followed accusations of the envious spirits against himself, the defence of the good spirits, and a fuller vision of the heavenly hosts; as also of holy men of his own nation, who, as he had learnt, had worthily held the office of priesthood in old times, and who were known to fame; from whom he heard many things very salutary to himself, and to all others that would listen to them. When they had ended their discourse, and returned to Heaven with the angelic spirits, there remained with the blessed Fursa, the three angels of whom we have spoken before, and who were to bring him back to the body. And when they approached the aforesaid great fire, the angel divided the flame, as he had done before; but when the man of God came to the passage so opened amidst the flames, the unclean spirits, laying hold of one of those whom they were burning in the fire, cast him against him, and, touching his shoulder and jaw, scorched them. He knew the man, and called to mind that he had received his garment when he died. The holy angel, immediately laying hold of the man, threw him back into the fire, and the malignant enemy said, “Do not reject him whom you before received; for as you received the goods of the sinner, so you ought to share in his punishment.” But the angel withstood him, saying, “He did not receive them through avarice, but in order to save his soul.” The fire ceased, and the angel, turning to him, said, “That which you kindled burned you; for if you had not received the money of this man that died in his sins, his punishment would not burn you.” And he went on to speak with wholesome counsel of what ought to be done for the salvation of such as repented in the hour of death.

Being afterwards restored to the body, throughout the whole course of his life he bore the mark of the fire which he had felt in the spirit, visible to all men on his shoulder and jaw; and the flesh openly showed, in a wonderful manner, what the spirit had suffered in secret. He always took care, as he had done before, to teach all men the practice of virtue, as well by his example, as by preaching. But as for the story of his visions, he would only relate them to those who, from desire of repentance, questioned him about them. An aged brother of our monastery is still living, who is wont to relate that a very truthful and religious man told him, that he had seen Fursa himself in the province of the East Angles, and heard those visions from his lips; adding, that though it was in severe winter weather and a hard frost, and the man was sitting in a thin garment when he told the story, yet he sweated as if it had been in the heat of mid-summer, by reason of the great terror or joy of which he spoke.

To return to what we were saying before, when, after preaching the Word of God many years in Scotland, he could not well endure the disturbance of the crowds that resorted to him, leaving all that he looked upon as his own, he departed from his native island, and came with a few brothers through the Britons into the province of the English, and preaching the Word there, as has been said, built a famous monastery. When this was duly carried out, he became desirous to rid himself of all business of this world, and even of the monastery itself, and forthwith left the care of it and of its souls, to his brother Fullan, and the priests Gobban and Dicull, and being himself free from all worldly affairs, resolved to end his life as a hermit. He had another brother called Ultan, who, after a long monastic probation, had also adopted the life of an anchorite. So, seeking him out alone, he lived a whole year with him in self-denial and prayer, and laboured daily with his hands.

Afterwards seeing the province thrown into confusion by the irruptions of the pagans, and foreseeing that the monasteries would also be in danger, he left all things in order, and sailed over into Gaul, and being there honourably entertained by Clovis, king of the Franks, or by the patrician Ercinwald, he built a monastery in the place called Latineacum, and falling sick not long after, departed this life. The same Ercinwald, the patrician, took his body, and kept it in the porch of a church he was building in his town of Perrona, till the church itself should be dedicated. This happened twenty-seven days after, and the body being taken from the porch, to be re-buried near the altar, was found as whole as if he had died that very hour. And again, four years after, when a more beautiful shrine had been built to receive his body to the east of the altar, it was still found without taint of corruption, and was translated thither with due honour; where it is well known that his merits, through the divine operation, have been declared by many miracles. We have briefly touched upon these matters as well as the incorruption of his body, that the lofty nature of the man may be better known to our readers. All which, as also concerning the comrades of his warfare, whosoever will read it, will find more fully described in the book of his life.

Chap. XX. How, when Honorius died, Deusdedit became Archbishop of Canterbury; and of those who were at that time bishops of the East Angles, and of the church of Rochester. [653 ACE]

In the meantime, Felix, bishop of the East Angles, dying, when he had held that see seventeen years, Honorius ordained Thomas his deacon, of the province of the Gyrwas, in his place; and he being taken from this life when he had been bishop five years, Bertgils, surnamed Boniface, of the province of Kent, was appointed in his stead. Honorius himself also, having run his course, departed this life in the year of our Lord 653, on the 30th of September; and when the see had been vacant a year and six months, Deusdedit of the nation of the West Saxons, was chosen the sixth Archbishop of Canterbury. To ordain him, Ithamar, bishop of Rochester, came thither. His ordination was on the 26th of March, and he ruled the churchnine years, four months, and two days; and when Ithamar died, he consecrated in his place Damian, who was of the race of the South Saxons.

Chap. XXI. How the province of the Midland Angles became Christian under King Peada. [653 ACE]

At this time, the Middle Angles, that is, the Angles of the Midland country, under their Prince Peada, the son of King Penda, received the faith and mysteries of the truth. Being an excellent youth, and most worthy of the name and office of a king, he was by his father elevated to the throne of that nation, and came to Oswy, king of the Northumbrians, requesting to have his daughter Alchfled given him to wife; but he could not obtain his desire unless he would receive the faith of Christ, and be baptized, with the nation which he governed. When he heard the preaching of the truth, the promise of the heavenly kingdom, and the hope of resurrection and future immortality, he declared that he would willingly become a Christian, even though he should not obtain the maiden; being chiefly prevailed on to receive the faith by King Oswy's son Alchfrid, who was his brother-in-law and friend, for he had married his sister Cyneburg, the daughter of King Penda.

Accordingly he was baptized by Bishop Finan, with all his nobles and thegns, and their servants, that came along with him, at a noted township, belonging to the king, called At the Wall. And having received four priests, who by reason of their learning and good life were deemed proper to instruct and baptize his nation, he returned home with much joy. These priests were Cedd and Adda, and Betti and Diuma; the last of whom was by nation a Scot, the others English. Adda was brother to Utta, whom we have mentioned before, a renowned priest, and abbot of the monastery which is called At the Goat's Head. The aforesaid priests, arriving in the province with the prince, preached the Word, and were heard willingly; and many, as well of the nobility as the common sort, renouncing the abominations of idolatry, were daily washed in the fountain of the faith.

Nor did King Penda forbid the preaching of the Word even among his people, the Mercians, if any were willing to hear it; but, on the contrary, he hated and despised those whom he perceived to be without the works of faith, when they had once received the faith of Christ, saying, that they were contemptible and wretched who scorned to obey their God, in whom they believed. These things were set on foot two years before the death of King Penda.

But when he was slain, and the most Christian king, Oswy, succeeded him in the throne, as we shall hereafter relate, Diuma, one of the aforesaid four priests, was made bishop of the Midland Angles, as also of the Mercians, being ordained by Bishop Finan; for the scarcity of priests made it necessary that one prelate should be set over two nations. Having in a short time gained many people to the Lord, he died among the Midland Angles, in the country called Infeppingum; and Ceollach, also of the Scottish nation, succeeded him in the bishopric. But he, not long after, left his bishopric, and returned to the island of Hii, which, among the Scots, was the chief and head of many monasteries. His successor in the bishopric was Trumhere, a godly man, and trained in the monastic life, an Englishman, but ordained bishop by the Scots. This happened in the days of King Wulfhere, of whom we shall speak hereafter.

Chap. XXII. How under King Sigbert, through the preaching of Cedd, the East Saxons again received the faith, which they had before cast off. [653 ACE]

At that time, also, the East Saxons, at the instance of King Oswy, again received the faith, which they had formerly cast off when they expelled Mellitus, their bishop. For Sigbert, who reigned next to Sigbert surnamed The Little, was then king of that nation, and a friend to King Oswy, who, when Sigbert came to the province of the Northumbrians to visit him, as he often did, used to

endeavour to convince him that those could not be gods that had been made by the hands of men; that a stock or a stone could not be proper matter to form a god, the residue whereof was either burned in the fire, or framed into any vessels for the use of men, or else was cast out as refuse, trampled on and turned into dust. That God is rather to be understood as incomprehensible in majesty and invisible to human eyes, almighty, eternal, the Creator of heaven and earth and of mankind; Who governs and will judge the world in righteousness, Whose eternal abode must be believed to be in Heaven, and not in base and perishable metal; and that it ought in reason to be concluded, that all those who learn and do the will of Him by Whom they were created, will receive from Him eternal rewards. King Oswy having often, with friendly counsel, like a brother, said this and much more to the like effect to King Sigbert, at length, aided by the consent of his friends, he believed, and after he had consulted with those about him, and exhorted them, when they all agreed and assented to the faith, he was baptized with them by Bishop Finan, in the king's township above spoken of, which is called At the Wall, because it is close by the wall which the Romans formerly drew across the island of Britain, at the distance of twelve miles from the eastern sea.

King Sigbert, having now become a citizen of the eternal kingdom, returned to the seat of his temporal kingdom, requesting of King Oswy that he would give him some teachers, to convert his nation to the faith of Christ, and cleanse them in the fountain of salvation. Wherefore Oswy, sending into the province of the Midland Angles, summoned the man of God, Cedd, and, giving him another priest for his companion, sent them to preach the Word to the East Saxons. When these two, travelling to all parts of that country, had gathered a numerous Church to the Lord, it happened once that Cedd returned home, and came to the church of Lindisfarne to confer with Bishop Finan; who, finding that the work of the Gospel had prospered in his hands, made him bishop of the nation of the East Saxons, calling to him two other bishops to assist at the ordination. Cedd, having received the episcopal dignity, returned to his province, and pursuing the work he had begun with more ample authority, built churches in divers places, and ordained priests and deacons to assist him in the Word of faith, and the ministry of Baptism, especially in the city which, in the language of the Saxons, is called Ythancaestir, as also in that which is named Tilaburg. The first of these places is on the bank of the Pant, the other on the bank of the Thames. In these, gathering a flock of Christ's servants, he taught them to observe the discipline of a rule of life, as far as those rude people were then capable of receiving it.

Whilst the teaching of the everlasting life was thus, for no small time, making daily increase in that province to the joy of the king and of all the people, it happened that the king, at the instigation of the enemy of all good men, was murdered by his own kindred. They were two brothers who did this wicked deed; and being asked what had moved them to it, they had nothing else to answer, but that they had been incensed against the king, and hated him, because he was too apt to spare his enemies, and calmly forgave the wrongs they had done him, upon their entreaty. Such was the crime for which the king was killed, because he observed the precepts of the Gospel with a devout heart; but in this innocent death his real offence was also punished, according to the prediction of the man of God. For one of those nobles that murdered him was unlawfully married, and when the bishop was not able to prevent or correct the sin, he excommunicated him, and commanded all that would give ear to him not to enter this man's house, nor to eat of his meat. But the king made light of this command, and being invited by the noble, went to a banquet at his house. As he was going thence, the bishop met him. The king, beholding him, immediately dismounted from his horse, trembling, and fell down at his feet, begging pardon for his offence; for the bishop, who was likewise on horseback, had also alighted. Being much incensed, he touched the prostrate king with the rod he held in his hand, and spoke thus with the authority of his office:"I tell thee, forasmuch as thou wouldest not refrain from the house of that sinful and condemned man, thou shalt die in that very house." Yet it is to be believed, that such a death of a religious man not only blotted out his offence, but even added to his merit; because it happened on account of his piety and his observance of the commands of Christ.

Sigbert was succeeded in the kingdom by Suidhelm, the son of Sexbald, who was baptized by the same Cedd, in the province of the East Angles, in the royal township, called Rendlaesham, that is, Rendil's Dwelling; and Ethelwald, king of the East Angles, brother to Anna, king of the same people, received him as he came forth from the holy font.

Chap. XXIII. How Bishop Cedd, having a place for building a monastery given him by King Ethelwald, consecrated it to the Lord with prayer and fasting; and concerning his death. [659-664 ACE]

The same man of God, whilst he was bishop among the East Saxons, was also wont oftentimes to visit his own province, Northumbria, for the purpose of exhortation. Oidilwald, the son of King Oswald, who reigned among the Deiri, finding him a holy, wise, and good man, desired him to accept some land whereon to build a monastery, to which the king himself might frequently resort, to pray to the Lord and hear the Word, and where he might be buried when he died; for he believed faithfully that he should receive much benefit from the daily prayers of those who were to serve the Lord in that place. The king had before with him a brother of the same bishop, called Caelin, a man no less devoted to God, who, being a priest, was wont to administer to him and his house the Word and the Sacraments of the faith; by whose means he chiefly came to know and love the bishop. So

then, complying with the king's desires, the Bishop chose himself a place whereon to build a monastery among steep and distant mountains, which looked more like lurking-places for robbers and dens of wild beasts, than dwellings of men; to the end that, according to the prophecy of Isaiah, "In the habitation of dragons, where each lay, might be grass with reeds and rushes;" that is, that the fruits of good works should spring up, where before beasts were wont to dwell, or men to live after the manner of beasts.

But the man of God, desiring first to cleanse the place which he had received for the monastery from stain of former crimes, by prayer and fasting, and so to lay the foundations there, requested of the king that he would give him opportunity and leave to abide there for prayer all the time of Lent, which was at hand. All which days, except Sundays, he prolonged his fast till the evening, according to custom, and then took no other sustenance than a small piece of bread, one hen's egg, and a little milk and water. This, he said, was the custom of those of whom he had learned the rule of regular discipline, first to consecrate to the Lord, by prayer and fasting, the places which they had newly received for building a monastery or a church. When there were ten days of Lent still remaining, there came a messenger to call him to the king; and he, that the holy work might not be intermitted, on account of the king's affairs, entreated his priest, Cynibill, who was also his own brother, to complete his pious undertaking. Cynibill readily consented, and when the duty of fasting and prayer was over, he there built the monastery, which is now called Laestingaeu, and established therein religious customs according to the use of Lindisfarne, where he had been trained.

When Cedd had for many years held the office of bishop in the aforesaid province, and also taken charge of this monastery, over which he placed provosts, it happened that he came thither at a time when there was plague, and fell sick and died. He was first buried without the walls; but in the process of time a church was built of stone in the monastery, in honour of the Blessed Mother of God, and his body was laid in it, on the right side of the altar.

The bishop left the monastery to be governed after him by his brother Ceadda, who was afterwards made bishop, as shall be told hereafter. For, as it rarely happens, the four brothers we have mentioned, Cedd and Cynibill, and Caelin and Ceadda, were all celebrated priests of the Lord, and two of them also came to be bishops. When the brethren who were in his monastery, in the province of the East Saxons, heard that the bishop was dead and buried in the province of the Northumbrians, about thirty men of that monastery came thither, being desirous either to live near the body of their father, if it should please God, or to die and be buried there. Being gladly received by their brethren and fellow soldiers in Christ, all of them died there struck down by the aforesaid pestilence, except one little boy, who is known to have been saved from death by the prayers of his spiritual father. For being alive long after, and giving himself to the reading of Scripture, he was told that he had not been regenerated by the water of Baptism, and being then cleansed in the laver of salvation, he was afterwards promoted to the order of priesthood, and was of service to many in the church. I do not doubt that he was delivered at the point of death, as I have said, by the intercession of his father, to whose body he had come for love of him, that so he might himself avoid eternal death, and by teaching, offer the ministry of life and salvation to others of the brethren.

Chap. XXIV. How when King Penda was slain, the province of the Mercians received the faith of Christ, and Oswy gave possessions and territories to God, for building monasteries, as a thank offering for the victory obtained. [655 ACE]

At this time, King Oswy was exposed to the cruel and intolerable invasions of Penda, king of the Mercians, whom we have so often mentioned, and who had slain his brother; at length, compelled by his necessity, he promised to give him countless gifts and royal marks of honour greater than can be believed, to purchase peace; provided that he would return home, and cease to waste and utterly destroy the provinces of his kingdom. The pagan king refused to grant his request, for he had resolved to blot out and extirpate all his nation, from the highest to the lowest; whereupon King Oswy had recourse to the protection of the Divine pity for deliverance from his barbarous and pitiless foe, and binding himself by a vow, said, "If the pagan will not accept our gifts, let us offer them to Him that will, the Lord our God." He then vowed, that if he should win the victory, he would dedicate his daughter to the Lord in holy virginity, and give twelve pieces of land whereon to build monasteries. After this he gave battle with a very small army: indeed, it is reported that the pagans had thirty times the number of men; for they had thirty legions, drawn up under most noted commanders. King Oswy and his son Alchfrid met them with a very small army, as has been said, but trusting in Christ as their Leader; his other son, Egfrid, was then kept as a hostage at the court of Queen Cynwise, in the province of the Mercians. King Oswald's son Oidilwald, who ought to have supported them, was on the enemy's side, and led them on to fight against his country and his uncle; though, during the battle, he withdrew, and awaited the event in a place of safety. The engagement began, the pagans were put to flight or killed, the thirty royal commanders, who had come to Penda's assistance, were almost all of them slain; among whom was Ethelhere, brother and successor to Anna, king of the East Angles. He had been the occasion of the war, and was now killed, having lost his army and auxiliaries. The battle was fought near the river Winwaed, which then, owing to the great rains, was in flood, and had overflowed its banks, so that many more were drowned in the flight than destroyed in battle by

the sword.

Then King Oswy, according to the vow he had made to the Lord, returned thanks to God for the victory granted him, and gave his daughter Elfled, who was scarce a year old, to be consecrated to Him in perpetual virginity; bestowing also twelve small estates of land, wherein the practice of earthly warfare should cease, and place and means should be afforded to devout and zealous monks to wage spiritual warfare, and pray for the eternal peace of his nation. Of these estates six were in the province of the Deiri, and the other six in that of the Bernicians. Each of the estates contained ten families, that is, a hundred and twenty in all. The aforesaid daughter of King Oswy, who was to be dedicated to God, entered the monastery called Heruteu, or, "The Island of the Hart," at that time ruled by the Abbess Hilda, who, two years after, having acquired an estate of ten families, at the place called Streanaeshalch, built a monastery there, in which the aforesaid king's daughter was first trained in the monastic life and afterwards became abbess; till, at the age of fifty-nine, the blessed virgin departed to be united to her Heavenly Bridegroom. In this monastery, she and her father, Oswy, her mother, Eanfled, her mother's father, Edwin, and many other noble persons, are buried in the church of the holy Apostle Peter. King Oswy concluded this war in the district of Loidis, in the thirteenth year of his reign, on the 15th of November, to the great benefit of both nations; for he delivered his own people from the hostile depredations of the pagans, and, having made an end of their heathen chief, converted the Mercians and the adjacent provinces to the grace of the Christian faith.

Diuma was made the first bishop of the Mercians, as also of Lindsey and the Midland Angles, as has been said above, and he died and was buried among the Midland Angles. The second was Ceollach, who, giving up his episcopal office before his death, returned into Scotland. Both these bishops belonged to the nation of the Scots. The third was Trumhere, an Englishman, but educated and ordained by the Scots. He was abbot of the monastery that is called Ingetlingum, and is the place where King Oswin was killed, as has been said above; for Queen Eanfled, his kinswoman, in expiation of his unjust death, begged of King Oswy that he would give Trumhere, the aforesaid servant of God, a place there to build a monastery, because he also was kinsman to the slaughtered king; in which monastery continual prayers should be offered up for the eternal welfare of the kings, both of him that was murdered, and of him that commanded the murder. The same King Oswy governed the Mercians, as also the people of the other southern provinces, three years after he had slain King Penda; and he likewise subdued the greater part of the Picts to the dominion of the English.

At this time he gave to the above-mentioned Peada, son to King Penda, because he was his kinsman, the kingdom of the Southern Mercians, consisting, as is said, of 5,000 families, divided by the river Trent from the Northern Mercians, whose land contains 7,000 families; but Peada was foully slain in the following spring, by the treachery, as is said, of his wife, during the very time of the Easter festival. Three years after the death of King Penda, the Mercian chiefs, Immin, and Eafa, and Eadbert, rebelled against King Oswy, setting up for their king, Wulfhere, son to the said Penda, a youth whom they had kept concealed; and expelling the ealdormen of the foreign king, they bravely recovered at once their liberty and their lands; and being thus free, together with their king, they rejoiced to serve Christ the true King, for the sake of an everlasting kingdom in heaven. This king governed the Mercians seventeen years, and had for his first bishop Trumhere, above spoken of; the second was Jaruman; the third Ceadda; the fourth Wynfrid. All these, succeeding each other in order under King Wulfhere, discharged episcopal duties to the Mercian nation.

Chap. XXV. How the question arose about the due time of keeping Easter, with those that came out of Scotland. [664 ACE]

In the meantime, Bishop Aidan being taken away from this life, Finan, who was ordained and sent by the Scots, succeeded him in the bishopric, and built a church in the Isle of Lindisfarne, fit for the episcopal see; nevertheless, after the manner of the Scots, he made it, not of stone, but entirely of hewn oak, and covered it with reeds; and it was afterwards dedicated in honour of the blessed Peter the Apostle, by the most reverend Archbishop Theodore. Eadbert, also bishop of that place, took off the thatch, and caused it to be covered entirely, both roof and walls, with plates of lead.

At this time, a great and frequently debated question arose about the observance of Easter; those that came from Kent or Gaul affirming, that the Scots celebrated Easter Sunday contrary to the custom of the universal Church. Among them was a most zealous defender of the true Easter, whose name was Ronan, a Scot by nation, but instructed in the rule of ecclesiastical truth in Gaul or Italy. Disputing with Finan, he convinced many, or at least induced them to make a more strict inquiry after the truth; yet he could not prevail upon Finan, but, on the contrary, embittered him the more by reproof, and made him a professed opponent of the truth, for he was of a violent temper. James, formerly the deacon of the venerable Archbishop Paulinus, as has been said above, observed the true and Catholic Easter, with all those that he could instruct in the better way. Queen Eanfled and her followers also observed it as she had seen it practised in Kent, having with her a Kentish priest who followed the Catholic observance, whose name was Romanus. Thus it is said to have sometimes happened in those times that Easter was twice celebrated in one year; and that when the king, having ended his fast, was keeping Easter, the queen and her followers were still fasting, and celebrating

Palm Sunday. Whilst Aidan lived, this difference about the observance of Easter was patiently tolerated by all men, for they well knew, that though he could not keep Easter contrary to the custom of those who had sent him, yet he industriously laboured to practise the works of faith, piety, and love, according to the custom of all holy men; for which reason he was deservedly beloved by all, even by those who differed in opinion concerning Easter, and was held in veneration, not only by less important persons, but even by the bishops, Honorius of Canterbury, and Felix of the East Angles.

But after the death of Finan, who succeeded him, when Colman, who was also sent from Scotland, came to be bishop, a greater controversy arose about the observance of Easter, and other rules of ecclesiastical life. Whereupon this question began naturally to influence the thoughts and hearts of many who feared, lest haply, having received the name of Christians, they might run, or have run, in vain. This reached the ears of the rulers, King Oswy and his son Alchfrid. Now Oswy, having been instructed and baptized by the Scots, and being very perfectly skilled in their language, thought nothing better than what they taught; but Alchfrid, having for his teacher in Christianity the learned Wilfrid, who had formerly gone to Rome to study ecclesiastical doctrine, and spent much time at Lyons with Dalfinus, archbishop of Gaul, from whom also he had received the crown of ecclesiastical tonsure, rightly thought that this man's doctrine ought to be preferred before all the traditions of the Scots. For this reason he had also given him a monastery of forty families, at a place called Inhrypum; which place, not long before, he had given for a monastery to those that were followers of the Scots; but forasmuch as they afterwards, being left to their choice, preferred to quit the place rather than alter their custom, he gave it to him, whose life and doctrine were worthy of it.

Agilbert, bishop of the West Saxons, above-mentioned, a friend of King Alchfrid and of Abbot Wilfrid, had at that time come into the province of the Northumbrians, and was staying some time among them; at the request of Alchfrid, he made Wilfrid a priest in his aforesaid monastery. He had in his company a priest, whose name was Agatho. The question being raised there concerning Easter and the tonsure and other ecclesiastical matters, it was arranged, that a synod should be held in the monastery of Streanaeshalch, which signifies the Bay of the Lighthouse, where the Abbess Hilda, a woman devoted to the service of God, then ruled; and that there this question should be decided. The kings, both father and son, came thither, and the bishops, Colman with his Scottish clerks, and Agilbert with the priests Agatho and Wilfrid. James and Romanus were on their side; but the Abbess Hilda and her followers were for the Scots, as was also the venerable Bishop Cedd, long before ordained by the Scots, as has been said above, and he acted in that council as a most careful interpreter for both parties.

King Oswy first made an opening speech, in which he said that it behoved those who served one God to observe one rule of life; and as they all expected the same kingdom in heaven, so they ought not to differ in the celebration of the heavenly mysteries; but rather to inquire which was the truer tradition, that it might be followed by all in common; he then commanded his bishop, Colman, first to declare what the custom was which he observed, and whence it derived its origin. Then Colman said, "The Easter which I keep, I received from my elders, who sent me hither as bishop; all our forefathers, men beloved of God, are known to have celebrated it after the same manner; and that it may not seem to any contemptible and worthy to be rejected, it is the same which the blessed John the Evangelist, the disciple specially beloved of our Lord, with all the churches over which he presided, is recorded to have celebrated." When he had said thus much, and more to the like effect, the king commanded Agilbert to make known the manner of his observance and to show whence it was derived, and on what authority he followed it. Agilbert answered, "I beseech you, let my disciple, the priest Wilfrid, speak in my stead; because we both concur with the other followers of the ecclesiastical tradition that are here present, and he can better and more clearly explain our opinion in the English language, than I can by an interpreter."

Then Wilfrid, being ordered by the king to speak, began thus:—"The Easter which we keep, we saw celebrated by all at Rome, where the blessed Apostles, Peter and Paul, lived, taught, suffered, and were buried; we saw the same done by all in Italy and in Gaul, when we travelled through those countries for the purpose of study and prayer. We found it observed in Africa, Asia, Egypt, Greece, and all the world, wherever the Church of Christ is spread abroad, among divers nations and tongues, at one and the same time; save only among these and their accomplices in obstinacy, I mean the Picts and the Britons, who foolishly, in these two remote islands of the ocean, and only in part even of them, strive to oppose all the rest of the world." When he had so said, Colman answered, "It is strange that you choose to call our efforts foolish, wherein we follow the example of so great an Apostle, who was thought worthy to lean on our Lord's bosom, when all the world knows him to have lived most wisely." Wilfrid replied, "Far be it from us to charge John with folly, for he literally observed the precepts of the Mosaic Law, whilst the Church was still Jewish in many points, and the Apostles, lest they should give cause of offence to the Jews who were among the Gentiles, were not able at once to cast off all the observances of the Law which had been instituted by God, in the same way as it is necessary that all who come to the faith should forsake the idols which were invented by devils. For this reason it was, that Paul circumcised Timothy, that he offered sacrifice in the temple, that he shaved his head with Aquila and Priscilla at Corinth; for no other advantage than to avoid giving offence to the Jews. Hence it was, that James said to the same Paul, 'Thou seest, brother, how many thousands of Jews there are which believe; and they are all zealous of the Law.' And yet, at this time, when the light of the Gospel is spreading throughout the world, it is needless, nay, it is not lawful, for the faithful either to be circumcised, or to offer up to God sacrifices of flesh. So John, according to the custom of the Law, began the celebration of the feast of Easter, on the fourteenth day of the first month, in the evening, not regarding whether the same happened on a Saturday, or any other week-day. But when Peter preached

at Rome, being mindful that our Lord arose from the dead, and gave to the world the hope of resurrection, on the first day of the week, he perceived that Easter ought to be kept after this manner: he always awaited the rising of the moon on the fourteenth day of the first month in the evening, according to the custom and precepts of the Law, even as John did. And when that came, if the Lord's day, then called the first day of the week, was the next day, he began that very evening to celebrate Easter, as we all do at the present time. But if the Lord's day did not fall the next morning after the fourteenth moon, but on the sixteenth, or the seventeenth, or any other moon till the twenty-first, he waited for that, and on the Saturday before, in the evening, began to observe the holy solemnity of Easter. Thus it came to pass, that Easter Sunday was only kept from the fifteenth moon to the twenty-first. Nor does this evangelical and apostolic tradition abolish the Law, but rather fulfil it; the command being to keep the passover from the fourteenth moon of the first month in the evening to the twenty-first moon of the same month in the evening; which observance all the successors of the blessed John in Asia, since his death, and all the Church throughout the world, have since followed; and that this is the true Easter, and the only one to be celebrated by the faithful, was not newly decreed by the council of Nicaea, but only confirmed afresh; as the history of the Church informs us.

"Thus it is plain, that you, Colman, neither follow the example of John, as you imagine, nor that of Peter, whose tradition you oppose with full knowledge, and that you neither agree with the Law nor the Gospel in the keeping of your Easter. For John, keeping the Paschal time according to the decree of the Mosaic Law, had no regard to the first day of the week, which you do not practise, seeing that you celebrate Easter only on the first day after the Sabbath. Peter celebrated Easter Sunday between the fifteenth and the twenty-first moon, which you do not practise, seeing that you observe Easter Sunday from the fourteenth to the twentieth moon; so that you often begin Easter on the thirteenth moon in the evening, whereof neither the Law made any mention, nor did our Lord, the Author and Giver of the Gospel, on that day either eat the old passover in the evening, or deliver the Sacraments of the New Testament, to be celebrated by the Church, in memory of His Passion, but on the fourteenth. Besides, in your celebration of Easter, you utterly exclude the twenty-first moon, which the Law ordered to be specially observed. Thus, as I have said before, you agree neither with John nor Peter, nor with the Law, nor the Gospel, in the celebration of the greatest festival."

To this Colman rejoined: "Did the holy Anatolius, much commended in the history of the Church, judge contrary to the Law and the Gospel, when he wrote, that Easter was to be celebrated from the fourteenth to the twentieth moon? Is it to be believed that our most reverend Father Columba and his successors, men beloved by God, who kept Easter after the same manner, judged or acted contrary to the Divine writings? Whereas there were many among them, whose sanctity was attested by heavenly signs and miracles which they wrought; whom I, for my part, doubt not to be saints, and whose life, customs, and discipline I never cease to follow."

"It is evident," said Wilfrid, "that Anatolius was a most holy, learned, and commendable man; but what have you to do with him, since you do not observe his decrees? For he undoubtedly, following the rule of truth in his Easter, appointed a cycle of nineteen years, which either you are ignorant of, or if you know it, though it is kept by the whole Church of Christ, yet you despise it as a thing of naught. He so computed the fourteenth moon in our Lord's Paschal Feast, that according to the custom of the Egyptians, he acknowledged it to be the fifteenth moon on that same day in the evening; so in like manner he assigned the twentieth to Easter-Sunday, as believing that to be the twenty-first moon, when the sun had set. That you are ignorant of the rule of this distinction is proved by this, that you sometimes manifestly keep Easter before the full moon, that is, on the thirteenth day. Concerning your Father Columba and his followers, whose sanctity you say you imitate, and whose rule and precepts confirmed by signs from Heaven you say that you follow, I might answer, then when many, in the day of judgement, shall say to our Lord, that in His name they have prophesied, and have cast out devils, and done many wonderful works, our Lord will reply, that He never knew them. But far be it from me to speak thus of your fathers, for it is much more just to believe good than evil of those whom we know not. Wherefore I do not deny those also to have been God's servants, and beloved of God, who with rude simplicity, but pious intentions, have themselves loved Him. Nor do I think that such observance of Easter did them much harm, as long as none came to show them a more perfect rule to follow; for assuredly I believe that, if any teacher, reckoning after the Catholic manner, had come among them, they would have as readily followed his admonitions, as they are known to have kept those commandments of God, which they had learned and knew.

"But as for you and your companions, you certainly sin, if, having heard the decrees of the Apostolic see, nay, of the universal Church, confirmed, as they are, by Holy Scripture, you scorn to follow them; for, though your fathers were holy, do you think that those few men, in a corner of the remotest island, are to be preferred before the universal Church of Christ throughout the world? And if that Columba of yours, (and, I may say, ours also, if he was Christ's servant,) was a holy man and powerful in miracles, yet could he be preferred before the most blessed chief of the Apostles, to whom our Lord said, 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it, and I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven?'"

When Wilfrid had ended thus, the king said, "Is it true, Colman, that these words were spoken to Peter by our Lord?" He answered, "It is true, O king!" Then said he, "Can you show any such power given to your Columba?" Colman answered, "None." Then again

the king asked, “Do you both agree in this, without any controversy, that these words were said above all to Peter, and that the keys of the kingdom of Heaven were given to him by our Lord?” They both answered, “Yes.” Then the king concluded, “And I also say unto you, that he is the door-keeper, and I will not gainsay him, but I desire, as far as I know and am able, in all things to obey his laws, lest haply when I come to the gates of the kingdom of Heaven, there should be none to open them, he being my adversary who is proved to have the keys.” The king having said this, all who were seated there or standing by, both great and small, gave their assent, and renouncing the less perfect custom, hastened to conform to that which they had found to be better.

Chap. XXVI. How Colman, being worsted, returned home; and Tuda succeeded him in the bishopric; and of the state of the church under those teachers. [664 ACE]

The disputation being ended, and the assembly broken up, Agilbert returned home. Colman, perceiving that his doctrine was rejected, and his party despised, took with him those who wished to follow him, to wit, such as would not accept the Catholic Easter and the tonsure in the form of a crown, (for there was no small dispute about that also,) and went back into Scotland, to consult with his people what was to be done in this case. Cedd, forsaking the practices of the Scots, returned to his bishopric, having submitted to the Catholic observance of Easter. This debate took place in the year of our Lord 664, which was the twenty-second year of the reign of King Oswy, and the thirtieth of the episcopate of the Scots among the English; for Aidan was bishop seventeen years, Finan ten, and Colman three.

When Colman had gone back into his own country, Tuda, the servant of Christ, was made bishop of the Northumbrians in his place, having been instructed and ordained bishop among the Southern Scots, having also the crown of the ecclesiastical tonsure, according to the custom of that province, and observing the Catholic rule with regard to the time of Easter. He was a good and religious man, but he governed the church a very short time; he had come from Scotland whilst Colman was yet bishop, and, both by word and deed, diligently taught all men those things that appertain to the faith and truth. But Eata, who was abbot of the monastery called Mailros, a man most reverend and gentle, was appointed abbot over the brethren that chose to remain in the church of Lindisfarne, when the Scots went away. It is said that Colman, upon his departure, requested and obtained this of King Oswy, because Eata was one of Aidan’s twelve boys of the English nation, whom he received in the early years of his episcopate, to be instructed in Christ; for the king greatly loved Bishop Colman on account of his innate discretion. This is that Eata, who, not long after, was made bishop of the same church of Lindisfarne. Colman carried home with him part of the bones of the most reverend Father Aidan, and left part of them in the church where he had presided, ordering them to be interred in the sacristy.

The place which they governed shows how frugal and temperate he and his predecessors were, for there were very few houses besides the church found at their departure; indeed, no more than were barely sufficient to make civilized life possible; they had also no money, but only cattle; for if they received any money from rich persons, they immediately gave it to the poor; there being no need to gather money, or provide houses for the entertainment of the great men of the world; for such never resorted to the church, except to pray and hear the Word of God. The king himself, when occasion required, came only with five or six servants, and having performed his devotions in the church, departed. But if they happened to take a repast there, they were satisfied with the plain, daily food of the brethren, and required no more. For the whole care of those teachers was to serve God, not the world—to feed the soul, and not the belly.

For this reason the religious habit was at that time held in great veneration; so that wheresoever any clerk or monk went, he was joyfully received by all men, as God’s servant; and even if they chanced to meet him upon the way, they ran to him, and with bowed head, were glad to be signed with the cross by his hand, or blessed by his lips. Great attention was also paid to their exhortations; and on Sundays they flocked eagerly to the church, or the monasteries, not to feed their bodies, but to hear the Word of God; and if any priest happened to come into a village, the inhabitants came together and asked of him the Word of life; for the priests and clerks went to the villages for no other reason than to preach, baptize, visit the sick, and, in a word, to take care of souls; and they were so purified from all taint of avarice, that none of them received lands and possessions for building monasteries, unless they were compelled to do so by the temporal authorities; which custom was for some time after universally observed in the churches of the Northumbrians. But enough has now been said on this subject.

Chap. XXVII. How Egbert, a holy man of the English nation, led a monastic life in Ireland. [664 ACE]

In the same year of our Lord 664, there happened an eclipse of the sun, on the third day of May, about the tenth hour of the day. In the same year, a sudden pestilence depopulated first the southern parts of Britain, and afterwards attacking the province of the

Northumbrians, ravaged the country far and near, and destroyed a great multitude of men. By this plague the aforesaid priest of the Lord, Tuda, was carried off, and was honourably buried in the monastery called Paegnalaech. Moreover, this plague prevailed no less disastrously in the island of Ireland. Many of the nobility, and of the lower ranks of the English nation, were there at that time, who, in the days of the Bishops Finan and Colman, forsaking their native island, retired thither, either for the sake of sacred studies, or of a more ascetic life; and some of them presently devoted themselves faithfully to a monastic life, others chose rather to apply themselves to study, going about from one master's cell to another. The Scots willingly received them all, and took care to supply them with daily food without cost, as also to furnish them with books for their studies, and teaching free of charge.

Among these were Ethelhun and Egbert, two youths of great capacity, of the English nobility. The former of whom was brother to Ethelwin, a man no less beloved by God, who also at a later time went over into Ireland to study, and having been well instructed, returned into his own country, and being made bishop in the province of Lindsey, long and nobly governed the Church. These two being in the monastery which in the language of the Scots is called Rathmelsigi, and having lost all their companions, who were either cut off by the plague, or dispersed into other places, were both seized by the same sickness, and grievously afflicted. Of these, Egbert, (as I was informed by a priest venerable for his age, and of great veracity, who declared he had heard the story from his own lips,) concluding that he was at the point of death, went out of the chamber, where the sick lay, in the

morning, and sitting alone in a fitting place, began seriously to reflect upon his past actions, and, being full of compunction at the remembrance of his sins, bedewed his face with tears, and prayed fervently to God that he might not die yet, before he could forthwith more fully make amends for the careless offences which he had committed in his boyhood and infancy, or might further exercise himself in good works. He also made a vow that he would spend all his life abroad and never return into the island of Britain, where he was born; that besides singing the psalms at the canonical hours, he would, unless prevented by bodily infirmity, repeat the whole Psalter daily to the praise of God; and that he would every week fast one whole day and night. Returning home, after his tears and prayers and vows, he found his companion asleep; and going to bed himself, he began to compose himself to rest. When he had lain quiet awhile, his comrade awaking, looked on him, and said, "Alas! Brother Egbert, what have you done? I was in hopes that we should have entered together into life everlasting; but know that your prayer is granted." For he had learned in a vision what the other had requested, and that he had obtained his request.

In brief, Ethelhun died the next night; but Egbert, throwing off his sickness, recovered and lived a long time after to grace the episcopal office, which he received, by deeds worthy of it; and blessed with many virtues, according to his desire, lately, in the year of our Lord 729, being ninety years of age, he departed to the heavenly kingdom. He passed his life in great perfection of humility, gentleness, continence, simplicity, and justice. Thus he was a great benefactor, both to his own people, and to those nations of the Scots and Picts among whom he lived in exile, by the example of his life, his earnestness in teaching, his authority in reproving, and his piety in giving away of those things which he received from the rich. He also added this to the vows which we have mentioned: during Lent, he would eat but one meal a day, allowing himself nothing but bread and thin milk, and even that by measure. The milk, new the day before, he kept in a vessel, and skimming off the cream in the morning, drank the rest, as has been said, with a little bread. Which sort of abstinence he likewise always observed forty days before the Nativity of our Lord, and as many after the solemnity of Pentecost, that is, of the fifty days' festival.

Chap. XXVIII. How, when Tuda was dead, Wilfrid was ordained, in Gaul, and Ceadda, among the West Saxons, to be bishops for the province of the Northumbrians. [664 ACE]

In the meantime, King Alchfrid sent the priest, Wilfrid, to the king of Gaul, in order that he should cause him to be consecrated bishop for himself and his people. That prince sent him to be ordained by Agilbert, of whom we have before spoken, and who, having left Britain, was made bishop of the city of Paris; and by him Wilfrid was honourably consecrated, several bishops meeting together for that purpose in a village belonging to the king, called In Compendio. He stayed some time in the parts beyond the sea for his ordination, and King Oswy, following the example of his son's zeal, sent into Kent a holy man, of modest character, well

read in the Scripture, and diligently practising those things which he had learned therein, to be ordained bishop of the church of York. This was a priest called Ceadda, brother to the most reverend prelate Cedd, of whom mention has been often made, and abbot of the monastery of Laestingaeu. With him the king also sent his priest Eadhaed, who was afterwards, in the reign of Egfrid, made bishop of the church of Ripon. Now when they arrived in Kent, they found that Archbishop Deusdedit had departed this life, and no other bishop was as yet appointed in his place; whereupon they betook themselves to the province of the West Saxons, where Wini was bishop, and by him Ceadda was consecrated; two bishops of the British nation, who kept Easter Sunday, as has been often said, contrary to the canonical manner, from the fourteenth to the twentieth moon, being called in to assist at the ordination; for at that time there was no other bishop in all Britain canonically ordained, except Wini.

So Ceadda, being consecrated bishop, began immediately to labour for ecclesiastical truth and purity of doctrine; to apply himself to humility, self-denial, and study; to travel about, not on horseback, but after the manner of the Apostles, on foot, to preach the Gospel in towns, the open country, cottages, villages, and castles; for he was one of the disciples of Aidan, and endeavoured to instruct his people by the same manner of life and character, after his and his own brother Cedd's example. Wilfrid also having been now made a bishop, came into Britain, and in like manner by his teaching brought into the English Church many rules of Catholic observance. Whence it followed, that the Catholic principles daily gained strength, and all the Scots that dwelt in England either conformed to these, or returned into their own country.

Chap. XXIX. How the priest Wighard was sent from Britain to Rome, to be ordained archbishop; of his death there, and of the letters of the Apostolic Pope giving an account thereof. [667 ACE]

At this time the most noble kings of the English, Oswy, of the province of the Northumbrians, and Egbert of Kent, consulted together to determine what ought to be done about the state of the English Church, for Oswy, though educated by the Scots, had rightly perceived that the Roman was the Catholic and Apostolic Church. They selected, with the consent and by the choice of the holy Church of the English nation, a priest named Wighard, one of Bishop Deusdedit's clergy, a good man and fitted for the episcopate, and sent him to Rome to be ordained bishop, to the end that, having been raised to the rank of an archbishop, he might ordain Catholic prelates for the Churches of the English nation throughout all Britain. But Wighard, arriving at Rome, was cut off by death, before he could be consecrated bishop, and the following letter was sent back into Britain to King Oswy:—

"*To the most excellent lord, our son, Oswy, king of the Saxons, Vitalian, bishop, servant of the servants of God* . We have received to our comfort your Excellency›s letters; by reading whereof we are acquainted with your most pious devotion and fervent love of the blessed life; and know that by the protecting hand of God you have been converted to the true and Apostolic faith, in hope that even as you reign in your own nation, so you may hereafter reign with Christ. Blessed be the nation, therefore, that has been found worthy to have as its king one so wise and a worshipper of God; forasmuch as he is not himself alone a worshipper of God, but also studies day and night the conversion of all his subjects to the Catholic and Apostolic faith, to the redemption of his own soul. Who would not rejoice at hearing such glad tidings? Who would not exult and be joyful at these good works? For your nation has believed in Christ the Almighty God, according to the words of the Divine prophets, as it is written in Isaiah, 'In that day there shall be a root of Jesse, which shall stand for an ensign of the people; to it shall the Gentiles seek.' And again, 'Listen, O isles, unto me, and hearken ye people from far.' And a little after, 'It is a light thing that thou shouldst be my servant to raise up the tribes of Jacob, and to restore the outcast of Israel. I have given thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayst be my salvation unto the end of the earth.' And again, 'Kings shall see, princes also shall arise and worship.' And immediately after, 'I have given thee for a covenant of the people, to establish the earth, and possess the scattered heritages; that thou mayest say to the prisoners, Go forth; to them that are in darkness, Show yourselves.' And again, 'I the Lord have called thee in righteousness, and have held thine hand, and have kept thee, and have given thee for a covenant of the people, for a light of the Gentiles; to open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoner from the prison, and them that sit in darkness from the prison-house.'

"Behold, most excellent son, how it is plain as day that it was prophesied not only of you, but also of all the nations, that they should believe in Christ, the Creator of all things. Wherefore it behoves your Highness, as being a member of Christ, in all things continually to follow the pious rule of the chief of the Apostles, in celebrating Easter, and in all things delivered by the holy Apostles, Peter and Paul, whose doctrine daily enlightens the hearts of believers, even as the two lights of heaven illumine the world."

And after some lines, wherein he speaks of celebrating the true Easter uniformly throughout all the world,—

"Finally," he adds, "we have not been able now, on account of the length of the journey, to find a man, apt to teach, and qualified in all respects to be a bishop, according to the tenor of your letters. But, assuredly, as soon as such a fit person shall be found, we will send him well instructed to your country, that he may, by word of mouth, and through the Divine oracles, with the blessing of God, root out all the enemy's tares throughout your island. We have received the presents sent by your Highness to the blessed chief of the Apostles, for an eternal memorial of him, and return you thanks, and always pray for your safety with the clergy of Christ. But he that brought these presents has been removed out of this world, and is buried at the threshold of the Apostles, for whom we have been much grieved, because he died here. Nevertheless, we have caused the blessed gifts of the saints, that is, the relics of the blessed Apostles, Peter and Paul, and of the holy martyrs, Laurentius, John, and Paul, and Gregory, and Pancratius, to be given to your servants, the bearers of these our letters, to be by them delivered to your Excellency. And to your consort also, our spiritual daughter, we have by the aforesaid bearers sent a cross, with a gold key to it, made out of the most holy chains of the blessed Apostles, Peter and Paul; for, hearing of her pious zeal, all the Apostolic see rejoices with us, even as her pious works smell sweet and blossom before God.

“We therefore desire that your Highness should hasten, according to our wish, to dedicate all your island to Christ our God; for assuredly you have for your Protector, the Redeemer of mankind, our Lord Jesus Christ, Who will prosper you in all things, that you may gather together a new people of Christ, establishing there the Catholic and Apostolic faith. For it is written, ‘Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.’ Truly your Highness seeks, and shall obtain, and all your islands shall be made subject to you, even as we desire. Saluting your Excellency with fatherly affection, we never cease to pray to the Divine Goodness, to vouchsafe to assist you and yours in all good works, that you may reign with Christ in the world to come. May the Heavenly Grace preserve your Excellency in safety!”

In the next book we shall have a more suitable occasion to show who was selected and consecrated in Wighard’s place.

Chap. XXX. How the East Saxons, during a pestilence, returned to idolatry, but were soon brought back from their error by the zeal of Bishop Jaruman. [665 ACE]

At the same time, the Kings Sighere and Sebbi, though themselves subject to Wulfhere, king of the Mercians, governed the province of the East Saxons after Suidhelm, of whom we have spoken above. When that province was suffering from the aforesaid disastrous plague, Sighere, with his part of the people, forsook the mysteries of the Christian faith, and turned apostate. For the king himself, and many of the commons and nobles, loving this life, and not seeking after another, or even not believing in any other, began to restore the temples that had been abandoned, and to adore idols, as if they might by those means be protected against the plague. But Sebbi, his companion and co-heir in the kingdom, with all his people, very devoutly preserved the faith which he had received, and, as we shall show hereafter, ended his faithful life in great felicity.

King Wulfhere, hearing that the faith of the province was in part profaned, sent Bishop Jaruman, who was successor to Trumhere, to correct their error, and recall the province to the true faith. He acted with much discretion, as I was informed by a priest who bore him company in that journey, and had been his fellow labourer in the Word, for he was a religious and good man, and travelling through all the country, far and near, brought back both the people and the aforesaid king to the way of righteousness, so that, either forsaking or destroying the temples and altars which they had erected, they opened the churches, and gladly confessed the Name of Christ, which they had opposed, choosing rather to die in the faith of resurrection in Him, than to live in the abominations of unbelief among their idols. Having thus accomplished their works, the priests and teachers returned home with joy.

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1.12: Book IV

Book IV

Chap. I. How when Deusdedit died, Wighard was sent to Rome to receive the episcopate; but he dying there, Theodore was ordained archbishop, and sent into Britain with the Abbot Hadrian. [664-669 ACE]

In the above-mentioned year of the aforesaid eclipse and of the pestilence which followed it immediately, in which also Bishop Colman, being overcome by the united effort of the Catholics, returned home, Deusdedit, the sixth bishop of the church of Canterbury, died on the 14th of July. Earconbert, also, king of Kent, departed this life the same month and day; leaving his kingdom to his son Egbert, who held it for nine years. The see then became vacant for no small time, until, the priest Wighard, a man of great learning in the teaching of the Church, of the English race, was sent to Rome by King Egbert and Oswy, king of the Northumbrians, as was briefly mentioned in the foregoing book, with a request that he might be ordained Archbishop of the Church of England; and at the same time presents were sent to the Apostolic pope, and many vessels of gold and silver. Arriving at Rome, where Vitalian presided at that time over the Apostolic see, and having made known to the aforesaid Apostolic pope the occasion of his journey, he was not long after carried off, with almost all his companions who had come with him, by a pestilence which fell upon them.

But the Apostolic pope having consulted about that matter, made diligent inquiry for some one to send to be archbishop of the English Churches. There was then in the monastery of Niridanum, which is not far from Naples in Campania, an abbot called Hadrian, by nation an African, well versed in Holy Scripture, trained in monastic and ecclesiastical teaching, and excellently skilled both in the Greek and Latin tongues. The pope, sending for him, commanded him to accept the bishopric and go to Britain. He answered, that he was unworthy of so great a dignity, but said that he could name another, whose learning and age were fitter for the episcopal office. He proposed to the pope a certain monk named Andrew, belonging to a neighbouring nunnery and he was by all that knew him judged worthy of a bishopric; but the weight of bodily infirmity prevented him from becoming a bishop. Then again Hadrian was urged to accept the episcopate; but he desired a respite, to see whether in time he could find another to be ordained bishop.

There was at that time in Rome, a monk, called Theodore, known to Hadrian, born at Tarsus in Cilicia, a man instructed in secular and Divine writings, as also in Greek and Latin; of high character and venerable age, being sixty-six years old. Hadrian proposed him to the pope to be ordained bishop, and prevailed; but upon the condition that he should himself conduct him into Britain, because he had already travelled through Gaul twice upon different occasions, and was, therefore, better acquainted with the way, and was, moreover, sufficiently provided with men of his own; as also, to the end that, being his fellow labourer in teaching, he might take special care that Theodore should not, according to the custom of the Greeks, introduce any thing contrary to the truth of the faith into the Church where he presided. Theodore, being ordained subdeacon, waited four months for his hair to grow, that it might be shorn into the shape of a crown; for he had before the tonsure of St. Paul, the Apostle, after the manner of the eastern people. He was ordained by Pope Vitalian, in the year of our Lord 668, on Sunday, the 26th of March, and on the 27th of May was sent with Hadrian to Britain.

They proceeded together by sea to Marseilles, and thence by land to Arles, and having there delivered to John, archbishop of that city, Pope Vitalian's letters of recommendation, were by him detained till Ebroin, the king's mayor of the palace, gave them leave to go where they pleased. Having received the same, Theodore went to Agilbert, bishop of Paris, of whom we have spoken above, and was by him kindly received, and long entertained. But Hadrian went first to Emme, Bishop of the Senones, and then to Faro, bishop of the Meldi, and lived in comfort with them a considerable time; for the approach of winter had obliged them to rest wherever they could. King Egbert, being informed by sure messengers that the bishop they had asked of the Roman prelate was in the kingdom of the Franks, sent thither his reeve, Raedfrid, to conduct him. He, having arrived there, with Ebroin's leave took Theodore and conveyed him to the port called Quentavic; where, falling sick, he stayed some time, and as soon as he began to recover, sailed over into Britain. But Ebroin detained Hadrian, suspecting that he went on some mission from the Emperor to the kings of Britain, to the prejudice of the kingdom of which he at that time had the chief charge; however, when he found that in truth he had never had any such commission, he discharged him, and permitted him to follow Theodore. As soon as he came to him, Theodore gave him the monastery of the blessed Peter the Apostle, where the archbishops of Canterbury are wont to be buried, as I have said before; for at his departure, the Apostolic lord had enjoined upon Theodore that he should provide for him

in his province, and give him a suitable place to live in with his followers.

Chap. II. How Theodore visited all places; how the Churches of the English began to be instructed in the study of Holy Scripture, and in the Catholic truth; and how Putta was made bishop of the Church of Rochester in the room of Damianus. [669 ACE]

Theodore came to his Church in the second year after his consecration, on Sunday, the 27th of May, and spent in it twenty-one years, three months, and twenty-six days. Soon after, he visited all the island, wherever the tribes of the English dwelt, for he was gladly received and heard by all persons; and everywhere attended and assisted by Hadrian, he taught the right rule of life, and the canonical custom of celebrating Easter. This was the first archbishop whom all the English Church consented to obey. And forasmuch as both of them were, as has been said before, fully instructed both in sacred and in secular letters, they gathered a crowd of disciples, and rivers of wholesome knowledge daily flowed from them to water the hearts of their hearers; and, together with the books of Holy Scripture, they also taught them the metrical art, astronomy, and ecclesiastical arithmetic. A testimony whereof is, that there are still living at this day some of their scholars, who are as well versed in the Greek and Latin tongues as in their own, in which they were born. Nor were there ever happier times since the English came into Britain; for having brave Christian kings, they were a terror to all barbarous nations, and the minds of all men were bent upon the joys of the heavenly kingdom of which they had but lately heard; and all who desired to be instructed in sacred studies had masters at hand to teach them.

From that time also they began in all the churches of the English to learn Church music, which till then had been only known in Kent. And, excepting James, of whom we have spoken above, the first teacher of singing in the churches of the Northumbrians was Eddi, surnamed Stephen, invited from Kent by the most reverend Wilfrid, who was the first of the bishops of the English nation that learned to deliver to the churches of the English the Catholic manner of life.

Theodore, journeying through all parts, ordained bishops in fitting places, and with their assistance corrected such things as he found faulty. Among the rest, when he charged Bishop Ceadda with not having been duly consecrated, he, with great humility, answered, “If you know that I have not duly received episcopal ordination, I willingly resign the office, for I never thought myself worthy of it; but, though unworthy, for obedience sake I submitted, when bidden to undertake it.” Theodore, hearing his humble answer, said that he should not resign the bishopric, and he himself completed his ordination after the Catholic manner. Now at the time when Deusdedit died, and a bishop for the church of Canterbury was by request ordained and sent, Wilfrid was also sent from Britain into Gaul to be ordained; and because he returned before Theodore, he ordained priests and deacons in Kent till the archbishop should come to his see. But when Theodore came to the city of Rochester, where the bishopric had been long vacant by the death of Damian, he ordained a man named Putta, trained rather in the teaching of the Church and more addicted to simplicity of life than active in worldly affairs, but specially skilful in Church music, after the Roman use, which he had learned from the disciples of the blessed Pope Gregory.

Chap. III. How the above-mentioned Ceadda was made Bishop of the province of Mercians. Of his life, death, and burial. [669 ACE]

At that time, the province of the Mercians was governed by King Wulfhere, who, on the death of Jaruman, desired of Theodore that a bishop should be given to him and his people; but Theodore would not ordain a new one for them, but requested of King Oswy that Ceadda might be their bishop. He then lived in retirement at his monastery, which is at Laestingaeu, while Wilfrid administered the bishopric of York, and of all the Northumbrians, and likewise of the Picts, as far as King Oswy was able to extend his dominions. And, seeing that it was the custom of that most reverend prelate to go about the work of the Gospel everywhere on foot rather than

on horseback, Theodore commanded him to ride whenever he had a long journey to undertake; and finding him very unwilling, in his zeal and love for his pious labour, he himself, with his own hands, lifted him on horseback; for he knew him to be a holy man, and therefore obliged him to ride wherever he had need to go. Ceadda having received the bishopric of the Mercians and of Lindsey, took care to administer it with great perfection of life, according to the example of the ancient fathers. King Wulfhere also gave him land of the extent of fifty families, to build a monastery, at the place called Ad Barvae, or “At the Wood,” in the province of Lindsey, wherein traces of the monastic life instituted by him continue to this day. He had his episcopal see in the place called Lyccidfelth in which he also died, and was buried, and where the see of the succeeding bishops of that province

continues to this day. He had built himself a retired habitation not far from the church, wherein he was wont to pray and read in private, with a few, it might be seven or eight of the brethren, as often as he had any spare time from the labour and ministry of the Word. When he had most gloriously governed the church in that province for two years and a half, the Divine Providence so ordaining, there came round a season like that of which Ecclesiastes says, “That there is a time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together;” for a plague fell upon them, sent from Heaven, which, by means of the death of the flesh, translated the living stones of the Church from their earthly places to the heavenly building. And when, after many of the Church of that most reverend prelate had been taken away out of the flesh, his hour also drew near wherein he was to pass out of this world to the Lord, it happened one day that he was in the aforesaid habitation with only one brother, called Owini, his other companions having upon some due occasion returned to the church. Now Owini was a monk of great merit, having forsaken the world with the sole desire of the heavenly reward; worthy in all respects to have the secrets of the Lord revealed to him in special wise, and worthy to have credit given by his hearers to what he said. For he had come with Queen Ethelthryth from the province of the East Angles, and was the chief of her thegns, and governor of her house. As the fervour of his faith increased, resolving to renounce the secular life, he did not go about it slothfully, but so entirely forsook the things of this world, that, quitting all that he had, clad in a plain garment, and carrying an axe and hatchet in his hand, he came to the monastery of the same most reverend father, which is called Laestingaeu. He said that he was not entering the monastery in order to live in idleness, as some do, but to labour; which he also confirmed by practice; for as he was less capable of studying the Scriptures, the more earnestly he applied himself to the labour of his hands. So then, forasmuch as he was reverent and devout, he was kept by the bishop in the aforesaid habitation with the brethren, and whilst they were engaged within in reading, he was without, doing such things as were necessary.

One day, when he was thus employed abroad, his companions having gone to the church, as I began to tell, and the bishop was alone reading or praying in the oratory of that place, on a sudden, as he afterwards said, he heard a sweet sound of singing and rejoicing descend from heaven to earth. This sound he said he first heard coming from the sky in the south-east, above the winter sunrise, and that afterwards it drew near him gradually, till it came to the roof of the oratory where the bishop was, and entering therein, filled all the place and encompassed it about. He listened attentively to what he heard, and after about half an hour, perceived the same song of joy to ascend from the roof of the said oratory, and to return to heaven in the same way as it came, with unspeakable sweetness. When he had stood some time amazed, and earnestly considering in his mind what this might be, the bishop opened the window of the oratory, and making a sound with his hand, as he was often wont to do, bade anyone who might be without to come in to him. He went hastily in, and the bishop said to him, “Make haste to the church, and cause those seven brothers to come hither, and do you come with them.” When they were come, he first admonished them to preserve the virtue of love and peace among themselves, and towards all the faithful; and with unwearied earnestness to follow the rules of monastic discipline, which they had either been taught by him, and had seen him observe, or had found in the words and actions of the former fathers. Then he added that the day of his death was at hand; for, said he, “that gracious guest, who was wont to visit our brethren, has vouchsafed also to come to me this day, and to call me out of this world. Return, therefore, to the church, and speak to the brethren, that in their prayers they commend my departure to the Lord, and that they be mindful to prepare for their own, the hour whereof is uncertain, by watching, and prayer, and good works.”

When he had spoken thus much and more to the same end, and they, having received his blessing, had gone away in great sorrow, he who had heard the heavenly song returned alone, and prostrating himself on the ground, said, “I beseech you, father, may I be permitted to ask a question?”—“Ask what you will,” answered the bishop. Then he said, “I beseech you to tell me what was that song which I heard as of a joyful company coming from heaven upon this oratory, and after some time returning to heaven?” The bishop answered: “If you heard the singing, and know of the coming of the heavenly company, I command you, in the Name of the Lord, that you tell it not to any before my death. But in truth they were angelic spirits, who came to call me to my heavenly reward, which I have always loved and longed after, and they promised that they would return seven days hence, and take me away with them.” Which was indeed fulfilled, as had been said to him; for being presently seized with bodily infirmity, and the same daily increasing, on the seventh day, as had been promised to him, when he had prepared for death by receiving the Body and Blood of our Lord, his saintly soul being delivered from the prison of the body, led, as may justly be believed, by the attendant angels, he departed to the joys of Heaven.

It is no wonder that he joyfully beheld the day of his death, or rather the day of the Lord, the coming whereof he had always been mindful to await with earnest expectation. For with all his merits of continence, humility, teaching, prayer, voluntary poverty, and other virtues, he was so filled with the fear of the Lord, so mindful of his latter end in all his actions, that, as I was wont to hear from one of the brothers who instructed me in the Scriptures, and who had been bred in his monastery, and under his direction, whose name was Trumbert, if it happened that there blew a sudden strong gust of wind, when he was reading or doing any other thing, he forthwith called upon the Lord for mercy, and begged that it might be granted to all mankind. If the wind grew stronger, he closed his book, and fell on his face, praying still more earnestly. But, if a violent storm of wind or rain came on, or if the earth and air were filled with the terror of thunder and lightning, he would go to the church, and anxiously devote himself with all his heart to prayers and psalms till the weather became calm. Being asked by his brethren why he did so, he answered, “Have not you

read—'The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice. Yea, he sent out his arrows and scattered them; and he shot out lightnings, and discomfited them.' For the Lord moves the air, raises the winds, hurls lightning, and thunders from heaven, to rouse the inhabitants of the earth to fear him; to put them in mind of judgement to come; to dispel their pride, and confound their boldness, by recalling to their thoughts that dread time, when the heavens and the earth being on fire, He will come in the clouds, with great power and majesty, to judge the quick and the dead. Wherefore," said he, "it behoves us to respond to His heavenly admonition with due fear and love; that, as often as the air is moved and He puts forth His hand threatening to strike, but does not yet let it fall, we may immediately implore His mercy; and searching the recesses of our hearts, and casting out the dregs of our sins, we may carefully so act that we may never deserve to be struck down."

With this revelation and narrative of the aforesaid brother, concerning the death of this prelate, agrees the account of the most reverend Father Egbert, above spoken of, who long and zealously led a monastic life with the same Ceadda, when both were youths, in Ireland, in prayer and self-denial and meditation on the Holy Scriptures. But whereas Ceadda afterwards returned into his own country, Egbert continued to live abroad for the Lord's sake till the end of his life. A long time after, Hygbald, a man of great holiness and continence, who was an abbot in the province of Lindsey, came from Britain to visit him, and whilst, as became holy men, they were discoursing of the life of the former fathers, and rejoicing to imitate the same, mention was made of the most reverend prelate, Ceadda; whereupon Egber said, "I know a man in this island, still in the flesh, who, when Ceadda passed away from this world, saw the soul of his brother Cedd, with a company of angels, descending from heaven, who, having taken Ceadda's soul along with them, returned again to the heavenly kingdom."Whether he said this of himself, or some other, we do not certainly know; but because it was said by so great a man, there can be no doubt of the truth thereof.

Ceadda died on the 2nd of March, and was first buried by St. Mary's Church, but afterwards, when the church of the most blessed chief of the Apostles, Peter, was built in the same place, his bones were translated into it. In both which places, as a testimony of his virtue, frequent miracles of healing are wont to be wrought.

And of late, a certain man that had a frenzy, wandering about everywhere, arrived there in the evening, unperceived or disregarded by the keepers of the place, and having rested there the whole of the night, came forth in his right mind the next morning, to the surprise and joy of all, and told what a cure had been wrought on him through the goodness of God. The place of the sepulchre is a wooden monument, made like a little house, covered, having a hole in the wall, through which those that go thither for devotion are wont to put in their hand and take out some of the dust. This they put into water and give to sick cattle or men to drink, whereupon they are presently eased of their infirmity, and restored to their desired health.

In his place, Theodore ordained Wynfrid, a man of good and sober life, to preside, like his predecessors, over the bishoprics of the Mercians, the Midland Angles, and Lindsey, of all which, Wulfhere, who was still living, was king. Wynfrid was one of the clergy of the prelate he succeeded, and had for no small time filled the office of deacon under him.

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Chap. IV. How Bishop Colman, having left Britain, built two monasteries in the country of the Scots; the one for the Scots, the other for the English whom he had taken along with him. [667 ACE]

In the meantime, Colman, the Scottish bishop, departing from Britain, took along with him all the Scots whom he had gathered about him in the isle of Lindisfarne, and also about thirty of the English nation, for both these companies had been trained in duties of the monastic life; and leaving some brothers in his church, he went first to the isle of Hii, whence he had been sent to preach the Word of God to the English nation. Afterwards he retired to a small island, which is to the west of Ireland, and at some distance from it, called in the language of the Scots, Inisboufinde, the Island of the White Heifer. Arriving there, he built a monastery, and placed in it the monks he had brought of both nations. But they could not agree among themselves, by reason that the Scots, in the summer season, when the harvest was to be brought in, leaving the monastery, wandered about through

places known to them; but returned again the next winter, and desired to use in common what the English had provided. Colman sought to put an end to this dissension, and travelling about far and near, he found a place in the island of Ireland fitted to be the site of a monastery, which, in the language of the Scots, is called Mageo. He bought a small part of it of the chief to whom it belonged, to build his monastery thereon; upon condition, that the monks dwelling there should pray to the Lord for him who let them have the place. Then at once building a monastery, with the assistance of the chief and all the neighbouring people, he placed the English there, leaving the Scots in the aforesaid island. This monastery is to this day occupied by English inhabitants; being the same that, grown from a small beginning to be very large, is commonly called Muigeo; and as all have long since been brought to adopt better customs, it contains a notable society of monks, who are gathered there from the province of the English, and live by the labour of their own hands, after the example of the venerable fathers, under a rule and a canonical abbot, in much continence and singleness of life.

Chap. V. Of the death of the kings Oswy and Egbert, and of the synod held at the place Herutford, in which Archbishop Theodore presided. [670-673 ACE]

In the year of our Lord 670, being the second year after Theodore arrived in England, Oswy, king of the Northumbrians, fell sick, and died, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. He at that time bore so great affection to the Roman Apostolic usages, that he had designed, if he recovered from his sickness, to go to Rome, and there to end his days at the holy places, having asked Bishop Wilfrid, with a promise of no small gift of money, to conduct him on his journey. He died on the 15th of February, leaving his son Egfrid his successor in the kingdom. In the third year of his reign, Theodore assembled a council of bishops, along with many other teachers of the church, who loved and were acquainted with the canonical statutes of the fathers. When they were met together, he began, in the spirit which became a bishop, to enjoin the observance of such things as were in accordance with the unity and the peace of the Church. The purport of the proceedings of this synod is as follows:—

“In the name of our Lord God and Saviour Jesus Christ, Who reigns for ever and governs His Church, it was thought meet that we should assemble, according to the custom prescribed in the venerable canons, to treat about the necessary affairs of the Church. We met on the 24th day of September, the first indiction, at the place which is called Herutford: I, Theodore, albeit unworthy, appointed by the Apostolic see bishop of the church of Canterbury; our fellow priest and brother, the most reverend Bisi, bishop of the East Angles; and with us also our brother and fellow priest, Wilfrid, bishop of the nation of the Northumbrians, represented by his proxies. There were present also our brothers and fellow priests, Putta, bishop of the Kentish castle, called Rochester; Leutherius, bishop of the West Saxons, and Wynfrid, bishop of the province of the Mercians. When we were all met together, and had sat down in order, I said, ‘I beseech you, most dear brothers, for the fear and love of our Redeemer, that we may all treat in common on behalf of our faith; to the end that whatsoever has been decreed and defined by holy and approved fathers, may be inviolably observed by all of us.’ This and much more I spoke tending to charity and the preservation of the unity of the Church; and when I had ended my preface, I asked every one of them in order, whether they consented to observe the things that had been of old canonically decreed by the fathers? To which all our fellow priests answered, ‘Most assuredly we are all resolved to observe willingly and heartily whatsoever is laid down in the canons of the holy fathers.’ Then forthwith I produced the said book of canons, and in the presence of them all showed ten articles in the same, which I had marked in several places, because I knew them to be of the most importance to us, and entreated that these might be most particularly received by them all.

“Article I. That we all in common keep the holy day of Easter on the Sunday after the fourteenth moon of the first month.

“II. That no bishop intrude into the diocese of another, but be satisfied with the government of the people committed to him.

“III. That it shall not be lawful for any bishop to disturb in any matter monasteries dedicated to God, nor to take away forcibly any part of their property. “IV. That the monks themselves do not move from one place to another, that is, from monastery to monastery, unless with the consent of their own abbot; but that they continue in the obedience which they promised at the time of their conversion. “V. That no clerk, forsaking his own bishop, shall wander about, or be anywhere received without commendatory letters from his diocesan. But if he shall be once received, and will not return when summoned, both the receiver, and he that is

received shall be under excommunication.

“VI. That bishops and clergy, when travelling, shall be content with the hospitality that is afforded them; and that it be not lawful for any one of them to exercise any priestly function without leave of the bishop in whose diocese he is known to be.

“VII. That a synod be assembled twice a year; but on account of divers hindrances, it was approved by all, that we should meet

once a year, on the 1st of August, at the place called Clofeshoch.

“VIII. That no bishop, through ambition, shall set himself above another; but that they shall all observe the time and order of their consecration.

“IX. The ninth Article was discussed in common, to the effect that more bishops should be made, as the number of the faithful increased; but this matter for the present was passed over.

“X. Of marriages; that nothing be allowed but lawful wedlock; that none commit incest; no man leave his own wife, except it be, as the holy Gospel teaches, for fornication. And if any man shall put away his own wife, lawfully joined to him in matrimony, that he take no other, if he wishes to be a true Christian, but continue as he is, or else be reconciled to his own wife.

“These articles being thus discussed and defined in common, to the end, that for the future, no stumbling-block of contention might arise from any one of us, or that things be falsely set forth, it was thought fit that every one of us should, by the subscription of his own hand, confirm all the particulars so defined. Which judgement, as defined by us, I dictated to be written by Titillus our notary. Given in the month and indiction aforesaid. Whosoever, therefore, shall attempt in any way to oppose or infringe this decision, confirmed by our consent, and by the subscription of our hands, according to the decree of the canons, must know, that he is excluded from all sacerdotal functions, and from our fellowship. May the Grace of God keep us in safety, living in the unity of His Holy Church.”

This synod was held in the year of our Lord 673. In which year Egbert, king of Kent, died in the month of July; his brother Hlothere succeeded him on the throne, which he held eleven years and seven months. Bisi, the bishop of the East Angles, who is said to have been in the aforesaid synod, a man of great saintliness and piety, was successor to Boniface, before spoken of; for when Boniface died, after having been bishop seventeen years, he was ordained by Theodore and made bishop in his place. Whilst he was still alive, but hindered by grievous infirmity from administering his episcopal functions, two bishops, Aecci and Badwin, were elected and consecrated in his place; from which time to the present, that province has had two bishops.

Chap. VI. How Wynfrid being deposed, Sexwulf received his bishopric, and Earconwald was made bishop of the East Saxons. [675 ACE]

Not long after these events, Theodore, the archbishop, taking offence at some act of disobedience of Wynfrid, bishop of the Mercians, deposed him from his bishopric when he had held it but a few years, and in his place ordained Sexwulf bishop, who was founder and abbot of the monastery which is called Medeshamstead, in the country of the Gyrwas. Wynfrid, thus deposed, returned to his monastery which is called Ad Barvae, and there ended his life in holy conversation.

Theodore then also appointed Earconwald, bishop of the East Saxons, in the city of London, over whom at that time reigned Sebbi and Sighere, of whom mention has been made above. This Earconwald’s life and conversation, as well when he was bishop as before that time, is said to have been most holy, as is even now testified by heavenly miracles; for to this day, his horse-litter, in which he was wont to be carried when sick, is kept by his disciples, and continues to cure many of fevers and other ailments; and not only sick persons who are laid under that litter, or close by it, are cured; but the very splinters cut from it, when carried to the sick, are wont immediately to bring healing to them.

This man, before he was made bishop, had built two famous monasteries, the one for himself, and the other for his sister Ethelburg, and established them both in regular discipline of the best kind. That for himself was in the district of Sudergeona, by the river Thames, at a place called Cerotaesei, that is, the Island of Cerot; that for his sister in the province of the East Saxons, at a place called In Berecingum, wherein she might be a mother and nurse of women devoted to God. Being put into the government of that monastery, she showed herself in all respects worthy of her brother the bishop, by her own holy life and by her regular and pious care of those under her rule, as was also manifested by heavenly miracles.

Chap. VII. How it was indicated by a light from heaven where the bodies of the nuns should be buried in the monastery of Berecingum. [675 ACE?]

In this monastery many miracles were wrought, accounts of which have been committed to writing by those who were acquainted with them, that their memory might be preserved, and succeeding generations edified, and these are in the possession of many persons; some of them we also have taken pains to include in our History of the Church. At the time of the pestilence, already often mentioned, which ravaged all the country far and wide, it had also seized on that part of this monastery where the men

abode, and they were daily hurried away to the Lord. The careful mother of the community began often to inquire of the sisters, when they were gathered together; in what part of the monastery they desired to be buried and a cemetery to be made, when the same affliction should fall upon that part of the monastery in which the handmaids of the Lord dwelt together apart from the men, and they should be snatched away out of this world by the same destruction as the rest. Receiving no certain answer from the sisters, though she often questioned them, she and all of them received a most certain answer from the Divine Providence. For one night, after matins had been sung, and those handmaids of Christ had gone out of their chapel to the tombs of the brothers who had departed this life before them, and were singing the customary songs of praise to the Lord, on a sudden a light from heaven, like a great sheet, came down upon them all, and struck them with such amazement, that, in consternation, they even left off singing their hymn. But that resplendent light, in comparison wherewith the sun at noon-day might seem dark, soon after, rising from that place, removed to the south side of the monastery, that is, to the westward of the chapel, and having continued there some time, and rested upon those parts, in the sight of them all withdrew itself again to heaven, leaving no doubt in the minds of all, but that the same light, which was to lead or to receive the souls of those handmaids of Christ into Heaven, also showed the place in which their bodies were to rest and await the day of the resurrection. The radiance of this light was so great, that one of the older brethren, who at the same time was in their chapel with another younger than himself, related in the morning, that the rays of light which came in at the crannies of the doors and windows, seemed to exceed the utmost brightness of daylight.

Chap. VIII. How a little boy, dying in the same monastery, called upon a virgin that was to follow him; and how another nun, at the point of leaving her body, saw some small part of the future glory. [675 ACE?]

There was, in the same monastery, a boy, not above three years old, called Aesica; who, by reason of his tender age, was being brought up among the virgins dedicated to God, there to learn his lessons. This child being seized by the aforesaid pestilence, when his last hour was come, called three times upon one of the virgins consecrated to Christ, speaking to her by her own name, as if she had been present, Eadgyth! Eadgyth! Eadgyth! and thus ending his temporal life, entered into that which is eternal. The virgin, to whom he called, as he was dying, was immediately seized, where she was, with the same sickness, and departing this life the same day on which she had been summoned, followed him that called her into the heavenly kingdom.

Likewise, one of the same handmaids of God, being smitten with the same disease, and reduced to the last extremity, began on a sudden, about midnight, to cry out to them that ministered to her, desiring they would put out the lamp that was lighted there. And, when she had done this many times, and yet no one did her will, at last she said, “I know that you think I am raving, when I say this, but be assured that it is not so; for I tell you truly, that I see this house filled with so great a light, that that lamp of yours seems to me to be altogether dark.”And when still no one replied to what she said, or did her bidding, she added, “Burn your lamp, then, as long as you will; but know, that it is not my light, for my light will come to me at the dawn of day.” Then she began to tell, that a certain man of God, who had died that same year, had appeared to her, telling her that at the break of day she should depart to the eternal light. The truth of which vision was speedily proved by the maiden’s death as soon as the day appeared.

Chap. IX. Of the signs which were shown from Heaven when the mother of that community departed this life. [675 ACE?]

Now when Ethelburg herself, the pious mother of that community devoted to God, was about to be taken out of this world, a wonderful vision appeared to one of the sisters, called Tortgyth; who, having lived many years in that monastery, always endeavoured, in all humility and sincerity, to serve God herself, and to help the mother to maintain regular discipline, by instructing and reproving the younger ones. Now, in order that her virtue might, according to the Apostle, be made perfect in weakness, she was suddenly seized with a most grievous bodily disease, under which, through the merciful providence of our Redeemer, she was sorely tried for the space of nine years; to the end, that whatever stain of evil remained amidst her virtues, either through ignorance or neglect, might all be purified in the furnace of long tribulation. This woman, going out of the chamber where she abode one night, at dusk, plainly saw as it were a human body, which was brighter than the sun, wrapped in fine linen, and lifted up on high, being taken out of the house in which the sisters used to sleep. Then looking earnestly to see what it was that drew up that appearance of the glorious body which she beheld, she perceived that it was raised on high as it were by cords brighter than gold, until, entering into the open heavens, it could no longer be seen by her. Reflecting on this vision, she made no doubt that some one of the community would soon die, and her soul be lifted up to heaven by the good works which she had wrought, as it were by golden cords. And so in truth it befell; for a few days after, the beloved of God, Ethelburg, mother of that community, was delivered out of the prison of the flesh; and her life is proved to have been such that no one who knew her ought to doubt that an entrance into the heavenly country was open to her, when she departed from this life.

There was also, in the same monastery, a certain nun, of noble origin in this world, and still nobler in the love of the world to come; who had, for many years, been so disabled in all her body, that she could not move a single limb. When she heard that the body of the venerable abbess had been carried into the church, till it should be buried, she desired to be carried thither, and to be placed bending towards it, after the manner of one praying; which being done, she spoke to her as if she had been living, and entreated her that she would obtain of the mercy of our pitiful Creator, that she might be delivered from such great and long-continued pains; nor

was it long before her prayer was heard: for being delivered from the flesh twelve days after, she exchanged her temporal afflictions for an eternal reward.

For three years after the death of her Superior, the aforesaid handmaid of Christ, Tortgyth, was detained in this life and was so far spent with the sickness before mentioned, that her bones scarce held together. At last, when the time of her release was at hand, she not only lost the use of her other limbs, but also of her tongue; in which state having continued three days and as many nights, she was, on a sudden, restored by a spiritual vision, and opened her lips and eyes, and looking up to heaven, began thus to speak to the vision which she saw: “Very acceptable to me is thy coming, and thou art welcome!” Having so said, she was silent awhile, as it were, waiting for the answer of him whom she saw and to whom she spoke; then, as if somewhat displeased, she said, “I can in no wise gladly suffer this;” then pausing awhile, she said again, “If it can by no means be to-day, I beg that the delay may not be long;” and again holding her peace a short while, she concluded thus; “If it is certainly so determined, and the decree cannot be altered, I beg that it may be no longer deferred than this next night.”Having so said, and being asked by those about her with whom she talked, she said, “With my most dear mother, Ethelburg;” by which they understood, that she was come to acquaint her that the time of her departure was at hand; for, as she had desired, after one day and night, she was delivered alike from the bonds of the flesh and of her infirmity and entered into the joys of eternal salvation.

Chap. X. How a blind woman, praying in the burial-place of that monastery, was restored to her sight. [675 ACE?]

Hildilid, a devout handmaid of God, succeeded Ethelburg in the office of abbess and presided over that monastery with great vigour many years, till she was of an extreme old age, in the observance of regular discipline, and carefully providing all things for the common use. The narrowness of the space where the monastery is built, led her to determine that the bones of the servants and handmaidens of Christ, who had been there buried, should be taken up, and should all be translated into the church of the Blessed Mother of God, and interred in one place. How often a brightness of heavenly light was seen there, when this was done, and a fragrancy of wonderful sweetness arose, and what other signs were revealed, whosoever reads will find in the book from which we have taken these tales.

But in truth, I think it by no means fit to pass over the miracle of healing, which the same book informs us was wrought in the cemetery of that community dedicated to God. There lived in that neighbourhood a certain thegn, whose wife was seized with a sudden dimness in her eyes, and as the malady increased daily, it became so burdensome to her, that she could not see the least glimpse of light. Having continued some time wrapped in the night of this blindness, on a sudden she bethought herself that she might recover her lost sight, if she were carried to the monastery of the nuns, and there prayed at the relics of the saints. Nor did she lose any time in fulfilling that which she had conceived in her mind: for being conducted by her maids to the monastery, which was very near, and professing that she had perfect faith that she should be there healed, she was led into the cemetery, and having long prayed there on her knees, she did not fail to be heard, for as she rose from prayer, before she went out of the place, she received the gift of sight which she had desired; and whereas she had been led thither by the hands of her maids, she now returned home joyfully without help: as if she had lost the light of this world to no other end than that she might show by her recovery how great a light is vouchsafed to the saints of Christ in Heaven, and how great a grace of healing power.

Chap. XI. How Sebbi, king of the same province, ended his life in a monastery. [694 ACE]

At that time, as the same little book informs us, Sebbi, a very devout man, of whom mention has been made above, governed the kingdom of the East Saxons. His mind was set on religious acts, frequent prayer and pious fruits of almsgiving; he esteemed a private and monastic life better than all the wealth and honours of his kingdom, and he would have long before left his kingdom and adopted that life, had not his wife firmly refused to be divorced from him; for which reason many were of opinion and often said that a man of such a disposition ought rather to have been made a bishop than a king. When he had spent thirty years as a king and a soldier of the heavenly kingdom, he fell into great bodily infirmity, of which he afterwards died, and he admonished his wife, that they should then at least together devote themselves to the service of God, since they could no longer together

enjoy, or rather serve, the world. Having with much difficulty obtained this of her, he went to Waldhere, bishop of London, who had succeeded Earconwald, and with his blessing received the religious habit, which he had long desired. He also carried to him a considerable sum of money, to be given to the poor, reserving nothing to himself, but rather coveting to remain poor in spirit for the sake of the kingdom of Heaven.

When the aforesaid sickness increased, and he perceived the day of his death to be drawing near, being a man of a royal disposition, he began to apprehend lest, when in great pain, at the approach of death, he might commit anything unworthy of his character, either by word or gesture. Wherefore, calling to him the aforesaid bishop of London, in which city he then was, he entreated him that none might be present at his death, besides the bishop himself, and two of his own attendants. The bishop having promised that he would most willingly grant his request, not long after the man of God composed himself to sleep, and saw a consoling vision, which took from him all anxiety concerning the aforesaid uneasiness; and, moreover, showed him on what day he was to end his life. For, as he afterwards related, he saw three men in shining garments come to him; one of whom sat down by his bed, whilst his companions who had come with him stood and inquired about the state of the sick man they had come to visit, and he said that the king's soul should quit his body without any pain, and with a great splendour of light; and told him that he should die the third day after. Both these things came to pass, as he had learnt from the vision; for on the third day after, at the ninth hour, he suddenly fell, as it were, into a light slumber, and without any sense of pain he gave up the ghost.

A stone coffin had been prepared for his burial, but when they came to lay him in it, they found his body a span longer than the coffin. Hereupon they chipped away as much of the stone as they could, and made the coffin about two inches longer; but not even so would it contain the body. Wherefore because of this difficulty of entombing him, they had thoughts either to get another coffin, or else to shorten the body, by bending it at the knees, if they could, so that the coffin might contain it. But Heaven interposed and a miracle prevented the execution of either of those designs; for on a sudden, in the presence of the bishop and Sighard, who was the son of that same king and monk, and who reigned after him jointly with his brother Suefred, and of no small number of men, that coffin was found to fit the length of the body, insomuch that a pillow might even be put in at the head; and at the feet the coffin was four inches longer than the body. He was buried in the church of the blessed teacher of the Gentiles, by whose doctrine he had learned to hope for heavenly things.

Chap. XII. How Haedde succeeded Leutherius in the bishopric of the West Saxons; how Cuichelm succeeded Putta in the bishopric of the church of Rochester, and was himself succeeded by Gebmund; and who were then bishops of the Northumbrians. [673-681 ACE]

Leutherius was the fourth bishop of the West Saxons; for Birinus was the first, Agilbert the second, and Wini the third. When Coinwalch, in whose reign the said Leutherius was made bishop, died, the sub-kings took upon them the government of the nation, and dividing it among themselves, held it for about ten years; and during their rule he died, and Haedde succeeded him in the bishopric, having been consecrated by Theodore, in the city of London. During his episcopate, Caedwalla, having subdued and removed the sub-kings, took upon himself the supreme authority. When he had held it for two years, and whilst the same bishop still governed the church, at length impelled by love of the heavenly kingdom, he quitted it and, going away to Rome, ended his days there, as shall be said more fully hereafter.

In the year of our Lord 676, when Ethelred, king of the Mercians, ravaged Kent with a hostile army, and profaned churches and monasteries, without regard to pity, or the fear of God, in the general destruction he laid waste the city of Rochester; Putta, who was bishop, was absent at that time, but when he understood that his church was ravaged, and everything taken away from it, he went to Sexwulf, bishop of the Mercians, and having received of him a certain church, and a small piece of land, ended his days there in peace; in no way endeavouring to restore his bishopric, for, as has been said above, he was more industrious in ecclesiastical than in worldly affairs; serving God only in that church, and going wherever he was desired, to teach Church music. Theodore consecrated Cuichelm bishop of Rochester in his stead; but he, not long after, departing from his bishopric for want of necessaries, and withdrawing to other parts, Gebmund was put in his place by Theodore.

In the year of our Lord 678, which is the eighth of the reign of Egfrid, in the month of August, appeared a star, called a comet, which continued for three months, rising in the morning, and sending forth, as it were, a tall pillar of radiant flame. The same year a dissension broke out between King Egfrid and the most reverend prelate, Wilfrid, who was driven from his see, and two bishops substituted for him, to preside over the nation of the Northumbrians, namely, Bosa, to govern the province of the Deiri; and Eata that of the Bernicians; the former having his episcopal see in the city of York, the latter either in the church of Hagustald, or of Lindisfarne; both of them promoted to the episcopal dignity from a community of monks. With them also Eadhaed was ordained bishop for the province of Lindsey, which King Egfrid had but newly acquired, having defeated Wulfhere and put him to flight;

and this was the first bishop of its own which that province had; the second was Ethelwin; the third Edgar; the fourth Cynibert, who is there at present. Before Eadhaed, Sexwulf was bishop as well of that province as of the Mercians and Midland Angles; so that, when expelled from Lindsey, he continued in the government of those provinces. Eadhaed, Bosa, and Eata, were ordained at York by archbishop Theodore; who also, three years after the departure of Wilfrid, added two bishops to their number: Tunbert, appointed to the church of Hagustald, Eata still continuing in that of Lindisfarne; and Trumwine to the province of the Picts, which at that time was subject to English rule. Eadhaed returning from Lindsey, because Ethelred had recovered that province, was placed by Theodore over the church of Ripon.

Chap. XIII. How Bishop Wilfrid converted the province of the South Saxons to Christ. [681 ACE]

But Wilfrid was expelled from his bishopric, and having long travelled in many lands, went to Rome, and afterwards returned to Britain. Though he could not, by reason of the enmity of the aforesaid king, be received into his own country or diocese, yet he could not be restrained from the ministry of the Gospel; for, taking his way into the province of the South Saxons, which extends from Kent to the south and west, as far as the West Saxons, containing land of 7,000 families, and was at that time still in bondage to pagan rites, he administered to them the Word of faith, and the Baptism of salvation. Ethelwalch, king of that nation, had been, not long before, baptized in the province of the Mercians, at the instance of King Wulfhere, who was present, and received him as his godson when he came forth from the font, and in token of this adoption gave him two provinces, to wit, the Isle of Wight, and the province of the Meanware, in the country of the West Saxons. The bishop, therefore, with the king's consent, or rather to his great joy, cleansed in the sacred font the foremost ealdormen and thegns of that country; and the priests, Eappa, and Padda, and Burghelm, and Oiddi, either then, or afterwards, baptized the rest of the people. The queen, whose name was Eabae,had been baptized in her own country, the province of the Hwiccas. She was the daughter of Eanfrid, the brother of Aenhere, who were both Christians, as were their people; but all the province of the South Saxons was ignorant of the Name of God and the faith. But there was among them a certain monk of the Scottish nation, whose name was Dicul, who had a very small monastery, at the place called Bosanhamm, encompassed by woods and seas, and in it there were five or six brothers, who served the Lord in humility and poverty; but none of the natives cared either to follow their course of life, or hear their preaching.

But Bishop Wilfrid, while preaching the Gospel to the people, not only delivered them from the misery of eternal damnation, but also from a terrible calamity of temporal death. For no rain had fallen in that district for three years before his arrival in the province, whereupon a grievous famine fell upon the people and pitilessly destroyed them; insomuch that it is said that often forty or fifty men, wasted with hunger, would go together to some precipice, or to the sea-shore, and there, hand in hand, in piteous wise cast them themselves down either to perish by the fall, or be swallowed up by the waves. But on the very day on which the nation received the Baptism of the faith, there fell a soft but plentiful rain; the earth revived, the fields grew green again, and the season was pleasant and fruitful. Thus the old superstition was cast away, and idolatry renounced, the heart and flesh of all rejoiced in the living God, for they perceived that He Who is the true God had enriched them by His heavenly grace with both inward and outward blessings. For the bishop, when he came into the province, and found so great misery from famine there, taught them to get their food by fishing; for their sea and rivers abounded in fish, but the people had no skill to take any of them, except eels alone. The bishop's men having gathered eel-nets everywhere, cast them into the sea, and by the blessing of God took three hundred fishes of divers sorts, which being divided into three parts, they gave a hundred to the poor, a hundred to those of whom they had the nets, and kept a hundred for their own use. By this benefit the bishop gained the affections of them all, and they began more readily at his preaching to hope for heavenly blessings, seeing that by his help they had received those which are temporal.

At this time, King Ethelwalch gave to the most reverend prelate, Wilfrid, land to the extent of eighty-seven families, to maintain his company who were wandering in exile. The place is called Selaeseu, that is, the Island of the Sea-Calf; it is encompassed by the sea on all sides, except the west, where is an entrance about the cast of a sling in width; which sort of place is by the Latins called a peninsula, by the Greeks, a cherronesos. Bishop Wilfrid, having this place given him, founded therein a monastery, chiefly of the brethren he had brought with him, and established a rule of life; and his successors are known to be there to this day. He himself, both in word and deed performed the duties of a bishop in those parts during the space of five years, until the death of King Egfrid, and was justly honoured by all. And forasmuch as the king, together with the said place, gave him all the goods that were therein, with the lands and men, he instructed all the people in the faith of Christ, and cleansed them in the water of Baptism. Among whom were two hundred and fifty bondsmen and bondswomen, all of whom he saved by Baptism from slavery to the Devil, and in like manner, by giving them their liberty, set them free from slavery to man.

Chap. XIV. How a pestilence ceased through the intercession of King Oswald. [681-686 ACE]

In this monastery, at that time, certain special manifestations of the heavenly grace are said to have been shown forth; in as much as the tyranny of the Devil had been recently cast out and Christ had begun to reign there. Of these I have thought it proper to perpetuate the memory of one which the most reverend Bishop Acca was wont often to relate to me, affirming that it had been told him by most creditable brothers of the same monastery. About the same time that this province had received the faith of Christ, a grievous pestilence fell upon many provinces of Britain; which, also, by the Divine dispensation, reached to the aforesaid monastery, then governed by the most religious priest of Christ, Eappa; and many, as well of those that had come thither with the bishop, as of those of the same province of the South Saxons who had been lately called to the faith, were snatched away out of this world. The brethren, therefore, thought fit to keep a fast of three days, and humbly to implore the Divine goodness to vouchsafe to have mercy on them, either by delivering from instant death those that were in danger by reason of the disease, or by saving those who were hurried out of this life from the eternal damnation of their souls.

There was at that time in the monastery, a little boy, of the Saxon nation, lately called to the faith, who had been attacked by the same infirmity, and had long kept his bed. On the second day of the aforesaid fasting and prayer, it happened about the second hour of the day, that this boy was left alone in the place where he lay sick, when on a sudden, through the Divine disposition, the most blessed chiefs of the Apostles vouchsafed to appear to him; for he was a boy of a very simple and gentle disposition, and with sincere devotion observed the mysteries of the faith which he had received. The Apostles therefore, greeting him with loving words, said, “My son, fear not death, concerning which thou art troubled; for this day we will bring thee to the kingdom of Heaven; but first thou must needs wait till the Masses are celebrated, that having received thy voyage provision, the Body and Blood of our Lord, and so being set free from sickness and death, thou mayest be taken up to the everlasting joys in Heaven.

“Call therefore to thee the priest, Eappa, and tell him, that the Lord has heard your prayers, and has favourably looked upon your devotion and your fast, and not one more shall die of this plague, either in the monastery or the lands adjacent to it; but all your people who any where labour under this sickness, shall be raised up from their weakness, and restored to their former health, saving thee alone, who art this day to be delivered from death, and to be carried into Heaven, to behold our Lord Christ, whom thou hast faithfully served. This favour the Divine mercy has vouchsafed to grant you, through the intercession of the godly King Oswald, beloved of God, who formerly nobly ruled over the nation of the Northumbrians, with the authority of a temporal kingdom and the devotion of Christian piety which leads to the eternal kingdom. For this very day that king was killed in body by the infidels in war, and straightway taken up to Heaven to the everlasting joys of souls, and brought into fellowship with the number of the elect. Let them look in their records, wherein the burial of the dead is set down, and they will find that he was, this day, as we have said, taken out of this world. Let them, therefore, celebrate Masses in all the oratories of this monastery, either in thanksgiving because their prayers are heard, or else in memory of the aforesaid King Oswald, who once governed their nation, and therefore humbly prayed to the Lord for them, as for converts of his nation; and let all the brethren assemble in the church, and all communicate in the heavenly Sacrifices, and so let them cease to fast, and refresh the body also with the food that belongs to it.”

The boy called the priest, and repeated all these words to him; and the priest carefully inquired after the habit and form of the men that had appeared to him. He answered, “Their habit was altogether noble, and their countenances most pleasant and beautiful, such as I had never seen before, nor did I think there could be any men so fair and comely. One of them indeed was shorn like a clerk, the other had a long beard; and they said that one of them was called Peter, the other Paul; and they were the servants of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, sent by Him from Heaven to protect our monastery.” The priest believed what the boy said, and going thence immediately, looked in his chronicle, and found that King Oswald had been killed on that very day. He then called the brethren, ordered dinner to be provided, Masses to be said, and all of them to communicate as usual; causing also a part of the same Sacrifice of the Lord’s Oblation to be carried to the sick boy. Soon after this, the boy died, on that same day; and by his death proved that the words which he had heard from the Apostles of Christ were true. And this moreover bore witness to the truth of his words, that none besides himself, belonging to the same monastery, was taken away at that time. And without doubt, by this vision, many that heard of it were wonderfully excited to implore the Divine mercy in adversity, and to submit to the wholesome remedy of fasting. From that time, the day of commemoration of that king and soldier of Christ began to be yearly honoured with the celebration of Masses, not only in that monastery, but in many other places.

Chap. XV. How King Caedwalla, king of the Gewissae, having slain Ethelwalch, wasted that Province with cruel slaughter and devastation. [685 ACE]

In the meantime, Caedwalla, a young man of great vigour, of the royal race of the Gewissae, an exile from his country, came with an army, slew Ethelwalch, and wasted that province with cruel slaughter and devastation; but he was soon expelled by Berthun and Andhun, the king's ealdormen, who held in succession the government of the province. The first of them was afterwards killed by the same Caedwalla, when he was king of the Gewissae, and the province was reduced to more grievous slavery: Ini, likewise, who reigned after Caedwalla, oppressed that country with the like servitude for many years; for which reason, during all that time, they could have no bishop of their own; but their first bishop, Wilfrid, having been recalled home, they were subject to the bishop of the Gewissae, that is, the West Saxons, who were in the city of Venta.

Chap. XVI. How the Isle of Wight received Christian inhabitants, and two royal youths of that island were killed immediately after Baptism. [686 ACE]

After Caedwalla had obtained possession of the kingdom of the Gewissae, he took also the Isle of Wight, which till then was entirely given over to idolatry, and by merciless slaughter endeavoured to destroy all the inhabitants thereof, and to place in their stead people from his own province; binding himself by a vow, though it is said that he was not yet regenerated in Christ, to give the fourth part of the land and of the spoil to the Lord, if he took the island. He fulfilled this vow by giving the same for the service of the Lord to Bishop Wilfrid, who happened at the time to have come thither from his own people. The measure of that island, according to the computation of the English, is of twelve hundred families, wherefore an estate of three hundred families was given to the Bishop. The part which he received, he committed to one of his clerks called Bernwin, who was his sister's son, assigning to him a priest, whose name was Hiddila, to administer the Word and laver of life to all that would be saved.

Here I think it ought not to be omitted that, as the first fruits of those of that island who believed and were saved, two royal boys, brothers to Arwald, king of the island, were crowned with the special grace of God. For when the enemy approached, they made their escape out of the island, and crossed over into the neighbouring province of the Jutes. Coming to the place called At the Stone, they thought to be concealed from the victorious king, but they were betrayed and ordered to be killed. This being made known to a certain abbot and priest, whose name was Cynibert, who had a monastery not far from there, at a place called Hreutford, that is, the Ford of Reeds, he came to the king, who then lay in concealment in those parts to be cured of the wounds which he had received whilst he was fighting in the Isle of Wight, and begged of him, that if the boys must needs be killed, he might be allowed first to instruct them in the mysteries of the Christian faith. The king consented, and the bishop having taught them the Word of truth, and cleansed them in the font of salvation, assured to them their entrance into the kingdom of Heaven. Then the executioner came, and they joyfully underwent the temporal death, through which they did not doubt they were to pass to the life of the soul, which is everlasting. Thus, after this manner, when all the provinces of Britain had received the faith of Christ, the Isle of Wight also received the same; yet because it was suffering under the affliction of foreignsubjection, no man there received the office or see of a bishop, before Daniel, who is now bishop of the West Saxons.

The island is situated opposite the borders of the South Saxons and the Gewissae, being separated from it by a sea, three miles wide, which is called Solvente. In this sea, the two tides of the ocean, which break upon Britain all round its coasts from the boundless northern ocean, daily meet in conflict beyond the mouth of the river Homelea, which runs into the aforesaid sea, through the lands of the Jutes, belonging to the country of the Gewissae; and after this struggle of the tides, they fall back and return into the ocean whence they come.

Chap. XVII. Of the Synod held in the plain of Haethfelth, Archbishop Theodore being president. [680 ACE]

About this time, Theodore being informed that the faith of the Church at Constantinople was much perplexed by the heresy of Eutyches, and desiring that the Churches of the English, over which he presided, should remain free from all such taint, convened an assembly of venerable bishops and many learned men, and diligently inquired into the faith of each. He found them all of one mind in the Catholic faith, and this he caused to be committed to writing by the authority of the synod as a memorial, and for the instruction of succeeding generations; the beginning of which document is as follows:

“In the name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, under the rule of our most pious lords, Egfrid, king of of the Northumbrians, in the tenth year of his reign, the seventeenth of September, the eighth indiction; Ethelred, king of the Mercians, in the sixth year of his reign; Aldwulf king of the East Angles, in the seventeenth year of his reign; and Hlothere, king of Kent, in the seventh year of his reign; Theodore, by the grace of God, archbishop of the island of Britain, and of the city of Canterbury, being president, and the other venerable bishops of the island of Britain sitting with him, the holy Gospels being laid before them, at the place which, in the Saxon tongue, is called Haethfelth, we conferred together, and set forth the right and orthodox faith, as our Lord Jesus Christ in the flesh delivered the same to His disciples, who beheld His Presence and heard His words, and as it is delivered by the creed of the holy fathers, and by all holy and universal synods in general, and by the consent of all approved doctors of the Catholic Church. We, therefore, following them, in piety and orthodoxy, and professing accordance with their divinely inspired doctrine, do believe agreeably to it, and with the holy fathers confess the Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost, to be properly and truly a Trinity consubstantial in Unity, and Unity in Trinity, that is, one God in three Subsistences or consubstantial persons, of equal glory and honour.”

And after much more of the same sort, appertaining to the confession of the right faith, this holy synod added to its document, “We acknowledge the five holy and general councils of the blessed fathers acceptable to God; that is, of the 318 assembled at Nicaea, against the most impious Arius and his tenets; and at Constantinople, of 150, against the madness of Macedonius and Eudoxius, and their tenets; and at Ephesus, for the first time, of 200, against the most wicked Nestorius, and his tenets; and at Chalcedon, of 630, against Eutyches and Nestorius, and their tenets; and again, at Constantinople, in a fifth council, in the time of Justinian the younger, against Theodorus, and the epistles of Theodoret and Ibas, and their tenets in opposition to Cyril.” And again a little lower, “the synod held in the city of Rome, in the time of the blessed Pope Martin, in the eighth indiction, and in the ninth year of the most pious Emperor Constantine, we also acknowledge. And we glorify our Lord Jesus Christ, as they glorified Him, neither adding aught nor taking away; anathematizing with hearts and lips those whom they anathematized, and receiving those whom they received; glorifying God the Father, Who is without beginning, and His only-begotten Son, begotten of the Father before the worlds, and the Holy Ghost proceeding ineffably from the Father and the Son, even as those holy Apostles, prophets, and doctors, whom we have above-mentioned, did declare. And all we, who, with Archbishop Theodore, have thus set forth the Catholic faith, thereto subscribe.”

Chap. XVIII. Of John, the precentor of the Apostolic see, who came into Britain to teach. [680 ACE]

Among those who were present at this synod, and confirmed the decrees of the Catholic faith, was the venerable John, archchanter of the church of the holy Apostle Peter, and abbot of the monastery of the blessed Martin, who had come lately from Rome, by order of Pope Agatho, together with the most reverend Abbot Biscop, surnamed Benedict, of whom mention has been made above. For the said Benedict, having built a monastery in Britain, in honour of the most blessed chief of the Apostles, at the mouth of the river Wear, went to Rome with Ceolfrid, his companion and fellow-labourer in that work, who was after him abbot of the same monastery; he had been several times before at Rome, and was now honourably received by Pope Agatho of blessed memory; from whom he also asked and obtained, in order to secure the immunities of the monastery which he had founded, a letter of privilege confirmed by apostolic authority, according to what he knew to be the will and grant of King Egfrid, by whose consent and gift of land he had built that monastery.

He was also allowed to take the aforesaid Abbot John with him into Britain, that he might teach in his monastery the system of singing throughout the year, as it was practised at St. Peter’s at Rome. The Abbot John did as he had been commanded by the Pope, teaching the singers of the said monastery the order and manner of singing and reading aloud, and committing to writing all that was requisite throughout the whole course of the year for the celebration of festivals; and these writings are still preserved in that monastery, and have been copied by many others elsewhere. The said John not only taught the brothers of that monastery, but such as had skill in singing resorted from almost all the monasteries of the same province to hear him, and many invited him to teach in other places.

Besides his task of singing and reading, he had also received a commission from the Apostolic Pope, carefully to inform himself concerning the faith of the English Church, and to give an account thereof on his return to Rome. For he also brought with him the decision of the synod of the blessed Pope Martin, held not long before at Rome, with the consent of one hundred and five bishops, chiefly to refute those who taught that there is but one operation and will in Christ, and he gave it to be transcribed in the aforesaid monastery of the most religious Abbot Benedict. The men who followed such opinion greatly perplexed the faith of the Church of Constantinople at that time; but by the help of God they were then discovered and overcome. Wherefore, Pope Agatho, being desirous to be informed concerning the state of the Church in Britain, as well as in other provinces, and to what extent it was clear from the contagion of heretics, gave this matter in charge to the most reverend Abbot John, then appointed to go to Britain. The synod we have spoken of having been called for this purpose in Britain, the Catholic faith was found untainted

in all, and a report of the proceedings of the same was given him to carry to Rome.

But in his return to his own country, soon after crossing the sea, he fell sick and died; and his body, for the sake of St. Martin, in whose monastery he presided, was by his friends carried to Tours, and honourably buried; for he had been kindly entertained by the Church there on his way to Britain, and earnestly entreated by the brethren, that in his return to Rome he would take that road, and visit their Church, and moreover he was there supplied with men to conduct him on his way, and assist him in the work enjoined upon him. Though he died by the way, yet the testimony of the Catholic faith of the English nation was carried to Rome, and received with great joy by the Apostolic Pope, and all those that heard or read it.

Chap. XIX. How Queen Ethelthryth always preserved her virginity, and her body suffered no corruption in the grave. [660-696 ACE]

King Egfrid took to wife Ethelthryth, the daughter of Anna, king of the East Angles, of whom mention has been often made; a man of true religion, and altogether noble in mind and deed. She had before been given in marriage to another, to wit, Tondbert, ealdorman of the Southern Gyrwas; but he died soon after he had married her, and she was given to the aforesaid king. Though she lived with him twelve years, yet she preserved the glory of perfect virginity, as I was informed by Bishop Wilfrid, of blessed memory, of whom I inquired, because some questioned the truth thereof; and he told me that he was an undoubted witness to her virginity, forasmuch as Egfrid promised to give him many lands and much money if he could persuade the queen to consent to fulfil her marriage duty, for he knew the queen loved no man more than himself. And it is not to be doubted that this might take place in our age, which true histories tell us happened sometimes in former ages, by the help of the same Lord who promises to abide with us always, even unto the end of the world. For the divine miracle whereby her flesh, being buried, could not suffer corruption, is a token that she had not been defiled by man.

She had long asked of the king that he would permit her to lay aside worldly cares, and to serve only Christ, the true King, in a monastery; and having at length

with difficulty prevailed, she entered the monastery of the Abbess Aebba, who was aunt to King Egfrid, at the place called the city of Coludi, having received the veil of the religious habit from the hands of the aforesaid Bishop Wilfrid; but a year after she was herself made abbess in the district called Elge, where, having built a monastery, she began, by the example of a heavenly life and by her teaching, to be the virgin mother of many virgins dedicated to God. It is told of her that from the time of her entering the monastery, she would never wear any linen but only woollen garments, and would seldom wash in a hot bath, unless just before the greater festivals, as Easter, Whitsuntide, and the Epiphany, and then she did it last of all, when the other handmaids of Christ who were there had been washed, served by her and her attendants. She seldom ate more than once a day, excepting on the greater festivals, or some urgent occasion. Always, except when grievous sickness prevented her, from the time of matins till day-break, she continued in the church at prayer. Some also say, that by the spirit of prophecy she not only foretold the pestilence of which she was to die, but also, in the presence of all, revealed the number of those that should be then snatched away from this world out of her monastery. She was taken to the Lord, in the midst of her flock, seven years after she had been made abbess; and, as she had ordered, was buried among them in a wooden coffin in her turn, according to the order in which she had passed away.

She was succeeded in the office of abbess by her sister Sexburg, who had been wife to Earconbert, king of Kent. This abbess, when her sister had been buried sixteen years, thought fit to take up her bones, and, putting them into a new coffin, to translate them into the church. Accordingly she ordered some of the brothers to find a stone whereof to make a coffin for this purpose. They went on board ship, for the district of Ely is on every side encompassed with water and marshes, and has no large stones, and came to a small deserted city, not far from thence, which, in the language of the English, is called Grantacaestir, and presently, near the city walls, they found a white marble coffin, most beautifully wrought, and fitly covered with a lid of the same sort of stone. Perceiving, therefore, that the Lord had prospered their journey, they returned thanks to Him and carried it to the monastery.

When the grave was opened and the body of the holy virgin and bride of Christ was brought into the light of day, it was found as free from corruption as if she had died and been buried on that very day; as the aforesaid Bishop Wilfrid, and many others that know it, testify. But the physician, Cynifrid, who was present at her death, and when she was taken up out of the grave, had more certain knowledge. He was wont to relate that in her sickness she had a very great tumour under her jaw. “And I was ordered,” said he, “to lay open that tumour to let out the noxious matter in it, which I did, and she seemed to be somewhat more easy for two days, so that many thought she might recover from her infirmity; but on the third day she was attacked by the former pains, and being soon snatched out of the world, she exchanged all pain and death for everlasting life and health. And when, so many years after, her bones were to be taken out of the grave, a pavilion being spread over it, and all the congregation, the brothers on the one side, and the sisters on the other, standing about it singing, while the abbess, with a few others, had gone within to take up and wash the bones, on a sudden we heard the abbess within cry out with a loud voice, ‘Glory be to the name of the Lord.’ Not

long after they called me in, opening the door of the pavilion, and I found the body of the holy virgin taken out of the grave and laid on a bed, like one asleep; then taking off the veil from the face, they also showed me that the incision which I had made was healed up; so that, in marvellous wise, instead of the open gaping wound with which she had been buried, there then appeared only the slightest trace of a scar. Besides, all the linen clothes in which the body had been wrapped, appeared entire and as fresh as if they had been that very day put about her chaste limbs."

It is said that when she was sore troubled with the aforesaid tumour and pain in her jaw and neck, she took great pleasure in that sort of sickness, and was wont to say, "I know of a surety that I deservedly bear the weight of my trouble on my neck, for I remember that, when I was a young maiden, I bore on it the needless weight of necklaces; and therefore I believe the Divine goodness would have me endure the pain in my neck, that so I may be absolved from the guilt of my needless levity, having now, instead of gold and pearls, the fiery heat of a tumour rising on my neck." It happened also that by the touch of those same linen clothes devils were expelled from bodies possessed, and other diseases were at divers times healed; and the coffin wherein she was first buried is said to have cured some of infirmities of the eyes, who, praying with their heads resting upon that coffin, were presently relieved of the pain or dimness in their eyes. So they washed the virgin's body, and having clothed it in new garments, brought it into the church, and laid it in the sarcophagus that had been brought, where it is held in great veneration to this day. The sarcophagus was found in a wonderful manner to fit the virgin's body as if it had been made purposely for her, and the place for the head, which was fashioned separately, appeared exactly shaped to the measurement of her head.

Elge is in the province of the East Angles, a district of about six hundred families, of the nature of an island, encompassed, as has been said, with marshes or waters, and therefore it has its name from the great plenty of eels taken in those marshes; there the aforesaid handmaid of Christ desired to have a monastery, because, as we have before mentioned, she came, according to the flesh, of that same province of the East Angles.

Chap. XX. A Hymn concerning her.

It seems fitting to insert in this history a hymn concerning virginity, which we composed in elegiac verse many years ago, in praise and honour of the same queen and bride of Christ, and therefore truly a queen, because the bride of Christ; and to imitate the method of Holy Scripture, wherein many songs are inserted in the history, and these, as is well known, are composed in metre and verse.

"Trinity, Gracious, Divine, Who rulest all the ages; favour my task, Trinity, Gracious, Divine.

"Let Maro sound the trumpet of war, let us sing the gifts of peace; the gifts of Christ we sing, let Maro sound the trumpet of war.

"Chaste is my song, no rape of guilty Helen; light tales shall be told by the wanton, chaste is my song.

"I will tell of gifts from Heaven, not wars of hapless Troy; I will tell of gifts from Heaven, wherein the earth is glad.

"Lo! the high God comes to the womb of a holy virgin, to be the Saviour of men, lo! the high God comes.

"A hallowed maid gives birth to Him Who gave the world its being; Mary, the gate of God, a maiden gives Him birth.

"The company of her fellows rejoices over the Virgin Mother of Him Who wields the thunder; a shining virgin band, the company of her fellows rejoices.

"Her honour has made many a blossom to spring from that pure shoot, virgin blossoms her honour has made to spring.

"Scorched by the fierce flames, the maiden Agatha yielded not; in like manner Eulalia endures, scorched by the fierce flames.

"The lofty soul of chaste Tecla overcomes the wild beasts; chaste Euphemia overcomes the accursed wild beasts.

"Agnes joyously laughs at the sword, herself stronger than steel, Cecilia joyously laughs at the foemen's sword.

"Many a triumph is mighty throughout the world in temperate hearts; throughout the world love of the temperate life is mighty.

"Yea, and our day likewise a peerless maiden has blessed; peerless our Ethelthryth shines.

"Child of a noble sire, and glorious by royal birth, more noble in her Lord's sight, the child of a noble sire.

“Thence she receives queenly honour and a sceptre in this world; thence she receives honour, awaiting higher honour above.

“What need, gracious lady, to seek an earthly lord, even now given to the Heavenly Bridegroom?

“Christ is at hand, the Bridegroom (why seek an earthly lord?) that thou mayst follow even now, methinks, in the steps of the Mother of Heaven’s King, that thou too mayst be a mother in God.

“Twelve years she had reigned, a bride dedicated to God, then in the cloister dwelt, a bride dedicated to God.

“To Heaven all consecrated she lived, abounding in lofty deeds, then to Heaven all consecrated she gave up her soul.

“Twice eight Novembers the maid’s fair flesh lay in the tomb, nor did the maid’s fair flesh see corruption in the tomb.

“This was Thy work, O Christ, that her very garments were bright and undefiled even in the grave; O Christ, this was Thy work.

“The dark serpent flies before the honour due to the holy raiment; disease is driven away, and the dark serpent flies.

“Rage fills the foe who of old conquered Eve; exultant the maiden triumphs and rage fills the foe.

“Behold, O bride of God, thy glory upon earth; the glory that awaits thee in the Heavens behold, O bride of God.

“In gladness thou receivest gifts, bright amidst the festal torches; behold! the Bridegroom comes, in gladness thou receivest gifts.

“And a new song thou singest to the tuneful harp; a new-made bride, thou exultest in the tuneful hymn.

“None can part her from them which follow the Lamb enthroned on high, whom none had severed from the Love enthroned on high.”

Chap. XXI. How Bishop Theodore made peace between the kings Egfrid and Ethelred. [679 ACE]

In the ninth year of the reign of King Egfrid, a great battle was fought between him and Ethelred, king of the Mercians, near the river Trent, and Aelfwine, brother to King Egfrid, was slain, a youth about eighteen years of age, and much beloved by both provinces; for King Ethelred had married his sister Osthryth. There was now reason to expect a more bloody war, and more lasting enmity between those kings and their fierce nations; but Theodore, the bishop, beloved of God, relying on the Divine aid, by his wholesome admonitions wholly extinguished the dangerous fire that was breaking out; so that the kings and their people on both sides were appeased, and no man was put to death, but only the due mulct paid to the king who was the avenger for the death of his brother; and this peace continued long after between those kings and between their kingdoms.

Chap. XXII. How a certain captive’s chains fell off when Masses were sung for him. [679 ACE]

In the aforesaid battle, wherein King Aelfwine was killed, a memorable incident is known to have happened, which I think ought by no means to be passed over in silence; for the story will be profitable to the salvation of many. In that battle a youth called Imma, one of the king’s thegns, was struck down, and having lain as if dead all that day and the next night among the bodies of the slain, at length he came to himself and revived, and sitting up, bound his own wounds as best as he could. Then having rested awhile, he stood up, and went away to see if he could find any friends to take care of him; but in so doing he was discovered and taken by some of the enemy’s army, and carried before their lord, who was one of King Ethelred’s nobles. Being asked by him who he was, and fearing to own himself a thegn, he answered that he was a peasant, a poor man and married, and he declared that he had come to the war with others like himself to bring provisions to the army. The noble entertained him, and ordered his wounds to be dressed, and when he began to recover, to prevent his escaping, he ordered him to be bound at night. But he could not be bound, for as soon as they that bound him were gone, his bonds were loosed.

Now he had a brother called Tunna, who was a priest and abbot of a monastery in the city which is still called Tunnacaestir after him. This man, hearing that his brother had been killed in the battle, went to see if haply he could find his body; and finding another very like him in all respects, he believed it to be his. So he carried it to his monastery, and buried it honourably, and took care often to say Masses for the absolution of his soul; the celebration whereof occasioned what I have said, that none could bind

him but he was presently loosed again. In the meantime, the noble that had kept him was amazed, and began to inquire why he could not be bound; whether perchance he had any spells about him, such as are spoken of in stories. He answered that he knew nothing of those arts; “but I have,” said he, “a brother who is a priest in my country, and I know that he, supposing me to be killed, is saying frequent Masses for me; and if I were now in the other life, my soul there, through his intercession, would be delivered from penalty.”

When he had been a prisoner with the noble some time, those who attentively observed him, by his countenance, habit, and discourse, took notice, that he was not of the meaner sort, as he had said, but of some quality. The noble then privately sending for him, straitly questioned him, whence he came, promising to do him no harm on that account if he would frankly confess who he was. This he did, declaring that he had been a thegn of the king’s, and the noble answered, “I perceived by all your answers that you were no peasant. And now you deserve to die, because all my brothers and relations were killed in that fight; yet I will not put you to death, that I may not break my promise.”

As soon, therefore, as he was recovered, he sold him to a certain Frisian at London, but he could not in any wise be bound either by him, or as he was being led thither. But when his enemies had put all manner of bonds on him, and the buyer perceived that he could in no way be bound, he gave him leave to ransom himself if he could. Now it was at the third hour, when the Masses were wont to be said, that his bonds were most frequently loosed. He, having taken an oath that he would either return, or send his owner the money for the ransom, went into Kent to King Hlothere, who was son to the sister of Queen Ethelthryth, above spoken of, for he had once been that queen›s thegn. From him he asked and obtained the price of his freedom, and as he had promised, sent it to his master for his ransom. Returning afterwards into his own country, and coming to his brother, he gave him an exact account of all his misfortunes, and the consolation afforded to him in them; and from what his brother told him he understood, that his bonds had been generally loosed at those times when Masses had been celebrated for him; and he perceived that other advantages and blessings which had fallen to his lot in his time of danger, had been conferred on him from Heaven, through the intercession of his brother, and the Oblation of the saving Sacrifice. Many, on hearing this account from the aforesaid man, were stirred up in faith and pious devotion to prayer, or to alms-giving, or to make an offering to God of the Sacrifice of the holy Oblation, for the deliverance of their friends who had departed this world; for they knew that such saving Sacrifice availed for the eternal redemption both of body and soul. This story was also told me by some of those who had heard it related by the man himself to whom it happened; therefore, since I had a clear understanding of it, I have not hesitated to insert it in my Ecclesiastical History.

Chap. XXIII. Of the life and death of the Abbess Hilda. [614-680 ACE]

In the year after this, that is the year of our Lord 680, the most religious handmaid of Christ, Hilda, abbess of the monastery that is called Streanaeshalch, as we mentioned above, after having done many heavenly deeds on earth, passed thence to receive the rewards of the heavenly life, on the 17th of November, at the age of sixty-six years. Her life falls into two equal parts, for the first thirty-three years of it she spent living most nobly in the secular habit; and still more nobly dedicated the remaining half to the Lord in the monastic life. For she was nobly born, being the daughter of Hereric, nephew to King Edwin, and with that king she also received the faith and mysteries of Christ, at the preaching of Paulinus, of blessed memory, the first bishop of the Northumbrians, and preserved the same undefiled till she attained to the vision of our Lord in Heaven.

When she had resolved to quit the secular habit, and to serve Him alone, she withdrew into the province of the East Angles, for she was allied to the king there; being desirous to cross over thence into Gaul, forsaking her native country and all that she had, and so to live a stranger for our Lord’s sake in the monastery of Cale, that she might the better attain to the eternal country in heaven. For her sister Heresuid, mother to Aldwulf, king of the East Angles, was at that time living in the same monastery, under regular discipline, waiting for an everlasting crown; and led by her example, she continued a whole year in the aforesaid province, with the design of going abroad; but afterwards, Bishop Aidan recalled her to her home, and she received land to the extent of one family on the north side of the river Wear; where likewise for a year she led a monastic life, with very few companions. After this she was made abbess in the monastery called Heruteu, which monastery had been founded, not long before, by the pious handmaid of Christ, Heiu, who is said to have been the first woman in the province of the Northumbrians who took upon her the vows and habit of a nun, being consecrated by Bishop Aidan; but she, soon after she had founded that monastery, retired to the city of Calcaria, which is called Kaelcacaestir by the English, and there fixed her dwelling. Hilda, the handmaid of Christ, being set over that monastery, began immediately to order it in all things under a rule of life, according as she had been instructed by learned men; for Bishop Aidan, and others of the religious that knew her, frequently visited her and loved her heartily, and diligently instructed her, because

of her innate wisdom and love of the service of God.

When she had for some years governed this monastery, wholly intent upon establishing a rule of life, it happened that she also

undertook either to build or to set in order a monastery in the place called Streanaeshalch, and this work which was laid upon her she industriously performed; for she put this monastery under the same rule of monastic life as the former; and taught there the strict observance of justice, piety, chastity, and other virtues, and particularly of peace and charity; so that, after the example of the primitive Church, no one there was rich, and none poor, for they had all things common, and none had any private property. Her prudence was so great, that not only meaner men in their need, but sometimes even kings and princes, sought and received her counsel; she obliged those who were under her direction to give so much time to reading of the Holy Scriptures, and to exercise themselves so much in works of justice, that many might readily be found there fit for the priesthood and the service of the altar.

Indeed we have seen five from that monastery who afterwards became bishops, and all of them men of singular merit and sanctity, whose names were Bosa, Aetla, Oftfor, John, and Wilfrid. Of the first we have said above that he was consecrated bishop of York; of the second, it may be briefly stated that he was appointed bishop of Dorchester. Of the last two we shall tell hereafter, that the former was ordained bishop of Hagustald, the other of the church of York; of the third, we may here mention that, having applied himself to the reading and observance of the Scriptures in both the monasteries of the Abbess Hilda, at length being desirous to attain to greater perfection, he went into Kent, to Archbishop Theodore, of blessed memory; where having spent some time in sacred studies, he resolved to go to Rome also, which, in those days, was esteemed a very salutary undertaking. Returning thence into Britain, he took his way into the province of the Hwiccas, where King Osric then ruled, and continued there a long time, preaching the Word of faith, and showing an example of good life to all that saw and heard him. At that time, Bosel, the bishop of that province, laboured under such weakness of body, that he could not himself perform episcopal functions; for which reason, Oftfor was, by universal consent, chosen bishop in his stead, and by order of King Ethelred, consecrated by Bishop Wilfrid, of blessed memory, who was then Bishop of the Midland Angles, because Archbishop Theodore was dead, and no other bishop ordained in his place. A little while before, that is, before the election of the aforesaid man of God, Bosel, Tatfrid, a man of great industry and learning, and of excellent ability, had been chosen bishop for that province, from the monastery of the same abbess, but had been snatched away by an untimely death, before he could be ordained.

Thus this handmaid of Christ, the Abbess Hilda, whom all that knew her called Mother, for her singular piety and grace, was not only an example of good life, to those that lived in her monastery, but afforded occasion of amendment and salvation to many who lived at a distance, to whom the blessed fame was brought of her industry and virtue. For it was meet that the dream of her mother, Bregusuid, during her infancy, should be fulfilled. Now Bregusuid, at the time that her husband, Hereric, lived in banishment, under Cerdic, king of the Britons, where he was also poisoned, fancied, in a dream, that he was suddenly taken away from her and she was seeking for him most carefully, but could find no sign of him anywhere. After an anxious search for him, all at once she found a most precious necklace under her garment, and whilst she was looking on it very attentively, it seemed to shine forth with such a blaze of light that it filled all Britain with the glory of its brilliance. This dream was doubtless fulfilled in her daughter that we speak of, whose life was an example of the works of light, not only blessed to herself, but to many who desired to live aright.

When she had governed this monastery many years, it pleased Him Who has made such merciful provision for our salvation, to give her holy soul the trial of a long infirmity of the flesh, to the end that, according to the Apostle's example, her virtue might be made perfect in weakness. Struck down with a fever, she suffered from a burning heat, and was afflicted with the same trouble for six years continually; during all which time she never failed either to return thanks to her Maker, or publicly and privately to instruct the flock committed to her charge; for taught by her own experience she admonished all men to serve the Lord dutifully, when health of body is granted to them, and always to return thanks faithfully to Him in adversity, or bodily infirmity. In the seventh year of her sickness, when the disease turned inwards, her last day came, and about cockcrow, having received the voyage provision of Holy Housel, and called together the handmaids of Christ that were within the same monastery, she admonished them to preserve the peace of the Gospel among themselves, and with all others; and even as she spoke her words of exhortation, she joyfully saw death come, or, in the words of our Lord, passed from death unto life.

That same night it pleased Almighty God, by a manifest vision, to make known her death in another monastery, at a distance from hers, which she had built that same year, and which is called Hacanos. There was in that monastery, a certain nun called Begu, who, having dedicated her virginity to the Lord, had served Him upwards of thirty years in the monastic life. This nun was resting in the dormitory of the sisters, when on a sudden she heard in the air the well-known sound of the bell, which used to awake and call them to prayers, when any one of them was taken out of this world, and opening her eyes, as she thought, she saw the roof of the house open, and a light shed from above filling all the place. Looking earnestly upon that light, she saw the soul of the aforesaid handmaid of God in that same light, being carried to heaven attended and guided by angels. Then awaking, and seeing the other sisters lying round about her, she perceived that what she had seen had been revealed to her either in a dream or a vision; and rising immediately in great fear, she ran to the virgin who then presided in the monastery in the place of the abbess, and whose name was Frigyth, and, with many tears and lamentations, and heaving deep sighs, told her that the Abbess Hilda, mother of them all, had departed this life, and had in her sight ascended to the gates of eternal light, and to the company of the citizens of heaven, with a great light, and with angels for her guides. Frigyth having heard it, awoke all the sisters, and calling them to the church, admonished them to give themselves to prayer and singing of psalms, for the soul of their mother; which they did earnestly during the remainder of the night; and at break of day, the brothers came with news of her death, from the place

where she had died. They answered that they knew it before, and then related in order how and when they had learnt it, by which it appeared that her death had been revealed to them in a vision that same hour in which the brothers said that she had died. Thus by a fair harmony of events Heaven ordained, that when some saw her departure out of this world, the others should have knowledge of her entrance into the eternal life of souls. These monasteries are about thirteen miles distant from each other.

It is also told, that her death was, in a vision, made known the same night to one of the virgins dedicated to God, who loved her with a great love, in the same monastery where the said handmaid of God died. This nun saw her soul ascend to heaven in the company of angels; and this she openly declared, in the very same hour that it happened, to those handmaids of Christ that were with her; and aroused them to pray for her soul, even before the rest of the community had heard of her death. The truth of which was known to the whole community in the morning. This same nun was at that time with some other handmaids of Christ, in the remotest part of the monastery, where the women who had lately entered the monastic life were wont to pass their time of probation, till they were instructed according to rule, and admitted into the fellowship of the community.

Chap. XXIV. That there was in her monastery a brother, on whom the gift of song was bestowed by Heaven. [680 ACE]

There was in the monastery of this abbess a certain brother, marked in a special manner by the grace of God, for he was wont to make songs of piety and religion, so that whatever was expounded to him out of Scripture, he turned ere long into verse expressive of much sweetness and penitence, in English, which was his native language. By his songs the minds of many were often fired with contempt of the world, and desire of the heavenly life. Others of the English nation after him attempted to compose religious poems, but none could equal him, for he did not learn the art of poetry from men, neither was he taught by man, but by God's grace he received the free gift of song, for which reason he never could compose any trivial or vain poem, but only those which concern religion it behoved his religious tongue to utter. For having lived in the secular habit till he was well advanced in years, he had never learned anything of versifying; and for this reason sometimes at a banquet, when it was agreed to make merry by singing in turn, if he saw the harp come towards him, he would rise up from table and go out and return home. Once having done so and gone out of the house where the banquet was, to the stable, where he had to take care of the cattle that night, he there composed himself to rest at the proper time. Thereupon one stood by him in his sleep, and saluting him, and calling him by his name, said, "Cædmon, sing me something." But he answered, "I cannot sing, and for this cause I left the banquet and retired hither, because I could not sing." Then he who talked to him replied, "Nevertheless thou must needs sing to me." "What must I sing?" he asked. "Sing the beginning of creation," said the other. Having received this answer he straightway began to sing verses to the praise of God the Creator, which he had never heard, the purport whereof was after this manner: "Now must we praise the Maker of the heavenly kingdom, the power of the Creator and His counsel, the deeds of the Father of glory. How He, being the eternal God, became the Author of all wondrous works, Who being the Almighty Guardian of the human race, first created heaven for the sons of men to be the covering of their dwelling place, and next the earth." This is the sense but not the order of the words as he sang them in his sleep; for verses, though never so well composed, cannot be literally translated out of one language into another without loss of their beauty and loftiness. Awaking from his sleep, he remembered all that he had sung in his dream, and soon added more after the same manner, in words which worthily expressed the praise of God.

In the morning he came to the reeve who was over him, and having told him of the gift he had received, was conducted to the abbess, and bidden, in the presence of many learned men, to tell his dream, and repeat the verses, that they might all examine and give their judgement upon the nature and origin of the gift whereof he spoke. And they all judged that heavenly grace had been granted to him by the Lord. They expounded to him a passage of sacred history or doctrine, enjoining upon him, if he could, to put it into verse. Having undertaken this task, he went away, and returning the next morning, gave them the passage he had been bidden to translate, rendered in most excellent verse. Whereupon the abbess, joyfully recognizing the grace of God in the man, instructed him to quit the secular habit, and take upon him monastic vows; and having received him into the monastery, she and all her people admitted him to the company of the brethren, and ordered that he should be taught the whole course of sacred history. So he, giving ear to all that he could learn, and bearing it in mind, and as it were ruminating, like a clean animal, turned it into most harmonious verse; and sweetly singing it, made his masters in their turn his hearers. He sang the creation of the world, the origin of man, and all the history of Genesis, the departure of the children of Israel out of Egypt, their entrance into the promised land, and many other histories from Holy Scripture; the Incarnation, Passion, Resurrection of our Lord, and His Ascension into heaven; the coming of the Holy Ghost, and the teaching of the Apostles; likewise he made many songs concerning the terror of future judgement, the horror of the pains of hell, and the joys of heaven; besides many more about the blessings and the judgements of God, by all of which he endeavoured to draw men away from the love of sin, and to excite in them devotion to well-doing and perseverance therein. For he was a very religious man, humbly submissive to the discipline of monastic rule, but inflamed with fervent zeal against those who chose to do otherwise; for which reason he made a fair ending of his life.

For when the hour of his departure drew near, it was preceded by a bodily infirmity under which he laboured for the space of fourteen days, yet it was of so mild a nature that he could talk and go about the whole time. In his neighbourhood was the house to which those that were sick, and like to die, were wont to be carried. He desired the person that ministered to him, as the evening came on of the night in which he was to depart this life, to make ready a place there for him to take his rest. The man, wondering why he should desire it, because there was as yet no sign of his approaching death, nevertheless did his bidding. When they had lain down there, and had been conversing happily and pleasantly for some time with those that were in the house before, and it was now past midnight, he asked them, whether they had the Eucharist within? They answered, "What need of the Eucharist? for you are not yet appointed to die, since you talk so merrily with us, as if you were in good health."“Nevertheless," said he, "bring me the Eucharist." Having received It into his hand, he asked, whether they were all in charity with him, and had no complaint against him, nor any quarrel or grudge. They answered, that they were all in perfect charity with him, and free from all anger; and in their turn they asked him to be of the same mind towards them. He answered at once, "I am in charity, my children, with all the servants of God." Then strengthening himself with the heavenly Viaticum, he prepared for the entrance into another life, and asked how near the time was when the brothers should be awakened to sing the nightly praises of the Lord? They answered, "It is not far off." Then he said, "It is well, let us await that hour;"and signing himself with the sign of the Holy Cross, he laid his head on the pillow, and falling into a slumber for a little while, so ended his life in silence.

Thus it came to pass, that as he had served the Lord with a simple and pure mind, and quiet devotion, so he now departed to behold His Presence, leaving the world by a quiet death; and that tongue, which had uttered so many wholesome words in praise of the Creator, spake its last words also in His praise, while he signed himself with the Cross, and commended his spirit into His hands; and by what has been here said, he seems to have had foreknowledge of his death.

Chap. XXV. Of the vision that appeared to a certain man of God before the monastery of the city Coludi was burned down.

At this time, the monastery of virgins, called the city of Coludi, above- mentioned, was burned down, through carelessness; and yet all that knew it might have been aware that it happened by reason of the wickedness of those who dwelt in it, and chiefly of those who seemed to be the greatest. But there wanted not a warning of the approaching punishment from the Divine mercy whereby they might have been led to amend their ways, and by fasting and tears and prayers, like the Ninevites, have averted the anger of the just Judge.

For there was in that monastery a man of the Scottish race, called Adamnan, leading a life entirely devoted to God in continence and prayer, insomuch that he never took any food or drink, except only on Sundays and Thursdays; and often spent whole nights in watching and prayer. This strictness in austerity of life he had first adopted from the necessity of correcting the evil that was in him; but in process of time the necessity became a custom.

For in his youth he had been guilty of some sin for which, when he came to himself, he conceived a great horror, and dreaded lest he should be punished for the same by the righteous Judge. Betaking himself, therefore, to a priest, who, he hoped, might show him the way of salvation, he confessed his guilt, and desired to be advised how he might escape the wrath to come. The priest having heard his offence, said, "A great wound requires greater care in the healing thereof; wherefore give yourself as far as you are able to fasting and psalms, and prayer, to the end that thus coming before the presence of the Lord in confession," you may find Him merciful. But he, being oppressed with great grief by reason of his guilty conscience, and desiring to be the sooner loosed from the inward fetters of sin, which lay heavy upon him, answered, "I am still young in years and strong of body, and shall, therefore, easily bear all whatsoever you shall enjoin me to do, if so be that I may be saved in the day of the Lord, even though you should bid me spend the whole night standing in prayer, and pass the whole week in abstinence." The priest replied, "It is much for you to continue for a whole week without bodily sustenance; it is enough to observe a fast for two or three days; do this till I come again to you in a short time, when I will more fully show you what you ought to do, and how long to persevere in your penance." Having so said, and prescribed the measure of his penance, the priest went away, and upon some sudden occasion passed over into Ireland, which was his native country, and returned no more to him, as he had appointed. But the man remembering this injunction and his own promise, gave himself up entirely to tears of penitence, holy vigils and continence; so that he only took food on Thursdays and Sundays, as has been said; and continued fasting all the other days of the week. When he heard that his priest had gone to Ireland, and had died there, he ever after observed this manner of abstinence, which had been appointed for him as we have said; and as he had begun that course through the fear of God, in penitence for his guilt, so he still continued the same unremittingly for the love of God, and through delight in its rewards.

Having practised this carefully for a long time, it happened that he had gone on a certain day to a distance from the monastery, accompanied by one the brothers; and as they were returning from this journey, when they drew near to the monastery, and beheld its lofty buildings, the man of God burst into tears, and his countenance discovered the trouble of his heart. His companion,

perceiving it, asked what was the reason, to which he answered: “The time is at hand when a devouring fire shall reduce to ashes all the buildings which you here behold, both public and private.” The other, hearing these words, when they presently came into the monastery, told them to Aebba, the mother of the community. She with good cause being much troubled at that prediction, called the man to her, and straitly questioned him concerning the matter and how he came to know it. He answered, “Being engaged one night lately in watching and singing psalms, on a sudden I saw one standing by me whose countenance I did not know, and I was startled at his presence, but he bade me not to fear, and speaking to me like a friend he said, ‘You do well in that you have chosen rather at this time of rest not to give yourself up to sleep, but to continue in watching and prayer.’ I answered, ‘I know I have great need to continue in wholesome watching and earnest prayer to the Lord to pardon my transgressions.’ He replied, ‘You speak truly, for you and many more have need to redeem their sins by good works, and when they cease from temporal labours, then to labour the more eagerly for desire of eternal blessings; but this very few do; for I, having now gone through all this monastery in order, have looked into the huts and beds of all, and found none of them except yourself busy about the health of his soul; but all of them, both men and women, are either sunk in slothful sleep, or are awake in order to commit sin; for even the cells that were built for prayer or reading, are now converted into places of feasting, drinking, talking, and other delights; the very virgins dedicated to God, laying aside the respect due to their profession, whensoever they are at leisure, apply themselves to weaving fine garments, wherewith to adorn themselves like brides, to the danger of their state, or to gain the friendship of strange men; for which reason, as is meet, a heavy judgement from Heaven with raging fire is ready to fall on this place and those that dwell therein.’ ” The abbess said, “Why did you not sooner reveal to me what you knew?” He answered, “I was afraid to do it, out of respect to you, lest you should be too much afflicted; yet you may have this comfort, that the blow will not fall in your days.” This vision being made known, the inhabitants of that place were for a few days in some little fear, and leaving off their sins, began to do penance; but after the death of the abbess they returned to their former defilement, nay, they committed worse sins; and when they said “Peace and safety,” the doom of the aforesaid judgement came suddenly upon them.

That all this fell out after this manner, was told me by my most reverend fellow- priest, Aedgils, who then lived in that monastery. Afterwards, when many of the inhabitants had departed thence, on account of the destruction, he lived a long time in our monastery, and died there. We have thought fit to insert this in our History, to admonish the reader of the works of the Lord, how terrible He is in His doing toward the children of men, lest haply we should at some time or other yield to the snares of the flesh, and dreading too little the judgement of God, fall under His sudden wrath, and either in His righteous anger be brought low with temporal losses, or else be more strictly tried and snatched away to eternal perdition.

Chap. XXVI. Of the death of the Kings Egfrid and Hlothere. [684- 685 ACE]

In the year of our Lord 684, Egfrid, king of the Northumbrians, sending his general, Berct, with an army into Ireland, miserably laid waste that unoffending nation, which had always been most friendly to the English; insomuch that the invading force spared not even the churches or monasteries. But the islanders, while to the utmost of their power they repelled force with force, implored the assistance of the Divine mercy, and with constant imprecations invoked the vengeance of Heaven; and though such as curse cannot inherit the kingdom of God, yet it was believed, that those who were justly cursed on account of their impiety, soon suffered the penalty of their guilt at the avenging hand of God. For the very next year, when that same king had rashly led his army to ravage the province of the Picts, greatly against the advice of his friends, and particularly of Cuthbert, of blessed memory, who had been lately ordained bishop, the enemy made a feigned retreat, and the king was drawn into a narrow pass among remote mountains, and slain, with the greater part of the forces he had led thither, on the 20th of May, in the fortieth year of his age, and the fifteenth of his reign. His friends, as has been said, advised him not to engage in this war; but since he had the year before refused to listen to the most reverend father, Egbert, advising him not to attack the Scots, who were doing him no harm, it was laid upon him as a punishment for his sin, that he should now not listen to those who would have prevented his death.

From that time the hopes and strength of the Anglian kingdom “began to ebb and fall away;” for the Picts recovered their own lands, which had been held by the English, and so did also the Scots that were in Britain; and some of the Britons regained their liberty, which they have now enjoyed for about forty-six years. Among the many English that then either fell by the sword, or were made slaves, or escaped by flight out of the country of the Picts, the most reverend man of God, Trumwine, who had been made bishop over them, withdrew with his people that were in the monastery of Aebbercurnig, in the country of the English, but close by the arm of the sea which is the boundary between the lands of the English and the Picts. Having commended his followers, wheresoever he could, to his friends in the monasteries, he chose his own place of abode in the monastery, which we have so often mentioned, of servants and handmaids of God, at Streanaeshalch; and there for many years, with a few of his own brethren, he led a life in all monastic austerity, not only to his own benefit, but to the benefit of many others, and dying there, he was buried in the church of the blessed Peter the Apostle, with the honour due to his life and rank. The royal virgin, Elfled, with her mother, Eanfled, whom we have mentioned before, then presided over that monastery; but when the bishop came thither, that devout teacher found in him the greatest help in governing, and comfort in her private life. Aldfrid succeeded Egfrid in the throne, being

a man most learned in the Scriptures, said to be brother to Egfrid, and son to King Oswy; he nobly retrieved the ruined state of the kingdom, though within narrower bounds.

The same year, being the 685th from the Incarnation of our Lord, Hlothere, king of Kent, died on the 6th of February, when he had reigned twelve years after his brother Egbert, who had reigned nine years: he was wounded in battle with the South Saxons, whom Edric, the son of Egbert, had raised against him, and died whilst his wound was being dressed. After him, this same Edric reigned a year and a half. On his death, kings of doubtful title, or of foreign origin, for some time wasted the kingdom, till the lawful king, Wictred, the son of Egbert, being settled in the throne, by his piety and zeal delivered his nation from foreign invasion.

Chap. XXVII. How Cuthbert, a man of God, was made bishop; and how he lived and taught whilst still in the monastic life. [685 ACE]

In the same year in which King Egfrid departed this life, he, as has been said, caused the holy and venerable Cuthbert to be ordained bishop of the church of Lindisfarne. He had for many years led a solitary life, in great continence of body and mind, in a very small island, called Farne, in the ocean about nine miles distant from that same church. From his earliest childhood he had always been inflamed with the desire of a religious life; and he adopted the name and habit of a monk when he was quite a young man: he first entered the monastery of Mailros, which is on the bank of the river Tweed, and was then governed by the Abbot Eata, a man of great gentleness and simplicity, who was afterward made bishop of the church of Hagustald or Lindisfarne, as has been said above. The provost of the monastery at that time was Boisil, a priest of great virtue and of a prophetic spirit. Cuthbert, humbly submitting himself to this man's direction, from him received both a knowledge of the Scriptures, and an example of good works.

After he had departed to the Lord, Cuthbert became provost of that monastery, where he instructed many in the rule of monastic life, both by the authority of a master, and the example of his own behaviour. Nor did he bestow his teaching and his example in the monastic life on his monastery alone, but laboured far and wide to convert the people dwelling round about from the life of foolish custom, to the love of heavenly joys; for many profaned the faith which they held by their wicked actions; and some also, in the time of a pestilence, neglecting the mysteries of the faith which they had received, had recourse to the false remedies of idolatry, as if they could have put a stop to the plague sent from God, by incantations, amulets, or any other secrets of the Devil's art. In order to correct the error of both sorts, he often went forth from the monastery, sometimes on horseback, but oftener on foot, and went to the neighbouring townships, where he preached the way of truth to such as had gone astray; which Boisil also in his time had been wont to do. It was then the custom of the English people, that when a clerk or priest came to a township, they all, at his summons, flocked together to hear the Word; willingly heard what was said, and still more willingly practised those things that they could hear and understand. And such was Cuthbert's skill in speaking, so keen his desire to persuade men of what he taught, such a light shone in his angelic face, that no man present dared to conceal from him the secrets of his heart, but all openly revealed in confession what they had done, thinking doubtless that their guilt could in nowise be hidden from him; and having confessed their sins, they wiped them out by fruits worthy of repentance, as he bade them. He was wont chiefly to resort to those places and preach in those villages which were situated afar off amid steep and wild mountains, so that others dreaded to go thither, and whereof the poverty and barbarity rendered them inaccessible to other teachers. But he, devoting himself entirely to that pious labour, so industriously ministered [pg 290]to them with his wise teaching, that when he went forth from the monastery, he would often stay a whole week, sometimes two or three, or even sometimes a full month, before he returned home, continuing among the hill folk to call that simple people by his preaching and good works to the things of Heaven.

This venerable servant of the Lord, having thus spent many years in the monastery of Mailros, and there become conspicuous by great tokens of virtue, his most reverend abbot, Eata, removed him to the isle of Lindisfarne, that he might there also, by his authority as provost and by the example of his own practice, instruct the brethren in the observance of regular discipline; for the same reverend father then governed that place also as abbot. From ancient times, the bishop was wont to reside there with his clergy, and the abbot with his monks, who were likewise under the paternal care of the bishop; because Aidan, who was the first bishop of the place, being himself a monk, brought monks thither, and settled the monastic institution there; as the blessed Father Augustine is known to have done before in Kent, when the most reverend Pope Gregory wrote to him, as has been said above, to this effect: "But in that you, my brother, having been instructed in monastic rules, must not live apart from your clergy in the Church of the English, which has been lately, by the will of God, converted to the faith, you must establish the manner of conversation of our fathers in the primitive Church, among whom, none said that aught of the things which they possessed was his own; but they had all things common."

Chap. XXVIII. How the same St. Cuthbert, living the life of an Anchorite, by his prayers obtained a spring in a dry soil, and had a crop from seed sown by the labour of his hands out of season. [676 ACE]

After this, Cuthbert, as he grew in goodness and intensity of devotion, attained also to a hermit's life of contemplation in silence and solitude, as we have mentioned. But forasmuch as many years ago we wrote enough concerning his life and virtues, both in heroic verse and prose, it may suffice at present only to mention this, that when he was about to go to the island, he declared to the brothers, "If by the grace of God it shall be granted to me, that I may live in that place by the labour of my hands, I will willingly abide there; but if not, God willing, I will very soon return to you." The place was quite destitute of water, corn, and trees; and being infested by evil spirits, was very ill suited for human habitation; but it became in all respects habitable, at the desire of the man of God; for at his coming the wicked spirits departed. When, after expelling the enemy, he had, with the help of the brethren, built himself a narrow dwelling, with a mound about it, and the necessary cells in it, to wit, an oratory and a common living room, he ordered the brothers to dig a pit in the floor of the room, although the ground was hard and stony, and no hopes appeared of any spring. When they had done this relying upon the faith and prayers of the servant of God, the next day it was found to be full of water, and to this day affords abundance of its heavenly bounty to all that resort thither. He also desired that instruments for husbandry might be brought him, and some wheat; but having prepared the ground and sown the wheat at the proper season, no sign of a blade, not to speak of ears, had sprouted from it by the summer. Hereupon, when the brethren visited him according to custom, he ordered barley to be brought him, if haply it were either the nature of the soil, or the will of God, the Giver of all things, that such grain rather should grow there. He sowed it in the same field, when it was brought him, after the proper time of sowing, and therefore without any likelihood of its bearing fruit; but a plentiful crop immediately sprang up, and afforded the man of God the means which he had desired of supporting himself by his own labour.

When he had here served God in solitude many years, the mound which encompassed his dwelling being so high, that he could see nothing from it but heaven, which he thirsted to enter, it happened that a great synod was assembled in the presence of King Egfrid, near the river Alne, at a place called Adtuifyrdi, which signifies "at the two fords," in which Archbishop Theodore, of blessed memory, presided, and there Cuthbert was, with one mind and consent of all, chosen bishop of the church of Lindisfarne. They could not, however, draw him from his hermitage, though many messengers and letters were sent to him. At last the aforesaid king himself, with the most holy Bishop Trumwine, and other religious and powerful men, sailed to the island; many also of the brothers from the isle of Lindisfarne itself, assembled together for the same purpose: they all knelt, and conjured him by the Lord, with tears and entreaties, till they drew him, also in tears, from his beloved retreat, and forced him to go to the synod. When he arrived there, he was very reluctantly overcome by the unanimous resolution of all present, and compelled to take upon himself the duties of the episcopate; being chiefly prevailed upon by the words of Boisil, the servant of God, who, when he had prophetically foretold all things that were to befall him, had also predicted that he should be a bishop. Nevertheless, the consecration was not appointed immediately; but when the winter, which was then at hand, was over, it was carried out at Easter, in the city of York, and in the presence of the aforesaid King Egfrid; seven bishops coming together for his consecration, among whom, Theodore, of blessed memory, was Primate. He was first elected bishop of the church of Hagustald, in the place of Tunbert, who had been deposed from the episcopate; but because he chose rather to be placed over the church of Lindisfarne, in which he had lived, it was thought fit that Eata should return to the see of the church of Hagustald, to which he had been first ordained, and that Cuthbert should take upon him the government of the church of Lindisfarne.

Following the example of the blessed Apostles, he adorned the episcopal dignity by his virtuous deeds; for he both protected the people committed to his charge by constant prayer, and roused them, by wholesome admonitions, to thoughts of Heaven. He first showed in his own life what he taught others to do, a practice which greatly strengthens all teaching; for he was above all things inflamed with the fire of Divine charity, of sober mind and patient, most diligently intent on devout prayers, and kindly to all that came to him for comfort. He thought it stood in the stead of prayer to afford the weak brethren the help of his exhortation, knowing that he who said "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God," said likewise, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour." He was noted for penitential abstinence, and was always through the grace of compunction, intent upon heavenly things. And when he offered up to God the Sacrifice of the saving Victim, he commended his prayer to the Lord, not with uplifted voice, but with tears drawn from the bottom of his heart.

Chap. XXIX. How this bishop foretold that his own death was at hand to the anchorite Herebert. [687 ACE]

Having spent two years in his bishopric, he returned to his island and hermitage, being warned of God that the day of his death, or rather of his entrance into that life which alone can be called life, was drawing near; as he, at that time, with his wonted

candour, signified to certain persons, though in words which were somewhat obscure, but which were nevertheless afterwards plainly understood; while to others he declared the same openly.

There was a certain priest, called Herebert, a man of holy life, who had long been united with the man of God, Cuthbert, in the bonds of spiritual friendship. This man leading a solitary life in the island of that great lake from which the river Derwent flows at its beginning, was wont to visit him every year, and to receive from him the teaching of everlasting salvation. Hearing that Bishop Cuthbert was come to the city of Lugubalia, he went thither to him, according to his custom, seeking to be more and more inflamed in heavenly desires through his wholesome admonitions. Whilst they alternately entertained one another with draughts of the celestial life, the bishop, among other things, said, “Brother Herebert, remember at this time to ask me and speak to me concerning all whereof you have need to ask and speak; for, when we part, we shall never again see one another with bodily eyesight in this world. For I know of a surety that the time of my departure is at hand, and that shortly I must put off this my tabernacle.” Hearing these words, Herebert fell down at his feet, with tears and lamentations, and said, “I beseech you, by the Lord, not to forsake me; but to remember your most faithful companion, and entreat the mercy of God that, as we have served Him together upon earth, so we may depart together to behold His grace in Heaven. For you know that I have always endeavoured to live according to the words of your lips, and likewise whatsoever faults I have committed, either through ignorance or frailty, I have instantly sought to amend according to the judgement of your will.” The bishop applied himself to prayer, and having presently had intimation in the spirit that he had obtained what he asked of the Lord, he said,“Rise, brother, and do not weep, but rejoice greatly because the mercy of Heaven has granted what we desired.”

The event established the truth of this promise and prophecy, for after their parting, they never again saw one another in the flesh; but their spirits quitting their bodies on one and the same day, to wit, the 20th of March, were immediately united in fellowship in the blessed vision, and together translated to the heavenly kingdom by the ministry of angels. But Herebert was first wasted by a long-continued infirmity, through the dispensation of the Lord’s mercy, as may be believed, to the end that if he was in any wise inferior in merit to the blessed Cuthbert, that which was lacking might be supplied by the chastening pain of a long sickness, that being thus made equal in grace to his intercessor, as he departed out of the body at one and the same time with him, so he might be accounted worthy to be received into the like abode of eternal bliss.

The most reverend father died in the isle of Farne, earnestly entreating the brothers that he might also be buried there, where he had served no small time under the Lord’s banner. But at length yielding to their entreaties, he consented to be carried back to the isle of Lindisfarne, and there buried in the church. This being done, the venerable Bishop Wilfrid held the episcopal see of that church one year, till such time as a bishop should be chosen to be ordained in the room of Cuthbert. Afterwards Eadbert was ordained, a man renowned for his knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, as also for his observance of the heavenly precepts, and chiefly for almsgiving, so that, according to the law, he gave every year the tenth part, not only of four-footed beasts, but also of all corn and fruit, as also of his garments, to the poor.

Chap. XXX. How his body was found altogether uncorrupted after it had been buried eleven years; and how his successor in the bishopric departed this world not long after. [698 ACE]

In order to show forth the great glory of the life after death of the man of God, Cuthbert, whereas the loftiness of his life before his death had been revealed by the testimony of many miracles, when he had been buried eleven years, Divine Providence put it into the minds of the brethren to take up his bones. They thought to find them dry and all the rest of the body consumed and turned to dust, after the manner of the dead, and they desired to put them into a new coffin, and to lay them in the same place, but above the pavement, for the honour due to him. They made known their resolve to Bishop Eadbert, and he consented to it, and bade them to be mindful to do it on the anniversary of his burial. They did so, and opening the grave, found all the body whole, as if he were still alive, and the joints of the limbs pliable, like one asleep rather than dead; besides, all the vestments in which he was clothed were not only undefiled, but marvellous to behold, being fresh and bright as at the first. The brothers seeing this, were struck with a great dread, and hastened to tell the bishop what they had found; he being then alone in a place remote from the church, and encompassed on all sides by the shifting waves of the sea. There he always used to spend the time of Lent, and was wont to pass the forty days before the Nativity of our Lord, in great devotion with abstinence and prayer and tears. There also his venerable predecessor, Cuthbert, had for some time served as the soldier of the Lord in solitude before he went to the isle of Farne. They brought him also some part of the garments that had covered the holy body; which presents he thankfully accepted, and gladly heard of the miracles, and he kissed the garments even, with great affection, as if they had been still upon his father’s body, and said, “Let new garments be put upon the body, in place of these you have brought, and so lay it in the coffin which you have prepared; for I know of a surety that the place will not long remain empty, which has been hallowed with so great grace of heavenly miracles; and how happy is he to whom the Lord, the Author and Giver of all bliss, shall

vouchsafe to grant the privilege of resting therein." When the bishop had made an end of saying this and more in like manner, with many tears and great compunction and with faltering tongue, the brothers did as he had commanded them, and when they had wrapped the body in new garments, and laid it in a new coffin, they placed it above the pavement of the sanctuary. Soon after, Bishop Eadbert, beloved of God, fell grievously sick, and his fever daily increasing in severity, ere long, that is, on the 6th of May, he also departed to the Lord, and they laid his body in the grave of the blessed father Cuthbert, placing over it the coffin, with the uncorrupted remains of that father. The miracles of healing, sometimes wrought in that place testify to the merits of them both; of some of these we have before preserved the memory in the book of his life. But in this History we have thought fit to add some others which have lately come to our knowledge.

Chap. XXXI. Of one that was cured of a palsy at his tomb.

There was in that same monastery a brother whose name was Badudegn, who had for no small time ministered to the guests of the house, and is still living, having the testimony of all the brothers and strangers resorting thither, of being a man of much piety and religion, and serving the office put upon him only for the sake of the heavenly reward. This man, having one day washed in the sea the coverings or blankets which he used in the guest chamber, was returning home, when on the way, he was seized with a sudden infirmity, insomuch that he fell to the ground, and lay there a long time and could scarce at last rise again. When he got up, he felt one half of his body, from the head to the foot, struck with palsy, and with great trouble made his way home by the help of a staff. The disease increased by degrees, and as night approached, became still worse, so that when day returned, he could scarcely rise or walk alone. Suffering from this trouble, he conceived the wise resolve to go to the church, as best he could, and approach the tomb of the reverend father Cuthbert, and there, on his knees, humbly beseech the mercy of God that he might either be delivered from that disease, if it were well for him, or if by the grace of God it was ordained for him to be chastened longer by this affliction, that he might bear the pain which was laid upon him with patience and a quiet mind.

He did accordingly as he had determined, and supporting his weak limbs with a staff, entered the church. There prostrating himself before the body of the man of God, he prayed with pious earnestness, that, through his intercession, the Lord might be propitious to him. As he prayed, he seemed to fall into a deep sleep, and, as he was afterwards wont to relate, felt a large and broad hand touch his head, where the pain lay, and likewise pass over all that part of his body which had been benumbed by the disease, down to his feet. Gradually the pain departed and health returned. Then he awoke, and rose up in perfect health, and returning thanks to the Lord for his recovery, told the brothers what had been done for him; and to the joy of them all, returned the more zealously, as if chastened by the trial of his affliction, to the service which he was wont before to perform with care.

Moreover, the very garments which had been on Cuthbert's body, dedicated to God, either while he was alive, or after his death, were not without the virtue of healing, as may be seen in the book of his life and miracles, by such as shall read it.

Chap. XXXII. Of one who was lately cured of a disease in his eye at the relics of St. Cuthbert.

Nor is that cure to be passed over in silence, which was performed by his relics three years ago, and was told me lately by the brother himself, on whom it was wrought. It happened in the monastery, which, being built near the river Dacore, has taken its name from the same, over which, at that time, the religious Suidbert presided as abbot. In that monastery was a youth whose eyelid was disfigured by an unsightly tumour, which growing daily greater, threatened the loss of the eye. The physicians endeavoured to mitigate it by applying ointments, but in vain. Some said it ought to be cut off; others opposed this course, for fear of greater danger. The brother having long laboured under this malady, when no human means availed to save his eye, but rather, it grew daily worse, on a sudden, through the grace of the mercy of God, it came to pass that he was cured by the relics of the holy father, Cuthbert. For when the brethren found his body uncorrupted, after having been many years buried, they took some part of the hair, to give, as relics, to friends who asked for them, or to show, in testimony of the miracle.

One of the priests of the monastery, named Thruidred, who is now abbot there, had a small part of these relics by him at that time. One day he went into the church and opened the box of relics, to give some part of them to a friend who asked for it, and it happened that the youth who had the diseased eye was then in the church. The priest, having given his friend as much as he thought fit, gave the rest to the youth to put back into its place. But he having received the hairs of the holy head, prompted by some salutary impulse, applied them to the diseased eyelid, and endeavoured for some time, by the application of them, to abate and mitigate the tumour. Having done this, he again laid the relics in the box, as he had been bidden, believing that his eye would soon be cured by the hairs of the man of God, which had touched it; nor did his faith disappoint him. It was then, as he is wont to relate, about the second hour of the day; but while he was occupied with other thoughts and business of the day, on a sudden, about the sixth hour of the same, touching his eye, he found it and the eyelid as sound as if there never had been any

disfigurement or tumour on it.

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1.13: Book V

Book V

Chap. I. How Ethelwald, successor to Cuthbert, leading a hermit's life, calmed a tempest by his prayers when the brethren were in danger at sea. [687-699 ACE]

The venerable Ethelwald succeeded the man of God, Cuthbert, in the exercise of a solitary life, which he spent in the isle of Farne before he became a bishop. After he had received the priesthood, he consecrated his office by deeds worthy of that degree for many years in the monastery which is called Inhrypum. To the end that his merit and manner of life may be the more certainly made known, I will relate one miracle of his, which was told me by one of the brothers for and on whom the same was wrought; to wit, Guthfrid, the venerable servant and priest of Christ, who also, afterwards, as abbot, presided over the brethren of the same church of Lindisfarne, in which he was educated.

"I came," says he, "to the island of Farne, with two others of the brethren, desiring to speak with the most reverend father, Ethelwald. Having been refreshed with his discourse, and asked for his blessing, as we were returning home, behold on a sudden, when we were in the midst of the sea, the fair weather in which we were sailing, was broken, and there arose so great and terrible a tempest, that neither sails nor oars were of any use to us, nor had we anything to expect but death. After long struggling with the wind and waves to no effect, at last we looked back to see whether it was possible by any means at least to return to the island whence we came, but we found that we were on all sides alike cut off by the storm, and that there was no hope of escape by our own efforts. But looking further, we perceived, on the island of Farne, our father Ethelwald, beloved of God, come out of his retreat to watch our course; for, hearing the noise of the tempest and raging sea, he had come forth to see what would become of us. When he beheld us in distress and despair, he bowed his knees to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, in prayer for our life and safety; and as he finished his prayer, he calmed the swelling water, in such sort that the fierceness of the storm ceased on all sides, and fair winds attended us over a smooth sea to the very shore. When we had landed, and had pulled up our small vessel from the waves, the storm, which had ceased a short time for our sake, presently returned, and raged furiously during the whole day; so that it plainly appeared that the brief interval of calm had been granted by Heaven in answer to the prayers of the man of God, to the end that we might escape."

The man of God remained in the isle of Farne twelve years, and died there; but was buried in the church of the blessed Apostle Peter, in the isle of Lindisfarne, beside the bodies of the aforesaid bishops. These things happened in the days of King Aldfrid, who, after his brother Egfrid, ruled the nation of the Northumbrians for nineteen years.

Chap. II. How Bishop John cured a dumb man by his blessing. [687 ACE] In the beginning of Aldfrid's reign, Bishop Eata died, and was succeeded in the bishopric of the church of Hagustald by the holy man John, of whom those that knew him well are wont to tell many miracles, and more particularly Berthun, a man worthy of all reverence and of undoubted truthfulness, and once his deacon, now abbot of the monastery called Inderauuda, that is, "In the wood of the Deiri": some of which miracles we have thought fit to hand on to posterity. There is a certain remote dwelling enclosed by a mound, among scattered trees, not far from the church of Hagustald, being about a mile and a half distant and separated from it by the river Tyne, having an oratory dedicated to St. Michael the Archangel, where the man of God used frequently, as occasion offered, and specially in Lent, to abide with a few companions and in quiet give himself to prayer and study. Having come hither once at the beginning of Lent to stay, he bade his followers find out some poor man labouring under any grievous infirmity, or want, whom they might keep

with them during those days, to receive alms, for so he was always used to do.

There was in a township not far off, a certain youth who was dumb, known to the bishop, for he often used to come into his presence to receive alms. He had never been able to speak one word; besides, he had so much scurf and scab on his head, that no hair could ever grow on the top of it, but only some rough hairs stood on end round about it. The bishop caused this young man to be brought, and a little hut to be made for him within the enclosure of the dwelling, in which he might abide, and receive alms from him every day. When one week of Lent was over, the next Sunday he bade the poor [pg 304]man come to him, and when he had come, he bade him put his tongue out of his mouth and show it him; then taking him by the chin, he made the sign of the Holy Cross on his tongue, directing him to draw it back so signed into his mouth and to speak. "Pronounce some word," said he;

“say ‘gae,’ ” which, in the language of the English, is the word of affirming and consenting, that is, yes. The youth’s tongue was immediately loosed, and he spoke as he was bidden. The bishop then added the names of the letters: “Say A.” He said A. “Say B;” he said B also. When he had repeated all the letters after the bishop, the latter proceeded to put syllables and words to him, and when he had repeated them all rightly he bade him utter whole sentences, and he did it. Nor did he cease all that day and the next night, as long as he could keep awake, as those who were present relate, to say something, and to express his private thoughts and wishes to others, which he could never do before; after the manner of the man long lame, who, when he was healed by the Apostles Peter and John, leaping up, stood and walked, and entered with them into the temple, walking, and leaping, and praising the Lord, rejoicing to have the use of his feet, which he had so long lacked. The bishop, rejoicing with him at his cure, caused the physician to take in hand the healing of the sores of his head. He did as he was bidden, and with the help of the bishop’s blessing and prayers, a goodly head of hair grew as the skin was healed. Thus the youth became fair of countenance, ready of speech, with hair curling in comely fashion, whereas before he had been ill-favoured, miserable, and dumb. Thus filled with joy at his recovered health, notwithstanding that the bishop offered to keep him in his own household, he chose rather to return home.

Chap. III. How he healed a sick maiden by his prayers. [705 ACE]

The same Berthun told another miracle concerning the said bishop. When the most reverend Wilfrid, after a long banishment, was admitted to the bishopric of the church of Hagustald, and the aforesaid John, upon the death of Bosa, a man of great sanctity and humility, was, in his place, appointed bishop of York, he himself came, once upon a time, to the monastery of nuns, at the place called Wetadun, where the Abbess Heriburg then presided. “When we were come thither,” said he, “and had been received with great and universal joy, the abbess told us, that one of the nuns, who was her own daughter after the flesh, laboured under a grievous sickness, for she had been lately let blood in the arm, and whilst she was under treatment, was seized with an attack of sudden pain, which speedily increased, while the wounded arm became worse, and so much swollen, that it could scarce be compassed with both hands; and she lay in bed like to die through excess of pain. Wherefore the abbess entreated the bishop that he would vouchsafe to go in and give her his blessing; for she believed that she would soon be better if he blessed her or laid his hands upon her. He asked when the maiden had been let blood, and being told that it was on the fourth day of the moon, said, ‘You did very indiscreetly and unskilfully to let blood on the fourth day of the moon; for I remember that Archbishop Theodore, of blessed memory, said, that blood-letting at that time was very dangerous, when the light of the moon is waxing and the tide of the ocean is rising. And what can I do for the maiden if she is like to die?’

“But the abbess still earnestly entreated for her daughter, whom she dearly loved, and designed to make abbess in her stead, and at last prevailed with him to go in and visit the sick maiden. Wherefore he went in, taking me with him to the maid, who lay, as I said, in sore anguish, and her arm swelling so greatly that it could not be bent at all at the elbow; and he stood and said a prayer over her, and having given his blessing, went out. Afterwards, as we were sitting at table, at the usual hour, some one came in and called me out, saying, ‘Quoenburg’ (that was the maid’s name) ‘desires that you should immediately go back to her. ’This I did, and entering the chamber, I found her of more cheerful countenance, and like one in good health. And while I was sitting beside her, she said, ‘Shall we call for something to drink?’—‘Yes,’ said I, ‘and right glad am I, if you can.’ When the cup was brought, and we had both drunk, she said, ‘As soon as the bishop had said the prayer for me and given me his blessing and had gone out, I immediately began to mend; and though I have not yet recovered my former strength, yet all the pain is quite gone both from my arm, where it was most burning, and from all my body, as if the bishop had carried it away with him; notwithstanding the swelling of the arm still seems to remain.’ But when we departed thence, the cure of the pain in her limbs was followed by the assuaging of the grievous swelling; and the maiden being thus delivered from pains and death, returned praise to our Lord and Saviour, in company with His other servants who were there.”

Chap. IV. How he healed a thegn’s wife that was sick, with holy water.

The same abbot related another miracle, not unlike the former, of the aforesaid bishop. “Not very far from our monastery,” he said, “to wit, about two miles off, was the township of one Puch, a thegn, whose wife had lain sick of a very grievous disease for nearly forty days, insomuch that for three weeks she could not be carried out of the chamber where she lay. It happened that the man of God was, at that time, called thither by the thegn to consecrate a church; and when that was done, the thegn desired him to come into his house and dine. The bishop declined, saying that he must return to the monastery, which was very near. The thegn, entreating him more earnestly, vowed he would also give alms to the poor, if so be that the bishop would vouchsafe to enter his house that day and break his fast. I joined my entreaties to his, promising in like manner to give alms for the relief of the poor, if he would but go and dine at the thegn’s house, and give his blessing. Having at length, with much difficulty, prevailed, we went in to refresh ourselves. The bishop had sent to the woman that lay sick some of the holy water, which he had blessed for the consecration of the church, by one of the brothers who had come with me, ordering him to give her some to drink, and wash that part of her where he found that her pain was greatest, with some of the same water. This being done, the woman immediately got up whole and sound, and perceiving that she had not only been delivered from her long sickness, but at the

same time had recovered the strength which she had lost for so great a time, she presented the cup to the bishop and to us, and continued serving us with meat and drink as she had begun, till dinner was over; following the example of the blessed Peter's wife's mother, who, having been sick of a fever, arose at the touch of our Lord's hand, and having forthwith received health and strength, ministered to them."

Chap. V. How he likewise recalled by his prayers a thegn's servant from death.

At another time also, being called to consecrate the church of a thegn named Addi, when he had performed the required duty, he was entreated by the thegn to go in to one of his servants, who lay dangerously ill, insomuch that having lost all use of his limbs, he seemed to be at the point of death; and moreover the coffin had been made ready wherein to bury him after his death. The thegn urged his entreaties with tears, earnestly beseeching him that he would go in and pray for the servant, because his life was of great moment to him; and he believed that if the bishop would lay his hand upon him and give him his blessing, he would soon mend. So the bishop went in, and saw him very near death, and by his side the coffin in which he was to be laid for his burial, whilst all mourned. He said a prayer and blessed him, and going out, spake the wonted words of comfort, "Good health be yours and that speedily." Afterwards, when they were sitting at table, the servant sent to his lord, desiring that he would let him have a cup of wine, because he was thirsty. The thegn, rejoicing greatly that he could drink, sent him a cup of wine, blessed by the bishop; and, as soon as he had drunk it, he immediately got up, and, shaking off the heaviness of his infirmity, dressed himself and went forth, and going in to the bishop, saluted him and the other guests, saying that he also would gladly eat and drink with them. They bade him sit down with them at table, greatly rejoicing at his recovery. He sat down, ate and drank and made merry, and behaved himself like the rest of the company; and living many years after, continued in the same health which he had gained. The aforesaid abbot says this miracle was not wrought in his presence, but that he had it from those who were present.

Chap. VI. How, both by his prayers and blessing, he recalled from death one of his clerks, who had bruised himself by a fall.

Nor do I think that this miracle, which Herebald, the servant of Christ, says was wrought upon himself by the bishop, is to be passed over in silence. He was then one of that bishop's clergy, but now presides as abbot in the monastery at the mouth of the river Tyne. "Living with him," said he, "and being very well acquainted with his course of life, I found it to be in all points worthy of a bishop, as far as it is lawful for men to judge; but I have known by the experience of others, and more particularly by my own, how great his merit was before Him Who seeth the heart; having been by his prayer and blessing recalled from the threshold of death and brought back to the way of life. For, when in the prime of my youth, I lived among his clergy, applying myself to reading and singing, but not having yet altogether withdrawn my heart from youthful pleasures, it happened one day that, as we were travelling with him, we came into a plain and open road, well fitted for galloping. The young men that were with him, and especially the laymen, began to entreat the bishop to give them leave to gallop, and make trial of their horses one with another. He at first refused, saying that it was an idle request; but at last, overcome by the unanimous desire of so many, 'Do so,' said he, 'if you will, but let Herebald have no part in the trial.' Then I earnestly prayed that I might have leave to compete with the rest, for I relied on an excellent horse, which he had himself given me, but I could in no wise obtain my request.

"When they had several times galloped backwards and forwards, the bishop and I looking on, my wanton humour prevailed, and I could no longer refrain, but though he forbade me, I struck in among them at their sport, and began to ride with them at full speed; whereat I heard him call after me with a groan, 'Alas! how much you grieve me by riding after that manner.'Though I heard him, I went on against his command; but immediately the fiery horse taking a great leap over a hollow place in the way, I fell, and at once lost all sense and motion, like one dying; for there was in that place a stone, level with the ground, covered with only a thin coating of turf, and no other stone was to be found in all that expanse of plain; and it happened by chance, or rather by Divine Providence so ordering it, to punish my disobedience, that my head and my hand, which in falling I had put under my head, struck upon that stone, so that my thumb was broken and my skull fractured, and I became, as I said, like one dead.

"And because I could not move, they stretched a tent there for me to lie in. It was about the seventh hour of the day, and having lain still and as it were dead from that time till the evening, I then revived a little, and was carried home by my companions, and lay speechless all the night, vomiting blood, because something was broken within me by the fall. The bishop was very much grieved at my fall and my misfortune, for he bore me extraordinary affection. Nor would he stay that night, as he was wont, among his clergy; but spent it alone in watching and prayer, imploring the Divine goodness, as I suppose, for my preservation. Coming to me early in the morning, and having said a prayer over me, he called me by my name, and when I awoke as it were out of a heavy sleep, he asked whether I knew who it was that spoke to me? I opened my eyes and said, 'Yes; you are my beloved bishop.'—'Can you live?' said he. I answered, 'I can, through your prayers, if the Lord will.'

“He then laid his hand on my head, with the words of blessing, and returned to prayer; when he came again to see me, in a short time, he found me sitting and able to talk; and, being moved by Divine inspiration, as it soon appeared, began to ask me, whether I knew for certain that I had been baptized? I answered that I knew beyond all doubt that I had been washed in the font of salvation, for the remission of sins, and I named the priest by whom I knew that I had been baptized. He replied, ‘If you were baptized by that priest, your baptism is not perfect; for I know him, and that when he was ordained priest, he could in no wise, by reason of the dulness of his understanding, learn the ministry of catechizing and baptizing; for which reason I enjoined upon him altogether to desist from presuming to exercise that ministry, which he could not duly perform.’ This said, he set himself to catechize me that same hour; and it came to pass that when he breathed on my face, straightway I felt better. He called the surgeon and ordered him to set and bind up my skull where it was fractured; and presently having received his blessing, I was so much better that I mounted on horseback the next day, and travelled with him to another place; and being soon after perfectly recovered, I was washed in the water of life.”

He continued in his bishopric thirty-three years, and then ascending to the heavenly kingdom, was buried in St. Peter’s Chapel, in his own monastery, which is called, “In the wood of the Deiri,” in the year of our Lord 721. For having, by his great age, become unable to govern his bishopric, he ordained Wilfrid, his priest, bishop of the church of York, and retired to the aforesaid monastery, and there ended his days in godly conversation.

Chap. VII. How Caedwalla, king of the West Saxons, went to Rome to be baptized; and his successor Ini, also devoutly journeyed to the same threshold of the holy Apostles. [688 ACE]

In the third year of the reign of Aldfrid, Caedwalla, king of the West Saxons, having most vigorously governed his nation for two years, quitted his crown for the sake of the Lord and an everlasting kingdom, and went to Rome, being desirous to obtain the peculiar honour of being cleansed in the baptismal font at the threshold of the blessed Apostles, for he had learned that in Baptism alone the entrance into the heavenly life is opened to mankind; and he hoped at the same time, that being made clean by Baptism, he should soon be freed from the bonds of the flesh and pass to the eternal joys of Heaven; both which things, by the help of the Lord, came to pass according as he had conceived in his mind. For coming to Rome, at the time that Sergius was pope, he was baptized on the Holy Saturday before Easter Day, in the year of our Lord 689, and being still in his white garments, he fell sick, and was set free from the bonds of the flesh on the 20th of April, and obtained an entrance into the kingdom of the blessed in Heaven. At his baptism, the aforesaid pope had given him the name of Peter, to the end, that he might be also united in name to the most blessed chief of the Apostles, to whose most holy body his pious love had led him from the utmost bounds of the earth. He was likewise buried in his church, and by the pope’s command an epitaph was written on his tomb, wherein the memory of his devotion might be preserved for ever, and the readers or hearers thereof might be stirred up to give themselves to religion by the example of what he had done.

The epitaph was this:—

“High estate, wealth, offspring, a mighty kingdom, triumphs, spoils, chieftains, strongholds, the camp, a home; whatsoever the valour of his sires, whatsoever himself had won, Caedwal, mighty in war, left for the love of God, that, a pilgrim king, he might behold Peter and Peter’s seat, receive at his font pure waters of life, and in bright draughts drink of the shining radiance whence a quickening glory streams through all the world. And even as he gained with eager soul the prize of the new life, he laid aside barbaric rage, and, changed in heart, he changed his name with joy. Sergius the Pope bade him be called Peter, himself his father, when he rose born anew from the font, and the grace of Christ, cleansing him, bore him forthwith clothed in white raiment to the heights of Heaven. O wondrous faith of the king, but greatest of all the mercy of Christ, into whose counsels none may enter! For he came in safety from the ends of the earth, even from Britain, through many a nation, over many a sea, by many a path, and saw the city of Romulus and looked upon Peter’s sanctuary revered, bearing mystic gifts. He shall walk in white among the sheep of Christ in fellowship with them; for his body is in the tomb, but his soul on high. Thou mightest deem he did but change an earthly for a heavenly sceptre, whom thou seest attain to the kingdom of Christ.”

“Here was buried Caedwalla, called also Peter, king of the Saxons, on the twentieth day of April, in the second indiction, aged about thirty years, in the reign of our most pious lord, the Emperor Justinian, in the fourth year of his consulship, in the second year of the pontificate of our Apostolic lord, Pope Sergius.”

When Caedwalla went to Rome, Ini succeeded to the kingdom, being of the blood royal; and having reigned thirty-seven years over that nation, he in like manner left his kingdom and committed it to younger men, and went away to the threshold of the blessed Apostles, at the time when Gregory was pope, being desirous to spend some part of his pilgrimage upon earth in the neighbourhood of the holy places, that he might obtain to be more readily received into the fellowship of the saints in heaven.

This same thing, about that time, was wont to be done most zealously by many of the English nation, nobles and commons, laity and clergy, men and women.

Chap. VIII. How, when Archbishop Theodore died, Bertwald succeeded him as archbishop, and, among many others whom he ordained, he made the learned Tobias bishop of the church of Rochester. [690 ACE]

The year after that in which Caedwalla died at Rome, that is, 690 after the Incarnation of our Lord, Archbishop Theodore, of blessed memory, departed this life, being old and full of days, for he was eighty-eight years of age; which number of years he had been wont long before to foretell to his friends that he should live, the same having been revealed to him in a dream. He held the bishopric twenty-two years, and was buried in St. Peter's church, where all the bodies of the bishops of Canterbury are buried. Of whom, as well as of his fellows of the same degree, it may rightly and truly be said, that their bodies are buried in peace, and their names shall live to all generations. For to say all in few words, the English Churches gained more spiritual increase while he was archbishop, than ever before. His character, life, age, and death, are plainly and manifestly described to all that resort thither, by the epitaph on his tomb, in thirty-four heroic verses. The first whereof are these:

"Here in the tomb rests the body of the holy prelate, called now in the Greek tongue Theodore. Chief pontiff, blest high priest, pure doctrine he set forth to his disciples."

The last are as follow:

"For September had reached its nineteenth day, when his spirit went forth from the prison-bars of the flesh. Mounting in bliss to the gracious fellowship of the new life, he was united to the angelic citizens in the heights of Heaven."

Bertwald succeeded Theodorein the archbishopric, being abbot of the monastery called Racuulfe, which stands at the northern mouth of the river Genlade. He was a man learned in the Scriptures, and perfectly instructed in ecclesiastical and monastic teaching, yet in no wise to be compared to his predecessor. He was chosen bishop in the year of our Lord 692, on the first day of July, when Wictred and Suaebhard were kings [pg 316]in Kent; but he was ordained the next year, on Sunday the 29th of June, by Godwin, metropolitan bishop of Gaul, and was enthroned on Sunday the 31st of August. Among the many bishops whom he ordained was Tobias, a man instructed in the Latin, Greek, and Saxon tongues, and otherwise of manifold learning, whom he consecrated in the stead of Gedmund, bishop of the Church of Rochester, who had died.

Chap. IX. How the holy man, Egbert, would have gone into Germany to preach, but could not; and how Wictbert went, but because he availed nothing, returned into Ireland, whence he came. [Circ. 688 ACE]

At that time the venerable servant of Christ, and priest, Egbert, who is to be named with all honour, and who, as was said before, lived as a stranger and pilgrim in Ireland to obtain hereafter a country in heaven, purposed in his mind to profit many, taking upon him the work of an apostle, and, by preaching the Gospel, to bring the Word of God to some of those nations that had not yet heard it; many of which tribes he knew to be in Germany, from whom the Angles or Saxons, who now inhabit Britain, are known to have derived their race and origin; for which reason they are still corruptly called "Garmans" by the neighbouring nation of the Britons. Such are the Frisians, the Rugini, the Danes, the Huns, the Old Saxons, and the Boructuari. There are also in the same parts many other peoples still enslaved to pagan rites, to whom the aforesaid soldier of Christ determined to go, sailing round Britain, if haply he could deliver any of them from Satan, and bring them to Christ; or if this might not be, he was minded to go to Rome, to see and adore the thresholds of the holy Apostles and martyrs of Christ.

But a revelation from Heaven and the working of God prevented him from achieving either of these enterprises; for when he had made choice of most courageous companions, fit to preach the Word, inasmuch as they were renowned for their good deeds and their learning, and when all things necessary were provided for the voyage, there came to him on a certain day early in the morning one of the brethren, who had been a disciple of the priest, Boisil, beloved of God, and had ministered to him in Britain, when the said Boisil was provost of the [pg 318]monastery of Mailros, under the Abbot Eata, as has been said above. This brother told him a vision which he had seen that night. "When after matins," said he, "I had laid me down in my bed, and was fallen into a light slumber, Boisil, that was sometime my master and brought me up in all love, appeared to me, and asked, whether I knew him? I said, 'Yes, you are Boisil.' He answered, 'I am come to bring Egbert a message from our Lord and Saviour, which must nevertheless be delivered to him by you. Tell him, therefore, that he cannot perform the journey he has undertaken; for it is the

will of God that he should rather go to teach the monasteries of Columba.' " Now Columba was the first teacher of the Christian faith to the Picts beyond the mountains northward, and the first founder of the monastery in the island of Hii, which was for a long time much honoured by many tribes of the Scots and Picts. The said Columba is now by some called Columcille, the name being compounded from "Columba"and "Cella." Egbert, having heard the words of the vision, charged the brother that had told it him, not to tell it to any other, lest haply it should be a lying vision. But when he considered the matter secretly with himself, he apprehended that it was true, yet would not desist from preparing for his voyage which he purposed to make to teach those nations.

A few days after the aforesaid brother came again to him, saying that Boisil had that night again appeared to him in a vision after matins, and said, "Why did you tell Egbert so negligently and after so lukewarm a manner that which I enjoined upon you to say? Yet, go now and tell him, that whether he will or no, he must go [pg 319]to Columba's monasteries, because their ploughs are not driven straight; and he must bring them back into the right way."Hearing this, Egbert again charged the brother not to reveal the same to any man. Though now assured of the vision, he nevertheless attempted to set forth upon his intended voyage with the brethren. When they had put aboard all that was requisite for so long a voyage, and had waited some days for fair winds, there arose one night so violent a storm, that part of what was on board was lost, and the ship itself was left lying on its side in the sea. Nevertheless, all that belonged to Egbert and his companions was saved. Then he, saying, in the words of the prophet, "For my sake this great tempest is upon you," withdrew himself from that undertaking and was content to remain at home. But one of his companions, called Wictbert, notable for his contempt of the world and for his learning and knowledge, for he had lived many years as a stranger and pilgrim in Ireland, leading a hermit's life in great perfection, took ship, and arriving in Frisland, preached the Word of salvation for the space of two whole years to that nation and to its king, Rathbed; but reaped no fruit of all his great labour among his barbarous hearers. Returning then to the chosen place of his pilgrimage, he gave himself up to the Lord in his wonted life of silence, and since he could not be profitable to strangers by teaching them the faith, he took care to be the more profitable to his own people by the example of his virtue.

Chap. X. How Wilbrord, preaching in Frisland, converted many to Christ; and how his two companions, the Hewalds, suffered martyrdom. [690 ACE]

When the man of God, Egbert, perceived that neither he himself was permitted to go and preach to the nations, being withheld for the sake of some other advantage to the holy Church, whereof he had been forewarned by a revelation; nor that Wictbert, when he went into those parts, had availed to do anything; he nevertheless still attempted to send holy and industrious men to the work of the Word, among whom the most notable was Wilbrord, a man eminent for his merit and rank as priest. They arrived there, twelve in number, and turning aside to Pippin, duke of the Franks, were gladly received by him; and as he had lately subdued the nearer part of Frisland, and expelled King Rathbed, he sent them thither to preach, supporting them at the same time with his sovereign authority, that none might molest them in their preaching, and bestowing many favours on those who consented to receive the faith. Thus it came to pass, that with the help of the Divine grace, in a short time they converted many from idolatry to the faith of Christ.

Following their example, two other priests of the English nation, who had long lived as strangers in Ireland, for the sake of the eternal country, went into the province of the Old Saxons, if haply they could there win any to Christ by their preaching. They were alike in name as in devotion, Hewald being the name of both, with this distinction, that, on account of the different colour of their hair, the one was called Black Hewald and the other White Hewald. They were both full of religious piety, but Black Hewald was the more learned of the two in Scripture. When they came into the province, these men took up their lodging in the guesthouse of a certain township-reeve, and asked of him that he would conduct them to the ealdorman who was over him, for that they had a message concerning matters of importance to communicate to him. For those Old Saxons have no king, but many ealdormen set over their nation; and when any war is on the point of breaking out, they cast lots indifferently, and on whomsoever the lot falls, him they all follow and obey during the time of war; but as soon as the war is ended, all those ealdormen are again equal in power. So the reeve received and entertained them in his house some days, promising to send them to the ealdorman who was over him, as they desired.

But when the barbarians perceived that they were of another religion,—for they continually gave themselves to singing of psalms and prayer, and daily offered up to God the Sacrifice of the saving Victim, having with them sacred vessels and a consecrated table for an altar,—they began to grow suspicious of them, lest if they should come into the presence of their ealdorman, and converse with him, they should turn his heart from their gods, and convert him to the new religion of the Christian [pg 322]faith; and thus by degrees all their province should be forced to change its old worship for a new. Wherefore on a sudden they laid hold of them and put them to death; and White Hewald they slew outright with the sword; but they put Black Hewald to lingering torture

and tore him limb from limb in horrible fashion, and they threw their bodies into the Rhine. The ealdorman, whom they had desired to see, hearing of it, was very angry that strangers who desired to come to him had not been suffered to come; and therefore he sent and put to death all those villagers and burned their village. The aforesaid priests and servants of Christ suffered on the 3rd of October.

Miracles from Heaven were not lacking at their martyrdom. For their dead bodies, having been cast into the river by the pagans, as has been said, were carried against the stream for the space of almost forty miles, to the place where their companions were. Moreover, a long ray of light, reaching up to heaven, shone every night above them wheresoever they chanced to be, and that too in the sight of the very pagans that had slain them. Moreover, one of them appeared in a vision by night to one of his companions, whose name was Tilmon, a man of renown and of noble birth in this world, who having been a thegn had become a monk, telling him that he might find their bodies in that place, where he should see rays of light reaching from heaven to the earth. And so it befell; and their bodies being found, were buried with the honour due to martyrs; and the day of their passion or of the finding of their bodies, is celebrated in those parts with fitting veneration. Finally, Pippin, the most glorious duke of the Franks, learning these things, caused the bodies to be brought to him, and buried them with much honour in the church of the city of Cologne, on the Rhine. And it is said that a spring burst forth in the place where they were killed, which to this day affords a plentiful stream in that same place.

Chap. XI. How the venerable Suidbert in Britain, and Wilbrord at Rome, were ordained bishops for Frisland. [692 ACE]

At their first coming into Frisland, as soon as Wilbrord found that he had leave given him by the prince to preach there, he made haste to go to Rome, where Pope Sergius then presided over the Apostolic see, that he might undertake the desired work of preaching the Gospel to the nations, with his licence and blessing; and hoping to receive of him some relics of the blessed Apostles and martyrs of Christ; to the end, that when he destroyed the idols, and erected churches in the nation to which he preached, he might have the relics of saints at hand to put into them, and having deposited them there, might accordingly dedicate each of those places to the honour of the saint whose relics they were. He desired also there to learn or to receive many other things needful for so great a work. Having obtained his desire in all these matters, he returned to preach.

At which time, the brothers who were in Frisland, attending on the ministry of the Word, chose out of their own number a man of sober life, and meek of heart, called Suidbert, to be ordained bishop for them. He, being sent into Britain, was consecrated, at their request, by the most reverend Bishop Wilfrid, who, having been driven out of his country, chanced then to be living in banishment among the Mercians; for Kent had no bishop at that time, Theodore being dead, and Bertwald, his successor, who had gone beyond the sea to be ordained, having not yet returned to his episcopal see.

The said Suidbert, being made bishop, returned from Britain, and not long after departed to the Boructuari; and by his preaching brought many of them into the way of truth; but the Boructuari being not long after subdued by the Old Saxons, those who had received the Word were dispersed abroad; and the bishop himself with certain others went to Pippin, who, at the request of his wife, Blithryda, gave him a place of abode in a certain island on the Rhine, called in their tongue, Inlitore; there he built a monastery, which his successors still possess, and for a time dwelt in it, leading a most continent life, and there ended his days.

When they who had gone thither had spent some years teaching in Frisland, Pippin, with the consent of them all, sent the venerable Wilbrord to Rome, where Sergius was still pope, desiring that he might be consecrated archbishop over the nation of the Frisians; which was accordingly done, as he had made request, in the year of our Lord 696. He was consecrated in the church of the Holy Martyr Cecilia, on her festival; and the said pope gave him the name of Clement, and forthwith sent him back to his bishopric, to wit, fourteen days after his arrival in the city.

Pippin gave him a place for his episcopal see, in his famous fort, which in the ancient language of those people is called Wiltaburg, that is, the town of the Wilts; but, in the Gallic tongue, Trajectum. The most reverend prelate having built a church there, and preaching the Word of faith far and near, drew many from their errors, and built many churches and not a few monasteries. For not long after he himself constituted other bishops in those parts from the number of the brethren that either came with him or after him to preach there; of whom some are now fallen asleep in the Lord; but Wilbrord himself, surnamed Clement, is still living, venerable for his great age, having been thirty-six years a bishop, and now, after manifold conflicts of the heavenly warfare, he longs with all his heart for the recompense of the reward in Heaven.

Chap. XII. How one in the province of the Northumbrians, rose from the dead, and related many things which he had seen, some to be greatly dreaded and some to be desired. [Circ. 696 ACE]

At this time a memorable miracle, and like to those of former days, was wrought in Britain; for, to the end that the living might be roused from the death of the soul, a certain man, who had been some time dead, rose again to the life of the body, and related many memorable things that he had seen; some of which I have thought fit here briefly to describe. There was a certain householder in that district of the Northumbrians which is called Incuneningum, who led a godly life, with all his house. This man fell sick, and his sickness daily increasing, he was brought

to extremity, and died in the beginning of the night; but at dawn he came to life again, and suddenly sat up, whereat all those that sat about the body weeping fled away in great terror, only his wife, who loved him better, though trembling and greatly afraid, remained with him. And he comforting her, said, “Fear not, for I am now in very deed risen from death whereof I was holden, and permitted again to live among men; nevertheless, hereafter I must not live as I was wont, but after a very different manner.” Then rising immediately, he went to the oratory of the little town, and continuing in prayer till day, forthwith divided all his substance into three parts; one whereof he gave to his wife, another to his children, and the third, which he kept himself, he straightway distributed among the poor. Not long after, being set free from the cares of this world, he came to the monastery of Mailros, which is almost enclosed by the winding of the river Tweed, and having received the tonsure, went apart into a place of abode which the abbot had provided, and there he continued till the day of his death, in so great contrition of mind and mortifying of the body, that even if his tongue had been silent, his life would have declared that he had seen many things either to be dreaded or coveted, which were hidden from other men.

Thus he related what he had seen. “He that led me had a countenance full of light, and shining raiment, and we went in silence, as it seemed to me, towards the rising of the summer sun. And as we walked we came to a broad and deep valley of infinite length; it lay on our left, and one side of it was exceeding terrible with raging flames, the other no less intolerable for violent hail and cold snows drifting and sweeping through all the place. Both sides were full of the souls of men which seemed to be tossed from one side to the other as it were by a violent storm; for when they could no longer endure the fervent heat, the hapless souls leaped into the midst of the deadly cold; and finding no rest there, they leaped back again to be burnt in the midst of the unquenchable flames. Now whereas an innumerable multitude of misshapen spirits were thus tormented far and near with this interchange of misery, as far as I could see, without any interval of rest, I began to think that peradventure this might be Hell, of whose intolerable torments I had often heard men talk. My guide, who went before me, answered to my thought, saying, ‘Think not so, for this is not the Hell you believe it to be.’

“When he had led me farther by degrees, sore dismayed by that dread sight, on a sudden I saw the place before us begin to grow dark and filled with shadows. When we entered into them, the shadows by degrees grew so thick, that I could see nothing else, save only the darkness and the shape and garment of him that led me. As we went on ‘through the shades in the lone night,’ lo! on a sudden there appeared before us masses of foul flame constantly rising as it were out of a great pit, and falling back again into the same. When I had been led thither, my guide suddenly vanished, and left me alone in the midst of darkness and these fearful sights. As those same masses of fire, without intermission, at one time flew up and at another fell back into the bottom of the abyss, I perceived that the summits of all the flames, as they ascended were full of the spirits of men, which, like sparks flying upwards with the smoke, were sometimes thrown on high, and again, when the vapours of the fire fell, dropped down into the depths below. Moreover, a stench, foul beyond compare, burst forth with the vapours, and filled all those dark places.

“Having stood there a long time in much dread, not knowing what to do, which way to turn, or what end awaited me, on a sudden I heard behind me the sound of a mighty and miserable lamentation, and at the same time noisy laughter, as of a rude multitude insulting captured enemies. When that noise, growing plainer, came up to me, I beheld a crowd of evil spirits dragging five souls of men, wailing and shrieking, into the midst of the darkness, whilst they themselves exulted and laughed. Among those human souls, as I could discern, there was one shorn like a clerk, one a layman, and one a woman. The evil spirits that dragged them went down into the midst of the burning pit; and it came to pass that as they went down deeper, I could no longer distinguish between the lamentation of the men and the laughing of the devils, yet I still had a confused sound in my ears. In the meantime, some of the dark spirits ascended from that flaming abyss, and running forward, beset me on all sides, and with their flaming eyes and the noisome fire which they breathed forth from their mouths and nostrils, tried to choke me; and threatened to lay hold on me with fiery tongs, which they had in their hands, yet they durst in no wise touch me, though they assayed to terrify me. Being thus on all sides encompassed with enemies and shades of darkness, and casting my eyes hither and thither if haply anywhere help might be found whereby I might be saved, there appeared behind me, on the way by which I had come, as it were, the brightness of a star shining amidst the darkness; which waxing greater by degrees, came rapidly towards me: and when it drew near, all those evil spirits, that sought to carry me away with their tongs, dispersed and fled.

“Now he, whose approach put them to flight, was the same that led me before; who, then turning towards the right, began to lead me, as it were, towards the rising of the winter sun, and having soon brought me out of the darkness, led me forth into an atmosphere of clear light. While he thus led me in open light, I saw a vast wall before us, the length on either side, and the height whereof, seemed to be altogether boundless. I began to wonder why we went up to the wall, seeing no door in it, nor window, nor any way of ascent. But when we came to the wall, we were presently, I know not by what means, on the top of it, and lo! there was a wide and pleasant plain full of such fragrance of blooming flowers that the marvellous sweetness of the scents immediately dispelled the foul stench of the dark furnace which had filled my nostrils. So great was the light shed over all this place that it seemed to exceed the brightness of the day, or the rays of the noontide sun. In this field were innumerable companies of men clothed in white, and many seats of rejoicing multitudes. As he led me through the midst of bands of happy inhabitants, I began to think that this perchance might be the kingdom of Heaven, of which I had often heard tell. He answered to my thought, saying, ‘Nay, this is not the kingdom of Heaven, as you think.’

“When we had also passed those mansions of blessed spirits, and gone farther on, I saw before me a much more beautiful light than before, and therein heard sweet sounds of singing, and so wonderful a fragrance was shed abroad from the place, that the other which I had perceived before and thought so great, then seemed to me but a small thing; even as that wondrous brightness of the flowery field, compared with this which I now beheld, appeared mean and feeble. When I began to hope that we should enter that delightful place, my guide, on a sudden stood still; and straightway turning, led me back by the way we came.

“In our return, when we came to those joyous mansions of the white-robed spirits, he said to me, ‘Do you know what all these things are which you have seen?’ I answered, ‘No,’ and then he said, ‘That valley which you beheld terrible with flaming fire and freezing cold, is the place in which the souls of those are tried and punished, who, delaying to confess and amend their crimes, at length have recourse to repentance at the point of death, and so go forth from the body; but nevertheless because they, even at their death, confessed and repented, they shall all be received into the kingdom of Heaven at the day of judgement; but many are succoured before the day of judgement, by the prayers of the living and their alms and fasting, and more especially by the celebration of Masses. Moreover that foul flaming pit which you saw, is the mouth of Hell, into which whosoever falls shall never be delivered to all eternity. This flowery place, in which you see this fair and youthful company, all bright and joyous, is that into which the souls of those are received who, indeed, when they leave the body have done good works, but who are not so perfect as to deserve to be immediately admitted into the kingdom of Heaven; yet they shall all, at the day of judgement, behold Christ, and enter into the joys of His kingdom; for such as are perfect in every word and deed and thought, as soon as they quit the body, forthwith enter into the kingdom of Heaven; in the neighbourhood whereof that place is, where you heard the sound of sweet singing amidst the savour of a sweet fragrance and brightness of light. As for you, who must now return to the body, and again live among men, if you will seek diligently to examine your actions, and preserve your manner of living and your words in righteousness and simplicity, you shall, after death, have a place of abode among these joyful troops of blessed souls which you behold. For when I left you for awhile, it was for this purpose, that I might learn what should become of you.’ When he had said this to me, I much abhorred returning to the body, being delighted with the sweetness and beauty of the place which I beheld, and with the company of those I saw in it. Nevertheless, I durst not ask my guide anything; but thereupon, on a sudden, I found myself, I know not how, alive among men.”

Now these and other things which this man of God had seen, he would not relate to slothful men, and such as lived negligently; but only to those who, being terrified with the dread of torments, or ravished with the hope of everlasting joys, would draw from his words the means to advance in piety. In the neighbourhood of his cell lived one Haemgils, a monk, and eminent in the priesthood, whose good works were worthy of his office: he is still living, and leading a solitary life in Ireland, supporting his declining age with coarse bread and cold water. He often went to that man, and by repeated questioning, heard of him what manner of things he had seen when out of the body; by whose account those few particulars which we have briefly set down came also to our knowledge. And he related his visions to King Aldfrid, a man most learned in all respects, and was by him so willingly and attentively heard, that at his request he was admitted into the monastery above- mentioned, and received the crown of the monastic tonsure; and the said king, whensoever he came into those parts, very often went to hear him. At that time the abbot and priest Ethelwald, a man of godly and sober life, presided over that monastery. He now occupies the episcopal see of the church of Lindisfarne, leading a life worthy of his degree.

He had a place of abode assigned him apart in that monastery, where he might give himself more freely to the service of his Creator in continual prayer. And inasmuch as that place was on the banks of the river, he was wont often to go into the same for the great desire he had to do penance in his body, and oftentimes to plunge in it, and to continue saying psalms or prayers in the same as long as he could endure it, standing still, while the waves flowed over him, sometimes up to the middle, and sometimes even to the neck in water; and when he went ashore, he never took off his cold, wet garments till they grew warm and dry on his body. And when in the winter the cracking pieces of ice were floating about him, which he had himself sometimes broken, to make room to stand or plunge in the river, and those who beheld it would say, “We marvel, brother Drythelm (for so he was called), that you are able to endure such severe cold;” he answered simply, for he was a simple and sober-spirited man, “I have seen greater cold.” And when they said, “We marvel that you choose to observe so hard a rule of continence,” he replied, “I have seen harder

things." And so, until the day of his calling hence, in his unwearied desire of heavenly bliss, he subdued his aged body with daily fasting, and forwarded the salvation of many by his words and life.

Chap. XIII. How another contrarywise before his death saw a book containing his sins, which was shown him by devils. [704-709 ACE]

But contrarywise there was a man in the province of the Mercians, whose visions and words, but not his manner of life, were of profit to others, though not to himself. In the reign of Coenred, who succeeded Ethelred, there was a layman who was a king's thegn, no less acceptable to the king for his outward industry, than displeasing to him for his neglect of his own soul. The king diligently admonished him to confess and amend, and to forsake his evil ways, lest he should lose all time for repentance and amendment by a sudden death. But though frequently warned, he despised the words of salvation, and promised that he would do penance at some future time. In the meantime, falling sick he betook himself to his bed, and was tormented with grievous pains. The king coming to him (for he loved the man much) exhorted him, even then, before death, to repent of his offences. But he answered that he would not then confess his sins, but would do it when he was

recovered of his sickness, lest his companions should upbraid him with having done that for fear of death, which he had refused to do in health. He thought he spoke very bravely, but it afterwards appeared that he had been miserably deceived by the wiles of the Devil. The disease increasing, when the king came again to visit and instruct him, he cried out straightway with a lamentable voice, "What will you now? What are you come for? for you can no longer do aught for my profit or salvation." The king answered, "Say not so; take heed and be of sound mind." "I am not mad," replied he, "but I now know the worst and have it for certain before my eyes." "What is that?" said the king. "Not long since," said he, "there came into this room two fair youths, and sat down by me, the one at my head, and the other at my feet. One of them drew forth a book most beautiful, but very small, and gave it me to read; looking into it, I there found all the good actions I had ever done in my life written down, and they were very few and inconsiderable. They took back the book and said nothing to me. Then, on a sudden, appeared an army of evil spirits of hideous countenance, and they beset this house without, and sitting down filled the greater part of it within. Then he, who by the blackness of his gloomy face, and his sitting above the rest, seemed to be the chief of them, taking out a book terrible to behold, of a monstrous size, and of almost insupportable weight, commanded one of his followers to bring it to me to read. Having read it, I found therein most plainly written in hideous characters, all the crimes I ever committed, not only in word and deed, but even in the least thought; and he said to those glorious men in white raiment who sat by me, 'Why sit ye here, since ye know of a surety that this man is ours?' They answered, 'Ye speak truly; take him and lead him away to fill up the measure of your damnation.' This said, they forthwith vanished, and two wicked spirits arose, having in their hands ploughshares, and one of them struck me on the head, and the other on the foot. And these ploughshares are now with great torment creeping into the inward parts of my body, and as soon as they meet I shall die, and the devils being ready to snatch me away, I shall be dragged into the dungeons of hell."

Thus spoke that wretch in his despair, and soon after died, and now in vain suffers in eternal torments that penance which he failed to suffer for a short time with the fruits of forgiveness. Of whom it is manifest, that (as the blessed Pope Gregory writes of certain persons) he did not see these things for his own sake, since they did not avail him, but for the sake of others, who, knowing of his end, should be afraid to put off the time of repentance, whilst they have leisure, lest, being prevented by sudden death, they should perish impenitent. And whereas he saw diverse books laid before him by the good and evil spirits, this was done by Divine dispensation, that we may keep in mind that our deeds and thoughts are not scattered to the winds, but are all kept to be examined by the Supreme Judge, and will in the end be shown us either by friendly angels or by the enemy. And whereas the angels first drew forth a white book, and then the devils a black one; the former a very small one, the latter one very great; it is to be observed, that in his first years he did some good actions, all which he nevertheless obscured by the evil actions of his youth. If, contrarywise, he had taken care in his youth to correct the errors of his boyhood, and by well-doing to put them away from the sight of God, he might have been admitted to the fellowship of those of whom the Psalm says, "Blessed are those whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered." This story, as I learned it of the venerable Bishop Pechthelm, I have thought good to set forth plainly, for the salvation of such as shall read or hear it.

Chap. XIV. How another in like manner, being at the point of death, saw the place of punishment appointed for him in Hell.

I myself knew a brother, would to God I had not known him, whose name I could mention if it were of any avail, dwelling in a famous monastery, but himself living infamously. He was oftentimes rebuked by the brethren and elders of the place, and admonished to be converted to a more chastened life; and though he would not give ear to them, they bore with him long and patiently, on account of their need of his outward service, for he was a cunning artificer. But he was much given to drunkenness, and other pleasures of a careless life, and more used to stop in his workshop day and night, than to go to church to sing and pray

and hear the Word of life with the brethren. For which reason it befell him according to the saying, that he who will not willingly humble himself and enter the gate of the church must needs be led against his will into the gate of Hell, being damned. For he falling sick, and being brought to extremity, called the brethren, and with much lamentation, like one damned, began to tell them, that he saw Hell opened, and Satan sunk in the depths thereof; and Caiaphas, with the others that slew our Lord, hard by him, delivered up to avenging flames. “In whose neighbourhood,” said he, “I see a place of eternal perdition prepared for me, miserable wretch that I am.” The brothers, hearing these words, began diligently to exhort him, that he should repent even then, whilst he was still in the flesh. He answered in despair, “There is no time for me now to change my course of life, when I have myself seen my judgement passed.”

Whilst uttering these words, he died without having received the saving Viaticum, and his body was buried in the farthest parts of the monastery, nor did any one dare either to say Masses or sing psalms, or even to pray for him. Oh how far asunder hath God put light from darkness! The blessed Stephen, the first martyr, being about to suffer death for the truth, saw the heavens opened, and the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God; and where he was to be after death, there he fixed the eyes of his mind, that he might die the more joyfully. But this workman, of darkened mind and life, when death was at hand, saw Hell opened, and witnessed the damnation of the Devil and his followers; he saw also, unhappy wretch! his own prison among them, to the end that, despairing of salvation, he might himself die the more miserably, but might by his perdition afford cause of salvation to the living who should hear of it. This befell of late in the province of the Bernicians, and being noised abroad far and near, inclined many to do penance for their sins without delay. Would to God that this also might come to pass through the reading of our words!

Chap. XV. How divers churches of the Scots, at the instance of Adamnan, adopted the Catholic Easter; and how the same wrote a book about the holy places. [703 ACE]

At this time a great part of the Scots in Ireland, and some also of the Britons in Britain, by the grace of God, adopted the reasonable and ecclesiastical time of keeping Easter. For when Adamnan, priest and abbot of the monks that were in the island of Hii, was sent by his nation on a mission to Aldfrid, king of the English, he abode some time in that province, and saw the canonical rites of the Church. Moreover, he was earnestly admonished by many of the more learned sort, not to presume to live contrary to the universal custom of the Church, either in regard to the observance of Easter, or any other ordinances whatsoever, with those few followers of his dwelling in the farthest corner of the world. Wherefore he so changed his mind, that he readily preferred those things which he had seen and heard in the English churches, to the customs which he and his people had hitherto followed. For he was a good and wise man, and excellently instructed in knowledge of the Scriptures. Returning home, he endeavoured to bring his own people that were in Hii, or that were subject to that monastery, into the way of truth, which he had embraced with all his heart; but he could not prevail. He sailed over into Ireland, and preaching to those people, and with sober words of exhortation making known to them the lawful time of Easter, he brought back many of them, and almost all that were free from the dominion of those of Hii, from the error of their fathers to the Catholic unity, and taught them to keep the lawful time of Easter.

Returning to his island, after having celebrated the canonical Easter in Ireland, he was instant in preaching the Catholic observance of the season of Easter in his monastery, yet without being able to achieve his end; and it so happened that he departed this life before the next year came round, the Divine goodness so ordaining it, that as he was a great lover of peace and unity, he should be taken away to everlasting life before he should be obliged, on the return of the season of Easter, to be at greater variance with those that would not follow him into the truth. This same man wrote a book concerning the holy places, of great profit to many readers; his authority was the teaching and dictation of Arculf, a bishop of Gaul, who had gone to Jerusalem for the sake of the [pg 338]holy places; and having wandered over all the Promised Land, travelled also to Damascus, Constantinople, Alexandria, and many islands in the sea, and returning home by ship, was cast upon the western coast of Britain by a great tempest. After many adventures he came to the aforesaid servant of Christ, Adamnan, and being found to be learned in the Scriptures, and acquainted with the holy places, was most gladly received by him and gladly heard, insomuch that whatsoever he said that he had seen worthy of remembrance in the holy places, Adamnan straightway set himself to commit to writing. Thus he composed a work, as I have said, profitable to many, and chiefly to those who, being far removed from those places where the patriarchs and Apostles lived, know no more of them than what they have learnt by reading. Adamnan presented this book to King Aldfrid, and through his bounty it came to be read by lesser persons. The writer thereof was also rewarded by him with many gifts and sent back into his country. I believe it will be of advantage to our readers if we collect some passages from his writings, and insert them in this our History.

Chap. XVI. The account given in the aforesaid book of the place of our Lord's Nativity, Passion, and Resurrection.

He wrote concerning the place of the Nativity of our Lord, after this manner: "Bethlehem, the city of David, is situated on a narrow ridge, encompassed on all sides with valleys, being a mile in length from west to east, and having a low wall without towers, built along the edge of the level summit. In the eastern corner thereof is a sort of natural half cave, the outward part whereof is said to have been the place where our Lord was born; the inner is called the manger of our Lord. This cave within is all covered with rich marble, and over the particular spot where our Lord is said to have been born, stands the great church of St. Mary." He likewise wrote about the place of His Passion and Resurrection in this manner: "Entering the city of Jerusalem on the north side, the first place to be visited, according to the disposition of the streets, is the church of Constantine, called the Martyrium. It was built by the Emperor Constantine, in a royal and magnificent manner, because the Cross of our Lord was said to have been found there by his mother Helena. Thence, to the westward, is seen the church of Golgotha, in which is also to be found the rock which once bore the Cross to which the Lord's body was nailed, and now it upholds a large silver cross, having a great brazen wheel with lamps hanging over it. Under the place of our Lord's Cross, a crypt is hewn out of the rock, in which the Sacrifice is offered on an altar for the dead that are held in honour, their bodies remaining meanwhile in the street. To the westward of this church is the round church of the Anastasis or Resurrection of our Lord, encompassed with three walls, and supported by twelve columns. Between each of the walls is a broad passage, which contains three altars at three different points of the middle wall; to the south, the north, and the west. It has eight doors or entrances in a straight line through the three walls; four whereof face the south-east, and four the east. In the midst of it is the round tomb of our Lord cut out of the rock, the top of of which a man standing within can touch with his hand; on the east is the entrance, against which that great stone was set. To this day the tomb bears the marks of the iron tools within, but on the outside it is all covered with marble to the very top of the roof, which is adorned with gold, and bears a large golden cross. In the north part of the tomb the sepulchre of our Lord is hewn out of the same rock, seven feet in length, and three hand-breadths above the floor; the entrance being on the south side, where twelve lamps burn day and night, four within the sepulchre, and eight above on the edge of the right side. The stone that was set at the entrance to the tomb is now cleft in two; nevertheless, the lesser part of it stands as an altar of hewn stone before the door of the tomb; the greater part is set up as another altar, four-cornered, at the east end of the same church, and is covered with linen cloths. The colour of the said tomb and sepulchre is white and red mingled together."

Chap. XVII. What he likewise wrote of the place of our Lord's Ascension, and the tombs of the patriarchs.

Concerning the place of our Lord's Ascension, the aforesaid author writes thus. "The Mount of Olives is equal in height to Mount Sion, but exceeds it in breadth and length; it bears few trees besides vines and olives, and is fruitful in wheat and barley, for the nature of that soil is not such as to yield thickets, but grass and flowers. On the very top of it, where our Lord ascended into heaven, is a large round church, having round about it three chapels with vaulted roofs. For the inner building could not be vaulted and roofed, by reason of the passage of our Lord's Body; but it has an altar on the east side, sheltered by a narrow roof. In the midst of it are to be seen the last Footprints of our Lord, the place where He ascended being open to the sky; and though the earth is daily carried away by believers, yet still it remains, and retains the same appearance, being marked by the impression of the Feet. Round about these lies a brazen wheel, as high as a man's neck, having an entrance from the west, with a great lamp hanging above it on a pulley and burning night and day. In the western part of the same church are eight windows; and as many lamps, hanging opposite to them by cords, shine through the glass as far as Jerusalem; and the light thereof is said to thrill the hearts of the beholders with a certain zeal and compunction. Every year, on the day of the Ascension of our Lord, when Mass is ended, a strong blast of wind is wont to come down, and to cast to the ground all that are in the church."

Of the situation of Hebron, and the tombs of the fathers, he writes thus. "Hebron, once a habitation and the chief city of David's kingdom, now only showing by its ruins what it then was, has, one furlong to the east of it, a double cave in the valley, where the sepulchres of the patriarchs are encompassed with a wall four-square, their heads lying to the north. Each of the tombs is covered with a single stone, hewn like the stones of a church, and of a white colour, for the three patriarchs. Adam's is of meaner and poorer workmanship, and he lies not far from them at the farthest end of the northern part of that wall. There are also some poorer and smaller monuments of the three women. The hill Mamre is a mile from these tombs, and is covered with grass and flowers, having a level plain on the top. In the northern part of it, the trunk of Abraham's oak, being twice as high as a man, is enclosed in a church."

Thus much, gathered from the works of the aforesaid writer, according to the sense of his words, but more briefly and in fewer words, we have thought fit to insert in our History for the profit of readers. Whosoever desires to know more of the contents of that book, may seek it either in the book itself, or in that abridgement which we have lately made from it.

Chap. XVIII. How the South Saxons received Eadbert and Eolla, and the West Saxons, Daniel and Aldhelm, for their bishops; and of the writings of the same Aldhelm. [705 ACE]

In the year of our Lord 705, Aldfrid, king of the Northumbrians, died before the end of the twentieth year of his reign. His son Osred, a boy about eight years of age, succeeding him in the throne, reigned eleven years. In the beginning of his reign, Haedde, bishop of the West Saxons, departed to the heavenly life; for he was a good man and a just, and his life and doctrine as a bishop were guided rather by his innate love of virtue, than by what he had gained from books. The most reverend bishop, Pechthelm, of whom we shall speak hereafter in the proper place, and who while still deacon or monk was for a long time with his successor Aldhelm, was wont to relate that many miracles of healing have been wrought in the place where he died, through the merit of his sanctity; and that the men of that province used to carry the dust thence for the sick, and put it into water, and the drinking thereof, or sprinkling with it, brought health to many sick men and beasts; so that the holy dust being frequently carried away, a great hole was made there.

Upon his death, the bishopric of that province was divided into two dioceses. One of them was given to Daniel, which he governs to this day; the other to Aldhelm, wherein he presided most vigorously four years; both of them were fully instructed, as well in matters touching the Church as in the knowledge of the Scriptures. Aldhelm, when he was as yet only a priest and abbot of the monastery which is called the city of Maildufus, by order of a synod of his own nation, wrote a notable book against the error of the Britons, in not celebrating Easter at the due time, and in doing divers other things contrary to the purity of doctrine and the peace of the church; and through the reading of this book many of the Britons, who were subject to the West Saxons, were led by him to adopt the Catholic celebration of our Lord's Paschal Feast. He likewise wrote a famous book on Virginity, which, after the example of Sedulius, he composed in twofold form, in hexameters and in prose. He wrote some other books, being a man most instructed in all respects, for he had a polished style, and was, as I have said, of marvellous learning both in liberal and ecclesiastical studies. On his death, Forthere was made bishop in his stead, and is living at this time, being likewise a man very learned in the Holy Scriptures.

Whilst they administered the bishopric, it was determined by a synodal decree, that the province of the South Saxons, which till that time belonged to the diocese of the city of Winchester, where Daniel then presided, should itself have an episcopal see, and a bishop of its own. Eadbert, at that time abbot of the monastery of Bishop Wilfrid, of blessed memory, called Selaeseu, was consecrated their first bishop. On his death, Eolla succeeded to the office of bishop. He also died some years ago, and the bishopric has been vacant to this day.

Chap. XIX. How Coinred, king of the Mercians, and Offa, king of the East Saxons, ended their days at Rome, in the monastic habit; and of the life and death of Bishop Wilfrid. [709 ACE]

In the fourth year of the reign of Osred, Coenred, who had for some time nobly governed the kingdom of the Mercians, much more nobly quitted the sceptre of his kingdom. For he went to Rome, and there receiving the tonsure and becoming a monk, when Constantine was pope, he continued to his last hour in prayer and fasting and alms-deeds at the threshold of the Apostles. He was succeeded in the throne by Ceolred, the son of Ethelred, who had governed the kingdom before Coenred. With him went the son of Sighere, the king of the East Saxons whom we mentioned before, by name Offa, a youth of a most pleasing age and comeliness, and greatly desired by all his nation to have and to hold the sceptre of the kingdom. He, with like devotion, quitted wife, and lands, and kindred and country, for Christ and for the Gospel, that he might "receive an hundred-fold in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting." He also, when they came to the holy places at Rome, received the tonsure, and ending his life in the monastic habit, attained to the vision of the blessed Apostles in Heaven, as he had long desired.

The same year that they departed from Britain, the great bishop, Wilfrid, ended his days in the province called Inundalum, after he had been bishop forty- five years. His body, being laid in a coffin, was carried to his monastery, which is called Inhrypum, and buried in the church of the blessed Apostle Peter, with the honour due to so great a prelate. Concerning whose manner of life, let us now turn back, and briefly make mention of the things which were done. Being a boy of a good disposition, and virtuous beyond his years, he conducted himself so modestly and discreetly in all points, that he was deservedly beloved, respected, and cherished by his elders as one of themselves. At fourteen years of age he chose rather the monastic than the secular life; which, when he had signified to his father, for his mother was dead, he readily consented to his godly wishes and desires, and advised him to persist in that wholesome purpose. Wherefore he came to the isle of Lindisfarne, and there giving himself to the service of the monks, he strove diligently to learn and to practise those things which belong to monastic purity and piety; and being of a ready

wit, he speedily learned the psalms and some other books, having not yet received the tonsure, but being in no small measure marked by those virtues of humility and obedience which are more important than the tonsure; for which reason he was justly loved by his elders and his equals. Having served God some years in that monastery, and being a youth of a good understanding, he perceived that the way of virtue delivered by the Scots was in no wise perfect, and he resolved to go to Rome, to see what ecclesiastical or monastic rites were in use at the Apostolic see. When he told the brethren, they commended his design, and advised him to carry out that which he purposed. He forthwith went to Queen Eanfled, for he was known to her, and it was by her counsel and support that he had been admitted into the aforesaid monastery, and he told her of his desire to visit the threshold of the blessed Apostles. She, being pleased with the youth's good purpose, sent him into Kent, to King Earconbert, who was her uncle's son, requesting that he would send him to Rome in an honourable manner. At that time, Honorius, one of the disciples of the blessed Pope Gregory, a man very highly instructed in ecclesiastical learning, was archbishop there. When he had tarried there for a space, and, being a youth of an active spirit, was diligently applying himself to learn those things which came under his notice, another youth, called Biscop, surnamed Benedict, of the English nobility, arrived there, being likewise desirous to go to Rome, of whom we have before made mention.

The king gave him Wilfrid for a companion, and bade Wilfrid conduct him to Rome. When they came to Lyons, Wilfrid was detained there by Dalfinus, the bishop of that city; but Benedict hastened on to Rome. For the bishop was delighted with the youth's prudent discourse, the grace of his comely countenance, his eager activity, and the consistency and maturity of his thoughts; for which reason he plentifully supplied him and his companions with all necessaries, as long as they stayed with him; and further offered, if he would have it, to commit to him the government of no small part of Gaul, to give him a maiden daughter of his own brother to wife, and to regard him always as his adopted son. But Wilfrid thanked him for the loving-kindness which he was pleased to show to a stranger, and answered, that he had resolved upon another course of life, and for that reason had left his country and set out for Rome.

Hereupon the bishop sent him to Rome, furnishing him with a guide and supplying plenty of all things requisite for his journey, earnestly requesting that he would come that way, when he returned into his own country. Wilfrid arriving at Rome, and daily giving himself with all earnestness to prayer and the study of ecclesiastical matters, as he had purposed in his mind, gained the friendship of the most holy and learned Boniface, the archdeacon, who was also counsellor to the Apostolic Pope, by whose instruction he learned in their order the four Gospels, and the true computation of Easter; and many other things appertaining to ecclesiastical discipline, which he could not learn in his own country, he acquired from the teaching of that same master. When he had spent some months there, in successful study, he returned into Gaul, to Dalfinus; and having stayed with him three years, received from him the tonsure, and Dalfinus esteemed him so highly in love that he had thoughts of making him his heir; but this was prevented by the bishop's cruel death, and Wilfrid was reserved to be a bishop of his own, that is, the English, nation. For Queen Baldhild sent soldiers with orders to put the bishop to death; whom Wilfrid, as his clerk, attended to the place where he was to be beheaded, being very desirous, though the bishop strongly opposed it, to die with him; but the executioners, understanding that he was a stranger, and of the English nation, spared him, and would not put him to death with his bishop.

Returning to Britain, he won the friendship of King Alchfrid, who had learnt to follow always and love the catholic rules of the Church; and therefore finding him to be a Catholic, he gave him presently land of ten families at the place called Stanford; and not long after, the monastery, with land of thirty families, at the place called Inhrypum; which place he had formerly given to those that followed the doctrine of the Scots, to build a monastery there. But, forasmuch as they afterwards, being given the choice, had rather quit the place than adopt the Catholic Easter and other canonical rites, according to the custom of the Roman Apostolic Church, he gave the same to him whom he found to be instructed in better discipline and better customs.

At the same time, by the said king's command, he was ordained priest in the same monastery, by Agilbert, bishop of the Gewissae above-mentioned, the king being desirous that a man of so much learning and piety should attend him constantly as his special priest and teacher; and not long after, when the Scottish sect had been exposed and banished, as was said above, he, with the advice and consent of his father Oswy, sent him into Gaul, to be consecrated as his bishop, when he was about thirty years of age, the same Agilbert being then bishop of the city of Paris. Eleven other bishops met at the consecration of the new bishop, and that function was most honourably performed. Whilst he yet tarried beyond the sea, the holy man, Ceadda, was consecrated bishop of York by command of King Oswy, as has been said above; and having nobly ruled that church three years, he retired to take charge of his monastery of Laestingaeu, and Wilfrid was made bishop of all the province of the Northumbrians.

Afterwards, in the reign of Egfrid, he was expelled from his bishopric, and others were consecrated bishops in his stead, of whom mention has been made above. Designing to go to Rome, to plead his cause before the Apostolic Pope, he took ship, and was driven by a west wind into Frisland, and honourably received by that barbarous people and their King Aldgils, to whom he preached Christ, and he instructed many thousands of them in the Word of truth, washing them from the defilement of their sins in the Saviour's font. Thus he began there the work of the Gospel which was afterwards finished with great devotion by the most reverend bishop of Christ, Wilbrord. Having spent the winter there successfully among this new people of God, he set out again on his way to Rome, where his cause being tried before Pope Agatho and many bishops, he was by the judgement of them all

acquitted of all blame, and declared worthy of his bishopric.

At the same time, the said Pope Agatho assembling a synod at Rome, of one hundred and twenty-five bishops, against those who asserted that there was only one will and operation in our Lord and Saviour, ordered Wilfrid also to be summoned, and, sitting among the bishops, to declare his own faith and the faith of the province or island whence he came; and he and his people being found orthodox in their faith, it was thought fit to record the same among the acts of that synod, which was done in in this manner: “Wilfrid, the beloved of God, bishop of the city of York, appealing to the Apostolic see, and being by that authority acquitted of every thing, whether specified against him or not, and being appointed to sit in judgement with one hundred and twenty-five other bishops in the synod, made confession of the true and catholic faith, and confirmed the same with his subscription in the name of all the northern part of Britain and Ireland, and the islands inhabited by the nations of the English and Britons, as also by the Scots and Picts.”

After this, returning into Britain, he converted the province of the South Saxons from their idolatrous worship to the faith of Christ. He also sent ministers of the Word to the Isle of Wight; and in the second year of Aldfrid, who reigned after Egfrid, was restored to his see and bishopric by that king’s invitation. Nevertheless, five years after, being again accused, he was deprived of his bishopric by the same king and certain bishops. Coming to Rome, he was allowed to make his defence in the presence of his accusers, before a number of bishops and the Apostolic Pope John. It was shown by the judgement of them all, that his accusers had in part laid false accusations to his charge; and the aforesaid Pope wrote to the kings of the English, Ethelred and Aldfrid, to cause him to be restored to his bishopric, because he had been unjustly condemned.

His acquittal was much forwarded by the reading of the acts of the synod of Pope Agatho, of blessed memory, which had been formerly held, when Wilfrid was in Rome and sat in council among the bishops, as has been said before. For the acts of that synod being, as the case required, read, by order of the Apostolic Pope, before the nobility and a great number of the people for some days, they came to the place where it was written, “Wilfrid, the beloved of God, bishop of the city of York, appealing to the Apostolic see, and being by that authority acquitted of everything, whether specified against him or not,” and the rest as above stated. This being read, the hearers were amazed, and the reader ceasing, they began to ask of one another, who that Bishop Wilfrid was. Then Boniface, the Pope’s counsellor, and many others, who had seen him there in the days of Pope Agatho, said that he was the same bishop that lately came to Rome, to be tried by the Apostolic see, being accused by his people, and“who, said they, having long since come here upon the like accusation, the cause and contention of both parties being heard and examined, was proved by Pope Agatho, of blessed memory, to have been wrongfully expelled from his bishopric, and was held in such honour by him, that he commanded him to sit in the council of bishops which he had assembled, as a man of untainted faith and an upright mind.” This being heard, the Pope and all the rest said, that a man of so great authority, who had held the office of a bishop for nearly forty years, ought by no means to be condemned, but being altogether cleared of the faults laid to his charge, should return home with honour.

When he came to Gaul, on his way back to Britain, on a sudden he fell sick, and the sickness increasing, he was so weighed down by it, that he could not ride, but was carried in his bed by the hands of his servants. Being thus come to the city of Maeldum, in Gaul, he lay four days and nights, as if he had been dead, and only by his faint breathing showed that he had any life in him. Having continued thus four days, without meat or drink, without speech or hearing, at length, on the fifth day, at daybreak, as it were awakening out of a deep sleep, he raised himself and sat up, and opening his eyes, saw round about him a company of brethren singing psalms and weeping. Sighing gently, he asked where Acca, the priest, was. This man, straightway being called, came in, and seeing him somewhat recovered and able to speak, knelt down, and gave thanks to God, with all the brethren there present. When they had sat awhile and begun to discourse, with great awe, of the judgements of heaven, the bishop bade the rest go out for a time, and spoke to the priest, Acca, after this manner:

“A dread vision has even now appeared to me, which I would have you hear and keep secret, till I know what God will please to do with me. There stood by me a certain one, glorious in white raiment, and he told me that he was Michael, the Archangel, and said, ‘I am sent to call you back from death: for the Lord has granted you life, through the prayers and tears of your disciples and brethren, and the intercession of His Blessed Mother Mary, of perpetual virginity; wherefore I tell you, that you shall now recover from this sickness; but be ready, for I will return and visit you at the end of four years. And when you come into your country, you shall recover the greater part of the possessions that have been taken from you, and shall end your days in peace and quiet.’ ” The bishop accordingly recovered, whereat all men rejoiced and gave thanks to God, and setting forward on his journey, he arrived in Britain.

Having read the letters which he brought from the Apostolic Pope, Bertwald, the archbishop, and Ethelred, sometime king, but then abbot, readily took his part; for the said Ethelred, calling to him Coenred, whom he had made king in his own stead, begged him to be friends with Wilfrid, in which request he prevailed; nevertheless Aldfrid, king of the Northumbrians, disdained to receive him. But he died soon after, and so it came to pass that, during the reign of his son Osred, when a synod was assembled before long by the river Nidd, after some contention on both sides, at length, by the consent of all, he was restored to the government

of his own church; and thus he lived in peace four years, till the day of his death. He died in his monastery, which he had in the province of Undalum, under the government of the Abbot Cuthbald; and by the ministry of the brethren, he was carried to his first monastery which is called Inhrypum, and buried in the church of the blessed Apostle Peter, hard by the altar on the south side, as has been mentioned above, and this epitaph was written over him:

“Here rests the body of the great Bishop Wilfrid, who, for love of piety, built these courts and consecrated them with the noble name of Peter, to whom Christ, the Judge of all the earth, gave the keys of Heaven. And devoutly he clothed them with gold and Tyrian purple; yea, and he placed here the trophy of the Cross, of shining ore, uplifted high; moreover he caused the four books of the Gospel to be written in gold in their order, and he gave a case meet for them of ruddy gold. And he also brought the holy season of Easter, returning in its course, to accord with the true teaching of the catholic rule which the Fathers fixed, and, banishing all doubt and error, gave his nation sure guidance in their worship. And in this place he gathered a great throng of monks, and with all diligence safeguarded the precepts which the Fathers’ rule enjoined. And long time sore vexed by many a peril at home and abroad, when he had held the office of a bishop forty-five years, he passed away and with joy departed to the heavenly kingdom. Grant, O Jesus, that the flock may follow in the path of the shepherd.”

Chap. XX. How Albinus succeeded to the godly Abbot Hadrian, and Acca to Bishop Wilfrid. [709 ACE]

The next year after the death of the aforesaid father, which was the fifth year of King Osred, the most reverend father, Abbot Hadrian, fellow labourer in the Word of God with Bishop Theodore of blessed memory, died, and was buried in the church of the Blessed Mother of God, in his own monastery, this being the forty-first year after he was sent by Pope Vitalian with Theodore, and the thirty- ninth after his arrival in England. Among other proofs of his learning, as well as Theodore’s, there is this testimony, that Albinus, his disciple, who succeeded him in the government of his monastery, was so well instructed in literary studies, that he had no small knowledge of the Greek tongue, and knew the Latin as well as the English, which was his native language.

Acca, his priest, succeeded Wilfrid in the bishopric of the church of Hagustald, being likewise a man of zeal and great in noble works in the sight of God and man. He enriched the structure of his church, which is dedicated in honour of the blessed Apostle Andrew with manifold adornments and marvellous workmanship. For he gave all diligence, as he does to this day, to procure relics of the blessed Apostles and martyrs of Christ from all parts, and to raise altars in their honour in separate side-chapels built for the purpose within the walls of the same church. Besides which, he industriously gathered the histories of their martyrdom, together with other ecclesiastical writings, and erected there a large and noble library. He likewise carefully provided holy vessels, lamps, and other such things as appertain to the adorning of the house of God. He in like manner invited to him a notable singer called Maban, who had been taught to sing by the successors of the disciples of the blessed Pope Gregory in Kent, to instruct himself and his clergy, and kept him twelve years, to the end that he might teach such Church music as they did not know, and by his teaching restore to its former state that which was corrupted either by long use, or through neglect. For Bishop Acca himself was a most skilful singer, as well as most learned in Holy Writ, sound in the confession of the catholic faith, and well versed in the rules of ecclesiastical custom; nor does he cease to walk after this manner, till he receive the rewards of his pious devotion. For he was brought up from boyhood and instructed among the clergy of the most holy and beloved of God, Bosa, bishop of York. Afterwards, coming to Bishop Wilfrid in the hope of a better plan of life, he spent the rest of his days in attendance on him till that bishop’s death, and going with him to Rome, learned there many profitable things concerning the ordinances of the Holy Church, which he could not have learned in his own country.

Chap. XXI. How the Abbot Ceolfrid sent master-builders to the King of the Picts to build a church, and with them an epistle concerning the Catholic Easter and the Tonsure. [710 ACE]

At that time, Naiton, King of the Picts, who inhabit the northern parts of Britain, taught by frequent meditation on the ecclesiastical writings, renounced the error whereby he and his nation had been holden till then, touching the observance of Easter, and brought himself and all his people to celebrate the catholic time of our Lord’s Resurrection. To the end that he might bring this to pass with the more ease and greater authority, he sought aid from the English, whom he knew to have long since framed their religion after the example of the holy Roman Apostolic Church. Accordingly, he sent messengers to the venerable Ceolfrid, abbot of the monastery of the blessed Apostles, Peter and Paul, which stands at the mouth of the river Wear, and near the river Tyne, at the place called Ingyruum, which he gloriously governed after Benedict, of whom we have before spoken; desiring, that he would send him a letter of exhortation, by the help of which he might the better confute those that presumed to keep Easter out of the due time; as also concerning the form and manner of tonsure whereby the clergy should be distinguished, notwithstanding that he

himself had no small knowledge of these things. He also prayed to have master-builders sent him to build a church of stone in his nation after the Roman manner, promising to dedicate the same in honour of the blessed chief of the Apostles. Moreover, he and all his people, he said, would always follow the custom of the holy Roman Apostolic Church, in so far as men so distant from the speech and nation of the Romans could learn it. The most reverend Abbot Ceolfrid favourably receiving his godly desires and requests, sent the builders he desired, and likewise the following letter:

"*To the most excellent lord, and glorious King Naiton, Abbot Ceolfrid, greeting in the Lord* .We most readily and willingly endeavour, according to your desire, to make known to you the catholic observance of holy Easter, according to what we have learned of the Apostolic see, even as you, most devout king, in your godly zeal, have requested of us. For we know, that whensoever the lords of this world labour to learn, and to teach and to guard the truth, it is a gift of God to his Holy Church. For a certain profane writer has most truly said, that the world would be most happy if either kings were philosophers, or philosophers were kings. Now if a man of this world could judge truly of the philosophy of this world, and form a right choice concerning the state of this world, how much more is it to be desired, and most earnestly to be prayed for by such as are citizens of the heavenly country, and strangers and pilgrims in this world, that the more powerful any are in the world the more they may strive to hearken to the commands of Him who is the Supreme Judge, and by their example and authority may teach those that are committed to their charge, to keep the same, together with themselves.

"There are then three rules given in the Sacred Writings, whereby the time of keeping Easter has been appointed for us and may in no wise be changed by any authority of man; two whereof are divinely established in the law of Moses; the third is added in the Gospel by reason of the Passion and Resurrection of our Lord. For the law enjoined, that the Passover should be kept in the first month of the year, and the third week of that month, that is, from the fifteenth day to the one-and-twentieth. It is added, by Apostolic institution, from the Gospel, that we are to wait for the Lord's day in that third week, and to keep the beginning of the Paschal season on the same. Which threefold rule whosoever shall rightly observe, will never err in fixing the Paschal feast. But if you desire to be more plainly and fully informed in all these particulars, it is written in Exodus, where the people of Israel, being about to be delivered out of Egypt, are commanded to keep the first Passover, that the Lord spake unto Moses and Aaron, saying, 'This month shall be unto you the beginning of months; it shall be the first month of the year to you. Speak ye unto all the congregation of Israel, saying, In the tenth day of this month they shall take to them every man a lamb, according to the house of their fathers, a lamb for an house.' And a little after, 'And ye shall keep it up until the fourteenth day of the same month; and the whole assembly of the congregation of Israel shall kill it in the evening.' By which words it most plainly appears, that in the Paschal observance, though mention is made of the fourteenth day, yet it is not commanded that the Passover be kept on that day; but on the evening of the fourteenth day, that is, when the fifteenth moon, which is the beginning of the third week, appears in the sky, it is commanded that the lamb be killed; and that it was the night of the fifteenth moon, when the Egyptians were smitten and Israel was redeemed from long captivity. He says, 'Seven days shall ye eat unleavened bread.' By which words all the third week of that same first month is appointed to be a solemn feast. But lest we should think that those same seven days were to be reckoned from the fourteenth to the twentieth, He forthwith adds, 'Even the first day ye shall put away leaven out of your houses; for whosoever eateth leavened bread, from the first day until the seventh day, that soul shall be cut off from Israel;' and so on, till he says, 'For in this selfsame day I will bring your army out of the land of Egypt.'

"Thus he calls that the first day of unleavened bread, in which he was to bring their army out of Egypt. Now it is evident, that they were not brought out of Egypt on the fourteenth day, in the evening whereof the lamb was killed, and which is properly called the Passover or Phase, but on the fifteenth day, as is most plainly written in the book of Numbers: 'and they departed from Rameses on the fifteenth day of the first month, on the morrow after the Passover the Israelites went out with an high hand.' Thus the seven days of unleavened bread, on the first whereof the people of the Lord were brought out of Egypt, are to be reckoned from the beginning of the third week, as has been said, that is, from the fifteenth day of the first month, till the end of the one-and-twentieth of the same month. But the fourteenth day is named apart from this number, by the title of the Passover, as is plainly shown by that which follows in Exodus: where, after it is said, 'For in this self-same day I will bring your army out of the land of Egypt;' it is forthwith added, 'And ye shall observe this day in your generations by an ordinance for ever. In the first month, on the fourteenth day of the month, ye shall eat unleavened bread, until the one-and-twentieth day of the month at even. Seven days shall there be no leaven found in your houses.' Now, who is there that does not perceive, that there are not only seven days, but rather eight, from the fourteenth to the one-and-twentieth, if the fourteenth be also reckoned in the number? But if, as appears by diligent study of the truth of the Scriptures, we reckon from the evening of the fourteenth day to the evening of the one-and-twentieth, we shall certainly find, that, while the Paschal feast begins on the evening of the fourteenth day, yet the whole sacred solemnity contains no more than only seven nights and as many days. Wherefore the rule which we laid down is proved to be true, when we said that the Paschal season is to be celebrated in the first month of the year, and the third week of the same. For it is in truth the third week, because it begins on the evening of the fourteenth day, and ends on the evening of the one-and-twentieth.

"But since Christ our Passover is sacrificed, and has made the Lord's day, which among the ancients was called the first day of the week, a solemn day to us for the joy of His Resurrection, the Apostolic tradition has included it in the Paschal festival; yet has decreed that the time of the legal Passover be in no wise anticipated or diminished; but rather ordains, that according to the

precept of the law, that same first month of the year, and the fourteenth day of the same, and the evening thereof be awaited. And when this day should chance to fall on a Saturday, every man should take to him a lamb, according to the house of his fathers, a lamb for an house, and he should kill it in the evening, that is, that all the Churches throughout the world, making one Catholic Church, should provide Bread and Wine for the Mystery of the Flesh and Blood of the spotless Lamb 'that hath taken away the sins of the world;' and after a fitting solemn service of lessons and prayers and Paschal ceremonies, they should offer up these to the Lord, in hope of redemption to come. For this is that same night in which the people of Israel were delivered out of Egypt by the blood of the lamb; this is the same in which all the people of God were, by Christ's Resurrection, set free from eternal death. Then, in the morning, when the Lord's day dawns, they should celebrate the first day of the Paschal festival; for that is the day on which our Lord made known the glory of His Resurrection to His disciples, to their manifold joy at the merciful revelation. The same is the first day of unleavened bread, concerning which it is plainly written in Leviticus, 'In the fourteenth day of the first month, at even, is the Lord's Passover. And on the fifteenth day of the same month is the feast of unleavened bread unto the Lord; seven days ye must eat unleavened bread. In the first day ye shall have an holy convocation.'

"If therefore it could be that the Lord's day should always happen on the fifteenth day of the first month, that is, on the fifteenth moon, we might always celebrate the Passover at one and the same time with the ancient people of God, though the nature of the mystery be different, as we do it with one and the same faith. But inasmuch as the day of the week does not keep pace exactly with the moon, the Apostolic tradition, which was preached at Rome by the blessed Peter, and confirmed at Alexandria by Mark the Evangelist, his interpreter, appointed that when the first month was come, and in it the evening of the fourteenth day, we should also wait for the Lord's day, between the fifteenth and the one-and- twentieth day of the same month. For on whichever of those days it shall fall, Easter will be rightly kept on the same; seeing that it is one of those seven days on which the feast of unleavened bread is commanded to be kept. Thus it comes to pass that our Easter never falls either before or after the third week of the first month, but has for its observance either the whole of it, to wit, the seven days of unleavened bread appointed by the law, or at least some of them. For though it comprises but one of them, that is, the seventh, which the Scripture so highly commends, saying, 'But the seventh day shall be a more holy convocation, ye shall do no servile work therein,' none can lay it to our charge, that we do not rightly keep Easter Sunday, which we received from the Gospel, in the third week of the first month, as the Law prescribes.

"The catholic reason of this observance being thus explained, the unreasonable error, on the other hand, of those who, without any necessity, presume either to anticipate, or to go beyond the term appointed in the Law, is manifest. For they that think Easter Sunday is to be observed from the fourteenth day of the first month till the twentieth moon, anticipate the time prescribed in the law, without any necessary reason; for when they begin to celebrate the vigil of the holy night from the evening of the thirteenth day, it is plain that they make that day the beginning of their Easter, whereof they find no mention in the commandment of the Law; and when they avoid celebrating our Lord's Easter on the one-and-twentieth day of the month, it is surely manifest that they wholly exclude that day from their solemnity, which the Law many times commends to be observed as a greater festival than the rest; and thus, perverting the proper order, they sometimes keep Easter Day entirely in the second week, and never place it on the seventh day of the third week. And again, they who think that Easter is to be kept from the sixteenth day of the said month till the two-and-twentieth no less erroneously, though on the other side, deviate from the right way of truth, and as it were avoiding shipwreck on Scylla, they fall into the whirlpool of Charybdis to be drowned. For when they teach that Easter is to be begun at the rising of the sixteenth moon of the first month, that is, from the evening of the fifteenth day, it is certain that they altogether exclude from their solemnity the fourteenth day of the same month, which the Law first and chiefly commends; so that they scarce touch the evening of the fifteenth day, on which the people of God were redeemed from Egyptian bondage, and on which our Lord, by His Blood, rescued the world from the darkness of sin, and on which being also buried, He gave us the hope of a blessed rest after death.

"And these men, receiving in themselves the recompense of their error, when they place Easter Sunday on the twenty-second day of the month, openly transgress and do violence to the term of Easter appointed by the Law, seeing that they begin Easter on the evening of that day in which the Law commanded it to be completed and brought to an end; and appoint that to be the first day of Easter, whereof no mention is any where found in the Law, to wit, the first of the fourth week. And both sorts are mistaken, not only in fixing and computing the moon's age, but also sometimes in finding the first month; but this controversy is longer than can be or ought to be contained in this letter. I will only say thus much, that by the vernal equinox, it may always be found, without the chance of an error, which must be the first month of the year, according to the lunar computation, and which the last. But the equinox, according to the opinion of all the Eastern nations, and particularly of the Egyptians, who surpass all other learned men in calculation, falls on the twenty- first day of March, as we also prove by horological observation. Whatsoever moon therefore is at the full before the equinox, being on the fourteenth or fifteenth day, the same belongs to the last month of the foregoing year, and consequently is not meet for the celebration of Easter; but that moon which is full after the equinox, or at the very time of the equinox, belongs to the first month, and on that day, without a doubt, we must understand that the ancients were wont to celebrate the Passover; and that we also ought to keep Easter when the Sunday comes. And that this must be so, there is this cogent reason. It is written in Genesis, 'And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule

the night.' Or, as another edition has it, 'The greater light to begin the day, and the lesser to begin the night.' As, therefore, the sun, coming forth from the midst of the east, fixed the vernal equinox by his rising, and afterwards the moon at the full, when the sun set in the evening, followed from the midst of the east; so every year the same first lunar month must be observed in the like order, so that its full moon must not be before the equinox; but either on the very day of the equinox, as it was in the beginning, or after it is past. But if the full moon shall happen to be but one day before the time of the equinox, the aforesaid reason proves that such moon is not to be assigned to the first month of the new year, but rather to the last of the preceding, and that it is therefore not meet for the celebration of the Paschal festival.

"Now if it please you likewise to hear the mystical reason in this matter, we are commanded to keep Easter in the first month of the year, which is also called the month of new things, because we ought to celebrate the mysteries of our Lord's Resurrection and our deliverance, with the spirit of our minds renewed to the love of heavenly things. We are commanded to keep it in the third week of the same month, because Christ Himself, who had been promised before the Law, and under the Law, came with grace, in the third age of the world, to be sacrificed as our Passover; and because rising from the dead the third day after the offering of His Passion, He wished this to be called the Lord's day, and the Paschal feast of His Resurrection to be yearly celebrated on the same; because, also, we do then only truly celebrate His solemn festival, if we endeavour with Him to keep the Passover, that is, the passing from this world to the Father, by faith, hope, and charity. We are commanded to observe the full moon of the Paschal month after the vernal equinox, to the end, that the sun may first make the day longer than the night, and then the moon may show to the world her full orb of light; inasmuch as first 'the Sun of righteousness, with healing in His wings,' that is, our Lord Jesus, by the triumph of His Resurrection, dispelled all the darkness of death, and so ascending into Heaven, filled His Church, which is often signified by the name of the moon, with the light of inward grace, by sending down upon her His Spirit. Which order of our salvation the prophet had in his mind, when he said 'The sun was exalted and the moon stood in her order.'

"He, therefore, who shall contend that the full Paschal moon can happen before the equinox, disagrees with the doctrine of the Holy Scriptures, in the celebration of the greatest mysteries, and agrees with those who trust that they may be saved without the grace of Christ preventing them, and who presume to teach that they might have attained to perfect righteousness, though the true Light had never by death and resurrection vanquished the darkness of the world. Thus, after the rising of the sun at the equinox, and after the full moon of the first month following in her order, that is, after the end of the fourteenth day of the same month, all which we have received by the Law to be observed, we still, as we are taught in the Gospel, wait in the third week for the Lord's day; and so, at length, we celebrate the offering of our Easter solemnity, to show that we are not, with the ancients, doing honour to the casting off of the yoke of Egyptian bondage; but that, with devout faith and love, we worship the Redemption of the whole world, which having been prefigured in the deliverance of the ancient people of God, was fulfilled in Christ's Resurrection, and that we may signify that we rejoice in the sure and certain hope of our own resurrection, which we believe will likewise happen on the Lord's day.

"Now this computation of Easter, which we set forth to you to be followed, is contained in a cycle of nineteen years, which began long since to be observed in the Church, to wit, even in the time of the Apostles, especially at Rome and in Egypt, as has been said above. But by the industry of Eusebius, who took his surname from the blessed martyr Pamphilus, it was reduced to a plainer system; insomuch that what till then used to be enjoined every year throughout all the Churches by the Bishop of Alexandria, might, from that time forward, be most easily known by all men, the occurrence of the fourteenth moon being regularly set forth in its course. This Paschal computation, Theophilus, Bishop of Alexandria, made for the Emperor Theodosius, for a hundred years to come. Cyril also, his successor, comprised a series of ninety-five years in five cycles of nineteen years. After whom, Dionysius Exiguus added as many more, in order, after the same manner, reaching down to our own time. The expiration of these is now drawing near, but there is at the present day so great a number of calculators, that even in our Churches throughout Britain, there are many who, having learned the ancient rules of the Egyptians, can with great ease carry on the Paschal cycles for any length of time, even to five hundred and thirty-two years, if they will; after the expiration of which, all that appertains to the succession of sun and moon, month and week, returns in the same order as before. We therefore forbear to send you these same cycles of the times to come, because, desiring only to be instructed respecting the reason for the Paschal time, you show that you have enough of those catholic cycles concerning Easter.

"But having said thus much briefly and succinctly, as you required, concerning Easter, I also exhort you to take heed that the tonsure, concerning which likewise you desired me to write to you, be in accordance with the use of the Church and the Christian Faith. And we know indeed that the Apostles were not all shorn after the same manner, nor does the Catholic Church now, as it agrees in one faith, hope, and charity towards God, use one and the same form of tonsure throughout the world. Moreover, to look back to former times, to wit, the times of the patriarchs, Job, the pattern of patience, when tribulation came upon him, shaved his head, and thus made it appear that he had used, in time of prosperity, to let his hair grow. But concerning Joseph, who more than other men practised and taught chastity, humility, piety, and the other virtues, we read that he was shorn when he was to be delivered from bondage, by which it appears, that during the time of his bondage, he was in the prison with unshorn hair. Behold then how each of these men of God differed in the manner of their appearance abroad, though their inward consciences agreed in a like grace of virtue. But though we may be free to confess, that the difference of tonsure is not hurtful to those whose faith

is pure towards God, and their charity sincere towards their neighbour, especially since we do not read that there was ever any controversy among the Catholic fathers about the difference of tonsure, as there has been a contention about the diversity in keeping Easter, and in matters of faith; nevertheless, among all the forms of tonsure that are to be found in the Church, or among mankind at large, I think none more meet to be followed and received by us than that which that disciple wore on his head, to whom, after his confession of Himself, our Lord said, 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it, and I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven. 'Nor do I think that any is more rightly to be abhorred and detested by all the faithful, than that which that man used, to whom that same Peter, when he would have bought the grace of the Holy Ghost, said, 'Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money. Thou hast neither part nor lot in this word.' Nor do we shave ourselves in the form of a crown only because Peter was so shorn; but because Peter was so shorn in memory of the Passion of our Lord, therefore we also, who desire to be saved by the same Passion, do with him bear the sign of the same Passion on the top of our head, which is the highest part of our body. For as all the Church, because it was made a Church by the death of Him that gave it life, is wont to bear the sign of His Holy Cross on the forehead, to the end, that it may, by the constant protection of His banner, be defended from the assaults of evil spirits, and by the frequent admonition of the same be taught, in like manner, to crucify the flesh with its affections and lusts; so also it behoves those, who having either taken the vows of a monk, or having the degree of a clerk, must needs curb themselves the more strictly by continence, for the Lord's sake, to bear each one of them on his head, by the tonsure, the form of the crown of thorns which He bore on His head in His Passion, that He might bear the thorns and thistles of our sins, that is, that he might bear them away and take them from us; to the end that they may show on their foreheads that they also willingly, and readily, endure all scoffing and reproach for his sake; and that they may signify that they await always 'the crown of eternal life, which God hath promised to them that love him,' and that for the sake of attaining thereto they despise both the evil and the good of this world. But as for the tonsure which Simon Magus is said to have used, who is there of the faithful, I ask you, who does not straightway detest and reject it at the first sight of it, together with his magic? Above the forehead it does seem indeed to resemble a crown; but when you come to look at the neck, you will find the crown cut short which you thought you saw; so that you may perceive that such a use properly belongs not to Christians but to Simoniacs, such as were indeed in this life by erring men thought worthy of the glory of an everlasting crown; but in that which is to follow this life are not only deprived of all hope of a crown, but are moreover condemned to eternal punishment.

"But do not think that I have said thus much, as though I judged them worthy to be condemned who use this tonsure, if they uphold the catholic unity by their faith and works; nay, I confidently declare, that many of them have been holy men and worthy servants of God. Of which number is Adamnan, the notable abbot and priest of the followers of Columba, who, when sent on a mission by his nation to King Aldfrid, desired to see our monastery, and forasmuch as he showed wonderful wisdom, humility, and piety in his words and behaviour, I said to him among other things, when I talked with him, 'I beseech you, holy brother, how is it that you, who believe that you are advancing to the crown of life, which knows no end, wear on your head, after a fashion ill-suited to your belief, the likeness of a crown that has an end? And if you seek the fellowship of the blessed Peter, why do you imitate the likeness of the tonsure of him whom St. Peter anathematized? and why do you not rather even now show that you choose with all your heart the fashion of him with whom you desire to live in bliss for ever.' He answered, 'Be assured, my dear brother, that though I wear the tonsure of Simon, according to the custom of my country, yet I detest and abhor with all my soul the heresy of Simon; and I desire, as far as lies in my small power, to follow the footsteps of the most blessed chief of the Apostles.' I replied, 'I verily believe it; nevertheless it is a token that you embrace in your inmost heart whatever is of Peter the Apostle, if you also observe in outward form that which you know to be his. For I think your wisdom easily discerns that it is much better to estrange from your countenance, already dedicated to God, the fashion of his countenance whom with all your heart you abhor, and of whose hideous face you would shun the sight; and, on the other hand, that it beseems you to imitate the manner of his appearance, whom you seek to have for your advocate before God, even as you desire to follow his actions and his teaching.'

"This I said at that time to Adamnan, who indeed showed how much he had profited by seeing the ordinances of our Churches, when, returning into Scotland, he afterwards by his preaching led great numbers of that nation to the catholic observance of the Paschal time; though he was not yet able to bring back to the way of the better ordinance the monks that lived in the island of Hii over whom he presided with the special authority of a superior. He would also have been mindful to amend the tonsure, if his influence had availed so far.

"But I now also admonish your wisdom, O king, that together with the nation, over which the King of kings, and Lord of lords, has placed you, you strive to observe in all points those things which are in accord with the unity of the Catholic and Apostolic Church; for so it will come to pass, that after you have held sway in a temporal kingdom, the blessed chief of the Apostles will also willingly open to you and yours with all the elect the entrance into the heavenly kingdom. The grace of the eternal King preserve you in safety, long reigning for the peace of us all, my dearly beloved son in Christ."

This letter having been read in the presence of King Naiton and many learned men, and carefully interpreted into his own language by those who could understand it, he is said to have much rejoiced at the exhortation thereof; insomuch that, rising from among his nobles that sat about him, he knelt on the ground, giving thanks to God that he had been found worthy to receive such a

gift from the land of the English. “And indeed,” he said, “I knew before, that this was the true celebration of Easter, but now I so fully learn the reason for observing this time, that I seem in all points to have known but little before concerning these matters. Therefore I publicly declare and protest to you that are here present, that I will for ever observe this time of Easter, together with all my nation; and I do decree that this tonsure, which we have heard to be reasonable, shall be received by all clerks in my kingdom.”Without delay he accomplished by his royal authority what he had said. For straightway the Paschal cycles of nineteen years were sent by command of the State throughout all the provinces of the Picts to be transcribed, learned, and observed, the erroneous cycles of eighty-four years being everywhere blotted out. All the ministers of the altar and monks were shorn after the fashion of the crown; and the nation thus reformed, rejoiced, as being newly put under the guidance of Peter, the most blessed chief of the Apostles, and committed to his protection.

Chap. XXII. How the monks of Hii, and the monasteries subject to them, began to celebrate the canonical Easter at the preaching of Egbert. [716 ACE]

Not long after, those monks also of the Scottish nation, who lived in the isle of Hii, with the other monasteries that were subject to them, were by the Lord’s doing brought to the canonical observance with regard to Easter, and the tonsure. For in the year of our Lord 716, when Osred was slain, and Coenred took upon him the government of the kingdom of the Northumbrians, the father and priest, Egbert, beloved of God, and worthy to be named with all honour, whom we have before often mentioned, came to them from Ireland, and was honourably and joyfully received. Being a most gracious teacher, and most devout in practising those things which he taught, and being willingly heard by all, by his pious and diligent exhortations, he converted them from that deep-rooted tradition of their fathers, of whom may be said those words of the Apostle, “That they had a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge.” He taught them to celebrate the principal solemnity after the catholic and apostolic manner, as has been said, wearing on their heads

the figure of an unending crown. It is manifest that this came to pass by a wonderful dispensation of the Divine goodness; to the end, that the same nation which had willingly, and without grudging, taken heed to impart to the English people that learning which it had in the knowledge of God, should afterwards, by means of the English nation, be brought, in those things which it had not, to a perfect rule of life. Even as, contrarywise, the Britons, who would not reveal to the English the knowledge which they had of the Christian faith, now, when the English people believe, and are in all points instructed in the rule of the Catholic faith, still persist in their errors, halting and turned aside from the true path, expose their heads without a crown, and keep the Feast of Christ apart from the fellowship of the Church of Christ.

The monks of Hii, at the teaching of Egbert, adopted the catholic manner of conversation, under Abbot Dunchad, about eighty years after they had sent Bishop Aidan to preach to the English nation. The man of God, Egbert, remained thirteen years in the aforesaid island, which he had thus consecrated to Christ, as it were, by a new ray of the grace of fellowship and peace in the Church; and in the year of our Lord 729, in which Easter was celebrated on the 24th of April, when he had celebrated the solemnity of the Mass, in memory of the Resurrection of our Lord, that same day he departed to the Lord and thus finished, or rather never ceases endlessly to celebrate, with our Lord, and the Apostles, and the other citizens of heaven, the joy of that greatest festival, which he had begun with the brethren, whom he had converted to the grace of unity. And it was a wonderful dispensation of the Divine Providence, that the venerable man passed from this world to the Father, not only at Easter, but also when Easter was celebrated on that day, on which it had never been wont to be celebrated in those parts. The brethren rejoiced in the sure and catholic knowledge of the time of Easter, and were glad in that their father, by whom they had been brought into the right way, passing hence to the Lord should plead for them. He also gave thanks that he had so long continued in the flesh, till he saw his hearers accept and keep with him as Easter that day which they had ever before avoided. Thus the most reverend father being assured of their amendment, rejoiced to see the day of the Lord, and he saw it and was glad.

Chap. XXIII. Of the present state of the English nation, or of all Britain. [725-731 ACE]

In the year of our Lord 725, being the seventh year of Osric, king of the Northumbrians, who had succeeded Coenred, Wictred, the son of Egbert, king of Kent, died on the 23rd of April, and left his three sons, Ethelbert, Eadbert, and Alric, heirs of that kingdom, which he had governed thirty-four years and a half. The next year Tobias, bishop of the church of Rochester, died, a most learned man, as has been said before; for he was disciple to those masters of blessed memory, Theodore, the archbishop, and Abbot Hadrian, wherefore, as has been said, besides having a great knowledge of letters both ecclesiastical and general, he learned both the Greek and Latin tongues to such perfection, that they were as well known and familiar to him as his native language. He

was buried in the chapel of St. Paul the Apostle, which he had built within the church of St. Andrew for his own place of burial. After him Aldwulf took upon him the office of bishop, having been consecrated by Archbishop Bertwald.

In the year of our Lord 729, two comets appeared about the sun, to the great terror of the beholders. One of them went before the sun in the morning at his rising, the other followed him when he set in the evening, as it were presaging dire disaster to both east and west; or without doubt one was the forerunner of the day, and the other of the night, to signify that mortals were threatened with calamities at both times. They carried their flaming brands towards the north, as it were ready to kindle a conflagration. They appeared in January, and continued nearly a fortnight. At which time a grievous blight fell upon Gaul, in that it was laid waste by the Saracens with cruel bloodshed; but not long after in that country they received the due reward of their unbelief. In that year the holy man of God, Egbert, departed to the Lord, as has been said above, on Easter day; and immediately after Easter, that is, on the 9th of May, Osric, king of the Northumbrians, departed this life, after he had reigned eleven years, and appointed Ceolwulf, brother to Coenred, who had reigned before him, his successor; the beginning and progress of whose reign have been so filled with many and great commotions and conflicts, that it cannot yet be known what is to be said concerning them, or what end they will have.

In the year of our Lord 731, Archbishop Bertwald died of old age, on the 13th of January, having held his see thirty-seven years, six months and fourteen days. In his stead, the same year, Tatwine, of the province of the Mercians, was made archbishop, having been a priest in the monastery called Briudun. He was consecrated in the city of Canterbury by the venerable men, Daniel, bishop of Winchester, Ingwald of London, Aldwin of Lichfield, and Aldwulf of Rochester, on Sunday, the 10th of June, being a man renowned for piety and wisdom, and of notable learning in Holy Scripture.

Thus at the present time, the bishops Tatwine and Aldwulf preside in the churches of Kent; Ingwald is bishop in the province of the East Saxons. In the province of the East Angles, the bishops are Aldbert and Hadulac; in the province of the West Saxons, Daniel and Forthere; in the province of the Mercians, Aldwin. Among those peoples who dwell beyond the river Severn to the westward, Walhstod is bishop; in the province of the Hwiccas, Wilfrid; in the province of Lindsey, Bishop Cynibert presides; the bishopric of the Isle of Wight belongs to Daniel, bishop of the city of Winchester. The province of the South Saxons, having now continued some years without a bishop, receives episcopal ministrations from the prelate of the West Saxons. All these provinces, and the other southern provinces, as far as the boundary formed by the river Humber, with their several kings, are subject to King Ethelbald. But in the province of the Northumbrians, where King Ceolwulf reigns, four bishops now preside; Wilfrid in the church of York, Ethelwald in that of Lindisfarne, Acca in that of Hagustald, Pecthelm in that which is called the White House, which, as the number of the faithful has increased, has lately become an episcopal see, and has him for its first prelate. The Pictish people also at this time are at peace with the English nation, and rejoice in having their part in Catholic peace and truth with the universal Church. The Scots that inhabit Britain, content with their own territories, devise no plots nor hostilities against the English nation. The Britons, though they, for the most part, as a nation hate and oppose the English nation, and wrongfully, and from wicked lewdness, set themselves against the appointed Easter of the whole Catholic Church; yet, inasmuch as both Divine and human power withstand them, they can in neither purpose prevail as they desire; for though in part they are their own masters, yet part of them are brought under subjection to the English. In these favourable times of peace and calm, many of the Northumbrians, as well of the nobility as private persons, laying aside their weapons, and receiving the tonsure, desire rather both for themselves and their children to take upon them monastic vows, than to practise the pursuit of war. What will be the end hereof, the next age will see. This is for the present the state of all Britain; about two hundred and eighty-five years after the coming of the English into Britain, and in the 731st year of our Lord, in Whose kingdom that shall have no end let the earth rejoice; and Britain being one with them in the joy of His faith, let the multitude of isles be glad, and give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness.

Chap. XXIV. Chronological recapitulation of the whole work: also concerning the author himself.

I have thought fit briefly to sum up those things which have been related at length under their particular dates, that they may be the better kept in memory.

In the sixtieth year before the Incarnation of our Lord, Caius Julius Cæsar, first of the Romans invaded Britain, and was victorious, yet could not maintain the supreme power there. [I, 2.]

In the year of our Lord, 46, Claudius, being the second of the Romans who came to Britain, received the surrender of a great part of the island, and added the Orkney islands to the Roman empire. [I, 3.]

In the year of our Lord 167, Eleuther, being made bishop at Rome, governed the Church most gloriously fifteen years. To whom

Lucius, king of Britain, sent a letter, asking to be made a Christian, and succeeded in obtaining his request. [I, 4.]

In the year of our Lord 189, Severus, being made emperor, reigned seventeen years; he fortified Britain with a rampart from sea to sea. [I, 5.]

In the year 381, Maximus, being made emperor in Britain, crossed over into Gaul, and slew Gratian. [I, 9.]

In the year 409, Rome was overthrown by the Goths, from which time the Romans ceased to rule in Britain. [I, 11.]

In the year 430, Palladius was sent by Pope Celestine [pg 383]to the Scots that believed in Christ to be their first bishop. [I, 13.]

In the year 449, Marcian being made emperor with Valentinian, reigned seven years; in whose time the English, being called in by the Britons, came into Britain. [I, 15.]

In the year 538, an eclipse of the sun came to pass on the 16th of February, from the first hour until the third.

In the year 540, an eclipse of the sun came to pass on the 20th of June, and the stars appeared during almost half an hour after the third hour of the day.

In the year 547, Ida began to reign; he was the founder of the royal family of the Northumbrians, and he reigned twelve years.

In the year 565, the priest, Columba, came out of Scotland, into Britain, to teach the Picts, and he built a monastery in the isle of Hii. [III, 4.]

In the year 596, Pope Gregory sent Augustine with monks into Britain, to preach the good tidings of the Word of God to the English nation. [I, 23.]

In the year 597, the aforesaid teachers arrived in Britain; being about the 150th year from the coming of the English into Britain. [I, 25.]

In the year 601, Pope Gregory sent the pall into Britain to Augustine, who was already made bishop; he sent also several ministers of the Word, among whom was Paulinus. [I, 29.]

In the year 603, a battle was fought at Degsastan. [I, 34.]

In the year 604, the East Saxons received the faith of Christ, under King Sabert, Mellitus being bishop. [II, 3.]

[pg 384]

In the year 605, Gregory died. [II, 1.]

In the year 616, Ethelbert, king of Kent died. [II, 5.]

In the year 625, Paulinus was ordained bishop of the Northumbrians by Archbishop Justus. [II, 9.]

In the year 626, Eanfled, daughter of King Edwin, was baptized with twelve others, on the eve of Whitsunday. [*Ib* .]

In the year 627, King Edwin was baptized, with his nation, at Easter. [II, 14.] In the year 633, King Edwin being killed, Paulinus returned to Kent. [II, 20.] In the year 640, Eadbald, king of Kent, died. [III, 8.]

In the year 642, King Oswald was slain. [III, 9.]

In the year 644, Paulinus, formerly bishop of York, but then of the city of Rochester, departed to the Lord. [III, 14.]

In the year 651, King Oswin was killed, and Bishop Aidan died. [*Ibid* .]

In the year 653, the Middle Angles, under their prince, Penda, were admitted to the mysteries of the faith. [III, 21.]

In the year 655, Penda was slain, and the Mercians became Christians. [III, 24.] In the year 664, an eclipse came to pass; Earconbert, king of Kent, died; and Colman with the Scots returned to his people; a pestilence arose; Ceadda and

Wilfrid were ordained bishops of the Northumbrians. [III, 26-28, IV, 1.] In the year 668, Theodore was ordained bishop. [IV, 1.]

In the year 670, Oswy, king of the Northumbrians, died. [IV, 5.]

In the year 673, Egbert, king of Kent, died; and a synod was held at Hertford, in the presence of King Egfrid, Archbishop Theodore presiding: the synod was of great profit, and its decrees are contained in ten articles. [*Ibid* .]

In the year 675, Wulfhere, king of the Mercians, [pg 385]when he had reigned seventeen years, died and left the government to his brother Ethelred.

In the year 676, Ethelred ravaged Kent. [IV, 12.]

In the year 678, a comet appeared; Bishop Wilfrid was driven from his see by King Egfrid; and Bosa, Eata, and Eadhaed were consecrated bishops in his stead. [*Ibid* .; V, 19.]

In the year 679, Aelfwine was killed. [IV, 21.]

In the year 680, a synod was held in the plain of Haethfelth, concerning the Catholic faith, Archbishop Theodore presiding; John, the Roman abbot, was also present. The same year also the Abbess Hilda died at Streanaeshalch. [IV, 17, 18, 23.]

In the year 685, Egfrid, king of the Northumbrians, was slain. The same year Hlothere, king of Kent, died. [IV, 26.]

In the year 688, Caedwald, king of the West Saxons, went to Rome from Britain. [V, 7.]

In the year 690, Archbishop Theodore died. [V, 8.]

In the year 697, Queen Osthryth was murdered by her own nobles, to wit, the nobles of the Mercians.

In the year 698, Berctred, an ealdorman of the king of the Northumbrians, was slain by the Picts.

In the year 704, Ethelred, after he had reigned thirty-one years over the nation of the Mercians, became a monk, and gave up the kingdom to Coenred. [V, 19.]

In the year 705, Aldfrid, king of the Northumbrians, died. [V, 18.]

In the year 709, Coenred, king of the Mercians, having reigned five years, went to Rome. [V, 19.]

In the year 711, the commander Bertfrid fought with the Picts.

In the year 716, Osred, king of the Northumbrians, was killed; and Ceolred, king of the Mercians, died; and the man of God, Egbert, brought the monks of Hii to observe the Catholic Easter and the ecclesiastical tonsure. [V, 22.]

In the year 725, Wictred, king of Kent, died. [V, 23.]

In the year 729, comets appeared; the holy Egbert passed away; and Osric died. [*Ibid* .]

In the year 731, Archbishop Bertwald died. [*Ibid* .]

The same year Tatwine was consecrated ninth archbishop of the church of Canterbury, in the fifteenth year of the reign of Ethelbald, king of the Mercians. [*Ibid* .]

Thus much of the Ecclesiastical History of Britain, and more especially of the English nation, as far as I could learn either from the writings of the ancients, or the tradition of our forefathers, or of my own knowledge, with the help of the Lord, I, Bede, the servant of Christ, and priest of the monastery of the blessed Apostles, Peter and Paul, which is at Wearmouth and Jarrow, have set forth. Having been born in the territory of that same monastery, I was given, by the care of kinsmen, at seven years of age, to be educated by the most reverend Abbot Benedict, and afterwards by Ceolfrid, and spending all the remaining time of my life a dweller in that monastery, I wholly applied myself to the study of Scripture; and amidst the observance of monastic rule, and the daily charge of singing in the church, I always took delight in learning, or teaching, or writing. In the nineteenth year of my age, I received deacon's orders; in the thirtieth, those of the priesthood, both of them by the ministry of the most reverend Bishop John, and at the bidding of the Abbot Ceolfrid. From the time when I received priest's orders, till the fifty-ninth year of my age, I

have made it my business, for my own needs and those of my brethren, to compile out of the works of the venerable Fathers, the following brief notes on the Holy Scriptures, and also to make some additions after the manner of the meaning and interpretation given by them:

On the Beginning of Genesis, to the birth of Isaac and the casting out of Ishmael, four books.

Concerning the Tabernacle and its Vessels, and of the Vestments of the Priests, three books.

On the first part of Samuel, to the Death of Saul, three books.

Concerning the Building of the Temple, of Allegorical Exposition, and other matters, two books.

Likewise on the Book of Kings, thirty Questions. On the Proverbs of Solomon, three books.

On the Song of Songs, seven books.

On Isaiah, Daniel, the twelve Prophets, and Part of Jeremiah, Divisions of Chapters, collected from the Treatise of the blessed Jerome.

On Ezra and Nehemiah, three books. On the song of Habakkuk, one book.

On the Book of the blessed Father Tobias, one Book of Allegorical Explanation concerning Christ and the Church.

Also, Chapters of Readings on the Pentateuch of Moses, Joshua, and Judges; On the Books of Kings and Chronicles;

On the Book of the blessed Father Job;

On the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Songs; On the Prophets Isaiah, Ezra, and Nehemiah.

On the Gospel of Mark, four books. On the Gospel of Luke, six books.

Of Homilies on the Gospel, two books.

On the Apostle, whatsoever I have found in the works of St. Augustine I have taken heed to transcribe in order.

On the Acts of the Apostles, two books.

On the seven Catholic Epistles, a book on each. On the Revelation of St. John, three books.

Likewise, Chapters of Lessons on all the New Testament, except the Gospel. Likewise a book of Epistles to divers Persons, of which one is of the Six Ages of the world; one of the Halting-places of the Children of Israel; one on the words of Isaiah, “And they shall be shut up in the prison, and after many days shall they be visited”; one of the Reason of Leap-Year, and one of the Equinox, according to Anatolius.

Likewise concerning the Histories of Saints: I translated the Book of the Life and Passion of St. Felix, Confessor, from the metrical work of Paulinus, into prose; the Book of the Life and Passion of St. Anastasius, which was ill translated from the Greek, and worse amended by some ignorant person, I have corrected as to the sense as far as I could; I have written the Life of the Holy Father Cuthbert, who was both monk and bishop, first in heroic verse, and afterwards in prose.

The History of the Abbots of this monastery, in which I rejoice to serve the Divine Goodness, to wit, Benedict, Ceolfrid, and Huaetbert, in two books.

The Ecclesiastical History of our Island and Nation, in five books.

The Martyrology of the Festivals of the Holy Martyrs, in which I have carefully endeavoured to set down all whom I could find, and not only on what day, but also by what sort of combat, and under what judge they overcame the world.

A Book of Hymns in divers sorts of metre, or rhythm. A Book of Epigrams in heroic or elegiac verse.

Of the Nature of Things, and of the Times, one book of each; likewise, of the Times, one larger book.

A book of Orthography arranged in Alphabetical Order.

Likewise a Book of the Art of Poetry, and to it I have added another little Book of Figures of Speech or Tropes; that is, of the Figures and Modes of Speech in which the Holy Scriptures are written.

And I beseech Thee, good Jesus, that to whom Thou hast graciously granted sweetly to drink in the words of Thy knowledge, Thou wilt also vouchsafe in Thy loving-kindness that he may one day come to Thee, the Fountain of all wisdom, and appear for ever before Thy face.

1.9.2 Reading and Review Questions

- What does Bede's epithet, "Venerable," mean? (Consult a dictionary.) How would that affect the reader's perception of the work?
- Before the miracle, what would Caedmon do at feasts when they passed the harp around?
- Who teaches Caedmon how to create poetry and sing beautifully? Why? What is the topic of the poem? Is it an actual hymn? Why or why not?
- What is the only topic about which Caedmon is allowed to compose, and how does the Abbess use that gift?

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1.14: Anglo-Saxon Riddles

Dates unknown (probably seventh to eighth century)

Collections of riddles in Latin date back to the fourth century. Most of the authors are unknown, although the names of a few Anglo-Saxon authors survive: Aldhelm, Tatwine, and Eusebius. The first two were born in the seventh century and died in the eighth century, and the third may have been eighth century. The riddles written in Latin usually had the answer as the title, and they were considered enigmas: logic games that could be quite sophisticated and detailed. The most famous collection of riddles written in Anglo-Saxon are found in the Exeter Book; these riddles, in contrast to the Latin ones, often ask the reader to guess the answer, and no answer is provided. While the topics of the riddles range from animals and natural phenomena to weapons and writing, there are some riddles that contain double meanings (one of them obscene) that demonstrate an earthy sense of humor. Riddles appear to have occupied an important place in Anglo-Saxon culture and beyond. The concept of riddles as a standard game can be found in J.R.R. Tolkien's *The Hobbit* (which has numerous Anglo-Saxon borrowings), with the riddle competition between Bilbo Baggins and Gollum.

1.10.1 Selections from *Old English Poems*

I. A Storm

What man is so clever, so crafty of mind,

As to say for a truth who sends me a-traveling?

When I rise in my wrath, raging at times,

Savage is my sound. Sometimes I travel,

Go forth among the folk, set fire to their homes

And ravage and rob them; then rolls the smoke

Gray over the gables; great is the noise,

The death-struggle of the stricken. Then I stir up the woods

And the fruitful forests; I fell the trees,

I, roofed over with rain, on my reckless journey,

Wandering widely at the will of heaven.

I bear on my back the bodily raiment,

The fortunes of folk, their flesh and their spirits,

Together to sea. Say who may cover me,

Or what I am called, who carry this burden?

II. A Storm

At times I travel in tracks undreamed of,

In vasty wave-depths to visit the earth,

The floor of the ocean. Fierce is the sea

. . . . . the foam rolls high;

The whale-pool roars and rages loudly;

The streams beat the shores, and they sling at times

Great stones and sand on the steep cliffs,

With weeds and waves, while wildly striving

Under the burden of billows on the bottom of ocean

The sea-ground I shake. My shield of waters

I leave not ere he lets me who leads me always

In all my travels. Tell me, wise man,

Who was it that drew me from the depth of the ocean

When the streams again became still and quiet,

Who before had forced me in fury to rage?

III. A Storm

At times I am fast confined by my Master,

Who sendeth forth under the fertile plain

My broad bosom, but bridles me in.

He drives in the dark a dangerous power

To a narrow cave, where crushing my back

Sits the weight of the world. No way of escape

Can I find from the torment; so I tumble about

The homes of heroes. The halls with their gables,

The tribe-dwellings tremble; the trusty walls shake,

Steep over the head. Still seems the air

Over all the country and calm the waters,

Till I press in my fury from my prison below,

Obeying His bidding who bound me fast

In fetters at first when he fashioned the world,

In bonds and in chains, with no chance of escape

From his power who points out the paths I must follow.

Downward at times I drive the waves,

Stir up the streams; to the strand I press

The flint-gray flood: the foamy wave Lashes the wall. A lurid mountain

Rises on the deep; dark in its trail

Stirred up with the sea a second one comes,

And close to the coast it clashes and strikes

On the lofty hills. Loud soundeth the boat,

The shouting of shipmen. Unshaken abide

The stone cliffs steep through the strife of the waters,

The dashing of waves, when the deadly tumult

Crowds to the coast. Of cruel strife

The sailors are certain if the sea drive their craft

With its terrified guests on the grim rolling tide;

They are sure that the ship will be shorn of its power,

Be deprived of its rule, and will ride foam-covered

On the ridge of the waves. Then ariseth a panic,

Fear among folk of the force that commands me,

Strong on my storm-track. Who shall still that power?

At times I drive through the dark wave-vessels

That ride on my back, and wrench them asunder

And lash them with sea-streams; or I let them again

Glide back together. It is the greatest of noises,

Of clamoring crowds, of crashes the loudest,

When clouds as they strive in their courses shall strike

Edge against edge; inky of hue

In flight o'er the folk bright fire they sweat,

A stream of flame; destruction they carry

Dark over men with a mighty din.

Fighting they fare. They let fall from their bosom

A deafening rain of rattling liquid,

Of storm from their bellies. In battle they strive,

The awful army; anguish arises,

Terror of mind to the tribes of men,

Distress in the strongholds, when the stalking goblins,

The pale ghosts shoot with their sharp weapons.

The fool alone fears not their fatal spears;

But he perishes too if the true God send

Straight from above in streams of rain,

Whizzing and whistling the whirlwind's arrows,

The flying death. Few shall survive

Whom that violent guest in his grimness shall visit.

I always stir up that strife and commotion;

Then I bear my course to the battle of clouds,

Powerfully strive and press through the tumult,

Over the bosom of the billows; bursteth loudly

The gathering of elements. Then again I descend

In my helmet of air and hover near the land,

And lift on my back the load I must bear,

Minding the mandates of the mighty Lord.

So I, a tried servant, sometimes contend:

Now under the earth; now from over the waves

I drive to the depths; now dropping from heaven,

I stir up the streams, or strive to the skies,

Where I war with the welkin. Wide do I travel,

Swift and noisily. Say now my name,

Or who raises me up when rest is denied me,

Or who stays my course when stillness comes to me?

V. A Shield

A lonely warrior, I am wounded with iron,

Scarred with sword-points, sated with battle-play,

Weary of weapons. I have witnessed much fighting,

Much stubborn strife. From the strokes of war

I have no hope for help or release

Ere I pass from the world with the proud warrior band.

With brands and billies they beat upon me;

The hard edges hack me; the handwork of smiths

In crowds I encounter; with courage I endure

Ever bitterer battles. No balm may I find,

And no doctor to heal me in the whole field of battle,

To bind me with ointments and bring me to health,

But my grievous gashes grow ever sorer

Through death-dealing strokes by day and night.

VII. A Swan

My robe is noiseless when I roam the earth,

Or stay in my home, or stir up the water.

At times I am lifted o'er the lodgings of men

By the aid of my trappings and the air above.

The strength of the clouds then carries me far,

Bears me on its bosom. My beautiful ornament,

My raiment rustles and raises a song,

Sings without tiring. I touch not the earth

But wander a stranger over stream and wood.

VIII. A Nightingale

With my mouth I am master of many a language;

Cunningly I carol; I discourse full oft

In melodious lays; loud do I call,

Ever mindful of melody, undiminished in voice.

An old evening-scop, to earls I bring

Solace in cities; when, skillful in music,

My voice I raise, restful at home

They sit in silence. Say what is my name,

That call so clearly and cleverly imitate

The song of the scop, and sing unto men

Words full welcome with my wonderful voice.

XIV. A Horn

I was once an armed warrior. Now the worthy youth

Gorgeously gears me with gold and silver,

Curiously twisted. At times men kiss me.

Sometimes I sound and summon to battle

The stalwart company. A steed now carries me

Across the border. The courser of the sea

Now bears me o’er the billows, bright in my trappings.

Now a comely maiden covered with jewels

Fills my bosom with beer. On the board now I lie

Lidless and lonely and lacking my trappings.

Now fair in my fretwork at the feast I hang

In my place on the wall while warriors drink.

Now brightened for battle, on the back of a steed

A war-chief shall bear me. Then the wind I shall breathe,

Shall swell with sound from someone’s bosom.

At times with my voice I invite the heroes,

The warriors to wine; or I watch for my master,

And sound an alarm and save his goods,

Put the robber to flight. Now find out my name.

XV. A Badger

My throat is like snow, and my sides and my head

Are a swarthy brown; I am swift in flight.

Battle-weapons I bear; on my back stand hairs,

And also on my cheeks. O’er my eyes on high

Two ears tower; with my toes I step

On the green grass. Grief comes upon me

If the slaughter-grim hunter shall see me in hiding,

Shall find me alone where I fashion my dwelling,

Bold with my brood. I abide in this place

With my strong young children till a stranger shall come

And bring dread to my door. Death then is certain.

Hence, trembling I carry my terrified children

Far from their home and flee unto safety.

If he crowds me close as he comes behind,

I bare my breast. In my burrow I dare not

Meet my furious foe (it were foolish to do so),

But, wildly rushing, I work a road

Through the high hill with my hands and feet.

I fail not in defending my family's lives;

If I lead the little ones below to safety,

Through a secret hole inside the hill,

My beloved brood, no longer need I

Fear the offense of the fierce-battling dogs.

Whenever the hostile one hunts on my trail,

Follows me close, he will fail not of conflict,

Of a warm encounter, when he comes on my war-path,

If I reach, in my rage, through the roof of my hill

And deal my deadly darts of battle

On the foe I have feared and fled from long.

XXIII. A Bow

My name is spelled *AGOB* with the order reversed.

I am marvelously fashioned and made for fighting.

When I am bent and my bosom sends forth

Its poisoned stings, I straightway prepare

My deadly darts to deal afar.

As soon as my master, who made me for torment,

Loosens my limbs, my length is increased

Till I vomit the venom with violent motions,

The swift-killing poison I swallowed before.

Not any man shall make his escape,

Not one that I spoke of shall speed from the fight,

If there falls on him first what flies from my belly.

He pays with his strength for the poisonous drink,

For the fatal cup which forfeits his life.

Except when fettered fast, I am useless.

Unbound I shall fail. Now find out my name.

XXVI. A Bible

A stern destroyer struck out my life,

Deprived me of power; he put me to soak,

Dipped me in water, dried me again,

And set me in the sun, where I straightway lost

The hairs that I had. Then the hard edge

Of the keen knife cut me and cleansed me of soil;

Then fingers folded me. The fleet quill of the bird

With speedy drops spread tracks often

Over the brown surface, swallowed the tree-dye,

A deal of the stream, stepped again on me,

Traveled a black track. With protecting boards

Then a crafty one covered me, enclosed me with hide,

Made me gorgeous with gold. Hence I am glad and rejoice

At the smith's fair work with its wondrous adornments.

Now may these rich trappings, and the red dye's tracings,

And all works of wisdom spread wide the fame

Of the Sovereign of nations! Read me not as a penance!

If the children of men will cherish and use me,

They shall be safer and sounder and surer of victory,

More heroic of heart and happier in spirit,

More unfailing in wisdom. More friends shall they have,

Dear and trusty, and true and good,

And faithful always, whose honors and riches

Shall increase with their love, and who cover their friends

With kindness and favors and clasp them fast

With loving arms. I ask how men call me

Who aid them in need. My name is far famed.

I am helpful to men, and am holy myself.

XLV. Dough

In a corner I heard a curious weak thing

Swelling and sounding and stirring its cover.

On that boneless body a beautiful woman

Laid hold with her hands; the high-swelled thing

She covered with a cloth, the clever lord's daughter.

XLVII. A Bookworm

A moth ate a word. To me that seemed

A curious happening when I heard of that wonder,

That a worm should swallow the word of a man,

A thief in the dark eat a thoughtful discourse

And the strong base it stood on. He stole, but he was not

A whit the wiser when the word had been swallowed.

LX. A Reed

I stood on the strand to the sea-cliffs near,

Hard by the billows. To the home of my birth

Fast was I fixed. Few indeed are there

Of men who have ever at any time

Beheld my home in the hard waste-land.

In the brown embrace of the billows and waves

I was locked each dawn. Little I dreamed

That early or late I ever should

With men at the mead-feast mouthless speak forth

Words of wisdom. It is a wondrous thing,

And strange to the sight when one sees it first

That the edge of a knife and the active hand

And wit of the earl who wields the blade

Should bring it about that I bear unto thee

A secret message, meant for thee only,

Boldly announce it, so that no other man

May speak our secrets or spread them abroad.

1.10.2 Reading and Review Questions

- If there were no answers in the titles, which riddles would be the most difficult to guess, and why?
- What do we learn about Anglo-Saxon culture from the riddles? What details and ideas do the riddles expect the audience to know?
- Why do you think that the answers for the Anglo-Latin riddles are in the titles? What does that tell us about the intended audience?
- Which of the riddles has a double meaning? Compare it to another of the “obscene” Anglo-Saxon riddles (easily found online). What seems to be to most common theme?
- Look at the riddles used during the riddle game in Tolkien’s The Hobbit. How do they compare to the riddles found here?

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1.15: Marie De France

All we know about the author is that her name is Marie and she is from France. Since the English royal court at the time spoke French and had extensive ties to France, it is possible that she worked for an English king (some speculate Henry II). The very fact that she is “of France” could mean that she is not in France and is being identified that way in an English court. Unless more evidence is found, however, there is no way to know for certain. She is considered the first female French medieval poet.



Image 1.10 | Marie de France
Artist | Richard of Verdun
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We do know that Marie’s works were popular. Denis Pyramus, in his *Life of St . Edmund the King* (written not too long after Marie’s works), praises “...Dame Marie, who turned into rhyme and made verses of ‘Lays’ which are not in the least true. For these she is much praised, and her rhyme is loved everywhere; for counts, barons, and knights greatly admire it, and hold it dear. And they love her writing so much, and take such pleasure in it, that they have it read, and often copied. These Lays are wont to please ladies, who listen to them with delight, for they are after their own hearts.” Sadly, he neglects to tell us any more about her, since he assumes that his audience knows exactly who she is. Marie states that her *lais* (lays) are versions of oral tales that she heard from Breton minstrels (from Brittany, on the French coast). Breton is a Brittonic (Celtic) language, brought by immigrants from southwestern England, especially Cornwall (possibly when the Angles and the Saxons were moving into Britain). Marie writes in Anglo-Norman, which is a version of medieval French, with the occasional English word thrown in. Not surprising- ly, several of the *lais* (lays) deal with British stories, including the two presented in the anthology. In *Launfal*, the titular knight is a neglected member of King Arthur’s court, until he encounters a fairy lady who will grant him any wish, as long as he keeps their love a secret. In *The Lay of the Honeysuckle*, the knight Tristan has a brief meeting with his true love, Queen Isolde (who is the wife of his uncle, King Mark of Cornwall).

1.11.1 *The Lay of Sir Launfal*

Written in the late 1100s ACE

I will tell you the story of another Lay. It relates the adventures of a rich and mighty baron, and the Breton calls it, the Lay of Sir Launfal.

King Arthur—that fearless knight and courteous lord—removed to Wales, and lodged at Caerleon-on-Usk, since the Picts and Scots did much mischief in the land. For it was the wont of the wild people of the north to enter in the realm of Logres, and burn and damage at their will. At the time of Pentecost, the King cried a great feast. Thereat he gave many rich gifts to his counts and barons, and to the Knights of the Round Table. Never were such worship and bounty shown before at any feast, for Arthur bestowed honours and lands on all his servants—save only on one. This lord, who was forgotten and misliked of the King, was named Launfal. He was beloved by many of the Court, because of his beauty and prowess, for he was a worthy knight, open of heart and heavy of hand. These lords, to whom their comrade was dear, felt little joy to see so stout a knight misprized. Sir Launfal

was son to a King of high descent, though his heritage was in a distant land. He was of the King's household, but since Arthur gave him naught, and he was of too proud a mind to pray for his due, he had spent all that he had. Right heavy was Sir Launfal, when he considered these things, for he knew himself taken in the toils. Gentles, marvel not overmuch hereat. Ever must the pilgrim go heavily in a strange land, where there is none to counsel and direct him in the path.

Now, on a day, Sir Launfal got him on his horse, that he might take his pleasure for a little. He came forth from the city, alone, attended by neither servant nor squire. He went his way through a green mead, till he stood by a river of clear running water. Sir Launfal would have crossed this stream, without thought of pass or ford, but he might not do so, for reason that his horse was all fearful and trembling. Seeing that he was hindered in this fashion, Launfal unbitted his steed, and let him pasture in that fair meadow, where they had come. Then he folded his cloak to serve him as a pillow, and lay upon the ground. Launfal lay in great misease, because of his heavy thoughts, and the discomfort of his bed. He turned from side to side, and might not sleep. Now as the knight looked towards the river he saw two damsels coming towards him; fairer maidens Launfal had never seen. These two maidens were richly dressed in kirtles closely laced and shapen to their persons and wore mantles of a goodly purple hue. Sweet and dainty were the damsels, alike in raiment and in face. The elder of these ladies carried in her hands a basin of pure gold, cunningly wrought by some crafty smith—very fair and precious was the cup; and the younger bore a towel of soft white linen. These maidens turned neither to the right hand nor to the left, but went directly to the place where Launfal lay. When Launfal saw that their business was with him, he stood upon his feet, like a discreet and courteous gentleman. After they had greeted the knight, one of the maidens delivered the message with which she was charged.

"Sir Launfal, my demoiselle, as gracious as she is fair, prays that you will follow us, her messengers, as she has a certain word to speak with you. We will lead you swiftly to her pavilion, for our lady is very near at hand. If you but lift your eyes you may see where her tent is spread."

Right glad was the knight to do the bidding of the maidens. He gave no heed to his horse, but left him at his provand in the meadow. All his desire was to go with the damsels, to that pavilion of silk and divers colours, pitched in so fair a place. Certainly neither Semiramis in the days of her most wanton power, nor Octavian, the Emperor of all the West, had so gracious a covering from sun and rain. Above the tent was set an eagle of gold, so rich and precious, that none might count the cost. The cords and fringes thereof were of silken thread, and the lances which bore aloft the pavilion were of refined gold. No King on earth might have so sweet a shelter, not though he gave in fee the value of his realm. Within this pavilion Launfal came upon the Maiden. Whiter she was than any altar lily, and more sweetly flushed than the new born rose in time of summer heat. She lay upon a bed with napery and coverlet of richer worth than could be furnished by a castle's spoil. Very fresh and slender showed the lady in her vesture of spotless linen. About her person she had drawn a mantle of ermine, edged with purple dye from the vats of Alexandria. By reason of the heat her raiment was unfastened for a little, and her throat and the rondure of her bosom showed whiter and more untouched than hawthorn in May. The knight came before the bed, and stood gazing on so sweet a sight. The Maiden beckoned him to draw near, and when he had seated himself at the foot of her couch, spoke her mind.

"Launfal," she said, "fair friend, it is for you that I have come from my own far land. I bring you my love. If you are prudent and discreet, as you are goodly to the view, there is no emperor nor count, nor king, whose day shall be so filled with riches and with mirth as yours."

When Launfal heard these words he rejoiced greatly, for his heart was litten by another's torch.

"Fair lady," he answered, "since it pleases you to be so gracious, and to dower so graceless a knight with your love, there is naught that you may bid me do—right or wrong, evil or good—that I will not do to the utmost of my power. I will observe your commandment, and serve in your quarrels. For you I renounce my father and my father's house. This only I pray, that I may dwell with you in your lodging, and that you will never send me from your side."

When the Maiden heard the words of him whom so fondly she desired to love, she was altogether moved, and granted him forthwith her heart and her tenderness. To her bounty she added another gift besides. Never might Launfal be desirous of aught, but he would have according to his wish. He might waste and spend at will and pleasure, but in his purse ever there was to spare. No more was Launfal sad. Right merry was the pilgrim, since one had set him on the way, with such a gift, that the more pennies he bestowed, the more silver and gold were in his pouch.

But the Maiden had yet a word to say.

"Friend," she said, "hearken to my counsel. I lay this charge upon you, and pray you urgently, that you tell not to any man the secret of our love. If you show this matter, you will lose your friend, for ever and a day. Never again may you see my face. Never again will you have seisin of that body, which is now so tender in your eyes."

Launfal plighted faith, that right strictly he would observe this commandment. So the Maiden granted him her kiss and her embrace, and very sweetly in that fair lodging passed the day till evensong was come.

Right loath was Launfal to depart from the pavilion at the vesper hour, and gladly would he have stayed, had he been able, and his lady wished.

"Fair friend," said she, "rise up, for no longer may you tarry. The hour is come that we must part. But one thing I have to say before you go. When you would speak with me I shall hasten to come before your wish. Well I deem that you will only call your friend where she may be found without reproach or shame of men. You may see me at your pleasure; my voice shall speak softly in your ear at will; but I must never be known of your comrades, nor must they ever learn my speech." Right joyous was Launfal to hear this thing. He sealed the covenant with a kiss, and stood upon his feet. Then there entered the two maidens who had led him to the pavilion, bringing with them rich raiment, fitting for a knight's apparel. When Launfal had clothed himself therewith, there seemed no goodlier varlet under heaven, for certainly he was fair and true. After these maidens had refreshed him with clear water, and dried his hands upon the napkin, Launfal went to meat. His friend sat at table with him, and small will had he to refuse her courtesy. Very serviceably the damsels bore the meats, and Launfal and the Maiden ate and drank with mirth and content. But one dish was more to the knight's relish than any other. Sweeter than the dainties within his mouth, was the lady's kiss upon his lips. When supper was ended, Launfal rose from table, for his horse stood waiting without the pavilion. The destrier was newly saddled and bridled, and showed proudly in his rich gay trappings. So Launfal kissed, and bade farewell, and went his way. He rode back towards the city at a slow pace. Often he checked his steed, and looked behind him, for he was filled with amazement, and all bemused concerning this adventure. In his heart he doubted that it was but a dream. He was altogether astonished, and knew not what to do. He feared that pavilion and Maiden alike were from the realm of faery.

Launfal returned to his lodging, and was greeted by servitors, clad no longer in ragged raiment. He fared richly, lay softly, and spent largely, but never knew how his purse was filled. There was no lord who had need of a lodging in the town, but Launfal brought him to his hall, for refreshment and delight. Launfal bestowed rich gifts. Launfal redeemed the poor captive. Launfal clothed in scarlet the minstrel. Launfal gave honour where honour was due. Stranger and friend alike he comforted at need. So, whether by night or by day, Launfal lived greatly at his ease. His lady, she came at will and pleasure, and, for the rest, all was added unto him.

Now it chanced, the same year, about the feast of St. John, a company of knights came, for their solace, to an orchard, beneath that tower where dwelt the Queen.

Together with these lords went Gawain and his cousin, Yvain the fair. Then said Gawain, that goodly knight, beloved and dear to all,

"Lords, we do wrong to disport ourselves in this pleasaunce without our comrade Launfal. It is not well to slight a prince as brave as he is courteous, and of a lineage prouder than our own."

Then certain of the lords returned to the city, and finding Launfal within his hostel, entreated him to take his pastime with them in that fair meadow. The Queen looked out from a window in her tower, she and three ladies of her fellowship. They saw the lords at their pleasure, and Launfal also, whom well they knew. So the Queen chose of her Court thirty damsels—the sweetest of face and most dainty of fashion—and commanded that they should descend with her to take their delight in the garden. When the knights beheld this gay company of ladies come down the steps of the perron, they rejoiced beyond measure. They hastened before to lead them by the hand, and said such words in their ear as were seemly and pleasant to be spoken. Amongst these merry and courteous lords hasted not Sir Launfal. He drew apart from the throng, for with him time went heavily, till he might have clasp and greeting of his friend. The ladies of the Queen's fellowship seemed but kitchen wenches to his sight, in comparison with the loveliness of the maiden. When the Queen marked Launfal go aside, she went his way, and seating herself upon the herb, called the knight before her. Then she opened out her heart.

"Launfal, I have honoured you for long as a worthy knight, and have praised and cherished you very dearly. You may receive a queen's whole love, if such be your care. Be content: he to whom my heart is given, has small reason to complain him of the alms."

"Lady," answered the knight, "grant me leave to go, for this grace is not for me. I am the King's man, and dare not break my troth. Not for the highest lady in the world, not even for her love, will I set this reproach upon my lord."

When the Queen heard this, she was full of wrath, and spoke many hot and bitter words.

"Launfal," she cried, "well I know that you think little of woman and her love. There are sins more black that a man may have upon his soul. Traitor you are, and false. Right evil counsel gave they to my lord, who prayed him to suffer you about his person. You remain only for his harm and loss."

Launfal was very dolent to hear this thing. He was not slow to take up the Queen's glove, and in his haste spake words that he repented long, and with tears. "Lady," said he, "I am not of that guild of which you speak. Neither am I a despiser of woman, since I love, and am loved, of one who would bear the prize from all the ladies in the land. Dame, know now and be persuaded, that she, whom I serve, is so rich in state, that the very meanest of her maidens, excels you, Lady Queen, as much in clerkly skill and goodness, as in sweetness of body and face, and in every virtue."

The Queen rose straightway to her feet, and fled to her chamber, weeping. Right wrathful and heavy was she, because of the words that had besmirched her.

She lay sick upon her bed, from which, she said, she would never rise, till the King had done her justice, and righted this bitter wrong. Now the King that day had taken his pleasure within the woods. He returned from the chase towards evening, and sought the chamber of the Queen. When the lady saw him, she sprang from her bed, and kneeling at his feet, pleaded for grace and pity. Launfal—she said— had shamed her, since he required her love. When she had put him by, very foully had he reviled her, boasting that his love was already set on a lady, so proud and noble, that her meanest wench went more richly, and smiled more sweetly, than the Queen. Thereat the King waxed marvellously wrathful, and swore a great oath that he would set Launfal within a fire, or hang him from a tree, if he could not deny this thing, before his peers.

Arthur came forth from the Queen's chamber, and called to him three of his lords. These he sent to seek the knight who so evilly had entreated the Queen. Launfal, for his part, had returned to his lodging, in a sad and sorrowful case. He saw very clearly that he had lost his friend, since he had declared their love to men. Launfal sat within his chamber, sick and heavy of thought. Often he called upon his friend, but the lady would not hear his voice. He bewailed his evil lot, with tears; for grief he came nigh to swoon; a hundred times he implored the Maiden that she would deign to speak with her knight. Then, since the lady yet refrained from speech, Launfal cursed his hot and unruly tongue. Very near he came to ending all this trouble with his knife. Naught he found to do but to wring his hands, and call upon the Maiden, begging her to forgive his trespass, and to talk with him again, as friend to friend.

But little peace is there for him who is harassed by a King. There came presently to Launfal's hostel those three barons from the Court. These bade the knight forthwith to go with them to Arthur's presence, to acquit him of this wrong against the Queen. Launfal went forth, to his own deep sorrow. Had any man slain him on the road, he would have counted him his friend. He stood before the King, downcast and speechless, being dumb by reason of that great grief, of which he showed the picture and image.

Arthur looked upon his captive very evilly.

"Vassal," said he, harshly, "you have done me a bitter wrong. It was a foul deed to seek to shame me in this ugly fashion, and to smirch the honour of the Queen. Is it folly or lightness which leads you to boast of that lady, the least of whose maidens is fairer, and goes more richly, than the Queen?"

Launfal protested that never had he set such shame upon his lord. Word by word he told the tale of how he denied the Queen, within the orchard. But concerning that which he had spoken of the lady, he owned the truth, and his folly. The love of which he bragged was now lost to him, by his own exceeding fault. He cared little for his life, and was content to obey the judgment of the Court.

Right wrathful was the King at Launfal's words. He conjured his barons to give him such wise counsel herein, that wrong might be done to none. The lords did the King's bidding, whether good came of the matter, or evil. They gathered themselves together, and appointed a certain day that Launfal should abide the judgment of his peers. For his part Launfal must give pledge and surety to his lord, that he would come before this judgment in his own body. If he might not give such surety then he should be held captive till the appointed day. When the lords of the King's household returned to tell him of their counsel, Arthur demanded that Launfal should put such pledge in his hand, as they had said. Launfal was altogether mazed and bewildered at this judgment, for he had neither friend nor kindred in the land. He would have been set in prison, but Gawain came first to offer himself as his surety, and with him, all the knights of his fellowship. These gave into the King's hand as pledge, the fiefs and lands that they held of his Crown. The King having taken pledges from the sureties, Launfal returned to his lodging, and with him certain knights of his company. They blamed him greatly because of his foolish love, and chastened him grievously by reason of the sorrow he made before men. Every day they came to his chamber, to know of his meat and drink, for much they feared that presently he would become mad.

The lords of the household came together on the day appointed for this judgment. The King was on his chair, with the Queen sitting at his side. The sureties brought Launfal within the hall, and rendered him into the hands of his peers. Right sorrowful were

they because of his plight. A great company of his fellowship did all that they were able to acquit him of this charge. When all was set out, the King demanded the judgment of the Court, according to the accusation and the answer. The barons went forth in much trouble and thought to consider this matter. Many amongst them grieved for the peril of a good knight in a strange land; others held that it were well for Launfal to suffer, because of the wish and malice of their lord. Whilst they were thus perplexed, the Duke of Cornwall rose in the council, and said,

“Lords, the King pursues Launfal as a traitor, and would slay him with the sword, by reason that he bragged of the beauty of his maiden, and roused the jealousy of the Queen. By the faith that I owe this company, none complains of Launfal, save only the King. For our part we would know the truth of this business, and do justice between the King and his man. We would also show proper reverence to our own liege lord. Now, if it be according to Arthur’s will, let us take oath of Launfal, that he seek this lady, who has put such strife between him and the Queen. If her beauty be such as he has told us, the Queen will have no cause for wrath. She must pardon Launfal for his rudeness, since it will be plain that he did not speak out of a malicious heart. Should Launfal fail his word, and not return with the lady, or should her fairness fall beneath his boast, then let him be cast off from our fellowship, and be sent forth from the service of the King.”

This counsel seemed good to the lords of the household. They sent certain of his friends to Launfal, to acquaint him with their judgment, bidding him to pray his damsel to the Court, that he might be acquitted of this blame. The knight made answer that in no wise could he do this thing. So the sureties returned before the judges, saying that Launfal hoped neither for refuge nor for succour from the lady, and Arthur urged them to a speedy ending, because of the prompting of the Queen.

The judges were about to give sentence upon Launfal, when they saw two maidens come riding towards the palace, upon two white ambling palfreys. Very sweet and dainty were these maidens, and richly clothed in garments of crimson sendal, closely girt and fashioned to their bodies. All men, old and young, looked willingly upon them, for fair they were to see. Gawain, and three knights of his company, went straight to Launfal, and showed him these maidens, praying him to say which of them was his friend. But he answered never a word. The maidens dismounted from their palfreys, and coming before the dais where the King was seated, spake him fairly, as they were fair.

“Sire, prepare now a chamber, hung with silken cloths, where it is seemly for my lady to dwell; for she would lodge with you awhile.”

This gift the King granted gladly. He called to him two knights of his household, and bade them bestow the maidens in such chambers as were fitting to their degree. The maidens being gone, the King required of his barons to proceed with their judgment, saying that he had sore displeasure at the slowness of the cause.

“Sire,” replied the barons, “we rose from Council, because of the damsels who entered in the hall. We will at once resume the sitting, and give our judgment without more delay.”

The barons again were gathered together, in much thought and trouble, to consider this matter. There was great strife and dissension amongst them, for they knew not what to do. In the midst of all this noise and tumult, there came two other damsels riding to the hall on two Spanish mules. Very richly arrayed were these damsels in raiment of fine needlework, and their kirtles were covered by fresh fair mantles, embroidered with gold. Great joy had Launfal’s comrades when they marked these ladies. They said between themselves that doubtless they came for the succour of the good knight. Gawain, and certain of his company, made haste to Launfal, and said, “Sir, be not cast down. Two ladies are near at hand, right dainty of dress, and gracious of person. Tell us truly, for the love of God, is one of these your friend?”

But Launfal answered very simply that never before had he seen these damsels with his eyes, nor known and loved them in his heart.

The maidens dismounted from their mules, and stood before Arthur, in the sight of all. Greatly were they praised of many, because of their beauty, and of the colour of their face and hair. Some there were who deemed already that the Queen was overborne.

The elder of the damsels carried herself modestly and well, and sweetly told over the message wherewith she was charged.

“Sire, make ready for us chambers, where we may abide with our lady, for even now she comes to speak with thee.”

The King commanded that the ladies should be led to their companions, and bestowed in the same honourable fashion as they. Then he bade the lords of his household to consider their judgment, since he would endure no further respite. The Court already had given too much time to the business, and the Queen was growing wrathful, because of the blame that was hers. Now the judges were about to proclaim their sentence, when, amidst the tumult of the town, there came riding to the palace the flower of all the ladies of the world. She came mounted upon a palfrey, white as snow, which carried her softly, as though she loved her

burthen. Beneath the sky was no goodlier steed, nor one more gentle to the hand. The harness of the palfrey was so rich, that no king on earth might hope to buy trappings so precious, unless he sold or set his realm in pledge. The Maiden herself showed such as I will tell you. Passing slim was the lady, sweet of bodice and slender of girdle. Her throat was whiter than snow on branch, and her eyes were like flowers in the pallor of her face. She had a witching mouth, a dainty nose, and an open brow. Her eyebrows were brown, and her golden hair parted in two soft waves upon her head. She was clad in a shift of spotless linen, and above her snowy kirtle was set a mantle of royal purple, clasped upon her breast. She carried a hooded falcon upon her glove, and a greyhound followed closely after. As the Maiden rode at a slow pace through the streets of the city, there was none, neither great nor small, youth nor sergeant, but ran forth from his house, that he might content his heart with so great beauty. Every man that saw her with his eyes, marvelled at a fairness beyond that of any earthly woman. Little he cared for any mortal maiden, after he had seen this sight. The friends of Sir Launfal hastened to the knight, to tell him of his lady's succour, if so it were according to God's will.

"Sir comrade, truly is not this your friend? This lady is neither black nor golden, mean nor tall. She is only the most lovely thing in all the world."

When Launfal heard this, he sighed, for by their words he knew again his friend. He raised his head, and as the blood rushed to his face, speech flowed from his lips. "By my faith," cried he, "yes, she is indeed my friend. It is a small matter now whether men slay me, or set me free; for I am made whole of my hurt just by looking on her face."

The Maiden entered in the palace—where none so fair had come before—and stood before the King, in the presence of his household. She loosed the clasp of her mantle, so that men might the more easily perceive the grace of her person. The courteous King advanced to meet her, and all the Court got them on their feet, and pained themselves in her service. When the lords had gazed upon her for a space, and praised the sum of her beauty, the lady spake to Arthur in this fashion, for she was anxious to begone.

"Sire, I have loved one of thy vassals,—the knight who stands in bonds, Sir Launfal. He was always misprized in thy Court, and his every action turned to blame. What he said, that thou knowest; for over hasty was his tongue before the Queen. But he never craved her in love, however loud his boasting. I cannot choose that he should come to hurt or harm by me. In the hope of freeing Launfal from his bonds, I have obeyed thy summons. Let now thy barons look boldly upon my face, and deal justly in this quarrel between the Queen and me."

The King commanded that this should be done, and looking upon her eyes, not one of the judges but was persuaded that her favour exceeded that of the Queen.

Since then Launfal had not spoken in malice against his lady, the lords of the household gave him again his sword. When the trial had come thus to an end the Maiden took her leave of the King, and made her ready to depart. Gladly would Arthur have had her lodge with him for a little, and many a lord would have rejoiced in her service, but she might not tarry. Now without the hall stood a great stone of dull marble, where it was the wont of lords, departing from the Court, to climb into the saddle, and Launfal by the stone. The Maiden came forth from the doors of the palace, and mounting on the stone, seated herself on the palfrey, behind her friend. Then they rode across the plain together, and were no more seen.

The Bretons tell that the knight was ravished by his lady to an island, very dim and very fair, known as Avalon. But none has had speech with Launfal and his faery love since then, and for my part I can tell you no more of the matter.

1.11.2 *The Lay of the Honeysuckle*

Written in the late 1100s ACE

With a glad heart and right good mind will I tell the Lay that men call Honeysuckle; and that the truth may be known of all it shall be told as many a minstrel has sung it to my ear, and as the scribe hath written it for our delight. It is of Tristan and Isoude, the Queen. It is of a love which passed all other love, of love from whence came wondrous sorrow, and whereof they died together in the self-same day.

King Mark was sorely wrath with Tristan, his sister's son, and bade him avoid his realm, by reason of the love he bore the Queen. So Tristan repaired to his own land, and dwelt for a full year in South Wales, where he was born. Then since he might not come where he would be, Tristan took no heed to his ways, but let his life run waste to Death. Marvel not overmuch thereat, for he who loves beyond measure must ever be sick in heart and hope, when he may not win according to his wish. So sick in heart and mind

was Tristan that he left his kingdom, and returned straight to the realm of his banishment, because that in Cornwall dwelt the Queen. There he hid privily in the deep forest, withdrawn from the eyes of men; only when the evening was come, and all things sought their rest, he prayed the peasant and other mean folk of that country, of their charity to grant him shelter for the night. From the serf he gathered tidings of the King. These gave again to him what they, in turn, had taken from some outlawed knight. Thus Tristan learned that when Pentecost was come King Mark purposed to hold high Court at Tintagel, and keep the feast with pomp and revelry; moreover that thither would ride Isoude, the Queen.

When Tristan heard this thing he rejoiced greatly, since the Queen might not adventure through the forest, except he saw her with his eyes. After the King had gone his way, Tristan entered within the wood, and sought the path by which the Queen must come. There he cut a wand from out a certain hazel-tree, and having trimmed and peeled it of its bark, with his dagger he carved his name upon the wood. This he placed upon her road, for well he knew that should the Queen but mark his name she would bethink her of her friend. Thus had it chanced before. For this was the sum of the writing set upon the wand, for Queen Isoude's heart alone: how that in this wild place Tristan had lurked and waited long, so that he might look upon her face, since without her he was already dead. Was it not with them as with the Honeysuckle and the Hazel tree she was passing by! So sweetly laced and taken were they in one close embrace, that thus they might remain whilst life endured. But should rough hands part so fond a clasping, the hazel would wither at the root, and the honeysuckle must fail. Fair friend, thus is the case with us, nor you without me, nor I without you.

Now the Queen fared at adventure down the forest path. She spied the hazel wand set upon her road, and well she remembered the letters and the name. She bade the knights of her company to draw rein, and dismount from their palfreys, so that they might refresh themselves a little. When her commandment was done she withdrew from them a space, and called to her Brangwaine, her maiden, and own familiar friend. Then she hastened within the wood, to come on him whom more she loved than any living soul. How great the joy between these twain, that once more they might speak together softly, face to face. Isoude showed him her delight. She showed in what fashion she strove to bring peace and concord betwixt Tristan and the King, and how grievously his banishment had weighed upon her heart. Thus sped the hour, till it was time for them to part; but when these lovers freed them from the other's arms, the tears were wet upon their cheeks. So Tristan returned to Wales, his own realm, even as his uncle bade. But for the joy that he had had of her, his friend, for her sweet face, and for the tender words that she had spoken, yea, and for that writing upon the wand, to remember all these things, Tristan, that cunning harper, wrought a new Lay, as shortly I have told you. Goatleaf, men call this song in English. Chèvrefeuille it is named in French; but Goatleaf or Honeysuckle, here you have the very truth in the Lay that I have spoken.

1.11.3 Reading and Review Questions

- In *Launfal*, how are Arthur and Guinevere portrayed? What do you make of Gawain's behavior towards Launfal, and how does that affect our view of him?
- In *Launfal*, does anything surprise you about the relationship between Launfal and his lady? Is the story's ending an endorsement or rejection of chivalry? Why?
- In *Launfal*, is there an underlying message for the original audience? What are they supposed to think about Launfal, and why?
- In *The Lay of the Honeysuckle*, what does Marie say about the process of writing? How does the story contribute to the discussion of how to convey meaning?
- In *The Lay of the Honeysuckle*, how does Marie seem to feel about the adulterous lovers? How might the original audience be expected to interpret the situation?

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1.16: Middle English Lyrics

The anonymous Middle English lyric poetry that we have is doubtless only a fraction of what existed. Since the lyrics were part of an oral tradition, it is difficult to know exactly when they were written. In general, the lyric tradition appears to have been most prominent from the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries, and the similarities to French lyric poetry indicate that there was some kind of influence (probably earlier French lyrics influencing the medieval English lyrics). Some lyric poems include music, and the form of the poems usually follows a song-like rhyme scheme, often with a refrain. The topics of the lyrics are varied, just as the authors were, but they tend to fall into certain categories. Perhaps the most well-known Middle English lyric poem is the *Cuckoo Song*, with its joyful celebration of spring, complete with a farting deer (a typical kind of medieval humor). In poems such as *Spring Song*, *Alysoun*, *Blow Northern Wind*, and *When the Nightingale Sings*, a man laments that he does not have the love of a beautiful woman (the subject of songs to this day). The poem *Ubi Sunt Qui Ante Nos Fuerunt*? ("Where are those who were before us?") uses the same motif as earlier Anglo-Saxon poetry such as *The Wanderer* (found in this anthology). Many of the lyrics were religious, whether they were about Jesus or the Virgin Mary (such as *Ave Maria* or *Lullaby*), mankind's sinful nature (such as the poem *Earth*), or reflections on death and the afterlife (such as *Life* and *Winter Song*).

1.12.1 Cuckoo Song

Summer is a-coming in,

    Sing loud Cuckoo!

Groweth seed, and bloweth mead

And springeth the woode noo

    Sing Cuckoo!

Ewe bleatheth after lamb,

    Lows for her calf coo;

Bullock sterteth, buck verteth,

    Merry sing Cuckoo!

Cuckoo, Cuckoo, well sing'st thou Cuckoo:

    So cease thou never noo.

Sing Cuckoo, noo, sing Cuckoo!

1.12.2 Spring Song

Spring is come to town with love

With blossom and with bird in grove,

    That all this bliss now bringeth.

There are daisies in the dales;

Notes full sweet of nightingales;

    Each bird song singeth.

The throstlecock out-sings them all;

Away is fled the Winter's thrall,

When woodrow springeth.

Then chanting birds in wondrous throng

Thrill out their joy the glades among

Till all the woodland ringeth.

The crimson rose is seen,

New leaves of tender green

With good-will grow,

The moon shines white and clear,

Fennel and Thyme are here,

Fair lilies blow.

Their mates the wild drakes find,

Each creature seeks his kind.

As stream that trickles slow,

We plain when life is drear,

For cruel love the tear

Unchecked must flow.

The moon sends forth her light,

The goodly sun shines bright,

And birds sing well.

Dews drench the soft young grass,

And whispering lovers pass,

Their tale to tell;

Snakes woo beneath the clod,

Women grow wondrous proud

On field and fell.

If one shall say me no

Spring joy I will forgo

And banished dwell.

1.12.3 Winter Song

Winter wakeneth all my care;

Leaves are few and branches bare;

Oft I sigh and mourn full sair,

When there cometh to my thought

All the world's joy, how it all goes to nought.

Now it is, now no more seen;

Gone as it had never been,

Many men say truth, I ween,

That all goes by God's will.

We all must surely die, though it seem ill.

All that green that graced the year, Now is dying, brown and sere.

Jesus, let thy help be near

And shield us now from hell.

For I know not whither I shall go nor how long here shall dwell.

1.12.4 Alysoun

Between soft March and April showers,

When sprays of bloom from branches spring,

And when the little bird 'mid flowers

Doth song of sweetness loudly sing:

To her with longing love I cling,

Of all the world the fairest thing,

Whose thrall I am, who bliss can bring

And give to me life's crown.

A gracious fate to me is sent;

Methinks it is by Heaven lent

From women all, my heart is bent,

To light on Alysoun.

Her sheeny locks are fair to see,

Her lashes brown, her eyes of black;

With lovely mouth she smiles on me;

Her waist is slim, of lissom make.

Unless as mate she will me take,

To be her own, my heart will break;

Longer to live I will forsake,

And dead I will fall down.

A gracious fate, etc.

All for thy sake I restless turn,

And wakeful hours sigh through at night;

For thee, sweet lady, do I yearn;

My cheeks wax wan in woful plight.

No man so wise that can aright

Her goodness tell, her beauties bright;

Her throat is than the swan's more white,

The fairest maid in town.

A gracious fate, etc.

Weary as water in the weir,

With wooing I am spent and worn;

Lest any reave me, much I fear,

And leave me mate less and forlorn.

A sharp, short pain is better borne,

Than now and evermore to mourn.

My love, O fair one, do not scorn,

No longer on me frown.

A gracious fate to me is sent;

Methinks it is by Heaven lent;

From women all, my heart is bent,

To light on Alysoun.

1.12.5 Blow, Northern Wind

I know a maid in bower bright,

That full seemly is to sight

Maid of majesty and might,

Of loyal heart and hand.

'Midst many a nobler one

A maid of blood and bone,

I know not ever none

So fair in all the land.

Blow, Northern Wind,

Send thou me my sweeting

Blow, Northern Wind, blow, blow, blow.

With her long and lovely tresses,

Forehead and face fair for caresses

Blest be the joy my lady blesses

That bird so bright in bour,

With lovesome eyes so large and good

With blissful brows beneath her hood,

He that once hung upon the Rood

Her life holds in honour.

Blow, Northern Wind,

Send thou me my sweeting

Blow, Northern Wind, blow, blow, blow

Her face is full of light,

As a lantern in the night

She sheds a radiance bright,

So fair is she and fine.

Her neck is slender to enfold

Her loving arms bring joy untold

Her little hands are soft to hold

Would God that she were mine.

Blow, Northern Wind,

Send thou me my sweeting

Blow, Northern Wind, blow, blow, blow.

She is coral of goodnesse

Ruby she of rightfulnesse

She is christal of cleannesse

Beauty's banner she.

She is lily of largesse

Periwinkle of promesse

She the sunflower of sweetnesse

Lady of loyalty.

Blow, Northern Wind,

Send thou me my sweeting

Blow, Northern Wind, blow, blow, blow.

For her love I mourn and moan,

For her love I grieve and groan,

For her love my good is gone

And I wax all wan.

For her love in sleep I sigh

For her love I wakeful lie

For her love I droop and cry

More than any man.

Blow, Northern Wind,

Send thou me my sweeting

Blow, Northern Wind, blow, blow, blow

1.12.6 When the Nightingale Sings

When the nightingale sings, the woodes waxen greene,

Leaf and grass and blossom springs, in Averil I weene,

And love is to my hearte gone, with a spear so keene.

Night and day my blood it drinks, mine heartes death to teene.

I have loved all this year, that I can love no more,

I have sighed many sighs, Lady, for thine ore,

Ne’er my love comes near to thee, and that me grieveth

sore. Sweetest Lady think on me, I loved thee of yore.

Sweetest Lady, speak I pray, one word of love to me,

While in this wide world I stay, I’ll seek for none but thee,

Your kind love might give me bliss, from pain might set me free,

A sweet kiss of thy dear mouth, might my surgeon be.

Sweetest Lady, here I pray, one boon of love bestowe,

If you love me, as men say, as I, dearest, knowe,

If you will it, look on me, just a look will showe,

So much have I thought of thee, I all ghastly growe

Between Lincoln and Lindesey, North-Hamptoun and Londoune,

I wot not of so fair a may, by tower, dale, or toune,

Dearest one, I humbly pray, love me a littlesoone.

I now will plain my song,

To her to whom it doth belong.

1.12.7 Ubi Sunt Qui Ante Nos Fuerunt?

Where are they that lived before,

Hounds they led and hawks they bore

And had both field and chase?

Ladies rich in bowers fair,

Nets of gold bind up the hair,

Rosy-bright of face.

They ate and drank and made them glad

Their life was all with pleasure led,

Men kneeled them beforn,

They bore themselves full proud and high

And in the twinkling of an eye

Their souls were all forlorn.

Where is that laughing and that song

The pride with which they passed along,

The hawk, and hound, and bower?

All that joy is gone away,

That weal is come to welaway,

To many a bitter hour.

They took their heaven while they were here

And now in hell they lie in fere;

The fire it burneth ever,

Long is ay, and long is o,

Long is wy, and long is wo,

From thence come they never.

1.12.8 Earth

[Note: That this singular and impressive little poem may be more readily understood, the word *earth* has been here printed with a capital wherever it is used to signify man, the creature made of the dust of the earth. This emphasizes the distinction between the different senses in which the word earth is used throughout the poem.]

Earth out of earth is wondrously wrought,

Earth of earth hath got a dignity of naught,

Earth upon earth hath set all his thought,

How that Earth upon earth may be high brought.

Earth upon earth would be a King;

But how Earth shall to earth thinketh nothing;

When that earth biddeth Earth his rentes home bring,

Then shall Earth out of earth have a piteous parting.

Earth upon earth winneth castles and towers,

Then saith Earth to earth: “Now all this is ours!”

When that Earth upon earth hath built up his bowers,

Then shall Earth upon earth suffer sharp showres.

Earth goes upon earth as mold upon mold,

So goes Earth upon earth all glittering in gold,

As though Earth unto earth never go should,

And yet Earth shall to earth before that he would.

O thou Earth that on earth travailest night and day,

To deck thee, Earth, to paint thee with wanton array;

Yet shalt thou, Earth, for all thy earth, make thou it never so quaint and gay,

Out of this earth into the earth, there to cling as a clod of clay.

O wretched man, why art thou proud that art of earth maked?

Hither broughtest thou no shroud, but poor came thou and naked!

When thy soul is gone out, and thy body in earth raked,

Then thy body that was rank and undevout, of all men is hated.

Out of this earth came to this earth this wretched garment,

To hide this Earth, to hap this Earth, to him was clothing lent;

Now goes Earth upon earth, rueful, ragged, and rent,

Therefore shall Earth under earth have hideous torment.

Why that Earth too must love earth, wonder me think,

Or why that Earth for superflue earth, too sore sweat will or swink;

For when that Earth upon earth is brought within the brink,

Then shall Earth of the earth have a rueful swink.

So, Earth upon earth, consider thou may How

Earth cometh into earth naked alway,

Why should Earth upon earth go now so stout or gay

When Earth shall pass out of earth in so poor array?

Therefore, thou Earth upon earth that so wickedly hast wrought,

While that thou, Earth, art upon earth, turn again thy thought,

And pray to that God upon earth that all the earth hath wrought,

That thou, Earth upon earth, to bliss may be brought.

O Thou Lord that madest this earth for this Earth, and suffered here paines ill,

Let not this Earth for this earth evil e'er spille,

But that this Earth on this earth be ever working Thy will.

So that this Earth from this earth may fly up to Thy high hill.

1.12.9 Life

The life of this world

Is ruled with wind,

Weeping, darkness,

And stirring:

With wind we blowen,

With wind we lassen:

With weeping we comen,

With weeping we passen.

With stirring we beginnen

With stirring we enden,

With dread we dwellen,

With dread we enden.

1.12.10 Ave Maria

Ave maris stella

The star upon the sea

Dei mater alma

Blessed mayest thou be

Atque semper virgo

Pray thy son for me

Felix cell porta

That I may come to thee.

1.12.11 Lullaby (1)

I saw a fair maiden a-sitting to sing

She lulled a little child, a sweete lording

Lullaby my litling, my dear son, my sweeting.

Lullaby my dear heart, my own dear darling.

That child is the Lord who hath made everything,

Of all lords he is Lord, of all kings he is King.

Lullaby, etc.

Angels brought their song that night and said unto the child

“Blessed be thou and so be she that is both meek and mild.”

Lullaby, etc.

Angels brought their song that night and said unto the child

“Blessed be thou and so be she that is both meek and mild.”

Lullaby, etc.

Pray we now to that Child and his Mother dear

To grant them his blessing that now make good cheer.

> Lullaby my litling, my dear son, my sweeting,
>
> Lullaby my dear heart my own dear darling.

1.12.12 Lullaby (2)

Lullay, lullay, little child!

Why weepest thou so sore?

Needes must thou weep,

Thou wert doomed of yore

Ever to live in sorrow,

Ever to sigh and strive,

As thy fathers did ere this

Whilst they were alive.

> Lullay, lullay, little child!
>
> Child lullay, lullow!
>
> To this world unknown
>
> Sadly come art thou.

Beasts and birds and cattle,

The fishes in the flood,

And each thing that liveth

Made of bone and blood,

When into the world they come

They do themselves some good,

All but that poor imp

That is of Adam’s blood.

With care art thou beset;

Thou knowest naught of this world’s wild

That is before thee set.

Child, if it betideth

That Time shall prosper thee,

Think how thou wert fostered

On thy mother's knee;

Ever mind thee in thine heart

Of those thinges three,—

Whence thou earnest, where thou art,

And what shall come of thee.

Lullay, lullay, little child!

Child lullai, lullay!

With sorrow thou earnest to this world,

With sorrow shalt wend away.

O! trust not to this world,

It is thy fell foe.

The rich it maketh poor,

The poor man sick also.

It turneth woe to weal,

And also weal to woe.

Trust not man this changing world

While it turneth so.

Lullay, lullay, little child!

The foot is on the wheel,

How 'twill turn thou knowest not,

Whether to woe or weal.

Child, thou art a pilgrim

In wickedness yborn;

Thou wanderest in this false world,

Look thou well beforn.

Death shall come with sudden blast

Out of the darkness hoar,

Adam's children down to cast,

Adam he slew before.

Lullay, lullay, little child!

Adam did woes oppress

In the land of Paradise

Through Satan's wickedness

Child, thou'rt not a pilgrim,

But a helpless guest.

Thy day already told,

Thy lot already cast.

Whether thou shalt wend

North, or East, or West,

Death shall thee betide,

With bitter bale in breast.

Lullay, lullay, little child!

Child lullay, lullow!

To this unknown world

Sadly come art thou.

1.12.13 Reading and Review Questions

- How does the poem *Ubi Sunt Qui Ante Nos Fuerunt?* compare to the *ubi sunt* passage in *The Wanderer*? For that matter, how does it compare to Aragorn's speech in Tolkien's *The Two Towers* (see the introduction to *The Wanderer* for the context)?
- What is the attitude about the afterlife presented by the speakers in the poems *Life* and *Winter Song*? Why do you think so?
- In the poems, how do the descriptions of religious love compare to the descriptions of romantic love?
- Taking one of the poems, discuss how the author conveys a certain emotion. How effectively does the poem convey that emotion? Why?
- Take one of the love poems and compare it to a modern love song. Which themes and topics in the medieval poem are similar to or different from the modern love song?

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1.17.1: Geoffrey Chaucer

Geoffrey Chaucer's influence on later British literature is difficult to overstate. The most important English writer before Shakespeare (who re-wrote Chaucer's version of the Troilus and Criseyde story), Chaucer introduced new words into English (such as "cosmos"), and his stories draw on a wealth of previous authors, especially Ovid and Boccaccio. Part of his importance to English literature is that Chaucer chose to write in English, despite his understanding of French, Italian, and Latin; his friend and contemporary poet John Gower chose to write in French, Latin, and English, specifically because he was not sure which language would preserve his writing the best. Chaucer is part of a line of poets who chose to write in their own country's vernacular. In the ancient world, Virgil had written in Latin, rather than in Greek, despite Greek's prestige at the time, and in doing so had elevated Latin to a prestigious literary language. Dante had followed the same pattern with Italian. After Chaucer, Cervantes would write in his *Don Quixote* that the poet's goal should be to make the literature of his own language competitive with that of any other country, citing poets such as Virgil. Chaucer lays the foundation for the English writers who followed him.

Chaucer was a product of what we would now call the middle class, although that term did not exist in Chaucer's time. Medieval England followed the three estates model, recognizing only aristocracy, clergy, and the workers. As certain groups became more prosperous, the usual goal was to work for and marry into the lower levels of the aristocracy, which is the route that Chaucer takes. Chaucer received an excellent education, and he had the opportunity to serve as a page in the household of the Countess of Ulster. Chaucer married Philippa de Roet, a lady- in-waiting, whose sister Katherine was first the mistress and then the third wife of John of Gaunt (one of the sons of Edward III and Chaucer's patron). Chaucer served as a soldier when younger, and he held a variety of jobs over the years: diplomat, customs official, justice of the peace, and member of parliament (MP) for Kent, among others, all while writing. Although Chaucer received royal annuities from both Edward III and Richard II, his most important patron remained John of Gaunt, whose son became Henry IV after deposing Richard II in 1399 (and granted Chaucer an annuity shortly thereafter).

For individuals who were not as highly educated as Chaucer, it was a more difficult prospect to advance. The British class system was not based on money, but on bloodlines; a dirt-poor aristocrat was still an aristocrat, while a rich peasant was still a peasant. Chaucer's Miller in *The Canterbury Tales* is keenly aware of this distinction. The Miller objects to the idea that a "better man" (line 22) than he is—namely, the Monk—should tell the next tale, claiming to have a story every bit as good as the tale just finished by the Knight. If he is insulted by being forced to yield to the Monk, the Miller threatens to leave the pilgrimage. Several of the middle class characters show a similar reluctance to accept a lower place in the social hierarchy.

Social class plays a role in Chaucer's *Parlement of Fowles* (sometimes called *The Parliament of Birds* in modern translations), which is an example of one of Chaucer's dream visions. Dream visions were popular with medieval writers because anything can happen in a dream; the narrator can talk to anyone from the past, or find himself in any location, and the writer can present the action metaphorically, rather than literally. As in all of his poems, a version of Chaucer appears as the narrator of the story: a socially-awkward book lover who portrays himself as a romantic failure. The poem begins with the narrator reading Cicero's *Dream of Scipio* (*Somnium Scipionis*), after which he falls asleep. In his dream, Scipio Africanus the Elder leads him to a garden gate with inscriptions on it (a parallel to Virgil guiding Dante to the gate of Hell in *Inferno*). Inside, the narrator first encounters the temple of Venus, and then a gathering of birds presided over by Nature. The birds represent various groups in society, with the birds of prey as the nobility. Three male eagles use the language of courtly love poetry to attempt to win the same formel (female) eagle; when there is no immediate choice made, all the birds of lower class levels begin to offer their comic opinions. Courtly love poetry often focuses on the male perspective exclusively; the female is the object to be obtained, and she usually is not given a voice (or, ultimately, a choice) in the matter. The *Parliament of Fowles* gives the female a voice, if not necessarily a choice, about whether she wants any of them.

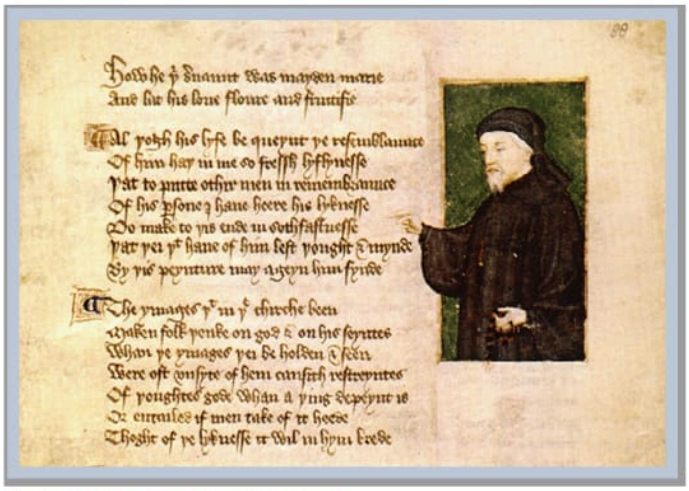


Image 1.12 | Manuscript Portrait of Chaucer
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The Canterbury Tales is Chaucer's masterpiece of social satire. The story was incomplete at his death (although scholars have debated whether the story is, in some ways, thematically complete). Unlike previous versions of frame tales, such as Boccaccio's *Decameron*, Chaucer's frame is every bit as important as the stories. The *General Prologue* to *The Canterbury Tales* may be about group on a pilgrimage to Canterbury, but the travelers do nothing that identifies them as pilgrims; they eat too much instead of fasting, get drunk, wear fancy clothes, ride instead of walk, and tell stories instead of saying prayers (plus it begins and will end in a tavern). The narrator offers no overt judgment of the pilgrims, while providing enough information in the *General Prologue* for the audience to judge for themselves. Among the many topics satirized in Chaucer's work is, once again, courtly love. *The Miller's Tale* is a mocking revision of the genre by the Miller, who is responding to the story of courtly love that had just been told by the Knight. *The Wife of Bath's Tale* and *The Franklin's Tale* both offer fascinating alternatives to the regular courtly love scenario, while the Pardoner's Tale takes aim at every vice imaginable. Chaucer may follow standard medieval procedure by offering a *Retraction* at the end of *The Canterbury Tales* (asking forgiveness for anything he wrote that tended towards sin), but it is worth noting that the reader has finished his collection of stories before reaching it.

1.13.1 Bibliography

Sections taken from my introduction to Chaucer in *The Compact Anthology of World Literature* and *World Literature I: Beginnings to 1650*

1.13.2 *The Parliament of Birds*

(ca. 1381-1382)

The life so short, the craft so long to learn,

Th'assay so hard, so sharp the conquering,

The dreadful joy, alway that flits so yern;

All this mean I by Love, that my feeling

Astoneth with his wonderful working,

So sore, y-wis, that, when I on him think,

Naught wit I well whether I fleet or sink,

For all be that I know not Love indeed, albeit,

Nor wot how that he quiteth folk their hire,

Yet happeth me full oft in books to read their service

Of his miracles, and of his cruel ire;

There read I well, he will be lord and sire;

I dare not saye, that his strokes be sore;

But God save such a lord! I can no more.

Of usage, what for lust and what for lore,

On bookes read I oft, as I you told.

But wherefore speak I alle this? Not yore

Agone, it happed me for to behold

Upon a book written with letters old;

And thereupon, a certain thing to learn,

The longe day full fast I read and yern.

For out of the old fieldes, as men saith,

Cometh all this new corn, from year to year;

And out of olde bookes, in good faith,

Cometh all this new science that men lear.

But now to purpose as of this mattere:

To reade forth it gan me so delight,

That all the day me thought it but a lite.

This book, of which I make mention,

Entitled was right thus, as I shall tell;

“Tullius, of the Dream of Scipion:”

Chapters seven it had, of heav’n, and hell,

And earth, and soules that therein do dwell;

Of which, as shortly as I can it treat,

Of his sentence I will you say the great.

First telleth it, when Scipio was come

To Africa, how he met Massinisse,

That him for joy in armes hath y-nome.

Then telleth he their speech, and all the bliss

That was between them till the day gan miss.

And how his ancestor Africane so dear

Gan in his sleep that night to him appear.

Then telleth it, that from a starry place

How Africane hath him Carthage y-shew'd,

And warned him before of all his grace

And said him, what man, learned either lewd,

That loveth common profit, well y-thew'd,

He should unto a blissful place wend,

Where as the joy is without any end.

Then asked he, if folk that here be dead

Have life, and dwelling, in another place?

And Africane said, "Yea, withoute dread;"

And how our present worldly lives' space

Meant but a manner death, what way we trace;

And rightful folk should go, after they die,

To Heav'n; and showed him the galaxy.

Then show'd he him the little earth that here is,

To regard the heaven's quantity;

And after show'd he him the nine spheres;

And after that the melody heard he,

That cometh of those spheres thrice three,

That wells of music be and melody

In this world here, and cause of harmony.

Then said he him, since earthe was so lite,

And full of torment and of harde grace,

That he should not him in this world delight.

Then told he him, in certain yeares' space,

That ev'ry star should come into his place,

Where it was first; and all should out of mind,

That in this world is done of all mankind.

Then pray'd him Scipio, to tell him all

The way to come into that Heaven's bliss;

And he said: "First know thyself immortal,

And look aye busily that thou work and wiss

To common profit, and thou shalt not miss

To come swiftly unto that place dear,

That full of bliss is, and of soules clear.

"And breakers of the law, the sooth to sayn,

And likerous folk, after that they be dead,

Shall whirl about the world always in pain,

Till many a world be passed, out of dread;

And then, forgiven all their wicked deed,

They shalle come unto that blissful place,

To which to come God thee sende grace!"

The day gan failen, and the darke night,

That reaveth beastes from their business,

Berefte me my book for lack of light,

And to my bed I gan me for to dress,

Full fill'd of thought and busy heaviness;

For both I hadde thing which that I n'old,

And eke I had not that thing that I wo'ld.

But, finally, my spirit at the last,

Forweary of my labour all that day,

Took rest, that made me to sleepe fast;

And in my sleep I mette, as that I say,

How Africane, right in the self array

That Scipio him saw before that tide,

Was come, and stood right at my bedde's side.

The weary hunter, sleeping in his bed,

To wood again his mind goeth anon;

The judge dreameth how his pleas be sped;

The carter dreameth how his cartes go'n;

The rich of gold, the knight fights with his fone;

The sicke mette he drinketh of the tun;

The lover mette he hath his lady won.

I cannot say, if that the cause were,

For I had read of Africane beforn,

That made me to mette that he stood there;

But thus said he; "Thou hast thee so well borne

In looking of mine old book all to-torn,

Of which Macrobius raught not a lite,

That somedeal of thy labour would I quite."

Cytherea, thou blissful Lady sweet!

That with thy firebrand dauntest when thee lest,

That madest me this sweven for to mette,

Be thou my help in this, for thou may'st best!

As wisly as I saw the north-north-west,

When I began my sweven for to write,

So give me might to rhyme it and endite.

This foresaid Africane me hent anon,

And forth with him unto a gate brought

Right of a park, walled with greene stone;

And o'er the gate, with letters large y-wrought,

There were verses written, as me thought,

On either half, of full great difference,

Of which I shall you say the plain sentence.

"Through me men go into the blissful place

Of hearte's heal and deadly woundes' cure;

Through me men go unto the well of grace;

Where green and lusty May shall ever dure;

This is the way to all good adventure;

Be glad, thou reader, and thy sorrow off cast;

All open am I; pass in and speed thee fast."

"Through me men go," thus spake the other side,

"Unto the mortal strokes of the spear,

Of which disdain and danger is the guide;

There never tree shall fruit nor leaves bear;

This stream you leadeth to the sorrowful weir,

Where as the fish in prison is all dry;

Th'eschewing is the only remedy."

These verses of gold and azure written were,

On which I gan astonish'd to behold;

For with that one increased all my fear,

And with that other gan my heart to bold;

That one me het, that other did me cold;

No wit had I, for error, for to choose

To enter or fly, or me to save or lose.

Right as betwixten adamantes two

Of even weight, a piece of iron set,

Ne hath no might to move to nor fro;

For what the one may hale, the other let;

So far'd I, that n'ist whether me was bet

T' enter or leave, till Africane, my guide, better for me

Me hent and shov'd in at the gates wide.

And said, "It standeth written in thy face,

Thine error, though thou tell it not to me;

But dread thou not to come into this place;

For this writing is nothing meant by thee,

Nor by none, but he Love's servant be; unless

For thou of Love hast lost thy taste, I guess,

As sick man hath of sweet and bitterness.

"But natheless, although that thou be dull,

That thou canst not do, yet thou mayest see;

For many a man that may not stand a pull,

Yet likes it him at wrestling for to be,

And deeme whether he doth bet, or he;

And, if thou haddest cunning to endite,

I shall thee showe matter of to write."

With that my hand in his he took anon,

Of which I comfort caught, and went in fast.

But, Lord! so I was glad and well-begone!

For over all, where I my eyen cast,

Were trees y-clad with leaves that ay shall last,

Each in his kind, with colour fresh and green

As emerald, that joy it was to see'n.

The builder oak; and eke the hardy ash;

The pillar elm, the coffer unto carrain;

The box, pipe tree; the holm, to whippe's lash

The sailing fir; the cypress death to plain;

The shooter yew; the aspe for shaftes plain;

Th'olive of peace, and eke the drunken vine;

The victor palm; the laurel, too, divine.

A garden saw I, full of blossom'd boughes,

Upon a river, in a greene mead,

Where as sweetness evermore enow is,

With flowers white, blue, yellow, and red,

And colde welle streames, nothing dead,

That swamme full of smalle fishes light,

With finnes red, and scales silver bright.

On ev'ry bough the birdes heard I sing,

With voice of angels in their harmony,

That busied them their birdes forth to bring;

The pretty conies to their play gan hie;

And further all about I gan espy

The dreadful roe, the buck, the hart, and hind,

Squirrels, and beastes small, of gentle kind.

Of instruments of stringes in accord

Heard I so play a ravishing sweetness,

That God, that Maker is of all and Lord,

Ne hearde never better, as I guess:

Therewith a wind, unneth it might be less,

Made in the leaves green a noise soft,

Accordant the fowles' song on loft.

Th'air of the place so attemper was,

That ne'er was there grievance of hot nor cold;

There was eke ev'ry wholesome spice and grass,

Nor no man may there waxe sick nor old:

Yet was there more joy a thousand fold

Than I can tell, or ever could or might;

There ever is clear day, and never night.

Under a tree, beside a well, I sey

Cupid our lord his arrows forge and file;

And at his feet his bow all ready lay;

And well his daughter temper'd, all the while,

The heades in the well; and with her wile

She couch'd them after, as they shoulde serve

Some for to slay, and some to wound and kerve.

Then was I ware of Pleasance anon right,

And of Array, and Lust, and Courtesy,

And of the Craft, that can and hath the might

To do by force a wight to do folly;

Disfigured was she, I will not lie;

And by himself, under an oak, I guess,

Saw I Delight, that stood with Gentleness.

Then saw I Beauty, with a nice attire,

And Youthe, full of game and jollity,

Foolhardiness, Flattery, and Desire,

Messagerie, and Meed, and other three;

Their names shall not here be told for me:

And upon pillars great of jasper long

I saw a temple of brass y-founded strong.

And [all] about the temple danc'd alway

Women enough, of whiche some there were

Fair of themselves, and some of them were gay

In kirtles all dishevell'd went they there;

That was their office ever, from year to year;

And on the temple saw I, white and fair,

Of doves sitting many a thousand pair.

Before the temple door, full soberly,

Dame Peace sat, a curtain in her hand;

And her beside, wonder discreetely,

Dame Patience sitting there I fand,

With face pale, upon a hill of sand;

And althernext, within and eke without,

Behest, and Art, and of their folk a rout.

Within the temple, of sighes hot as fire

I heard a swough, that gan aboute ren,

Which sighes were engender'd with desire,

That made every hearte for to bren

Of newe flame; and well espied I then,

That all the cause of sorrows that they dree

Came of the bitter goddess Jealousy.

The God Priapus saw I, as I went

Within the temple, in sov'reign place stand,

In such array, as when the ass him shent

With cry by night, and with sceptre in hand:

Full busily men gan assay and fand
Upon his head to set, of sundry hue,
Garlandes full of freshe flowers new.
And in a privy corner, in disport,
Found I Venus and her porter Richess,
That was full noble and hautain of her port;
Dark was that place, but afterward lightness
I saw a little, unneth it might be less;
And on a bed of gold she lay to rest,
Till that the hote sun began to west.
Her gilded haires with a golden thread
Y-bounden were, untressed, as she lay;
And naked from the breast unto the head
Men might her see; and, soothly for to say,
The remnant cover'd, welle to my pay,
Right with a little kerchief of Valence;
There was no thicker clothe of defence.
The place gave a thousand savours swoot;
And Bacchus, god of wine, sat her beside;
And Ceres next, that doth of hunger boot;
And, as I said, amiddes lay Cypride,
To whom on knees the younge folke cried
To be their help: but thus I let her lie,
And farther in the temple gan espy,
That, in despite of Diana the chaste,
Full many a bowe broke hung on the wall,
Of maidens, such as go their time to waste
In her service: and painted over all
Of many a story, of which I touche shall
A few, as of Calist', and Atalant',
And many a maid, of which the name I want.

Semiramis, Canace, and Hercules,

Biblis, Dido, Thisbe and Pyramus,

Tristram, Isoude, Paris, and Achilles,

Helena, Cleopatra, Troilus,

Scylla, and eke the mother of Romulus;

All these were painted on the other side,

And all their love, and in what plight they died.

When I was come again into the place

That I of spake, that was so sweet and green,

Forth walk'd I then, myselfe to solace:

Then was I ware where there sat a queen,

That, as of light the summer Sunne sheen

Passeth the star, right so over measure

She fairer was than any creature.

And in a lawn, upon a hill of flowers,

Was set this noble goddess of Nature;

Of branches were her halles and her bowers

Y-wrought, after her craft and her measure;

Nor was there fowl that comes of engendrure

That there ne were prest, in her presence,

To take her doom, and give her audience.

For this was on Saint Valentine's Day,

When ev'ry fowl cometh to choose her make,

Of every kind that men thinken may;

And then so huge a noise gan they make,

That earth, and sea, and tree, and ev'ry lake,

So full was, that unnethes there was space

For me to stand, so full was all the place.

And right as Alain, in his Plaint of Kind,

Deviseth Nature of such array and face;

In such array men mighte her there find.

This noble Emperess, full of all grace,

Bade ev'ry fowle take her owen place,

As they were wont alway, from year to year,

On Saint Valentine's Day to stande there.

That is to say, the fowles of ravine

Were highest set, and then the fowles smale,

That eaten as them Nature would incline;

As worme-fowl, of which I tell no tale;

But waterfowl sat lowest in the dale,

And fowls that live by seed sat on the green,

And that so many, that wonder was to see'n.

There mighte men the royal eagle find,

That with his sharpe look pierceth the Sun;

And other eagles of a lower kind,

Of which that clerkes well devise con;

There was the tyrant with his feathers dun can describe

And green, I mean the goshawk, that doth pine

To birds, for his outrageous ravine.

The gentle falcon, that with his feet distraineth

The kinge's hand; the hardy sperhawk eke,

The quaile's foe; the merlion that paineth

Himself full oft the larke for to seek;

There was the dove, with her eyen meek;

The jealous swan, against his death that singeth;

The owl eke, that of death the bode bringeth

The crane, the giant, with his trumpet soun';

The thief the chough; and eke the chatt'ring pie;

The scorning jay; the eel's foe the heroun;

The false lapwing, full of treachery;

The starling, that the counsel can betray;

The tame ruddock, and the coward kite;

The cock, that horologe is of thorpes lite.

The sparrow, Venus' son; the nightingale,

That calleth forth the freshe leaves new;

The swallow, murd'rer of the bees smale,

That honey make of flowers fresh of hue;

The wedded turtle, with his hearte true;

The peacock, with his angel feathers bright;

The pheasant, scorner of the cock by night;

The waker goose; the cuckoo ever unkind;

The popinjay, full of delicacy;

The drake, destroyer of his owen kind;

The stork, the wreaker of adultery;

The hot cormorant, full of gluttony;

The raven and the crow, with voice of care;

The throstle old; and the frosty fieldfare.

What should I say? Of fowls of ev'ry kind

That in this world have feathers and stature,

Men mighten in that place assembled find,

Before that noble goddess of Nature;

And each of them did all his busy cure

Benignely to choose, or for to take,

By her accord, his formel or his make.

But to the point. Nature held on her hand

A formel eagle, of shape the gentilest

That ever she among her workes fand,

The most benign, and eke the goodliest;

In her was ev'ry virtue at its rest,

So farforth that Nature herself had bliss

To look on her, and oft her beak to kiss.

Nature, the vicar of th'Almighty Lord, —

That hot, cold, heavy, light, and moist, and dry,

Hath knit, by even number of accord, —

In easy voice began to speak, and say:

“Fowles, take heed of my sentence,” I pray;

And for your ease, in furth’ring of your need,

As far as I may speak, I will me speed.

“Ye know well how, on Saint Valentine’s Day,

By my statute, and through my governance,

Ye choose your mates, and after fly away

With them, as I you pricke with pleasance;

But natheless, as by rightful ordinance,

May I not let, for all this world to win,

But he that most is worthy shall begin.

“The tercel eagle, as ye know full weel,

The fowl royal, above you all in degree,

The wise and worthy, secret, true as steel,

The which I formed have, as ye may see,

In ev’ry part, as it best liketh me, —

It needeth not his shape you to devise, —

He shall first choose, and speaken in his guise.

“And, after him, by order shall ye choose,

After your kind, evereach as you liketh;

And as your hap is, shall ye win or lose;

But which of you that love most entriketh,

God send him her that sorest for him siketh.”

And therewithal the tercel gan she call,

And said, “My son, the choice is to thee fall.

“But natheless, in this condition

Must be the choice of ev’reach that is here,

That she agree to his election,

Whoso he be, that shoulde be her fere;

This is our usage ay, from year to year;

And whoso may at this time have this grace,

In blissful time he came into this place."

With head inclin'd, and with full humble cheer,

This royal tercel spake, and tarried not:

"Unto my sov'reign lady, and not my fere,

I chose and choose, with will, and heart, and thought,

The formel on your hand, so well y-wrought,

Whose I am all, and ever will her serve,

Do what her list, to do me live or sterve.

"Beseeching her of mercy and of grace,

As she that is my lady sovereign,

Or let me die here present in this place,

For certes long may I not live in pain;

For in my heart is carven ev'ry vein:

Having regard only unto my truth, wounded with love

My deare heart, have on my woe some ruth.

"And if that I be found to her untrue,

Disobeisant, or wilful negligent,

Avaunter, or in process love a new,

I pray to you, this be my judgement, of time

That with these fowles I be all to-rent,

That ilke day that she me ever find

To her untrue, or in my guilt unkind.

"And since none loveth her so well as I,

Although she never of love me behet,

Then ought she to be mine, through her mercy;

For other bond can I none on her knit;

For weal or for woe, never shall I let

To serve her, how far so that she wend;

Say what you list, my tale is at an end."

Right as the freshe redde rose new

Against the summer Sunne colour'd is,

Right so, for shame, all waxen gan the hue

Of this formel, when she had heard all this;

Neither she answer'd well, nor said amiss,

So sore abashed was she, till Nature either well or ill

Said, "Daughter, dread you not, I you assure."

Another tercel eagle spake anon,

Of lower kind, and said that should not be;

"I love her better than ye do, by Saint John!

Or at the least I love her as well as ye,

And longer have her serv'd in my degree;

And if she should have lov'd for long loving,

To me alone had been the guerdoning.

"I dare eke say, if she me finde false,

Unkind, janglere, rebel in any wise,

Or jealous, do me hange by the halse;

And but I beare me in her service

As well ay as my wit can me suffice,

From point to point, her honour for to save,

Take she my life and all the good I have."

A thirde tercel eagle answer'd tho:

"Now, Sirs, ye see the little leisure here;

For ev'ry fowl cries out to be ago

Forth with his mate, or with his lady dear;

And eke Nature herselfe will not hear,

For tarrying her, not half that I would say;

And but I speak, I must for sorrow dey.

Of long service avaunt I me no thing,

But as possible is me to die to-day,

For woe, as he that hath been languishing

This twenty winter; and well happen may

A man may serve better, and more to pay,

In half a year, although it were no more.

Than some man doth that served hath full yore.

“I say not this by me for that I can

Do no service that may my lady please;

But I dare say, I am her truest man

As to my doom, and fainest would her please;

At shorte words, until that death me seize,

I will be hers, whether I wake or wink.

And true in all that hearte may bethink.”

Of all my life, since that day I was born,

So gentle plea, in love or other thing,

Ye hearde never no man me beforn;

Whoso that hadde leisure and cunning

For to rehearse their cheer and their speaking:

And from the morrow gan these speeches last,

Till downward went the Sunne wonder fast.

The noise of fowles for to be deliver’d

So loude rang, “Have done and let us wend,”

That well ween’d I the wood had all to-shiver’d:

“Come off!” they cried; “alas! ye will us shend!

When will your cursed pleading have an end?

How should a judge either party believe,

For yea or nay, withouten any preve?”

The goose, the duck, and the cuckoo also,

So cried “keke, keke,” “cuckoo,” “queke queke,” high,

That through mine ears the noise wente tho.

The goose said then, “All this n’is worth a fly!

But I can shape hereof a remedy;

And I will say my verdict, fair and swith,

For water-fowl, whoso be wroth or blith.”

“And I for worm-fowl,” said the fool cuckow;

For I will, of mine own authority,

For common speed, take on me the charge now;

For to deliver us is great charity.”

“Ye may abide a while yet, pardie,”

Quoth then the turtle; “if it be your will

A wight may speak, it were as good be still.

“I am a seed-fowl, one th’unworthiest,

That know I well, and the least of cunning;

But better is, that a wight’s tongue rest,

Than entremette him of such doing meddle with

Of which he neither rede can nor sing; counsel

And who it doth, full foul himself accloyeth,

For office uncommanded oft annoyeth.”

Nature, which that alway had an ear

To murmur of the lewedness behind,

With facond voice said, “Hold your tongues there,

And I shall soon, I hope, a counsel find,

You to deliver, and from this noise unbind;

I charge of ev’ry flock ye shall one call,

To say the verdict of you fowles all.”

The tercelet said then in this mannere;

“Full hard it were to prove it by reason,

Who loveth best this gentle formel here;

For ev’reach hath such replication,

That by skilles may none be brought adown;

I cannot see that arguments avail;

Then seemeth it that there must be battaile.”

“All ready!” quoth those eagle tercels tho;

“Nay, Sirs!” quoth he; “if that I durst it say,

Ye do me wrong, my tale is not y-do,done

For, Sirs, — and take it not agrief, I pray, —

It may not be as ye would, in this way:

Ours is the voice that have the charge in hand,

And to the judges' doom ye muste stand.

"And therefore 'Peace!' I say; as to my wit,

Me woulde think, how that the

worthiest Of knighthood, and had

longest used it, Most of estate, of blood

the gentilest, Were fitting most for her,

if that her lest

And, of these three she knows herself, I trow,

Which that he be; for it is light to know." easy

The water-fowles have their heades laid

Together, and of short advisement, after brief deliberation

When evereach his verdict had y-said

They saide soothly all by one assent,

How that "The goose with the facond gent,

That so desired to pronounce our need,

Shall tell our tale;" and prayed God her speed.

And for those water-fowles then began

The goose to speak. and in her cackeling

She saide, "Peace, now! take keep ev'ry man,

And hearken what reason I shall forth bring;

My wit is sharp, I love no tarrying;

I say I rede him, though he were my brother,

But she will love him, let him love another!"

"Lo! here a perfect reason of a goose!"

Quoth the sperhawke. "Never may she the!

Lo such a thing 'tis t'have a tongue loose!

Now, pardie: fool, yet were it bet for thee

Have held thy peace, than show'd thy nicety;

It lies not in his wit, nor in his will,

But sooth is said, a fool cannot be still."

The laughter rose of gentle fowles all;

And right anon the seed-fowls chosen had

The turtle true, and gan her to them call,

And prayed her to say the soothe sad

Of this mattere, and asked what she rad;

And she answer'd, that plainly her intent

She woulde show, and soothly what she meant.

"Nay! God forbid a lover shoulde change!"

The turtle said, and wax'd for shame all red:

"Though that his lady evermore be strange,

Yet let him serve her ay, till he be dead;

For, sooth, I praise not the goose's rede

For, though she died, I would none other make;

I will be hers till that the death me take."

"Well bourded!" quoth the ducke, "by my hat!

That men should loven alway causeless,

Who can a reason find, or wit, in that?

Danceth he merry, that is mirtheless?

Who shoulde reck of that is reckeless?

Yea! queke yet," quoth the duck, "full well and fair! no care for him

There be more starres, God wot, than a pair!"

"Now fy, churl!" quoth the gentle tercelet,

"Out of the dunghill came that word aright;

Thou canst not see which thing is well beset;

Thou far'st by love, as owles do by light,—

The day them blinds, full well they see by night;

Thy kind is of so low a wretchedness,

That what love is, thou caust not see nor guess."

Then gan the cuckoo put him forth in press,

For fowl that eateth worm, and said belive:

“So I,” quoth he, “may have my mate in peace,

I recke not how longe that they strive.

Let each of them be solain all their life;

This is my rede, since they may not accord;

This shorte lesson needeth not record.”

“Yea, have the glutton fill’d enough his paunch,

Then are we well!” saide the emerlon;

“Thou murd’rer of the heggsugg, on the branch

That brought thee forth, thou most rueful glutton,

Live thou solain, worme’s corruption!

For no force is to lack of thy nature;

Go! lewed be thou, while the world may dare!”

“Now peace,” quoth Nature, “I commande here;

For I have heard all your opinion,

And in effect yet be we ne’er the nere.

But, finally, this is my conclusion, —

That she herself shall have her election

Of whom her list, whoso be wroth or blith;

Him that she chooseth, he shall her have as swith.

“For since it may not here discussed be

Who loves her best, as said the tercelet,

Then will I do this favour t’ her, that she

Shall have right him on whom her heart is set,

And he her, that his heart hath on her knit:

This judge I, Nature, for I may not lie

To none estate; I have none other eye.

“But as for counsel for to choose a make,

If I were Reason, [certes] then would I

Counsaile you the royal tercel take,

As saith the tercelet full skillfully,

As for the gentilest, and most worthy,

Which I have wrought so well to my pleasance,

That to you it ought be a suffisance."

With dreadful voice the formel her answer'd:

"My rightful lady, goddess of Nature,

Sooth is, that I am ever under your yerd,

As is every other creature,

And must be yours, while that my life may dure;

And therefore grante me my firste boon,

And mine intent you will I say right soon."

"I grant it you," said she; and right anon

This formel eagle spake in this degree:

"Almighty queen, until this year be done

I aske respite to advise me;

And after that to have my choice all free;

This is all and some that I would speak and say;

Ye get no more, although ye do me dey.

"I will not serve Venus, nor Cupide,

For sooth as yet, by no manner [of] way."

"Now since it may none other ways betide,"

Quoth Dame Nature, "there is no more to say;

Then would I that these fowles were away,

Each with his mate, for longer tarrying here."

And said them thus, as ye shall after hear.

"To you speak I, ye tercels," quoth Nature;

"Be of good heart, and serve her alle three;

A year is not so longe to endure;

And each of you pain him in his degree

For to do well, for, God wot, quit is she

From you this year, what after so befall;

This entremess is dressed for you all."

And when this work y-brought was to an end,

To ev'ry fowle Nature gave his make,

By even accord, and on their way they wend:

And, Lord! the bliss and joye that they make!

For each of them gan other in his wings take,

And with their neckes each gan other wind,

Thanking alway the noble goddess of Kind.

But first were chosen fowles for to sing,—

As year by year was alway their usance, —

To sing a roundel at their departing,

To do to Nature honour and pleasance;

The note, I trowe, maked was in France;

The wordes were such as ye may here find

The nexte verse, as I have now in mind:

Qui bien aime, tard oublie.

"Now welcome summer, with thy sunnes soft,

That hast these winter weathers overshake

Saint Valentine, thou art full high on loft,

Which driv'st away the longe nightes blake;

Thus singe smalle fowles for thy sake:

Well have they cause for to gladden oft,

Since each of them recover'd hath his make;

Full blissful may they sing when they awake."

And with the shouting, when their song was do,

That the fowls maden at their flight away,

I woke, and other bookes took me to,

To read upon; and yet I read alway.

I hope, y-wis, to reade so some day,

That I shall meete something for to fare

The bet; and thus to read I will not spare.

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1.17.2: Geoffrey Chaucer - The Canterbury Tales - General Prologue

Selections from *The Canterbury Tales*

General Prologue

WHEN that Aprilis, with his showers swoot,

The drought of March hath pierced to the root,

And bathed every vein in such licour,

Of which virtue engender'd is the flower;

When Zephyrus eke with his swoote breath

Inspired hath in every holt and heath

The tender croppes and the younge sun

Hath in the Ram his halfe course y-run,

And smalle fowles make melody,

That sleepen all the night with open eye,

(So pricketh them nature in their corage);

Then longe folk to go on pilgrimages,

And palmers for to seeke strange strands,

To ferne hallows couth in sundry lands;

And specially, from every shire's end

Of Engleland, to Canterbury they wend,

The holy blissful Martyr for to seek,

That them hath holpen, when that they were sick.

Befell that, in that season on a day,

In Southwark at the Tabard as I lay,

Ready to wenden on my pilgrimage

To Canterbury with devout corage,

At night was come into that hostelry

Well nine and twenty in a company

Of sundry folk, by aventure y-fall

In fellowship, and pilgrims were they all,

That toward Canterbury woulde ride.

The chamber, and the stables were wide,

And well we weren eased at the best.

And shortly, when the sunne was to rest,

So had I spoken with them every one,

That I was of their fellowship anon,

And made forword early for to rise,

To take our way there as I you devise.

But natheless, while I have time and space,

Ere that I farther in this tale pace,

Me thinketh it accordant to reason,

To tell you alle the condition

Of each of them, so as it seemed me,

And which they weren, and of what degree;

And eke in what array that they were in:

And at a Knight then will I first begin.

A KNIGHT there was, and that a worthy man,

That from the time that he first began

To riden out, he loved chivalry,

Truth and honour, freedom and courtesy.

Full worthy was he in his Lorde's war,

And thereto had he ridden, no man farre,

As well in Christendom as in Heatheness,

And ever honour'd for his worthiness

At Alisandre he was when it was won.

Full often time he had the board begun

Above alle nations in Prusse.

In Lettowe had he reysed, and in Russe,

No Christian man so oft of his degree.

In Grenade at the siege eke had he be

Of Algesir, and ridden in Belmarie.

At Leyes was he, and at Satalie,

When they were won; and in the Greate Sea

At many a noble army had he be.

At mortal battles had he been fifteen,

And foughten for our faith at Tramissene.

In listes thries, and aye slain his foe.

This ilke worthy knight had been also

Some time with the lord of Palatie,

Against another heathen in Turkie:

And evermore he had a sovereign price.

And though that he was worthy he was wise,

And of his port as meek as is a maid.

He never yet no villainy ne said

In all his life, unto no manner wight.

He was a very perfect gentle knight.

But for to telle you of his array,

His horse was good, but yet he was not gay.

Of fustian he weared a gipon,

Alle besmotter'd with his habergeon,

For he was late y-come from his voyage,

And wente for to do his pilgrimage.

With him there was his son, a younge SQUIRE,

A lover, and a lusty bacheler,

With lockes crulle as they were laid in press.

Of twenty year of age he was I guess.

Of his stature he was of even length,

And wonderly deliver, and great of strength.

And he had been some time in chevachie,

In Flanders, in Artois, and Picardie,

And borne him well, as of so little space,

In hope to standen in his lady's grace.

Embroider'd was he, as it were a mead

All full of freshe flowers, white and red.

Singing he was, or fluting all the day;

He was as fresh as is the month of May.

Short was his gown, with sleeves long and wide.

Well could he sit on horse, and faire ride.

He coulde songes make, and well indite,

Joust, and eke dance, and well pourtray and write.

So hot he loved, that by nightertale

He slept no more than doth the nightingale.

Courteous he was, lowly, and serviceable,

And carv'd before his father at the table.

A YEOMAN had he, and servants no mo'

At that time, for him list ride so

And he was clad in coat and hood of green.

A sheaf of peacock arrows bright and keen

Under his belt he bare full thriftily.

Well could he dress his tackle yeomanly:

His arrows drooped not with feathers low;

And in his hand he bare a mighty bow.

A nut-head had he, with a brown visiage:

Of wood-craft coud he well all the usage:

Upon his arm he bare a gay bracer,

And by his side a sword and a buckler,

And on that other side a gay daggere,

Harnessed well, and sharp as point of spear:

A Christopher on his breast of silver sheen.

An horn he bare, the baldric was of green:

A forester was he soothly as I guess.

There was also a Nun, a PRIORESS,

That of her smiling was full simple and coy;

Her greatest oathe was but by Saint Loy;

And she was cleped Madame Eglentine.

Full well she sang the service divine,

Entuned in her nose full seemly;

And French she spake full fair and fetisly

After the school of Stratford atte Bow,

For French of Paris was to her unknow.

At meate was she well y-taught withal;

She let no morsel from her lippes fall,

Nor wet her fingers in her sauce deep.

Well could she carry a morsel, and well keep,

That no droppe ne fell upon her breast.

In courtesy was set full much her lest.

Her over-lippe wiped she so clean,

That in her cup there was no farthing seen

Of grease, when she drunken had her draught;

Full seemely after her meat she raught:

And sickerly she was of great disport,

And full pleasant, and amiable of port,

And pained her to counterfeite cheer

Of court, and be estately of mannere,

And to be holden digne of reverence.

But for to speaken of her conscience,

She was so charitable and so pitous,

She woulde weep if that she saw a mouse

Caught in a trap, if it were dead or bled.

Of smalle houndes had she, that she fed

With roasted flesh, and milk, and wastel bread.

But sore she wept if one of them were dead,

Or if men smote it with a yarde smart:

And all was conscience and tender heart.

Full seemly her wimple y-pinched was;

Her nose tretis; her eyen gray as glass;

Her mouth full small, and thereto soft and red;

But sickerly she had a fair forehead.

It was almost a spanne broad I trow;

For hardily she was not undergrow.

Full fetis was her cloak, as I was ware.

Of small coral about her arm she bare

A pair of beades, gauded all with green;

And thereon hung a brooch of gold full sheen,

On which was first y-written a crown'd A,

And after, Amor vincit omnia.

Another Nun also with her had she,

That was her chapelleine, and PRIESTES three.

A MONK there was, a fair for the mast'ry

An out-rider, that loved venery;

A manly man, to be an abbot able.

Full many a dainty horse had he in stable:

And when he rode, men might his bridle hear

Jingeling in a whistling wind as clear,

And eke as loud, as doth the chapel bell,

There as this lord was keeper of the cell.

The rule of Saint Maur and of Saint Benet,

Because that it was old and somedeal strait

This ilke monk let olde thinges pace,

And held after the newe world the trace.

He gave not of the text a pulled hen,

That saith, that hunters be not holy men:

Ne that a monk, when he is cloisterless;

Is like to a fish that is waterless;

This is to say, a monk out of his cloister.

This ilke text held he not worth an oyster;

And I say his opinion was good.

Why should he study, and make himselfe wood

Upon a book in cloister always pore,

Or swinken with his handes, and labour,

As Austin bid? how shall the world be served?

Let Austin have his swink to him reserved.

Therefore he was a prickasour aright:

Greyhounds he had as swift as fowl of flight;

Of pricking and of hunting for the hare

Was all his lust, for no cost would he spare.

I saw his sleeves purfil'd at the hand

With gris, and that the finest of the land.

And for to fasten his hood under his chin,

He had of gold y-wrought a curious pin;

A love-knot in the greater end there was.

His head was bald, and shone as any glass,

And eke his face, as it had been anoint;

He was a lord full fat and in good point;

His eyen steep, and rolling in his head,

That steamed as a furnace of a lead.

His bootes supple, his horse in great estate,

Now certainly he was a fair prelate;

He was not pale as a forpined gost:

A fat swan lov'd he best of any roast.

His palfrey was as brown as is a berry.

A FRIAR there was, a wanton and a merry,

A limitour a full solemne man.

In all the orders four is none that can

So much of dalliance and fair language.

He had y-made full many a marriage

Of younge women, at his owen cost.

Unto his order he was a noble post;

Full well belov'd, and familiar was he

With franklins over all in his country,

And eke with worthy women of the town:

For he had power of confession,

As said himselfe, more than a curate,

For of his order he was licentiate.

Full sweetely heard he confession,

And pleasant was his absolution.

He was an easy man to give penance,

There as he wist to have a good pittance:

For unto a poor order for to give

Is signe that a man is well y-shrive.

For if he gave, he durste make avant,

He wiste that the man was repentant.

For many a man so hard is of his heart,

He may not weep although him sore smart.

Therefore instead of weeping and prayeres,

Men must give silver to the poore freres.

His tippet was aye farsed full of knives

And pinnes, for to give to faire wives;

And certainly he had a merry note:

Well could he sing and playen on a rote;

Of yeddings he bare utterly the prize.

His neck was white as is the fleur-de-lis.

Thereto he strong was as a champion,

And knew well the taverns in every town.

And every hosteler and gay tapstere,

Better than a lazar or a beggere,

For unto such a worthy man as he

Accordeth not, as by his faculty,

To have with such lazars acquaintance.

It is not honest, it may not advance,

As for to deale with no such pouraille

But all with rich, and sellers of vitaille.

And ov'r all there as profit should arise,

Courteous he was, and lowly of service;

There n'as no man nowhere so virtuous.

He was the beste beggar in all his house:

And gave a certain farme for the grant,

None of his bretheren came in his haunt.

For though a widow hadde but one shoe,

So pleasant was his In Principio

Yet would he have a farthing ere he went;

His purchase was well better than his rent.

And rage he could and play as any whelp,

In lovedays there could he muchel help.

For there was he not like a cloisterer,

With threadbare cope as is a poor scholer;

But he was like a master or a pope.

Of double worsted was his semicope,

That rounded was as a bell out of press.

Somewhat he lisped for his wantonness,

To make his English sweet upon his tongue;

And in his harping, when that he had sung,

His eyen twinkled in his head aright,

As do the starres in a frosty night.

This worthy limitour was call'd Huberd.

A MERCHANT was there with a forked beard,

In motley, and high on his horse he sat,

Upon his head a Flandrish beaver hat.

His bootes clasped fair and fetisly.

His reasons aye spake he full solemnly,

Sounding alway th' increase of his winning.

He would the sea were kept for any thing

Betwixte Middleburg and Orewell

Well could he in exchange shieldes sell

This worthy man full well his wit beset;

There wiste no wight that he was in debt,

So estately was he of governance

With his bargains, and with his chevisance.

For sooth he was a worthy man withal,

But sooth to say, I n'ot how men him call.

A CLERK there was of Oxenford also,

That unto logic hadde long y-go.

As leane was his horse as is a rake,

And he was not right fat, I undertake;

But looked hollow, and thereto soberly.

Full threadbare was his overest courtepy,

For he had gotten him yet no benefice,

Ne was not worldly, to have an office.

For him was lever have at his bed's head

Twenty bookes, clothed in black or red,

Of Aristotle, and his philosophy,

Than robes rich, or fiddle, or psalt'ry.

But all be that he was a philosopher,

Yet hadde he but little gold in coffer,

But all that he might of his friendes hent,

On bookes and on learning he it spent,

And busily gan for the soules pray

Of them that gave him wherewith to scholay

Of study took he moste care and heed.

Not one word spake he more than was need;

And that was said in form and reverence,

And short and quick, and full of high sentence.

Sounding in moral virtue was his speech,

And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach.

A SERGEANT OF THE LAW, wary and wise,

That often had y-been at the Parvis,

There was also, full rich of excellence.

Discreet he was, and of great reverence:

He seemed such, his wordes were so wise,

Justice he was full often in assize,

By patent, and by plein commission;

For his science, and for his high renown,

Of fees and robes had he many one.

So great a purchaser was nowhere none.

All was fee simple to him, in effect

His purchasing might not be in suspect

Nowhere so busy a man as he there was

And yet he seemed busier than he was

In termes had he case' and doomes all

That from the time of King William were fall.

Thereto he could indite, and make a thing

There coulde no wight pinch at his writing.

And every statute coud he plain by rote

He rode but homely in a medley coat,

Girt with a seint of silk, with barres small;

Of his array tell I no longer tale.

A FRANKELIN was in this company;

White was his beard, as is the daisy.

Of his complexion he was sanguine.

Well lov'd he in the morn a sop in wine.

To liven in delight was ever his won,

For he was Epicurus' owen son,

That held opinion, that plein delight Was verily felicity perfite.

An householder, and that a great, was he; Saint Julian he was in his country.

His bread, his ale, was alway after one;

A better envined man was nowhere none;

Withoute bake-meat never was his house,

Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteous,

It snowed in his house of meat and drink,

Of alle dainties that men coulde think.

After the sundry seasons of the year,

So changed he his meat and his soupere.

Full many a fat partridge had he in mew,

And many a bream, and many a luce in stew

Woe was his cook, but if his sauce were

Poignant and sharp, and ready all his gear.

His table dormant in his hall alway

Stood ready cover'd all the longe day.

At sessions there was he lord and sire.

Full often time he was knight of the shire

An anlace, and a gipciere all of silk,

Hung at his girdle, white as morning milk.

A sheriff had he been, and a countour

Was nowhere such a worthy vavasour

An HABERDASHER, and a CARPENTER,

A WEBBE, a DYER, and a TAPISER,

Were with us eke, cloth'd in one livery,

Of a solemn and great fraternity.

Full fresh and new their gear y-picked was.

Their knives were y-chaped not with brass,

But all with silver wrought full clean and well,

Their girdles and their pouches every deal.

Well seemed each of them a fair burgess,

To sitten in a guild-hall, on the dais.

Evereach, for the wisdom that he can,

Was shapely for to be an alderman.

For chattels hadde they enough and rent,

And eke their wives would it well assent:

And elles certain they had been to blame.

It is full fair to be y-clep'd madame,

And for to go to vigils all before,

And have a mantle royally y-bore.

A COOK they hadde with them for the nones,

To boil the chickens and the marrow bones,

And powder merchant tart and galingale.

Well could he know a draught of London ale.

He could roast, and stew, and broil, and fry,

Make mortrewes, and well bake a pie.

But great harm was it, as it thoughte me,

That, on his shin a mormal hadde he.

For blanc manger, that made he with the best

A SHIPMAN was there, wonned far by West:

For ought I wot, be was of Dartemouth.

He rode upon a rouncy, as he couth,

All in a gown of falding to the knee.

A dagger hanging by a lace had he

About his neck under his arm adown;

The hot summer had made his hue all brown;

And certainly he was a good fellaw.

Full many a draught of wine he had y-draw

From Bourdeaux-ward, while that the chapmen sleep;

Of nice conscience took he no keep.

If that he fought, and had the higher hand,

By water he sent them home to every land.

But of his craft to reckon well his tides,

His streames and his strandes him besides,

His herberow, his moon, and lodemanage,

There was none such, from Hull unto Carthage

Hardy he was, and wise, I undertake:

With many a tempest had his beard been shake.

He knew well all the havens, as they were,

From Scotland to the Cape of Finisterre,

And every creek in Bretagne and in Spain:

His barge y-cleped was the Magdelain.

With us there was a DOCTOR OF PHYSIC;

In all this worlde was there none him like

To speak of physic, and of surgery:

For he was grounded in astronomy.

He kept his patient a full great deal

In houres by his magic natural.

Well could he fortune the ascendent

Of his images for his patient.

He knew the cause of every malady,

Were it of cold, or hot, or moist, or dry,

And where engender'd, and of what humour.

He was a very perfect practisour

The cause y-know, and of his harm the root,

Anon he gave to the sick man his boot

Full ready had he his apothecaries,

To send his drugges and his lectuaries

For each of them made other for to win

Their friendship was not newe to begin

Well knew he the old Esculapius,

And Dioscorides, and eke Rufus;

Old Hippocras, Hali, and Gallien;

Serapion, Rasis, and Avicen;

Averrois, Damascene, and Constantin;

Bernard, and Gatisden, and Gilbertin.

Of his diet measurable was he,

For it was of no superfluity,

But of great nourishing, and digestible.

His study was but little on the Bible.

In sanguine and in perse he clad was all

Lined with taffeta, and with sendall.

And yet he was but easy of dispense:

He kept that he won in the pestilence.

For gold in physic is a cordial;

Therefore he loved gold in special.

A good WIFE was there OF beside BATH,

But she was somedeal deaf, and that was scath.

Of cloth-making she hadde such an haunt,

She passed them of Ypres, and of Gaunt.

In all the parish wife was there none,

That to the off'ring before her should gon,

And if there did, certain so wroth was she,

That she was out of alle charity

Her coverchiefs were full fine of ground

I durste swear, they weighede ten pound

That on the Sunday were upon her head.

Her hosen weren of fine scarlet red,

Full strait y-tied, and shoes full moist and new

Bold was her face, and fair and red of hue.

She was a worthy woman all her live,

Husbands at the church door had she had five,

Withouten other company in youth;

But thereof needeth not to speak as nouth.

And thrice had she been at Jerusalem;

She hadde passed many a strange stream

At Rome she had been, and at Bologne,

In Galice at Saint James, and at Cologne;

She coude much of wand'rng by the Way.

Gat-toothed was she, soothly for to say.

Upon an ambler easily she sat,

Y-wimpled well, and on her head an hat

As broad as is a buckler or a targe.

A foot-mantle about her hippes large,

And on her feet a pair of spurres sharp.

In fellowship well could she laugh and carp

Of remedies of love she knew perchance

For of that art she coud the olde dance.

A good man there was of religion,

That was a poore PARSON of a town:

But rich he was of holy thought and werk.

He was also a learned man, a clerk,

That Christe's gospel truly woulde preach.

His parishens devoutly would he teach.

Benign he was, and wonder diligent,

And in adversity full patient:

And such he was y-proved often sithes.

Full loth were him to curse for his tithes,

But rather would he given out of doubt,

Unto his poore parishens about,

Of his off'ring, and eke of his substance.

He could in little thing have suffisance.

Wide was his parish, and houses far asunder,

But he ne left not, for no rain nor thunder,

In sickness and in mischief to visit

The farthest in his parish, much and lit,

Upon his feet, and in his hand a staff.

This noble ensample to his sheep he gaf,

That first he wrought, and afterward he taught.

Out of the gospel he the wordes caught,

And this figure he added yet thereto,

That if gold ruste, what should iron do?

For if a priest be foul, on whom we trust,

No wonder is a lewed man to rust:

And shame it is, if that a priest take keep

, To see a shitten shepherd and clean sheep:

Well ought a priest ensample for to give,

By his own cleanness, how his sheep should live.

He sette not his benefice to hire,

And left his sheep eucumber'd in the mire,

And ran unto London, unto Saint Paul's,

To seeke him a chantery for souls,

Or with a brotherhood to be withold:

But dwelt at home, and kepte well his fold,

So that the wolf ne made it not miscarry.

He was a shepherd, and no mercenary.

And though he holy were, and virtuous,

He was to sinful men not dispitous

Nor of his speeche dangerous nor dign

But in his teaching discreet and benign.

To drawen folk to heaven, with fairness,

By good ensample, was his business:

But it were any person obstinate,

What so he were of high or low estate,

Him would he snibbe sharply for the nones.

A better priest I trow that nowhere none is.

He waited after no pomp nor reverence,

Nor maked him a spiced conscience,

But Christe's lore, and his apostles' twelve,

He taught, and first he follow'd it himselve.

With him there was a PLOUGHMAN, was his brother,

That had y-laid of dung full many a fother.

A true swinker and a good was he,

Living in peace and perfect charity.

God loved he beste with all his heart

At alle times, were it gain or smart,

And then his neighebour right as himselve.

He woulde thresh, and thereto dike, and delve,

For Christe's sake, for every poore wight,

Withouten hire, if it lay in his might.

His tithes payed he full fair and well,

Both of his proper swink, and his chattel

In a tabard he rode upon a mare.

There was also a Reeve, and a Millere,

A Sompnour, and a Pardoner also,

A Manciple, and myself, there were no mo'.

The MILLER was a stout carle for the nones,

Full big he was of brawn, and eke of bones;

That proved well, for ov'r all where he came,

At wrestling he would bear away the ram.

He was short-shouldered, broad, a thicke gnarr,

There was no door, that he n'old heave off bar,

Or break it at a running with his head.

His beard as any sow or fox was red,

And thereto broad, as though it were a spade.

Upon the cop right of his nose he had head

A wart, and thereon stood a tuft of hairs

Red as the bristles of a sowe's ears.

His nose-thirles blacke were and wide.

A sword and buckler bare he by his side.

His mouth as wide was as a furnace.

He was a jangler, and a goliardais,

And that was most of sin and harlotries.

Well could he steale corn, and tolle thrice

And yet he had a thumb of gold, pardie.

A white coat and a blue hood weared he

A baggepipe well could he blow and soun',

And therewithal he brought us out of town.

A gentle MANCIPLE was there of a temple,

Of which achatours mighte take ensample

For to be wise in buying of vitaille.

For whether that he paid, or took by taile

, Algate he waited so in his achate,

That he was aye before in good estate.

Now is not that of God a full fair grace

That such a lewed mannes wit shall pace

The wisdom of an heap of learned men?

Of masters had he more than thries ten,

That were of law expert and curious:

Of which there was a dozen in that house,

Worthy to be stewards of rent and land

Of any lord that is in Engleland,

To make him live by his proper good,

In honour debtless, but if he were wood,

Or live as scarcely as him list desire;

And able for to helpen all a shire

In any case that mighte fall or hap;

And yet this Manciple set their aller cap

The REEVE was a slender choleric man

His beard was shav'd as nigh as ever he can.

His hair was by his eares round y-shorn;

His top was docked like a priest beforn

Full longe were his legges, and full lean

Y-like a staff, there was no calf y-seen

Well could he keep a garner and a bin

There was no auditor could on him win

Well wist he by the drought, and by the rain,

The yielding of his seed and of his grain

His lorde's sheep, his neat, and his dairy

His swine, his horse, his store, and his poultry,

Were wholly in this Reeve's governing,

And by his cov'nant gave he reckoning,

Since that his lord was twenty year of age;

There could no man bring him in arrearage

There was no bailiff, herd, nor other hine

That he ne knew his sleight and his covine

They were adrad of him, as of the death

His wonnin was full fair upon an heath

With greene trees y-shadow'd was his place.

He coulde better than his lord purchase

Full rich he was y-stored privily

His lord well could he please subtilly,

To give and lend him of his owen good,

And have a thank, and yet a coat and hood.

In youth he learned had a good mistere

He was a well good wright, a carpentere

This Reeve sate upon a right good stot,

That was all pomel gray, and highte Scot.

A long surcoat of perse upon he had,

And by his side he bare a rusty blade.

Of Norfolk was this Reeve, of which I tell,

Beside a town men clepen Baldeswell,

Tucked he was, as is a friar, about,

And ever rode the hinderest of the rout.

A SOMPNOUR was there with us in that place,

That had a fire-red cherubinnes face,

For sausefleme he was, with eyen narrow.

As hot he was and lecherous as a sparrow,

With scalled browes black, and pilled beard:

Of his visage children were sore afeard.

There n'as quicksilver, litharge, nor brimstone,

Boras, ceruse, nor oil of tartar none,

Nor ointement that woulde cleanse or bite,

That him might helpen of his whelkes white,

Nor of the knobbes sitting on his cheeks.

Well lov'd he garlic, onions, and leeks,

And for to drink strong wine as red as blood.

Then would he speak, and cry as he were wood;

And when that he well drunken had the wine,

Then would he speake no word but Latin.

A fewe termes knew he, two or three,

That he had learned out of some decree;

No wonder is, he heard it all the day.

And eke ye knowen well, how that a jay

Can clepen "Wat," as well as can the Pope.

But whoso would in other thing him grope

Then had he spent all his philosophy,

Aye, Questio quid juris, would he cry.

He was a gentle harlot and a kind;

A better fellow should a man not find.

He woulde suffer, for a quart of wine,

A good fellow to have his concubine

A twelvemonth, and excuse him at the full.

Full privily a finch eke could he pull.

And if he found owhere a good fellaw,

He woulde teache him to have none awe

In such a case of the archdeacon's curse;

But if a manne's soul were in his purse;

For in his purse he should y-punished be.

"Purse is the archedeacon's hell," said he.

But well I wot, he lied right indeed:

Of cursing ought each guilty man to dread,

For curse will slay right as assoiling saveth;

And also 'ware him of a significavit.

In danger had he at his owen guise

The younge girles of the diocese,

And knew their counsel, and was of their rede.

A garland had he set upon his head,

As great as it were for an alestake:

A buckler had he made him of a cake.

With him there rode a gentle PARDONERE

Of Ronceval, his friend and his compere,

That straight was comen from the court of Rome.

Full loud he sang, "Come hither, love, to me"

This Sompnour bare to him a stiff burdoun,

Was never trump of half so great a soun.

This Pardoner had hair as yellow as wax,

But smooth it hung, as doth a strike of flax:

By ounces hung his lockes that he had,

And therewith he his shoulders oversprad.

Full thin it lay, by culpons one and one,

But hood for jollity, he weared none,

For it was trussed up in his wallet.

Him thought he rode all of the newe get,

Dishevel, save his cap, he rode all bare.

Such glaring eyen had he, as an hare.

A vernicle had he sew'd upon his cap.

His wallet lay before him in his lap,

Bretful of pardon come from Rome all hot.

A voice he had as small as hath a goat.

No beard had he, nor ever one should have.

As smooth it was as it were new y-shave;

I trow he were a gelding or a mare.

But of his craft, from Berwick unto Ware,

Ne was there such another pardonere.

For in his mail he had a pillowbere,

Which, as he saide, was our Lady's veil:

He said, he had a gobbet of the sail

That Sainte Peter had, when that he went

Upon the sea, till Jesus Christ him hent.

He had a cross of latoun full of stones,

And in a glass he hadde pigge's bones.

But with these relics, whenne that he fond

A poore parson dwelling upon lond,

Upon a day he got him more money

Than that the parson got in moneths tway;

And thus with feigned flattering and japes,

He made the parson and the people his apes.

But truely to tellen at the last,

He was in church a noble ecclesiast.

Well could he read a lesson or a story,

But alderbest he sang an offertory:

For well he wiste, when that song was sung,

He muste preach, and well afile his tongue,

To winne silver, as he right well could:

Therefore he sang full merrily and loud.

Now have I told you shortly in a clause

Th' estate, th' array, the number, and eke the cause

Why that assembled was this company

In Southwark at this gentle hostelry,

That highte the Tabard, fast by the Bell.

But now is time to you for to tell

How that we baren us that ilke night,

When we were in that hostelry alight.

And after will I tell of our voyage,

And all the remnant of our pilgrimage.

But first I pray you of your courtesy,

That ye arette it not my villainy,

Though that I plainly speak in this mattere.

To tellen you their wordes and their cheer;

Not though I speak their wordes properly.

For this ye knowen all so well as I,

Whoso shall tell a tale after a man,

He must rehearse, as nigh as ever he can,

Every word, if it be in his charge,

All speak he ne'er so rudely and so large;

Or elles he must tell his tale untrue,

Or feigne things, or finde wordes new.

He may not spare, although he were his brother;

He must as well say one word as another.

Christ spake Himself full broad in Holy Writ,

And well ye wot no villainy is it.

Eke Plato saith, whoso that can him read,

The wordes must be cousin to the deed.

Also I pray you to forgive it me,

All have I not set folk in their degree,

Here in this tale, as that they shoulden stand:

My wit is short, ye may well understand.

Great cheere made our Host us every one,

And to the supper set he us anon:

And served us with victual of the best.

Strong was the wine, and well to drink us lest.

A seemly man Our Hoste was withal

For to have been a marshal in an hall.

A large man he was with eyen steep,

A fairer burgess is there none in Cheap:

Bold of his speech, and wise and well y-taught,

And of manhoode lacked him right naught.

Eke thereto was he right a merry man,

And after supper playen he began,

And spake of mirth amonges other things,

When that we hadde made our reckonings;

And saide thus; “Now, lordinges, truly

Ye be to me welcome right heartily:

For by my troth, if that I shall not lie,

I saw not this year such a company

At once in this herberow, am is now.

Fain would I do you mirth, an I wist how.

And of a mirth I am right now bethought.

To do you ease, and it shall coste nought.

Ye go to Canterbury; God you speed,

The blissful Martyr quite you your meed;

And well I wot, as ye go by the way,

Ye shapen you to talken and to play:

For truely comfort nor mirth is none

To ride by the way as dumb as stone:

And therefore would I make you disport,

As I said erst, and do you some comfort.

And if you liketh all by one assent

Now for to standen at my judgement,

And for to worken as I shall you say

To-morrow, when ye riden on the way,

Now by my father's soule that is dead,

But ye be merry, smiteth off mine head.

Hold up your hands withoute more speech."

Our counsel was not longe for to seech:

Us thought it was not worth to make it wise,

And granted him withoute more avise,

And bade him say his verdict, as him lest.

"Lordings (quoth he), now hearken for the best;

But take it not, I pray you, in disdain;

This is the point, to speak it plat and plain.

That each of you, to shorten with your way

In this voyage, shall tellen tales tway,

To Canterbury-ward, I mean it so,

And homeward he shall tellen other two,

Of aventures that whilom have befall.

And which of you that bear'th him best of all,

That is to say, that telleth in this case

Tales of best sentence and most solace,

Shall have a supper at your aller cost

Here in this place, sitting by this post,

When that ye come again from Canterbury.

And for to make you the more merry,

I will myselfe gladly with you ride,

Right at mine owen cost, and be your guide.

And whoso will my judgement withsay,

Shall pay for all we spenden by the way.

And if ye vouchesafe that it be so,

Tell me anon withoute wordes mo',

And I will early shape me therefore."

This thing was granted, and our oath we swore

With full glad heart, and prayed him also,

That he would vouchesafe for to do so,

And that he woulde be our governour,

And of our tales judge and reportour,

And set a supper at a certain price;

And we will ruled be at his device,

In high and low: and thus by one assent,

We be accorded to his judgement.

And thereupon the wine was fet anon.

We drunken, and to reste went each one,

Withouten any longer tarrying

A-morrow, when the day began to spring,

Up rose our host, and was our aller cock,

And gather'd us together in a flock,

And forth we ridden all a little space,

Unto the watering of Saint Thomas:

And there our host began his horse arrest,

And saide; "Lordes, hearken if you lest.

Ye weet your forword, and I it record.

If even-song and morning-song accord,

Let see now who shall telle the first tale.

As ever may I drinke wine or ale,

Whoso is rebel to my judgement,

Shall pay for all that by the way is spent.

Now draw ye cuts ere that ye farther twin.

He which that hath the shortest shall begin."

"Sir Knight (quoth he), my master and my lord,

Now draw the cut, for that is mine accord.

Come near (quoth he), my Lady Prioress,

And ye, Sir Clerk, let be your shamefastness,

Nor study not: lay hand to, every man."

Anon to drawen every wight began,

And shortly for to tellen as it was,

Were it by a venture, or sort, or cas,

The sooth is this, the cut fell to the Knight,

Of which full blithe and glad was every wight;

And tell he must his tale as was reason,

By forword, and by composition,

As ye have heard; what needeth wordes mo'?

And when this good man saw that it was so,

As he that wise was and obedient

To keep his forword by his free assent,

He said; "Sithen I shall begin this game,

Why, welcome be the cut in Godde's name.

Now let us ride, and hearken what I say."

And with that word we ridden forth our way;

And he began with right a merry cheer

His tale anon, and said as ye shall hear.

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1.17.3: Geoffrey Chaucer - The Canterbury Tales - The Miller's Tale

THE PROLOGUE

When that the Knight had thus his tale told

In all the rout was neither young nor old,

That he not said it was a noble story,

And worthy to be drawen to memory;

And namely the gentles every one.

Our Host then laugh'd and swore, "So may I gon,

This goes aright; unbuckled is the mail;

Let see now who shall tell another tale:

For truely this game is well begun.

Now telleth ye, Sir Monk, if that ye conne,

Somewhat, to quiten with the Knighte's tale."

The Miller that fordrunken was all pale,

So that unnethes upon his horse he sat,

He would avalen neither hood nor hat,

Nor abide no man for his courtesy,

But in Pilate's voice he gan to cry,

And swore by armes, and by blood, and bones,

"I can a noble tale for the nones,

With which I will now quite the Knighte's tale."

Our Host saw well how drunk he was of ale,

And said; "Robin, abide, my leve brother,

Some better man shall tell us first another:

Abide, and let us worke thriftily."

By Godde's soul," quoth he, "that will not I,

For I will speak, or elles go my way!"

Our Host answer'd; "Tell on a devil way;

Thou art a fool; thy wit is overcome.”

“Now hearken,” quoth the Miller, “all and some:

But first I make a protestatioun.

That I am drunk, I know it by my soun’:

And therefore if that I misspeak or say,

Wite it the ale of Southwark, I you pray:

For I will tell a legend and a life

Both of a carpenter and of his wife,

How that a clerk hath set the wrighte’s cap.”

The Reeve answer’d and saide, “Stint thy clap,

Let be thy lewed drunken harlotry.

It is a sin, and eke a great folly

To apeiren any man, or him defame,

And eke to bringe wives in evil name.

Thou may’st enough of other thinges sayn.”

This drunken Miller spake full soon again,

And saide, “Leve brother Osewold,

Who hath no wife, he is no cuckold.

But I say not therefore that thou art one;

There be full goode wives many one.

Why art thou angry with my tale now?

I have a wife, pardie, as well as thou,

Yet n’old I, for the oxen in my plough,

Taken upon me more than enough,

To deemen of myself that I am one;

I will believe well that I am none.

An husband should not be inquisitive

Of Godde’s privity, nor of his wife.

So he may finde Godde’s foison there,

Of the remnant needeth not to enquere.”

What should I more say, but that this Millere

He would his wordes for no man forbear,

But told his churlish tale in his mannere;

Me thinketh, that I shall rehearse it here.

And therefore every gentle wight I pray,

For Godde's love to deem not that I say

Of evil intent, but that I must rehearse

Their tales all, be they better or worse,

Or elles falsen some of my mattere.

And therefore whoso list it not to hear,

Turn o'er the leaf, and choose another tale;

For he shall find enough, both great and smale,

Of storial thing that toucheth gentiless,

And eke morality and holiness.

Blame not me, if that ye choose amiss.

The Miller is a churl, ye know well this,

So was the Reeve, with many other mo',

And harlotry they tolde bothe two.

Avise you now, and put me out of blame;

And eke men should not make earnest of game.

THE TALE

Whilom there was dwelling in Oxenford

A riche gnof, that guestes held to board,

And of his craft he was a carpenter.

With him there was dwelling a poor scholer,

Had learned art, but all his fantasy

Was turned for to learn astrology.

He coude a certain of conclusions

To deeme by interrogations,

If that men asked him in certain hours,

When that men should have drought or elles show'rs:

Or if men asked him what shoulde fall

Of everything, I may not reckon all.

This clerk was called Hendy Nicholas;

Of derne love he knew and of solace;

And therewith he was sly and full privy,

And like a maiden meek for to see.

A chamber had he in that hostelry

Alone, withouten any company,

Full fetisly y-dight with herbes swoot,

And he himself was sweet as is the root

Of liquorice, or any setewall.

His Almagest, and bookes great and small,

His astrolabe, belonging to his art,

His augrim stones, layed fair apart

On shelves couched at his bedde's head,

His press y-cover'd with a falding red.

And all above there lay a gay psalt'ry

On which he made at nightes melody,

So sweetely, that all the chamber rang:

And Angelus ad virginem he sang.

And after that he sung the kinge's note;

Full often blessed was his merry throat.

And thus this sweete clerk his time spent

After his friendes finding and his rent.

This carpenter had wedded new a wife,

Which that he loved more than his life:

Of eighteen year, I guess, she was of age.

Jealous he was, and held her narr'w in cage,

For she was wild and young, and he was old,

And deemed himself belike a cuckold.

He knew not Cato, for his wit was rude,

That bade a man wed his similitude.

Men shoulde wedden after their estate,

For youth and eld are often at debate.

But since that he was fallen in the snare,

He must endure (as other folk) his care.

Fair was this younge wife, and therewithal

As any weasel her body gent and small.

A seint she weared, barred all of silk,

A barm-cloth eke as white as morning milk

Upon her lendes, full of many a gore.

White was her smock, and broider'd all before,

And eke behind, on her collar about

Of coal-black silk, within and eke without.

The tapes of her white volupere

Were of the same suit of her collere;

Her fillet broad of silk, and set full high:

And sickerly she had a likerous eye.

Full small y-pulled were her browes two,

And they were bent, and black as any sloe.

She was well more blissful on to see

Than is the newe perjenete tree;

And softer than the wool is of a wether.

And by her girdle hung a purse of leather,

Tassel'd with silk, and pearled with latoun.

In all this world to seeken up and down

There is no man so wise, that coude thenche

So gay a popelot, or such a wench.

Full brighter was the shining of her hue,

Than in the Tower the noble forged new.

But of her song, it was as loud and yern,

As any swallow chittering on a bern.

Thereto she coulde skip, and make a game

As any kid or calf following his dame.

Her mouth was sweet as braket, or as methe

Or hoard of apples, laid in hay or heath.

Wincing she was as is a jolly colt,

Long as a mast, and upright as a bolt.

A brooch she bare upon her low collere,

As broad as is the boss of a bucklere.

Her shoon were laced on her legges high;

She was a primerole, a piggesnie,

For any lord t' have ligging in his bed,

Or yet for any good yeoman to wed.

Now, sir, and eft sir, so befell the case,

That on a day this Hendy Nicholas

Fell with this younge wife to rage and play,

While that her husband was at Oseney,

As clerkes be full subtle and full quaint.

And privily he caught her by the queint,

And said; "Y-wis, but if I have my will,

For derne love of thee, leman, I spill."

And helde her fast by the haunche bones,

And saide "Leman, love me well at once,

Or I will dien, all so God me save."

And she sprang as a colt doth in the trave

And with her head she writhed fast away,

And said; "I will not kiss thee, by my fay.

Why let be," quoth she, "let be, Nicholas,

Or I will cry out harow and alas!

Do away your handes, for your courtesy."

This Nicholas gan mercy for to cry,

And spake so fair, and proffer'd him so fast,

That she her love him granted at the last,

And swore her oath by Saint Thomas of Kent,

That she would be at his commandement,

When that she may her leisure well espy.

“My husband is so full of jealousy,

That but ye waite well, and be privy,

I wot right well I am but dead,” quoth she.

“Ye muste be full derne as in this case.”

“Nay, thereof care thee nought,” quoth Nicholas:

“A clerk had litherly beset his while,

But if he could a carpenter beguile.”

And thus they were accorded and y-sworn

To wait a time, as I have said beforn.

When Nicholas had done thus every deal,

And thwacked her about the lendes well,

He kiss’d her sweet, and taketh his psalt’ry

And playeth fast, and maketh melody.

Then fell it thus, that to the parish church,

Of Christe’s owen workes for to wirch,

This good wife went upon a holy day;

Her forehead shone as bright as any day,

So was it washen, when she left her werk.

Now was there of that church a parish clerk,

The which that was y-cleped Absolon.

Curl’d was his hair, and as the gold it shone,

And strutted as a fanne large and broad;

Full straight and even lay his jolly shode.

His rode was red, his eyen grey as goose,

With Paule’s windows carven on his shoes

In hosen red he went full fetisly.

Y-clad he was full small and properly,

All in a kirtle of a light waget;

Full fair and thicke be the pointes set,

And thereupon he had a gay surplice,

As white as is the blossom on the rise.

A merry child he was, so God me save;

Well could he letten blood, and clip, and shave,

And make a charter of land, and a quittance.

In twenty manners could he trip and dance,

After the school of Oxenforde tho,

And with his legges caste to and fro;

And playen songes on a small ribible;

Thereto he sung sometimes a loud quinible

And as well could he play on a gitern.

In all the town was brewhouse nor tavern,

That he not visited with his solas,

There as that any garnard tapstere was.

But sooth to say he was somedeal squaimous

Of farting, and of speeche dangerous.

This Absolon, that jolly was and gay,

Went with a censer on the holy day,

Censing the wives of the parish fast;

And many a lovely look he on them cast,

And namely on this carpenter's wife:

To look on her him thought a merry life.

She was so proper, and sweet, and likerous.

I dare well say, if she had been a mouse,

And he a cat, he would her hent anon.

This parish clerk, this jolly Absolon,

Hath in his hearte such a love-longing!

That of no wife took he none offering;

For courtesy he said he woulde none.

The moon at night full clear and brighte shone,

And Absolon his gitern hath y-taken,

For paramours he thoughte for to waken,

And forth he went, jolif and amorous,

Till he came to the carpentere's house,

A little after the cock had y-crow,

And dressed him under a shot window,

That was upon the carpentere's wall.

He singeth in his voice gentle and small;

"Now, dear lady, if thy will be,

I pray that ye will rue on me;"

Full well accordant to his giterning.

This carpenter awoke, and heard him sing,

And spake unto his wife, and said anon,

What Alison, hear'st thou not Absolon,

That chanteth thus under our bower wall?"

And she answer'd her husband therewithal;

"Yes, God wot, John, I hear him every deal."

This passeth forth; what will ye bet than well?

From day to day this jolly Absolon

So wooeth her, that him is woebegone.

He waketh all the night, and all the day,

To comb his lockes broad, and make him gay.

He wooeth her by means and by brocage,

And swore he woulde be her owen page.

He singeth brokking as a nightingale.

He sent her piment mead, and spiced ale,

And wafers piping hot out of the glede:

And, for she was of town, he proffer'd meed.

For some folk will be wonnen for richess,

And some for strokes, and some with gentiless.

Sometimes, to show his lightness and mast'ry,

He playeth Herod on a scaffold high.

But what availeth him as in this case?

So loveth she the Hendy Nicholas,

That Absolon may blow the bucke's horn:

He had for all his labour but a scorn.

And thus she maketh Absolon her ape,

And all his earnest turneth to a jape.

Full sooth is this proverb, it is no lie;

Men say right thus alway; the nighe sly

Maketh oft time the far lief to be loth.

For though that Absolon be wood or wroth

Because that he far was from her sight,

This nigh Nicholas stood still in his light.

Now bear thee well, thou Hendy Nicholas,

For Absolon may wail and sing "Alas!"

And so befell, that on a Saturday

This carpenter was gone to Oseney,

And Hendy Nicholas and Alison

Accorded were to this conclusion,

That Nicholas shall shape him a wile

The silly jealous husband to beguile;

And if so were the game went aright,

She shoulde sleepen in his arms all night;

For this was her desire and his also.

And right anon, withoute wordes mo',

This Nicholas no longer would he tarry,

But doth full soft unto his chamber carry

Both meat and drinke for a day or tway.

And to her husband bade her for to say,

If that he asked after Nicholas,

She shoulde say, “She wist not where he was;

Of all the day she saw him not with eye;

She trowed he was in some malady,

For no cry that her maiden could him call

He would answer, for nought that might befall.”

Thus passed forth all thilke Saturday,

That Nicholas still in his chamber lay,

And ate, and slept, and didde what him list

Till Sunday, that the sunne went to rest.

This silly carpenter had great marvaill

Of Nicholas, or what thing might him ail,

And said; “I am adrad, by Saint Thomas!

It standeth not aright with Nicholas:

God shielde that he died suddenly.

This world is now full fickle sickerly.

I saw to-day a corpse y-borne to chirch,

That now on Monday last I saw him wirch.

“Go up,” quod he unto his knave, “anon;

Clepe at his door, or knocke with a stone:

Look how it is, and tell me boldely.”

This knave went him up full sturdily,

And, at the chamber door while that he stood,

He cried and knocked as that he were wood:

“What how? what do ye, Master Nicholay?

How may ye sleepen all the longe day?”

But all for nought, he hearde not a word.

An hole he found full low upon the board,

Where as the cat was wont in for to creep,

And at that hole he looked in full deep,

And at the last he had of him a sight.

This Nicholas sat ever gaping upright,

As he had kyked on the newe moon.

Adown he went, and told his master soon,

In what array he saw this ilke man.

This carpenter to blissen him began,

And said: “Now help us, Sainte Frideswide.

A man wot little what shall him betide.

This man is fall’n with his astronomy

Into some woodness or some agony.

I thought aye well how that it shoulde be.

Men should know nought of Godde’s privity.

Yea, blessed be alway a lewed man,

That nought but only his believe can.

So far’d another clerk with astronomy:

He walked in the fieldes for to pry

Upon the starres, what there should befall,

Till he was in a marle pit y-fall.

He saw not that. But yet, by Saint Thomas!

Me rueth sore of Hendy Nicholas:

He shall be rated of his studying,

If that I may, by Jesus, heaven’s king!

Get me a staff, that I may underspore

While that thou, Robin, heavest off the door:

He shall out of his studying, as I guess.”

And to the chamber door he gan him dress

His knave was a strong carl for the nonce,

And by the hasp he heav’d it off at once;

Into the floor the door fell down anon.

This Nicholas sat aye as still as stone,

And ever he gap’d upward into the air.

The carpenter ween’d he were in despair,

And hent him by the shoulders mightily,

And shook him hard, and cried spitously;

“What, Nicholas? what how, man? look adown:

Awake, and think on Christe’s passioun.

I crouche thee from elves, and from wights.

Therewith the night-spell said he anon rights,

On the four halves of the house about,

And on the threshold of the door without.

“Lord Jesus Christ, and Sainte Benedight,

Blesse this house from every wicked wight,

From the night mare, the white Pater-noster;

Where wonnest thou now, Sainte Peter’s sister?”

And at the last this Hendy Nicholas

Gan for to sigh full sore, and said; “Alas!

Shall all time world be lost eftsoones now?”

This carpenter answer’d; “What sayest thou?

What? think on God, as we do, men that swink.”

This Nicholas answer’d; “Fetch me a drink;

And after will I speak in privity

Of certain thing that toucheth thee and me:

I will tell it no other man certain.”

This carpenter went down, and came again,

And brought of mighty ale a large quart;

And when that each of them had drunk his part,

This Nicholas his chamber door fast shet,

And down the carpenter by him he set,

And saide; “John, mine host full lief and dear,

Thou shalt upon thy truthe swear me here,

That to no wight thou shalt my counsel wray:

For it is Christes counsel that I say,

And if thou tell it man, thou art forlore:

For this vengeance thou shalt have therefor,

That if thou wraye me, thou shalt be wood."

"Nay, Christ forbid it for his holy blood!"

Quoth then this silly man; "I am no blab,

Nor, though I say it, am I lief to gab.

Say what thou wilt, I shall it never tell

To child or wife, by him that harried Hell."

"Now, John," quoth Nicholas, "I will not lie,

I have y-found in my astrology,

As I have looked in the moone bright,

That now on Monday next, at quarter night,

Shall fall a rain, and that so wild and wood, mad

That never half so great was Noe's flood.

This world," he said, "in less than half an hour

Shall all be dreint, so hideous is the shower:

Thus shall mankinde drench, and lose their life."

This carpenter answer'd; "Alas, my wife!

And shall she drench? alas, mine Alisoun!"

For sorrow of this he fell almost adown,

And said; "Is there no remedy in this case?"

"Why, yes, for God," quoth Hendy Nicholas;

"If thou wilt worken after lore and rede;

Thou may'st not worken after thine own head.

For thus saith Solomon, that was full true:

Work all by counsel, and thou shalt not rue.

And if thou worke wilt by good counseil,

I undertake, withoute mast or sail,

Yet shall I save her, and thee, and me.

Hast thou not heard how saved was Noe,

When that our Lord had warned him beforn,

That all the world with water should be lorn?"

"Yes," quoth this carpenter," full yore ago."

“Hast thou not heard,” quoth Nicholas, “also

The sorrow of Noe, with his fellowship,

That he had ere he got his wife to ship?

Him had been lever, I dare well undertake,

At thilke time, than all his wethers black,

That she had had a ship herself alone.

And therefore know’st thou what is best to be done?

This asketh haste, and of an hasty thing

Men may not preach or make tarrying.

Anon go get us fast into this inn

A kneading trough, or else a kemelin,

For each of us; but look that they be large,

In whiche we may swim as in a barge:

And have therein vitaille suffisant

But for one day; fie on the remenant;

The water shall aslake and go away

Aboute prime upon the nexte day.

But Robin may not know of this, thy knave,

Nor eke thy maiden Gill I may not save:

Ask me not why: for though thou aske me

I will not telle Godde’s privity.

Sufficeth thee, but if thy wit be mad,

To have as great a grace as Noe had;

Thy wife shall I well saven out of doubt.

Go now thy way, and speed thee hereabout.

But when thou hast for her, and thee, and me,

Y-gotten us these kneading tubbes three,

Then shalt thou hang them in the roof full high,

So that no man our purveyance espy:

And when thou hast done thus as I have said,

And hast our vitaille fair in them y-laid,

And eke an axe to smite the cord in two

When that the water comes, that we may go,

And break an hole on high upon the gable

Into the garden-ward, over the stable,

That we may freely passe forth our way,

When that the greate shower is gone away.

Then shalt thou swim as merry, I undertake,

As doth the white duck after her drake:

Then will I clepe, ‘How, Alison? How, John?

Be merry: for the flood will pass anon.’

And thou wilt say, ‘Hail, Master Nicholay,

Good-morrow, I see thee well, for it is day.’

And then shall we be lordes all our life

Of all the world, as Noe and his wife.

But of one thing I warne thee full right,

Be well advised, on that ilke night,

When we be enter’d into shippe’s board,

That none of us not speak a single word,

Nor clepe nor cry, but be in his prayere,

For that is Godde’s owen heste dear.

Thy wife and thou must hangen far atween,

For that betwixte you shall be no sin,

No more in looking than there shall in deed.

This ordinance is said: go, God thee speed

To-morrow night, when men be all asleep,

Into our kneading tubbes will we creep,

And sitte there, abiding Godde’s grace.

Go now thy way, I have no longer space

To make of this no longer sermoning:

Men say thus: Send the wise, and say nothing:

Thou art so wise, it needeth thee nought teach.

Go, save our lives, and that I thee beseech."

This silly carpenter went forth his way,

Full oft he said, "Alas! and Well-a-day!'

And to his wife he told his privity,

And she was ware, and better knew than he

What all this quainte cast was for to say.

But natheless she fear'd as she would dey,

And said: "Alas! go forth thy way anon.

Help us to scape, or we be dead each one.

I am thy true and very wedded wife;

Go, deare spouse, and help to save our life."

Lo, what a great thing is affection!

Men may die of imagination,

So deeply may impression be take.

This silly carpenter begins to quake:

He thinketh verily that he may see

This newe flood come weltering as the sea

To drenchen Alison, his honey dear.

He weepeth, waileth, maketh sorry cheer;

He sigheth, with full many a sorry sough.

He go'th, and getteth him a kneading trough,

And after that a tub, and a kemelin,

And privily he sent them to his inn:

And hung them in the roof full privily.

With his own hand then made he ladders three,

To climbe by the ranges and the stalks

Unto the tubbes hanging in the balks;

And victualed them, kemelin, trough, and tub,

With bread and cheese, and good ale in a jub,

Sufficing right enough as for a day.

But ere that he had made all this array,

He sent his knave, and eke his wench also,

Upon his need to London for to go.

And on the Monday, when it drew to night,

He shut his door withoute candle light,

And dressed every thing as it should be.

And shortly up they climbed all the three.

They satte stille well a furlong way.

“Now, Pater noster, clum,” said Nicholay,

And “clum,” quoth John; and “clum,” said Alison:

This carpenter said his devotion,

And still he sat and bidded his prayere,

Awaking on the rain, if he it hear.

The deade sleep, for weary business,

Fell on this carpenter, right as I guess,

About the curfew-time, or little more,

For travail of his ghost he groaned sore,

And eft he routed, for his head mislay.

Adown the ladder stalked Nicholay;

And Alison full soft adown she sped.

Withoute wordes more they went to bed,

There as the carpenter was wont to lie:

There was the revel, and the melody.

And thus lay Alison and Nicholas,

In business of mirth and in solace,

Until the bell of laudes gan to ring,

And friars in the chancel went to sing.

This parish clerk, this amorous Absolon,

That is for love alway so woebegone,

Upon the Monday was at Oseney

With company, him to disport and play;

And asked upon cas a cloisterer

Full privily after John the carpenter;

And he drew him apart out of the church,

And said, “I n’ot; I saw him not here wirch

Since Saturday; I trow that he be went

For timber, where our abbot hath him sent.

And dwellen at the Grange a day or two:

For he is wont for timber for to go,

Or else he is at his own house certain.

Where that he be, I cannot soothly sayn.”

This Absolon full jolly was and light,

And thought, “Now is the time to wake all night,

For sickerly I saw him not stirring

About his door, since day began to spring.

So may I thrive, but I shall at cock crow

Full privily go knock at his window,

That stands full low upon his bower wall:

To Alison then will I tellen all

My love-longing; for I shall not miss

That at the leaste way I shall her kiss.

Some manner comfort shall I have, parfay,

My mouth hath itched all this livelong day:

That is a sign of kissing at the least.

All night I mette eke I was at a feast.

Therefore I will go sleep an hour or tway,

And all the night then will I wake and play.”

When that the first cock crowed had, anon

Up rose this jolly lover Absolon,

And him arrayed gay, at point devise.

But first he chewed grains and liquorice,

To smelle sweet, ere he had combed his hair.

Under his tongue a true love he bare,

For thereby thought he to be gracious.

Then came he to the carpentere's house,

And still he stood under the shot window;

Unto his breast it raught, it was so low;

And soft he coughed with a semisoun'.

"What do ye, honeycomb, sweet Alisoun?

My faire bird, my sweet cinamome,

Awaken, leman mine, and speak to me.

Full little thinke ye upon my woe,

That for your love I sweat there as I go.

No wonder is that I do swelt and sweat.

I mourn as doth a lamb after the teat

Y-wis, leman, I have such love-longing,

That like a turtle true is my mourning.

I may not eat, no more than a maid."

"Go from the window, thou jack fool," she said:

"As help me God, it will not be, 'come ba me.'

I love another, else I were to blame",

Well better than thee, by Jesus, Absolon.

Go forth thy way, or I will cast a stone;

And let me sleep; a twenty devil way.

"Alas!" quoth Absolon, "and well away!

That true love ever was so ill beset:

Then kiss me, since that it may be no bet,

For Jesus' love, and for the love of me."

"Wilt thou then go thy way therewith?" quoth she.

"Yea, certes, leman," quoth this Absolon.

"Then make thee ready," quoth she, "I come anon."

[And unto Nicholas she said full still:

"Now peace, and thou shalt laugh anon thy fill."]

This Absolon down set him on his knees,

And said; “I am a lord at all degrees:

For after this I hope there cometh more;

Leman, thy grace, and, sweete bird, thine ore.”

The window she undid, and that in haste.

“Have done,” quoth she, “come off, and speed thee fast,

Lest that our neighebours should thee espy.”

Then Absolon gan wipe his mouth full dry.

Dark was the night as pitch or as the coal,

And at the window she put out her hole,

And Absolon him fell ne bet ne werse,

But with his mouth he kiss’d her naked erse

Full savourly. When he was ware of this,

Aback he start, and thought it was amiss;

For well he wist a woman hath no beard.

He felt a thing all rough, and long y-hair’d,

And saide; “Fy, alas! what have I do?”

“Te he!” quoth she, and clapt the window to;

And Absolon went forth at sorry pace.

“A beard, a beard,” said Hendy Nicholas;

“By God’s corpus, this game went fair and well.”

This silly Absolon heard every deal,

And on his lip he gan for anger bite;

And to himself he said, “I shall thee quite.

Who rubbeth now, who frotteth now his lips

With dust, with sand, with straw, with cloth, with chips,

But Absolon? that saith full oft, “Alas!

My soul betake I unto Sathanas,

But me were lever than all this town,” quoth he

I this despite awroken for to be.

Alas! alas! that I have been y-blent.”

His hote love is cold, and all y-quent.

For from that time that he had kiss'd her erse,

Of paramours he sette not a kers,

For he was healed of his malady;

Full often paramours he gan defy,

And weep as doth a child that hath been beat.

A softe pace he went over the street

Unto a smith, men callen Dan Gerveis,

That in his forge smithed plough-harness;

He sharped share and culter busily.

This Absolon knocked all easily,

And said; "Undo, Gerveis, and that anon."

"What, who art thou?" "It is I, Absolon."

"What? Absolon, what? Christe's sweete tree,

Why rise so rath? hey! Benedicite,

What aileth you? some gay girl, God it wote,

Hath brought you thus upon the viretote:

By Saint Neot, ye wot well what I mean."

This Absolon he raughte not a bean

Of all his play; no word again he gaf,

For he had more tow on his distaff

Than Gerveis knew, and saide; "Friend so dear,

That hote culter in the chimney here

Lend it to me, I have therewith to don:

I will it bring again to thee full soon."

Gerveis answered; "Certes, were it gold,

Or in a poke nobles all untold,

Thou shouldst it have, as I am a true smith.

Hey! Christe's foot, what will ye do therewith?"

"Thereof," quoth Absolon, "be as be may;

I shall well tell it thee another day:"

And caught the culter by the colde stele.

Full soft out at the door he gan to steal,

And went unto the carpentere's wall

He coughed first, and knocked therewithal

Upon the window, light as he did ere.

This Alison answered; "Who is there

That knocketh so? I warrant him a thief."

"Nay, nay," quoth he, "God wot, my sweete lefe,

I am thine Absolon, my own darling.

Of gold," quoth he, "I have thee brought a ring,

My mother gave it me, so God me save!

Full fine it is, and thereto well y-grave:

This will I give to thee, if thou me kiss."

Now Nicholas was risen up to piss,

And thought he would amenden all the jape;

He shoulde kiss his erse ere that he scape:

And up the window did he hastily,

And out his erse he put full privily

Over the buttock, to the haunche bone.

And therewith spake this clerk, this Absolon,

"Speak, sweete bird, I know not where thou art."

This Nicholas anon let fly a fart,

As great as it had been a thunder dent;

That with the stroke he was well nigh y-blent;

But he was ready with his iron hot,

And Nicholas amid the erse he smote.

Off went the skin an handbreadth all about.

The hote culter burned so his tout,

That for the smart he weened he would die;

As he were wood, for woe he gan to cry,

"Help! water, water, help for Godde's heart!"

This carpenter out of his slumber start,

And heard one cry “Water,” as he were wood,

And thought, “Alas! now cometh Noe’s flood.”

He sat him up withoute wordes mo’

And with his axe he smote the cord in two;

And down went all; he found neither to sell

Nor bread nor ale, till he came to the sell,

Upon the floor, and there in swoon he lay.

Up started Alison and Nicholay,

And cried out an “harow!” in the street.

The neighbours alle, bothe small and great

In ranne, for to gauren on this man,

That yet in swoone lay, both pale and wan:

For with the fall he broken had his arm.

But stand he must unto his owen harm,

For when he spake, he was anon borne down

With Hendy Nicholas and Alisoun.

They told to every man that he was wood;

He was aghaste so of Noe’s flood,

Through phantasy, that of his vanity

He had y-bought him kneading-tubbes three,

And had them hanged in the roof above;

And that he prayed them for Godde’s love

To sitten in the roof for company.

The folk gan laughen at his phantasy.

Into the roof they kyken and they gape,

And turned all his harm into a jape.

For whatsoe’er this carpenter answer’d,

It was for nought, no man his reason heard.

With oathes great he was so sworn adown,

That he was holden wood in all the town.

For every clerk anon right held with other;

They said, “The man was wood, my leve brother;”

And every wight gan laughen at his strife.

Thus swived was the carpentere’s wife,

For all his keeping and his jealousy;

And Absolon hath kiss’d her nether eye;

And Nicholas is scalded in the tout.

This tale is done, and God save all the rout.

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1.17.4: Geoffrey Chaucer - The Canterbury Tales - The Wife of Bath's Tale

THE PROLOGUE

Experience, though none authority

Were in this world, is right enough for me

To speak of woe that is in marriage:

For, lordings, since I twelve year was of age,

(Thanked be God that is etern on live),

Husbands at the church door have I had five,

For I so often have y-wedded be,

And all were worthy men in their degree.

But me was told, not longe time gone is

That sithen Christe went never but ones since

To wedding, in the Cane of Galilee,

That by that ilk example taught he me, That I not wedded shoulde be but once.

Lo, hearken eke a sharp word for the nonce, Beside a welle Jesus, God and man,

Spake in reproof of the Samaritan:

“Thou hast y-had five husbandes,” said he;

“And thilke man, that now hath wedded thee,

Is not thine husband:” thus said he certain;

What that he meant thereby, I cannot sayn.

But that I aske, why the fifthe man

Was not husband to the Samaritan?

How many might she have in marriage?

Yet heard I never tellen in mine age in my life

Upon this number definitioun.

Men may divine, and glosen up and down;

But well I wot, express without a lie,

God bade us for to wax and multiply;

That gentle text can I well understand.

Eke well I wot, he said, that mine husband

Should leave father and mother, and take to me;

But of no number mention made he,

Of bigamy or of octogamy;

Why then should men speak of it villainy?

Lo here, the wise king Dan Solomon,

I trow that he had wives more than one;

As would to God it lawful were to me

To be refreshed half so oft as he!

What gift of God had he for all his wives?

No man hath such, that in this world alive is.

God wot, this noble king, as to my wit,

The first night had many a merry fit

With each of them, so well was him on live.

Blessed be God that I have wedded five!

Welcome the sixth whenever that he shall.

For since I will not keep me chaste in all,

When mine husband is from the world y-gone,

Some Christian man shall wedde me anon.

For then th' apostle saith that I am free

To wed, a' God's half, where it liketh me.

He saith, that to be wedded is no sin;

Better is to be wedded than to brin. burn

What recketh me though folk say villainy

Of shrewed Lamech, and his bigamy?

I wot well Abraham was a holy man,

And Jacob eke, as far as ev'r I can.

And each of them had wives more than two;

And many another holy man also.

Where can ye see, in any manner age,

That highe God defended marriage

By word express? I pray you tell it me;

Or where commanded he virginity?

I wot as well as you, it is no dread,

Th' apostle, when he spake of maidenhead,

He said, that precept thereof had he none:

Men may counsel a woman to be one,

But counseling is no commandement;

He put it in our owen judgement.

For, hadde God commanded maidenhead,

Then had he damned wedding out of dread;

And certes, if there were no seed y-sow,

Virginity then whereof should it grow?

Paul durste not commanden, at the least,

A thing of which his Master gave no hest.

The dart is set up for virginity;

Catch whoso may, who runneth best let see.

But this word is not ta'en of every wight,

But there as God will give it of his might.

I wot well that th' apostle was a maid,

But natheless, although he wrote and said,

He would that every wight were such as he,

All is but counsel to virginity.

And, since to be a wife he gave me leave

Of indulgence, so is it no repreve

To wedde me, if that my make should die,

Without exception of bigamy;

All were it good no woman for to touch

(He meant as in his bed or in his couch),

For peril is both fire and tow t'assemble

Ye know what this example may resemble.

This is all and some, he held virginity

More profit than wedding in frailty:

(Frailty clepe I, but if that he and she frailty,

Would lead their lives all in chastity),

I grant it well, I have of none envy

Who maidenhead prefer to bigamy;

It liketh them t' be clean in body and ghost;

Of mine estate I will not make a boast.

For, well ye know, a lord in his household

Hath not every vessel all of gold;

Some are of tree, and do their lord service.

God calleth folk to him in sundry wise,

And each one hath of God a proper gift,

Some this, some that, as liketh him to shift.

Virginity is great perfection,

And continence eke with devotion:

But Christ, that of perfection is the well,

Bade not every wight he should go sell

All that he had, and give it to the poor,

And in such wise follow him and his lore:

He spake to them that would live perfectly, —

And, lordings, by your leave, that am not I;

I will bestow the flower of mine age

In th' acts and in the fruits of marriage.

Tell me also, to what conclusion

Were members made of generation,

And of so perfect wise a wight y-wrought?

Trust me right well, they were not made for nought.

Glose whoso will, and say both up and down,

That they were made for the purgatioun

Of urine, and of other thinges smale,

And eke to know a female from a male:

And for none other cause? say ye no?

Experience wot well it is not so.

So that the clerkes be not with me wroth,

I say this, that they were made for both,

That is to say, for office, and for ease

Of engendrure, there we God not displease.

Why should men elles in their bookes set,

That man shall yield unto his wife her debt?

Now wherewith should he make his payement,

If he us'd not his silly instrument?

Then were they made upon a creature

To purge urine, and eke for engendrure.

But I say not that every wight is hold,

That hath such harness as I to you told,

To go and use them in engendrure;

Then should men take of chastity no cure.

Christ was a maid, and shapen as a man,

And many a saint, since that this world began,

Yet ever liv'd in perfect chastity.

I will not vie with no virginity.

Let them with bread of pured wheat be fed,

And let us wives eat our barley bread.

And yet with barley bread, Mark tell us can,

Our Lord Jesus refreshed many a man.

In such estate as God hath cleped us,

I'll persevere, I am not precious,

In wifehood I will use mine instrument

As freely as my Maker hath it sent.

If I be dangerous God give me sorrow;

Mine husband shall it have, both eve and morrow,

When that him list come forth and pay his debt.

A husband will I have, I will no let,

Which shall be both my debtor and my thrall,

And have his tribulation withal

Upon his flesh, while that I am his wife.

I have the power during all my life

Upon his proper body, and not he;

Right thus th' apostle told it unto me,

And bade our husbands for to love us well;

All this sentence me liketh every deal.

Up start the Pardoner, and that anon;

"Now, Dame," quoth he, "by God and by Saint John,

Ye are a noble preacher in this case.

I was about to wed a wife, alas!

What? should I bie it on my flesh so dear?

Yet had I lever wed no wife this year."

"Abide," quoth she; "my tale is not begun

Nay, thou shalt drinken of another tun

Ere that I go, shall savour worse than ale.

And when that I have told thee forth my tale

Of tribulation in marriage,

Of which I am expert in all mine age,

(This is to say, myself hath been the whip),

Then mayest thou choose whether thou wilt sip

Of thilke tunne, that I now shall broach.

Beware of it, ere thou too nigh approach,

For I shall tell examples more than ten:

Whoso will not beware by other men,

By him shall other men corrected be:

These same wordes writeth Ptolemy;

Read in his Almagest, and take it there."

“Dame, I would pray you, if your will it were,”

Saide this Pardoner, “as ye began,

Tell forth your tale, and spare for no man,

And teach us younge men of your practique.”

“Gladly,” quoth she, “since that it may you like.

But that I pray to all this company,

If that I speak after my fantasy,

To take nought agrief what I may say;

For mine intent is only for to play.

Now, Sirs, then will I tell you forth my tale.

As ever may I drinke wine or ale

I shall say sooth; the husbands that I had

Three of them were good, and two were bad

The three were goode men, and rich, and old

Unnethes mighte they the statute hold

In which that they were bounden unto me.

Yet wot well what I mean of this, pardie.

As God me help, I laugh when that I think

How piteously at night I made them swink,

But, by my fay, I told of it no store:

They had me giv’n their land and their treasor,

Me needed not do longer diligence

To win their love, or do them reverence.

They loved me so well, by God above,

That I tolde no dainty of their love.

A wise woman will busy her ever-in-one

To get their love, where that she hath none.

But, since I had them wholly in my hand,

And that they had me given all their land,

Why should I take keep them for to please,

But it were for my profit, or mine ease?

I set them so a-worke, by my fay,

That many a night they sange, well-away!

The bacon was not fetched for them, I trow,

That some men have in Essex at Dunmow.

I govern'd them so well after my law,

That each of them full blissful was and fawe

To bringe me gay thinges from the fair.

They were full glad when that I spake them fair,

For, God it wot, I chid them spiteously.

Now hearken how I bare me properly.

Ye wise wives, that can understand,

Thus should ye speak, and bear them wrong on hand,

For half so boldely can there no man

Swearen and lien as a woman can.

(I say not this by wives that be wise,

But if it be when they them misadvise.)

A wise wife, if that she can her good,

Shall beare them on hand the cow is wood,

And take witness of her owen maid

Of their assent: but hearken how I said.

"Sir olde kaynard, is this thine array?

Why is my neigheboure's wife so gay?

She is honour'd over all where she go'th,

I sit at home, I have no thrifty cloth.

What dost thou at my neigheboure's house?

Is she so fair? art thou so amorous?

What rown'st thou with our maid? benedicite,

Sir olde lechour, let thy japes be.

And if I have a gossip, or a friend

(Withoute guilt), thou chidest as a fiend,

If that I walk or play unto his house.

Thou comest home as drunken as a mouse,

And preachest on thy bench, with evil prefe:

Thou say'st to me, it is a great mischief

To wed a poore woman, for costage:

And if that she be rich, of high parage;

Then say'st thou, that it is a tormentry

To suffer her pride and melancholy.

And if that she be fair, thou very knave,

Thou say'st that every holour will her have;

She may no while in chastity abide,

That is assailed upon every side.

Thou say'st some folk desire us for richess,

Some for our shape, and some for our fairness,

And some, for she can either sing or dance,

And some for gentiless and dalliance,

Some for her handes and her armes smale:

Thus goes all to the devil, by thy tale;

Thou say'st, men may not keep a castle wall

That may be so assailed over all.

And if that she be foul, thou say'st that she

Coveteth every man that she may see;

For as a spaniel she will on him leap,

Till she may finde some man her to cheap;

And none so grey goose goes there in the lake,

(So say'st thou) that will be without a make.

And say'st, it is a hard thing for to weld wield,

A thing that no man will, his thankes, held.

Thus say'st thou, lorel, when thou go'st to bed,

And that no wise man needeth for to wed,

Nor no man that intendeth unto heaven.

With wilde thunder dint and fiery leven

Mote thy wicked necke be to-broke.

Thou say'st, that dropping houses, and eke smoke,

And chiding wives, make men to flee

Out of their owne house; ah! ben'dicite,

What aileth such an old man for to chide?

Thou say'st, we wives will our vices hide,

Till we be fast, and then we will them shew.

Well may that be a proverb of a shrew.

Thou say'st, that oxen, asses, horses, hounds,

They be assayed at diverse stounds,

Basons and lavers, ere that men them buy,

Spoones, stooles, and all such husbandry,

And so be pots, and clothes, and array,

But folk of wives make none assay,

Till they be wedded, — olde dotard shrew! —

And then, say'st thou, we will our vices shew.

Thou say'st also, that it displeaseth me,

But if that thou wilt praise my beauty,

And but thou pore alway upon my face,

And call me faire dame in every place;

And but thou make a feast on thilke day

That I was born, and make me fresh and gay;

And but thou do to my norice honour,

And to my chamberere within my bow'r,

And to my father's folk, and mine allies;

Thus sayest thou, old barrel full of lies.

And yet also of our prentice Jenkin,

For his crisp hair, shining as gold so fine,

And for he squireth me both up and down,

Yet hast thou caught a false suspicioun:

I will him not, though thou wert dead to-morrow.

But tell me this, why hidest thou, with sorrow,

The keyes of thy chest away from me?

It is my good as well as thine, pardie.

What, think'st to make an idiot of our dame?

Now, by that lord that called is Saint Jame,

Thou shalt not both, although that thou wert wood,

Be master of my body, and my good,

The one thou shalt forego, maugre thine eyen.

What helpeth it of me t'inquire and spyen?

I trow thou wouldest lock me in thy chest.

Thou shouldest say, 'Fair wife, go where thee lest;

Take your disport; I will believe no tales;

I know you for a true wife, Dame Ales.' Alice

We love no man, that taketh keep or charge care

Where that we go; we will be at our large.

Of alle men most blessed may he be,

The wise astrologer Dan Ptolemy,

That saith this proverb in his Almagest:

'Of alle men his wisdom is highest,

That recketh not who hath the world in hand.

By this proverb thou shalt well understand,

Have thou enough, what thar thee reck or care

How merrily that other folkes fare?

For certes, olde dotard, by your leave,

Ye shall have [pleasure] right enough at eve.

He is too great a niggard that will werne

A man to light a candle at his lantern;

He shall have never the less light, pardie.

Have thou enough, thee thar not plaine thee

Thou say'st also, if that we make us gay

With clothing and with precious array,

That it is peril of our chastity.

And yet, — with sorrow! — thou enforcest thee,

And say'st these words in the apostle's name:

'In habit made with chastity and shame

Ye women shall apparel you,' quoth he

'And not in tressed hair and gay perrie,

As pearles, nor with gold, nor clothes rich.'

After thy text nor after thy rubrich

I will not work as muchel as a gnat.

Thou say'st also, I walk out like a cat;

For whoso woulde singe the catte's skin

Then will the catte well dwell in her inn;

And if the catte's skin be sleek and gay,

She will not dwell in house half a day,

But forth she will, ere any day be daw'd,

To shew her skin, and go a caterwaw'd.

This is to say, if I be gay, sir shrew,

I will run out, my borel for to shew.

Sir olde fool, what helpeth thee to spyen?

Though thou pray Argus with his hundred eyen

To be my wardecorps, as he can best

In faith he shall not keep me, but me lest:

Yet could I make his beard, so may I the.

"Thou sayest eke, that there be thinges three,

Which thinges greatly trouble all this earth,

And that no wighte may endure the ferth:

O lefe sir shrew, may Jesus short thy life.

Yet preachest thou, and say'st, a hateful wife

Y-reckon'd is for one of these mischances.

Be there none other manner resemblances

That ye may liken your parables unto,

But if a silly wife be one of tho?

Thou likenest a woman's love to hell;

To barren land where water may not dwell.

Thou likenest it also to wild fire;

The more it burns, the more it hath desire

To consume every thing that burnt will be.

Thou sayest, right as wormes shend a tree,

Right so a wife destroyeth her husbond;

This know they well that be to wives bond."

Lordings, right thus, as ye have understand,

Bare I stiffly mine old husbands on hand,

That thus they saiden in their drunkenness;

And all was false, but that I took witness

On Jenkin, and upon my niece also.

O Lord! the pain I did them, and the woe,

'Full guilteless, by Godde's sweete pine;

For as a horse I coulde bite and whine;

I coulde plain, an' I was in the guilt,

Or elles oftentime I had been spilt

Whoso first cometh to the nilll, first grint;

I plained first, so was our war y-stint.

They were full glad to excuse them full blive

Of things that they never aguilt their live.

Of wenches would I beare them on hand,

When that for sickness scarcely might they stand,

Yet tickled I his hearte for that he

Ween'd that I had of him so great cherte:

I swore that all my walking out by night

Was for to espy wenches that he dight:

Under that colour had I many a mirth.

For all such wit is given us at birth;

Deceit, weeping, and spinning, God doth give

To women kindly, while that they may live.

And thus of one thing I may vaunte me,

At th' end I had the better in each degree,

By sleight, or force, or by some manner thing,

As by continual murmur or grudging, complaining

Namely a-bed, there hadde they mischance,

There would I chide, and do them no pleasance:

I would no longer in the bed abide,

If that I felt his arm over my side,

Till he had made his ransom unto me,

Then would I suffer him do his nicety.

And therefore every man this tale I tell,

Win whoso may, for all is for to sell;

With empty hand men may no hawkes lure;

For winning would I all his will endure,

And make me a feigned appetite,

And yet in bacon had I never delight:

That made me that I ever would them chide.

For, though the Pope had sitten them beside,

I would not spare them at their owen board,

For, by my troth, I quit them word for word

As help me very God omnipotent,

Though I right now should make my testament

I owe them not a word, that is not quit

I brought it so aboute by my wit,

That they must give it up, as for the best

Or elles had we never been in rest.

For, though he looked as a wood lion,

Yet should he fail of his conclusion.

Then would I say, "Now, goode lefe tak keep

How meekly looketh Wilken oure sheep!

Come near, my spouse, and let me ba thy cheek

Ye shoulde be all patient and meek,

And have a sweet y-spiced conscience,

Since ye so preach of Jobe's patience.

Suffer alway, since ye so well can preach,

And but ye do, certain we shall you teach

That it is fair to have a wife in peace.

One of us two must bowe doubteless:

And since a man is more reasonable

Than woman is, ye must be suff'rable.

What aileth you to grudge thus and groan?

Is it for ye would have my [love] alone?

Why, take it all: lo, have it every deal, whit

Peter! shrew you but ye love it

For if I woulde sell my belle chose,

I coulde walk as fresh as is a rose,

But I will keep it for your owen tooth.

Ye be to blame, by God, I say you sooth."

Such manner wordes hadde we on hand.

Now will I speaken of my fourth husband.

My fourthe husband was a revellour;

This is to say, he had a paramour,

And I was young and full of ragerie,

Stubborn and strong, and jolly as a pie.

Then could I dance to a harpe smale,

And sing, y-wis, as any nightingale,

When I had drunk a draught of sweete wine.

Metellius, the foule churl, the swine,

That with a staff bereft his wife of life

For she drank wine, though I had been his wife,

Never should he have daunted me from drink:

And, after wine, of Venus most I think.

For all so sure as cold engenders hail,

A liquorish mouth must have a liquorish tail.

In woman vinolent is no defence,

This knowe lechours by experience.

But, lord Christ, when that it rememb'reth me

Upon my youth, and on my jollity,

It tickleth me about mine hearte-root;

Unto this day it doth mine hearte boot,

That I have had my world as in my time.

But age, alas! that all will envenime,

Hath me bereft my beauty and my pith:

Let go; farewell; the devil go therewith.

The flour is gon, there is no more to tell,

The bran, as I best may, now must I sell.

But yet to be right merry will I fand.

Now forth to tell you of my fourth husband,

I say, I in my heart had great despite,

That he of any other had delight;

But he was quit, by God and by Saint Joce:

I made for him of the same wood a cross;

Not of my body in no foul mannere,

But certainly I made folk such cheer,

That in his owen grease I made him fry

For anger, and for very jealousy.

By God, in earth I was his purgatory,

For which I hope his soul may be in glory.

For, God it wot, he sat full oft and sung,

When that his shoe full bitterly him wrung.

There was no wight, save God and he, that wist

In many wise how sore I did him twist.

He died when I came from Jerusalem,

And lies in grave under the roode beam:

Although his tomb is not so curious

As was the sepulchre of Darius,

Which that Apelles wrought so subtlely.

It is but waste to bury them preciously.

Let him fare well, God give his soule rest,

He is now in his grave and in his chest.

Now of my fifthe husband will I tell:

God let his soul never come into hell.

And yet was he to me the moste shrew;

That feel I on my ribbes all by rew,

And ever shall, until mine ending day.

But in our bed he was so fresh and gay,

And therewithal so well he could me glose,

When that he woulde have my belle chose,

Though he had beaten me on every bone,

Yet could he win again my love anon.

I trow, I lov'd him better, for that he

Was of his love so dangerous to me.

We women have, if that I shall not lie,

In this matter a quainte fantasy.

Whatever thing we may not lightly have,

Thereafter will we cry all day and crave.

Forbid us thing, and that desire we;

Press on us fast, and thenne will we flee.

With danger utter we all our chaffare;

Great press at market maketh deare ware,

And too great cheap is held at little price;

This knoweth every woman that is wise.

My fifthe husband, God his soule bless,

Which that I took for love and no richess,

He some time was a clerk of Oxenford,

And had left school, and went at home to board

With my gossip, dwelling in oure town:

God have her soul, her name was Alisoun.

She knew my heart, and all my privity,

Bet than our parish priest, so may I the.

To her betrayed I my counsel all;

For had my husband pissed on a wall,

Or done a thing that should have cost his life,

To her, and to another worthy wife,

And to my niece, which that I loved well,

I would have told his counsel every deal.

And so I did full often, God it wot,

That made his face full often red and hot

For very shame, and blam'd himself, for he

Had told to me so great a privity.

And so befell that ones in a Lent

(So oftentimes I to my gossip went,

For ever yet I loved to be gay,

And for to walk in March, April, and May

From house to house, to heare sundry tales),

That Jenkin clerk, and my gossip, Dame Ales,

And I myself, into the fieldes went.

Mine husband was at London all that Lent;

I had the better leisure for to play,

And for to see, and eke for to be sey

Of lusty folk; what wist I where my grace

Was shapen for to be, or in what place?

Therefore made I my visitations

To vigilies, and to processions,

To preachings eke, and to these pilgrimages,

To plays of miracles, and marriages,

And weared upon me gay scarlet gites.

These wormes, nor these mothes, nor these mites

On my apparel frett them never a deal

And know'st thou why? for they were used well.

Now will I telle forth what happen'd me:

I say, that in the fieldes walked we,

Till truely we had such dalliance,

This clerk and I, that of my purveyance

I spake to him, and told him how that he,

If I were widow, shoulde wedde me.

For certainly, I say for no bobance,

Yet was I never without purveyance

Of marriage, nor of other thinges eke:

I hold a mouse's wit not worth a leek,

That hath but one hole for to starte to,

And if that faile, then is all y-do.

[I bare him on hand he had enchanted me

(My dame taughte me that subtilty);

And eke I said, I mette of him all night,

He would have slain me, as I lay upright,

And all my bed was full of very blood;

But yet I hop'd that he should do me good;

For blood betoken'd gold, as me was taught.

And all was false, I dream'd of him right naught,

But as I follow'd aye my dame's lore,

As well of that as of other things more.]

But now, sir, let me see, what shall I sayn?

Aha! by God, I have my tale again.

When that my fourthe husband was on bier,

I wept algate and made a sorry cheer,

As wives must, for it is the usage;

And with my kerchief covered my visage;

But, for I was provided with a make,

I wept but little, that I undertake

To churche was mine husband borne a-morrow

With neighebours that for him made sorrow,

And Jenkin, oure clerk, was one of tho:

As help me God, when that I saw him go

After the bier, methought he had a pair

Of legges and of feet so clean and fair,

That all my heart I gave unto his hold.

He was, I trow, a twenty winter old,

And I was forty, if I shall say sooth,

But yet I had always a colte's tooth.

Gat-toothed I was, and that became me well,

I had the print of Sainte Venus' seal.

[As help me God, I was a lusty one,

And fair, and rich, and young, and well begone:

For certes I am all venerian

In feeling, and my heart is martian;

Venus me gave my lust and liquorishness,

And Mars gave me my sturdy hardiness

Mine ascendant was Taure, and Mars therein:

Alas, alas, that ever love was sin!

I follow'd aye mine inclination

By virtue of my constellation:

That made me that I coulde not withdraw

My chamber of Venus from a good fellaw.

[Yet have I Marte's mark upon my face,

And also in another privy place.

For God so wisly be my salvation,

I loved never by discretion,

But ever follow'd mine own appetite,

All were he short, or long, or black, or white,

I took no keep, so that he liked me,

How poor he was, neither of what degree.]

What should I say? but that at the month's end

This jolly clerk Jenkin, that was so hend,

Had wedded me with great solemnity,

And to him gave I all the land and fee

That ever was me given therebefore:

But afterward repented me full sore.

He woulde suffer nothing of my list.

By God, he smote me ones with his fist,

For that I rent out of his book a leaf,

That of the stroke mine eare wax'd all deaf.

Stubborn I was, as is a lioness,

And of my tongue a very jangleress,

And walk I would, as I had done beforn,

From house to house, although he had it sworn:

For which he oftentimes woulde preach

And me of olde Roman gestes teach

How that Sulpitius Gallus left his wife

And her forsook for term of all his lif

For nought but open-headed he her say

Looking out at his door upon a day.

Another Roman told he me by name,

That, for his wife was at a summer game

Without his knowing, he forsook her eke.

And then would he upon his Bible seek

That ilke proverb of Ecclesiast,

Where he commandeth, and forbiddeth fast,

Man shall not suffer his wife go roll about.

Then would he say right thus withoute doubt:

“Whoso that buildeth his house all of sallows,

And pricketh his blind horse over the fallows,

And suff’reth his wife to go seeke hallows,

Is worthy to be hanged on the gallows.”

But all for nought; I sette not a haw

Of his proverbs, nor of his olde saw;

Nor would I not of him corrected be.

I hate them that my vices telle me,

And so do more of us (God wot) than I.

This made him wood with me all utterly;

I woulde not forbear him in no case.

Now will I say you sooth, by Saint Thomas,

Why that I rent out of his book a leaf,

For which he smote me, so that I was deaf.

He had a book, that gladly night and day

For his disport he would it read alway;

He call’d it Valerie, and Theophrast,

And with that book he laugh’d alway full fast.

And eke there was a clerk sometime at Rome,

A cardinal, that highte Saint Jerome,

That made a book against Jovinian,

Which book was there; and eke Tertullian,

Chrysippus, Trotula, and Heloise,

That was an abbess not far from Paris;

And eke the Parables of Solomon,

Ovide’s Art, and bourdes many one;

And alle these were bound in one volume.

And every night and day was his custume

(When he had leisure and vacation

From other worldly occupation)

To readen in this book of wicked wives.

He knew of them more legends and more lives

Than be of goodde wives in the Bible.

For, trust me well, it is an impossible

That any clerk will speake good of wives,

(But if it be of holy saintes' lives)

Nor of none other woman never the mo'.

Who painted the lion, tell it me, who?

By God, if women haddde written stories,

As clerkes have within their oratories,

They would have writ of men more wickedness

Than all the mark of Adam may redress

The children of Mercury and of Venus,

Be in their working full contrarious.

Mercury loveth wisdom and science,

And Venus loveth riot and dispence.

And for their diverse disposition,

Each falls in other's exaltation.

As thus, God wot, Mercury is desolate

In Pisces, where Venus is exaltate,

And Venus falls where Mercury is raised.

Therefore no woman by no clerk is praised.

The clerk, when he is old, and may not do

Of Venus' works not worth his olde shoe,

Then sits he down, and writes in his dotage,

That women cannot keep their marriage.

But now to purpose, why I tolde thee

That I was beaten for a book, pardie.

Upon a night Jenkin, that was our sire,

Read on his book, as he sat by the fire,

Of Eva first, that for her wickedness

Was all mankind brought into wretchedness,

For which that Jesus Christ himself was slain,

That bought us with his hearte-blood again.

Lo here express of women may ye find

That woman was the loss of all mankind.

Then read he me how Samson lost his hairs

Sleeping, his leman cut them with her shears,

Through whiche treason lost he both his eyen.

Then read he me, if that I shall not lien,

Of Hercules, and of his Dejanire,

That caused him to set himself on fire.

Nothing forgot he of the care and woe

That Socrates had with his wives two;

How Xantippe cast piss upon his head.

This silly man sat still, as he were dead,

He wip'd his head, and no more durst he sayn,

But, "Ere the thunder stint there cometh rain."

Of Phasiphae, that was queen of Crete,

For shrewedness he thought the tale sweet.

Fy, speak no more, it is a grisly thing,

Of her horrible lust and her liking.

Of Clytemnestra, for her lechery

That falsely made her husband for to die,

He read it with full good devotion.

He told me eke, for what occasion

Amphiorax at Thebes lost his life:

My husband had a legend of his wife

Eryphile, that for an ouche of gold

Had privily unto the Greekes told,

Where that her husband hid him in a place,

For which he had at Thebes sorry grace.

Of Luna told he me, and of Lucie;

They bothe made their husbands for to die,

That one for love, that other was for hate.

Luna her husband on an ev'ning late

Empoison'd had, for that she was his foe:

Lucia liquorish lov'd her husband so,

That, for he should always upon her think,

She gave him such a manner love-drink,

That he was dead before it were the morrow:

And thus algates husbands hadde sorrow.

Then told he me how one Latumeus

Complained to his fellow Arius

That in his garden growed such a tree,

On which he said how that his wives three

Hanged themselves for heart dispiteous.

"O leve brother," quoth this Arius,

"Give me a plant of thilke blessed tree,

And in my garden planted shall it be."

Of later date of wives hath he read,

That some have slain their husbands in their bed,

And let their lechour dight them all the night,

While that the corpse lay on the floor upright:

And some have driven nails into their brain,

While that they slept, and thus they have them slain:

Some have them given poison in their drink:

He spake more harm than hearte may bethink.

And therewithal he knew of more proverbs,

Than in this world there groweth grass or herbs.

“Better (quoth he) thine habitation

Be with a lion, or a foul dragon,

Than with a woman using for to chide.

Better (quoth he) high in the roof abide,

Than with an angry woman in the house,

They be so wicked and contrarious:

They hate that their husbands loven aye.”

He said, “A woman cast her shame away

When she cast off her smock;” and farthermo’,

“A fair woman, but she be chaste also,

Is like a gold ring in a sowe’s nose.

Who coulde ween, or who coulde suppose

The woe that in mine heart was, and the pine?

And when I saw that he would never fine

To readen on this cursed book all night,

All suddenly three leaves have I plight

Out of his book, right as he read, and eke

I with my fist so took him on the cheek,

That in our fire he backward fell adown.

And he up start, as doth a wood lion,

And with his fist he smote me on the head,

That on the floor I lay as I were dead.

And when he saw how still that there I lay,

He was aghast, and would have fled away,

Till at the last out of my swoon I braid,

“Oh, hast thou slain me, thou false thief?” I said

“And for my land thus hast thou murder’d me?

Ere I be dead, yet will I kisse thee.”

And near he came, and kneeled fair adown,

And saide”, “Deare sister Alisoun,

As help me God, I shall thee never smite:

That I have done it is thyself to wite,

Forgive it me, and that I thee beseek.”

And yet eftsoons I hit him on the cheek,

And saidde, “Thief, thus much am I awreak.

Now will I die, I may no longer speak.”

But at the last, with muche care and woe

We fell accorded by ourselves two:

He gave me all the bridle in mine hand

To have the governance of house and land,

And of his tongue, and of his hand also.

I made him burn his book anon right tho.

And when that I had gotten unto me

By mast’ry all the sovereignety,

And that he said, “Mine owen true wife,

Do as thee list, the term of all thy life,

Keep thine honour, and eke keep mine estate;

After that day we never had debate.

God help me so, I was to him as kind

As any wife from Denmark unto Ind,

And also true, and so was he to me:

I pray to God that sits in majesty

So bless his soule, for his mercy dear.

Now will I say my tale, if ye will hear. —

The Friar laugh’d when he had heard all this:

“Now, Dame,” quoth he, “so have I joy and bliss,

This is a long preamble of a tale.”

And when the Sompnour heard the Friar gale,

“Lo,” quoth this Sompnour, “Godde’s armes two,

A friar will intermete him evermo’:

Lo, goode men, a fly and eke a frere

Will fall in ev’ry dish and eke mattere.

What speak'st thou of perambulation?

What? amble or trot; or peace, or go sit down:

Thou lettest our disport in this mattere."

"Yea, wilt thou so, Sir Sompnour?" quoth the Frere;

"Now by my faith I shall, ere that I go,

Tell of a Sompnour such a tale or two,

That all the folk shall laughen in this place."

"Now do, else, Friar, I beshrew thy face,"

Quoth this Sompnour; "and I beshrewe me,

But if I telle tales two or three

Of friars, ere I come to Sittingbourne,

That I shall make thine hearte for to mourn:

For well I wot thy patience is gone."

Our Hoste cried, "Peace, and that anon;"

And saide, "Let the woman tell her tale.

Ye fare as folk that drunken be of ale.

Do, Dame, tell forth your tale, and that is best."

"All ready, sir," quoth she, "right as you lest,

If I have licence of this worthy Frere."

"Yes, Dame," quoth he, "tell forth, and I will hear."

THE TALE

In olde dayes of the king Arthour,

Of which that Britons speake great honour,

All was this land full fill'd of faerie;

The Elf-queen, with her jolly company,

Danced full oft in many a green mead

This was the old opinion, as I read;

I speak of many hundred years ago;

But now can no man see none elves mo',

For now the great charity and prayeres

Of limitours, and other holy freres,

That search every land and ev'ry stream

As thick as motes in the sunne-beam,

Blessing halls, chambers, kitchenes, and bowers,

Cities and burghes, castles high and towers,

Thorpes and barnes, shepens and dairies,

This makes that there be now no faeries:

For there as wont to walke was an elf,

There walketh now the limitour himself,

In undermeles and in morrowings,

And saith his matins and his holy things,

As he goes in his limitatioun.

Women may now go safely up and down,

In every bush, and under every tree;

There is none other incubus but he;

And he will do to them no dishonour.

And so befell it, that this king Arthour

Had in his house a lusty bacheler,

That on a day came riding from river:

And happen'd, that, alone as she was born

He saw a maiden walking him beforn,

Of which maiden anon, maugre her head,

By very force he reft her maidenhead:

For which oppression was such clamour,

And such pursuit unto the king Arthour,

That damned was this knight for to be dead

By course of law, and should have lost his head;

(Paraventure such was the statute tho),

But that the queen and other ladies mo'

So long they prayed the king of his grace,

Till he his life him granted in the place,

And gave him to the queen, all at her will

To choose whether she would him save or spill

The queen thanked the king with all her might;

And, after this, thus spake she to the knight,

When that she saw her time upon a day.

“Thou standest yet,” quoth she, “in such array,

That of thy life yet hast thou no surety;

I grant thee life, if thou canst tell to me

What thing is it that women most desiren:

Beware, and keep thy neck-bone from the iron

And if thou canst not tell it me anon,

Yet will I give thee leave for to gon

A twelvemonth and a day, to seek and lear

An answer suffisant in this mattere.

And surety will I have, ere that thou pace,

Thy body for to yielden in this place.”

Woe was the knight, and sorrowfully siked;

But what? he might not do all as him liked.

And at the last he chose him for to wend,

And come again, right at the yeare’s end,

With such answer as God would him purvey:

And took his leave, and wended forth his way.

He sought in ev’ry house and ev’ry place,

Where as he hoped for to finde grace,

To learne what thing women love the most:

But he could not arrive in any coast,

Where as he mighte find in this mattere

Two creatures according in fere.

Some said that women loved best richess,

Some said honour, and some said jolliness,

Some rich array, and some said lust a-bed,

And oft time to be widow and be wed.

Some said, that we are in our heart most eased

When that we are y-flatter'd and y-praised.

He went full nigh the sooth, I will not lie;

A man shall win us best with flattery;

And with attendance, and with business

Be we y-limed, bothe more and less.

And some men said that we do love the best

For to be free, and do right as us lest,

And that no man reprove us of our vice,

But say that we are wise, and nothing nice,

For truly there is none among us all,

If any wight will claw us on the gall,

That will not kick, for that he saith us sooth:

Assay, and he shall find it, that so do'th.

For be we never so vicious within,

We will be held both wise and clean of sin.

And some men said, that great delight have we

For to be held stable and eke secre,

And in one purpose steadfastly to dwell,

And not bewray a thing that men us tell.

But that tale is not worth a rake-stele.

Pardie, we women canne nothing hele,

Witness on Midas; will ye hear the tale?

Ovid, amonges other thinges smale

Saith, Midas had, under his longe hairs,

Growing upon his head two ass's ears;

The whiche vice he hid, as best he might,

Full subtlely from every man's sight,

That, save his wife, there knew of it no mo';

He lov'd her most, and trusted her also;

He prayed her, that to no creature

She woulde tellen of his disfigure.

She swore him, nay, for all the world to win,

She would not do that villainy or sin,

To make her husband have so foul a name:

She would not tell it for her owen shame.

But natheless her thoughte that she died,

That she so longe should a counsel hide;

Her thought it swell'd so sore about her heart

That needes must some word from her astart

And, since she durst not tell it unto man

Down to a marish fast thereby she ran,

Till she came there, her heart was all afire:

And, as a bittern bumbles in the mire,

She laid her mouth unto the water down

"Bewray me not, thou water, with thy soun'"

Quoth she, "to thee I tell it, and no mo',

Mine husband hath long ass's eares two!

Now is mine heart all whole; now is it out;

I might no longer keep it, out of doubt."

Here may ye see, though we a time abide,

Yet out it must, we can no counsel hide.

The remnant of the tale, if ye will hear,

Read in Ovid, and there ye may it lear.

This knight, of whom my tale is specially,

When that he saw he might not come thereby,

That is to say, what women love the most,

Within his breast full sorrowful was his ghost.

But home he went, for he might not sojourn,

The day was come, that homeward he must turn.

And in his way it happen'd him to ride,

In all his care, under a forest side,

Where as he saw upon a dance go

Of ladies four-and-twenty, and yet mo',

Toward this ilke dance he drew full yern,

The hope that he some wisdom there should learn;

But certainly, ere he came fully there,

Y-vanish'd was this dance, he knew not where;

No creature saw he that bare life,

Save on the green he sitting saw a wife,

A fouler wight there may no man devise.

Against this knight this old wife gan to rise,

And said, "Sir Knight, hereforth lieth no way.

Tell me what ye are seeking, by your fay.

Paraventure it may the better be:

These olde folk know muche thing," quoth she.

My leve mother," quoth this knight, "certain,

I am but dead, but if that I can sayn

What thing it is that women most desire:

Could ye me wiss, I would well quite your hire."

"Plight me thy troth here in mine hand," quoth she,

"The nexte thing that I require of thee

Thou shalt it do, if it be in thy might,

And I will tell it thee ere it be night."

"Have here my trothe," quoth the knight; "I graunte."

"Thenne," quoth she, "I dare me well avaunt,

Thy life is safe, for I will stand thereby,

Upon my life the queen will say as I:

Let see, which is the proudest of them all,

That wears either a kerchief or a caul,

That dare say nay to that I shall you teach.

Let us go forth withoute longer speech

Then rowned she a pistel in his ear,

And bade him to be glad, and have no fear.

When they were come unto the court, this knight

Said, he had held his day, as he had hight,

And ready was his answer, as he said.

Full many a noble wife, and many a maid,

And many a widow, for that they be wise, —

The queen herself sitting as a justice, —

Assembled be, his answer for to hear,

And afterward this knight was bid appear.

To every wight commanded was silence,

And that the knight should tell in audience,

What thing that worldly women love the best.

This knight he stood not still, as doth a beast,

But to this question anon answer'd

With manly voice, that all the court it heard,

"My liege lady, generally," quoth he,

"Women desire to have the sovereignty

As well over their husband as their love

And for to be in mast'ry him above.

This is your most desire, though ye me kill,

Do as you list, I am here at your will."

In all the court there was no wife nor maid

Nor widow, that contraried what he said,

But said, he worthy was to have his life.

And with that word up start that olde wife

Which that the knight saw sitting on the green.

"Mercy," quoth she, "my sovereign lady queen,

Ere that your court departe, do me right.

I taughte this answer unto this knight,

For which he plighted me his trothe there,

The firste thing I would of him requere,

He would it do, if it lay in his might.

Before this court then pray I thee, Sir Knight,”

Quoth she, “that thou me take unto thy wife,

For well thou know’st that I have kept thy life.

If I say false, say nay, upon thy fay.”

This knight answer’d, “Alas, and well-away!

I know right well that such was my behest.

For Godde’s love choose a new request

Take all my good, and let my body go.”

“Nay, then,” quoth she, “I shrew us bothe two,

For though that I be old, and foul, and poor,

I n’ould for all the metal nor the ore,

That under earth is grave, or lies above

But if thy wife I were and eke thy love.”

“My love?” quoth he, “nay, my damnation,

Alas! that any of my nation

Should ever so foul disparaged be.

But all for nought; the end is this, that he

Constrained was, that needs he muste wed,

And take this olde wife, and go to bed.

Now woulde some men say paraventure

That for my negligence I do no cure

To tell you all the joy and all th’ array

That at the feast was made that ilke day.

To which thing shortly answeren I shall:

I say there was no joy nor feast at all,

There was but heaviness and muche sorrow:

For privily he wed her on the morrow;

And all day after hid him as an owl,

So woe was him, his wife look’d so foul

Great was the woe the knight had in his thought

When he was with his wife to bed y-brought;

He wallow'd, and he turned to and fro.

This olde wife lay smiling evermo',

And said, "Dear husband, benedicite,

Fares every knight thus with his wife as ye?

Is this the law of king Arthoures house?

Is every knight of his thus dangerous?

I am your owen love, and eke your wife

I am she, which that saved hath your life

And certes yet did I you ne'er unright.

Why fare ye thus with me this firste night?

Ye fare like a man had lost his wit.

What is my guilt? for God's love tell me it,

And it shall be amended, if I may."

"Amended!" quoth this knight; "alas, nay, nay,

It will not be amended, never mo';

Thou art so loathly, and so old also,

And thereto comest of so low a kind,

That little wonder though I wallow and wind;

So woulde God, mine hearte woulde brest!"

"Is this," quoth she, "the cause of your unrest?"

"Yea, certainly," quoth he; "no wonder is."

"Now, Sir," quoth she, "I could amend all this,

If that me list, ere it were dayes three,

So well ye mighte bear you unto me.

But, for ye speaken of such gentleness

As is descended out of old richess,

That therefore shalle ye be gentlemen;

Such arrogancy is not worth a hen.

Look who that is most virtuous alway,

Prive and apert, and most intendeth aye

To do the gentle deedes that he can;

And take him for the greatest gentleman.

Christ will, we claim of him our gentleness,

Not of our elders for their old richess.

For though they gave us all their heritage,

For which we claim to be of high parage,

Yet may they not bequeathe, for no thing,

To none of us, their virtuous living

That made them gentlemen called to be,

And bade us follow them in such degree.

Well can the wise poet of Florence,

That highte Dante, speak of this sentence:

Lo, in such manner rhyme is Dante's tale.

'Full seld' upriseth by his branches smale

Prowess of man, for God of his goodness

Wills that we claim of him our gentleness;'

For of our elders may we nothing claim

But temp'ral things that man may hurt and maim.

Eke every wight knows this as well as I,

If gentleness were planted naturally

Unto a certain lineage down the line,

Prive and apert, then would they never fine

To do of gentleness the fair office

Then might they do no villainy nor vice.

Take fire, and bear it to the darkest house

Betwixt this and the mount of Caucasus,

And let men shut the doores, and go thenne,

Yet will the fire as fair and lighte brenne

As twenty thousand men might it behold;

Its office natural aye will it hold,

On peril of my life, till that it die. natural duty

Here may ye see well how that gentery

Is not annexed to possession,

Since folk do not their operation

Alway, as doth the fire, lo, in its kind

For, God it wot, men may full often find

A lorde's son do shame and villainy.

And he that will have price of his gent'ry,

For he was boren of a gentle house,

And had his elders noble and virtuous,

And will himselfe do no gentle deedes,

Nor follow his gentle ancestry, that dead is,

He is not gentle, be he duke or earl;

For villain sinful deedes make a churl.

For gentleness is but the renomee

Of thine ancestors, for their high bounte,

Which is a strange thing to thy person:

Thy gentleness cometh from God alone.

Then comes our very gentleness of grace;

It was no thing bequeath'd us with our place.

Think how noble, as saith Valerius,

Was thilke Tullius Hostilius,

That out of povert' rose to high

Read in Senec, and read eke in Boece,

There shall ye see express, that it no drede is,

That he is gentle that doth gentle deedes.

And therefore, leve husband, I conclude,

Albeit that mine ancestors were rude,

Yet may the highe God, — and so hope I, —

Grant me His grace to live virtuously:

Then am I gentle when that I begin

To live virtuously, and waive sin.

“And whereas ye of povert’ me repreve,

The highe God, on whom that we believe,

In wilful povert’ chose to lead his life:

And certes, every man, maiden, or wife

May understand that Jesus, heaven’s king,

Ne would not choose a virtuous living.

Glad povert’ is an honest thing, certain;

This will Senec and other clerkes sayn

Whoso that holds him paid of his povert’,

I hold him rich though he hath not a shirt.

He that coveteth is a poore wight

For he would have what is not in his might

But he that nought hath, nor coveteth to have,

Is rich, although ye hold him but a knave.

Very povert’ is sinne, properly.

Juvenal saith of povert’ merrily:

The poore man, when he goes by the way

Before the thieves he may sing and play

Povert’ is hateful good, and, as I guess,

A full great bringer out of business;

A great amender eke of sapience

To him that taketh it in patience.

Povert’ is this, although it seem elenge

Possession that no wight will challenge

Povert’ full often, when a man is low,

Makes him his God and eke himself to know

Povert’ a spectacle is, as thinketh me

Through which he may his very friendes see.

And, therefore, Sir, since that I you not grieve,

Of my povert’ no more me repreve.

“Now, Sir, of elde ye repreve me:

And certes, Sir, though none authority

Were in no book, ye gentles of honour

Say, that men should an olde wight honour,

And call him father, for your gentleness;

And authors shall I finden, as I guess.

Now there ye say that I am foul and old,

Then dread ye not to be a cokewold.

For filth, and elde, all so may I the,

Be greate wardens upon chastity.

But natheless, since I know your delight,

I shall fulfil your wordly appetite.

Choose now," quoth she, "one of these thinges tway,

To have me foul and old till that I dey,

And be to you a true humble wife,

And never you displease in all my life:

Or elles will ye have me young and fair,

And take your aventure of the repair

That shall be to your house because of me, —

Or in some other place, it may well be?

Now choose yourselfe whether that you liketh.

This knight adviseth him and sore he siketh,

But at the last he said in this mannere;

"My lady and my love, and wife so dear,

I put me in your wise governance,

Choose for yourself which may be most pleasance

And most honour to you and me also;

I do no force the whether of the two:

For as you liketh, it sufficeth me."

"Then have I got the mastery," quoth she,

"Since I may choose and govern as me lest."

"Yea, certes wife," quoth he, "I hold it best."

“Kiss me,” quoth she, “we are no longer wroth,

For by my troth I will be to you both;

This is to say, yea, bothe fair and good.

I pray to God that I may sterve wood,

But I to you be all so good and true,

As ever was wife since the world was new;

And but I be to-morrow as fair to seen,

As any lady, emperess or queen,

That is betwixt the East and eke the West

Do with my life and death right as you lest.

Cast up the curtain, and look how it is.”

And when the knight saw verily all this,

That she so fair was, and so young thereto,

For joy he hent her in his armes two:

His hearte bathed in a bath of bliss,

A thousand times on row he gan her kiss:

And she obeyed him in every thing

That mighte do him pleasance or liking.

And thus they live unto their lives’ end

In perfect joy; and Jesus Christ us send

Husbandes meek and young, and fresh in bed,

And grace to overlive them that we wed.

And eke I pray Jesus to short their lives,

That will not be governed by their wives.

And old and angry niggards of dispence,

God send them soon a very pestilence!

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1.17.5: Geoffrey Chaucer - The Canterbury Tales - The Franklin's Tale

THE PROLOGUE

“IN faith, Squier, thou hast thee well acquit,

And gentilly; I praise well thy wit,”

Quoth the Franklin; “considering thy youthe

So feelingly thou speak’st, Sir, I aloue thee,

As to my doom, there is none that is here

Of eloquence that shall be thy peer,

If that thou live; God give thee goode chance,

And in virtue send thee continuance,

For of thy speaking I have great dainty.

I have a son, and, by the Trinity;

It were me lever than twenty pound worth land,

Though it right now were fallen in my hand,

He were a man of such discretion

As that ye be: fy on possession,

But if a man be virtuous withal.

I have my sone snibbed and yet shall,

For he to virtue listeth not t’intend,

But for to play at dice, and to dispend,

And lose all that he hath, is his usage;

And he had lever talke with a page,

Than to commune with any gentle wight,

There he might learen gentilless aright.”

Straw for your gentillesse!” quoth our Host.

“What? Frankelin, pardie, Sir, well thou wost

That each of you must tellen at the least

A tale or two, or breake his behest.”

“That know I well, Sir,” quoth the Frankelin;

“I pray you have me not in disdain,

Though I to this man speak a word or two.”

“Tell on thy tale, withoute wordes mo’.”

“Gladly, Sir Host,” quoth he, “I will obey

Unto your will; now hearken what I say;

I will you not contrary in no wise,

As far as that my wittes may suffice.

I pray to God that it may please you,

Then wot I well that it is good enow.

“These olde gentle Bretons, in their days,

Of divers aventures made lays,

Rhymeden in their firste Breton tongue;

Which layes with their instruments they sung,

Or elles reade them for their pleasance;

And one of them have I in remembrance,

Which I shall say with good will as I can.

But, Sirs, because I am a borel man,

At my beginning first I you beseech

Have me excused of my rude speech.

I learned never rhetoric, certain;

Thing that I speak, it must be bare and plain.

I slept never on the mount of Parnasso,

Nor learned Marcus Tullius Cicero.

Coloures know I none, withoute dread,

But such colours as growen in the mead,

Or elles such as men dye with or paint;

Colours of rhetoric be to me quaint;

My spirit feeleth not of such mattere.

But, if you list, my tale shall ye hear.”

THE TALE

In Armoric', that called is Bretagne,

There was a knight, that lov'd and did his pain,

To serve a lady in his beste wise;

And many a labour, many a great emprise,

He for his lady wrought, ere she were won:

For she was one the fairest under sun,

And eke thereto come of so high kindred,

That well unnethes durst this knight for dread,

Tell her his woe, his pain, and his distress

But, at the last, she for his worthiness,

And namely for his meek obeisance,

Hath such a pity caught of his penance,

That privily she fell of his accord

To take him for her husband and her lord

(Of such lordship as men have o'er their wives);

And, for to lead the more in bliss their lives,

Of his free will he swore her as a knight,

That never in all his life he day nor night

Should take upon himself no mastery

Against her will, nor kithe her jealousy,

But her obey, and follow her will in all,

As any lover to his lady shall;

Save that the name of sovereignety

That would he have, for shame of his degree.

She thanked him, and with full great humbless

She saide; "Sir, since of your gentleness

Ye proffer me to have so large a reign,

Ne woulde God never betwixt us twain,

As in my guilt, were either war or strife:

Sir, I will be your humble true wife,

Have here my troth, till that my hearte brest."

Thus be they both in quiet and in rest.

For one thing, Sires, safely dare I say,

That friends ever each other must obey,

If they will longe hold in company.

Love will not be constrain'd by mastery.

When mast'ry comes, the god of love anon

Beateth his wings, and, farewell, he is gone.

Love is a thing as any spirit free.

Women of kind desire liberty,

And not to be constrained as a thrall,

And so do men, if soothly I say shall.

Look who that is most patient in love,

He is at his advantage all above.

Patience is a high virtue certain,

For it vanquisheth, as these clerkes sayn,

Thinges that rigour never should attain.

For every word men may not chide or plain.

Learne to suffer, or, so may I go,

Ye shall it learn whether ye will or no.

For in this world certain no wight there is,

That he not doth or saith sometimes amiss.

Ire, or sickness, or constellation,

Wine, woe, or changing of complexion,

Causeth full oft to do amiss or speaken:

On every wrong a man may not be wreaken.

After the time must be temperance

To every wight that can of governance.

And therefore hath this worthy wise knight

(To live in ease) sufferance her behight;

And she to him full wisly gan to swear

That never should there be default in her.

Here may men see a humble wife accord;

Thus hath she ta'en her servant and her lord,

Servant in love, and lord in marriage.

Then was he both in lordship and servage?

Servage? nay, but in lordship all above,

Since he had both his lady and his love:

His lady certes, and his wife also,

The which that law of love accordeth to.

And when he was in this prosperrity,

Home with his wife he went to his country,

Not far from Penmark, where his dwelling was,

And there he liv'd in bliss and in solace.

Who coulde tell, but he had wedded be,

The joy, the ease, and the prosperity,

That is betwixt a husband and his wife?

A year and more lasted this blissful life,

Till that this knight, of whom I spake thus,

That of Cairrud was call'd Arviragus,

Shope him to go and dwell a year or twain

In Engleland, that call'd was eke Britain,

To seek in armes worship and honour

(For all his lust he set in such labour);

And dwelled there two years; the book saith thus.

Now will I stint of this Arviragus,

And speak I will of Dorigen his wife,

That lov'd her husband as her hearte's life.

For his absence weepeth she and siketh,

As do these noble wives when them liketh;

She mourneth, waketh, waileth, fasteth, plaineth;

Desire of his presence her so distraineth,

That all this wide world she set at nought.

Her friendes, which that knew her heavy thought,

Comforte her in all that ever they may;

They preache her, they tell her night and day,

That causeless she slays herself, alas!

And every comfort possible in this case

They do to her, with all their business,

And all to make her leave her heaviness.

By process, as ye knowen every one,

Men may so longe graven in a stone,

Till some figure therein imprinted be:

So long have they comforted her, till she

Received hath, by hope and by reason,

Th' imprinting of their consolation,

Through which her greate sorrow gan assuage;

She may not always duren in such rage.

And eke Arviragus, in all this care,

Hath sent his letters home of his welfare,

And that he will come hastily again,

Or elles had this sorrow her hearty-slain.

Her friendes saw her sorrow gin to slake,

And prayed her on knees for Godde's sake

To come and roamen in their company,

Away to drive her darke fantasy;

And finally she granted that request,

For well she saw that it was for the best.

Now stood her castle faste by the sea,

And often with her friendes walked she,

Her to disport upon the bank on high,

There as many a ship and barge sigh,

Sailing their courses, where them list to go.

But then was that a parcel of her woe,

For to herself full oft, “Alas!” said she,

Is there no ship, of so many as I see,

Will bringe home my lord? then were my heart

All warish’d of this bitter paine’s smart.”

Another time would she sit and think,

And cast her eyen downward from the brink;

But when she saw the grisly rockes blake,

For very fear so would her hearte quake,

That on her feet she might her not sustene

Then would she sit adown upon the green,

And piteously into the sea behold,

And say right thus, with careful sikes cold:

“Eternal God! that through thy purveyance

Leadest this world by certain governance,

In idle, as men say, ye nothing make;

But, Lord, these grisly fiendly rockes blake,

That seem rather a foul confusion

Of work, than any fair creation

Of such a perfect wise God and stable,

Why have ye wrought this work unreasonable?

For by this work, north, south, or west, or east,

There is not foster’d man, nor bird, nor beast:

It doth no good, to my wit, but annoyeth.

See ye not, Lord, how mankind it destroyeth?

A hundred thousand bodies of mankind

Have rockes slain, all be they not in mind;

Which mankind is so fair part of thy work,

Thou madest it like to thine owen mark.

Then seemed it ye had a great cherte

Toward mankind; but how then may it be

That ye such meanes make it to destroy?

Which meanes do no good, but ever annoy.

I wot well, clerkes will say as them lest,

By arguments, that all is for the best,

Although I can the causes not y-know;

But thilke God that made the wind to blow,

As keep my lord, this is my conclusion:

To clerks leave I all disputation:

But would to God that all these rockes blake

Were sunken into helle for his sake

These rockes slay mine hearte for the fear."

Thus would she say, with many a piteous tear.

Her friendes saw that it was no disport

To roame by the sea, but discomfort,

And shope them for to playe somewhere else.

They leade her by rivers and by wells,

And eke in other places delectables;

They dancen, and they play at chess and tables.

So on a day, right in the morning-tide,

Unto a garden that was there beside,

In which that they had made their ordinance

Of victual, and of other purveyance,

They go and play them all the longe day:

And this was on the sixth morrow of May,

Which May had painted with his softe showers

This garden full of leaves and of flowers:

And craft of manne's hand so curiously

Arrayed had this garden truely,

That never was there garden of such price,

But if it were the very Paradise.

Th'odour of flowers, and the freshe sight,

Would have maked any hearte light

That e'er was born, but if too great sickness

Or too great sorrow held it in distress;

So full it was of beauty and pleasance.

And after dinner they began to dance

And sing also, save Dorigen alone

Who made alway her complaint and her moan,

For she saw not him on the dance go

That was her husband, and her love also;

But natheless she must a time abide

And with good hope let her sorrow slide.

Upon this dance, amonge other men,

Danced a squier before Dorigen

That fresher was, and jollier of array

As to my doom, than is the month of May.

He sang and danced, passing any man,

That is or was since that the world began;

Therewith he was, if men should him descrive,

One of the beste faring men alive,

Young, strong, and virtuous, and rich, and wise,

And well beloved, and holden in great price.

And, shortly if the sooth I telle shall,

Unweeting of this Dorigen at all,

This lusty squier, servant to Venus,

Which that y-called was Aurelius,

Had lov'd her best of any creature

Two year and more, as was his aventure;

But never durst he tell her his grievance;

Withoute cup he drank all his penance.

He was despaired, nothing durst he say,

Save in his songes somewhat would he wray

His woe, as in a general complaining;

He said, he lov'd, and was belov'd nothing.

Of suche matter made he many lays,

Songes, complaintes, roundels, virelays

How that he durste not his sorrow tell,

But languished, as doth a Fury in hell;

And die he must, he said, as did Echo For

Narcissus, that durst not tell her woe.

In other manner than ye hear me say,

He durste not to her his woe bewray,

Save that paraventure sometimes at dances,

Where younge folke keep their observances,

It may well be he looked on her face

In such a wise, as man that asketh grace,

But nothing wiste she of his intent.

Nath'less it happen'd, ere they thennes went,

Because that he was her neighebour,

And was a man of worship and honour,

And she had knowen him of time yore,

They fell in speech, and forth aye more and more

Unto his purpose drew Aurelius;

And when he saw his time, he saide thus:

Madam," quoth he, "by God that this world made,

So that I wist it might your hearte glade,

I would, that day that your Arviragus

Went over sea, that I, Aurelius,

Had gone where I should never come again;

For well I wot my service is in vain.

My guerdon is but bursting of mine heart.

Madame, rue upon my paine's smart,

For with a word ye may me slay or save.

Here at your feet God would that I were grave.

I have now no leisure more to say:

Have mercy, sweet, or you will do me dey.”

She gan to look upon Aurelius;

“Is this your will,” quoth she, “and say ye thus?

Ne’er erst,” quoth she, “I wiste what ye meant:

But now, Aurelius, I know your intent.

By thilke God that gave me soul and life,

Never shall I be an untrue wife

In word nor work, as far as I have wit;

I will be his to whom that I am knit;

Take this for final answer as of me.”

But after that in play thus saide she.

“Aurelius,” quoth she, “by high God above,

Yet will I grante you to be your love

(Since I you see so piteously complain);

Looke, what day that endelong Bretagne

Ye remove all the rockes, stone by stone,

That they not lette ship nor boat to gon,

I say, when ye have made this coast so clean

Of rockes, that there is no stone seen,

Then will I love you best of any man;

Have here my troth, in all that ever I can;

For well I wot that it shall ne’er betide.

Let such folly out of your hearte glide.

What dainty should a man have in his life

For to go love another manne’s wife,

That hath her body when that ever him liketh?”

Aurelius full often sore siketh; sigheth

Is there none other grace in you?” quoth he,

“No, by that Lord,” quoth she, “that maked me.

Woe was Aurelius when that he this heard,

And with a sorrowful heart he thus answer'd.

"Madame, quoth he, "this were an impossible.

Then must I die of sudden death horrible."

And with that word he turned him anon.

Then came her other friends many a one,

And in the alleys roamed up and down,

And nothing wist of this conclusion,

But suddenly began to revel new,

Till that the brighte sun had lost his hue,

For th' horizon had reft the sun his light

(This is as much to say as it was night);

And home they go in mirth and in solace;

Save only wretch'd Aurelius, alas

He to his house is gone with sorrowful heart.

He said, he may not from his death astart.

Him seemed, that he felt his hearte cold.

Up to the heav'n his handes gan he hold,

And on his knees bare he set him down.

And in his raving said his orisoun.

For very woe out of his wit he braid;

He wist not what he spake, but thus he said;

With piteous heart his plaint hath he begun

Unto the gods, and first unto the Sun.

He said; "Apollo God and governour

Of every plante, herbe, tree, and flower,

That giv'st, after thy declination,

To each of them his time and his season,

As thine herberow changeth low and high;

Lord Phoebus: cast thy merciable eye

On wretched Aurelius, which that am but lorn.

Lo, lord, my lady hath my death y-sworn,

Withoute guilt, but thy benignity

Upon my deadly heart have some pity.

For well I wot, Lord Phoebus, if you lest,

Ye may me helpe, save my lady, best.

Now vouchsafe, that I may you devise

How that I may be holp, and in what wise.

Your blissful sister, Lucina the sheen,

That of the sea is chief goddess and queen, —

Though Neptunus have deity in the sea,

Yet emperess above him is she; —

Ye know well, lord, that, right as her desire

Is to be quick'd and lighted of your fire,

For which she followeth you full busily,

Right so the sea desireth naturally

To follow her, as she that is goddess

Both in the sea and rivers more and less.

Wherefore, Lord Phoebus, this is my request,

Do this miracle, or do mine hearte brest;

That flow, next at this opposition,

Which in the sign shall be of the Lion,

As praye her so great a flood to bring,

That five fathom at least it overspring

The highest rock in Armoric Bretagne,

And let this flood endure yeares twain:

Then certes to my lady may I say,

"Holde your hest," the rockes be away.

Lord Phoebus, this miracle do for me,

Pray her she go no faster course than ye;

I say this, pray your sister that she go

No faster course than ye these yeares two:

Then shall she be even at full alway,

And spring-flood laste bothe night and day.

And but she vouchesafe in such mannere

To grante me my sov'reign lady dear,

Pray her to sink every rock adown

Into her owen darke regioun

Under the ground, where Pluto dwelleth in

Or nevermore shall I my lady win.

Thy temple in Delphos will I barefoot seek.

Lord Phoebus! see the teares on my cheek

And on my pain have some compassioun."

And with that word in sorrow he fell down,

And longe time he lay forth in a trance.

His brother, which that knew of his penance,

Up caught him, and to bed he hath him brought,

Despaired in this torment and this thought

Let I this woeful creature lie;

Choose he for me whe'er he will live or die.

Arviragus with health and great honour

(As he that was of chivalry the flow'r)

Is come home, and other worthy men.

Oh, blissful art thou now, thou Dorigen!

Thou hast thy lusty husband in thine arms,

The freshe knight, the worthy man of arms,

That loveth thee as his own hearte's life:

Nothing list him to be imaginatif

If any wight had spoke, while he was out,

To her of love; he had of that no doubt;

He not intended to no such mattere,

But danced, jousted, and made merry cheer.

And thus in joy and bliss I let them dwell,

And of the sick Aurelius will I tell

In languor and in torment furious

Two year and more lay wretch'd Aurelius,

Ere any foot on earth he mighte gon;

Nor comfort in this time had he none,

Save of his brother, which that was a clerk.

He knew of all this woe and all this work;

For to none other creature certain

Of this matter he durst no worde sayn;

Under his breast he bare it more secree

Than e'er did Pamphilus for Galatee.

His breast was whole withoute for to seen,

But in his heart aye was the arrow keen,

And well ye know that of a sursanure

In surgery is perilous the cure,

But men might touch the arrow or come thereby.

His brother wept and wailed privily,

Till at the last him fell in remembrance,

That while he was at Orleans in France, —

As younge clerkes, that be likerous —

To readen artes that be curious,

Seeken in every halk and every hern

Particular sciences for to learn,—

He him remember'd, that upon a day

At Orleans in study a book he say saw

Of magic natural, which his fellaw,

That was that time a bachelor of law

All were he there to learn another craft,

Had privily upon his desk y-laft;

Which book spake much of operations

Touching the eight and-twenty mansions

That longe to the Moon, and such folly

As in our dayes is not worth a fly;

For holy church's faith, in our believe,

Us suff'reth none illusion to grieve.

And when this book was in his remembrance

Anon for joy his heart began to dance,

And to himself he saide privily;

"My brother shall be warish'd hastily

For I am sicker that there be sciences,

By which men make divers apparences,

Such as these subtle tregetoures play.

For oft at feaste's have I well heard say,

That tregetours, within a halle large,

Have made come in a water and a barge,

And in the halle rowen up and down.

Sometimes hath seemed come a grim lioun,

And sometimes flowers spring as in a mead;

Sometimes a vine, and grapes white and red;

Sometimes a castle all of lime and stone;

And, when them liked, voided it anon:

Thus seemed it to every manne's sight.

Now then conclude I thus; if that I might

At Orleans some olde fellow find,

That hath these Moone's mansions in mind,

Or other magic natural above.

He should well make my brother have his love.

For with an appearance a clerk may make,

To manne's sight, that all the rockes blake

Of Bretagne were voided every one,

And shippes by the brinke come and gon,

And in such form endure a day or two;

Then were my brother warish'd of his woe,

Then must she needes holde her behest,

Or elles he shall shame her at the least.”

Why should I make a longer tale of this?

Unto his brother’s bed he comen is,

And such comfort he gave him, for to gon

To Orleans, that he upstart anon,

And on his way forth-ward then is he fare,

In hope for to be lissed of his care.

When they were come almost to that city,

But if it were a two furlong or three,

A young clerk roaming by himself they met,

Which that in Latin thriftily them gret.

And after that he said a wondrous thing;

I know,” quoth he, “the cause of your coming;”

Aud ere they farther any foote went,

He told them all that was in their intent.

The Breton clerk him asked of fellaws

The which he hadde known in olde daws,

And he answer’d him that they deade were,

For which he wept full often many a tear.

Down off his horse Aurelius light anon,

And forth with this magician is be gone

Home to his house, and made him well at ease;

Them lacked no vitail that might them please.

So well-array’d a house as there was one,

Aurelius in his life saw never none.

He shewed him, ere they went to suppere,

Forestes, parkes, full of wilde deer.

There saw he hartes with their hornes high,

The greatest that were ever seen with eye.

He saw of them an hundred slain with hounds,

And some with arrows bleed of bitter wounds.

He saw, when voided were the wilde deer,

These falconers upon a fair rivere,

That with their hawkes have the heron slain.

Then saw he knightes jousting in a plain.

And after this he did him such pleasance,

That he him shew'd his lady on a dance,

In which himselfe danced, as him thought.

And when this master, that this magic wrought,

Saw it was time, he clapp'd his handes two,

And farewell, all the revel is y-go.

And yet remov'd they never out of the house,

While they saw all the sightes marvellous;

But in his study, where his bookes be,

They satte still, and no wight but they three.

To him this master called his squier,

And said him thus, "May we go to supper?

Almost an hour it is, I undertake,

Since I you bade our supper for to make,

When that these worthy men wente with me

Into my study, where my bookes be."

"Sir," quoth this squier, "when it liketh you.

It is all ready, though ye will right now."

"Go we then sup," quoth he, "as for the best;

These amorous folk some time must have rest."

At after supper fell they in treaty

What summe should this master's guerdon be,

To remove all the rockes of Bretagne,

And eke from Gironde to the mouth of Seine.

He made it strange, and swore, so God him save,

Less than a thousand pound he would not have,

Nor gladly for that sum he would not gon.

Aurelius with blissful heart anon

Answered thus; “Fie on a thousand pound!

This wide world, which that men say is round,

I would it give, if I were lord of it.

This bargain is full-driv’n, for we be knit;

Ye shall be payed truly by my troth.

But looke, for no negligence or sloth,

Ye tarry us here no longer than to-morrow.”

“Nay,” quoth the clerk, “have here my faith to borrow.”

To bed is gone Aurelius when him lest,

And well-nigh all that night he had his rest,

What for his labour, and his hope of bliss,

His woeful heart of penance had a liss.

Upon the morrow, when that it was day,

Unto Bretagne they took the righte way,

Aurelius and this magician beside,

And be descended where they would abide:

And this was, as the bookes me remember,

The colde frosty season of December.

Phoebus wax’d old, and hued like latoun,

That in his hote declinatioun

Shone as the burned gold, with streames bright;

But now in Capricorn adown he light,

Where as he shone full pale, I dare well sayn.

The bitter frostes, with the sleet and rain,

Destroyed have the green in every yard.

Janus sits by the fire with double beard,

And drinketh of his bugle horn the wine:

Before him stands the brawn of tusked swine

And “nowel” crieth every lusty man

Aurelius, in all that ev'r he can,

Did to his master cheer and reverence,

And prayed him to do his diligence

To bringe him out of his paines smart,

Or with a sword that he would slit his heart.

This subtle clerk such ruth had on this man,

That night and day he sped him, that he can,

To wait a time of his conclusion;

This is to say, to make illusion,

By such an appearance of jugglery

(I know no termes of astrology),

That she and every wight should ween and say,

That of Bretagne the rockes were away,

Or else they were sunken under ground.

So at the last he hath a time found

To make his japes and his wretchedness

Of such a superstitious cursedness.

His tables Toletanes forth he brought,

Full well corrected, that there lacked nought,

Neither his collect, nor his expanse years,

Neither his rootes, nor his other gears,

As be his centres, and his arguments,

And his proportional convenients

For his equations in everything.

And by his eighte spheres in his working,

He knew full well how far Alnath was shove

From the head of that fix'd Aries above,

That in the ninthe sphere consider'd is.

Full subtilly he calcul'd all this.

When he had found his firste mansion,

He knew the remnant by proportion;

And knew the rising of his moone well,

And in whose face, and term, and every deal;

And knew full well the moone's mansion

Accordant to his operation;

And knew also his other observances,

For such illusions and such meschances,

As heathen folk used in thilke days.

For which no longer made he delays;

But through his magic, for a day or tway,

It seemed all the rockes were away.

Aurelius, which yet despaired is

Whe'er he shall have his love, or fare amiss,

Awaited night and day on this miracle:

And when he knew that there was none obstacle,

That voided were these rockes every one,

Down at his master's feet he fell anon,

And said; "I, woeful wretch'd Aurelius,

Thank you, my Lord, and lady mine Venus,

That me have holpen from my cares cold."

And to the temple his way forth hath he hold,

Where as he knew he should his lady see.

And when he saw his time, anon right he

With dreadful heart and with full humble cheer

Saluteth hath his sovereign lady dear.

"My rightful Lady," quoth this woeful man,

"Whom I most dread, and love as I best can,

And lothest were of all this world displease,

Were't not that I for you have such disease,

That I must die here at your foot anon,

Nought would I tell how me is woebegone.

But certes either must I die or plain;

Ye slay me guilteless for very pain.

But of my death though that ye have no ruth,

Advise you, ere that ye break your truth:

Repente you, for thilke God above,

Ere ye me slay because that I you love.

For, Madame, well ye wot what ye have hight;

Not that I challenge anything of right

Of you, my sovereign lady, but of grace:

But in a garden yond', in such a place,

Ye wot right well what ye behighte me,

And in mine hand your trothe plighted ye,

To love me best; God wot ye saide so,

Albeit that I unworthy am thereto;

Madame, I speak it for th' honour of you,

More than to save my hearte's life right now;

I have done so as ye commanded me,

And if ye vouchesafe, ye may go see.

Do as you list, have your behest in mind,

For, quick or dead, right there ye shall me find;

In you hes all to do me live or dey;

But well I wot the rockes be away."

He took his leave, and she astonish'd stood;

In all her face was not one drop of blood:

She never ween'd t'have come in such a trap.

"Alas!" quoth she, "that ever this should hap!

For ween'd I ne'er, by possibility,

That such a monster or marvail might be;

It is against the process of nature."

And home she went a sorrowful creature;

For very fear unnethes may she go.

She weeped, wailed, all a day or two,

And swooned, that it ruthe was to see:

But why it was, to no wight tolde she,

For out of town was gone Arviragus.

But to herself she spake, and saide thus,

With face pale, and full sorrowful cheer,

In her complaint, as ye shall after hear.

“Alas!” quoth she, “on thee, Fortune, I plain,

That unware hast me wrapped in thy chain,

From which to scape, wot I no succour,

Save only death, or elles dishonour;

One of these two behoveth me to choose.

But natheless, yet had I lever lose

My life, than of my body have shame,

Or know myselfe false, or lose my name;

And with my death I may be quit y-wis.

Hath there not many a noble wife, ere this,

And many a maiden, slain herself, alas!

Rather than with her body do trespass?

Yes, certes; lo, these stories bear witness.

When thirty tyrants full of cursedness

Had slain Phidon in Athens at the feast,

They commanded his daughters to arrest,

And bringe them before them, in despite,

All naked, to fulfil their foul delight;

And in their father’s blood they made them dance

Upon the pavement, — God give them mischance.

For which these woeful maidens, full of dread,

Rather than they would lose their maidenhead,

They privily be start into a well,

And drowned themselves, as the bookes tell.

They of Messene let inquire and seek

Of Lacedaemon fifty maidens eke,

On which they woulde do their lechery:

But there was none of all that company

That was not slain, and with a glad intent

Chose rather for to die, than to assent

To be oppressed of her maidenhead.

Why should I then to dien be in dread?

Lo, eke the tyrant Aristoclides,

That lov'd a maiden hight Stimphalides,

When that her father slain was on a night,

Unto Diana's temple went she right,

And hent the image in her handes two,

From which image she woulde never go;

No wight her handes might off it arace,

Till she was slain right in the selfe place.

Now since that maidens hadde such despite

To be defouled with man's foul delight,

Well ought a wife rather herself to sle,

Than be defouled, as it thinketh me.

What shall I say of Hasdrubale's wife,

That at Carthage bereft herself of life?

For, when she saw the Romans win the town,

She took her children all, and skipt adown

Into the fire, and rather chose to die,

Than any Roman did her villainy.

Hath not Lucretia slain herself, alas!

At Rome, when that she oppressed was

Of Tarquin? for her thought it was a shame

To live, when she hadde lost her name.

The seven maidens of Milesie also

Have slain themselves for very dread and woe,

Rather than folk of Gaul them should oppress.

More than a thousand stories, as I guess,

Could I now tell as touching this mattere.

When Abradate was slain, his wife so dear

Herselfe slew, and let her blood to glide

In Abradate's woundes, deep and wide,

And said, 'My body at the leaste way

There shall no wight defoul, if that I may.'

Why should I more examples hereof sayn?

Since that so many have themselves slain,

Well rather than they would defouled be,

I will conclude that it is bet for me

To slay myself, than be defouled thus.

I will be true unto Arviragus,

Or elles slay myself in some mannere,

As did Demotione's daughter dear,

Because she woulde not defouled be.

O Sedasus, it is full great pity

To reade how thy daughters died, alas!

That slew themselves for suche manner cas.

As great a pity was it, or well more,

The Theban maiden, that for Nicanor

Herselfe slew, right for such manner woe.

Another Theban maiden did right so;

For one of Macedon had her oppress'd,

She with her death her maidenhead redress'd.

What shall I say of Niceratus' wife,

That for such case bereft herself her life?

How true was eke to Alcibiades

His love, that for to dien rather chese,

Than for to suffer his body unburied be?

Lo, what a wife was Alceste?” quoth she.

“What saith Homer of good Penelope?

All Greece knoweth of her chastity.

Pardie, of Laedamia is written thus,

That when at Troy was slain Protesilaus,

No longer would she live after his day.

The same of noble Porcia tell I may;

Withoute Brutus coulde she not live,

To whom she did all whole her hearte give.

The perfect wifehood of Artemisie

Honoured is throughout all Barbarie.

O Teuta queen, thy wifely chastity

To alle wives may a mirror be.”

Thus plained Dorigen a day or tway,

Purposing ever that she woulde dey; die

But natheless upon the thirde night

Home came Arviragus, the worthy knight,

And asked her why that she wept so sore.

And she gan weepen ever longer more.

“Alas,” quoth she, “that ever I was born!

Thus have I said,” quoth she; “thus have I sworn.”

And told him all, as ye have heard before:

It needeth not rehearse it you no more.

This husband with glad cheer, in friendly wise,

Answer’d and said, as I shall you devise.

“Is there aught elles, Dorigen, but this?”

“Nay, nay,” quoth she, “God help me so as wis,

This is too much, an it were Godde’s will.”

“Yea, wife,” quoth he, “let sleepe what is still,

It may be well par’venture yet to-day.

Ye shall your trothe holde, by my fay.

For, God so wisly have mercy on me,

I had well lever sticked for to be,

For very love which I to you have,

But if ye should your trothe keep and save.

Truth is the highest thing that man may keep."

But with that word he burst anon to weep,

And said; "I you forbid, on pain of death,

That never, while you lasteth life or breath,

To no wight tell ye this misaventure;

As I may best, I will my woe endure,

Nor make no countenance of heaviness,

That folk of you may deeme harm, or guess."

And forth he call'd a squier and a maid.

"Go forth anon with Dorigen," he said,

"And bringe her to such a place anon."

They take their leave, and on their way they gon:

But they not wiste why she thither went;

He would to no wight telle his intent.

This squier, which that hight Aurelius,

On Dorigen that was so amorous,

Of aventure happen'd her to meet

Amid the town, right in the quickest street,

As she was bound to go the way forthright

Toward the garden, there as she had hight.

And he was to the garden-ward also;

For well he spied when she woulde go

Out of her house, to any manner place;

But thus they met, of aventure or grace,

And he saluted her with glad intent,

And asked of her whitherward she went.

And she answered, half as she were mad,

“Unto the garden, as my husband bade,

My trothe for to hold, alas! alas!”

Aurelius gan to wonder on this case,

And in his heart had great compassion

Of her, and of her lamentation,

And of Arviragus, the worthy knight,

That bade her hold all that she hadde hight;

So loth him was his wife should break her truth

And in his heart he caught of it great ruth,

Considering the best on every side,

That from his lust yet were him lever abide,

Than do so high a churlish wretchedness

Against franchise, and alle gentleness;

For which in fewe words he saide thus;

“Madame, say to your lord Arviragus,

That since I see the greate gentleness

Of him, and eke I see well your distress,

That him were lever have shame (and that were ruth)

Than ye to me should breake thus your truth,

I had well lever aye to suffer woe,

Than to depart the love betwixt you two.

I you release, Madame, into your hond,

Quit ev’ry surement and ev’ry bond,

That ye have made to me as herebeforn,

Since thilke time that ye were born.

Have here my truth, I shall you ne’er repreve

Of no behest; and here I take my leave,

As of the truest and the beste wife

That ever yet I knew in all my life.

But every wife beware of her behest;

On Dorigen remember at the least.

Thus can a squier do a gentle deed,

As well as can a knight, withoute drede.”

She thanked him upon her knees bare,

And home unto her husband is she fare,

And told him all, as ye have hearde said;

And, truste me, he was so well apaid,

That it were impossible me to write.

Why should I longer of this case indite?

Arviragus and Dorigen his wife

In sov’reign blisse ledde forth their life;

Ne’er after was there anger them between;

He cherish’d her as though she were a queen,

And she was to him true for evermore;

Of these two folk ye get of me no more.

Aurelius, that his cost had all forlorn,

Cursed the time that ever he was born.

“Alas!” quoth he, “alas that I behight

Of pured gold a thousand pound of weight

To this philosopher! how shall I do?

I see no more, but that I am fordo.

Mine heritage must I needes sell,

And be a beggar; here I will not dwell,

And shamen all my kindred in this place,

But I of him may gette better grace.

But natheless I will of him assay

At certain dayes year by year to pay,

And thank him of his greate courtesy.

My trothe will I keep, I will not he.”

With hearte sore he went unto his coffer,

And broughte gold unto this philosopher,

The value of five hundred pound, I guess,

And him beseeched, of his gentleness,

To grant him dayes of the remenant;

And said; “Master, I dare well make avaunt,

I failed never of my truth as yet.

For sickerly my debte shall be quit

Towardes you how so that e’er I fare

To go a-begging in my kirtle bare:

But would ye vouchesafe, upon surety,

Two year, or three, for to respite me,

Then were I well, for elles must I sell

Mine heritage; there is no more to tell.”

This philosopher soberly answer’d,

And saide thus, when he these wordes heard;

“Have I not holden covenant to thee?”

“Yes, certes, well and truely,” quoth he.

“Hast thou not had thy lady as thee liked?”

“No, no,” quoth he, and sorrowfully siked.

“What was the cause? tell me if thou can.”

Aurelius his tale anon began,

And told him all as ye have heard before,

It needeth not to you rehearse it more.

He said, “Arviragus of gentleness

Had lever die in sorrow and distress,

Than that his wife were of her trothe false.”

The sorrow of Dorigen he told him als’,

How loth her was to be a wicked wife,

And that she lever had lost that day her life;

And that her troth she swore through innocence;

She ne’er erst had heard speak of apparence

That made me have of her so great pity,

And right as freely as he sent her to me,

As freely sent I her to him again:

This is all and some, there is no more to sayn."

The philosopher answer'd; "Leve brother,

Evereach of you did gently to the other;

Thou art a squier, and he is a knight,

But God forbidde, for his blissful might,

But if a clerk could do a gentle deed

As well as any of you, it is no drede

Sir, I release thee thy thousand pound,

As thou right now were crept out of the ground,

Nor ever ere now haddest knowen me.

For, Sir, I will not take a penny of thee

For all my craft, nor naught for my travail;

Thou hast y-payed well for my vitaille;

It is enough; and farewell, have good day."

And took his horse, and forth he went his way.

Lordings, this question would I aske now,

Which was the moste free, as thinketh you?

Now telle me, ere that ye farther wend.

I can no more, my tale is at an end.

The Pardoner's Tale

THE PROLOGUE

OUR Hoste gan to swear as he were wood;

"Harow!" quoth he, "by nailes and by blood,

This was a cursed thief, a false justice.

As shameful death as hearte can devise

Come to these judges and their advoca's.

Algate this sely maid is slain, alas!

Alas! too deare bought she her beauty.

Wherefore I say, that all day man may see

That giftes of fortune and of nature

Be cause of death to many a creature.

Her beauty was her death, I dare well sayn;

Alas! so piteously as she was slain.

Of bothe giftes, that I speak of now

Men have full often more harm than prow,

But truely, mine owen master dear,

This was a piteous tale for to hear;

But natheless, pass over; 'tis no force.

I pray to God to save thy gentle corse,

And eke thine urinals, and thy jordans,

Thine Hippocras, and eke thy Galliens,

And every boist full of thy lectuary,

God bless them, and our lady Sainte Mary.

So may I the', thou art a proper man,

And like a prelate, by Saint Ronian;

Said I not well? Can I not speak in term?

But well I wot thou dost mine heart to erme,

That I have almost caught a cardiacle:

By corpus Domini , but I have triacle,

Or else a draught of moist and corny ale,

Or but I hear anon a merry tale,

Mine heart is brost for pity of this maid.

Thou bel ami, thou Pardoner," he said,

"Tell us some mirth of japes right anon."

"It shall be done," quoth he, "by Saint Ronion.

But first," quoth he, "here at this ale-stake

I will both drink, and biten on a cake."

But right anon the gentles gan to cry,

"Nay, let him tell us of no ribaldry.

Tell us some moral thing, that we may lear

Some wit, and thenne will we gladly hear."

“I grant y-wis,” quoth he; “but I must think

Upon some honest thing while that I drink.”

THE TALE

Lordings (quoth he), in churche when I preach,

I paine me to have an hautein speech,

And ring it out, as round as doth a bell,

For I know all by rote that I tell.

My theme is always one, and ever was;

Radix malorum est cupiditas.

First I pronounce whence that I come,

And then my bulles shew I all and some;

Our liege lorde’s seal on my patent,

That shew I first, my body to warrent,

That no man be so hardy, priest nor clerk,

Me to disturb of Christe’s holy werk.

And after that then tell I forth my tales.

Bulles of popes, and of cardinales,

Of patriarchs, and of bishops I shew,

And in Latin I speak a wordes few,

To savour with my predication,

And for to stir men to devotion

Then show I forth my longe crystal stones,

Y-crammed fall of cloutes and of bones;

Relics they be, as weene they each one.

Then have I in latoun a shoulder-bone

Which that was of a holy Jewe’s sheep.

“Good men,” say I, “take of my wordes keep;

If that this bone be wash’d in any well,

If cow, or calf, or sheep, or oxe swell,

That any worm hath eat, or worm y-stung,

Take water of that well, and wash his tongue,

And it is whole anon; and farthermore

Of pockes, and of scab, and every sore

Shall every sheep be whole, that of this well

Drinketh a draught; take keep of that I tell.

“If that the goodman, that the beastes oweth,

Will every week, ere that the cock him croweth,

Fasting, y-drinken of this well a draught,

As thilke holy Jew our elders taught,

His beastes and his store shall multiply.

And, Sirs, also it healeth jealousy;

For though a man be fall’n in jealous rage,

Let make with this water his pottage,

And never shall he more his wife mistrist,

Though he the sooth of her defaulte wist;

All had she taken priestes two or three.

Here is a mittain eke, that ye may see;

He that his hand will put in this mittain,

He shall have multiplying of his grain,

When he hath sowen, be it wheat or oats,

So that he offer pence, or elles groats.

And, men and women, one thing warn I you;

If any wight be in this churche now

That hath done sin horrible, so that he

Dare not for shame of it y-shriven be;

Or any woman, be she young or old,

That hath y-made her husband cokewold,

Such folk shall have no power nor no grace

To offer to my relics in this place.

And whoso findeth him out of such blame,

He will come up and offer in God’s name;

And I assoil him by the authority

Which that by bull y-granted was to me.”

By this gaud have I wonne year by year

A hundred marks, since I was pardonere.

I stande like a clerk in my pulpit,

And when the lewed people down is set,

I preache so as ye have heard before,

And telle them a hundred japes more.

Then pain I me to stretche forth my neck,

And east and west upon the people I beck,

As doth a dove, sitting on a bern;

My handes and my tongue go so yern,

That it is joy to see my business.

Of avarice and of such cursedness

Is all my preaching, for to make them free

To give their pence, and namely unto me.

For mine intent is not but for to win,

And nothing for correction of sin.

I recke never, when that they be buried,

Though that their soules go a blackburied.

For certes many a predication

Cometh oft-time of evil intention;

Some for pleasance of folk, and flattery,

To be advanced by hypocrisy;

And some for vainglory, and some for hate.

For, when I dare not otherwise debate,

Then will I sting him with my tongue smart

In preaching, so that he shall not astart

To be defamed falsely, if that he

Hath trespass’d to my brethren or to me.

For, though I telle not his proper name,

Men shall well knowe that it is the same

By signes, and by other circumstances.

Thus quite I folk that do us displeasances:

Thus spit I out my venom, under hue

Of holiness, to seem holy and true.

But, shortly mine intent I will devise,

I preach of nothing but of covetise.

Therefore my theme is yet, and ever was, —

Radix malorum est cupiditas.

Thus can I preach against the same vice

Which that I use, and that is avarice.

But though myself be guilty in that sin,

Yet can I maken other folk to twin

From avarice, and sore them repent.

But that is not my principal intent;

I preache nothing but for covetise.

Of this mattere it ought enough suffice.

Then tell I them examples many a one,

Of olde stories longe time gone;

For lewed people love tales old;

Such thinges can they well report and hold.

What? trowe ye, that whiles I may preach

And winne gold and silver for I teach,

That I will live in povert' wilfully?

Nay, nay, I thought it never truely.

For I will preach and beg in sundry lands;

I will not do no labour with mine hands,

Nor make baskets for to live thereby,

Because I will not beggen idlely.

I will none of the apostles counterfeit;

I will have money, wool, and cheese, and wheat,

All were it given of the poorest page,

Or of the pooreste widow in a village:

All should her children sterve for famine.

Nay, I will drink the liquor of the vine,

And have a jolly wench in every town.

But hearken, lordings, in conclusioun;

Your liking is, that I shall tell a tale

Now I have drunk a draught of corny ale,

By God, I hope I shall you tell a thing

That shall by reason be to your liking;

For though myself be a full vicious man,

A moral tale yet I you telle can,

Which I am wont to preache, for to win.

Now hold your peace, my tale I will begin.

In Flanders whilom was a company

Of younge folkes, that haunted folly,

As riot, hazard, stewes, and taverns;

Where as with lutes, harpes, and giterns,

They dance and play at dice both day and night,

And eat also, and drink over their might;

Through which they do the devil sacrifice

Within the devil's temple, in cursed wise,

By superfluity abominable.

Their oathes be so great and so damnable,

That it is grisly for to hear them swear.

Our blissful Lorde's body they to-tear;

Them thought the Jewes rent him not enough,

And each of them at other's sinne lough.

And right anon in come tombesteres

Fetis and small, and younge fruitesteres.

Singers with harpes, baudes, waferers,

Which be the very devil's officers,

To kindle and blow the fire of lechery,

That is annexed unto gluttony.

The Holy Writ take I to my witness,

That luxury is in wine and drunkenness.

Lo, how that drunken Lot unkindely

Lay by his daughters two unwittingly,

So drunk he was he knew not what he wrought.

Herodes, who so well the stories sought,

When he of wine replete was at his feast,

Right at his owen table gave his hest

To slay the Baptist John full guilteless.

Seneca saith a good word, doubteless:

He saith he can no difference find

Betwixt a man that is out of his mind,

And a man whiche that is drunkelew:

But that woodness, y-fallen in a shrew,

Persevereth longer than drunkenness.

O gluttony, full of all cursedness;

O cause first of our confusion,

Original of our damnation,

Till Christ had bought us with his blood again!

Looke, how deare, shortly for to sayn,

Abought was first this cursed villainy:

Corrupt was all this world for gluttony.

Adam our father, and his wife also,

From Paradise, to labour and to woe,

Were driven for that vice, it is no dread.

For while that Adam fasted, as I read,

He was in Paradise; and when that he

Ate of the fruit defended of the tree,

Anon he was cast out to woe and pain.

O gluttony! well ought us on thee plain.

Oh! wist a man how many maladies

Follow of excess and of gluttonies,

He woulde be the more measurable

Of his diete, sitting at his table.

Alas! the shorte throat, the tender mouth,

Maketh that east and west, and north and south,

In earth, in air, in water, men do swink

To get a glutton dainty meat and drink.

Of this mattere, O Paul! well canst thou treat

Meat unto womb, and womb eke unto meat,

Shall God destroye both, as Paulus saith.

Alas! a foul thing is it, by my faith,

To say this word, and fouler is the deed,

When man so drinketh of the white and red,

That of his throat he maketh his privy

Through thilke cursed superfluity

The apostle saith, weeping full piteously,

There walk many, of which you told have I, —

I say it now weeping with piteous voice, —

That they be enemies of Christe's crois;

Of which the end is death; womb is their God.

O womb, O belly, stinking is thy cod,

Full fill'd of dung and of corruptioun;

At either end of thee foul is the soun.

How great labour and cost is thee to find!

These cookes how they stamp, and strain, and grind,

And turne substance into accident,

To fulfill all thy likerous talent!

Out of the harde bones knocke they

The marrow, for they caste naught away

That may go through the gullet soft and swoot

Of spicery and leaves, of bark and root,

Shall be his sauce y-maked by delight,

To make him have a newer appetite.

But, certes, he that haunteth such delices

Is dead while that he liveth in those vices.

A lecherous thing is wine, and drunkenness

Is full of striving and of wretchedness.

O drunken man! disfgur'd is thy face,

Sour is thy breath, foul art thou to embrace:

And through thy drunken nose sowneth the soun',

As though thous saidest aye, Samsoun! Samsoun!

And yet, God wot, Samson drank never wine.

Thou fallest as it were a sticked swine;

Thy tongue is lost, and all thine honest cure;

For drunkenness is very sepulture

Of manne's wit and his discretion.

In whom that drink hath domination,

He can no counsel keep, it is no dread.

Now keep you from the white and from the red,

And namely from the white wine of Lepe,

That is to sell in Fish Street and in Cheap.

This wine of Spaine creepeth subtilly —

In other wines growing faste by,

Of which there riseth such fumosity,

That when a man hath drunken draughtes three,

And weeneth that he be at home in Cheap,

He is in Spain, right at the town of Lepe,

Not at the Rochelle, nor at Bourdeaux town;

And thenne will he say, Samsoun! Samsoun!

But hearken, lordings, one word, I you pray,

That all the sovreign actes, dare I say,

Of victories in the Old Testament,

Through very God that is omnipotent,

Were done in abstinence and in prayere:

Look in the Bible, and there ye may it lear.

Look, Attila, the greate conqueror,

Died in his sleep, with shame and dishonour,

Bleeding aye at his nose in drunkenness:

A captain should aye live in soberness

And o'er all this, advise you right well

What was commanded unto Lemuel;

Not Samuel, but Lemuel, say I.

Reade the Bible, and find it expressly

Of wine giving to them that have justice.

No more of this, for it may well suffice.

And, now that I have spoke of gluttony,

Now will I you defende hazardry.

Hazard is very mother of leasings,

And of deceit, and cursed forswearings:

Blasphem' of Christ, manslaughter, and waste also

Of chattel and of time; and furthermo'

It is repreve, and contrar' of honour,

For to be held a common hazardour.

And ever the higher he is of estate,

The more he is holden desolate.

If that a prince use hazardry,

In alle governance and policy

He is, as by common opinion,

Y-hold the less in reputation.

Chilon, that was a wise ambassador,

Was sent to Corinth with full great honor

From Lacedemon, to make alliance;

And when he came, it happen'd him, by chance,

That all the greatest that were of that land,

Y-playing atte hazard he them fand.

For which, as soon as that it mighte be,

He stole him home again to his country

And saide there, "I will not lose my name,

Nor will I take on me so great diffame,

You to ally unto no hazardors.

Sende some other wise ambassadors,

For, by my troth, me were lever die,

Than I should you to hazardors ally.

For ye, that be so glorious in honours,

Shall not ally you to no hazardours,

As by my will, nor as by my treaty."

This wise philosopher thus said he.

Look eke how to the King Demetrius

The King of Parthes, as the book saith us,

Sent him a pair of dice of gold in scorn,

For he had used hazard therebeforn:

For which he held his glory and renown

At no value or reputatioun.

Lordes may finden other manner play

Honest enough to drive the day away.

Now will I speak of oathes false and great

A word or two, as olde bookes treat.

Great swearing is a thing abominable,

And false swearing is more reprovable.

The highe God forbade swearing at all;

Witness on Matthew: but in special

Of swearing saith the holy Jeremie,

Thou thalt swear sooth thine oathes, and not lie:

And swear in doom and eke in righteousness;

But idle swearing is a cursedness.

Behold and see, there in the firste table

Of highe Godde's hestes honourable,

How that the second best of him is this,

Take not my name in idle or amiss.

Lo, rather he forbiddeth such swearing,

Than homicide, or many a cursed thing;

I say that as by order thus it standeth;

This knoweth he that his hests understandeth,

How that the second hest of God is that.

And farthermore, I will thee tell all plat,

That vengeance shall not parte from his house,

That of his oathes is outrageous.

"By Godde's precious heart, and by his nails,

And by the blood of Christ, that is in Hailes,

Seven is my chance, and thine is cinque and trey:

By Godde's armes, if thou falsely play,

This dagger shall throughout thine hearte go."

This fruit comes of the bicched bones two,

Forswearing, ire, falseness, and homicide.

Now, for the love of Christ that for us died,

Leave your oathes, bothe great and smale.

But, Sirs, now will I ell you forth my tale.

These riotoures three, of which I tell,

Long erst than prime rang of any bell,

Were set them in a tavern for to drink;

And as they sat, they heard a belle clink

Before a corpse, was carried to the grave.

That one of them gan calle to his knave,

“Go bet,” quoth he, “and aske readily

What corpse is this, that passeth here forth by;

And look that thou report his name well.”

“Sir,” quoth the boy, “it needeth never a deal;

It was me told ere ye came here two hours;

He was, pardie, an old fellow of yours,

And suddenly he was y-slain to-night;

Fordrunk as he sat on his bench upright,

There came a privy thief, men clepe Death,

That in this country all the people slay’th,

And with his spear he smote his heart in two,

And went his way withoute wordes mo’.

He hath a thousand slain this pestilence;

And, master, ere you come in his presence,

Me thinketh that it were full necessary

For to beware of such an adversary;

Be ready for to meet him evermore.

Thus taughte me my dame; I say no more.”

“By Sainte Mary,” said the tavernere,

“The child saith sooth, for he hath slain this year,

Hence ov’r a mile, within a great village,

Both man and woman, child, and hind, and page;

I trow his habitation be there;

To be advised great wisdom it were,

Ere that he did a man a dishonour.”

“Yea, Godde’s armes,” quoth this riotour,

“Is it such peril with him for to meet?

I shall him seek, by stile and eke by street.

I make a vow, by Godde’s digne bones.”

Hearken, fellows, we three be alle ones:

Let each of us hold up his hand to other,

And each of us become the other's brother,

And we will slay this false traitor Death;

He shall be slain, he that so many slay'th,

By Godde's dignity, ere it be night."

Together have these three their trothe plight

To live and die each one of them for other

As though he were his owen sworen brother.

And up they start, all drunken, in this rage,

And forth they go towardes that village

Of which the taverner had spoke beforn,

And many a grisly oathe have they sworn,

And Christe's blessed body they to-rent;

"Death shall be dead, if that we may him hent."

When they had gone not fully half a mile,

Right as they would have trodden o'er a stile,

An old man and a poore with them met.

This olde man full meekely them gret,

And saide thus; "Now, lordes, God you see!"

The proudest of these riotoures three

Answer'd again; "What? churl, with sorry grace,

Why art thou all forwrapped save thy face?

Why livest thou so long in so great age?"

This olde man gan look on his visage,

And saide thus; "For that I cannot find

A man, though that I walked unto Ind,

Neither in city, nor in no village,

That woulde change his youthe for mine age;

And therefore must I have mine age still

As longe time as it is Godde's will.

And Death, alas! he will not have my life.

Thus walk I like a resteless caitife,

And on the ground, which is my mother's gate,

I knocke with my staff, early and late,

And say to her, 'Leve mother, let me in.

Lo, how I wane, flesh, and blood, and skin;

Alas! when shall my bones be at rest?

Mother, with you I woulde change my chest,

That in my chamber longe time hath be,

Yea, for an hairy clout to wrap in me.'

But yet to me she will not do that grace,

For which fall pale and welked is my face.

But, Sirs, to you it is no courtesy

To speak unto an old man villainy,

But he trespass in word or else in deed.

In Holy Writ ye may yourselves read;

'Against an old man, hoar upon his head,

Ye should arise:' therefore I you rede,

Ne do unto an old man no harm now,

No more than ye would a man did you

In age, if that ye may so long abide.

And God be with you, whether ye go or ride

I must go thither as I have to go."

"Nay, olde churl, by God thou shalt not so,"

Saide this other hazardor anon;

"Thou partest not so lightly, by Saint John.

Thou spakest right now of that traitor Death,

That in this country all our friendes slay'th;

Have here my troth, as thou art his espy;

Tell where he is, or thou shalt it abie,

By God and by the holy sacrament;

For soothly thou art one of his assent

To slay us younge folk, thou false thief."

“Now, Sirs,” quoth he, “if it be you so lief

To finde Death, turn up this crooked way,

For in that grove I left him, by my fay,

Under a tree, and there he will abide;

Nor for your boast he will him nothing hide.

See ye that oak? right there ye shall him find.

God save you, that bought again mankind,

And you amend!” Thus said this olde man;

And evereach of these riotoures ran,

Till they came to the tree, and there they found

Of florins fine, of gold y-coined round,

Well nigh a seven bushels, as them thought.

No longer as then after Death they sought;

But each of them so glad was of the sight,

For that the florins were so fair and bright,

That down they sat them by the precious hoard.

The youngest of them spake the firste word:

“Brethren,” quoth he, “take keep what I shall say;

My wit is great, though that I bourde and play

This treasure hath Fortune unto us given

In mirth and jollity our life to liven;

And lightly as it comes, so will we spend.

Hey! Godde’s precious dignity! who wend

Today that we should have so fair a grace?

But might this gold he carried from this place

Home to my house, or elles unto yours

(For well I wot that all this gold is ours),

Then were we in high felicity.

But truely by day it may not be;

Men woulde say that we were thieves strong,

And for our owen treasure do us hong.

This treasure muste carried be by night,

As wisely and as slily as it might.

Wherefore I rede, that cut among us all

We draw, and let see where the cut will fall:

And he that hath the cut, with hearte blithe

Shall run unto the town, and that full swithe,

And bring us bread and wine full privily:

And two of us shall keepe subtilly

This treasure well: and if he will not tarry,

When it is night, we will this treasure carry,

By one assent, where as us thinketh best."

Then one of them the cut brought in his fist,

And bade them draw, and look where it would fall;

And it fell on the youngest of them all;

And forth toward the town he went anon.

And all so soon as that he was y-gone,

The one of them spake thus unto the other;

"Thou knowest well that thou art my sworn brother,

Thy profit will I tell thee right anon.

Thou knowest well that our fellow is gone,

And here is gold, and that full great plenty,

That shall departed he among us three.

But natheless, if I could shape it so

That it departed were among us two,

Had I not done a friende's turn to thee?"

Th' other answer'd, "I n'ot how that may be;

He knows well that the gold is with us tway.

What shall we do? what shall we to him say?"

"Shall it be counsel?" said the firste shrew;

"And I shall tell to thee in wordes few

What we shall do, and bring it well about."

“I grante,” quoth the other, “out of doubt,

That by my truth I will thee not bewray.”

“Now,” quoth the first, “thou know’st well we be tway,

And two of us shall stronger be than one.

Look; when that he is set, thou right anon

Arise, as though thou wouldest with him play;

And I shall rive him through the sides tway,

While that thou strugglest with him as in game;

And with thy dagger look thou do the same.

And then shall all this gold departed be,

My deare friend, betwixte thee and me:

Then may we both our lustes all fulfil,

And play at dice right at our owen will.”

And thus accorded be these shrewes tway

To slay the third, as ye have heard me say.

The youngest, which that wente to the town,

Full oft in heart he rolled up and down

The beauty of these florins new and bright.

“O Lord!” quoth he, “if so were that I might

Have all this treasure to myself alone,

There is no man that lives under the throne

Of God, that shoulde have so merry as I.”

And at the last the fiend our enemy

Put in his thought, that he should poison buy,

With which he mighte slay his fellows twy.

For why, the fiend found him in such living,

That he had leave to sorrow him to bring.

For this was utterly his full intent

To slay them both, and never to repent.

And forth he went, no longer would he tarry,

Into the town to an apothecary,

And prayed him that he him woulde sell

Some poison, that he might his rattes quell,

And eke there was a polecat in his haw,

That, as he said, his eapons had y-slaw:

And fain he would him wreak, if that he might,

Of vermin that destroyed him by night.

Th'apothecary answer'd, "Thou shalt have

A thing, as wisly God my soule save,

In all this world there is no creature

That eat or drank hath of this confecture,

Not but the mountance of a corn of wheat,

That he shall not his life anon forlete;

Yea, sterve he shall, and that in lesse while

Than thou wilt go apace nought but a mile:

This poison is so strong and violent."

This cursed man hath in his hand y-hent

This poison in a box, and swift he ran

Into the nexte street, unto a man,

And borrow'd of him large bottles three;

And in the two the poison poured he;

The third he kepte clean for his own drink,

For all the night he shope him for to swink

In carrying off the gold out of that place.

And when this riotour, with sorry grace,

Had fill'd with wine his greate bottles three,

To his fellows again repaired he.

What needeth it thereof to sermon more?

For, right as they had cast his death before,

Right so they have him slain, and that anon.

And when that this was done, thus spake the one;

"Now let us sit and drink, and make us merry,

And afterward we will his body bury.”

And with that word it happen’d him par cas

To take the bottle where the poison was,

And drank, and gave his fellow drink also,

For which anon they sterved both the two.

But certes I suppose that Avicen

Wrote never in no canon, nor no fen,

More wondrous signes of empoisoning,

Than had these wretches two ere their ending.

Thus ended be these homicides two,

And eke the false empoisoner also.

O cursed sin, full of all cursedness!

O trait’rous homicide! O wickedness!

O glutt’ny, luxury, and hazardry!

Thou blasphemer of Christ with villany,

And oathes great, of usage and of pride!

Alas! mankinde, how may it betide,

That to thy Creator, which that thee wrought,

And with his precious hearte-blood thee bought,

Thou art so false and so unkind, alas!

Now, good men, God forgive you your trespass,

And ware you from the sin of avarice.

Mine holy pardon may you all warice,

So that ye offer nobles or sterlings,

Or elles silver brooches, spoons, or rings.

Bowe your head under this holy bull.

Come up, ye wives, and offer of your will;

Your names I enter in my roll anon;

Into the bliss of heaven shall ye gon;

I you assoil by mine high powere,

You that will offer, as clean and eke as clear

As ye were born. Lo, Sires, thus I preach;

And Jesus Christ, that is our soules' leech,

So grante you his pardon to receive;

For that is best, I will not deceive.

But, Sirs, one word forgot I in my tale;

I have relics and pardon in my mail,

As fair as any man in Engleland,

Which were me given by the Pope's hand.

If any of you will of devotion

Offer, and have mine absolution,

Come forth anon, and kneele here adown

And meekely receive my pardoun.

Or elles take pardon, as ye wend,

All new and fresh at every towne's end,

So that ye offer, always new and new,

Nobles or pence which that be good and true.

'Tis an honour to evereach that is here,

That ye have a suffisant pardonere

T'assoile you in country as ye ride,

For aventures which that may betide.

Paraventure there may fall one or two

Down of his horse, and break his neck in two.

Look, what a surety is it to you all,

That I am in your fellowship y-fall,

That may assoil you bothe more and lass,

When that the soul shall from the body pass.

I rede that our Hoste shall begin,

For he is most enveloped in sin.

Come forth, Sir Host, and offer first anon,

And thou shalt kiss; the relics every one,

Yea, for a groat; unbuckle anon thy purse.

“Nay, nay,” quoth he, “then have I Christe’s curse!

Let be,” quoth he, “it shall not be, so the’ch.

Thou wouldest make me kiss thine olde breech,

And swear it were a relic of a saint,

Though it were with thy fundament depaint’.

But, by the cross which that Saint Helen fand,

I would I had thy coilons in mine hand,

Instead of relics, or of sanctuary.

Let cut them off, I will thee help them carry;

They shall be shrined in a hogge’s turd.”

The Pardoner answered not one word;

So wroth he was, no worde would he say.

“Now,” quoth our Host, “I will no longer play

With thee, nor with none other angry man.”

But right anon the worthy Knight began

(When that he saw that all the people lough),

“No more of this, for it is right enough.

Sir Pardoner, be merry and glad of cheer;

And ye, Sir Host, that be to me so dear,

I pray you that ye kiss the Pardoner;

And, Pardoner, I pray thee draw thee ner,

And as we didde, let us laugh and play.”

Anon they kiss’d, and rode forth their way.

Prayer of Chaucer

Now pray I to you all that hear this little treatise or read it, that if there be anything in it that likes them, that thereof they thank our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom proceedeth all wit and all goodness; and if there be anything that displeaseth them, I pray them also that they arette [impute] it to the default of mine unconning [unskilfulness], and not to my will, that would fain have said better if I had had conning; for the book saith, all that is written for our doctrine is written. Wherefore I beseech you meekly for the mercy of God that ye pray for me, that God have mercy on me and forgive me my guilts, and namely [specially] my translations and of inditing in worldly vanities, which I revoke in my Retractions, as is the Book of Troilus, the Book also of Fame, the Book of Twenty-five Ladies, the Book of the Duchess, the Book of Saint Valentine’s Day and of the Parliament of Birds, the Tales of Canterbury, all those that sounen unto sin [are sinful, tend towards sin], the Book of the Lion, and many other books, if they were in my mind or remembrance, and many a song and many a lecherous lay, of the which Christ for his great mercy forgive me the sins. But of the translation of Boece de Consolatione, and other books of consolation and of legend of lives of saints, and homilies, and moralities, and devotion, that thank I our Lord Jesus Christ, and his mother, and all the saints in heaven, beseeching them that they from henceforth unto my life’s end send me grace to bewail my guilts, and to study to the salvation of my soul, and grant me grace and space of very repentance, penitence, confession, and satisfaction, to do in this present life, through the benign grace

of Him that is King of kings and Priest of all priests, that bought us with his precious blood of his heart, so that I may be one of them at the day of doom that shall be saved: Qui cum Patre et Spiritu Sancto vivis et regnas Deus per omnia secula. Amen.

1.13.4 Reading and Review Questions

1. In Parlement of Fowles, how does Chaucer address courtly love? What do you think about the resolution of the story (in particular, Nature's judgment)?

2. In both Parlement of Fowles and the General Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, how does Chaucer present the various social classes? What kind of commentary does he appear to be offering about social class?

3. In the Canterbury Tales, how does the frame (the General Prologue, the pilgrims' self-descriptions and commentary between tales) affect the way that we read the individual tales?

4. In the General Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, the narrator withholds direct judgment of the other pilgrims, but gives the reader enough evidence to make their own judgments. How would you rank the pilgrims on a scale from Good to Evil? Be sure to use categories that allow for a range of answers (such as Ok, Neutral, or even Iffy—be inventive).

5. Chaucer uses humor very deliberately: not just to entertain, but also as a form of commentary. What are some examples of humor being used to comment on an issue, a behavior, or a character?

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1.18: Sir Gawain and the Green Knight

Author unknown

Late fourteenth century

Like Beowulf, Judith, and others, Sir Gawain and the Green Knight survives in only one manuscript, which contains three additional poems: Pearl, Patience, and Purity. We know almost nothing about the anonymous author. The remarkably detailed account of the hunt found in Gawain has led some scholars to believe that the author might have been attached in some way to a nobleman's household. The poet's fascination with courtly behavior in Gawain goes hand-in-hand with the religious imagery, such as the portrait of the Virgin Mary painted on the inside of Gawain's shield. It is possible that he was some kind of secular cleric, perhaps in some kind of secretarial or administrative job.1 One of the few details that we know with certainty about the author is that his dialect comes from the Midlands of England, right along the northern border with Wales. Since Gawain finds both Sir Bertilak's castle and the nearby Green Chapel in that exact area, it is reasonable to think that the author was from there.

The poem is organized into four parts, or fitts, which explore the tensions among the three main duties of Sir Gawain as a knight: loyalty to his lord (in this case, also his kin), proper courtly behavior (especially to women), and devotion to God. As with many medieval stories, anachronisms abound; Gawain wears the best Norman armor to be had in the fourteenth century, although the story is set much earlier, and the castle furnishings are up-to-date, complete with tapestries from Turkistan (line 858). The Gawain poem contains remarkable imagery (the change of seasons at the beginning of Part Two, or Fitt Two, is a good example) and a parallel plot in Part Three that is constructed perfectly (with a literal hunt outside and a figurative hunt inside).

The poem begins and ends with a reference to the fall of Troy; the first stanza follows the westward journey of certain Trojans, first to Rome and finally to Britain, with a reference to King Arthur's court. Considering the amount of parallelism in the rest of the poem, it sets up a pattern: Troy falls because of corruption from within (the poem mentions the "traitor" in line 3); Rome falls because of corruption from within; and as the original audience already knew, Arthur's court falls because of corruption from within. Considering that the story takes place when Arthur is still young, the emphasis on its future fall is surprising, and it reminds the reader to look for the cracks in the foundation that already exist. As described in the story, Arthur's court bears more than a passing resemblance to the Norman royal court; considering that Richard II was deposed not long after this poem was written, the poem could be both a warning and somewhat prophetic.

1) In An Introduction to the Gawain-Poet, Ad Putter speculates at length about the possible careers of the poet, noting that "the voice of the poet seems to come from the inside of an aristocratic household" and doubts that he was a priest (17). He also notes that the poet's obvious comfort with Latin is not an indication that he was a member of the ordained clergy, since both Geoffrey Chaucer and John Gower (among others) were fluent in Latin. In 1925, in their edition of the story, J.R.R. Tolkien and E.V. Gordon concluded that the poet "had an interest in theology, and some knowledge of it, though an amateur knowledge perhaps, rather than a professional" (Introduction to the 1st edition, xv). In the 2nd edition, they cite the poet's "detailed, even technical knowledge of hunting, of castle architecture, and of the armour and gear of a knight" (xxiv) in their speculation about his origin.

The style and themes of the poem do nothing to contradict this hypothesis. The author uses unrhymed alliteration in the style of earlier Anglo-Saxon literature (which was considered old-fashioned by this point, and certainly was not in style in the Norman court), along with a five-line rhymed "bob and wheel" section at the end of each stanza. The description of the Green Knight is reminiscent of the Celtic Green Man stories; the holly branch is Christmas-related, but also another Celtic reference (holly was sacred to the Druids); the ax he carries at the feast is reminiscent of a Saxon battle ax (the battle of Hastings came down to Saxons with battle axes versus Norman cavalry). Near the end of the poem, there is an extended reference to Morgan le Fay, Arthur's half-sister, whom the Green Knight calls "Morgan the Goddess" (line 2454), linking her to the Celtic goddess Morrigan.

The pro-Saxon/Celtic angle (which certainly fits the author's location) becomes even more likely when examining Arthur's court. Richard II was criticized for a variety of issues, including financial excesses and giving titles to flatterers and sycophants. When Gawain has left to search out the Green Knight, the court says that if he had not foolishly stepped forward, he would in time have been dubbed a duke, rather than beheaded because he was arrogant (lines 674-683). In other words, they belittle his "arrogance" at stepping forward to save the king, which they certainly would not have done, since inaction and cowardice evidently lead to promotion. Gawain's bravery and nobility appear to be lost on the court. Their reactions at the end of the story are questionable as well, since they turn a reminder of Gawain's one small flaw (which must be annoying to people who have many) into a meaningless fashion statement.

The fact that it is Gawain, and not Lancelot, who is the greatest knight of Arthur's court is also a throwback to earlier Welsh traditions. Lancelot is mentioned only once, in the middle of a list of knights, but he is there—a reminder to the original audience that Lancelot and Guinevere are the reason that Arthur's court will fall. (The fact that Morgan was exiled from the court by Guinevere for adultery makes Morgan's message to the queen potentially a threat, since Gawain tells a story of how he resists adultery, while Guinevere does not.) Historically, Gawain was one of Arthur's best warriors going back to the earliest stories. Chrétien de Troyes added Lancelot as the queen's lover (and the greatest knight) in the eleventh century, and as Lancelot's fame grew, Gawain's star (and reputation) had declined. By making Gawain once again the center of the court, the author is reasserting a Celtic/British tradition over the recent French alterations.

1.14.1 Suggested Reading

Armitage, Simon, translator. Sir Gawain and the Green Knight. Norton, 2007.

Borroff, Marie, translator. Sir Gawain and the Green Knight. Edited by Marie Borroff and Laura L.

Howes. Norton Critical Edition. Norton, 2010.

Putter, Ad. An Introduction to the Gawain-Poet. Longman, 1996.

Tolkien, J.R.R., and E.V. Gordon, editors. Sir Gawain and the Green Knight. 2nd edition edited by Norman Davis. Middle English version. Oxford UP, 1967.

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1.19: Sir Gawain and the Green Knight

I.

Siþen þe sege & þe assaut watz sesed at Troye,

Þe bor3 brittened & brent to bronde3 & askez,

Þe tulk þat þe trammes of tresoun þer wro3t,

Watz tried for his tricherie, þe trewest on erthe;

Hit watz Ennias þe athel, & his highe kynde,

Þat siþen depreced prouinces, & patrounes bicome

Welne3e of al þe wele in þe west iles,

Fro riche Romulus to Rome ricchis hym swyþe,

With gret bobbaunce þat bur3e he biges vpon fyrst,

& neuenes hit his aune nome, as hit now hat;

Ticius to Tuskan [turnes,] & teldes bigynnes;

Langaberde in Lumbardie lyftes vp homes;

& fer ouer þe French flod Felix Brutus

On mony bonkkes ful brode Bretayn he settez,

wyth wynne;

Where werre, & wrake, & wonder,

Bi syþez hatz wont þer-inne,

& oft boþe blysse & blunder

Ful skete hatz skyfted synne.

II.

Ande quen þis Bretayn watz bigged bi þis burn rych,

Bolde bredden þerinne, baret þat lofden,

In mony turned tyme tene þat wro3ten;

Mo ferlyes on þis folde han fallen here oft

Þen in any oþer þat I wot, syn þat ilk tyme.

Of all Britain's kings Arthur was the noblest.

Bot of alle þat here bult of Bretaygne kynges

Ay watz Arthur þe hendest; as I haf herde telle;

Forþi an aunter in erde I attle to schawe,

Þat a selly in si3t summe men hit holden,

& an outtrage awenture of Arthurez wonderez;

If 3e wyl lysten þis laye bot on littel quile,

I schal telle hit, as-tit, as I in toun herde,

with tonge;

As hit is stad & stoken,

In stori stif & stronge,

With lel letteres loken,

In londe so hatz ben longe.

III.

Þis kyng lay at Camylot vpon kryst-masse,

With mony luflych lorde, ledez of þe best,

with all the knights of the Round Table,

Rekenly of þe rounde table alle þo rich breþer,

With rych reuel ory3t, & rechles merþes;

Þer tournayed tulkes bitymez ful mony,

Iusted ful Iolilé þise gentyle kni3tes,

Syþen kayred to þe court, caroles to make.

For þer þe fest watz ilyche ful fiften dayes,

With alle þe mete & þe mirþe þat men couþe a-vyse;

Such glaumande gle glorious to here,

Dere dyn vp-on day, daunsyng on ny3tes,

Al watz hap vpon he3e in hallez & chambrez,

With lordez & ladies, as leuest him þo3t;

With all þe wele of þe worlde þay woned þer samen,

Þe most kyd kny3tez vnder kryste seluen,

& þe louelokkest ladies þat euer lif haden,

& he þe comlokest kyng þat þe court haldes;

For al watz þis fayre folk in her first age,

on sille;

Þe hapnest vnder heuen,

Kyng hy3est mon of wylle,

Hit were now gret nye to neuen

So hardy a here on hille.

IV.

Wyle nw 3er watz so 3ep þat hit watz nwe cummen,

Þat day doubble on þe dece watz þe douth serued,

Fro þe kyng watz cummen with kny3tes in to þe halle,

Þe chauntre of þe chapel cheued to an ende;

Loude crye watz þer kest of clerkez & oþer,

Nowel nayted o-newe, neuened ful ofte;

& syþen riche forth runnen to reche honde-selle,

3e3ed 3eres 3iftes on hi3, 3elde hem bi hond,

Debated busyly aboute þo giftes;

Ladies la3ed ful loude, þo3 þay lost haden,

& he þat wan watz not wrothe, þat may 3e wel trawe.

Alle þis mirþe þay maden to þe mete tyme;

When þay had waschen, worþyly þay wenten to sete,

Þe best burne ay abof, as hit best semed;

Whene Guenore ful gay, grayþed in þe myddes.

Dressed on þe dere des, dubbed al aboute,

Smal sendal bisides, a selure hir ouer

Of tryed Tolouse, of Tars tapites in-noghe,

Þat were enbrawded & beten wyth þe best gemmes,

Þat my3t be preued of prys wyth penyes to bye,

in daye;

Þe comlokest to discrye,

Þer glent with y3en gray,

A semloker þat euer he sy3e,

Soth mo3t no mon say.

V.

Bot Arthure wolde not ete til al were serued,

He watz so Ioly of his Ioyfnes, & sum-quat child gered,

His lif liked hym ly3t, he louied þe lasse

Auþer to lenge lye, or to longe sitte,

So bi-sied him his 3onge blod & his brayn wylde;

& also anoþer maner meued him eke,

Þat he þur3 nobelay had nomen, ho wolde neuer ete

Vpon such a dere day, er hym deuised were

Of sum auenturus þyng an vncouþe tale,

Of sum mayn meruayle, þat he my3t trawe,

Of alderes, of armes, of oþer auenturus,

Oþer sum segg hym bi-so3t of sum siker kny3t,

To Ioyne wyth hym in iustyng in Iopardé to lay,

Lede lif for lyf, leue vchon oþer,

As fortune wolde fulsun hom þe fayrer to haue.

Þis watz [þe] kynges countenaunce where he in court were,

At vch farand fest among his fre meny,

in halle;

Þerfore of face so fere.

He sti3tlez stif in stalle,

Ful 3ep in þat nw 3ere,

Much mirthe he mas with alle.

VI.

Thus þer stondes in stale þe stif kyng his-seluen,

Talkkande bifore þe hy3e table of trifles ful hende

There gode Gawan watz grayþed, Gwenore bisyde

& Agrauayn a la dure mayn on þat oþer syde sittes

Boþe þe kynges sister sunes, & ful siker kni3tes;

Bischop Bawdewyn abof biginez þe table,

& Ywan, Vryn son, ette wit hym-seluen;

Þise were di3t on þe des, & derworþly serued,

& siþen mony siker segge at þe sidbordez.

Þen þe first cors come with crakkyng of trumpes,

Wyth mony baner ful bry3t, þat þer-bi henged,

Nwe nakryn noyse with þe noble pipes,

Wylde werbles & wy3t wakned lote,

Þat mony hert ful hi3e hef at her towches;

Dayntes dryuen þer-wyth of ful dere metes,

Foysoun of þe fresche, & on so fele disches,

Þat pine to fynde þe place þe peple bi-forne

For to sette þe syluener, þat sere sewes halden,

on clothe;

Iche lede as he loued hym-selue

Þer laght with-outen loþe,

Ay two had disches twelue,

Good ber, & bry3t wyn boþe.

VII.

Now wyl I of hor seruise say yow no more,

For veh wy3e may wel wit no wont þat þer were;

An oþer noyse ful newe ne3ed biliue,

Þat þe lude my3t haf leue lif-lode to cach.

For vneþe watz þe noyce not a whyle sesed,

& þe fyrst cource in þe court kyndely serued,

Þer hales in at þe halle dor an aghlich mayster,

On þe most on þe molde on mesure hyghe;

Fro þe swyre to þe swange so sware & so þik,

& his lyndes & his lymes so longe & so grete,

Half etayn in erde I hope þat he were.

Bot mon most I algate mynn hym to bene,

& þat þe myriest in his muckel þat my3t ride;

For of bak & of brest al were his bodi sturne,

Bot his wombe & his wast were worthily smale,

& alle his fetures fol3ande, in forme þat he hade,

ful clene;

For wonder of his hwe men hade,

Set in his semblaunt sene;

He ferde as freke were fade,

& oueral enker grene.

VIII.

Ande al grayþed in grene þis gome & his wedes,

A strayt cote ful stre3t, þat stek on his sides,

A mere mantile abof, mensked with-inne,

With pelure pured apert þe pane ful clene,

With blyþe blaunner ful bry3t, & his hod boþe,

Þat watz la3t fro his lokke3, & layde on his schulderes

Heme wel haled, hose of þat same grene,

Þat spenet on his sparlyr, & clene spures vnder,

Of bry3t golde, vpon silk bordes, barred ful ryche

& scholes vnder schankes, þere þe schalk rides;

& alle his vesture uerayly watz clene verdure,

Boþe þe barres of his belt & oþer blyþe stones,

Þat were richely rayled in his aray clene,

Aboutte hymself & his sadel, vpon silk werkez,

Þat were to tor for to telle of tryfles þe halue,

Þat were enbrauded abof, wyth bryddes & fly3es,

With gay gaudi of grene, þe golde ay in myddes;

Þe pendauntes of his payttrure, þe proude cropure

His molaynes, & alle þe metail anamayld was þenne

Þe steropes þat he stod on, stayned of þe same,

& his arsounz al after, & his aþel sturtes,

Þat euer glemered1 & glent al of grene stones.

Þe fole þat he ferkkes on, fyn of þat ilke, sertayn;

A grene hors gret & þikke,

A stede ful stif to strayne,

In brawden brydel quik,

To þe gome he watz ful gayn.

IX.

Wel gay watz þis gome gered in grene,

& þe here of his hed of his hors swete;

Fayre fannand fax vmbe-foldes his schulderes;

His great beard, like a bush, hung on his breast.

A much berd as a busk ouer his brest henges,

Þat wyth his hi3lich here, þat of his hed reches,

Watz euesed al vmbetorne, abof his elbowes,

Þat half his armes þer vnder were halched in þe wyse

Of a kyngez capados, þat closes his swyre.

The horse’s mane was decked with golden threads.

Þe mane of þat mayn hors much to hit lyke

Wel cresped & cemmed wyth knottes ful mony,

Folden in wyth fildore aboute þe fayre grene,

Ay a herle of þe here, an oþer of golde;

Its tail was bound with a green band.

Þe tayl & his toppyng twynnen of a sute,

& bounden boþe wyth a bande of a bry3t grene,

Dubbed wyth ful dere stonez, as þe dok lasted,

Syþen þrawen wyth a þwong a þwarle knot alofte,

Þer mony bellez ful bry3t of brende golde rungen.

Such a fole vpon folde, ne freke þat hym rydes,

Watz neuer sene in þat sale wyth sy3t er þat tyme,

with y3e;

He loked as layt so ly3t,

So sayd al þat hym sy3e,

It seemed that no man might endure his dints.

Hit semed as no mon my3t,

Vnder his dynttez dry3e.

X.

Wheþer hade he no helme ne hawb[e]rgh nauþer,

Ne no pysan, ne no plate þat pented to armes,

Ne no schafte, ne no schelde, to schwne ne to smyte,

Bot in his on honde he hade a holyn bobbe,

Þat is grattest in grene, when greuez ar bare,

& an ax in his oþer, a hoge & vn-mete,

A spetos sparþe to expoun in spelle quo-so my3t;

Þe hede of an eln3erde þe large lenkþe hade,

Þe grayn al of grene stele & of golde hewen,

Þe bit burnyst bry3t, with a brod egge,

As wel schapen to schere as scharp rasores;

Þe stele of a stif staf þe sturne hit bi-grypte,

Þat watz wounden wyth yrn to þe wandez ende,

& al bigrauen with grene, in gracios werkes;

A lace lapped aboute, þat louked at þe hede,

& so after þe halme halched ful ofte,

Wyth tryed tasselez þerto tacched in-noghe,

On botounz of þe bry3t grene brayden ful ryche.

Þis haþel heldez hym in, & þe halle entres,

Driuande to þe he3e dece, dut he no woþe,

Haylsed he neuer one, bot he3e he ouer loked.

Þe fyrst word þat he warp, “wher is,” he sayd,

“Þe gouernour of þis gyng? gladly I wolde

Se þat segg in sy3t, & with hym self speke raysoun.”

To kny3tez he kest his y3e,

& reled hym vp & doun,

He stemmed & con studie,

Quo walt þer most renoun.

XI.

Ther watz lokyng on lenþe, þe lude to be-holde,

For vch mon had meruayle quat hit mene my3t,

Þat a haþel & a horse my3t such a hwe lach,

As growe grene as þe gres & grener hit semed,

Þen grene aumayl on golde lowande bry3ter;

Al studied þat þer stod, & stalked hym nerre,

Wyth al þe wonder of þe worlde, what he worch schulde.

For fele sellyez had þay sen, bot such neuer are,

For-þi for fantoum & fayry3e þe folk þere hit demed;

Þerfore to answare watz ar3e mony aþel freke,

& al stouned at his steuen, & stonstil seten,

In a swoghe sylence þur3 þe sale riche

As al were slypped vpon slepe so slaked hor lotez

in hy3e;

I deme hit not al for doute,

Bot sum for cortaysye,

Bot let hym þat al schulde loute,

Cast vnto þat wy3e.

XII.

Þenn Arþour bifore þe hi3 dece þat auenture byholdez,

& rekenly hym reuerenced, for rad was he neuer,

& sayde, “wy3e, welcum iwys to þis place,

Þe hede of þis ostel Arthour I hat,

Li3t luflych adoun, & lenge, I þe praye,

& quat so þy wylle is, we schal wyt after.”

“Nay, as help me,” quod þe haþel, “he þat on hy3e syttes,

To wone any quyle in þis won, hit watz not myn ernde;

Bot for þe los of þe lede is lyft vp so hy3e,

& þy bur3 & þy burnes best ar holden,

Stifest vnder stel-gere on stedes to ryde,

Þe wy3test & þe worþyest of þe worldes kynde,

Preue for to play wyth in oþer pure laykez;

& here is kydde cortaysye, as I haf herd carp,

& þat hatz wayned me hider, Iwyis, at þis tyme.

3e may be seker bi þis braunch þat I bere here,

Þat I passe as in pes, & no ply3t seche;

For had I founded in fere, in fe3tyng wyse,

I haue a hauberghe at home & a helme boþe,

A schelde, & a scharp spere, schinande bry3t,

Ande oþer weppenes to welde, I wene wel als,

Bot for I wolde no were, my wedez ar softer.

Bot if þou be so bold as alle burnez tellen,

Þou wyl grant me godly þe gomen þat I ask,

bi ry3t.”

Arthour con onsware,

& sayd, “sir cortays kny3t,

If þou craue batayl bare,

Here faylez þou not to fy3t.”

XIII.

“Nay, frayst I no fy3t, in fayth I þe telle,

Hit arn aboute on þis bench bot berdlez chylder;

If I were hasped in armes on a he3e stede,

Here is no mon me to mach, for my3tez so wayke.

For-þy I craue in þis court a crystmas gomen,

For hit is 3ol & nwe 3er, & here ar 3ep mony;

If any so hardy in þis hous holdez hymseluen,

Be so bolde in his blod, brayn in hys hede,

Þat dar stifly strike a strok for an oþer,

I schal gif hym of my gyft þys giserne ryche,

Þis ax, þat is heué in-nogh, to hondele as hym lykes,

& I schal bide þe fyrst bur, as bare as I sitte.

If any freke be so felle to fonde þat I telle,

Lepe ly3tly me to, & lach þis weppen,

I quit clayme hit for euer, kepe hit as his auen,

& I schal stonde hym a strok, stif on þis flet,

Ellez þou wyl di3t me þe dom to dele hym an oþer,

barlay;

& 3et gif hym respite,

A twelmonyth & a day;—

Now hy3e, & let se tite

Dar any her-inne o3t say."

XIV.

If he hem stowned vpon fyrst, stiller were þanne

Alle þe hered-men in halle, þe hy3 & þe lo3e;

Þe renk on his rounce hym ruched in his sadel,

& runisch-ly his rede y3en he reled aboute,

Bende his bresed bro3ez, blycande grene,

Wayued his berde for to wayte quo-so wolde ryse.

When non wolde kepe hym with carp he co3ed ful hy3e,

Ande rimed hym ful richley, & ry3t hym to speke:

"What, is þis Arþures hous," quod þe haþel þenne,

“Þat al þe rous rennes of, þur3 ryalmes so mony?

Where is now your sourquydrye & your conquestes,

Your gry[n]del-layk, & your greme, & your grete wordes?

Now is þe reuel & þe renoun of þe rounde table

Ouer-walt wyth a worde of on wy3es speche;

For al dares for drede, with-oute dynt schewed!”

Wyth þis he la3es so loude, þat þe lorde greued;

Þe blod schot for scham in-to his schyre face & lere;

He wex as wroth as wynde,

So did alle þat þer were

Þe kyng as kene bi kynde,

Þen stod þat stif mon nere.

XV.

Ande sayde, “haþel, by heuen þyn askyng is nys,

& as þou foly hatz frayst, fynde þe be-houes;

I know no gome þat is gast of þy grete wordes.

Gif me now þy geserne, vpon godez halue,

& I schal bayþen þy bone, þat þou boden habbes.”

Ly3tly lepez he hym to, & la3t at his honde;

Þen feersly þat oþer freke vpon fote ly3tis.

Now hatz Arthure his axe, & þe halme grypez,

& sturnely sturez hit aboute, þat stryke wyth hit þo3t.

Þe stif mon hym bifore stod vpon hy3t,

Herre þen ani in þe hous by þe hede & more;

Wyth sturne schere þer he stod, he stroked his berde,

& wyth a countenaunce dry3e he dro3 doun his cote,

No more mate ne dismayd for hys mayn dintez,

Þen any burne vpon bench hade bro3t hym to drynk of wyne,

Gawan, þat sate bi þe quene,

To þe kyng he can enclyne,

“I be-seche now with sa3ez sene,

Þis melly mot be myne.”

XVI.

“Wolde 3e, worþilych lorde,” quod Gawan to þe kyng,

“Bid me bo3e fro þis benche, & stonde by yow þere,

Þat I wyth-oute vylanye my3t voyde þis table,

& þat my legge lady lyked not ille,

I wolde com to your counseyl, bifore your cort ryche.

For me þink hit not semly, as hit is soþ knawen,

Þer such an askyng is heuened so hy3e in your sale,

Þa33e 3our-self be talenttyf to take hit to your-seluen,

Whil mony so bolde yow aboute vpon bench sytten,

Þat vnder heuen, I hope, non ha3er er of wylle,

Ne better bodyes on bent, þer baret is rered;

I am þe wakkest, I wot, and of wyt feblest,

& lest lur of my lyf, quo laytes þe soþe,

Bot for as much as 3e ar myn em, I am only to prayse,

No bounté bot your blod I in my bodé knowe;

& syþen þis note is so nys, þat no3t hit yow falles,

& I haue frayned hit at yow fyrst, foldez hit to me,

& if I carp not comlyly, let alle þis cort rych, bout blame.”

Ryche to-geder con roun,

& syþen þay redden alle same,

To ryd þe kyng wyth croun, & gif Gawan þe game.

XVII.

Þen comaunded þe kyng þe kny3t for to ryse;

& he ful radly vp ros, & ruchched hym fayre,

Kneled doun bifore þe kyng, & cachez þat weppen;

& he luflyly hit hym laft, & lyfte vp his honde,

& gef hym goddez blessyng, & gladly hym biddes

Þat his hert & his honde schulde hardi be boþe.

“Kepe þe cosyn,” quod þe kyng, “þat þou on kyrf sette,

& if þou redez hym ry3t, redly I trowe,

Þat þou schal byden þe bur þat he schal bede after.

Gawan gotz to þe gome, with giserne in honde,

& he baldly hym bydez, he bayst neuer þe helder

Þen carppez to sir Gawan þe kny3t in þe grene,

“Refourme we oure for-wardes, er we fyrre passe.

Fyrst I eþe þe, haþel, how þat þou hattes,

Þat þou me telle truly, as I tryst may?”

“In god fayth,” quod þe goode kny3t, “Gawan I hatte,

Þat bede þe þis buffet, quatso bi-fallez after,

& at þis tyme twelmonyth take at þe anoþer,

Wyth what weppen so1 þou wylt, & wyth no wy3 elle3, on lyue.”

Þat oþer on-swarez agayn,

“Sir Gawan, so mot I þryue,

As I am ferly fayn.

Þis dint þat þou schal dryue.”

XVIII.

“Bigog,” quod þe grene kny3t, “sir Gawan, melykes,

Þat I schal fange at þy fust þat I haf frayst here;

& þou hatz redily rehersed, bi resoun ful trwe,

Clanly al þe couenaunt þat I þe kynge asked,

Saf þat þou schal siker me, segge, bi þi trawþe,

Þat þou schal seche me þi-self, whereso þou hopes

I may be funde vpon folde, & foch þe such wages

As þou deles me to day, bifore þis douþe ryche.”

“Where schulde I wale þe,” quod Gauan, “where is þy place?

I wot neuer where þou wonyes, bi hym þat me wro3t,

Ne I know not þe, kny3t, þy cort, ne þi name.

Bot teche me truly þer-to, & telle me howe þou hattes,

& I schal ware alle my wyt to wynne me þeder,

& þat I swere þe for soþe, & by my seker traweþ.”

“Þat is in-nogh in nwe 3er, hit nedes no more,”

Quod þe gome in þe grene to Gawan þe hende,

“3if I þe telle trwly, quen I þe tape haue,

& þou me smoþely hatz smyten, smartly I þe teche

Of my hous, & my home, & myn owen nome,

Þen may þou frayst my fare, & forwardez holde,

& if I spende no speche, þenne spedez þou þe better,

For þou may leng in þy londe, & layt no fyrre, bot slokes;

Ta now þy grymme tole to þe,

& let se how þou cnokez.”

“Gladly sir, for soþe,”

Quod Gawan; his ax he strokes.

XIX.

The grene kny3t vpon grounde grayþely hym dresses,

A littel lut with þe hede, þe lere he discouerez,

His longe louelych lokkez he layd ouer his croun.

Let þe naked nec to þe note schewe.

Gauan gripped to his ax, & gederes hit on hy3t,

Þe kay fot on þe folde he be-fore sette,

Let hit doun ly3tly ly3t on þe naked,

Þat þe scharp of þe schalk schyndered þe bones,

& schrank þur3 þe schyire grece, & scade hit in twynne,

Þat þe bit of þe broun stel bot on þe grounde.

Þe fayre hede fro þe halce hit [felle] to þe erþe,

Þat fele hit foyned wyth her fete, þere hit forth roled;

Þe blod brayd fro þe body, þat blykked on þe grene;

& nawþer faltered ne fel þe freke neuer þe helder,

Bot styþly he start forth vpon styf schonkes,

& ru[n]yschly he ra3t out, þere as renkkez stoden,

La3t to his lufly hed, & lyft hit vp sone;

& syþen bo3ez to his blonk, þe brydel he cachchez,

Steppez in to stel bawe & strydez alofte,

& his hede by þe here in his honde haldez;

& as sadly þe segge hym in his sadel sette,

As non vnhap had hym ayled, þa3 hedlez he we[re], in stedde;

He brayde his bluk aboute,

Þat vgly bodi þat bledde,

Moni on of hym had doute,

Bi þat his resounz were redde.

XX.

For þe hede in his honde he haldez vp euen,

To-ward þe derrest on þe dece he dressez þe face,

& hit lyfte vp þe y3e-lyddez, & loked ful brode,

& meled þus much with his muthe, as 3e may now here.

“Loke, Gawan, þou be grayþe to go as þou hettez,

& layte as lelly til þou me, lude, fynde,

As þou hatz hette in þis halle, herande þise kny3tes;

To þe grene chapel þou chose, I charge þe to fotte,

Such a dunt as þou hat3z dalt disserued þou habbez,

To be 3ederly 3olden on nw 3eres morn;

Þe kny3t of þe grene chapel men knowen me mony;

Forþi me forto fynde if þou fraystez, faylez þou neuer,

come, or recreant be called.”

Þer-fore com, oþer recreaunt be calde þe be-houeus.”

With a runisch rout þe raynez he tornez,

Halled out at þe hal-dor, his hed in his hande,

Þat þe fyr of þe flynt fla3e fro fole houes.

To quat kyth he be-com, knwe non þere,

Neuermore þen þay wyste fram queþen he watz wonnen; what þenne?

Þe kyng & Gawen þare,

At þat grene þay la3e & grenne,

3et breued watz hit ful bare,

A meruayl among þo menne.

XXI.

Þa3 Arþer þe hende kyng at hert hade wonder,

He let no semblaunt be sene, bot sayde ful hy3e

To þe comlych quene, wyth cortays speche,

“Dere dame, to day demay yow neuer;

Wel by-commes such craft vpon cristmasse,

Laykyng of enterludez, to la3e & to syng.

Among þise, kynde caroles of kny3tez & ladyez;

Neuer þe lece to my mete I may me wel dres,

For I haf sen a selly, I may not for-sake.”

He glent vpon sir Gawen, & gaynly he sayde,

“Now sir, heng vp þyn ax, þat hatz innogh hewen.”

& hit watz don abof þe dece, on doser to henge,

Þer alle men for meruayl my3t on hit loke,

& bi trwe tytel þerof to telle þe wonder.

Þenne þay bo3ed to a borde þise burnes to-geder,

Þe kyng & þe gode kny3t, & kene men hem serued

Of alle dayntyez double, as derrest my3t falle,

Wyth alle maner of mete & mynstralcie boþe;

Wyth wele walt þay þat day, til worþed an ende, in londe.

Now þenk wel, sir Gawan,

For woþe þat þou ne wonde,

Þis auenture forto frayn,

Þat þou hatz tan on honde.

FYTTE THE SECOND

I.

This hanselle hatz Arthur of auenturus on fyrst,

In 3onge 3er, for he 3erned 3elpyng to here,

Tha3 hym wordez were wane, when þay to sete wenten;

Now ar þay stoken of sturne werk staf-ful her hond.

Gawan watz glad to begynne þose gomnez in halle,

Bot þa3 þe ende be heuy, haf 3e no wonder;

For þa3 men ben mery in mynde, quen þay han mayn drynk,

A 3ere 3ernes ful 3erne, & 3eldez neuer lyke,

Þe forme to þe fynisment foldez ful selden.

Forþi þis 3ol ouer-3ede, & þe 3ere after,

& vche sesoun serlepes sued after oþer;

After crystenmasse com þe crabbed lentoun,

Þat fraystez flesch wyth þe fysche & fode more symple

Bot þenne þe weder of þe worlde wyth wynter hit þrepez,

Colde clengez adoun, cloudez vplyften,

Schyre schedez þe rayn in schowrez ful warme,

Fallez vpon fayre flat, flowrez þere schewen,

Boþe groundez & þe greuez grene ar her wedez,

Bryddez busken to bylde, & bremlych syngen,

For solace of þe softe somer þat sues þer after, bi bonk;

& blossumez bolne to blowe,

Bi rawez rych & ronk,

Þen notez noble inno3e,

Ar herde in wod so wlonk.

II.

After þe sesoun of somer wyth þe soft wyndez,

Quen Zeferus syflez hym-self on sedez & erbez,

Wela wynne is þe wort þat woxes þer-oute.

When þe donkande dewe dropez of þe leuez,

To bide a blysful blusch of þe bry3t sunne.

Bot þen hy3es heruest, & hardenes hym sone.

Warnez hym for þe wynter to wax ful rype;

He dryues wyth dro3t þe dust for to ryse.

Fro þe face of þe folde to fly3e ful hy3e;

Wroþe wynde of þe welkyn wrastelez with þe sunne,

Þe leuez lancen fro þe lynde, & ly3ten on þe grounde,

& al grayes þe gres, þat grene watz ere;

Þenne al rypez & rotez þat ros vpon fyrst,

& þus 3irnez þe 3ere in 3isterdayez mony,

& wynter wynde3 a3ayn, as þe worlde askez no sage.

Til me3el-mas mone,

Watz cumen wyth wynter wage;

Þen þenkkez Gawan ful sone,

Of his anious uyage

III.

3et quyl al-hal-day with Arþer he lenges,

& he made a fare on þat fest, for þe frekez sake,

With much reuel & ryche of þe rounde table;

Kny3tez ful cortays & comlych ladies,

Al for luf of þat lede in longynge þay were,

Bot neuer-þe-lece ne þe later þay neuened bot merþe,

Mony ioylez for þat ientyle iapez þer maden.

For aftter mete, with mournyng he melez to his eme,

& speke3 of his passage, & pertly he sayde,

“Now, lege lorde of my lyf, leue I yow ask;

3e knowe þe cost of þis cace, kepe I no more

To telle yow tenez þerof neuer bot trifel;

Bot I am boun to þe bur barely to morne,

To sech þe gome of þe grene, as god wyl me wysse.”

Þenne þe best of þe bur3 bo3ed to-geder,

Aywan, & Errik, & oþer ful mony,

Sir Doddinaual de Sauage, þe duk of Clarence,

Launcelot, & Lyonel, & Lucan þe gode,

Sir Boos, & sir Byduer, big men boþe,

& mony oþer menskful, with Mador de la Port.

Alle þis compayny of court com þe kyng nerre,

For to counseyl þe kny3t, with care at her hert;

Þere watz much derue doel driuen in þe sale,

Þat so worthe as Wawan schulde wende on þat ernde,

To dry3e a delful dynt, & dele no more

wyth bronde.

Þe kny3t mad ay god chere,

& sayde, “quat schuld I wonde,

Of destines derf & dere,

What may mon do bot fonde?”

IV.

He dowellez þer al þat day, and dressez on þe morn,

Askez erly hys armez, & alle were þay bro3t

Fyrst a tule tapit, ty3t ouer þe flet,

& miche watz þe gyld gere þat glent þer alofte;

Þe stif mon steppez þeron, & þe stel hondolez,

Dubbed in a dublet of a dere tars,

& syþen a crafty capados, closed aloft,

Þat wyth a bry3t blaunner was bounden withinne;

Þenne set þay þe sabatounz vpon þe segge fotez,

His legez lapped in stel with luflych greuez,

With polaynez piched þerto, policed ful clene,

Aboute his knez knaged wyth knotez of golde;

Queme quyssewes þen, þat coyntlych closed

His thik þrawen þy3ez with þwonges to tachched;

& syþen þe brawden bryne of bry3t stel rynge3,

Vmbe-weued þat wy3, vpon wlonk stuffe;

& wel bornyst brace vpon his boþe armes,

With gode cowters & gay, & glouez of plate,

& alle þe godlych gere þat hym gayn schulde

Þat tyde;

Wyth ryche cote armure,

His gold sporez spend with pryde,

Gurde wyth a bront ful sure,

With silk sayn vmbe his syde.

V.

When he watz hasped in armes, his harnays watz ryche;

Þe lest lachet ou[þ]er loupe lemed of golde;

So harnayst as he watZ he herkneZ his masse,

Offred & honoured at þe he3e auter;

Syþen he comeZ to þe kyng & to his cort-ferez,

Lachez lufly his leue at lordez & ladyez;

& þay hym kyst & conueyed, bikende hym to kryst.

Bi þat watz Gryngolet grayth, & gurde with a sadel,

Þat glemed ful gayly with mony golde frenges,

Ay quere naylet ful nwe for þat note ryched;

Þe brydel barred aboute, with bry3t golde bounden;

Þe apparayl of þe payttrure, & of þe proude skyrtez,

Þe cropore, & þe couertor, acorded wyth þe arsounez;

& al watz rayled on red ryche golde naylez,

Þat al glytered & glent as glem of þe sunne.

Þenne hentes he þe holme, & hastily hit kysses,

Þat watz stapled stifly, & stoffed wyth-inne:

Hit watz hy3e on his hede, hasped bihynde,

Wyth a ly3tli vrysoun ouer þe auentayle,

Enbrawden & bounden wyth þe best gemmez,

On brode sylkyn borde, & brydde3 on semez,

As papiayez paynted pernyng bitwene,

Tortors & trulofez entayled so þyk,

As mony burde þer aboute had ben seuen wynter

in toune;

Þe cercle watz more o prys,

Þat vmbe-clypped hys croun,

Of diamauntez a deuys,

Þat boþe were bry3t & broun.

VI.

Then þay schewed hym þe schelde, þat was of schyr goulez,

Wyth þe pentangel de-paynt of pure golde hwez;

He braydez hit by þe baude-ryk, aboute þe hals kestes,

Þat bisemed þe segge semlyly fayre.

& quy þe pentangel apendez to þat prynce noble,

I am in tent yow to telle, þof tary hyt me schulde;

Hit is a syngne þat Salamon set sum-quyle,

In bytoknyng of trawþe, bi tytle þat hit habbez,

For hit is a figure þat haldez fyue poyntez,

& vche lyne vmbe-lappe3 & loukez in oþer,

& ayquere hit is endelez, & Englych hit callen

Oueral, as I here, þe endeles knot.

Forþy hit acordez to þis kny3t, & to his cler armez,

For ay faythful in fyue & sere fyue syþez,

Gawan watz for gode knawen, & as golde pured,

Voyded of vche vylany, wyth vertuez ennourned in mote;

Forþy þe pentangel nwe

He ber in schelde & cote,

As tulk of tale most trwe,

& gentylest kny3t of lote.

VII.

Fyrst he watz funden fautlez in his fyue wyttez,

& efte fayled neuer þe freke in his fyue fyngres,

& alle his afyaunce vpon folde watz in þe fyue woundez

Þat Cryst ka3t on þe croys, as þe crede tellez;

& quere-so-euer þys mon in melly watz stad,

His þro þo3t wat3 in þat, þur3 alle oþer þyngez,

Þat alle his forsnes he fong at þe fyue ioyez,

Þat þe hende heuen quene had of hir chylde;

At þis cause þe kny3t comlyche hade

In þe more half of his schelde hir ymage depaynted,

Þat quen he blusched þerto, his belde neuer payred.

Þe fyrst fyue þat I finde þat þe frek vsed,

Wat3 fraunchyse, & fela3schyp for-be2 al þyng;

His clannes & his cortaysye croked were neuer,

& pite, þat passez alle poyntez, þyse pure fyue

Were harder happed on þat haþel þen on any oþer.

Now alle þese fyue syþez, forsoþe, were fetled on þis kny3t,

& vchone halched in oþer, þat non ende hade,

& fyched vpon fyue poyntez, þat fayld neuer,

Ne samned neuer in no syde, ne sundred nouþ[er],

Withouten ende at any noke [a]i quere fynde,

Whereeuer þe gomen bygan, or glod to an ende.

Þerfore on his schene schelde schapen watz þe knot,

Þus alle wyth red golde vpon rede gowlez,

Þat is þe pure pentaungel wyth þe peple called, with lore.

Now grayþed is Gawan gay,

& la3t his launce ry3t þore,

& gef hem alle goud day,

He wende for euer more.

VIII.

He sperred þe sted with þe spurez, & sprong on his way,

So stif þat þe ston fyr stroke out þer-after;

Al þat se3 þat semly syked in hert,

& sayde soþly al same segges til oþer,

Carande for þat comly, “bi Kryst, hit is scaþe,

Þat þou, leude, schal be lost, þat art of lyf noble!

To fynde hys fere vpon folde, in fayth is not eþe;

Warloker to haf wro3t had more wyt bene,

& haf dy3t 3onder dere a duk to haue worþed;

A lowande leder of ledez in londe hym wel semez,

& so had better haf ben þen britned to no3t,

Hadet wyth an aluisch mon, for angardez pryde.

Who knew euer any kyng such counsel to take,

As kny3tez in cauelounz on crystmasse gomnez!”

Wel much watz þe warme water þat waltered of y3en,

When þat semly syre so3t fro þo wonez þat daye;

He made non abode,

Bot wy3tly went hys way,

Mony wylsum way he rode,

Þe bok as I herde say.

IX.

Now ridez þis renk þur3 þe ryalme of Logres,

Sir Gauan on Godez halue, þa3 hym no gomen þo3t;

Oft, leudlez alone, he lengez on ny3tez,

Þer he fonde no3t hym byfore þe fare þat he lyked;

Hade he no fere bot his fole, bi frythez & dounez,

Ne no gome bot God, bi gate wyth to karp,

Til þat he ne3ed ful noghe1 in to þe Norþe Walez;

Alle þe iles of Anglesay on lyft half he haldez,

& fare3 ouer þe fordez by þe forlondez,

Ouer at þe Holy-Hede, til he hade eft bonk

In þe wyldrenesse of Wyrale; wonde þer bot lyte

Þat auþer God oþer gome wyth goud hert louied.

& ay he frayned, as he ferde, at frekez þat he met,

He enquires after the Green Knight of the Green Chapel,704

If þay hade herde any karp of a kny3t grene,

In any grounde þer-aboute, of þe grene chapel;2

& al nykked hym wyth nay, þat neuer in her lyue

Þay se3e neuer no segge þat watz of suche hwez

of grene.

Þe kny3t tok gates straunge,

In mony a bonk vnbene,

His cher ful oft con chaunge,

Þat chapel er he my3t sene.

X.

Mony klyf he ouerclambe in contrayez straunge,

Fer floten fro his frendez fremedly he rydez;

At vche warþe oþer water þer þe wy3e passed,

He fonde a foo hym byfore, bot ferly hit were,

& þat so foule & so felle, þat fe3t hym by-hode;

So mony meruayl hi mount þer þe mon fyndez,

Hit were to tore for to telle of þe tenþe dole.

Sumwhyle wyth wormez he werrez, & with wolues als,

Sumwhyle wyth wodwos, þat woned in þe knarrez,

Boþe wyth bullez & berez, & borez oþerquyle,

& etaynez, þat hym anelede, of þe he3e felle;

Nade he ben du3ty & dry3e, & dry3tyn had serued,

Douteles he hade ben ded, & dreped ful ofte.

For werre wrathed hym not so much, þat wynter was wors,

When þe colde cler water fro þe cloudez schadden,

& fres er hit falle my3t to þe fale erþe;

Ner slayn wyth þe slete he sleped in his yrnes,

Mo ny3tez þen innoghe in naked rokkez,

Þer as claterande fro þe crest þe colde borne rennez,

& henged he3e ouer his hede in hard ÿsse-ikkles.

Þus in peryl, & payne, & plytes ful harde,

Bi contray caryez þis kny3t, tyl kryst-masse euen, al one;

Þe kny3t wel þat tyde,

To Mary made his mone.

Þat ho hym red to ryde,

& wysse hym to sum wone.

XI.

Bi a mounte on þe morne meryly he rydes,

Into a forest ful dep, þat ferly watz wylde,

Hi3e hillez on vche a halue, & holtwodez vnder,

Of hore okez fill hoge a hundreth togeder;

Þe hasel & þe ha3þorne were harled al samen,

With ro3e raged mosse rayled aywhere,

With mony bryddez vnblyþe vpon bare twyges,

Þat pitosly þer piped for pyne of þe colde.

Þe gome vpon Gryngolet glydez hem vnder,

Þur3 mony misy & myre, mon al hym one,

Carande for his costes, lest he ne keuer schulde,

To se þe seruy of þat syre, þat on þat self ny3t

Of a burde watz borne, oure baret to quelle;

& þerfore sykyng he sayde, “I be-seche þe, lorde,

& Mary, þat is myldest moder so dere.

Of sum herber, þer he3ly I my3t here masse.

Ande þy matynez to-morne, mekely I ask,

& þer-to prestly I pray my pater & aue,

& crede."

He rode in his prayere,

& cryed for his mysdede,

He sayned hym in syþes sere,

& sayde "cros Kryst me spede!"

XII.

Nade he sayned hym-self, segge, bot þrye,

Er he watz war in þe wod of a won in a mote.

Abof a launde, on a lawe, loken vnder bo3ez,

Of mony borelych bole, aboute bi þe diches;

A castel þe comlokest þat euer kny3t a3te,

Pyched on a prayere, a park al aboute,

With a pyked palays, pyned ful þik,

Þat vmbe-te3e mony tre mo þen two myle.

Þat holde on þat on syde þe haþel auysed,

As hit schemered & schon þur3 þe schyre okez;

Þenne hatz he hendly of his helme, & he3ly he þonkez

Iesus & say[nt] Gilyan, þat gentyle ar boþe,

Þat cortaysly hade hym kydde, & his cry herkened.

"Now bone hostel," coþe þe burne, "I beseche yow 3ette!"

Þenne gerdez he to Gryngolet with þe gilt helez,

& he ful chauncely hatz chosen to þe chef gate,

Þat bro3t bremly þe burne to þe bryge ende,

in haste;

Þe bryge watz breme vp-brayde,

Þe 3atez wer stoken faste,

Þe wallez were wel arayed,

Hit dut no wyndez blaste.

XIII.

Þe burne bode on bonk, þat on blonk houed,

Of þe depe double dich þat drof to þe place,

Þe walle wod in þe water wonderly depe,

Ande eft a ful huge he3t hit haled vpon lofte,

Of harde hewen ston vp to þe tablez,

Enbaned vnder þe abataylment, in þe best lawe;

& syþen garytez ful gaye gered bitwene,

Wyth mony luflych loupe, þat louked ful clene;

A better barbican þat burne blusched vpon neuer;

& innermore he be-helde þat halle ful hy3e,

Towre telded bytwene trochet ful þik,

Fayre fylyolez þat fy3ed, & ferlyly long,

With coruon coprounes, craftyly sle3e;

Chalk whyt chymnees þer ches he in-no3e,

Vpon bastel rouez, þat blenked ful quyte;

So mony pynakle payntet watz poudred ay quere,

Among þe castel carnelez, clambred so þik,

Þat pared out of papure purely hit semed.

Þe fre freke on þe fole hit fayr inn[o]ghe þo3t,

If he my3t keuer to com þe cloyster wythinne,

To herber in þat hostel, whyl halyday lested

auinant;

He calde, & sone þer com

A porter pure plesaunt,

On þe wal his ernd he nome,

& haylsed þe kny3t erraunt.

XIV.

“Gode sir,” quod Gawan, “woldez þou go myn ernde,

To þe he3 lorde of þis hous, herber to craue?”

“3e, Peter,” quod þe porter, “& purely I trowe,

“You are welcome to dwell here as long as you like,” replied the porter.

Þat 3e be, wy3e, welcum to won quyle yow lykez.”

Þen 3ede þat wy3e a3ayn awyþe,

& folke frely hym wyth, to fonge þe kny3t;

Þay let doun þe grete dra3t, & derely out 3eden,

& kneled doun on her knes vpon þe colde erþe,

To welcum þis ilk wy3, as worþy hom þo3t;

and the gate is opened wide to receive him.820

Þay 3olden hym þe brode 3ate, 3arked vp wyde,

& he hem raysed rekenly, & rod ouer þe brygge;

Sere seggez hym sesed by sadel, quel2 he ly3t,

& syþen stabeled his stede stif men in-no3e.

Kny3tez & swyerez comen doun þenne,

For to bryng þis burne wyth blys into halle;

Quen he hef vp his helme, þer hi3ed innoghe

For to hent hit at his honde, þe hende to seruen,

His bronde & his blasoun boþe þay token.

Þen haylsed he ful hendly þo haþelez vch one,

& mony proud mon þer presed, þat prynce to honour;

Alle hasped in his he3 wede to halle þay hym wonnen,

Þer fayre fyre vpon flet fersly brenned.

Þenne þe lorde of þe lede loutez fro his chambre,

For to mete wyth menske þe mon on þe flor;

He sayde, “3e ar welcum to welde as yow lykez,

Þat here is, al is yowre awen, to haue at yowre wylle

& welde.”

“Graunt mercy,” quod Gawayn,

“þer Kryst hit yow for-3elde,”

As frekez þat semed fayn,

Ayþer oþer in armez con felde.

XV.

Gawayn gly3t on þe gome þat godly hym gret,

& þu3t hit a bolde burne þat þe bur3 a3te,

A hoge haþel for þe nonez, & of hyghe elde;

Brode bry3t watz his berde, & al beuer hwed,

Sturne stif on þe stryþþe on stalworth schonkez,

Felle face as þe fyre, & fre of hys speche;

& wel hym semed for soþe, as þe segge þu3t,

To lede a lortschyp in lee of leudez ful gode.

Þe lorde hym charred to a chambre, & chefly cumaundez

To delyuer hym a leude, hym lo3ly to serue;

& þere were boun at his bode burnez inno3e,

Þat bro3t hym to a bry3t boure, þer beddyng wat3 noble,

Of cortynes of clene sylk, wyth cler golde hemmez,

& couertorez ful curious, with comlych panez,

Of bry3t blaunnier a-boue enbrawded bisydez,

Rudelez rennande on ropez, red golde ryngez,

Tapytez ty3t to þe wo3e, of tuly & tars,

& vnder fete, on þe flet, of fol3ande sute.

Þer he watz dispoyled, wyth spechez of myerþe,

Þe burn of his bruny, & of his bry3t wedez;

Ryche robes ful rad renkkez hem bro3ten,

For to charge, & to chaunge, & chose of þe best.

Sone as he on hent, & happed þerinne,

Þat sete on hym semly, wyth saylande skyrtez,

Þe ver by his uisage verayly hit semed

Wel ne3 to vche haþel alle on hwes,

Lowande & lufly, alle his lymmez vnder,

Þat a comloker kny3t neuer Kryst made,

hem þo3t;

Wheþen in worlde he were,

Hit semed as he my3t

Be prynce with-outen pere,

In felde þer felle men fy3t.

XVI.

A cheyer by-fore þe chemné, þer charcole brenned,

Watz grayþed for sir Gawan, grayþely with cloþez,

Whyssynes vpon queldepoyntes, þa[t] koynt wer boþe;

& þenne a mere mantyle watz on þat mon cast,

Of a broun bleeaunt, enbrauded ful ryche,

& fayre furred wythinne with fellez of þe best,

Alle of ermyn in erde, his hode of þe same;

& he sete in þat settel semlych ryche,

& achaufed hym chefly, & þenne his cher mended.

Sone watz telded vp a tapit, on trestez ful fayre,

Clad wyth a clene cloþe, þat cler quyt schewed,

Sanap, & salure, & syluer-in sponez;

Þe wy3e wesche at his wylle, & went to his mete

Seggez hym serued semly in-no3e,

Wyth sere sewes & sete,2 sesounde of þe best,

Double felde, as hit fallez, & fele kyn fischez;

Summe baken in bred, summe brad on þe gledez,

Summe soþen, summe in sewe, sauered with spyces,

& ay sawes so sle3e3, þat þe segge lyked.

Þe freke calde hit a fest ful frely & ofte,

Ful hendely, quen alle þe haþeles re-hayted hym at onez as hende;

“Þis penaunce now 3e take,

& eft hit schal amende;”

Þat mon much merþe con make.

For wyn in his hed þat wende.

XVII.

Þenne watz spyed & spured vpon spare wyse.

Bi preue poyntez of þat prynce, put to hymseluen,

Þat he be-knew cortaysly of þe court þat he were,

Þat aþel Arthure þe hende haldez hym one,

Þat is þe ryche ryal kyng of þe rounde table;

& hit watz Wawen hymself þat in þat won syttez,

Comen to þat krystmasse, as case hym þen lymped.

When þe lorde hade lerned þat he þe leude hade,

Loude la3ed he þerat, so lef hit hym þo3t,

& alle þe men in þat mote maden much joye,

To apere in his presense prestly þat tyme,

Þat alle prys, & prowes, & pured þewes

Apendes to hys persoun, & praysed is euer,

By-fore alle men vpon molde, his mensk is þe most.

Vch segge ful softly sayde to his fere,

“Now schal we semlych se sle3tez of þewez,

& þe teccheles termes of talkyng noble,

Wich spede is in speche, vnspurd may we lerne,

Syn we haf fonged þat fyne fader of nurture;

God hatz geuen vus his grace godly for soþe,

Þat such a gest as Gawan grauntez vus to haue,

When burnez blyþe of his burþe schal sitte & synge.

In menyng of manerez mere,

Þis burne now schal vus bryng,

I hope þat may hym here,

Schal lerne of luf-talkyng.”

XVIII.

Bi þat þe diner watz done, & þe dere vp,

Hit watz ne3 at þe niy3t ne3ed þe tyme;

Chaplaynez to þe chapeles chosen þe gate,

Rungen ful rychely, ry3t as þay schulden,

To þe hersum euensong of þe hy3e tyde.

Þe lorde loutes þerto, & þe lady als,

Into a comly closet coyntly ho entrez;

Gawan glydez ful gay, & gos þeder sone;

Þe lorde laches hym by þe lappe, & ledez hym to sytte,

& couþly hym knowez, & callez hym his nome,

& sayde he watz þe welcomest wy3e of þe worlde;

& he hym þonkked þroly, & ayþer halched oþer.

& seten soberly samen þe seruise quyle;

Þenne lyst þe lady to loke on þe kny3t.

Þenne com ho of hir closet, with mony cler burdez,

Ho watz þe fayrest in felle, of flesche & of lyre,

& of compas, & colour, & costes of alle oþer,

& wener þen Wenore, as þe wy3e þo3t.

He ches þur3 þe chaunsel, to cheryche þat hende;

An oþer lady hir lad bi þe lyft honde,

Þat watz alder þen ho, an auncian hit semed,

& he3ly honowred with haþelez aboute.

Bot yn-lyke on to loke þo ladyes were,

For if þe 3onge watz 3ep, 3ol3e watz þat oþer;

Riche red on þat on rayled ay quere,

Rugh ronkled chekez þat oþer on rolled;

Kerchofes of þat on wyth mony cler perlez

Hir brest & hir bry3t þrote bare displayed,

Schon schyrer þen snawe, þat schedez on hillez;

Þat oþer wyth a gorger watz gered ouer þe swyre,

Chymbled ouer hir blake chyn with mylkquyte vayles,

Hir frount folden in sylk, enfoubled ay quere,

Toret & treieted with tryflez aboute,

Þat no3t watz bare of þat burde bot þe blake bro3es.

Þe tweyne y3en, & þe nase, þe naked lyppez,

& þose were soure to se, & sellyly blered;

A mensk lady on molde mon may hir calle, for gode;

Hir body watz schort & þik.

Hir buttokez bay & brode,

More lykker-wys on to lyk,

Watz þat scho hade on lode.

XIX.

When Gawayn gly3t on þat gay, þat graciously loked,

Wyth leue la3t of þe lorde he went hem a3aynes;

Þe alder he haylses, heldande ful lowe,

Þe loueloker he lappez a lyttel in armez,

He kysses hir comlyly, & kny3tly he melez;

Þay kallen hym of a quoyntaunce, & he hit quyk askez

To be her seruaunt sothly, if hem-self lyked.

Þay tan hym bytwene hem, wyth talkyng hym leden

To chambre, to chemné, & chefly þay asken

Spycez, þat vnsparely men speded hom to bryng,

& þe wynnelych wyne þerwith vche tyme.

Þe lorde luflych aloft lepez ful ofte,

Mynned merthe to be made vpon mony syþez.

Hent he3ly of his hode, & on a spere henged,

& wayned hom to wynne þe worchip þerof,

Þat most myrþe my3t mene þat crystenmas whyle;

“& i schal fonde, bi my fayth, to fylter wyth þe best,

Er me wont þe wede3, with help of my frendez.”

Þus wyth la3ande lotez þe lorde hit tayt makez,

For to glade sir Gawayn with gomnez in halle þat ny3t;

Til þat hit watz tyme,

Þe kyng comaundet ly3t,

Sir Gawen his leue con nyme,

& to his bed hym di3t.

XX.

On þe morne, as vch mon mynez þat tyme,

[Þ]at dry3tyn for oure destyné to de3e watz borne,

Wele waxez in vche a won in worlde, for his sake;

So did hit þere on þat day, þur3 dayntes mony;

Boþe at mes & at mele, messes ful quaynt

Derf men vpon dece drest of þe best.

Þe olde auncian wyf he3est ho syttez;

Þe lorde lufly her by lent, as I trowe;

Gawan & þe gay burde to-geder þay seten,

Euen inmyddez, as þe messe metely come;

& syþen þur3 al þe sale, as hem best semed,

Bi vche grome at his degre grayþely wat3z serued.

Þer watz mete, þer watz myrþe, þer watz much ioye,

Þat for to telle þerof hit me tene were,

& to poynte hit 3et I pyned me parauenture;

Bot 3et I wot þat Wawen & þe wale burde

Such comfort of her compaynye ca3ten togeder,

Þur3 her dere dalyaunce of her derne wordez,

Wyth clene cortays carp, closed fro fylþe;

& hor play watz passande vche prynce gomen,

in vayres;

Trumpez & nakerys,

Much pypyng þer repayres,

Vche mon tented hys,

& þay two tented þayres.

XXI.

Much dut watz þer dryuen þat day & þat oþer,

& þe þryd as þro þronge in þerafter;

Þe ioye of sayn Ionez day watz gentyle to here,

& watz þe last of þe layk, leudez þer þo3ten.

Þer wer gestes to go vpon þe gray morne,

Forþy wonderly þay woke, & þe wyn dronken,

Daunsed ful dre3ly wyth dere carolez;

At þe last, when hit wat3 late, þay lachen her leue,

Vchon to wende on his way, þat watz wy3e stronge.

Gawan gef hym god day, þe godmon hym lachchez,

Ledes hym to his awen chambre, þ[e] chymné bysyde,

& þere he dra3ez hym on dry3e, & derely hym þonkkez,

Of þe wynne worschip & he hym wayned hade,

As to honour his hous on þat hy3e tyde,

& enbelyse his bur3 with his bele chere.

“Iwysse sir, quyl I leue, me worþez þe better,

Þat Gawayn hatz ben my gest, at Goddez awen fest.”

“Grant merci sir,” quod Gawayn, “in god fayth hit is yowrez,

Al þe honour is your awen, þe he3e kyng yow 3elde;

& I am wy3e at your wylle, to worch youre hest,

As I am halden þerto, in hy3e & in lo3e, bi ri3t.”

Þe lorde fast can hym payne,

To holde lenger þe kny3t,

To hym answrez Gawayn,

Bi non way þat he my3t.

XXII.

Then frayned þe freke ful fayre at him-seluen,

Quat derne dede had hym dryuen, at þat dere tyme,

So kenly fro þe kyngez kourt to kayre al his one,

Er þe halidayez holly were halet out of toun?

“For soþe sir,” quod þe segge, “3e sayn bot þe trawþe

A he3e ernde & a hasty me hade fro þo wonez,

For I am sumned my selfe to sech to a place,

I wot in worlde wheder warde to wende, hit to fynde;

I nolde, bot if I hit negh my3t on nw3eres morne,

For alle þe londe in-wyth Logres, so me oure lorde help!

Forþy, sir, þis enquest I require yow here,

Þat 3e me telle with trawþe, if euer 3e tale herde

Of þe grene chapel, quere hit on grounde stondez,

& of þe kny3t þat hit kepes, of colour of grene?

Þer watz stabled bi statut a steuen vus by-twene,

To mete þat mon at þat mere, 3if I my3t last;

& of þat ilk nw3ere hot neked now wontez,

& I wolde loke on þat lede, if God me let wolde,

Gladloker, bi Goddez sun, þen any god welde!

Forþi, Iwysse, bi 3owre wylle, wende me bihoues,

Naf I now to busy bot bare þre dayez,

& me als fayn to falle feye as fayly of myyn ernde.”

Þenne la3ande quod þe lorde, “now leng þe by-houes,

For I schal teche yow to þa[t] terme bi þe tymez ende,

Þe grene chapayle vpon grounde, greue yow no more;

Bot 3e schal be in yowre bed, burne, at þyn ese,

Quyle forth dayej, & ferk on pe fyrst of pe 3ere,

& cum to þat merk at mydmorn, to make quat yow likez in spenne;

Dowellez whyle new 3eres daye,

& rys, & raykez þenne,

Mon schal yow sette in waye,

Hit is not two myle henne.”

XXIII.

Þenne watz Gawan ful glad, & gomenly he la3ed,—

“Now I þonk yow þryuandely þur3 alle oþer þynge,

Now acheued is my chaunce, I schal at your wylle

Dowelle, & ellez do quat 3e demen.”

Þenne sesed hym þe syre, & set hym bysyde,

Let þe ladiez be fette, to lyke hem þe better;

Þer watz seme solace by hemself stille;

Þe lorde let for luf lotez so myry,

As wy3 þat wolde of his wyte, ne wyst quat he my3t.

Þenne he carped to þe kny3t, criande loude,

“3e han demed to do þe dede þat I bidde;

Wyl 3e halde þis hes here at þys onez?”

“3e sir, forsoþe,” sayd þe segge trwe,

“Whyl I byde in yowre bor3e, be bayn to 3ow[r]e hest.”

“For 3e haf trauayled,” quod þe tulk, “towen fro ferre,

& syþen waked me wyth, 3e arn not wel waryst,

Nauþer of sostnaunce ne of slepe, soþly I knowe;

3e schal lenge in your lofte, & ly3e in your ese,

To-morn quyle þe messequyle, & to mete wende,

When 3e wyl, wyth my wyf, þat wyth yow schal sitte,

& comfort yow with compayny, til I to cort torne,

3e lende;

& I schal erly ryse,

On huntyng wyl I wende.”

Gauayn grantez alle þyse,

Hym heldande, as þe hende.

XXIV.

“3et firre,” quod þe freke, “a forwarde we make;

Quat-so-euer I wynne in þe wod, hit worþez to yourez,

& quat chek so 3e acheue, chaunge me þerforne;

Swete, swap we so, sware with trawþe,

Queþer, leude, so lymp lere oþer better.”

“Bi God,” quod Gawayn þe gode, “I grant þertylle,

& þat yow lyst forto layke, lef hit me þynkes.

“Who bringez vus þis beuerage, þis bargayn is maked:”

So sayde þe lorde of þat lede; þay la3ed vchone,

Þay dronken, & daylyeden, & dalten vnty3tel,

Þise lordez & ladyez, quyle þat hem lyked;

& syþen with frenkysch fare & fele fayre lotez

Þay stoden, & stemed, & stylly speken,

Kysten ful comlyly, & ka3ten her leue.

With mony leude ful ly3t, & lemande torches,

Vche burne to his bed watz bro3t at þe laste,

ful softe;

To bed 3et er þay 3ede,

Recorded couenauntez ofte;

Þe olde lorde of þat leude,

Cowþe wel halde layk a-lofte.

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1.20: Fytte the Third

I.

Ful erly bifore þe day þe folk vp-rysen,

Gestes þat go wolde, hor gromez þay calden,

& þay busken vp bilyue, blonkkez to sadel,

Tyffen he[r] takles, trussen her males,

Richen hem þe rychest, to ryde alle arayde,

Lepen vp ly3tly, lachen her brydeles,

Vche wy3e on his way, þer hym wel lyked.

Þe leue lorde of þe londe watz not þe last,

Arayed for þe rydyng, with renkkez ful mony;

Ete a sop hastyly, when he hade herde masse,

With bugle to bent felde he buskez bylyue;

By þat þat any dayly3t lemed vpon erþe,

He with his haþeles on hy3e horsses weren.

Þenne þise cacheres þat couþe, cowpled hor houndez,

Vnclosed þe kenel dore, & calde hem þeroute,

Blwe bygly in bugle þre bare mote;

Braches bayed þerfore, & breme noyse maked,

& þay chastysed, & charred, on chasyng þat went;

A hundreth of hunteres, as I haf herde telle, of þe best;

To trystors vewters 3od,

Couples huntes of kest,

Þer ros for blastez gode,

Gret rurd in þat forest.

II.

At þe fyrst quethe of þe quest quaked þe wylde;

Der drof in þe dale, doted for drede,

Hi3ed to þe hy3e, bot heterly þay were

Restayed with þe stablye, þat stoutly ascryed;

Þay let þe herttez haf þe gate, with þe hy3e hedes,

Þe breme bukkez also, with hor brode paumez;

For þe fre lorde hade defende in fermysoun tyme,

Þat þer schulde no mon mene to þe male dere.

Þe hindez were halden in, with hay & war,

Þe does dryuen with gret dyn to þe depe sladez;

Þer my3t mon se, as þay slypte, slentyng of arwes,

At vche [þat] wende vnder wande wapped a flone,

Þat bigly bote on þe broun, with ful brode hedez,

What! þay brayen, & bleden, bi bonkkez þay de3en.

& ay rachches in a res radly hem fol3es,

Hunterez wyth hy3e horne hasted hem after,

Wyth such a crakkande kry, as klyffes haden brusten;

What wylde so at-waped wy3es þat schotten,

Watz al to-raced & rent, at þe resayt.

Bi þay were tened at þe hy3e, & taysed to þe wattrez,

Þe ledez were so lerned at þe lo3e trysteres,

& þe grehoundez so grete, þat geten hem bylyue,

& hem to fylched, as fast as frekez my3t loke, þer-ry3t.

Þe lorde for blys abloy

Ful oft con launce & ly3t,

& drof þat day wyth Ioy

Thus to þe derk ny3t.

III.

Þus laykez þis lorde by lynde wodez euez,

& Gawayn þe god mon, in gay bed lygez,

Lurkkez quyl þe dayly3t lemed on þe wowes,

Vnder couertour ful clere, cortyned aboute;

& as in slomeryng he slode, sle3ly he herde

A littel dyn at his dor, & derfly vpon;

& he heuez vp his hed out of þe cloþes,

A corner of þe cortyn he ca3t vp a lyttel,

& waytez warly þiderwarde, quat hit be my3t.

Hit watz þe ladi, loflyest to beholde,

Þat dro3 þe dor after hir ful dernly & stylle,

& bo3ed towarde þe bed; & þe burne schamed.

& layde hym doun lystyly, & let as he slepte.

& ho stepped stilly & stel to his bedde,

Kest vp þe cortyn, & creped withinne,

& set hir ful softly on þe bed-syde,

& lenged þere selly longe, to loke quen he wakened.

Þe lede lay lurked a ful longe quyle,

Compast in his concience to quat þat cace my3t

Mene oþer amount--to meruayle hym þo3t;

Bot 3et he sayde in hymself, “more semly hit were

To aspye wyth my spelle [in] space quat ho wolde.”

þen he wakenede, & wroth, & to hir warde torned,

& vnlouked his y3e-lyddez, & let as hym wondered,

& sayned hym, as bi his sa3e þe sauer to worthe, with hande.

Wyth chynne & cheke ful swete,

Boþe quit & red in-blande,

Ful lufly con ho lete,

Wyth lyppez smal la3ande.

IV.

“God moroun, sir Gawayn,” sayde þat fayr lady,

“3e ar a sleper vnsly3e, þat mon may slyde hider;

Now ar 3e tan astyt, bot true vus may schape,

I schal bynde yow in your bedde, þat be 3e trayst:”

Al la3ande þe lady lanced þo bourdez.

“Goud moroun g[aye],”1 quod Gawayn þe blyþe,

“Me schal worþe at your wille, & þat me wel lykez,

For I 3elde me 3ederly, & 3e3e after grace,

& þat is þe best, be my dome, for me byhouez nede;”

& þus he bourded a3ayn with mony a blyþe la3ter.

“Bot wolde 3e, lady louely, þen leue me grante,

& deprece your prysoun, & pray hym to ryse,

I wolde bo3e of þis bed, & busk me better,

I schulde keuer þe more comfort to karp yow wyth.”

“Nay, for soþe, beau sir,” sayd þat swete,

“3e schal not rise of your bedde, I rych yow better,

I schal happe yow here þat oþer half als,

& syþen karp wyth my kny3t þat I ka3t haue;

For I wene wel, Iwysse, sir Wawen 3e are,

Þat alle þe worlde worchipez, quere-so 3e ride;

Your honour, your hendelayk is hendely praysed

With lordez, wyth ladyes, with alle þat lyf bere.

& now 3e ar here, iwysse, & we bot oure one;

“My lorde & his ledez ar on lenþe faren,

Oþer burnez in her bedde, & my burdez als,

Þe dor drawen, & dit with a derf haspe;

& syþen I haue in þis hous hym þat al lykez,

I schal ware my whyle wel, quyl hit lastez, with tale;

3e ar welcum to my cors,

Yowre awen won to wale, Me behouez of fyne force,

Your seruaunt be & schale.”

V.

“In god fayth,” quod Gawayn, “gayn hit me þynkkez,

Þa3 I be not now he þat 3e of speken;

To reche to such reuerence as 3e reherce here

I am wy3e vn-worþy, I wot wel my-seluen;

Bi God, I were glad, & yow god þo3t,

At sa3e oþer at seruyce þat I sette my3t

To þe plesaunce of your prys--hit were a pure ioye."

"In god fayth, sir Gawayn," quod þe gay lady,

"Þe prys & þe prowes þat plesez al oþer,

If I hit lakked, oþer set at ly3t, hit were littel daynté;

Bot hit ar ladyes inno3e, þat leuer wer nowþe

Haf þe hende in hor holde, as I þe habbe here,

To daly witt derely your daynté wordez,

Keuer hem comfort, & colen her carez,

Þen much of þe garysourn oþer golde þat þay hauen;

Bot I louue þat ilk lorde þat þe lyfte haldez,

I haf hit holly in my honde þat al desyres, þur3e grace."

Scho made hym so gret chere,

Þat watz so fayr of face,

Þe kny3t with speches skere,

A[n]swared to vche a cace.

VI.

"Madame," quod þe myry mon, "Mary yow 3elde,

For I haf founden, in god fayth, yowre fraunchis nobele,

& oþer ful much of oþer folk fongen hor dedez;

Bot þe daynté þat þay delen for my disert nysen,

Hit is þe worchyp of yourzself, þat no3t hot wel connez."

"Bi Mary," quod þe menskful, "me þynk hit anoþer;

For were I worth al þe wone of wymmen alyue,

& al þe wele of þe worlde were in my honde,

& I schulde chepen & chose, to cheue me a lorde,

For þe costes þat I haf knowen vpun þe kny3t here,

Of bewté, & debonerté, & blyþe semblaunt,

& þat I haf er herkkened, & halde hit here trwee,

Þer schulde no freke vpon folde bifore yow be chosen.”

“Iwysse, worþy,” quod þe wy3e, “3e haf waled wel better,

Bot I am proude of þe prys þat 3e put on me,

& soberly your seruaunt my souerayn I holde yow,

& yowre kny3t I becom, & Kryst yow for3elde.”

Þus þay meled of muchquat, til mydmorn paste,

& ay þe lady let lyk, a hym loued mych;

Þe freke ferde with defence, & feted ful fayre.

Þa3 I were burde bry3test, þe burde in mynde hade,

Þe lasse luf in his lode, for lur þat he so3t, boute hone;

Þe dunte þat schulde hym deue, & nedez hit most be done;

Þe lady þenn spek of leue. He granted hir ful sone.

VII.

Þenne ho gef hym god day, & wyth a glent la3ed.

& as ho stod, ho stonyed hym wyth ful stor wordez:

“Now he þat spedez vche spech, þis disport 3elde yow!

Bot þat 3e be Gawan, hit gotz in mynde.”

“Querfore?” quod þe freke, & freschly he askez,

Ferde lest he hade fayled in fourme of his castes;

Bot þe burde hym blessed, & bi þis skyl sayde,

“So god as Gawayn gaynly is halden,

& cortaysye is closed so clene in hym-seluen,

Couth not ly3tly haf lenged so long wyth a lady,

Bot he had craued a cosse, bi his courtaysye,

Bi sum towch of summe tryfle, at sum talez ende.”

Þen quod Wowen, “I-wysse, worþe as yow lykez,

I schal kysse at your comaundement, as a kny3t fallez,

& fire lest he displese yow, so plede hit no more.”

Ho comes nerre with þat, & cachez hym in armez,

Loutez luflych adoun, & þe leude kyssez;

Þay comly bykennen to Kryst ayþer oþer;

Ho dos hir forth at þe dore, withouten dyn more.

& he ryches hym to ryse, & rapes hym sone,

Clepes to his chamberlayn, choses his wede,

Bo3ez forth, quen he watz boun, blyþely to masse,

& þenne he meued to his mete þat menskly hym keped,

& made myry al day til þe mone rysed,

with game;

Watz neuer freke fayrer fonge,

Bitwene two so dyngne dame,

Þe alder & þe 3onge,

Much solace set þay same.

VIII.

And ay þe lorde of þe londe is lent on his gamnez,

To hunt in holtez & heþe, at hyndez barayne,

Such a sowme he þer slowe bi þat þe sunne heldet,

Of dos & of oþer dere, to deme were wonder.

Þenne fersly þay flokked in folk at þe laste,

& quykly of þe quelled dere a querré þay maked;

Þe best bo3ed þerto, with burnez innoghe,

Gedered þe grattest of gres þat þer were,

& didden hem derely vndo, as þe dede askez;

Serched hem at þe asay, summe þat þer were,

Two fyngeres þay fonde of þe fowlest of alle;

Syþen þay slyt þe slot, sesed þe erber,

Schaued wyth a scharp knyf, & þe schyre knitten;

Syþen rytte þay þe foure lymmes, & rent of þe hyde,

Þen brek þay þe bale, þe bowelez out token,

Lystily forlancyng, & bere of þe knot;

Þay gryped to þe gargulun, & grayþely departed

Þe wesaunt fro þe wynt-hole, & walt out þe guttez;

Þen scher þay out þe schulderez with her scharp knyuez,

Haled hem by a lyttel hole, to haue hole sydes;

Siþen britned þay þe brest, & brayden hit in twynne,

& eft at þe gargulun bigynez on þenne,

Ryuez hit vp radly, ry3t to þe by3t,

Voydez out þe avanters, & verayly þerafter

Alle þe rymez by þe rybbez radly þay lance;

So ryde þay of by resoun bi þe rygge bonez,

Euenden to þe haunche, þat henged alle samen,

& heuen hit vp al hole, & hwen hit of þere,

& þat þayneme for þe noumbles, bi nome as I trowe,

bi kynde;

Bi þe by3t al of þe þy3es,

Þe lappez þay lance bihynde,

To hewe hit in two þay hy3es,

Bi þe bakbon to vnbynde.

IX.

Boþe þe hede & þe hals þay hwen of þenne,

& syþen sunder þay þe sydez swyft fro þe chyne,

& þe corbeles fee þay kest in a greue;

Þenn þurled þay ayþer þik side þur3, bi þe rybbe,

& henged þenne a[y]þer bi ho3ez of þe fourchez,

Vche freke for his fee, as fallez forto haue.

Vpon a felle of þe fayre best, fede þay þayr houndes,

W

Wyth þe lyuer & þe ly3tez, þe leþer of þe paunchez,

& bred baþed in blod, blende þeramongez;

Baldely þay blw prys, bayed þayr rachchez,

Syþen fonge þay her flesche folden to home,

Strakande ful stoutly mony stif motez.

Bi þat þe dayly3t wat3 done, þe douthe watz al wonen

Into þe comly castel, þer þe kny3t bidez

ful stille;

Wyth blys & bry3t fyr bette,

Þe lord is comen þer-tylle,

When Gawayn wyth hym mette,

Þer watz bot wele at wylle.

X.

Thenne comaunded þe lorde in þat sale to samen alle þe meny,

Boþe þe ladyes on loghe to ly3t with her burdes,

Bifore alle þe folk on þe flette, frekez he beddez

Verayly his venysoun to fech hym byforne;

& al godly in gomen Gaway[n] he called,

Techez hym to þe tayles of ful tayt bestes,

Schewez hym þe schyree grece schorne vpon rybbes.

“How payez yow þis play? haf I prys wonnen?

Haue I þryuandely þonk þur3 my craft serued?”

“3e Iwysse,” quod þat oþer wy3e, “here is wayth fayrest

Þat I se3 þis seuen 3ere in sesoun of wynter.”

“& al I gif yow, Gawayn,” quod þe gome þenne,

“For by acorde of couenaunt 3e craue hit as your awen.”

“Þis is soth,” quod þe segge, “I say yow þatilke,

& I haf worthyly þis wonez wyth-inne,

Iwysse with as god wylle hit worþez to 3ourez.”

He hasppez his fayre hals his armez wythinne,

& kysses hym as comlyly as he couþe awyse:

“Tas yow þere my cheuicaunce, I cheued no more,

I wowche hit saf fynly, þa3 feler hit were.”

“Hit is god,” quod þe god mon, “grant mercy þerfore,

Hit may be such, hit is þe better, & 3e me breue wolde

Where 3e wan þis ilk wele, bi wytte of yorseluen.”

“Þat watz not forward,” quod he, “frayst me no more,

For 3e haftan þat yow tydez, trawe non oþer

3e mowe.”

Þay la3ed, & made hem blyþe,

Wyth lotez þat were to lowe,

To soper þay 3ede as-swyþe,

Wyth dayntes nwe innowe.

XI.

And syþen by þe chymné in chamber þay seten.

Wy3ez þe walle wyn we3ed to hem oft,

& efte in her bourdyng þay bayþen in þe morn,

To fylle þe same forwardez þat þay byfore maden,

Þat chaunce so bytydez hor cheuysaunce to chaunge,

What nwez so þay nome, at na3t quen þay metten

Þay acorded of þe couenauntez byfore þe court alle;

Þe beuerage watz bro3t forth in bourde at þat tyme;

Þenne þay louelych le3ten leue at þe last,

Vche burne to his bedde busked bylyue.

Scarce had the cock cackled thrice when the lord was up.

Bi þat þe coke hade crowe3 & cakled bot þryse,

Þe lorde watz lopen of his bedde, þe leudez vchone,

So þat þe mete & þe masse watz metely delyuered;

Þe douthe dressed to þe wod, er any day sprenged,

to chace;

He3 with hunte & hornez,

Þur3 playnez þay passe in space,

Vncoupled among þo þornez,

Rachez þat ran on race.

XII.

Sone þay calle of a quest in aker syde,

Þe hunt rehayted þe houndez, þat hit fyrst mynged,

Wylde wordez hym warp wyth a wrast noyce;

Þe howndez þat hit herde, hastid þider swyþe,

& fellen as fast to þe fuyt, fourty at ones;

Þenne such a glauerande glam of gedered rachchez

Ros, þat þe rocherez rungen aboute;

Hunterez hem hardened with horne & wyth muthe.

Þen al in a semblé sweyed togeder,

Bitwene a flosche in þat fryth, & a foo cragge;

In a knot, bi a clyffe, at þe kerre syde,

Þer as þe rogh rocher vnrydely watz fallen,

Þay ferden to þe fyndyng, & frekez hem after;

Þay vmbekesten þe knarre & þe knot boþe.

Wy3ez, whyl þay wysten wel wyt inne hem hit were,

Þe best þat þer breued watz wyth þe blod houndez.

Þenne þay beten on þe buskez, & bede hym vp ryse,

& he vnsoundyly out so3t seggez ouerþwert,

On þe sellokest swyn swenged out þere,

Long sythen for þe sounder þat wi3t for-olde,

For he watz b[este &] bor alþer-grattest,

[And eue]re quen he gronyed, þenne greued mony,

For [þre a]t þe fyrst þrast he þry3t to þe erþe,

& [sped hym] forth good sped, boute spyt more,

[Ande þay] halowed hyghe ful hy3e & hay! hay! cryed

Haden hornez to mouþe heterly rechated;

Full quickly the hunters pursue him.

Mony watz þe myry mouthe of men & of houndez,

Þat buskkez after þis bor, with bost & wyth noyse,

To quelle;

Ful oft he bydez þe baye,

& maymez þe mute Inn melle,

He hurtzez of þe houndez, & þay

Ful 3omerly 3aule & 3elle.

XIII.

Schalkez to schote at hym schowen to þenne,

Haled to hym of her arewez, hitten hym oft;

Bot þe poyntez payred at þe pyth þat py3t in his scheldez,

& þe barbez of his browe bite non wolde--

Þa3 þe schauen schaft schyndered in pecez,

Þe hede hypped a3ayn, were-so-euer hit hitte;

Bot quon þe dyntez hym dered of her dry3e strokez,

Þen, brayn-wod for bate, on burnez he rasez,

Hurtez hem ful heterly þer he forth hy3ez,

& mony ar3ed þerat, & onlyte dro3en.

Bot þe lorde on a ly3t horce launces hym after,

As burne bolde vpon bent his bugle he blowez,

He rechated, & r[ode] þur3 ronez ful þyk,

Suande þis wy[ld]e swyn til þe sunne schafted.

Þis day wyth þis ilk dede þay dryuen on þis wyse,

Whyle oure luflych lede lys in his bedde,

Gawayn grayþely at home, in gerez ful ryche

of hewe;

Þe lady no3t for3ate,

Com to hym to salue,

Ful erly ho watz hym ate,

His mode forto remwe.

XIV.

Ho commes to þe cortyn, & at þe kny3t totes,

Sir Wawen her welcumed worþy on fyrst,

& ho hym 3eldez a3ayn, ful 3erne of hir wordez,

Settez hir sof[t]ly by his syde, & swyþely ho la3ez,

& wyth a luflych loke ho layde1 hym þyse wordez:

“Sir, 3if 3e be Wawen, wonder me þynkkez,

Wy3e þat is so wel wrast alway to god,

& connez not of compaynye þe costez vndertake,

& if mon kennes yow hom to knowe, 3e kest hom of your mynde;

Þou hatz for3eten 3ederly þat 3isterday I ta3tte

Bi alder-truest token of talk þat I cowþe.”

“What is þat?” quod þe wyghe, “Iwysse I wot neuer,

If hit be sothe þat 3e breue, þe blame is myn awen.”

“3et I kende yow of kyssyng,” quod þe clere þenne,

“Quereso countenaunce is couþe, quikly to clayme,

Þat bicumes vche a kny3t, þat cortaysy vses.”

“Do way,” quod þat derf mon, “my dere, þat speche,

For þat durst I not do, lest I denayed were,

If I were werned, I were wrang Iwysse, 3if I profered.”

“Ma fay,” quod þe mere wyf, “3e may not be werned,

3e ar stif innoghe to constrayne wyth strenkþe,

3if yow lykez, 3if any were so vilanous þat yow denaye wolde.”

“3e, be God,” quod Gawayn, “good is your speche,

Bot þrete is vnþryuande in þede þer I lende,

& vche gift þat is geuen not with goud wylle;

I am at your comaundement, to kysse quen yow lykez,

3e may lach quen yow lyst, & leue quen yow þynkkez,

in space.”

Þe lady loutez adoun,

& comlyly kysses his face,

Much speche þay þer expoun,

Of druryes greme & grace.

XV.

“I woled wyt at yow, wy3e,” þat worþy þer sayde,

“& yow wrathed not þerwyth, what were þe skylle,

Þat so 3ong & so 3epe, as 3e [ar] at þis tyme,

So cortayse, so kny3tyly, as 3e ar knowen oute,

& of alle cheualry to chose, þe chef þyng alosed,

Is þe lel layk of luf, þe lettrure of armes;

F[or] to telle of þis tenelyng of þis trwe kny3tez,

Hit is þe tytelet, token, & tyxt of her werkkez,

How le[des] for her lele luf hor lyuez han auntered,

Endured for her drury dulful stoundez,

& after wenged with her walour & voyded her care,

and so renowned a knight,

& bro3t blysse into boure, with bountees hor awen.

& 3e ar kny3t comlokest kyd of your elde,

Your worde & your worchip walkez ayquere,

& I haf seten by yourself here sere twyes,

3et herde I neuer of your hed helde no wordez

Þat euer longed to luf, lasse ne more;

& 3e, þat ar so cortays & coynt of your hetes,

Oghe to a 3onke þynk 3ern to schewe,

& teche sum tokenez of trweluf craftes.

Why ar 3e lewed, þat alle þe los weldez,

Oþer elles 3e demen me to dille, your dalyaunce to herken?

for schame!

I com hider sengel, & sitte,

To lerne at yow sum game,

Dos, techez me of your wytte,

Whil my lorde is fro hame.”

XVI.

“In goud fayþe,” quod Gawayn, “God yow for3elde,

Gret is þe gode gle, & gomen to me huge,

Þat so worþy as 3e wolde wynne hidere,

& pyne yow with so pouer a mon, as play wyth your kny3t,

With anyskynnez countenaunce, hit keuerez me ese;

Bot to take þe toruayle to my-self, to trwluf expoun,

& towche þe temez of tyxt, & talez of armez,

To yow þat, I wot wel, weldez more sly3t

Of þat art, bi þe half, or a hundreth of seche

As I am, oþer euer schal, in erde þer I leue,

Hit were a fole fele-folde, my fre, by my trawþe.

I wolde yowre wylnyng worche at my my3t,

As I am hy3ly bihalden, & euermore wylle

Be seruaunt to yourseluen, so saue me dry3tyn!”

Þus hym frayned þat fre, & fondet hym ofte,

For to haf wonnen hym to wo3e, what-so scho þo3t ellez,

Bot he de fended hym so fayr, þat no faut semed,

Ne non euel on nawþer halue, nawþer þay wysten,

bot blysse;

Þay la3ed & layked longe,

At þe last scho con hym kysse,

Hir leue fayre con scho fonge,

& went hir waye Iwysse.

XVII.

Then ruþes hym þe renk, & ryses to þe masse,

& siþen hor diner watz dy3t & derely serued.

Þe lede with þe ladyez layked alle day,

Bot þe lorde ouer þe londez launced ful ofte,

Swez his vncely swyn, þat swyngez bi þe bonkkez,

& bote þe best of his brachez þe bakkez in sunder;

Þer he bode in his bay, tel bawemen hit breken,

& made hym, mawgref his bed, forto mwe vtter;

So felle flonez per flete, when þe folk gedered;

Bot 3et þe styffest to start bi stoundez he made,

Til at þe last he watz so mat, he my3t no more renne,

Bot in þe hast þat he my3t, he to a hole wynnez,

Of a rasse, bi a rokk, þer rennez þe boerne.

He gete þe bonk at his bak, bigynez to scrape,

Þe froþe femed at his mouth vnfayre bi þe wykez,

Whettez his whyte tuschez; with hym þen irked

Alle þe burnez so bolde, þat hym by stoden,

To nye hym on-ferum, bot ne3e hym non durst

for woþe;

He hade hurt so mony byforne,

Þat al þu3t þenne ful loþe,

Be more wyth his tusche3 torne,

Þat breme watz [&] braynwod bothe.

XVIII.

Til þe kny3t com hymself, kachande his blonk,

Sy3 hym byde at þe bay, his burnez bysyde,

He ly3tes luflych adoun, leuez his corsour,

Braydez out a bry3t bront, & bigly forth strydez,

Foundez fast þur3 þe forth, þer þe felle bydez,

Þe wylde watz war of þe wy3e with weppen in honde,

Hef hy3ly þe here, so hetterly he fnast,

Þat fele ferde for þe freke3, lest felle hym þe worre;

Þe swyn settez hym out on þe segge euen,

Þat þe burne & þe bor were boþe vpon hepez,

In þe wy3test of þe water, þe worre hade þat oþer;

For þe mon merkkez hym wel, as þay mette fyrst,

Set sadly þe scharp in þe slot euen,

Hit hym vp to þe hult, þat þe hert schyndered,

& he 3arrande hym 3elde, & 3edoun þe water,

ful tyt;

A hundreth houndez hym hent,

Þat bremely con hym bite,

Burnez him bro3t to bent,

& doggez to dethe endite.

XIX.

There watz blawyng of prys in mony breme home,

He3e halowing on hi3e, with haþelez þat my3t;

Brachetes bayed þat best, as bidden þe maysterez,

Of þat chargeaunt chace þat were chef huntes.

Þenne a wy3e þat watz wys vpon wodcraftez,

To vnlace þis bor lufly bigynnez.

Fyrst he hewes of his hed, & on hi3e settez,

& syþen rendez him al roghe bi þe rygge after,

Braydez out þe boweles, brennez hom on glede,

With bred blent þerwith his braches rewardez;

Syþen he britnez out þe brawen in bry3t brode [s]cheldez,

& hatz out þe hastlettez, as hi3tly bisemez;

& 3et hem halchez al hole þe haluez togeder,

& syþen on a stif stange stoutly hem henges.

Now with þis ilk swyn þay swengen to home;

Þe bores hed watz borne bifore þe burnes seluen,

Þat him forferde in þe forþe, þur3 forse of his honde,

so stronge;

Til he se3 sir Gawayne,

In halle hym þo3t ful longe,

He calde, & he com gayn,

His feez þer for to fonge.

XX.

Þe lorde ful lowde with lote, & la3ed myry,

When he se3e sir G: with solace he spekez;

Þe goude ladyez were geten, & gedered þe meyny,

He schewez hem þe scheldez, & schapes hem þe tale,

Of þe largesse, & þe lenþe, þe liþernez alse,

Of þe were of þe wylde swyn, in wod þer he fled.

Þat oþer kny3t ful comly comended his dedez,

& praysed hit as gret prys, þat he proued hade;

For suche a brawne of a best, þe bolde burne sayde,

Ne such sydes of a swyn, segh he neuer are.

Þenne hondeled þay þe hoge hed, þe hende mon hit praysed,

& let lodly þerat þe lorde forte here:

“Now Gawayn,” quod þe god mon, “þis gomen is your awen,

Bi fyn forwarde & faste, faythely 3e knowe.”

“Hit is sothe,” quod þe segge, “& as siker trwe;

Alle my get I schal yow gif agayn, bi my trawþe.”

He [hent] þe haþel aboute þe halse, & hendely hym kysses,

& eftersones of þe same he serued hym þere.

“Now ar we euen,” quod þe haþel, “in þis euentide,

Of alle þe couenauntes þat we knyt, syþen I com hider,

bi lawe;”

Þe lorde sayde, “bi saynt Gile,

3e ar þe best þat I knowe,

3e ben ryche in a whyle,

Such chaffer & 3e drowe.”

XXI.

Þenne þay teldet tablez [on] trestes alofte,

Kesten cloþe3 vpon, clere ly3t þenne

Wakned bi wo3ez, waxen torches

Seggez sette, & serued in sale al aboute;

Much glam & gle glent vp þer-inne,

Aboute þe fyre vpon flet, & on fele wyse,

At þe soper & after, mony aþel songez,

As coundutes of krystmasse, & carolez newe,

With alle þe manerly merþe þat mon may of telle.

& euer oure luflych kny3t þe lady bi-syde;

Such semblaunt to þat segge semly ho made,

Wyth stille stollen countenaunce, þat stalworth to plese,

Þat al forwondered watz þe wy3e, & wroth with hymseluen,

Bot he nolde not for his nurture nurne hir a3aynez,

Bot dalt with hir al in daynte, how-se-euer þe dede turned

to wrast;

Quen þay hade played in halle,

As longe as hor wylle hom last,

To chambre he con hym calle,

& to þe chemne þay past.

XXII.

Ande þer þay dronken, & dalten, & demed eft nwe,

To norne on þe same note, on nwe3erez euen;

Bot þe kny3t craued leue, to kayre on þe morn,

For hit watz ne3 at þe terme, þat he to schulde.

Þe lorde hym letted of þat, to lenge hym resteyed,

& sayde, “as I am trwe segge, I siker my trawþe,

Þou schal cheue to þe grene chapel, þy charres to make,

Leude, on nw 3erez ly3t, longe bifore pryme:

Forþy þow lye in þy loft, & lach þyn ese,

& I schal hunt in þis holt, & halde þe towchez,

Chaunge wyth þe cheuisaunce, bi þat I charre hider;

For I haf fraysted þe twys, & faythful I fynde þe,

Now þrid tyme þrowe best þenk on þe morne,

Make we mery quyl we may, & mynne vpon Ioye,

For þe lur may mon lach, when-so mon lykez."

Þis watz grayþely graunted, & Gawayn is lenged,

Bliþe bro3t watz hym drynk, & þay to bedde 3eden,

with li3t;

Sir Gawayn lis & slepes,

Ful stille & softe al ni3t;

Þe lorde þat his crafte3 kepes,

Ful erly he watz di3t.

XXIII.

After messe a morsel he & his men token,

Miry watz þe mornyng, his mounture he askes;

Alle þe haþeles þat on horse schulde helden hym after,

Were boun busked on hor blonkke3, bifore þe halle 3atez;

Ferly fayre watz þe folde, for þe forst clenged,

In rede rudede vpon rak rises þe sunne,

& ful clere costez þe clowdes of þe welkyn.

Hunteres vnhardeled bi a holt syde,

Rocheres roungen bi rys, for rurde of her hornes;

Summe fel in þe fute, þer þe fox bade,

Traylez ofte a trayteres, bi traunt of her wyles;

A kenet kryes þerof, þe hunt on hym calles,

His fela3es fallen hym to, þat fnasted ful þike,

Runnen forth in a rabel, in his ry3t fare;

& he fyskez hem byfore; þay founden hym sone,

& quen þay seghe hym with sy3t, þay sued hym fast,

Wre3ande h[ym] ful [w]eterly with a wroth noyse;

& he trantes & tornayeez þur3 mony tene greue;

Hamlounez, & herkenez, bi heggez ful ofte;

At þe last bi a littel dich he lepez ouer a spenné,

Stelez out ful stilly bi a strothe rande,

and by a rugged path seeks to get clear from the hounds.

Went haf wylt of þe wode, with wylez fro þe houndes,

Þenne watz he went, er he wyst, to5 a wale tryster,

Þer þre þro at a þrich þrat hym at ones, al graye;

He blenched a3ayn bilyue,

& stifly start onstray, With alle þe wo on lyue,

To þe wod he went away.

XXIV.

Thenne watz hit lif vpon list to lyþen þe houndez,

When alle þe mute hade hym met, menged togeder,

Suche a sor3e at þat sy3t þay sette on his hede,

As alle þe clamberande clyffes hade clatered on hepes;

Here he watz halawed, when haþelez hym metten,

Loude he watz 3ayned, with 3arande speche;

Þer he watz þreted, & ofte þef called,

& ay þe titleres at his tayl, þat tary he ne my3t;

Ofte he watz runnen at, when he out rayked,

& ofte reled in a3ayn, so reniarde watz wylé.

& 3e he lad hem bi lag, mon, þe lorde & his meyny;

On þis maner bi þe mountes, quyle myd-ouer-vnder,

Whyle þe hende kny3t at home holsumly slepes,

Withinne þe comly cortynes, on þe colde morne.

Bot þe lady for luf let not to slepe,

Ne þe purpose to payre, þat py3t in hir hert,

Bot ros hir vp radly, rayked hir þeder,

In a mery mantyle, mete to þe erþe,

Þat watz furred ful fyne with fellez, wel pured,

No hwe3 goud on hir hede, bot þe ha3er stones

Trased aboute hir tressour, be twenty in clusteres;

Hir þryuen face & hir þrote þrowen al naked,

Hir brest bare bifore, & bihinde eke.

Ho comez withinne þe chambre dore, & closes hit hir after,

Waynez vp a wyndow, & on þe wy3e callez,

& radly þus rehayted hym, with hir riche worde3,

wit chere;

“A! mon, how may þou slepe,

Þis morning is so clere?”

He watz in drowping depe,

Bot þenne he con hir here.

XXV.

In dre3 droupyng of dreme draueled þat noble,

As mon þat watz in mornyng of mony þro þo3tes,

How þat destiné schulde þat day [dy3t] his wyrde,

At þe grene chapel, when he þe gome metes,

& bihoues his buffet abide, withoute debate more;

Bot quen þat comly he keuered his wyttes,

Swenges out of þe sweuenes, & swarez with hast.

Þe lady luflych com la3ande swete,

Felle ouer his fayre face, & fetly him kyssed;

He welcumez hir worþily, with a wale chere;

He se3 hir so glorious, & gayly atyred,

So fautles of hir fetures, & of so fyne hewes,

Wi3t wallande Ioye warmed his hert;

With smoþe smylyng & smolt þay smeten into merþe,

Þat al watz blis & bonchef, þat breke hem bitwene,

& wynne,

Þay lanced wordes gode,

Much wele þen watz þerinne,

Gret perile bitwene hem stod,

Nif mare of hir kny3t mynne.

XXVI.

For þat prynce of pris depresed hym so þikke.

Nurned hym so ne3e þe þred, þat nede hym bihoued,

Oþer lach þer hir luf, oþer lodly refuse;

He cared for his cortaysye, lest craþayn he were,

& more for his meschef, 3if he schulde make synne,

& be traytor to þat tolke, þat þat telde a3t.

“God schylde,” quod þe schalk, “þat schal not befalle!”

With luf-la3yng a lyt, he layd hym bysyde

Alle þe spechez of specialté þat sprange of her mouthe.

Quod þat burde to þe burne, “blame 3e disserue,

3if 3e luf not þat lyf þat 3e lye nexte,

Bifore alle þe wy3ez in þe worlde, wounded in hert,

Bot if 3e haf a lemman, a leuer, þat yow lykez better,

& folden fayth to þat fre, festned so harde,

Þat yow lausen ne lyst--& þat I leue nouþe;

And þat 3e telle me þat, now trwly I pray yow,

For alle þe lufez vpon lyue, layne not þe soþe,

for gile.”

Þe kny3t sayde, “be sayn Ion,”

& smeþely con he smyle,

“In fayth I welde ri3t non,

Ne non wil welde þe quile.”

XXVII.

“Þat is a worde,” quod þat wy3t, “þat worst is of alle,

Bot I am swared for soþe, þat sore me þinkkez;

Kysse me now coraly, & I schal cach heþen,

I may bot mourne vpon molde, as may þat much louyes.”

Sykande ho swe3e doun, & semly hym kyssed,

& siþen ho seueres hym fro, & says as ho stondes,

“Now, dere, at þis departyng, do me þis ese,

Gif me sumquat of þy gifte, þi gloue if hit were,

Þat I may mynne on þe mon, my mournyng to lassen.”

“Now Iwysse,” quod þat wy3e, “I wolde I hade here

Þe leuest þing for þy luf, þat I in londe welde,

For 3e haf deserued, forsoþe, sellyly ofte

More rewarde bi resoun, þen I reche my3t,

Bot to dele yow for drurye, þat dawed bot neked;

Hit is not your honour to haf at þis tyme

A gloue for a garysoun, of Gawaynez giftez,

& I am here [on] an erande in erdez vncouþe,

& haue no men wyth no malez, with menskful þingez;

Þat mislykez me, ladé, for luf at þis tyme,

Iche tolke mon do as he is tan, tas to non ille,

ne pine.”

“Nay, hende of hy3e honours,”

Quod þat lufsum vnder lyne,

“Þa3 I hade o3t of yourez,

3et schulde 3e haue of myne.”

XXVIII.

Ho ra3t hym a riche rynk of red golde werkez,

Wyth a starande ston, stondande alofte,

Þat bere blusschande bemez as þe bry3t sunne;

Wyt 3e wel, hit watz worth wele ful hoge.

Bot þe renk hit renayed, & redyly he sayde,

“I wil no giftez for gode, my gay, at þis tyme;

I haf none yow to norne, ne no3t wyl I take.”

Ho bede hit hym ful bysily, & he hir bode wernes,

& swere swyftel[y] his sothe, þat he hit sese nolde;

& ho sore þat he forsoke, & sayde þerafter,

“If 3e renay my rynk, to ryche for hit semez,

3e wolde not so hy3ly halden be to me,

I schal gif yow my girdel, þat gaynes yow lasse.”

Ho la3t a lace ly3tly, þat leke vmbe hir sydez,

Knit vpon hir kyrtel, vnder þe clere mantyle,

Gered hit watz with grene sylke, & with golde schaped,

No3t bot arounde brayden, beten with fyngrez;

& þat ho bede to þe burne, & blyþely biso3t

Þa3 hit vn-worþi were, þat he hit take wolde.

& he nay þat he nolde neghe in no wyse,

Nauþer golde ne garysoun, er God hym grace sende,

To acheue to þe chaunce þat he hade chosen þere.

“& þerfore, I pray yow, displese yow no3t,

& lettez be your bisinesse, for I bayþe hit yow neuer

to graunte;

I am derely to yow biholde,

Bicause of your sembelaunt,

& euer in hot & colde

To be your trwe seruaunt.

XXIX.

“Now forsake 3e þis silke.” sayde þe burde þenne,

“For hit is symple in hit-self. & so hit wel semez?

Lo! so hit is littel, & lasse hit is worþy;

Bot whoso knew þe costes þat knit ar þerinne,

He wolde hit prayse at more prys, parauenture;

For quat gome so is gorde with þis grene lace,

While he hit hade hemely halched aboute,

Þer is no haþel vnder heuen to-hewe hym þat my3t;

For he my3t not he slayn, for sly3t vpon erþe."

Þen kest þe kny3t, & hit come to his hert,

Hit were a Iuel for þe Iopardé, þat hym iugged were,

When he acheued to þe chapel, his chek forto fech;

My3t he haf slypped to þe vnslayn, þe sle3t were noble.

Þenne ho þulged with hir þrepe, & þoled hir to speke,

& ho bere on hym þe belt, & bede hit hym swyþe,

& he granted, & [ho] hym gafe with a goud wylle,

& biso3t hym, for hir sake, disceuer hit neuer,

Bot to lelly layne for hir lorde; þe leude hym acordez.

Þat neuer wy3e schulde hit wyt, Iwysse, bot þay twayne,

for no3te;

He þonkked hir oft ful swyþe,

Ful þro with hert & þo3t.

Bi þat on þrynne syþe,

Ho hatz kyst þe kny3t so to3t.

XXX.

Thenne lachchez ho hir leue, & leuez hym þere,

For more myrþe of þat mon mo3t ho not gete;

When ho watz gon, sir Gawayn gerez hym sone,

Rises, & riches hym in araye noble,

Lays vp þe luf-lace, þe lady hym ra3t,

Hid hit ful holdely, þer he hit eft fonde;

Syþen cheuely to þe chapel choses he þe waye,

Preuely aproched to a prest, & prayed hym þere

Þat he wolde lyfte his lyf, & lern hym better,

How his sawle schulde be saued, when he schuld seye heþen.

Þere he schrof hym schyrly, & schewed his mysdedez,

Of þe more & þe mynne, & merci besechez,

& of absolucioun he on þe segge calles;

& he asoyled hym surely, & sette hym so clene,

As domezday schulde haf ben di3t on þe morn.

& syþen he mace hym as mery among þe fre ladyes,

With comlych caroles, & alle kynnes ioye,

As neuer he did bot þat daye, to þe derk ny3t,

with blys;

Vche mon hade daynte þare,

Of hym, & sayde Iwysse,

Þus myry he watz neuer are,

Syn he com hider, er þis.

XXXI.

Now hym lenge in þat lee, þer luf hym bityde;

3et is þe lorde on þe launde, ledande his gomnes,

He hatz forfaren þis fox, þat he fol3ed longe;

As he sprent ouer a spenné, to spye þe schrewe,

Þer as he herd þe howndes, þat hasted hym swyþe,

Renaud com richchande þur3 a ro3e greue,

& alle þe rabel in a res, ry3t at his helez.

Þe wy3e watz war of þe wylde, & warly abides,

& brayde3 out þe bry3t bronde, & at þe best castez;

& he schunt for þe scharp, & schulde haf arered,

A rach rapes hym to, ry3t er he my3t,

& ry3t bifore þe hors fete þay fel on hym alle,

& woried me þis wyly wyth a wroth noyse.

Þe lorde ly3tez bilyue, & cachez by sone,

Rased hym ful radly out of þe rach mouþes,

Haldez he3e ouer his hede, halowez faste,

& þer bayen hym mony bray houndez;

Huntes hy3ed hem þeder, with hornez ful mony,

Ay rechatande ary3t til þay þe renk se3en;

Bi þat watz comen his compeyny noble,

Alle þat euer ber bugle blowed at ones,

& alle þise oþer halowed, þat hade no hornes,

Hit watz þe myriest mute þat euer men herde,

Þe rich rurd þat þer watz raysed for renaude saule,

with lote;

Hor houndez þay þer rewarde,

Her hedez þay fawne & frote,

& syþen þay tan reynarde,

& tyrnen of his cote.

XXXII.

& þenne þay helden to home, for hit watz nie3 ny3t,

Strakande ful stoutly in hor store hornez;

Þe lorde is ly3t at þe laste at hys lef home,

Fyndez fire vpon flet, þe freke þer by-side,

Sir Gawayn þe gode, þat glad watz with alle,

Among þe ladies for luf he ladde much ioye,

He were a bleaunt of blwe, þat bradde to þe erþe,

His surkot semed hym wel, þat softe watz forred,

& his hode of þat ilke henged on his schulder,

Blande al of blaunner were boþe al aboute.

He metez me þis god mon inmyddez þe flore,

& al with gomen he hym gret, & goudly he sayde,

“I schal fylle vpon fyrst oure forwardez nouþe,

Þat we spedly han spoken, þer spared watz no drynk;”

Þen acoles he [þe] kny3t, & kysses hym þryes,

As sauerly & sadly as he hem sette couþe.

“Bi Kryst,” quod þat oþer kny3t, “3e cach much sele,

In cheuisaunce of þis chaffer, 3if 3e hade goud chepez.”

1940

“3e of þe chepe no charg,” quod chefly þat oþer,

“As is pertly payed þe chepez þat I a3te.”

“Mary,” quod þat oþer mon, “myn is bihynde,

For I haf hunted al þis day, & no3t haf I geten,

Bot þis foule fox felle, þe fende haf þe godez,

& þat is ful pore, for to pay for suche prys þinges,

As 3e haf þry3t me here, þro suche þre cosses,

so gode.”

“Ino3,” quod sir Gawayn,

“I þonk yow, bi þe rode;” & how þe fox watz slayn,

He tolde hym, as þay stode.

XXXIII.

With merþe & mynstralsye, wyth metez at hor wylle,

Þay maden as mery as any men mo3ten,

With la3yng of ladies, with lotez of bordes;

Gawayn & þe gode mon so glad were þay boþe,

Bot if þe douthe had doted, oþer dronken ben oþer,

Boþe þe mon & þe meyny maden mony iapez,

Til þe sesoun watz se3en, þat þay seuer moste;

Burnez to hor bedde behoued at þe laste.

Þenne lo3ly his leue at þe lorde fyrst

Fochchez þis fre mon, & fayre he hym þonkkez;

“Of such a sellyly soiorne, as I haf hade here,

Your honour, at þis hy3e fest, þe hy3e kyng yow 3elde!

I 3ef yow me for on of yourez, if yowreself lykez,

For I mot nedes, as 3e wot, meue to morne;

& 3e me take sum tolke, to teche, as 3e hy3t,

Þe gate to þe grene chapel, as god wyl me suffer

To dele, on nw 3erez day, þe dome of my wyrdes."

"In god fayþe," quod þe god mon, "wyth a goud wylle;

Al þat euer I yow hy3t, halde schal I rede."

Þer asyngnes he a seruaunt, to sett hym in þe waye,

& coundue hym by þe downez, þat he no drechch had,

For to f[e]rk þur3 þe fryth, & fare at þe gaynest,

bi greue.

Þe lorde Gawayn con þonk,

Such worchip he wolde hym weue;

Þen at þo ladyez wlonk.

Þe kny3t hatz tan his leue.

XXXIV.

With care & wyth kyssyng he carppez hem tille,

& fele þryuande þonkkez he þrat hom to haue,

& þay 3elden hym a3ay[n] 3eply þat ilk;

Þay bikende hym to Kryst, with ful colde sykyngez.

Syþen fro þe meyny he menskly departes;

Vche mon þat he mette, he made hem a þonke,

For his seruyse, & his solace, & his sere pyne,

Þat þay wyth busynes had ben, aboute hym to serue;

& vche segge as sore, to seuer with hym þere,

As þay hade wonde worþyly with þat wlonk euer.

Þen with ledes & ly3t he watz ladde to his chambre,

& blybely bro3t to his bedde, to be at his rest;

3if he ne slepe soundyly, say ne dar I,

For he hade muche on þe morn to mynne, 3if he wolde, in þo3t;

Let hym ly3e þere stille,

He hatz nere þat he so3t,

& 3e wyl a whyle be stylle,

I schal telle yow how þay wro3t.

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1.21: Fytte the Fourth

I.

Now ne3ez þe nw 3ere, & þe ny3t passez,

Þe day dryuez to þe derk, as dry3tyn biddez;

Bot wylde wederez of þe worlde wakned þeroute,

Clowdes kesten kenly þe colde to þe erþe,

Wyth ny3e innoghe of þe norþe, þe naked to tene;

Þe snawe snitered ful snart, þat snayped þe wylde;

Þe werbelande wynde wapped fro þe hy3e,

& drof vche dale ful of dryftes ful grete.

Þe leude lystened ful wel, þat le3 in his bedde,

Þa3 he lowkez his liddez, ful lyttel he slepes;

Bi vch kok þat crue, he knwe wel þe steuen.

Deliuerly he dressed vp, er þe day sprenged,

For þere watz ly3t of a lau[m]pe, þat lemed in his chambre;

He called to his chamberlayn, þat cofly hym swared,

& bede hym bryng hym his bruny, & his blonk sadel;

Þat oþer ferkez hym vp, & fechez hym his wedez,

& grayþez me sir Gawayn vpon a grett wyse.

Fyrst he clad hym in his cloþez, þe colde for to were;

& syþen his oþer harnays, þat holdely watz keped,

Boþe his paunce, & his platez, piked ful clene,

Þe ryngez rokked of þe roust, of his riche bruny;

& al watz fresch as vpon fyrst, & he watz fayn þenne

to þonk;

He hade vpon vche pece,

Wypped ful wel & wlonk;

Þe gayest in to Grece,

Þe burne bede bryng his blonk.

II.

Whyle þe wlonkest wedes he warp on hym-seluen;

His cote, wyth be conysaunce of þe clere werkez,

Ennurned vpon veluet vertuuus stonez,

Aboute beten, & bounden, enbrauded semez,

& fayre furred with-inne wyth fayre pelures.

3et laft he not þe lace, þe ladiez gifte,

Þat for-gat not Gawayn, for gode of hymseluen;

Bi he hade belted þe bronde vpon his bal3e haunchez,

Þenn dressed he his drurye double hym aboute;

Swyþe sweþled vmbe his swange swetely, þat kny3t,

Þe gordel of þe grene silke, þat gay wel bisemed,

Vpon þat ryol red cloþe, þat ryche watz to schewe.

Bot wered not þis ilk wy3e for wele þis gordel,

For pryde of þe pendauntez, þa3 polyst þay were,

& þa3 þe glyterande golde glent vpon endez,

Bot forto sauen hymself, when suffer hym byhoued,

To byde bale with-oute dabate, of bronde hym to were,

oþer knyffe;

Bi þat þe bolde mon boun,

Wynnez þeroute bilyue,

Alle þe meyny of renoun,

He þonkkez ofte ful ryue.

III.

Thenne watz Gryngolet grayþe, þat gret watz & huge,

& hade ben soiourned sauerly, & in a siker wyse,

Hym lyst prik for poynt, þat proude hors þenne;

Þe wy3e wynnez hym to, & wytez on his lyre,

& sayde soberly hymself, & by his soth swerez,

“Here is a meyny in þis mote, þat on menske þenkkez,

Þe mon hem maynteines, ioy mot þay haue;

Þe leue lady, on lyue luf hir bityde;

3if þay for charyté cherysen a gest,

& halden honour in her honde, þe haþel hem 3elde,

Þat haldez þe heuen vpon hy3e, & also yow alle!

& 3if I my3t lyf vpon londe lede any quyle,

I schuld rech yow sum rewarde redyly, if I my3t."

Þenn steppez he into stirop, & strydez alofte;

His schalk schewed hym his schelde, on schulder he hit la3t,

Gordez to Gryngolet, with his gilt helez,

& he startez on þe ston, stod he no lenger,

to praunce;

His haþel on hors watz þenne,

Þat bere his spere & launce.

"Þis kastel to Kryst I kenne,

He gef hit ay god chaunce!"

IV.

The brygge watz brayde doun, & þe brode 3atez

Vnbarred, & born open, vpon boþe halue;

Þe burne blessed hym bilyue, & þe bredez passed;

Prayses þe porter, bifore þe prynce kneled,

Gef hym God & goud day, þat Gawayn he saue;

& went on his way, with his wy3e one,

Þat schulde teche hym to tourne to þat tene place,

Þer þe ruful race he schulde re-sayue.

Þay bo3en bi bonkkez, þer bo3e3 ar bare,

They climb by cliffs,

Þay clomben bi clyffez, þer clengez þe colde;

Þe heuen watz vphalt, bot vgly þer-vnder,

Mist muged on þe mor, malt on þe mountez,

Vch hille hade a hatte, a myst-hakel huge;

Brokez byled, & breke, bi bonkkez aboute,

Schyre schaterande on schorez, þer þay doun schowued.

Welawylle watz þe way, þer þay bi wod schulden,

Til hit watz sone sesoun, þat þe sunne ryses,

þat tyde;

Þay were on a hille ful hy3e,

Þe quyte snaw lay bisyde;

Þe burne þat rod hym by

Bede his mayster abide.

V.

“For I haf wonnen yow hider, wy3e, at þis tyme,

& now nar 3e not fer fro þat note place,

Þat 3e han spied & spuryed so specially after;

Bot I schal say yow for soþe, syþen I yow knowe,

& 3e ar a lede vpon lyue, þat I wel louy,

Wolde 3e worch bi my wytte, 3e worþed þe better.

Þe place þat 3e prece to, ful perelous is halden;

Þer wonez a wy3e in þat waste, þe worst vpon erþe;

For he is stiffe, & sturne, & to strike louies,

& more he is þen any mon vpon myddelerde,

& his body bigger þen þe best fowre.

Þat ar in Arþurez hous, Hestor oþer oþer.

He cheuez þat chaunce at þe chapel grene;

Þer passes non bi þat place, so proude in his armes,

Þat he ne dyngez hym to deþe, with dynt of his honde;

For he is a mon methles, & mercy non vses,

For be hit chorle, oþer chaplayn, þat bi þe chapel rydes,

Monk, oþer masseprest, oþer any mon elles,

Hym þynk as queme hym to quelle, as quyk go hym seluen.

Forþy I say þe as soþe as 3e in sadel sitte,

Com 3e þere, 3e be kylled, [I] may þe kny3t rede,

Trawe 3e me þat trwely, þa3 3e had twenty lyues

to spende;

He hatz wonyd here ful 3ore,

On bent much baret bende,

A3ayn his dyntez sore,

3e may not yow defende."

VI.

"Forþy, goude sir Gawayn, let þe gome one,

& gotz away sum oþer gate; vpon Goddez halue;

Cayrez bi sum oþer kyth, þer Kryst mot yow spede;

& I schal hy3 me hom a3ayn, & hete yow fyrre,

Þat I schal swere bi God, & alle his gode hal3ez,

As help me God & þe halydam, & oþez innoghe,

Þat I schal lelly yow layne, & lance neuer tale,

Þat euer 3e fondet to fle, for freke þat I wyst."

"Grant merci;" quod Gawayn, & gruchyng he sayde,

"Wel worth þe wy3e, þat woldez my gode,

& þat lelly me layne, I leue wel þou woldez!

Bot helde þou hit neuer so holde, & I here passed,

Founded for ferde for to fle, in fourme þat þou tellez,

I were a kny3t kowarde, I my3t not be excused.

Bot I wy1 to þe chape1, for chaunce þat may falle,

& talk wyth þat ilk tulk þe tale þat me lyste,

Worþe hit wele, oþer wo, as þe wyrde lykez hit hafe;

Þa3e he be a sturn knape,

To sti3tel, & stad with staue,

"Full well can God devise his servants for to save."

Ful wel con dry3tyn schape,

His seruauntez forto saue.”

VII.

“Mary!” quod þat oþer mon, “now þou so much spellez,

Þat þou wylt þyn awen nye nyme to þyseluen,

& þe lyst lese þy lyf, þe lette I ne kepe;

Haf here þi helme on þy hede, þi spere in þi honde,

& ryde me doun þis ilk rake, bi 3on rokke syde,

till thou come to the bottom of the valley;

Til þou be bro3t to þe boþem of þe brem valay;

Þenne loke a littel on þe launde, on þi lyfte honde,

& þou schal se in þat slade þe self chapel,

& þe borelych burne on bent, þat hit kepez.

Now farez wel on Godez half, Gawayn þe noble,

For alle þe golde vpon grounde I nolde go with þe,

Ne bere þe fela3schip þur3 þis fryth on fote fyrre.”

Bi þat þe wy3e in þe wod wendez his brydel,

Hit þe hors with þe helez, as harde as he my3t,

Lepez hym ouer þe launde, & leuez þe kny3t þere, al one.

“Bi Goddez self,” quod Gawayn,

“I wyl nauþer grete ne grone,

To Goddez wylle I am ful bayn,

& to hym I haf me tone.”

VIII.

Thenne gyrdez he to Gryngolet, & gederez þe rake,

Schowuez in bi a schore, at a scha3e syde,

Ridez þur3 þe ro3e bonk, ry3t to þe dale;

& þenne he wayted hym aboute, & wylde hit hym þo3t,

& se3e no syngne of resette, bisydez nowhere,

Bot hy3e bonkkez & brent, vpon boþe halue,

& ru3e knokled knarrez, with knorned stonez;

Þe skwez of þe scowtes skayued hym þo3t.

Þenne he houed, & wythhylde his hors at þat tyde,

& ofte chaunged his cher, þe chapel to seche;

He se3 non suche in no syde, & selly hym þo3t,

Sone a lyttel on a launde, a lawe as hit we[re];

A bal3 ber3, bi a bonke, þe brymme by-syde,

Bi a for3 of a flode, þat ferked þare;

Þe borne blubred þer-inne, as hit boyled hade.

Þe kny3t kachez his caple, & com to þe lawe,

Li3tez doun luflyly, & at a lynde tachez

Þe rayne, & his riche, with a ro3e braunche;

Þen[n]e he bo3ez to þe ber3e, aboute hit he walkez,

D[e]batande with hymself, quat hit be my3t.

Hit hade a hole on þe ende, & on ayþer syde,

& ouergrowen with gresse in glodes ay where,

& al watz hol3 in-with, nobot an olde caue,

Or a creuisse of an olde cragge, he couþe hit no3t deme with spelle,

“We, lorde,” quod þe gentyle kny3t,

“Wheþer þis be þe grene chapelle;

He my3t aboute myd-ny3t,

[Þ]e dele his matynnes telle!”

IX.

“Now iwysse,” quod Wowayn, “wysty is here;

Þis oritore is vgly, with erbez ouergrowen;

Wel bisemez þe wy3e wruxled in grene

Dele here his deuocioun, on þe deuelez wyse;

Now I fele hit is þe fende, in my fyue wyttez,

Þat hatz stoken me þis steuen, to strye me here;

Þis is a chapel of meschaunce, þat chekke hit bytyde,

Hit is þe corsedest kyrk, þat euer i com inne!”

With he3e helme on his hede, his launce in his honde,

He romez vp to þe rokke of þo ro3 wonez;

Þene herde he of þat hy3e hil, in a harde roche,

Bi3onde þe broke, in a bonk, a wonder breme noyse,

Quat! hit clatered in þe clyff, as hit cleue schulde,

As one vpon a gryndelston hade grounden a syþe;

What! hit wharred, & whette, as water at a mulne,

What! hit rusched, & ronge, rawþe to here.

Þenne “bi Godde,” quod Gawayn, “þat gere as I trowe,

Is ryched at þe reuerence, me renk to mete,

bi rote;

Let God worche we loo,

Hit helppez me not a mote,

My lif þa3 I for-goo,

Drede dotz me no lote.”

X.

Thenne þe kny3t con calle ful hy3e,

“Who sti3tlez in þis sted, me steuen to holde?

For now is gode Gawayn goande ry3t here,

If any wy3e o3t wyl wynne hider fast,

Oþer now, oþer neuer, his nedez to spede.”

“Abyde,” quod on on þe bonke, abouen ouer his hede,

“& þou schal haf al in hast, þat I þe hy3t ones.”

3et he rusched on þat rurde, rapely a þrowe,

& wyth quettyng a-wharf, er he wolde ly3t;

& syþen he keuerez bi a cragge, & comez of a hole,

Whyrlande out of a wro, wyth a felle weppen,

A denez ax nwe dy3t, þe dynt with [t]o 3elde

With a borelych bytte, bende by þe halme,

Fyled in a fylor, fowre fote large,

Hit watz no lasse, bi þat lace þat lemed ful bry3t.

& þe gome in þe erene gered as fyrst,

Boþe þe lyre & þe leggez, lokkez, & berde,

Saue þat fayre on his fote he foundz3 on þe erþe,

Sette þe stele to þe stone, & stalked bysyde.

When he wan to þe watter, þer he wade nolde,

He hypped ouer on hys ax, & orpedly strydez,

Bremly broþe on a bent, þat brode watz aboute,

on snawe.

Sir Gawayn þe kny3t con mete.

He ne lutte hym no þyng lowe,

Þat oþer sayde, “now, sir swete,

Of steuen mon may þe trowe.”

XI.

“Gawayn,” quod þat grene gome, “God þe mot loke!

Iwysse þou art welcom, wy3e, to my place,

& þou hatz tymed þi trauayl as true mon schulde;

& þou knowez þe couenauntez kest vus by-twene,

At þis tyme twelmonyth þou toke þat þe falled,

& I schulde at þis nwe 3ere 3eply þe quyte.

& we ar in þis valay, verayly oure one,

Here ar no renkes vs to rydde, rele as vus likez;

Haf þy helme of þy hede, & haf here þy pay;

Busk no more debate þen I þe bede þenne,

“When þou wypped of my hede at a wap one.”

“Nay, bi God,” quod Gawayn, “þat me gost lante,

I schal gruch þe no grwe, for grem þat fallez;

Botsty3tel þe vpon on strok, & I schal stonde stylle,

& warp þe no wernyng, to worch as þe lykez, no whare.”

He lened with þe nek, & lutte,

& schewed þat schyre al bare,

& lette as he no3t dutte,

For drede he wolde not dare.

XII.

Then þe gome in þe grene grayþed hym swyþe,

Gederez yp hys grymme tole, Gawayn to smyte;

With alle þe bur in his body he ber hit on lofte,

Munt as ma3tyly, as marre hym he wolde;

Hade hit dryuen adoun, as dre3 as he atled,

Þer hade ben ded of his dynt, þat do3ty watz euer.

Bot Gawayn on þat giserne glyfte hym bysyde,

As hit com glydande adoun, on glode hym to schende,

& schranke a lytel with þe schulderes, for þe scharp yrne.

Þat oþer schalk wyth a schunt þe schene wythhaldez,

& þenne repreued he þe prynce with mony prowde wordez:

“Þou art not Gawayn,” quod þe gome, “þat is so goud halden,

Þat neuer ar3ed for no here, by hylle ne be vale,

& now þou fles for ferde, er þou fele harmez;

Such cowardise of þat kny3t cowþe I neuer here.

Nawþer fyked I, ne fla3e, freke, quen þou myntest,

Ne kest no kauelacion, in kyngez hous Arthor,

My hede fla3 to my fote, & 3et fla3 I neuer;

& þou, er any harme hent, ar3ez in hert,

Wherfore þe better burne me burde be called þerfore.”

Quod Gawayn, “I schunt onez,

& so wyl I no more,

Bot pa3 my hede falle on þe stonez,

I con not hit restore.

XIII.

Bot busk, burne, bi þi fayth, & bryng me to þe poynt,

Dele to me my destiné, & do hit out of honde,

For I schal stonde þe a strok, & start no more,

Til þyn ax haue me hitte, haf here my trawþe.”

“Haf at þe þenne,” quod þat oþer, & heuez hit alofte,

& waytez as wroþely, as he wode were;

He myntez at hym ma3tyly, bot not þe mon ryuez,

Withhelde heterly h[i]s honde, er hit hurt my3t.

Gawayn grayþely hit bydez, & glent with no membre,

Bot stode stylle as þe ston, oþer a stubbe auþer,

Þat raþeled is in roche grounde, with rotez a hundreth.

Þen muryly efte con he mele, þe mon in þe grene,

“So now þou hatz þi hert holle, hitte me bihou[e]s;

Halde þe now þe hy3e hode, þat Arþur þe ra3t,

& kepe þy kanel at þis kest, 3if hit keuer may.”

Gawaym ful gryndelly with greme þenne sayde,

“Wy þresch on, þou þro mon, þou þretez to longe,

I hope þat þi hert ar3e wyth þyn awen seluen.”

“For soþe,” quod þat oþer freke, “so felly þou spekez,

I wyl no lenger on lyte lette þin ernde, ri3t nowe.”

Þenne tas he hym stryþe to stryke,

& frounses boþe lyppe & browe,

No meruayle þa3 hym myslyke,

Þat hoped of no rescowe.

XIV.

He lyftes ly3tly his lome, & let hit doun fayre,

With þe barbe of þe bitte bi þe bare nek

Þa3 he homered heterly, hurt hym no more,

Bot snyrt hym on þat on syde, þat seuered þe hyde;

Þe scharp schrank to þe flesche þur3 þe schyre grece,

Þat þe schene blod over his schulderes schot to þe erþe.

& quen þe burne se3 þe blode blenk on þe snawe,

He sprit forth spenne fote more þen a spere lenþe,

Hent heterly his helme, & on his hed cast,

Schot with his schulderez his fayre schelde vnder,

Braydez out a bry3t sworde, & bremely he spekez--

Neuer syn þat he watz burne borne of his moder,

Watz he neuer in þis worlde, wy3e half so blyþe:—

“Blynne, burne, of þy bur, bede me no mo;

I haf a stroke in þis sted withoute stryf hent,

& if þow rechez me any mo, I redyly schal quyte,

& 3elde 3ederly a3ayn, & þer to 3e tryst,

& foo;

Bot on stroke here me fallez,

Þe couenaunt schop ry3t so,

[Sikered] in Arþurez hallez,

& þer-fore, hende, now hoo!”

XV.

The haþel heldet hym fro, & on his ax rested,

Sette þe schaft vpon schore, & to be scharp lened,

& loked to þe leude, þat on þe launde 3ede,

How þat do3ty dredles deruely þer stondez,

Armed ful a3lez; in hert hit hym lykez.

þenn he melez muryly, wyth a much steuen,

& wyth a r[a]ykande rurde he to þe renk sayde,

“Bolde burne, on þis bent be not so gryndel;

No mon here vn-manerly þe mysboden habbez,

Ne kyd, bot as couenaunde, at kyngez kort schaped;

I hy3t þe a strok, & þou hit hatz, halde þe wel payed,

I relece þe of þe remnaunt, of ry3tes alle oþer;

3if I deliuer had bene, a boffet, paraunter,

I couþe wroþeloker haf waret, [&] to þe haf wro3t anger.

Fyrst I mansed þe muryly, with a mynt one,

& roue þe wyth no rof, sore with ry3t I þe profered,

For þe forwarde that we fest in þe fyrst ny3t,

& þou trystyly þe trawþe & trwly me haldez,

Al þe gayne þow me gef, as god mon shulde;

Þat oþer munt for þe morne, mon, I þe profered,

Þou kyssedes my clere wyf, þe cossez me ra3tez,

For boþe two here I þe bede bot two bare myntes,

boute scaþe;

Trwe mon trwe restore,

Þenne þar mon drede no waþe;

At þe þrid þou fayled þore,

& þerfor þat tappe ta þe.

XVI.

For hit is my wede þat þou werez, þat ilke wouen girdel,

Myn owen wyf hit þe weued, I wot wel forsoþe;

Now know I wel þy cosses, & þy costes als,

& þe wowyng of my wyf, I wro3t hit myseluen;

I sende hir to asay þe, & sothly me þynkkez,

On þe fautlest freke, þat euer on fote 3ede;

As perle bi þe quite pese is of prys more,

So is Gawayn, in god fayth, bi oþer gay kny3tez.

Bot here you lakked a lyttel, sir, & lewte yow wonted,

Bot þat watz for no wylyde werke, ne wowyng nauþer,

Bot for 3e lufed your lyf, þe lasse I yow blame."

Þat oþer stif mon in study stod a gret whyle;

So agreued for greme he gryed withinne,

Alle þe blode of his brest blende in his face,

Þat al he schrank for schome, þat þe schalk talked.

Þe forme worde vpon folde, þat þe freke meled,—

“Corsed worth cowarddyse & couetyse boþe!

In yow is vylany & vyse, þat vertue disstryez.”

Þenne he ka3t to þe knot, & þe kest lawsez,

Brayde broþely þe belt to þe burne seluen:

“Lo! þer þe falssyng, foule mot hit falle!

For care of þy knokke cowardyse me ta3t

To acorde me with couetyse, my kynde to forsake,

Þat is larges & lewte, þat longez to kny3tez.

Now am I fawty, & falce, & ferde haf ben euer;

Of trecherye & vn-trawþe boþe bityde sor3e & care!

I biknowe yow, kny3t, here stylle,

Al fawty is my fare,

Letez me ouer-take your wylle,

& efle I schal be ware.”

XVII.

Thenne lo3e þat oþer leude, & luflyly sayde,

“I halde hit hardily hole, þe harme þat I hade;

Þou art confessed so clene, beknowen of þy mysses,

& hatz þe penaunce apert, of þe poynt of myn egge,

I halde þe polysed of þat ply3t, & pured as clene,

As þou hadez neuer forfeted, syþen þou watz fyrst borne.

& I gif þe, sir, þe gurdel þat is golde hemmed;

For hit is grene as my goune, sir Gawayn, 3e maye

Þenk vpon þis ilke þrepe, þer þou forth þryngez

Among prynces of prys, & þis a pure token

Of þe chaunce of þe grene chapel, at cheualrous kny3tez;

& 3e schal in þis nwe 3er a3ayn to my wonez,

& we schyn reuel þe remnaunt of þis ryche fest, ful bene.”

Þer laþed hym fast þe lorde,

& sayde, “with my wyf, I wene,

We schal yow wel acorde,

Þat watz your enmy kene.”

XVIII.

“Nay, for soþe,” quod þe segge, & sesed hys helme,

& hatz hit of hendely, & þe haþel þonkkez,

“I haf soiorned sadly, sele yow bytyde,

& he 3elde hit yow 3are, þat 3arkkez al menskes!

& comaundez me to þat cortays, your comlych fere,

Boþe þat on & þat oþer, myn honoured ladyez.

Þat þus hor kny3t wyth hor kest han koyntly bigyled.

Bot hit is no ferly, þa3 a fole madde,

& þur3 wyles of wymmen be wonen to sor3e;

For so watz Adam in erde with one bygyled,

& Salamon with fele sere, & Samson eft sonez,

Dalyda dalt hym hys wyrde, & Dauyth þerafter

Watz blended with Barsabe, þat much bale þoled.

Now þese were wrathed wyth her wyles, hit were a wynne huge,

To luf hom wel, & leue hem not, a leude þat couþe,

For þes wer forne þe freest þat fol3ed alle þe sele,

Exellently of alle þyse oþer, vnder heuenryche, þat mused;

& alle þay were biwyled,

With wymmen þat þay vsed,

Þa3 I be now bigyled,

Me þink me burde be excused.”

XIX.

“Bot your gordel,” quod Gawayn: “God yow for3elde!

Þat wyl I welde wyth good wylle, not for þe wynne golde,

Ne þe saynt, ne þe sylk, ne þe syde pendaundes,

For wele, ne for worchyp, ne for þe wlonk werkkez,

Bot in syngne of my surfet I schal se hit ofte;

When I ride in renoun, remorde to myseluen

Þe faut & þe fayntyse of þe flesche crabbed,

How tender hit is to entyse teches of fylþe;

& þus, quen pryde schal me pryk, for prowes of armes,

Þe loke to þis luf lace schal leþe my hert.

Bot on I wolde yow pray, displeses yow neuer;

Syn 3e be lorde of þe 3onde[r] londe, þer I haf lent inne,

Wyth yow wyth worschyp,—þe wy3e hit yow 3elde

Þat vphaldez þe heuen, & on hy3 sittez,—

How norne 3e yowre ry3t nome, & þenne no more?"

"Þat schal I telle þe trwly," quod þat oþer þenne,

"Bernlak de Hautdesert I hat in þis londe,

Þur3 my3t of Morgne la Faye, þat in my hous lenges,

& koyntyse of clergye, bi craftes wel lerned,

Þe maystres of Merlyn, mony ho taken;

For ho hatz dalt drwry ful dere sum tyme,

With þat conable klerk, þat knowes alle your kny3tez

at hame;

Morgne þe goddes,

Þerfore hit is hir name;

Weldez non so hy3e hawtesse,

Þat ho ne con make ful tame.

XX.

Ho wayned me vpon þis wyse to your wynne halle,

For to assay þe surquidre, 3if hit soth were,

Þat rennes of þe grete renoun of þe Rounde Table;

Ho wayned me þis wonder, your wyttez to reue,

For to haf greued Gaynour, & gart hir to dy3e.

With gopnyng of þat ilke gomen, þat gostlych speked,

With his hede in his honde, bifore þe hy3e table.

Þat is ho þat is at home, þe auncian lady;

Ho is euen þyn aunt, Arþurez half suster,

Þe duches do3ter of Tyntagelle, þat dere Vter after

Hade Arþur vpon, þat aþel is nowþe.

Þerfore I eþe þe, haþel, to com to þy naunt,

Make myry in my hous, my meny þe louies,

& I wol þe as wel, wy3e, bi my faythe,

As any gome vnder God, for þy grete trauþe."

& he nikked hym naye, he nolde bi no wayes;

Þay acolen & kyssen, [þikennen] ayþer oþer

To þe prynce of paradise, & parten ry3t þere,

on coolde;

Gawayn on blonk ful bene,

To þe kyngez bur3 buskez bolde,

& þe kny3t in þe enker grene,

Whiderwarde-so-euer he wolde.

XXI.

Wylde waye3 in þe worlde Wowen now rydez,

On Gryngolet, þat þe grace hade geten of his lyue;

Ofte he herbered in house, & ofte al þeroute,

& mony a-venture in vale, & venquyst ofte,

Þat I ne ty3t, at þis tyme, in tale to remene.

Þe hurt watz hole, þat he hade hent in his nek,

& þe blykkande belt he bere þeraboute,

A belef as a bauderyk, bounden bi his syde,

Loken vnder his lyfte arme, þe lace, with a knot,

In tokenyng he watz tane in tech of a faute;

& þus he commes to þe court, kny3t al in sounde.

Þer wakned wele in þat wone, when wyst þe grete,

Þat gode Gawayn: watz commen, gayn hit hym þo3t;

Þe kyng kyssez þe kny3t, & þe whene alce,

& syþen mony syker kny3t, þat so3t hym to haylce,

Of his fare þat hym frayned, & ferlyly he telles;

Biknowoz alle þe costes of care þat he hade,—

Þe chaunce of þe chapel, þe chere of þe kny3t,

Þe luf of þe ladi, þe lace at þe last.

Þe nirt in þe nek he naked hem schewed,

Þat he la3t for his vnleute at þe leudes hondes,

for blame;

He tened quen he schulde telle,

He groned for gref & grame;

Þe blod in his face con melle,

When he hit schulde schewe, for schame.

XXII.

“Lo! lorde,” quod þe leude, & þe lace hondeled,

“Þis is þe bende of þis blame I bere [in] my nek,

Þis is þe laþe & þe losse, þat I la3t haue,

Of couardise & couetyse, þat I haf ca3t þare,

Þis is þe token of vn-trawþe, þat I am tan inne,

& I mot nedez hit were, wyle I may last;

For non may hyden his harme, bot vnhap ne may hit,

For þer hit onez is tachched, twynne wil hit neuer.”

Þe kyng comfortez þe kny3t, & alle þe court als,

La3en loude þerat, & luflyly acorden,

Þat lordes & ladis, þat longed to þe Table,

Vche burne of þe broþerhede a bauderyk schulde haue,

A bende, a belef hym aboute, of a bry3t grene,

& þat, for sake of þat segge, in swete to were.

For þat watz acorded þe renoun of þe Rounde Table,

& he honoured þat hit hade, euermore after,

As hit is breued in þe best boke of romaunce.

Þus in Arthurus day þis aunter bitidde,

Þe Brutus bokez þerof beres wyttenesse;

Syþen Brutus, þe bolde burne, bo3ed hider fyrst,

After þe segge & þe asaute watz sesed at Troye,

Iwysse;

Mony aunterez here-biforne,

Haf fallen suche er þis:

Now þat bere þe croun of þorne,

He bryng vus to his blysse! AMEN.

HONY SOYT QUI MAL PENCE.

1.14.3 Reading and Review Questions

1. How does Gawain's manner of speaking in court compare to his words to the Green Knight at the very end? What changes, if anything?

2. In Part Three (or Fitt Three), in what ways do the words and the actions of the lady directly parallel the hunt outside? How is each day different, and how does the level of danger inside correspond to the level of danger outside?

3. In what ways is Gawain the best knight of King Arthur's court? Is he wise? Mature? Why or why not?

4. What effect does Gawain's misogynistic outburst at the end have on our view of his previous actions? Does the Green Knight seem to agree or not? Considering the context, why does Gawain act that way?

5. What view or views of religion appear in the story? How do they explain (or complicate) the actions of the characters?

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1.22: Julian of Norwich

(ca. 1342-ca. 1416)

Julian of Norwich was an English mystic and anchoress who had a series of visions during a serious illness, which were recorded as the Revelations of Divine Love. Anchorites took a vow to withdraw from the world, usually by staying in a small room—or "cell"—that was attached to a church. Anchorites could be monks or nuns, or they could be laypeople who had decided to devote the rest of their lives to religious contemplation. Julian may have taken her name from St. Julian's Church, in Norwich, to which her cell was attached. Despite the isolation, anchorites were expected to act as advisors to those seeking religious guidance, since their activities gave them a certain status. Margery Kempe, who wrote a book on her own religious visions, records visiting Julian to ask her advice. Julian's sixteen visions occurred when she was, by her own account, thirty-and-ahalf years old, in May of 1373, during a near-death experience. The shorter version, or Short Text, was probably written soon afterwards, and the Long Text appears to have been written about twenty years later, after she had contemplated the visions in depth. The revelations focus not only on Christ's suffering, which was a common approach in her time, but also on God's love in an optimistic way. According to the visions, sin is "behovely"—inevitable, necessary, or appropriate—since it leads to self-knowledge, which in turn leads the sinner to God. Perhaps the most famous section of the Revelations is when God is revealed as the mother, as well as the father, of humanity, with an emphasis on the actions that a mother takes to influence her child's behavior. Julian's text influenced later authors, such as T.S. Eliot, who quotes both the description of sin and her most famous lines in his poem "Little Gidding:" "Sin is behovely, but all shall be well, and all shall be well, and all manner of thing shall be well" (Eliot).



Image 1.13 | Statue of Julian of Norwich
Artist | David Holgate
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1.15.1 Bibliography

Eliot, T.S. "Little Gidding." Four Quartets. New York, Harcourt, 1943.

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1.23: Revelations of Divine Love

1.15.2 Selections from Revelations of Divine Love

(also called A Revelation of Love—in Sixteen Showings) Published in 1395

Chapter I “A Revelation of Love—in Sixteen Shewings”

This is a Revelation of Love that Jesus Christ, our endless bliss, made in Sixteen Shewings, or Revelations particular.



Image 1.14 | Julian of Norwich
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Of the which the First is of His precious crowning with thorns; and therewith was comprehended and specified the Trinity, with the Incarnation, and unity betwixt God and man’s soul; with many fair shewings of endless wisdom and teachings of love: in which all the Shewings that follow be grounded and oned.

The Second is the changing of colour of His fair face in token of His dearworthy Passion.

The Third is that our Lord God, Allmighty Wisdom, All-Love, right as verily as He hath made everything that is, all-so verily He doeth and worketh all-thing that is done.

The Fourth is the scourging of His tender body, with plenteous shedding of His blood.

The Fifth is that the Fiend is overcome by the precious Passion of Christ.

The Sixth is the worshipful thanking by our Lord God in which He rewardeth His blessed servants in Heaven.

The Seventh is [our] often feeling of weal and woe; (the feeling of weal is gracious touching and lightening, with true assuredness of endless joy; the feeling of woe is temptation by heaviness and irksomeness of our fleshly living;) with ghostly understanding that we are kept all as securely in Love in woe as in weal, by the Goodness of God.

The Eighth is of the last pains of Christ, and His cruel dying.

The Ninth is of the pleasing which is in the Blissful Trinity by the hard Passion of Christ and His rueful dying: in which joy and pleasing He willeth that we be solaced and mirthed 4 with Him, till when we come to the fulness in Heaven.

The Tenth is, our Lord Jesus sheweth in love His blissful heart even cloven in two, rejoicing.

The Eleventh is an high ghostly Shewing of His dearworthy Mother.

The Twelfth is that our Lord is most worthy Being.

The Thirteenth is that our Lord God willeth we have great regard to all the deeds that He hath done: in the great nobleness of the making of all things; and the excellency of man's making, which is above all his works; and the precious Amends that He hath made for man's sin, turning all our blame into endless worship. In which Shewing also our Lord saith: Behold and see! For by the same Might, Wisdom, and Goodness that I have done all this, by the same Might, Wisdom, and Goodness I shall make well all that is not well; and thou shalt see it. And in this He willeth that we keep us in the Faith and truth of Holy Church, not desiring to see into His secret things now, save as it belongeth to us in this life.

The Fourteenth is that our Lord is the Ground of our Prayer. Herein were seen two properties: the one is rightful prayer, the other is steadfast trust; which He willeth should both be alike large; and thus our prayer pleaseth Him and He of His Goodness fulfilleth it.

The Fifteenth is that we shall suddenly be taken from all our pain and from all our woe, and of His Goodness we shall come up above, where we shall have our Lord Jesus for our meed and be fulfilled with joy and bliss in Heaven.

The Sixteenth is that the Blissful Trinity, our Maker, in Christ Jesus our Saviour, endlessly dwelleth in our soul, worshipfully ruling and protecting all things, us mightily and wisely saving and keeping, for love; and we shall not be overcome of our Enemy.

Chapter II "A simple creature unlettered.—Which creature afore desired three gifts of God"

These Revelations were shewed to a simple creature unlettered, the year of our Lord 1373, the Thirteenth day of May. Which creature [had] afore desired three gifts of God. The First was mind of His Passion; the Second was bodily sickness in youth, at thirty years 3 of age; the Third was to have of God's gift three wounds.

As to the First, methought I had some feeling in the Passion of Christ, but yet I desired more by the grace of God. Methought I would have been that time with Mary Magdalene, and with other that were Christ's lovers, and therefore I desired a bodily sight wherein I might have more knowledge of the bodily pains of our Saviour and of the compassion of our Lady and of all His true lovers that saw, that time, His pains. For I would be one of them and suffer with Him. Other sight nor shewing of God desired I never none, till the soul were disparted from the body. The cause of this petition was that after the shewing I should have the more true mind in the Passion of Christ.

The Second came to my mind with contrition; [I] freely desiring that sickness [to be] so hard as to death, that I might in that sickness receive all my rites of Holy Church, myself thinking that I should die, and that all creatures might suppose the same that saw me: for I would have no manner of comfort of earthly life. In this sickness I desired to have all manner of pains bodily and ghostly that I should have if I should die, (with all the dreads and tempests of the fiends) except the outpassing of the soul. And this I meant for [that] I would be purged, by the mercy of God, and afterward live more to the worship of God because of that sickness. And that for the more furthering in my death: for I desired to be soon with my God.

These two desires of the Passion and the sickness I desired with a condition, saying thus: Lord, Thou knowest what I would,—if it be Thy will that I have it—; and if it be not Thy will, good Lord, be not displeased: for I will nought but as Thou wilt.

For the Third [petition], by the grace of God and teaching of Holy Church I conceived a mighty desire to receive three wounds in my life: that is to say, the wound of very contrition, the wound of kind compassion,10 and the wound of steadfast longing toward God. And all this last petition I asked without any condition.

These two desires aforesaid passed from my mind, but the third dwelled with me continually.

Chapter III "I desired to suffer with Him"

And when I was thirty years old and a half, God sent me a bodily sickness, in which I lay three days and three nights; and on the fourth night I took all my rites of Holy Church, and weened not to have lived till day. And after this I languored forth two days and two nights, and on the third night I weened oftentimes to have passed; and so weened they that were with me.

And being in youth as yet, I thought it great sorrow to die;—but for nothing that was in earth that meliked to live for, nor for no pain that I had fear of: for I trusted in God of His mercy. But it was to have lived that I might have loved God better, and longer time, that I might have the more knowing and loving of God in bliss of Heaven. For methought all the time that I had lived here so little and so short in regard of that endless bliss,—I thought [it was as] nothing. Wherefore I thought: Good Lord, may my living no longer be to Thy worship! And I understood by my reason and by my feeling of my pains that I should die; and I assented fully with all the will of my heart to be at God's will.

Thus I dured till day, and by then my body was dead from the middle downwards, as to my feeling. Then was I minded to be set upright, backward leaning, with help,—for to have more freedom of my heart to be at God's will, and thinking on God while my life would last.

My Curate was sent for to be at my ending, and by that time when he came I had set my eyes, and might not speak. He set the Cross before my face and said: I have brought thee the Image of thy Master and Saviour: look thereupon and comfort thee therewith.

Methought I was well [as it was], for my eyes were set uprightward unto Heaven, where I trusted to come by the mercy of God; but nevertheless I assented to set my eyes on the face of the Crucifix, if I might; and so I did. For methought I might longer dure to look evenforth than right up. After this my sight began to fail, and it was all dark about me in the chamber, as if it had been night, save in the Image of the Cross whereon I beheld a common light; and I wist not how. All that was away from the Cross was of horror to me, as if it had been greatly occupied by the fiends.

After this the upper part of my body began to die, so far forth that scarcely I had any feeling;—with shortness of breath. And then I weened in sooth to have passed.

And in this [moment] suddenly all my pain was taken from me, and I was as whole (and specially in the upper part of my body) as ever I was afore.

I marvelled at this sudden change; for methought it was a privy working of God, and not of nature. And yet by the feeling of this ease I trusted never the more to live; nor was the feeling of this ease any full ease unto me: for methought I had liefer have been delivered from this world.

Then came suddenly to my mind that I should desire the second wound of our Lord's gracious gift: that my body might be fulfilled with mind and feeling of His blessed Passion. For I would that His pains were my pains, with compassion and afterward longing to God. But in this I desired never bodily sight nor shewing of God, but compassion such as a kind soul might have with our Lord Jesus, that for love would be a mortal man: and therefore I desired to suffer with Him.

1.15.2 Reading and Review Questions

1. Why does Julian ask God for "three wounds"? How are these requests fulfilled?

2. What ideas or images appear to surprise, disturb, or confuse Julian? How are those issues resolved?

3. Using examples from the text, what is Julian's view of love in the visions? What kind of love is it? How does it compare to other types of love?

4. How does Julian explain her vision of God as mother, as well as father, son, and holy ghost? What specifically does it mean in the vision for God to be our mother, as well?

5. Which ideas would the original audience have thought were particularly important, and why do you think so? Which ideas are the most emotional, and why?

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1.24: The Second Shepards' Play

Unknown date (possibly as early as the fourteenth century)

The Wakefield Master

The Second Shepherds' Play was written by an unidentified writer known as the Wakefield Master, whose plays are considered some of the finest work of the time. He wrote at least five of the plays in the Wakefield mystery play cycle, in addition to revising and improving the rest. The plays were performed in the town of Wakefield, in West Yorkshire, and are also called the Towneley plays, since the only surviving manuscript was owned by the Towneley family for a long time. Mystery play cycles were based on the Bible (with some significant changes and additions) and were meant to be performed chronologically, usually at a certain time of year (such as during Corpus Christi). The four surviving mystery play cycles begin with the Creation of Heaven and end with the Last Judgment, with as few as twenty-five plays (in Chester) to as many as forty-eight plays (in York). The Wakefield cycle, with its thirty-two plays, may have been a compilation of other cycle plays, while the N-Town cycle of forty-two plays (sometimes called the Coventry cycle) may have been used by traveling actors (the "N" stands for the name of whichever town they performed in at that moment). In general, however, the cycle plays were performed not by professional actors, but by members of trade guilds or other organizations. In York, the shipwrights performed the roles in the Noah play, and the wagon that was their stage (which moved from location to location in the city) would be built to look like Noah's ark. Cycle plays are mentioned regularly in medieval literature; in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, the "Miller's Tale" (found in this anthology) references both the Herod play, in which Absalom performs the role of Herod to get attention, and the Noah play, which provides one of the main jokes of the story.



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As may be clear from the name, there were two different nativity plays involving shepherds in the Wakefield cycle; it is possible that only one of the plays would have been performed, although both were written by the Wakefield Master. Of all of his plays, The Second Shepherds' Play is undoubtedly the best. The play combines the serious story of the nativity with social commentary (from the perspective of the poorest members of society) and humor. The play is full of anachronisms: the shepherds reference the crucifixion, even though Jesus has only just been born; one of the gifts is a tennis ball; and the setting is clearly in the north of England (with a joke about Mak's strange southern accent). The farcical birth of Mak and Gill's "baby" (one of the highlights of the play) is a perfect contrast to the serious— and sweet—nativity scene at the end.

1.16.1 The Second Shepherds' Play

[The First Shepherd (Primus Pastor) enters.]

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Lord, but this weather is cold, and I am ill wrapped!

Nigh dazed, were the truth told, so long have I napped;

My legs under me fold; my fingers are chapped—

With such like I don't hold, for I am all lapt

In sorrow.

In storms and tempest.

Now in the east, now in the west,

Woe is him has never rest

Midday nor morrow!

But we seely shepherds that walk on the moor,

In faith we're nigh at hand to be put out of door.

No wonder, as it doth stand, if we be poor.

For the tilth of our land lies fallow as the floor,

As ye ken.

We're so burdened and banned,

Over-taxed and unmanned.

We're made tame to the hand

Of these gentry men.

Thus they rob us of our rest, our Lady them harry!

These men bound to their lords' behest, they make the plough tarry,

What men say is for the best, we find the contrary,—

Thus are husbandmen oppressed, in point to miscarry,

In life,

Thus hold they us under

And from comfort sunder.

It were great wonder,

If ever we should thrive.

For if a man may get an embroidered sleeve or a brooch now-a-days,

Woe is him that may him grieve, or a word in answer says!

No blame may he receive, whatever pride he displays;

And yet may no man believe one word that he says,

Not a letter.

His daily needs are gained

By boasts and bragging feigned.

And in all he's maintained

By men that are greater.

Proud shall come a swain as a peacock may go,

He must borrow my wain, my plough also.

Then I am full fain to grant it ere he go.

Thus live we in pain, anger, and woe

By night and day!

He must have it, if he choose.

Though I should it lose,

I were better hanged than refuse.

Or once say him nay!

It does me good as I walk thus alone

Of this world for to talk and to make my moan.

To my sheep will I stalk, and hearken anon,

There wait on a balk, or sit on a stone.

Full soon,

For I trow, pardie,

True men if they be,

We shall have company,

Ere it be noon.

[The First Shepherd goes out (or to one side). The Second Shepherd enters.]

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Ben'cite and Dominus! What may this mean?

Why fares the world thus! The like often we've seen!

Lord, but it is spiteful and grievous, this weather so keen!

And the frost so hideous—it waters mine een!

That's no lie!

Now in dry, now in wet,

Now in snow, now in sleet.

When my shoes freeze to my feet,

It's not all easy!

But so far as I ken, wherever I go,

We seely wedded men suffer mickle woe

We have sorrow once and again, it befalls oft so.

Seely Capel, our hen, both to and fro

She cackles.

But if she begins to croak.

To grumble or cluck,

Then woe be to our cock,

For he is in the shackles!

These men that are wed have not all their will;

When they're full hard bestead, they sigh mighty still;

God knows the life they are led is full hard and full ill,

Nor thereof in bower or bed may they speak their will,

This tide.

My share I have found,

Know my lesson all round,

Wo is him that is bound,

For he must it abide!

But now late in men's lives (such a marvel to me

That I think my heart rives such wonders to see,

How that destiny drives that it should so be!)

Some men will have two wives and some men three

In store.

Some are grieved that have any,

But I'll wager my penny

Woe is him that has many.

For he feels sore!

But young men as to wooing, for God's sake that you bought.

Beware well of wedding, and hold well in thought,

“Had I known” is a thing that serves you nought.

Much silent sorrowing has a wedding home brought,

And grief gives,

With many a sharp shower—

For thou mayest catch in an hour

What shall taste thee full sour

As long as one lives!

For—if ever read I epistle!—I have one by my fire,

As sharp as a thistle, as rough as a briar,

She has brows like a bristle and a sour face by her;

If she had once wet her whistle, she might sing clearer

and higher

Her pater-noster;

She is as big as a whale,

She has a gallon of gall,—

By him that died for us all,

I wish I had run till I had lost her!

PRIMUS PASTOR.

“God look over the row!” like a deaf man ye stand.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Yea, sluggard, the devil thy maw burn with his brand!

Didst see aught of Daw?

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Yea, on the pasture-land

I heard him blow just before; he comes nigh at hand

Below there.

Stand still.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Why?

PRIMUS PASTOR.

For he comes, hope I.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

He'll catch us both with some lie

Unless we beware.

[The Third Shepherd enters, at first without seeing them.]

TERTIUS PASTOR.

Christ's cross me speed and St. Nicholas!

Thereof in sooth I had need, it is worse than it was.

Whoso hath knowledge, take heed, and let the world pass,

You may never trust it, indeed,—it's as brittle as glass,

As it rangeth.

Never before fared this world so,

With marvels that greater grow,

Now in weal, now in woe,

And everything changeth.

There was never since Noah's flood such floods seen,

Winds and rains so rude and storms so keen;

Some stammered, some stood in doubt, as I ween.—

Now God turn all to good, I say as I mean!

For ponder

How these floods all drown

Both in fields and in town,

And bear all down.

And that is a wonder!

We that walk of nights our cattle to keep,

[Catches sight of the others.]

We see startling sights when oilier men sleep.

Yet my heart grows more light—I see shrews a-peep.

Ye are two tall wights—I will give my sheep

A turn, below.

But my mood is ill-sent;

As I walk on this bent,

I may lightly repent,

If I stub my toe.

Ah, Sir, God you save and my master sweet!

A drink I crave, and somewhat to eat.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Christ's curse, my knave, thou'rt a lazy cheat!

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Lo, the boy lists to rave! Wait till later for meat.

We have eat it.

Ill thrift on thy pate!

Though the rogue came late.

Yet is he in state

To eat, could he get it.

TERTIUS PASTOR.

That such servants as I, that sweat and swink,

Eat our bread full dry gives me reason to think.

Wet and weary we sigh while our masters wink,

Yet full late we come by our dinner and drink—

But soon thereto

Our dame and sire,

When we've run in the mire,

Take a nip from our hire.

And pay slow as they care to.

But hear my oath, master, since you find fault this way,

I shall do this hereafter—work to fit my pay;

I'll do just so much, sir, and now and then play,

For never yet supper in my stomach lay

In the fields.

But why dispute so?

Off with staff I can go.

"Easy bargain," men say,

“But a poor return yields.”

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Thou wert an ill lad for work to ride wooing

From a man that had but little for spending.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Peace, boy, I bade! No more jangling.

Or I’ll make thee full sad, by the Heaven’s King,

With thy gauds!

Where are our sheep, boy? Left lorn?

TERTIUS PASTOR.

Sir, this same day at morn,

I them left in the corn

When they rang Lauds.

They have pasture good, they cannot go wrong.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

That is right. By the Rood, these nights are long!

Ere we go now, I would someone gave us a song.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

So I thought as I stood, to beguile us along.

TERTIUS PASTOR.

I agree.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

The tenor I’ll try.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

And I the treble so high.

TERTIUS PASTOR.

Then the mean shall be I.

How ye chant now, let’s see!

[They sing (the song is not given).]

[Tunc entrat Mak, in clamide se super togam vestitus.]

MAK.

Now, Lord, by thy seven names' spell, that made both moon and stars on high,

Full more than I can tell, by thy will for me. Lord, lack I.

I am all at odds, nought goes well—that oft doth my temper try.

Now would God I might in heaven dwell, for there no children cry.

So still.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Who is that pipes so poor?

MAK.

Would God ye knew what I endure!

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Lo, a man that walks on the moor.

And has not all his will!

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Mak, whither dost speed? What news do you bring!

TERTIUS PASTOR.

Is he come? Then take heed each one to his thing.

[Et accipit clamiden ah ipso.]

MAK.

What! I am a yeoman—since there's need I should tell you—of the King,

That self-same, indeed, messenger from a great lording,

And the like thereby.

Fie on you! Go hence

Out of my presence!

I must have reverence.

And you ask "who am I!"

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Why dress ye it up so quaint? Mak, ye do ill!

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

But, Mak, listen, ye saint, I believe what ye will!

TERTIUS PASTOR.

I trow the knave can feint, by the neck the devil him kill!

MAK.

I shall make complaint, and you'll all get your fill,

At a word from me—

And tell your doings, forsooth

PRIMUS PASTOR.

But, Mak, is that truth?

Now take out that southern tooth stick in a flea

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Mak, the devil be in your eye, verily! to a blow I'd fain treat you.

TERTIUS PASTOR.

Mak, know you not me? By God, I could beat you!

MAK.

God keep you all three! Me thought I had seen you—I greet you.

Ye are a fair company!

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Oh, now you remember, you cheat, you!

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Shrew, jokes are cheap!

When thus late a man goes.

What will folk suppose?—

You've a bad name, God knows.

For stealing of sheep

MAK.

And true as steel am I, all men know and say,

But a sickness I feel, verily, that grips me hard, night and day.

My belly is all awry, it is out of play—

TERTIUS PASTOR.

"Seldom doth the Devil lie dead by the way—"

MAK.

Therefore

Full sore am I and ill,

Though I stand stone still;

I've not eat a needle

This month and more.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

How fares thy wife, by my hood, how fares she, ask I?

MAK.

Lies asprawl, by the Rood, lo, the fire close by,

And a house-full of home-brewed she drinks full nigh—

Ill may speed any good thing that she will try

Else to do!—

Eats as fast as may be,

And each year there'll a day be

She brings forth a baby.

And some years two.

But were I now kinder, d'ye hear, and far richer in purse,

Still were I eaten clear out of house and home, sirs.

And she's a foul-favored dear, see her close, by God's curse!

No one knows or may hear, I trow, of a worse,

Not any!

Now will ye see what I proffer?—

To give all in my coffer, To-morrow next to offer Her head-mass penny.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Faith, so weary and worn is there none in this shire.

I must sleep, were I shorn of a part of my hire.

TERTIUS PASTOR.

I'm naked, cold, and forlorn, and would fain have a

fire.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

I'm clean spent, for, since morn, I've run in the mire.

Watch thou, do!

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Nay, I'll lie down hereby. For I must sleep, truly.

TERTIUS PASTOR.

As good a man's son was I,

As any of you!

[They prepare to lie down.]

But, Mak, come lie here in between, if you please.

MAK.

You'll be hindered, I fear, from talking at ease,

Indeed!

[He yields and lies down.]

From my top to my toe,

Manus tuas commendo,

Poncio Pilato,

Christ's cross me speed!

Tunc siirgit, pastorihus dormientibus, et dicit:

Now 'twere time a man knew, that lacks what he'd fain hold,

To steal privily through then into a fold,

And then nimbly his work do—and be not too bold,

For his bargain he'd me, if it were told

At the ending

Now 'twere time their wrath to tell!—

But he needs good counsel

That fain would fare well,

And has but little for spending.

But about you a circle as round as a moon,

[He draws the circle.]

Till I have done what I will, till that it be noon.

That ye lie stone still, until I have done;

And I shall say thereto still, a few good words soon

Of might:

Over your heads my hand I lift.

Out go your eyes! Blind be your sight!

But I must make still better shift,

If it's to be right.

Lord, how hard they sleep—that may ye all hear!

I never herded sheep, but I'll learn now, that's clear.

Though the flock be scared a heap, yet shall I slip near.

[He captures a sheep.]

Hey—hitherward creep! Now that betters our cheer

From sorrow.

A fat sheep, I dare say!

A good fleece, swear I may!

When I can, then I'll pay,

But this I will borrow!

[Mak goes to his house, and knocks at the door.]

MAK.

Ho, Gill, art thou in? Get us a light!

UXOR EIUS.

Who makes such a din at this time of night?

I am set for to spin, I think not I might

Rise a penny to win! Curses loud on them light

Trouble cause!

A busy house-wife all day

To be called thus away!

No work's done, I say,

Because of such small chores!

MAK.

The door open, good Gill. See'st thou not what I bring?

UXOR.

Draw the latch, an thou will. Ah, come in, my sweeting!

MAK.

Yea, thou need'st not care didst thou kill me with such long standing!

UXOR.

By the naked neck still thou art likely to swing.

MAK.

Oh, get away!

I am worthy of my meat,

For at a pinch I can get

More than they that swink and sweat

All the long day.

Thus it fell to my lot, Gill! Such luck came my way!

UXOR.

It were a foul blot to be hanged for it some day.

MAK.

I have often escaped, Gillot, as risky a play.

UXOR

. But “though long goes the pot to the water,” men say,

“At last

Comes it home broken.”

MAK.

Well know I the token,

But let it never be spoken—

But come and help fast!

I would he were slain, I would like well to eat.

This twelvemonth was I not so fain to have some sheep’s meat.

UXOR.

Should they come ere he’s slain and hear the sheep bleat—

MAK.

Then might I be ta’en. That were a cold sweat! The door— Go close it!

UXOR.

Yes, Mak,—

For if they come at thy back—

MAK.

Then might I suffer from the whole pack

The devil, and more!

UXOR.

A good trick have I spied, since thou thinkest of none,

Here shall we him hide until they be gone—

In my cradle he'll bide — just you let me alone—

And I shall lie beside in childbed and groan.

MAK.

Well said!

And I shall say that this night

A boy child saw the light.

UXOR.

Now that day was bright

That saw me born and bred!

This is a good device and a far cast.

Ever a woman's advice gives help at the last!

I care not who spies! Now go thou back fast!

MAK.

Save I come ere they rise, there'll blow a cold blast!

[Mak goes back to the moor, and prepares to lie down.]

I will go sleep.

Still sleeps all this company,

And I shall slip in privily

As it had never been I

That carried off their sheep.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Resurrex a mortruis! Reach me a hand!

Judas carnas dominus! I can hardly stand!

My foot's asleep, by Jesus, and my mouth's dry as sand.

I thought we had laid us full nigh to England!

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Yea, verily!

Lord, but I have slept well.

As fresh as an eel,

As light do I feel.

As leaf on the tree.

TERTIUS PASTOR.

Ben'cite be herein! So my body is quaking,

My heart is out of my skin with the to-do it's making.

Who's making all this din, so my head's set to aching.

To the doer I'll win! Hark, you fellows, be waking!

Four we were—

See ye aught of Mak now?

PRIMUS PASTOR.

We were up ere thou.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Man, to God I vow.

Not once did he stir.

TERTIUS PASTOR.

Methought he was lapt in a wolf's skin.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

So many are happed now—namely within.

TERTIUS PASTOR.

When we had long napped, methought with a gin

A fat sheep he trapped, but he made no din.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Be still! Thy dream makes thee mad, It's a nightmare you've had.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

God bring good out of bad,

If it be his will!

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Rise, Mak, for shame! Right long dost thou lie.

MAK. Now Christ's Holy Name be with us for aye!

What's this, by Saint James, I can't move when I try.

I suppose I'm the same. Oo-o, my neck's lain awry

Enough, perdie—

Many thanks!—since yester even.

Now, by Saint Stephen,

I was plagued by a sweven,

Knocked the heart of me.

I thought Gill begun to croak and travail full sad,

Well-nigh at the first cock, with a young lad

To add to our flock. Of that I am never glad,

I have "tow on my rock more than ever I had."

Oh, my head!

A house full of young banes—

The devil knock out their brains!

Wo is him many gains.

And thereto little bread.

I must go home, by your leave, to Gill, as I

thought.

Prithee look in my sleeve that I steal naught.

I am loath you to grieve, or from you take aught.

TERTIUS PASTOR.

Go forth—ill may'st thou thrive!

[Mak goes.]

Now I would that we sought

This morn,

That we had all our store.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

But I will go before.

Let us meet.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Where, Daw?

TERTIUS PASTOR.

At the crooked thorn.

[They go out. Mak enters and knocks at his door.]

MAK.

Undo the door, see who's here ! How long must I stand?

UXOR EIUS.

Who's making such gear? Now "walk in the wen-yand."

MAK.

Ah, Gill, what cheer? It is I, Mak, your husband.

UXOR.

Then may we see here the devil in a band,

Sir Guile!

Lo, he comes with a note

As he were held by the throat.

And I cannot devote

To my work any while.

MAK.

Will ye hear the pother she makes to get her a gloze—

Naught but pleasure she takes, and curls up her toes.

UXOR.

Why, who runs, who wakes, who comes, who goes,

Who brews, who bakes, what makes me hoarse, d'ye suppose!

And also,

It is ruth to behold.

Now in hot, now in cold,

Full woeful is the household

That no woman doth know!

But what end hast thou made with the shepherds, Mak?

MAK.

The last word that they said when I turned my back

Was they'd see that they had of their sheep all the pack.

They'll not be pleased, I'm afraid, when they their sheep lack,

Perdie.

But how so the game go,

They'll suspect me, whether or no,

And raise a great bellow.

And cry out upon me.

But thou must use thy sleight.

UXOR.

Yea, I think it not ill.

I shall swaddle him alright in my cradle with skill.

Were it yet a worse plight, yet a way I'd find still.

[Gill meanwhile swaddles the sheep and places him in the cradle.]

I will lie down forthright. Come tuck me up.

MAK.

That I will.

UXOR.

Behind!

[Mak tucks her in at the hack.]

If Coll come and his marrow,

They will nip us full narrow.

MAK.

But I may cry out "Haro,"

The sheep if they find.

UXOR.

Hearken close till they call—they will come anon.

Come and make ready all, and sing thou alone—

Sing lullaby, thou shalt, for I must groan

And cry out by the wall on Mary and John

Full sore.

Sing lullaby on fast,

When thou hear'st them at last,

And, save I play a shrewd cast,

Trust me no more.

[The Shepherds enter on the moor and meet.]

TERTIUS PASTOR.

Ah, Coll, good morn! Why sleepest thou not?

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Alas, that ever I was born! We have a foul blot.

A fat wether have we lorn.

TERTIUS PASTOR.

Marry, God forbid, say it not!

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Who should do us that scorn? That were a foul spot.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Some shrew.

I have sought with my dogs

All Horbury Shrogs,

And of fifteen hogs

Found I all but one ewe.

TERTIUS PASTOR.

Now trust me, if you will, by Saint Thomas of Kent,

Either Mak or Gill their aid thereto lent!

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Peace, man, be still! I saw when he went.

Thou dost slander him ill. Thou shouldest repent

At once, indeed!

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

So may I thrive, perdie,

Should I die here where I be,

I would say it was he

That did that same deed!

TERTIUS PASTOR.

Go we thither, quick sped, and run on our feet,

I shall never eat bread till I know all complete!

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Nor drink in my head till with him I meet.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

In no place will I bed until I him greet,

My brother!

One vow I will plight,

Till I see him in sight,

I will ne'er sleep one night

Where I do another!

[They go to Mak's house. Mak, hearing them coming, begins to sing lullaby at the top of his voice, while Gill groans in concert]

TERTIUS PASTOR.

Hark the row they make! List our sire there croon!

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Never heard I voice break so clear out of tune.

Call to him.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Mak, wake there! Undo your door soon!

MAK.

Who is that spake as if it were noon?

Aloft?

Who is that, I say?

TERTIUS PASTOR.

Good fellows, if it were day—

[MOCKING MAK.]

MAK.

As far as ye may,

Kindly, speak soft;

O'er a sick woman's head in such grievous throes!

I were liefer dead than she should suffer such woes.

UXOR.

Go elsewhere, well sped. Oh, how my pain grows—

Each footfall ye tread goes straight through my nose

So loud, woe's me!

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Tell us, Mak, if ye may,

How fare ye, I say?

MAK.

But are ye in this town to-day—

Now how fare ye?

Ye have run in the mire and are wet still a bit,

I will make you a fire, if ye will sit.

A nurse I would hire—can you help me in it?

Well quit is my hire—my dream the truth hit—

In season.

I have bairns, if ye knew.

Plenty more than will do,

But we must drink as we brew.

And that is but reason.

I would ye would eat ere ye go. Methinks that ye sweat.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Nay, no help could we know in what's drunken or eat.

MAK.

Why, sir, ails you aught but good, though?

TERTIUS PASTOR.

Yea, our sheep that we get

Are stolen as they go; our loss is great.

MAK.

Sirs, drink!

Had I been there.

Some one had bought it sore, I swear.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Marry, some men trow that ye were,

And that makes us think!

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Mak, one and another trows it should be ye.

TERTIUS PASTOR.

Either ye or your spouse, so say we.

MAK.

Now if aught suspicion throws on Gill or me.

Come and search our house, and then may ye see

Who had her—

If I any sheep got.

Or cow or stot;

And Gill, my wife, rose not.

Here since we laid her.

As I am true and leal, to God, here I pray

That this is the first meal that I shall eat this day.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Mak, as may I have weal, advise thee, I say—

“He learned timely to steal that could not say nay.”

UXOR.

Me, my death you’ve dealt!

Out, ye thieves, nor come again,

Ye’ve come just to rob us, that’s plain.

MAK.

Hear ye not how she groans amain—

Your hearts should melt!

UXOR.

From my child, thieves, begone. Go nigh him not,—there’s the door!

MAK.

If ye knew all she's borne, your hearts would be sore.

Ye do wrong, I you warn, thus to come in before

A woman that has borne—but I say no more.

UXOR.

Oh, my middle—I die!

I vow to God so mild,

If ever I you beguiled,

That I will eat this child

That doth in this cradle lie!

MAK.

Peace, woman, by God's pain, and cry not so.

Thou dost hurt thy brain and fill me with woe.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

I trow our sheep is slain. What find ye two, though?

Our work's all in vain. We may as well go.

Save clothes and such matters

I can find no flesh

Hard or nesh,

Salt nor fresh.

Except two empty platters.

Of any "cattle" but this, tame or wild, that we see,

None, as may I have bliss, smelled as loud as he.

UXOR.

No, so God joy and bliss of my child may give me!

PRIMUS PASTOR.

We have aimed amiss; deceived, I trow, were we.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Sir, wholly each, one.

Sir, Our Lady him save!

Is your child a knave?

MAK.

Any lord might him have,

This child, for his son.

When he wakes, so he grips, it's a pleasure to see.

TERTIUS PASTOR.

Good luck to his hips, and blessing, say we!

But who were his gossips, now tell who they be?

MAK.

Blest be their lips— [Hesitates, at a loss.]

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Hark a lie now, trust me! [Aside.]

MAK.

So may God them thank.

Parkin and Gibbon Waller, I say.

And gentle John Horn, in good fey—

He made all the fun and play—

With the great shank.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Mak, friends will we be, for we are at one.

MAK.

We!—nay, count not on me, for amends get I none.

Farewell, all three! Glad 'twill be when ye're gone!

[The Shepherds go.]

TERTIUS PASTOR.

"Fair words there may be, but love there is none

This year."

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Gave ye the child anything?

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

I trow, not one farthing.

TERTIUS PASTOR.

Fast back I will fling.

Await ye me here.

[DAW GOES BACK. THE OTHER SHEPHERDS TURN AND FOLLOW HIM

SLOWLY, ENTERING WHILE HE IS TALKING WITH MAK.]

TERTIUS PASTOR.

Mak, I trust thou'lt not grieve, if I go to thy child.

MAK.

Nay, great hurt I receive,—thou hast acted full wild.

TERTIUS PASTOR.

Thy bairn 'twill not grieve, little day-star so mild,

Mak, by your leave, let me give your child

But six-pence.

[Daw goes to cradle, and starts to draw away the covering]

MAK.

Nay, stop it—he sleeps!

TERTIUS PASTOR.

Methinks he peeps—

MAK.

When he wakens, he weeps;

I pray you go hence!

[The other Shepherds return.]

TERTIUS PASTOR.

Give me leave him to kiss, and lift up the clout.

What the devil is this?—he has a long snout!

PRIMUS PASTOR.

He's birth-marked amiss. We waste time hereabout.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

"A weft that ill-spun is comes ever foul out."

[He sees the sheep.]

Aye—so! He is like to, our sheep!

TERTIUS PASTOR.

Ho, Gib, may I peep?

PRIMUS PASTOR.

I trow “Nature will creep Where it may not go.”

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

This was a quaint gaud and a far cast.

It was a high fraud.

TERTIUS PASTOR.

Yea, sirs, that was’t.

Let’s burn this bawd, and bind her fast.

“A false scold,” by the Lord, “will hang at the last!”

So shalt thou!

Will ye see how they swaddle

His four feet in the middle!

Saw I never in the cradle

A horned lad ere now!

MAK.

Peace, I say! Tell ye what, this to-do ye can spare!

[Pretending anger.]

It was I him begot and yon woman him bare.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

What the devil for name has he got? Mak?—

Lo, God, Mak’s heir!

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Come, joke with him not. Now, may God give him care, I say!

UXOR.

A pretty child is he

As sits on a woman’s knee,

A dilly-down, perdie,

To make a man gay.

TERTIUS PASTOR.

I know him by the ear-mark—that is a good token.

MAK.

I tell you, sirs, hark, his nose was broken—

Then there told me a clerk he'd been mis-spoken.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Ye deal falsely and dark; I would fain be wroken.

Get a weapon,—go!

UXOR.

He was taken by an elf,

I saw it myself.

When the clock struck twelve.

Was he mis-shapen so.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Ye two are at one, that's plain, in all ye've done and said.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Since their theft they maintain, let us leave them dead!

MAK.

If I trespass again, strike off my head!

At your will I remain.

TERTIUS PASTOR.

Sirs, take my counsel instead.

For this trespass

We'll neither curse nor wrangle in spite,

Chide nor fight.

But have done forthright,

And toss him in canvas.

[They toss Mak in one of Gill's canvas sheets till they are tired. He disappears

groaning into his house. The Shepherds pass over to the moor on the other side of the stage.]

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Lord, lo! but I am sore, like to burst, in back and breast.

In faith, I may no more, therefore will I rest.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Like a sheep of seven score he weighed in my fist.

To sleep anywhere, therefore seemeth now best.

TERTIUS PASTOR.

Now I you pray,

On this green let us lie.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

O'er those thieves yet chafe I.

TERTIUS PASTOR.

Let your anger go by,—

Come do as I say.

[As they are about to lie down the Angel appears.]

Angelas cantat "Gloria in excelsis." Postea dicat: Angeliis.

Rise, herdsmen gentle, attend ye, for now is he born

From the fiend that shall rend what Adam had lorn.

That warlock to shend, this night is he born,

God is made your friend now on this morn.

Lo! thus doth he command—

Go to Bethlehem, see

Where he lieth so free, In a manger full lowly

'Twixt where twain beasts stand.

[The Angel goes.]

PRIMUS PASTOR.

This was a fine voice, even as ever I heard.

It is a marvel, by St. Stephen, thus with dread to be

stirred.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

'Twas of God's Son from heaven he these tidings averred.

All the wood with a levin, methought at his word

Shone fair.

TERTIUS PASTOR.

Of a Child did he tell.

In Bethlehem, mark ye well.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

That this star yonder doth spell—

Let us seek him there.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Say, what was his song—how it went, did ye hear?

Three breves to a long—

TERTIUS PASTOR.

Marry, yes, to my ear

There was no crotchet wrong, naught it lacked and full clear!

PRIMUS PASTOR.

To sing it here, us among, as he nicked it, full near,

I know how—

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Let's see how you croon!

Can you bark at the moon?

TERTIUS PASTOR.

Hold your tongues, have done!

Hark after me now! [They sing.]

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

To Bethlehem he bade that we should go.

I am sore adrad that we tarry too slow.

TERTIUS PASTOR.

Be merry, and not sad—our song's of mirth not of woe,

To be forever glad as our meed may we know.

Without noise.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Hie we thither, then, speedily,

Though we be wet and weary,

To that Child and that Lady I—

We must not lose those joys!

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

We find by the prophecy—let be your din!—

David and Isaiah, and more that I mind me therein,

They prophesied by clergy, that in a virgin,

Should he alight and lie, to assuage our sin,

And slake it,

Our nature, from woe,

For it was Isaiah said so,

“Ecce virgo

Concipiet” a child that is naked.

TERTIUS PASTOR.

Full glad may we be and await that day

That lovesome one to see, that all mights doth sway.

Lord, well it were with me, now and for aye,

Might I kneel on my knee some word for to say

To that child.

But the angel said

In a crib was he laid,

He was poorly arrayed,

Both gracious and mild.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Patriarchs that have been and prophets beforne,

They desired to have seen this child that is born.

They are gone full clean,—that have they lorn.

We shall see him, I ween, ere it be morn,

For token.

When I see him and feel,

I shall know full well.

It is true as steel,

What prophets have spoken,

To so poor as we are that he would appear.

First find and declare by his messenger.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Go we now, let us fare, the place is us near.

TERTIUS PASTOR.

I am ready and eager to be there; let us together with cheer

To that bright one go.

Lord, if thy will it be.

Untaught are we all three.

Some kind of joy grant us, that we

Thy creatures, comfort may know!

[They enter the stable and adore the infant Saviour.]

Primus Pastor,

Hail, thou comely and clean one! Hail, young Child!

Hail, Maker, as I mean, from a maiden so mild!

Thou hast harried, I ween, the warlock so wild,—

The false beguiler with his teen now goes beguiled.

Lo, he merries, Lo, he laughs, my sweeting!

A happy meeting!

Here's my promised greeting,—

Have a bob of cherries!

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Hail, sovereign Saviour, for thou hast us sought!

Hail, noble nursling and flower, that all things hast wrought!

Hail, thou, full of gracious power, that made all from nought!

Hail, I kneel and I cower! A bird have I brought

To my bairn from far.

Hail, little tiny mop!

Of our creed thou art the crop,

I fain would drink in thy cup,

Little day-star!

TERTIUS PASTOR.

Hail, darling dear one, full of Godhead indeed!

I pray thee be near, when I have need.

Hail, sweet is thy cheer! My heart would bleed

To see thee sit here in so poor a weed,

With no pennies.

Hail, put forth thy dall,

I bring thee but a ball.

Keep it, and play with it withal,

And go to the tennis.

Maria.

The Father of Heaven this night, God omnipotent.

That setteth all things aright, his Son hath he sent.

My name he named and did light on me ere that he went.

I conceived him forthright through his might as he meant,

And now he is born.

May he keep you from woe!

I shall pray him do so.

Tell it, forth as ye go.

And remember this morn.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Farewell, Lady, so fair to behold

With thy child on thy knee!

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

But he lies full cold!

Lord, 'tis well with me! Now we go, behold!

TERTIUS PASTOR.

Forsooth, already it seems to be told

Full oft!

PRIMUS PASTOR.

What grace we have found!

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Now are we won safe and sound.

TERTIUS PASTOR.

Come forth, to sing are we bound.

Make it ring then aloft!

[They depart singing.]

Explicit pagina Pastorum

1.16.2 Reading and Review Questions

1. Find as many anachronisms as you can in the play. Which anachronisms seem most out of place in the story, and why? What role do the anachronisms play for the audience?

2. What complaints do the shepherds make about the social class system? Why begin a play about the birth of Jesus with social commentary?

3. How many songs are there in the play? Who sings them, and how do the contribute to the play? Do they add to the plot, change the mood, or something else?

4. Are the scenes with Mak and Gill only for comic relief, or do they serve some serious purpose? How does the parallelism of the two births contribute to our understanding of the play?

5. Why are the three shepherds chosen to visit the baby Jesus? What might their gifts to the baby symbolize? Why have the shepherds offer gifts, rather than the three kings in the Bible?

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1.25: Sir Thomas Malory

(ca. 1415-1471)

Although there are three different men named Thomas Malory in the same general time period, scholars have (mostly) decided that Sir Thomas Malory of Newbold Revel in Warwickshire is the most probable author of Le Morte d'Arthur. If so, the author led a life that does not necessarily correspond to the knightly values espoused by his work, and the text itself was most likely composed while Malory was in prison. The value of Malory's work is in part that it is a compilation of every previous Arthurian text that the author could find, including French works that he translated; evidently, he was given access to books while in captivity, and the "knight prisoner" includes requests to pray both for his soul and for his deliverance. In addition to the usual stories of King Arthur and the knights of the Round Table, stories that often were told separately—such as the love of Tristan and Isolde (here called Tristrem and La Beale Isoud), or the quest for the Holy Grail—are incorporated into one long narrative. Whether the author intended the work to be published in one massive volume (as its first publisher, William Caxton, did, subdivided into twenty-one sections, or "books") or as eight separate volumes (as suggested by its structure in the Winchester manuscript), the stories interconnect and foreshadow future events in a carefully-constructed way. Malory puts his mark on the story in other ways as well. As a knight during the Wars of the Roses, which split England into factions, Malory takes a dim view of the future of knightly behavior; rather than follow a higher code, Arthur's knights easily slip back into the warrior tradition of valuing blood over all other ties, regardless of guilt or of the consequences of their actions. Doing the right thing is no guarantee of safety. Even during the happiest moments in the story, Malory foreshadows that the end is coming, adding a sense of impending doom. His focus on Lancelot offers additional clues about Malory's priorities. Although the story begins with the conception and birth of Arthur, it ends not with Arthur's death, but the death of Lancelot. When Lancelot becomes friends with Tristan, he sees for himself the disaster that follows when a knight falls in love with his lord's wife, but does not learn the lesson. Lancelot is a worthy knight, but it is his son, Galahad, who will achieve the Holy Grail, since he has the spiritual purity that his father lacks. For all of his strength and nobility, Lancelot's adultery with Queen Guinevere brings down Arthur's kingdom. Lancelot's flaws appear to fascinate Malory, since Malory places this tragic figure at the center of the story, rather than Arthur.



Image 1.16 | Illustration from Le Morte d'Arthur
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1.17.1 Selections from Le Morte d'Arthur

(also called Le Morte DArthur)

Published in 1485

Book VII

CHAPTER XVIII. How the knight yielded him, and how Beaumains made him to go unto King Arthur's court, and to cry Sir Launcelot mercy.

Then came there many earls, and barons, and noble knights, and prayed that knight to save his life, and take him to your prisoner. And all they fell upon their knees, and prayed him of mercy, and that he would save his life; and, Sir, they all said, it were fairer of him to take homage and fealty, and let him hold his lands of you than for to slay him; by his death ye shall have none advantage, and his misdeeds that be done may not be undone; and therefore he shall make amends to all parties, and we all will become your men and do you homage and fealty. Fair lords, said Beaumains, wit you well I am full loath to slay this knight, nevertheless he hath done passing ill and shamefully; but insomuch all that he did was at a lady's request I blame him the less; and so for your sake I will release him that he shall have his life upon this covenant, that he go within the castle, and yield him there to the lady, and if she will forgive and quit him, I will well; with this he make her amends of all the trespass he hath done against her and her lands. And also, when that is done, that ye go unto the court of King Arthur, and there that ye ask Sir Launcelot mercy, and Sir Gawaine, for the evil will ye have had against them. Sir, said the Red Knight of the Red Launds, all this will I do as ye command, and siker assurance and borrows ye shall have. And so then when the assurance was made, he made his homage and fealty, and all those earls and barons with him.

And then the maiden Linet came to Sir Beaumains, and unarmed him and searched his wounds, and stinted his blood, and in likewise she did to the Red Knight of the Red Launds. And there they sojourned ten days in their tents; and the Red Knight made his lords and servants to do all the pleasure that they might unto Sir Beaumains. And so within a while the Red Knight of the Red Launds yede unto the castle, and put him in her grace. And so she received him upon sufficient surety, so all her hurts were well restored of all that she could complain. And then he departed unto the court of King Arthur, and there openly the Red Knight of the Red Launds put him in the mercy of Sir Launcelot and Sir Gawaine, and there he told openly how he was overcome and by whom, and also he told all the battles from the beginning unto the ending. Jesu mercy, said King Arthur and Sir Gawaine, we marvel much of what blood he is come, for he is a noble knight. Have ye no marvel, said Sir Launcelot, for ye shall right well wit that he is come of a full noble blood; and as for his might and hardiness, there be but few now living that is so mighty as he is, and so noble of prowess. It seemeth by you, said King Arthur, that ye know his name, and from whence he is come, and of what blood he is. I suppose I do so, said Launcelot, or else I would not have given him the order of knighthood; but he gave me such charge at that time that I should never discover him until he required me, or else it be known openly by some other.

CHAPTER XIX How Beaumains came to the lady, and when he came to the castle the gates were closed against him, and of the words that the lady said to him.

NOW turn we unto Sir Beaumains that desired of Linet that he might see her sister, his lady. Sir, she said, I would fain ye saw her. Then Sir Beaumains all armed him, and took his horse and his spear, and rode straight unto the castle. And when he came to the gate he found there many men armed, and pulled up the drawbridge and drew the port close.

Then marvelled he why they would not suffer him to enter. And then he looked up to the window; and there he saw the fair Lionesse that said on high: Go thy way, Sir Beaumains, for as yet thou shalt not have wholly my love, unto the time that thou be called one of the number of the worthy knights. And therefore go labour in worship this twelvemonth, and then thou shalt hear new tidings. Alas, fair lady, said Beaumains, I have not deserved that ye should show me this strangeness, and I had weened that I should have right good cheer with you, and unto my power I have deserved thank, and well I am sure I have bought your love with part of the best blood within my body. Fair courteous knight, said Dame Lionesse, be not displeased nor over-hasty; for wit you well your great travail nor good love shall not be lost, for I consider your great travail and labour, your bounty and your goodness as me ought to do. And therefore go on your way, and look that ye be of good comfort, for all shall be for your worship and for the best, and perdy a twelvemonth will soon be done, and trust me, fair knight, I shall be true to you, and never to betray you, but to my death I shall love you and none other. And therewithal she turned her from the window, and Sir Beaumains rode awayward from the castle, making great dole, and so he rode here and there and wist not where he rode, till it was dark night. And then it happened him to come to a poor man's house, and there he was harboured all that night.

But Sir Beaumains had no rest, but wallowed and writhed for the love of the lady of the castle. And so upon the morrow he took his horse and rode until underne, and then he came to a broad water, and thereby was a great lodge, and there he alighted to sleep

and laid his head upon the shield, and betook his horse to the dwarf, and commanded him to watch all night.

Now turn we to the lady of the same castle, that thought much upon Beaumains, and then she called unto her Sir Gringamore her brother, and prayed him in all manner, as he loved her heartily, that he would ride after Sir Beaumains: And ever have ye wait upon him till ye may find him sleeping, for I am sure in his heaviness he will alight down in some place, and lie him down to sleep; and therefore have ye your wait upon him, and in the priviest manner ye can, take his dwarf, and go ye your way with him as fast as ever ye may or Sir Beaumains awake. For my sister Linet telleth me that he can tell of what kindred he is come, and what is his right name. And the meanwhile I and my sister will ride unto your castle to await when ye bring with you the dwarf. And then when ye have brought him unto your castle, I will have him in examination myself. Unto the time that I know what is his right name, and of what kindred he is come, shall I never be merry at my heart. Sister, said Sir Gringamore, all this shall be done after your intent.

And so he rode all the other day and the night till that he found Sir Beaumains lying by a water, and his head upon his shield, for to sleep. And then when he saw Sir Beaumains fast asleep, he came stilly stalking behind the dwarf, and plucked him fast under his arm, and so he rode away with him as fast as ever he might unto his own castle. And this Sir Gringamore's arms were all black, and that to him longeth. But ever as he rode with the dwarf toward his castle, he cried unto his lord and prayed him of help. And therewith awoke Sir Beaumains, and up he leapt lightly, and saw where Sir Gringamore rode his way with the dwarf, and so Sir Gringamore rode out of his sight.

Book VIII

CHAPTER XX. How King Anguish of Ireland was summoned to come to King Arthur's court for treason.

Then it fell that Sir Bleoberis and Sir Blamore de Ganis, that were brethren, they had summoned the King Anguish of Ireland for to come to Arthur's court upon pain of forfeiture of King Arthur's good grace. And if the King of Ireland came not in, at the day assigned and set, the king should lose his lands. So it happened that at the day assigned, King Arthur neither Sir Launcelot might not be there for to give the judgment, for King Arthur was with Sir Launcelot at the Castle Joyous Garde. And so King Arthur assigned King Carados and the King of Scots to be there that day as judges. So when the kings were at Camelot King Anguish of Ireland was come to know his accusers. Then was there Sir Blamore de Ganis, and appealed the King of Ireland of treason, that he had slain a cousin of his in his court in Ireland by treason. The king was sore abashed of his accusation, for-why he was come at the summons of King Arthur, and or he came at Camelot he wist not wherefore he was sent after. And when the king heard Sir Blamore say his will, he understood well there was none other remedy but for to answer him knightly; for the custom was such in those days, that an any man were appealed of any treason or murder he should fight body for body, or else to find another knight for him. And all manner of murders in those days were called treason.

So when King Anguish understood his accusing he was passing heavy, for he knew Sir Blamore de Ganis that he was a noble knight, and of noble knights come. Then the King of Ireland was simply purveyed of his answer; therefore the judges gave him respite by the third day to give his answer. So the king departed unto his lodging. The meanwhile there came a lady by Sir Tristram's pavilion making great dole. What aileth you, said Sir Tristram, that ye make such dole? Ah, fair knight, said the lady, I am ashamed unless that some good knight help me; for a great lady of worship sent by me a fair child and a rich, unto Sir Launcelot du Lake, and hereby there met with me a knight, and threw me down from my palfrey, and took away the child from me. Well, my lady, said Sir Tristram, and for my lord Sir Launcelot's sake I shall get you that child again, or else I shall be beaten for it. And so Sir Tristram took his horse, and asked the lady which way the knight rode; and then she told him. And he rode after him, and within a while he overtook that knight. And then Sir Tristram bade him turn and give again the child.

CHAPTER XXI. How Sir Tristram rescued a child from a knight, and how Gouvernail told him of King Anguish.

The knight turned his horse and made him ready to fight. And then Sir Tristram smote him with a sword such a buffet that he tumbled to the earth. And then he yielded him unto Sir Tristram. Then come thy way, said Sir Tristram, and bring the child to the lady again. So he took his horse meekly and rode with Sir Tristram; and then by the way Sir Tristram asked him his name. Then he said, My name is Breuse Saunce Pite. So when he had delivered that child to the lady, he said: Sir, as in this the child is well remedied. Then Sir Tristram let him go again that sore repented him after, for he was a great foe unto many good knights of King Arthur's court.

Then when Sir Tristram was in his pavilion Gouvernail, his man, came and told him how that King Anguish of Ireland was come thither, and he was put in great distress; and there Gouvernail told Sir Tristram how King Anguish was summoned and appealed of murder. So God me help, said Sir Tristram, these be the best tidings that ever came to me this seven years, for now shall the King of Ireland have need of my help; for I daresay there is no knight in this country that is not of Arthur's court dare do battle with Sir Blamore de Ganis; and for to win the love of the King of Ireland I will take the battle upon me; and therefore Gouvernail bring me, I charge thee, to the king.

Then Gouvernail went unto King Anguish of Ireland, and saluted him fair. The king welcomed him and asked him what he would. Sir, said Gouvernail, here is a knight near hand that desireth to speak with you: he bade me say he would do you service. What knight is he? said the king. Sir, said he, it is Sir Tristram de Liones, that for your good grace that ye showed him in your lands will reward you in this country. Come on, fellow, said the king, with me anon and show me unto Sir Tristram. So the king took a little hackney and but few fellowship with him, until he came unto Sir Tristram's pavilion. And when Sir Tristram saw the king he ran unto him and would have holden his stirrup. But the king leapt from his horse lightly, and either halsed other in their arms. My gracious lord, said Sir Tristram, gramercy of your great goodnesses showed unto me in your marches and lands: and at that time I promised you to do you service an ever it lay in my power. And, gentle knight, said the king unto Sir Tristram, now have I great need of you, never had I so great need of no knight's help. How so, my good lord? said Sir Tristram. I shall tell you, said the king: I am summoned and appealed from my country for the death of a knight that was kin unto the good knight Sir Launcelot; wherefore Sir Blamore de Ganis, brother to Sir Bleoberis hath appealed me to fight with him, outher to find a knight in my stead. And well I wot, said the king, these that are come of King Ban's blood, as Sir Launcelot and these other, are passing good knights, and hard men for to win in battle as any that I know now living. Sir, said Sir Tristram, for the good lordship ye showed me in Ireland, and for my lady your daughter's sake, La Beale Isoud, I will take the battle for you upon this condition that ye shall grant me two things: that one is that ye shall swear to me that ye are in the right, that ye were never consenting to the knight's death; Sir, then said Sir Tristram, when that I have done this battle, if God give me grace that I speed, that ye shall give me a reward, what thing reasonable that I will ask of you. So God me help, said the king, ye shall have whatsomever ye will ask. It is well said, said Sir Tristram.

1.17.2 Reading and Review Questions

1. Both love and duty play important roles in the story. Which one do the characters seem to value more, and why do you think so? Does the author seem to imply one is better than the other?

2. Which knight or knights appear to be loyal to the chivalric code, but not the Christian code? What happens to him/them?

3. Are any of the characters in the story positive role models for the original audience? Why or why not?

4. How does the tone of the story affect your reading of it? If the tone were different (either neutral or more positive), would it change your view of the story? Why or why not?

5. Does anything surprise you about the way that the characters are portrayed? Does anything seem out of place, and why?

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1.26: Everyman

Late fifteenth century

The Summoning of Everyman, or Everyman, is a Christian morality play. It is either a translation and adaptation of a Dutch play of the same time, Elckerlyc, or the Dutch play is a translation and adaptation of Everyman. Unlike cycle plays, which are written as a sequence of plays from events in the Bible, morality plays are written individually. In a little over 900 lines, Everyman presents what happens when Death (one of the many allegorical figures in the story) is sent to Everyman. Everyman then attempts to convince the other characters—Kin, Friendship, Strength, Beauty, Wisdom, and others—to accompany him on the journey. The play follows mainstream medieval Roman Catholic doctrine, including confession, penance, and extreme unction. The text is careful to condemn bad priests, who abuse the trust of the faithful, while assuring Everyman that good priests are necessary for the salvation of the soul. Despite the grim topic, the play is quite funny at times, and the clever way that it presents its subject makes it one of the finest surviving morality plays.

1.18.1 Everyman

Here heginneth a treatise how the High Father of Heaven sendeth Death to summon every creature to come and give an account of their lives in this world and is in manner of a moral play.

[The Messenger enters.]

MESSENGER.

I pray you all give your audience,

And hear this matter with reverence,

In form a moral play.

The Summoning of Everyman it is called so,

That of our lives and ending maketh show How transitory we be every day.

This matter is wondrous precious,

But the meaning of it is more gracious

And sweet to bear away.

The story saith: Man, in the beginning

Watch well, and take good heed of the ending.

Be you never so gay!

Ye think sin in the beginning full sweet,

Which, in the end, causeth the soul to weep,

When the body lieth in clay.

Here shall you see how Fellowship and Jollity,

Both Strength, Pleasure, and Beauty,

Will fade from thee as flower in May,

For ye shall hear how our Heaven's King

Calleth Everyman to a general reckoning.

Give audience and hear what he doth say.

[The Messenger goes.]

GOD SPEAKETH:

I perceive, here in my majesty.

How that all creatures be to me unkind,

Living, without fear, in worldly prosperity.

In spiritual vision the people be so blind,

Drowned in sin, they know me not for their God;

In worldly riches is all their mind.

They fear not my righteousness, the sharp rod.

My law that I disclosed, when I for them died,

They clean forget, and shedding of my blood red.

I hung between two it cannot be denied,

To get them life I suffered to be dead,

I healed their feet, with thorns was hurt my head.

I could do no more than I did truly.

And now I see the people do clean forsake me;

They use the seven deadly sins damnable

In such wise that pride, covetousness, wrath, and lechery.

Now in this world be made commendable.

And thus they leave of angels the heavenly company.

Every man liveth so after his own pleasure,

And yet of their lives they be nothing sure.

The more I them forbear, I see

The worse from year to year they be;

All that live grow more evil apace;

Therefore I will, in briefest space,

From every man in person have a reckoning shown.

For, if I leave the people thus alone

In their way of life and wicked passions to he,

They will become much worse than beasts, verily.

Now for envy would one eat up another, and tarry not,

Charity is by all clean forgot.

I hoped well that every man

In my glory should make his mansion,

And thereto I made them all elect.

But now I see, like traitors abject,

They thank me not for the pleasure that I for them meant.

Nor yet for their being that I them have lent.

I proffered the people great multitude of mercy.

And few there be that ask it heartily.

They be so cumbered with worldly riches, thereto

I must needs upon them justice do, —

On every man living without fear.

Where art thou, Death, thou mighty messenger?

[Death enters.]

DEATH.

Almighty God, I am here at your will,

Your commandment to fulfil.

GOD.

Go thou to Everyman,

And show him in my name

A pilgrimage he must on him take,

Which he in no wise may escape.

And that he bring with him a sure reckoning

Without delay or any tarrying.

DEATH.

Lord, I will in the world go run over all.

And cruelly search out both great and small.

Every man will I beset that liveth beastly

Out of God's law, and doth not dread folly.

He that loveth riches I will strike with my dart

His sight to blind and him from heaven to part —

Except if Alms be his good friend —

In hell for to dwell, world without end.

Lo, yonder I see Everyman walking.

Full little he thinketh on my coming!

His mind is on fleshly lusts and his treasure.

And great pain it shall cause him to endure

Before the Lord, of Heaven the King.

Everyman, stand still ! Whither art thou going

Thus gayly? Hast thou thy Maker forgot?

[Everyman enters.]

EVERYMAN.

Why askest thou?

Wouldest thou know? For what?

DEATH.

Yea, sir, I will show you now.

In great haste I am sent to thee

From God, out of his majesty.

EVERYMAN.

What, sent to me!

DEATH.

Yea, certainly.

Though thou hast forgot him here.

He thinketh on thee in the heavenly sphere,

As, ere we part, thou shalt know.

EVERYMAN.

What desireth God of me?

DEATH.

That shall I show thee.

A reckoning he will needs have

Without any longer respite

EVERYMAN.

To give a reckoning longer leisure I crave.

This blind matter troubleth my wit.

DEATH.

Upon thee thou must take a long journey,

Therefore, do thou thine accounting-book with thee bring.

For turn again thou canst not by no way,

And look thou be sure in thy reckoning.

For before God thou shalt answer, and show true

Thy many bad deeds and good but a few,

How thou hast spent thy life and in what wise

Before the Chief Lord of Paradise.

Get thee prepared that we may be upon that journey,

For well thou knowest thou shalt make none for thee attorney.

EVERYMAN.

Full unready I am such reckoning to give.

I know thee not. What messenger art thou?

DEATH.

I am Death that no man fear,

For every man I arrest and no man spare,

For it is God's commandment

That all to me should be obedient.

EVERYMAN.

O Death, thou comest when I had thee least in mind!

In thy power it lieth to save me yet; —

Thereto of my goods will I give thee, if thou wilt be kind, —

Yea, a thousand pounds shalt thou get! —

And defer this matter till another day.

DEATH.

Everyman, it may not be in any way.

I set no store by gold, silver, riches, or such gear,

Nor by pope, emperor, king, prince, or peer.

For, if I would receive gifts great.

All the world I might get,

But my custom is clean the contrary way.

I give thee no respite. Come hence, nor delay!

EVERYMAN.

Alas, shall I have no longer respite!

I may say Death giveth no warning!

To think on thee, it maketh my heart sick,

For all unready is my book of reckoning.

But if I might have twelve years of waiting,

My accounting-book I would make so clear

That my reckoning I should not need to fear.

Wherefore, Death, I pray thee, for God's mercy.

Spare me till I be provided with a remedy!

DEATH.

It availeth thee not to cry, weep, and pray,

But haste thee lightly, that thou mayest be on thy journey.

And make proof of thy friends, if thou can,

For, know thou well, time waiteth for no man,

And in the world each living creature

Because of Adam's sin must die by nature.

EVERYMAN.

Death, if I should this pilgrimage take,

And my reckoning duly make.

Show me, for Saint Charity,

Should I not come again shortly?

DEATH.

No, Everyman, if once thou art there,

Thou mayest nevermore come here,

Trust me, verily.

EVERYMAN.

O gracious God, in the high seat celestial,

Have mercy on me in this utmost need!

Shall I no company have from this vale terrestrial

Of mine acquaintance that way me to lead?

DEATH.

Yea, if any he so hardy

As to go with thee and bear thee company.

Haste thee that thou mayest be gone to God's magnificence,

Thy reckoning to give before his presence,

What, thinkest thou thy life is given thee,

And thy worldly goods also?

EVERYMAN.

I had thought so, verily.

DEATH.

Nay, nay, it was but lent to thee,

For, as soon as thou dost go,

Another awhile shall have it and then even so.

Go therefore as thou hast done.

Everyman, thou art mad! Thou hast thy wits five,

And here on earth will not amend thy life,

For suddenly I do come!

EVERYMAN.

O wretched caitiff, whither shall I flee

That I may escape this endless sorrow!

Nay, gentle Death, spare me until to-morrow

That I may amend me

With good avisement!

DEATH.

Nay, thereto I will not consent,

Nor no man respite, if I might,

But to the heart suddenly I shall smite

Without any “advisement.”

And now out of thy sight I will me hie,

See that thou make thee ready speedily,

For thou mayest say this is the day

Wherefrom no man living may escape away.

EVERYMAN.

Alas, I may well weep with sighs deep!

Now have I no manner of company

To help me on my journey and me to keep,

And also my writing is all unready.

What can I do that may excuse me!

I would to God I had never been begot!

To my soul a full great profit it would be,

For now I fear pains huge and great, God wot!

The time passeth — help, Lord, that all things wrought!

For, though I mourn, yet it availeth naught.

The day passeth and is almost through,

1 wot not well of aught that I may do.

To whom were it best that I my plaint should make?

What if to Fellowship I thereof spake,

And what this sudden chance should mean disclosed?

For surely in him is all my trust reposed —

We have in the world so many a day

Been good friends in sport and play.

I see him yonder certainly —

I trust that he will bear me company;

Therefore to him will I speak to ease my sorrow.

Well met, good Fellowship, and a good morrow!

[Enter Fellowship]

FELLOWSHIP SPEAKETH:

I wish thee good morrow, Everyman, by this day!

Sir, why lookest thou so piteously?

If anything be amiss, prithee to me it say

That I may help in remedy.

EVERYMAN.

Yea, good Fellowship, yea,

I am in great jeopardy!

FELLOWSHIP.

My true friend, show to me your mind.

I will not forsake thee to my live's end,

In the way of good company.

EVERYMAN.

That was well spoken and lovingly.

FELLOWSHIP.

Sir, I must needs know your heaviness.

I have pity to see you in any distress.

If any have wronged you, revenged ye shall be.

Though I upon the ground be slain for thee,

Even should I know before that I should die.

EVERYMAN.

Verily, Fellowship, gramercy!

FELLOWSHIP.

Tush! By thy thanks I set not a straw.

Show me your grief and say no more.

EVERYMAN.

If I my heart should to you unfold,

And you then were to turn your heart from me,

And no comfort would give when I had told,

Then should I ten times sorrier be.

FELLOWSHIP.

Sir, I say as I will do indeed!

EVERYMAN.

Then you be a good friend at need.

I have found you true heretofore.

FELLOWSHIP.

And so ye shall evermore,

For, in faith, if thou goest to hell,

I will not forsake thee by the way.

EVERYMAN.

Ye speak like a good friend — I believe you well.

I shall deserve it, if so I may!

FELLOWSHIP.

I speak of no deserving, by this day,

For he that will say, and nothing do.

Is not worthy with good company to go.

Therefore show me the grief of your mind,

As to your friend most loving and kind.

EVERYMAN.

I shall show you how it is:

Commanded I am to go a journey,

A long way hard and dangerous.

And give a strict account without delay

Before the High Judge, Adonai.

Wherefore, I pray you, bear me company,

As ye have promised, on this journey.

FELLOWSHIP.

That is matter, indeed! Promise is duty —

But if I should take such a voyage on me,

I know well it should be to my pain;

Afeard also it maketh me, for certain.

But let us take counsel here as well as we can,

For your words would dismay a strong man.

EVERYMAN.

Why, if I had need, ye said

Ye would never forsake me, quick nor dead,

Though it were to hell truly!

FELLOWSHIP.

So I said certainly,

But such pleasant things be set aside, the truth to say;

And also, if we took such a journey,

When should we come again?

EVERYMAN.

Nay, never again till the day of doom.

FELLOWSHIP.

In faith, then, will I not come there.

Who hath you these tidings brought?

EVERYMAN.

Indeed, Death was with me here.

FELLOWSHIP.

Now, by God that all hath bought,

If Death were the messenger,

For no man living here below

I will not that loathly journey go —

Not for the father that begat me!

EVERYMAN.

Ye promised otherwise, pardy!

FELLOWSHIP.

I know well I do say so, truly,

And still, if thou wilt eat and drink and make good cheer.

Or haunt of women the merry company,

I would not forsake you while the day is clear,

Trust me, verily.

EVERYMAN.

Yea, thereto ye would be ready!

To go to mirth, solace, and play.

Your mind would sooner persuaded be

Than to bear me company on my long journey.

FELLOWSHIP.

Now, in good sooth, I have no will that way —

But if thou would'st murder, or any man kill,

In that I will help thee with a good will.

EVERYMAN.

Oh, that is simple advice, indeed!

Gentle Fellowship, help me in my necessity!

We have loved long, and now I am in need!

And now, gentle Fellowship, remember me!

FELLOWSHIP.

Whether ye have loved me or no.

By Saint John, I will not with thee go!

EVERYMAN.

Yea, I pray thee, take this task on thee and do so

much for me.

As to bring me forward on my way for Saint

Charity,

And comfort me till I come without the town.

FELLOWSHIP.

Nay, if thou wouldest give me a new gown,

I will not a foot with thee go.

But, if thou hadst tarried, I would not have left thee so.

And so now, God speed thee on thy journey,

For from thee I will depart as fast as I may!

EVERYMAN.

Whither away, Fellowship? Will you forsake me?

FELLOWSHIP.

Yea, by my faith! I pray God take thee.

EVERYMAN.

Farewell, good Fellowship, — for thee my heart is sore.

Adieu forever, I shall see thee no more!

FELLOWSHIP.

In faith, Everyman, farewell now at the ending.

For you I will remember that parting is grieving.

[Fellowship goes.]

EVERYMAN.

Alack! Shall we thus part indeed?

Ah, Lady, help! Lo, vouchsafing no more comfort,

Fellowship thus forsaketh me in my utmost need.

For help in this world whither shall I resort?

Fellowship heretofore with me would merry make,

And now little heed of my sorrow doth he take.

It is said in prosperity men friends may find

Which in adversity be full unkind.

Now whither for succor shall I flee.

Since that Fellowship hath forsaken me?

To my kinsmen will I truly.

Praying them to help me in my necessity.

I believe that they will do so

For “Nature will creep where it may not go.”

[Kindred and Cousin enter.]

I will go try, for yonder I see them go.

Where be ye now, my friends and kinsmen, lo?

KINDRED.

Here we be now at your commandment.

Cousin, I pray you show us your intent

In any wise and do not spare.

COUSIN.

Yea, Everyman, and to us declare

If ye be disposed to go any whither,

For, wit you well, we will live and die together I

KINDRED.

In wealth and woe we will with you hold,

For “with his own kin a man may be bold.”

EVERYMAN.

Gramercy, my friends and kinsmen kind!

Now shall I show you the grief of my mind.

I was commanded by a messenger

That is a High King’s chief officer.

He bade me go a pilgrimage to my pain,

And I know well I shall never come again;

And I must give a reckoning strait,

For I have a great enemy that lieth for me in wait,

Who intendeth me to hinder.

KINDRED.

What account is that which you must render? —

That would I know.

EVERYMAN.

Of all my works I must show

How I have lived and my days have spent,

Also of evil deeds to which I have been used

In my time, since life was to me lent.

And of all virtues that I have refused.

Therefore, I pray you, go thither with me

To help to make my account, for Saint Charity!

COUSIN.

What, to go thither? Is that the matter?

Nay, Everyman, I had liefer fast on bread and water

All this five year and more!

EVERYMAN.

Alas, that ever my mother me bore!

For now shall I never merry be,

If that you forsake me!

KINDRED.

Ah, sir, come! Ye be a merry man!

Pluck up heart and make no moan,

But one tiling I warn you, by Saint Anne,

As for me, ye shall go alone!

EVERYMAN.

My cousin, will you not with me go?

COUSIN.

No, by our Lady! I have the cramp in my toe.

Trust not to me, for, so God me speed,

I will deceive you in your utmost need.

KINDRED.

It availeth not us to coax and court.

Ye shall have my maid, with all my heart.

She loveth to go to feasts, there to make foolish sport

And to dance, and in antics to take part.

To help you on that journey I will give her leave willingly,

If so be that you and she may agree.

EVERYMAN.

Now show me the very truth within your mind —

Will you go with me or abide behind?

KINDRED.

Abide behind? Yea, that I will, if I may —

Therefore farewell till another day!

EVERYMAN.

How shall I be merry or glad? —

For fair promises men to me make,

But, when I have most need, they me forsake!

I am deceived — that maketh me sad!

COUSIN.

Cousin Everyman, farewell now, lo!

For, verily, I will not with thee go.

Also of mine own an unready reckoning,

I have to give account of, therefore I make tarrying.

Now God keep thee, for now I go!

[Kindred and Cousin go.]

EVERYMAN.

Ah, Jesus, is all to this come so?

Lo, “fair words make fools fain,”

They promise, and from deeds refrain.

My kinsmen promised me faithfully

For to abide by me stedfastly.

And now fast away do they flee.

Even so Fellowship promised me.

What friend were it best for me to provide?

I am losing my time longer here to abide.

Yet still in my mind a thing there is.

All my life I have loved riches.

If that my Goods now help me might,

He would make my heart full light.

To him will I speak in my sorrow this day.

My Goods and Riches, where art thou, pray?

[Goods is disclosed hemmed in by chests and bags.]

GOODS.

Who calleth me? Everyman? Why this haste thou hast? I

lie here in corners trussed and piled so high.

And in chests I am locked so fast,

Also sacked in bags, thou mayest see with thine eye,

I cannot stir; in packs, full low I lie.

What ye would have, lightly to me say.

EVERYMAN.

Come hither. Goods, with all the haste thou may.

For counsel straightway I must ask of thee.

GOODS.

Sir, if ye in this world have sorrow or adversity,

That can I help you to remedy shortly.

EVERYMAN.

It is another disease that grieveth me;

In this world it is not, I tell thee so,

I am sent for another way to go,

To give a strict account general

Before the highest Jupiter of all.

And all my life I have had joy and pleasure in thee,

Therefore 1 pray thee go with me,

For, peradventure, thou mayest before God Almighty on high

My reckoning help to clean and purify,

For one may hear ever and anon

“That money maketh all right that is wrong.”

GOODS.

Nay, Everyman, I sing another song —

I follow no mail on such voyages,

For, if I went with thee,

Thou shouldest fare much the worse for me.

For, because on me thou didst set thy mind.

Thy reckoning I have made blotted and blind.

So that thine account thou canst not make truly —

And that hast thou for the love of me.

EVERYMAN.

That would be to me grief full sore and sorrowing,

When I should come that fearful answering.

Up, let us go thither together!

GOODS.

Nay, not so! I am too brittle, I may not endure,

I will follow no man one foot, be ye sure.

EVERYMAN.

Alas! I have thee loved, and had great pleasure

All the days of my life in goods and treasure.

GOODS.

That is to thy damnation, I tell thee a true thing,

For love of me is to the love everlasting contrary.

But if thou hadst the while loved me moderately,

In such wise as to give the poor a part of me,

Then would'st thou not in this dolor be.

Nor in this great sorrow and care.

EVERYMAN.

Lo, now was I deceived ere I was ware,

And all I may blame to misspending of time.

GOODS.

What, thinkest thou I am thine?

EVERYMAN.

I had thought so.

GOODS.

Nay, Everyman, I say no.

Just for a while I was lent to thee,

A season thou hast had me in prosperity.

My nature it is man's soul to kill,

If I save one, a thousand I do spill.

Thinkest thou that I will follow thee?

Nay, from this world not, verily!

EVERYMAN.

I had thought otherwise.

GOODS.

So it is to thy soul Goods is a thief.

For when thou art dead I straightway devise

Another to deceive in the same wise

As I have done thee, and all to his soul's grief.

EVERYMAN.

O false Goods, cursed may thou be!

Thou traitor to God that hast deceived me,

And caught me in thy snare.

GOODS.

Marry, thou broughtest thyself to this care, —

Whereof I am glad!

I must needs laugh, I cannot be sad!

EVERYMAN.

Ah, Goods, thou hast had long my hearty love.

I gave thee that which should be the Lord's above.

But wilt thou not go with me, indeed? —

I pray thee truth to say!

GOODS.

No, so God me speed!

Therefore farewell, and have good-day.

[Goods is hidden from view.]

EVERYMAN.

Oh, to whom shall I make my moan

For to go with me on that heavy journey!

First Fellowship, so he said, would have with me

gone,

His words were very pleasant and gay,

But afterwards he left me alone;

Then spake I to my kinsmen, all in despair,

And they also gave me words fair.

They lacked not fair speeches to spend,

But all forsook me in the end;

Then went I to my Goods that I loved best.

In hope to have comfort, but there had I least,

For my Goods sharply did me tell

That he bringeth many into hell.

Then of myself I was ashamed.

And so I am worthy to be blamed.

Thus may I well myself hate.

Of whom shall I now counsel take?

I think that I shall never speed

TILL I GO TO MY GOOD DEEDS.

But, alas! she is so weak,

That she can neither move nor speak.

Yet will I venture on her now.

My Good Deeds, where be you ? [Good Deeds is shown]

GOOD DEEDS.

Here I lie, cold in the ground.

Thy sins surely have me bound

That I cannot stir.

EVERYMAN.

Good Deeds, I stand in fear!

1 must pray you for counsel,

For help now would come right well!

GOOD DEEDS.

Everyman, I have understanding

That ye be summoned your account to make

Before Messias, of Jerusalem King.

If you do my counsel, that journey with you will I take.

EVERYMAN.

For that I come to you my moan to make.

I pray you that ye will go with me.

GOOD DEEDS.

I would full fain, but I cannot stand, verily.

EVERYMAN.

Why, is there something amiss that did you befall?

GOOD DEEDS.

Yea, Sir, I may thank you for all.

If in every wise ye had encouraged me.

Your book of account full ready would be.

Behold the books of your works and your deeds thereby.

Ah, see, how under foot they lie

Unto your soul's deep heaviness.

EVERYMAN.

Our Lord Jesus his help vouchsafe to me,

For one letter here I cannot see.

GOOD DEEDS.

There is a blind reckoning in time of distress!

EVERYMAN.

Good Deeds, I pray you help me in this need,

Or else I am forever damned indeed.

Therefore help me to make reckoning

Before him, that Redeemer is of everything,

That is, and was, and shall ever be. King of All.

GOOD DEEDS.

Everyman, I am sorry for your fall.

And fain would I help you, if I were able.

EVERYMAN.

Good Deeds, your counsel, I pray you, give me.

GOOD DEEDS.

That will I do, verily.

Though on my feet I may not go,

I have a sister that shall with you be, also.

Called Knowledge, who shall with you abide,

To help you to make that dire reckoning.

[Knowledge enters.]

KNOWLEDGE.

Everyman, I will go with thee and be thy guide,

In thy utmost need to go by thy side.

EVERYMAN.

In good condition I am now in everything.

And am wholly content with this good thing,

Thanks be to God, my creator!

GOOD DEEDS.

And when he hath brought thee there.

Where thou shalt heal thee of thy smart,

Then go with thy reckoning and thy good deeds together,

For to make thee joyful at heart

Before the Holy Trinity.

EVERYMAN.

My Good Deeds, gramercy!

I am well content, certainly,

With your words sweet.

KNOWLEDGE.

Now go we together lovingly

To Confession, that cleansing river fair.

EVERYMAN.

For joy I weep — I would we were there!

But, I pray you, give me cognition,

Where dwelleth that holy man, Confession?

KNOWLEDGE.

In the House of Salvation,

We shall find him in that place,

That shall us comfort by God's grace.

[Confession enters.]

Lo, this is Confession. Kneel down, and ask mercy,

For he is in good favor with God Almighty.

EVERYMAN.

O glorious fountain that all uncleanness doth clarify,

Wash from me the spots of vice unclean.

That on me no sin be seen!

I come with Knowledge for my redemption.

Redeemed with heartfelt and full contrition,

For I am commanded a pilgrimage to take,

And great accounts before God to make.

Now I pray you, Shrift, Mother of Salvation,

Help my good deeds because of my piteous exclamation!

CONFESSION.

I know your sorrow well, Everyman,

Because with Knowledge ye come to me.

I will you comfort as well as I can,

And a precious stone will I give thee.

Called penance, wise voider of adversity.

Therewith shall your body chastened be

Through abstinence and perseverance in God's service.

Here shall you receive that scourge of me

That is penance stronge, that ye must endure.

To remember thy Saviour was scourged for thee

With sharp scourges, and suffered it patiently —

So must thou ere thou escape from that painful pilgrimage.

Knowledge, do thou sustain him on this voyage.

And by that time Good Deeds will be with thee.

But in any case be sure of mercy.

For your time draweth on fast, if ye will saved be.

Ask God mercy, and he will grant it truly.

When with the scourge of penance man doth him bind,

The oil of forgiveness then shall he find.

[Confession goes.]

EVERYMAN.

Thanked be God for his gracious work,

For now will I my penance begin.

This hath rejoiced and lightened my heart,

Though the knots be painful and hard within.

KNOWLEDGE.

Everyman, see that ye your penance fulfil.

Whatever the pains ye abide full dear.

And Knowledge shall give you counsel at will.

How your account ye shall make full clear.

EVERYMAN.

O eternal God, O heavenly being,

O way of righteousness, O goodly vision,

Which descended down into a virgin pure

Because he would for every man redeem

That which Adam forfeited by his disobedience —

O blessed God, elect and exalted in thy divinity,

Forgive thou my grievous offence!

Here I cry thee mercy in this presence.

O spiritual treasure, O ransomer and redeemer,

Of all the world the hope and the governor,

Mirror of joy, founder of mercy.

Who illumineth heaven and earth thereby.

Hear my clamorous complaint, though late it be,

Receive my prayers, unworthy in this heavy life!

Though I be a sinner most abominable,

Yet let my name be written in Moses' table.

Mary, pray to the Maker of everything

To vouchsafe me help at my ending.

And save me from the power of my enemy,

For Death assaileth me strongly! —

And, Lady, that I may, by means of thy prayer,

In your Son's glory as partner share.

Through the mediation of his passion I it crave.

1 beseech you, help my soul to save!

Knowledge, give me the scourge of penance;

My flesh therewith shall give acquittance.

I will now begin, if God give me grace.

KNOWLEDGE.

Everyman, God give you time and space!

Thus I bequeath you into the hands of our Saviour,

Now may you make your reckoning sure.

EVERYMAN.

In the name of the Holy Trinity,

My body sorely punished shall be.

Take this, body, for the sin of the flesh.

As thou delightest to go gay and fresh.

And in the way of damnation thou didst me bring,

Therefore suffer now the strokes of punishing.

Now of penance to wade the water clear I desire.

To save me from purgatory, that sharp fire.

GOOD DEEDS.

I thank God now I can walk and go.

And am delivered of my sickness and woe!

Therefore with Everyman I will go and not spare;

His good works I will help him to declare.

KNOWLEDGE.

Now, Everyman, be merry and glad.

Your Good Deeds comet h now, ye may not be sad.

Now is your Good Deeds whole and sound,

Going upright upon the ground.

[Good Deeds rises and walks to them,]

EVERYMAN.

My heart is light and shall be evermore.

Now will I smite faster than I did before.

GOOD DEEDS.

Everyman, pilgrim, my special friend.

Blessed be thou without end!

For thee is prepared the eternal glory.

Now thou hast made me whole and sound this tide,

In every hour I will by thee abide.

EVERYMAN.

Welcome, my Good Deeds! Now I hear thy voice,

I weep for sweetness of love.

KNOWLEDGE.

Be no more sad, but ever rejoice!

God seeth thy manner of life on his throne above.

Put on this garment to thy behoof,

Which wet with the tears of your weeping is,

Or else in God's presence you may it miss,

When ye to your journey's end come shall.

EVERYMAN.

Gentle Knowledge, what do you it call?

KNOWLEDGE.

A garment of sorrow it is by name,

From pain it will you reclaim.

Contrition it is,

That getteth forgiveness,

Passing well it doth God please.

GOOD DEEDS.

Everyman, will you wear it for your soul's ease?

[Everyman puts on the robe of contrition.]

EVERYMAN.

Now blessed be Jesu, Mary's son.

For now have I on true contrition!

And let us go now without tarrying.

Good Deeds, have we all clear our reckoning?

GOOD DEEDS.

Yea, indeed, I have them here.

EVERYMAN.

Then I trust we need not fear.

Now, friends, let us not part in twain!

KNOWLEDGE.

Nay, Everyman, that will we not, for certain.

GOOD DEEDS.

Yet must thou lead with thee

EVERYMAN.

Who should they be?

GOOD DEEDS.

Discretion and Strength they hight.

And thy Beauty may not abide behind.

KNOWLEDGE.

Also ye must call to mind

Your Five Wits as your counsellors beside.

GOOD DEEDS.

You must have them ready at every tide.

EVERYMAN.

How shall I get them hither?

KNOWLEDGE.

You must call them all together,

And they will hear you immediately.

EVERYMAN.

My friends, come hither and present be.

Discretion, Strength, my Five Wits, and Beauty.

[They enter.]

BEAUTY.

Here at your will be we all ready.

What will ye that we should do?

GOOD DEEDS.

That ye should with Everyman go,

And help him in his pilgrimage.

Advise you — will you with him or not, on that voyage?

STRENGTH.

We will all bring him thither,

To help him and comfort, believe ye me

DISCRETION.

So will we go with him all together.

EVERYMAN.

Almighty God, beloved mayest thou be!

I give thee praise that I have hither brought

Strength, Discretion, Beauty, Five Wits — lack I

nought —

And my Good Deeds, with Knowledge clear,

All be in my company at my will here.

I desire no more in this my anxiousness.

STRENGTH.

And I, Strength, will stand by you in your distress,

Though thou wouldest in battle fight on the ground.

FIVE WITS.

And though it were through the world round,

We will not leave you for sweet or sour.

BEAUTY.

No more will I unto Death’s hour,

Whatsoever thereof befall.

DISCRETION.

Everyman, advise you first of all.

Go with a good advisement and deliberation.

We all give you virtuous monition

That all shall be well.

EVERYMAN.

My friends, hearken what I will tell.

I pray God reward you in his heavenly sphere.

Now hearken all that be here.

For I will make my testament

Here before you all present.

In alms, half my goods will I give with my hands

twain.

In the way of charity with good intent,

And the other half still shall remain

In bequest to return where it ought to be.

This I do in despite of the fiend of hell,

Out of his peril to quit me well

For ever after and this day.

KNOWLEDGE.

Everyman, hearken what I say.

Go to Priesthood, I, you advise,

And receive of him in any wise

The Holy Sacrament and Unction together,

Then see ye speedily turn again hither.

We will all await you here, verily.

FIVE WITS.

Yea, Everyman, haste thee that ye may ready be.

There is no emperor, king, duke, nor baron bold,

That from God such commission doth hold

As he doth to the least priest in this world consign,

For of the Blessed Sacraments, pure and benign,

He beareth the keys, and thereof hath the cure

For man's redemption, it is ever sure.

Which God as medicine for our souls' gain

Gave us out of his heart with great pain,

Here in this transitory life for thee and me.

Of the Blessed Sacraments seven there be.

Baptism, Confirmation, with Priesthood good.

And the Sacrament of God's precious Flesh and Blood,

Marriage, the Holy Extreme Unction, and Penance.

These seven are good to have in remembrance,

Gracious Sacraments of high divinity.

EVERYMAN.

Fain would I receive that holy body.

And meekly to my spiritual father will I go.

FIVE WITS.

Everyman, that is best that ye can do.

God will you to salvation bring,

For Priesthood exceedeth every other thing.

To us Holy Scripture they do teach,

And convert men from sin, heaven to reach.

God hath to them more power given

Than to any angel that is in heaven.

With five words he may consecrate

God's body in flesh and blood to make,

And handleth his Maker between his hands.

The priest bindeth and unbindeth all bands

Both in earth and heaven. —

Thou dost administer all the Sacraments seven.

Though we should kiss thy feet, yet thereof thou worthy wert.

Thou art the surgeon that doth cure of mortal sin the hurt.

Remedy under God we find none

Except in Priesthood alone. —

Everyman, God gave priests that dignity,

And setteth them in his stead among us to be,

Thus be they above angels in degree.

KNOWLEDGE.

If priests be good, it is so surely;

But when Jesus hung on the cross with grievous smart,

There he gave out of his blessed heart

That same Sacrament in grievous torment. —

He sold them not to us, that Lord omnipotent.

Therefore Saint Peter the apostle doth say

That Jesus' curse have all they

Which God their Saviour do buy or sell.

Or if they for any money do "take or tell."

Sinful priests give sinners bad example in deed and word,

Their children sit by other men's fires, I have heard,

And some haunt of women the company,

With life unclean as through lustful acts of lechery—.

These be with sin made blind.

FIVE WITS.

I trust to God no such may we find.

Therefore let us do Priesthood honor,

And follow their doctrines for our souls' succor.

We be their sheep, and they shepherds be,

By whom we all are kept in security.

Peace! for yonder I see Everyman come.

Who unto God hath made true satisfaction.

GOOD DEEDS.

Methinketh it is he indeed.

EVERYMAN.

Now may Jesus all of you comfort and speed!

I have received the Sacrament for my redemption,

And also mine extreme unction.

Blessed be all they that counselled me to take it!

And now, friends, let us go without longer respite.

I thank God ye would so long waiting stand.

Now set each of you on this rood your hand,

And shortly follow me.

I go before where I would be.

God be our guide!

STRENGTH.

Everyman, we will not from you go,

Till ye have gone this voyage long.

DISCRETION.

I, Discretion, will abide by you also.

KNOWLEDGE.

And though of this pilgrimage the hardships be

never so strong,

No turning backward in me shall you know.

Everyman, I will be as sure by thee,

As ever I was by Judas Maccabee.

EVERYMAN.

Alas! I am so faint I may not stand,

My limbs under me do fold.

Friends, let us not turn again to this land.

Not for all the world's gold.

For into this cave must I creep,

And turn to the earth, and there sleep.

BEAUTY.

What — into this grave! Alas! Woe is me!

EVERYMAN.

Yea, there shall ye consume utterly.

BEAUTY.

And what, — must I smother here?

EVERYMAN.

Yea, by my faith, and never more appear!

In this world we shall live no more at all,

But in heaven before the highest lord of all.

BEAUTY.

I cross out all this! Adieu, by Saint John I

I take "my cap in my lap" and am gone.

EVERYMAN.

What, Beauty! — whither go ye ?

BEAUTY.

Peace! I am deaf, I look not behind me.

Not if thou wouldest give me all the gold in thy chest.

[Beauty goes, followed by the others, as they speak in turn.]

EVERYMAN.

Alas! in whom may I trust?

Beauty fast away from me doth hie.

She promised with me to live and die.

STRENGTH.

Everyman, I will thee also forsake and deny,

Thy game liketh me not at all!

EVERYMAN.

Why, then ye will forsake me all!

Sweet Strength, tarry a little space.

STRENGTH.

Nay, Sir, by the rood of grace,

I haste me fast my way from thee to take,

Though thou weep till thy heart do break.

EVERYMAN.

Ye would ever abide by me, ye said.

STRENGTH. Yea, I have you far enough conveyed.

Ye be old enough, I understand,

Your pilgrimage to take in hand.

I repent me that I thither came.

EVERYMAN.

Strength, for displeasing you I am to blame.

Will ye break “promise that is debt”?

STRENGTH.

In faith, I care not!

Thou art but a fool to complain.

You spend your speech and waste your brain.

Go, thrust thyself into the ground!

EVERYMAN.

I had thought more sure I should you have found,

But I see well, who trusteth in his Strength,

She him deceiveth at length.

Both Strength and Beauty have forsaken me,

Yet they promised me fair and lovingly.

DISCRETION.

Everyman, I will after Strength be gone —

As for me, I will leave you alone.

EVERYMAN.

Why, Discretion, will ye forsake me!

DISCRETION.

Yea, in faith, I will go from thee,

For when Strength goeth before

I follow after, evermore.

EVERYMAN.

Yet, I pray thee, for love of the Trinity

Look in my grave once in pity of me.

DISCRETION.

Nay, so nigh will I not come, trust me well!

Now I bid you each farewell.

EVERYMAN.

Oh, all things fail save God alone —

Beauty, Strength, and Discretion!

For when Death bloweth his blast,

They all run from me full fast.

FIVE WITS.

Everyman, my leave now of thee I take.

I will follow the others, for here I thee forsake.

EVERYMAN.

Alas! then may I wail and weep,

For I took you for my best friend.

FIVE WITS.

I will thee no longer keep.

Now farewell, and here's an end!

EVERYMAN.

Jesu, help! All have forsaken me.

GOOD DEEDS.

Nay, Everyman, I will abide by thee,

I will not forsake thee indeed!

Thou wilt find me a good friend at need.

EVERYMAN.

Gramercy, Good Deeds, now may I true friends see.

They have forsaken me everyone,

I loved them better than my Good Deeds alone.

Knowledge, will ye forsake me also?

KNOWLEDGE.

Yea, Everyman, when ye to death shall go,

But not yet, for no manner of danger.

EVERYMAN.

Gramercy, Knowledge, with all my heart!

KNOWLEDGE.

Nay, yet will I not from hence depart.

Till whereunto ye shall come, I shall see and know.

EVERYMAN.

Methinketh, alas! that I must now go

To make my reckoning, and my debts pay,

For I see my time is nigh spent away.

Take example, all ye that this do hear or see,

How they that I love best do forsake me,

Except my Good Deeds that abideth faithfully.

GOOD DEEDS.

All earthly things are but vanity.

Beauty, Strength and Discretion do man forsake,

Foolish friends and kinsmen that fair spake.

All flee away save Good Deeds, and that am I!

EVERYMAN.

Have mercy on me, God most mighty,

And stand by me, thou Mother and Maid, holy Mary!

GOOD DEEDS.

Fear not, I will speak for thee.

EVERYMAN.

Here I cry God mercy!

GOOD DEEDS.

Shorten our end and minish our pain,

Let us go and never come again.

EVERYMAN.

Into thy hands, Lord, my soul I commend —

Receive it, Lord, that it be not lost!

As thou didst me buy, so do thou me defend,

And save me from the fiend’s boast

That I may appear with that blessed host

That shall be saved at the day of doom.

In manus tuas, of mights the most,

Forever commendo spiritum meum.

[Everyman goes into the grave.]

KNOWLEDGE.

Now that he hath suffered that we all shall endure,

The Good Deeds shall make all sure;

Now that he hath made ending,

Methinketh that I hear angels sing.

And make great joy and melody,

Where Everyman’s soul shall received be!

[The Angel appears.]

THE ANGEL.

Come, excellent elect spouse to Jesu!

Here above shalt thou go.

Because of thy singular virtue.

Now thy soul from thy body is taken, lo!

Thy reckoning is crystal clear.

Now shalt thou into the heavenly sphere,

Unto which ye all shall come

That live well before the day of doom.

[The Angel goes and the Doctor enters.]

DOCTOR.

This moral men may have in mind, —

Ye hearers, take it as of worth, both young and old,

And forsake Pride, for he deceiveth you in the end, as ye will find,

And remember Beauty, Five Wits, Strength, and Discretion, all told.

They all at the last do Everyman forsake

Save that his Good Deeds there doth he take.

But beware, if they be small,

Before God he hath no help at all,

None excuse for Everyman may there then be there.

Alas, how shall he then do and fare!

For after death amends may no man make.

For then Mercy and Pity do him forsake.

If his reckoning be not clear when he doth come,

God will say, Ite, maledicti, in ignem ceternum.

And he that hath his account whole and sound,

High in heaven he shall be crowned.

Unto which place God bring us all thither

That we may live, body and soul, together!

Thereto their aid vouchsafe the Trinity —

Amen, say ye, for holy Charity!

FINIS.

Thus endeth this moral play of Everyman.

1.18.2 Reading and Review Questions

1. How is allegory used in the play? How many types of allegory can you find, and what purpose(s) do they serve?

2. What are the differences between Everyman's original group of friends and the group that gathers around him at the end? What are we meant to infer from those differences?

3. Why is Everyman's journey referred to as a pilgrimage? What kind of pilgrimage is it?

4. What kind of financial metaphors does the author use, and what is their purpose?

5. What does the play say about priests? How is this similar to and different from the various portrayals of the priesthood in the Canterbury Tales?

1.19 KEY TERMS

- Alliterative Verse
- Anglo-Saxon Chronicle
- Anglo-Saxon Warrior Code
- Battle of Hastings
- Bob and Wheel
- Britons
- William Caxton
- Caesura
- Celts
- Chivalric Code
- Comitatus
- Common Brittonic
- Courtly Love
- Danelaw
- Domesday Book
- Dream Vision
- Ecclesiastical History of the English People
- Elegy
- Fitts
- Geoffrey of Monmouth
- History of the Kings of Britain
- Hypermetrical
- Kenning
- King Arthur
- Lays or Lais
- Lyric Poetry
- Morality Play
- Mystery Play Cycle
- Order of the Garter

- Social Satire
- Three Estates
- Wars of the Roses
- Wergild
- William the Conqueror

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2: THE TUDOR AGE (1485-1603)

Learning Objectives

After completing this chapter, you should be able to:

- Describe the economic, monarchic, and religious characteristics of Tudor rule
- Describe the reasons for the Reformation in England
- Characterize the Golden Age in England under the rule of Elizabeth I
- Analyze the causes for the growth of literature in vernacular, or native, English
- Compare Chaucer's influence with that of Edmund Spenser's on the development of literature in vernacular, or native, English
- Analyze the influence of classical and Italian literature on the English sonnet
- Analyze the influence of classical literature on English drama

2.1: Introduction

2.2: Recommended Reading

2.3: Thomas More

2.4: Utopia

2.5: Reading and Review Questions

2.6: Thomas Wyatt

2.7: "The Long Love That in My Thought Doth Harbor"

2.8: "My Gallery"

2.9: "Whoso List to Hunt"

2.10: "My Lute, Awake!"

2.11: "They Flee From Me"

2.12: "And Wilt Thou Leave Me Thus?"

2.13: Reading and Review Questions

2.14: Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey

2.15: "The soote season"

2.16: "Love, that doth reign and live within my thought"

2.17: "Alas! so all things now do hold thier peace"

2.18: "So cruel prison how could betide"

2.19: "O happy dames, that may embrace"

2.20: Reading and Review Questions

2.21: Queen Elizabeth

2.22: "The Doubt of Future Foes"

2.23: "On Monsieur's Departure"

2.24: "The Golden Speech"

2.25: Reading and Review Questions

2.26: Edmund Spenser
2.27: from The Faerie Queene (Book I)
2.28: from The Faerie Queene (Book II)
2.29: from The Faerie Queene (Book III)
2.30: Reading and Review Questions
2.31: Sir Walter Raleigh (1552-1618)
2.32: "Farewell, False Love"
2.33: "If Cynthia Be a Queen, a Princess, and Supreme"
2.34: "The Nymph's Reply to the Shepard"
2.35: "The Lie"
2.36: "Nature, That Washed Her Hands in Milk"
2.37: From The Discorvery of the Large, Rich, and Beautiful Empire of Guiana
2.38: Reading and Review Questions
2.39: Sir Philip Sidney
2.40: The Defence of Poesy
2.41: Reading and Review Questions
2.42: Mary (Sidney) Herbert, Countess of Pembroke
2.43: "The Doleful Lay of Clorida"
2.44: "To the Angel Spirit of the Most Excellent Sir Philip Sidney"
2.45: "Psalm 51"
2.46: "Psalm 55"
2.47: "Psalm 57"
2.48: "Psalm 84"
2.49: "Psalm 102"
2.50: "Psalm 150"
2.51: Reading and Review Questions
2.52: Christopher Marlowe
2.53: The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus
2.54: Reading and Review Questions
2.55: 2.13.0 William Shakespeare
2.56: Selected Sonnets
2.57: Much Ado About Nothing
2.58: 2.13.3
2.59: King Lear

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2.1: Introduction

By deposing Richard II, Henry IV precipitated the dynastic wars, known as The Wars of the Roses, fought by the Lancasters and the Yorks, descendants of two brothers, John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster (1340 -1399), and Edmund Langley, the Duke of York (1341-1402). These wars ended in 1485 with the Battle of Bosworth Field and the death of the last Plantagenet king, Richard III (b. 1452). The rule of the Tudors began when Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond was crowned as King Henry VII (1457-1509) and then united the houses of Lancaster and York by marrying Elizabeth of York (1486-1503).

The rule of Henry VII oversaw a shift from a Medieval landlord and serf agricultural model to a commercial model. With the Parliament, Henry VII enacted laws and statutes that fostered England's economic growth, including protectionist and bullionist statutes, and giving supremacy to England's wool trade and cloth industry. Along with this shift came an increase in city populations, particularly that of London which would, over the course of the Tudor era, become the largest city in Europe and a leading port of trade.

Henry VII also oversaw a centralization of court power and the development of the King's Council, or Star Chamber, by which the monarchy wielded increasing authority over the nobility. The social upheaval of the Medieval era, with its vacuum of offices after the Black Death and resistance of hierarchy embodied in Chaucer's Miller, shifted to a new hierarchy and authority under Henry VII. He encouraged "New Men" at court, that is, men from relatively humble origins who gained increasing opportunities. And he limited the nobility, particularly by binding them through debts and obligations, or recognisances.

Henry VII used money to cement his authority; he accrued wealth through taxes, loans, benevolences, Church grants, and even feudal obligations. One instance of the latter was his receiving 30,000 pounds for knighting his son Arthur (1486-1502)—two years after Arthur's death. By many of these same streams, he financed wars in France and suppression of rebellions at home. England lost its claims to French territory, retaining Calais during Henry VII's reign but losing it during Henry VIII's (1491-1547). Although conflict diminished on the Continent, it increased at home, particularly with Scotland.

After Henry VII's death, the crown passed peacefully to Henry VIII. He corrected some of his father's monetary abuses, executing Sir Richard Empson (c. 1450-1510) and Edmund Dudley (c. 1462-1510), themselves New Men who collected taxes for Henry VII. Wars with Scotland, Ireland, France, and Spain marked Henry VIII's reign, as did his marrying six women. Although Henry VIII's wars depleted the wealth he inherited, he recovered it with the dissolution of the monasteries and the lands he consequently appropriated. The Reformation he initiated in England stemmed from Henry VIII's concern for succession (fear of another dynastic war) and desire to annul his marriage to Catherine of Aragon (1485-1536), who had not provided a male heir. When the Pope rejected his annulment, Henry VIII broke from the Roman Catholic Church and made himself head of the Church of England, confirmed by the Act of Supremacy in 1534.

From his marriages, Henry VIII gained three heirs. Their successive rules led to a short rebellion, after Edward VI's (1442-1483) death, and the execution of hundreds of Protestants during a counter-reformation under Mary I (1516- 1558). Elizabeth I (1533-1603) ushered England into a Golden Age. She resolved the religious discord by becoming head of the Protestant (Anglican) Church of England. She navigated foreign affairs by considering various possible husbands, from Spain, Sweden, Austria, and France. Yet she remained married to England. Her position was threatened by her cousin Mary, Queen of Scots (1542-1587), who plotted Elizabeth I's assassination in hopes of ascending the throne and returning England to Catholicism. Elizabeth I had Mary executed before facing a longthreatened assault by the Spanish Armada. The last years of Elizabeth I's reign saw Irish rebellion under Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone (1550-1616).

Before Henry VII ascended the throne, William Caxton (c.1422-1491) introduced the printing press to England. The consequent increase in number and decrease in cost of books incentivized reading and fostered literacy. Under Henry VII, England shifted from what had been a bilingual nation, with French or Latin as the courtly language and English the vernacular. The Renaissance, a movement coinciding with the reign of all the Tudors, fostered vernacular literatures spurred by the recovery and study of classical texts. The stability that Henry VII brought to England and that his son protected—even at the expense of Catherine of Aragon, Roman Catholicism, and Anne Boleyn (c. 1501-1536)—expanded individual learning (mainly for men) and intellectual thought. Renaissance humanism, particularly the English version of it, emphasized education of the individual, be he courtier or gentleman. But for the English, that education was linked to Christianity. And the individual's role in Christian faith, worship, understanding, and expression, shaped the religious controversies that marked the Tudor era. Humanist thinking influenced Thomas More's (1478-1535) political and theological critiques in Utopia. His understanding of Christianity determined his refusal to accept Henry VIII as supreme head of the church—and his consequent execution.

More wrote Utopia in Latin, reflecting thereby the humanist interest in classical learning. The Reformation, the beginning of which he witnessed, led to close and individual scrutiny of ideologies and theologies, a scrutiny which itself shaped England's consciousness as a nation. And the subordination of individual understanding and expression to the classical models in Latin of Cicero (106- 43 BCE), Virgil (70-19 BCE), Terence (185-159 BCE), Plautus (c. 254-185 BCE), Seneca (4 BCE-65 CE) and others that formal education relied on unsurprisingly was countered by the development of a national literature not in Latin but in English, and in a variety of genres.

The Tudor era saw great development in English poetry and drama, with such modes as pastoral and lyric, and such forms as epic and tragedy. Edmund Spenser followed Chaucer by shaping ideal poetic diction, meter, and rhyme in English; he fashioned English sonnets in his Amoretti, drawing on Wyatt and Surrey's introduction of the Italian sonnet to England. Spenser also wrote an English epic, the most ambitious and weighty of classical genres. He intended his epic The Faerie Queene to be a national poem, comparable to Virgil's Aeneid (c. 29-19 BCE). And he used the great national myth/hero of King Arthur as his epic's model for the ideal gentleman or noble person, the epitome of Christian virtues. Elizabeth I also appears in this epic in many female roles, particularly Gloriana, the Faerie Queene, Arthur's beloved. And, starting with Henry VII, who named his first-born son Arthur, all the Tudors claimed descent from King Arthur.

English drama developed in part from classical and neoclassical drama. William Shakespeare's comedies owe much to Plautus and Seneca; indeed, his Comedy of Errors (1594) takes its plot from Plautus's The Menaechmi, or The Twins. English drama also developed in part from the Medieval cycles and morality plays. Like Everyman, Christopher Marlowe's Dr. Faustus struggles between good and evil. Shakespeare's tragedies similarly trace the Tudor era's growth of personal religion, with his characters demonstrating the shift from Medieval Fortuna, fate, or destiny to reason and responsibility. His characters are free to make choices but are held accountable for those choices, either by people or principles. And if a character/ individual has to make decisions and act accordingly, they always face the possibility of making wrong decisions. Like Faustus, Shakespeare's Hamlet fears behaving wrongly and suffers from a divided self as he tries to align his own actions and choices with divinity. Almost more than any other author, Shakespeare realizes the power of the English language to promote (or draw upon) a sense of national identity. Indeed, his use of the English language shapes a sense of humanity itself.

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2.2: Recommended Reading

Andrew Gurr, Playgoing in Shakespeare's London, 1987.

John Guy, Tudor England, 1988.

David Javitch, Poetry and Courtliness in Renaissance, 1976.

James Nohrnberg, The Analogy of "The Faerie Queene," 1976.

J. A. Sharpe, Early Modern England: A Social History, 1987.

Murry Schwartz and Coppelia Kahn, eds., Representing Shakespeare: New Psychoanalytic Essays, 1980.

E. M. W. Tillyard, The Elizabeth World Picture, 1943.

Kim Walker, Women Writers of the English Renaissance, 1996.

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2.3: Thomas More

(1478-1535)



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A martyr, humanist, historian, dramatist, and satirist, Thomas More was grandson to a baker. His father John More (1451-1530) married Agnes Graunger, whose father was a wealthy merchant and Sheriff of London. John More was a successful lawyer, ultimately knighted and serving on the Court of King's Bench. Thomas More received a gentleman's education, studying at St. Anthony's School in London before entering the household of John Morton (1420-1500), who was at that time both Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Chancellor of England. Thomas More's learning, humanist scholarship, and writing defined his character, as did his statesmanship. He studied for two years at Oxford before he acceded to his father's wishes by entering New Inn to study law, being called to the Bar in 1502. His own wishes had a more spiritual bent, for the next year saw him living near a Carthusian monastery, following that order's discipline, praying, fasting, self-flagellating, and abasing the flesh by wearing a hair shirt. According to his friend, the Humanist Desiderius Erasmus of Rotterdam (1466-1536), More considered joining the Franciscan order.

Instead, he entered Parliament, advocating government efficiency and denouncing heavy taxation. In 1505, he married Jane Colt; they had four children before she died in 1500. An exceptionally short thirty days later, he married Alice Harpur Middleton (1474-1546), a wealthy widow. Her daughter from her first marriage, along with More's daughters Margaret, Elizabeth, and Cicely received a classical education, with Margaret later gaining renown for her knowledge of Latin. More balanced a contented domestic life with an active public one. A successful barrister, he served as under-sherrif of the City of London, as Master of the Court of Requests, and as a Privy Counsellor. He traveled to Flanders as a delegate for Henry VIII and Cardinal Wolsey (1473-1530)—who recommended him as Speaker of the House of Commons—then became Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

He gained influence as Henry VIII's advisor, particularly through his condemnation of the Lutheran heresy (that is, the Reformation). Henry VIII granted More a pension, land, and sinecures. When Wolsey failed to obtain Henry VIII's annulment from Catherine of Aragon, Wolsey was removed as Lord Chancellor of England and expelled from court. Henry VIII then named More Wolsey's replacement as Lord Chancellor. In this position, More continued to support the Roman Catholic Church, possibly to the point of approving the torture and burning of Protestants. He certainly suppressed William Tyndale's English translation of the New Testament (1526), one that turned directly to the Hebrew and Greek, as challenging the power of the Roman Catholic Church in England. Tyndale's The Obedience of a Christian Man, and how Christian rulers ought to govern (1528) probably helped to encourage Henry VIII to become head of the Church in England, replacing the Pope, and breaking with the Roman Catholic Church. He then divorced Catherine of Aragon to marry Anne Boleyn and had several acts passed to secure the legitimacy of their issue. More resigned as Lord Chancellor and refused to take the Succession Oath. He was imprisoned then beheaded for high treason.

Seemingly far away from these political and religious controversies, More's Utopia ("No Place" or "Nowhere," in English) depicts

a fictional good place located somewhere in the New World whose citizens practice a form of communism, welfare, and undenominational theism. To the classical model of Plato's The Republic, More added the contemporary contrast of New World and Old World cultures. In Utopia, some women could be priests, and all priests are chosen for their holiness. All citizens work, for a limited time on farms, and then in various trades, such as carpentry and masonry; they use their leisure time for learning. The ethical basis of their lives satirically critiques the corruption and immorality of More's society. It's difficult to attribute any particular Utopian practice to More's own held beliefs, especially considering their religious tolerance and his actions against Protestants. Their ethical behavior seems superior to England's. But that may not be More's main point. His main critique may be wonder at a society that can do so much good—without Christian revelation. And condemnation of the pride that keeps his society from emulating such goodness—despite having that revelation.



Image 2.2 | Map of Utopia
Artist | Abraham Ortelius
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2.4: Utopia

(1516)

THE PREFACE

There is no way of writing so proper, for the refining and polishing a Language, as the translating of Books into it, if he that undertakes it, has a competent skill of the one Tongue, and is a Master of the other. When a Man writes his own Thoughts, the heat of his Fancy, and the quickness of his Mind, carry him so much after the Notions themselves, that for the most part he is too warm to judge of the aptness of Words, and the justness of Figures; so that he either neglects these too much, or overdoes them: But when a Man translates, he has none of these Heats about him: and therefore the French took no ill Method, when they intended to reform and beautify their Language, in setting their best Writers on Work to translate the Greek and Latin Authors into it. There is so little praise got by Translations, that a Man cannot be engaged to it out of Vanity, for it has passed for a sign of a slow Mind, that can amuse it self with so mean an Entertainment; but we begin to grow wiser, and tho ordinary Translators must succeed ill in the esteem of the World, yet some have appeared of late that will, I hope, bring that way of writing in credit. The English Language has wrought it self out, both of the fulsome Pedantry under which it laboured long ago, and the trifling way of dark and unintelligible Wit that came after that, and out of the course extravagance of Canting that succeeded this: but as one Extream commonly produces another, so we were beginning to fly into a sublime pitch, of a strong but false Rhetorick, which had much corrupted, not only the Stage, but even the Pulpit; two places, that tho they ought not to be named together, much less to resemble one another; yet it cannot be denied, but the Rule and Measure of Speech is generally taken from them: but that florid strain is almost quite worn out, and is become now as ridiculous as it was once admired. So that without either the Expence or Labour that the French have undergone, our Language has, like a rich Wine, wrought out its Tartar, and [has] insensibly brought to a Purity that could not have been compassed without much labour, had it not been for the great advantage that we have of a Prince, who is so great a Judge, that his single approbation or dislike has almost as great an Authority over our Language, as his Prerogative gives him over our Coin. We are now so much refined, that how defective soever our Imaginations or Reasonings may be, yet our Language has fewer Faults, and is more natural and proper, than it was ever at any time before. When one compares the best Writers of the last Age, with these that excel in this, the difference is very discernable: even the great Sir Francis Bacon, that was the first that writ our Language correctly; as he is still our best Author, yet in some places has Figures so strong, that they could not pass now before a severe Judg. I will not provoke the present Masters of the Stage, by preferring the Authors of the last Age to them: for tho they all acknowledg that they come far short of B. Iohnson, Beamont and Fletcher, yet I believe they are better pleased to say this themselves, than to have it observed by others. Their Language is now certainly properer, and more natural than it was formerly, chiefly since the correction that was given by the Rehearsal; and it is to be hoped, that the Essay on Poetry, which may be well matched with the best Pieces of its kind that even Augustus's Age produced, will have a more powerful Operation, if clear sense, joined with home but gentle Reproofs, can work more on our Writers, than that unmerciful exposing of them has done.

I have now much leisure, and want diversion, so I have bestowed some of my hours upon Translations, in which I have proposed no ill Patterns to my self: but the Reader will be best able to judge whether I have copied skilfully after such Originals. This small Volume which I now publish, being writ by one of the greatest Men that this Island has produced, seemed to me to contain so many fine and well-digested Notions, that I thought it might be no unkind nor ill entertainment to the Nation, to put a Book in their Hands, to which they have so good a Title, and which has a very common fate upon it, to be more known and admired all the World over, than here at Home. It was once translated into English not long after it was written; and I was once apt to think it might have been done by Sir Thomas More himself: for as it is in the English of his Age, and not unlike his Stile; so the Translator has taken a liberty that seems too great for any but the Author himself, who is Master of his own Book, and so may leave out or alter his Original as he pleases: which is more than a Translator ought to do, I am sure it is more than I have presumed to do.

It was writ in the Year 1516, as appears by the Date of the Letter of Peter Giles's, in which he says, That it was sent him but a few days before from the Author, and that bears date the first of November that Year; but I cannot imagine how he comes to be called Sheriff of London in the Title of the Book, for in all our printed Catalogues of Sheriffs, his Name is not to be found. I do not think my self concerned in the Matter of his Book, no more than any other Translator is in his Author: nor do I think More himself went in heartily to that which is the chief Basis of his Utopia, the taking away of all Property, and the levelling the World; but that he only intended to set many Notions in his Reader's way; and that he might not seem too much in earnest, he went so far out of all Roads to do it the less suspected: the earnestness with which he recommends the precaution used in Marriages among the Utopians, makes one think that he had a misfortune in his own choice, and that therefore he was so cautious on that Head; for the strictness of his Life covers him from severe Censures: His setting out so barbarous a practice, as the hiring of Assassinates to take off

Enemies, is so wild and so immoral both, that it does not admit of any thing to soften or excuse it, much less to justify it; and the advising Men in some Cases to put an end to their Lives, notwithstanding all the Caution with which he guards it, is a piece of rough and fierce Philosophy. The tenderest part of the whole Work, was the representation he gives of Henry the Seventh's Court; and his Discourses upon it, towards the end of the first Book, in which his Disguise is so thin, that the Matter would not have been much plainer if he had named him: But when he ventured to write so freely of the Father in the Son's Reign, and to give such an Idea of Government under the haughtiest Prince, and the most impatient of uneasy Restraints that ever reigned in England, who yet was so far from being displeased with him for it, that as he made him long his particular Friend, so he employed him in all his Affairs afterwards, and raised him to be L. Chancellor, I thought I might venture to put it in more Modern English: for as the Translators of Plutarch's Hero's, or of Tullies Offices, are not concerned, either in the Maxims, or in the Actions that they relate; so I, who only tell, in the best English I can, what Sir Thomas More writ in very Elegant Latin, must leave his Thoughts and Notions to the Reader's censure, and do think my self liable for nothing but the fidelity of the Translation, and the correctness of the English; and for that I can only say, that I have writ as carefully, and as well as I can.

THE AUTHOR'S EPISTLE TO PETER GILES

I Am almost ashamed, my dearest Peter Giles, to send you this Book of the Utopian Common-Wealth, after almost a Years delay; whereas no doubt you look›d for it within six Weeks: for as you know I had no occasion for using my Invention, or for taking pains to put things into any method, because I had nothing to do, but to repeat exactly those things that I heard Raphael relate in your presence; so neither was there any occasion given for a studied Eloquence: since as he delivered things to us of the sudden, and in a careless Stile; so he being, as you know, a greater Master of the Greek, than of the Latin; the plainer my words are, they will resemble his simplicity the more: and will be by consequence the nearer to the Truth, and that is all that I think lies on me: and it is indeed the only thing in which I thought my self concerned. I confess, I had very little left on me in this Matter, for otherwise the inventing and ordering of such a Scheme, would have put a Man of an ordinary pitch, either of Capacity, or of Learning, to some pains, and have cost him some time; but if it had been necessary that this Relation should have been made, not only truly, but eloquently, it could never have been performed by me, even after all the pains and time that I could have bestowed upon it. My part in it was so very small, that it could not give me much trouble, all that belonged to me being only to give a true and full account of the things that I had heard: but although this required so very little of my time; yet even that little was long denied me by my other Affairs, which press much upon me: for while in pleading, and hearing, and in judging or composing of Causes, in waiting on some Men upon Business, and on others out of Respect, the greatest part of the Day is spent on other Mens Affairs, the remainder of it must be given to my Family at home: So that I can reserve no part of it to my self, that is, to my Study: I must talk with my Wife, and chat with my Children, and I have somewhat to say to my Servants; for all these things I reckon as a part of Business, except a Man will resolve to be a Stranger at Home: and with whomsoever either Nature, Chance, or Choice has engaged a Man, in any Commerce, he must endeavour to make himself as acceptable to these about him, as he possibly can; using still such a temper in it, that he may not spoil them by an excessive gentleness, so that his Servants may not become his Masters. In such things as I have named to you, do Days, Months, and Years slip away; what is then left for Writing? and yet I have said nothing of that time that must go for Sleep, or for Meat: in which many do waste almost as much of their time, as in Sleep, which consumes very near the half of our Life; and indeed all the time which I can gain to my self, is that which I steal from my Sleep and my Meals; and because that is not much, I have made but a slow progress; yet because it is somewhat, I have at last got to an end of my Utopia, which I now send to you, and expect that after you have read it, you will let me know if you can put me in mind of any thing that has escaped me; for tho I would think my self very happy, if I had but as much Invention and Learning as I know I have Memory, which makes me generally depend much upon it, yet I do not relie so entirely on it, as to think I can forget nothing.

My Servant John Clement has started some things that shake me: You know he was present with us, as I think he ought to be at every Conversation that may be of use to him, for I promise my self great Matters from the progress he has so early made in the Greek and Roman Learning. As far as my Memory serves me, the Bridg over Anider at Amaurot, was 500 paces broad, according to Raphael's account; but John assures me, he spoke only of 300 paces; therefore I pray you recollect what you can remember of this, for if you agree with him, I will believe that I have been mistaken; but if you remember nothing of it, I will not alter what I have written, because it is according to the best of my remembrance: for as I will take care that there may be nothing falsly set down; so if there is any thing doubtful, tho I may perhaps tell a lie, yet I am sure I will not make one; for I would rather pass for a good Man, than for a wise Man: but it will be easy to correct this Mistake, if you can either meet with Raphael himself, or know how to write to him.

I have another Difficulty that presses me more, and makes your writing to him the more necessary: I know not whom I ought to blame for it, whether Raphael, you, or my self; for as we did not think of asking it, so neither did he of telling us, in what part of the newfound World Utopia is situated; this was such an omission that I would gladly redeem it at any rate: I am ashamed, that after I have told so many things concerning this Island, I cannot let my Readers know in what Sea it lies. There are some among us that have a mighty desire to go thither, and in particular, one pious Divine is very earnest on it, not so much out of a vain curiosity of seeing unknown Countries, as that he may advance our Religion, which is so happily begun to be planted there; and that he may

do this regularly, he intends to procure a Mission from the Pope, and to be sent thither as their Bishop. In such a case as this, he makes no scruple of aspiring to that Character, and thinks it is rather meritorious to be ambitious of it, when one desires it only for advancing the Christian Religion, and not for any Honour or Advantage that may be had by it, but is acted meerly by a pious Zeal. Therefore I earnestly beg it of you, if you can possibly meet with Raphael, or if you know how to write to him, that you will be pleased to inform your self of these things, that there may be no falshood left in my Book, nor any important Truth wanting. And perhaps it will not be unfit to let him see the Book it self: for as no Man can correct any Errors that may be in it, so well as he; so by reading it, he will be able to give a more perfect judgment of it than he can do upon any Discourse concerning it: and you will be likewise able to discover whether this Undertaking of mine is acceptable to him or not; for if he intends to write a Relation of his Travels, perhaps he will not be pleased that I should prevent him, in that part that belongs to the Utopian Common-Wealth; since if I should do so, his Book will not surprize the World with the pleasure which this new Discovery will give the Age. And I am so little fond of appearing in print upon this occasion, that if he dislikes it, I will lay it aside; And even though he should approve of it, I am not positively determined as to the publishing of it. Mens tastes differ much; some are of so morose a Temper, so sour a Disposition, and make such absurd Iudgments of Things, that Men of chearful and lively Tempers, who indulge their Genius, seem much more happy, than those who waste their time and strength in order to the publishing some Book, that tho of it self it might be useful or pleasant, yet instead of being well received, will be sure to be either loathed at, or censured. Many know nothing of Learning, and others despise it: a Man that is accustomed to a course and harsh Sile, thinks every thing is rough that is not barbarous. Our trifling Pretenders to Learning, think all is slight that is not drest up in words that are worn out of use; some love only old things, and many like nothing but what is their own. Some are so sour, that they can allow no Jests, and others are so dull that they can endure nothing that is sharp; and some are as much afraid of any thing that is quick or lively, as a Man bit with a mad Dog is of Water; others are so light and unsetled, that their Thoughts change as quick as they do their Postures: and some, when they meet in Taverns, take upon them among their Cups to pass Censures very freely on all Writers; and with a supercilious liberty to condemn every thing that they do not like: in which they have the advantage that a bald Man has, who can catch hold of another by the Hair, while the other cannot return the like upon him. They are safe as it were of Gunshot, since there is nothing in them considerable enough to be taken hold of. And some are so unthankful, that even when they are well pleased with a Book, yet they think they owe nothing to the Author; and are like those rude Guests, who after they have been well entertained at a good Dinner, go away when they have glutted their Appetites, without so much as thanking him that treated them. But who would put himself to the charge of making a Feast for Men of such nice Palats, and so different Tastes; who are so forgetful of the Civilities that are done them? But do you once clear those Points with Raphael, and then it will be time enough to consider whether it be fit to publish it or not; for since I have been at the pains to write it, if he consents to the publishing it, I will follow my Friend's Advice, and chiefly yours. Farewel my dear Peter, commend me kindly to your good Wise, and love me still as you use to do, for I assure you I love you daily more and more.

THE DISCOURSES OF RAPHAEL HYTHLODAY, OF THE BEST STATE OF A COMMON-WEALTH

Written by Sir Thomas More, Citizen and Sheriff of London.

Henry the 8th, the unconquered King of England, a Prince adorned with all the Vertues that become a great Monarch; having some Differences of no small Consequence withCharles the most serene Prince ofCastile, sent me intoFlandersas his Ambassador, for treating and composing Matters between them. I was Collegue and Companion to that incomparable Man Cuthbert Tonstal, whom the King made lately Master of the Rolls, with such an Universal Applause; of whom I will say nothing, not because I fear that the Testimony of a Friend will be suspected, but rather because his Learning and Vertues are greater than that they can be set forth with advantage by me, and they are so well known, that they need not my Commendations, unless I would, according to the Proverb, Shew the Sun with a Lanthorn. Those that were appointed by the Prince to treat with us, met us at Bruges, according to Agreement: they were all worthy Men. The Markgrave of Bruges was their Head, and the chief Man among them; but he that was esteemed the wisest, and that spoke for the rest, was George Temse the Provost of Casselsee; both Art and Nature had concurred to make him eloquent: He was very learned in the Law; and as he had a great Capacity, so by a long practice in Affairs, he was very dextrous at them. After we had met once and again, and could not come to an Agreement, they went to Brussels for some days to receive the Prince's Pleasure. And since our Business did admit of it, I went to Antwerp: While I was there, among many that visited me, there was one that was more acceptable to me than any other; Peter Giles born at Antwerp, who is a Man of great Honour, and of a good Rank in his Town; yet it is not such as he deserves: for I do not know if there be any where to be found a learneder and a better bred young Man: for as he is both a very worthy Person, and a very knowing Man; so he is so civil to all Men, and yet so particularly kind to his Friends, and is so full of Candor and Affection, that there is not perhaps above one or two to be found any where, that is in all respects so perfect a Friend as he is: He is extraordinarily modest, there is no artifice in him; and yet no Man has more of a prudent simplicity than he has: His Conversation was so pleasant and so innocently chearful, that his Company did in a great measure lessen any longings to go back to my Country, and to my Wife and Children, which an absence of four months had quickned very much. One day as I was returning home from Mass at St. Maries, which is the chief Church, and the most frequented of any in Antwerp, I saw him by accident talking with a Stranger, that seemed past the flower of his Age; his Face was tanned, he had a long Beard, and his Cloak was hanging carelesly about him, so that by his Looks and

Habit, I concluded he was a Seaman. As soon as Peter saw me, he came and saluted me; and as I was returning his Civility, he took me aside, and pointing to him with whom he had been discoursing, he said, Do you see that Man? I was just thinking to bring him to you. I answered, He should have been very welcome on your account: And on his own too, replied he, if you knew the Man; for there is none alive that can give you so copious an account of unknown Nations and Countries as he can do; which I know you very much desire. Then said I, I did not guess amiss, for at first sight I took him for a Seaman: But you are much mistaken, said he, for he has not sailed as a Seaman, but as a Traveller, or rather as a Philosopher; for this Raphael, who from his Family carries the Name of Hythloday, as he is not ignorant of the Latine Tongue, so he is eminently learned in the Greek, having applied himself more particularly to that than to the former, because he had given himself much to Philosophy, in which he knew that the Romans have left us nothing that is valuable, except what is to be found in Seneca and Cicero. He is a Portuguese by birth, and was so desirous of seeing the World, that he divided his Estate among his Brothers, and run Fortunes with Americus Vesputius, and bore a share in three of his four Voyages, that are now published: only he did not return with him in his last, but obtained leave of him almost by force, that he might be one of those four and twenty who were left at the farthest place at which they touched, in their last Voyage to New Castile. The leaving him thus, did not a little gratify one that was more fond of travelling than of returning home, to be buried in his own Country: for he used often to say, That the way to Heaven was the same from all places; and he that had no Grave, had the Heavens still over him. Yet this disposition of Mind had cost him dear, if God had not been very gracious to him; for after he, with five Castilians, had travelled over many Countries, at last, by a strange good fortune, he got to Ceylon, and from thence to Calicut, and there he very happily found some Portuguese Ships; and so, beyond all Mens expectations, he came back to his own Country. When Peter had said this to me, I thanked him for his kindness, in intending to give me the acquaintance of a Man, whose Conversation he knew would be so acceptable to me; and upon that Raphael and I embraced one another: And after those Civilities were past, which are ordinary for Strangers upon their first meeting, We went all to my House, and entring into the Garden, sat down on a green Bank, and entertained one another in Discourse. He told us, that when Vesputius had sailed away, he and his Companions that staid behind in NewCastile, did by degrees insinuate themselves into the People of the Country, meeting often with them, and treating them gently: and at last they grew not only to live among them without danger, but to converse familiarly with them; and got so far into the Heart of a Prince, whose Name and Country I have forgot, that he both furnished them plentifully with all things necessary, and also with the conveniences of travelling; both Boats when they went by Water, and Wagons when they travelled over Land; and he sent with them a very faithful Guide, who was to introduce and recommend them to such other Princes as they had a mind to see: and after many days Journey, they came to Towns, and Cities, and to Common-Wealths, that were both happily governed, and well-peopled. Under the Aequator, and as far on both sides of it as the Sun moves, there lay vast Deserts that were parched with the perpetual heat of the Sun; the Soil was withered, all Things look'd dismally, and all Places were either quite uninhabited, or abounded with Wild Beasts and Serpents, and some few Men, that were neither less wild, nor less cruel than the Beasts themselves. But as they went farther, a new Scene opened, all things grew milder, the Air less burning, the Soil more verdant, and even the Beasts were less wild: And at last there are Nations, Towns, and Cities, that have not only mutual commerce among themselves, and with their Neighbours, but trade both by Sea and Land, to very remote Countries. There they found the Conveniencies of seeing many Countries on all Hands, for no Ship went any Voyage into which he and his Companions were not very welcome. The first Vessels that they saw were Flatbottomed, their Sails were made of Reeds and Wicker woven close together, only some were made of Leather; but afterwards they found Ships made with round Keels, and Canvass Sails, and in all things like our Ships: and the Seamen understood both Astronomy and Navigation. He got wonderfully into their favour, by shewing them the use of the Needle, of which till then they were utterly ignorant; and whereas they sailed before with great caution, and only in Summer-time, now they count all Seasons alike, trusting wholly to the Loadstone, in which they are perhaps more secure than safe; so that there is reason to fear, that this Discovery which was thought would prove so much to their Advantage, may by their imprudence become an occasion of much Mischief to them. But it were too long to dwell on all that he told us he had observed in every place, it would be too great a digression from our present purpose: and what-ever is necessary to be told, chiefly concerning the wise and prudent Institutions that he observed among civilized Nations, may perhaps be related by us on a more proper occasion. We ask'd him many questions concerning all these things, to which he answered very willingly; only we made no enquiries after Monsters, than which nothing is more common; for every where one may hear of ravenous Dogs and Wolves, and cruel Men-eaters; but it is not so easy to find States that are well and wisely governed.

But as he told us of many things that were amiss in those New-found Nations, so he reckoned up not a few things, from which Patterns might be taken for correcting the Errors of these Nations among whom we live; of which an account may be given, as I have already promised, at some other time; for at present I intend only to relate these Particulars that he told us of the Manners and Laws of the Utopians: but I will begin with the Occasion that led us to speak of that Common-Wealth. After Raphael had discoursed with great judgment of the Errors that were both among us and these Nations, of which there was no small number, and had treated of the wise Institutions both here and there, and had spoken as distinctly of the Customs and Government of every Nation through which he had past, as if he had spent his whole Life in it; Peter being struck with admiration, said, I wonder, Raphael, how it comes that you enter into no King›s Service, for I am sure there are none to whom you would not be very acceptable: for your Learning and Knowledg, both of Men and Things, is such, that you would not only entertain them very pleasantly, but be of good use to them, by the Examples that you could set before them, and the Advices that you could give them;

and by this means you would both serve your own Interest, and be of great use to all your Friends. As for my Friends, answered he, I need not be much concerned, having already done all that was incumbent on me toward them; for when I was not only in good Health, but fresh and young, I distributed that among my Kindred and Friends, which other People do not part with till they are old and sick; and then they unwillingly give among them, that which they can enjoy no longer themselves. I think my Friends ought to rest contented with this, and not to expect that for their sakes I should enslave my self to any King whatsoever. Soft and fair, said Peter, I do not mean that you should be a Slave to any King, but only that you should assist them, and be useful to them. The change of the Word, said he, does not alter the Matter. But term it as you will, replied Peter, I do not see any other way in which you can be so useful, both in private to your Friends, and to the Publick, and by which you can make your own Condition happier. Happier! answered Raphael, is that to be compassed in a way so abhorrent to my Genius? Now I live as I will, to which I believe few Courtiers can pretend: and there are so very many that court the Favour of great Men, that there will be no great loss, if they are not troubled either with me, or with others of my temper. Upon this, I said, I perceive Raphael that you neither desire Wealth nor Greatness; and indeed I value and admire such a Man much more than I do any of the great Men in the World. Yet I think you would do a thing well-becoming so generous and so philosophical a Soul as yours is, if you would apply your Time and Thoughts to Publick Affairs, even though you may happen to find that a little uneasy to your self; and this you can never do with so much advantage, as by being taken into the Council of some great Prince, and by setting him on to noble and worthy Things, which I know you would do if you were in such a Post; for the Springs, both of Good and Evil, flow over a whole Nation, from the Prince, as from a lasting Fountain. So much Learning as you have, even without practice in Affairs; or so great a practice as you have had, without any other Learning, would render you a very fit Counsellor to any King whatsoever, You are doubly mistaken, said he, Mr. More, both in your Opinion of me, and in the Judgment that you make of things: for as I have not that Capacity that you fancy to be in me; so if I had it, the Publick would not be one jot the better, when I had sacrificed my quiet to it. For most Princes apply themselves more to warlike Matters, than to the useful Arts of Peace; and in these I neither have any knowledg, nor do I much desire it: They are generally more set on acquiring new Kingdoms, right or wrong, than on governing those well that they have: and among the Ministers of Princes, there are none that either are not so wise as not to need any assistance, or at least that do not think themselves so wise, that they imagine they need none; and if they do court any, it is only those for whom the Prince has much personal Favour, whom by their Faunings and Flatteries they endeavour to fix to their own Interests: and indeed Nature has so made us, that we all love to be flattered, and to please our selves with our own Notions. The old Crow loves his Young, and the Ape his Cubs. Now if in such a Court, made up of Persons that envy all others, and do only admire themselves, one should but propose any thing that he had either read in History, or observed in his Travels, the rest would think that the Reputation of their Wisdom would sink, and that their Interests would be much depressed, if they could not run it down: And if all other things failed, then they would fly to this, That such or such things pleased our Ancestors, and it were well for us if we could but match them. They would set up their Rest on such an Answer, as a sufficient confutation of all that could be said; as if this were a great Mischief, that any should be found wiser than his Ancestors: But tho they willingly let go all the good Things that were among those of former Ages; yet if better things are proposed, they cover themselves obstinately with this excuse, of reverence to past Times. I have met with these proud, morose, and absurd Judgments of Things in many places, particularly once in England. Was you ever there, said I? Yes, I was, answered he, and staid some months there, not long after the Rebellion in the West was suppressed, with a great slaughter of the poor People that were engaged in it.

I was then much obliged to that reverend Prelate Iohn Morton Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal, and Chancellor of England; a Man, said he, Peter (for Mr. More knows well what he was) that was not less venerable for his Wisdom and Vertues, than for the high Character he bore: He was of a middle stature, not broken with Age; his looks begot Reverence rather than Fear; his Conversation was easy, but serious and grave; he took pleasure sometimes to try the force of those that came as Suiters to him upon Business, by speaking sharply, tho decently to them, and by that he discovered their Spirit and presence of Mind; with which he was much delighted, when it did not grow up to an impudence, as bearing a great resemblance to his own temper; and he look'd on such Persons as the fittest Men for Affairs. He spoke both gracefully and weightily; he was eminently skilled in the Law, and had a vast Understanding, and a prodigious Memory: and those excellent Talents with which Nature had furnished him, were improved by Study and Experience. When I was in England, the King depended much on his Councils, and the Government seemed to be chiefly supported by him; for from his Youth up, he had been all along practised in Affairs; and having passed through many Traverses of Fortune, he had acquired to his great cost, a vast stock of Wisdom: which is not soon lost, when it is purchased so dear. One day when I was dining with him, there hapned to be at Table one of the English Lawyers, who took occasion to run out in a high commendation of the severe execution of Justice upon Thieves, who, as he said, were then hanged so fast, that there were sometimes 20 on one Gibbet; and upon that he said, he could not wonder enough how it came to pass, that since so few escaped, there were yet so many Thieves left who were still robbing in all places. Upon this, I who took the boldness to speak freely before the Cardinal, said, There was no reason to wonder at the Matter, since this way of punishing Thieves, was neither just in it Self, nor good for the Publick; for as the Severity was too great, so the Remedy was not effectual; simple Theft not being so great a Crime, that it ought to cost a Man his Life; and no Punishment how severe soever, being able to restrain those from robbing, who can find out no other way of livelihood; and in this, said I, not only you in England, but a great part of the World, imitate some ill Masters, that are readier to chastise their Scholars, than to teach them. There are dreadful Punishments enacted against Thieves, but it were much better to make such good Provisions, by which every Man might be put in a Method how to live,

and so be preserved from the fatal necessity of stealing, and of dying for it. There has been care enough taken for that, said he, there are many Handycrafts, and there is Husbandry, by which they may make a shift to live, unless they have a greater mind to follow ill Courses. That will not serve your turn, said I, for many lose their Limbs in Civil or Forreign Wars, as lately in the Cornish Rebellion, and some time ago in your Wars with France, who being thus mutilated in the Service of their King and Country, can no more follow their old Trades, and are too old to learn new Ones: But since Wars are only accidental Things, and have Intervals, let us consider those Things that fall out every day. There is a great number of Noble Men among you, that live not only idle themselves as Drones, subsisting by other Mens Labours, who are their Tenants, and whom they pare to the quick, and thereby raise their Revenues; this being the only instance of their Frugality, for in all other things they are Prodigal, even to the beggering of themselves: But besides this, they carry about with them a huge number of idle Fellows, who never learn'd any Art by which they may gain their Living; and these, as soon as either their Lord dies, or they themselves fall sick, are turned out of Doors; for your Lords are readier to feed idle People, than to take care of the sick; and often the Heir is not able to keep together so great a Family as his Predecessor did: Now when the Stomachs of those that are thus turned out of Doors, grow keen, they rob no less keenly; and what else can they do? for after that, by wandring about, they have worn out both their Health and their Cloaths, and are tattered, and look ghastly, Men of Quality will not entertain them, and poor Men dare not do it; knowing that one who has been bred up in Idleness and Pleasure, and who was used to walk about with his Sword and Buckler, despising all the Neighbourhood with an insolent Scorn, as far below him, is not fit for the Spade and Mattock: Nor will he serve a poor Man for so small a Hire, and in so low a Diet as he can afford. To this he answered, This sort of Men ought to be particularly cherished among us, for in them consists the Force of the Armies for which we may have occasion; since their Birth inspires them with a nobler sence of Honour, than is to be found among Tradesmen or Ploughmen. You may as well say, replied I, that you must cherish Thieves on the account of Wars, for you will never want the one, as long as you have the other; and as Robbers prove sometimes gallant Souldiers, so Souldiers prove often brave Robbers; so near an Alliance there is between those two sorts of Life. But this bad custom of keeping many Servants, that is so common among you, is not peculiar to this Nation. In France there is yet a more pestiferous sort of People, for the whole Country is full of Souldiers, that are still kept up in time of Peace; if such a state of a Nation can be called a Peace: and these are kept in Pay upon the same account that you plead for those Idle Retainers about Noble Men: this being a Maxim of those pretended Statesmen, That it is necessary for the Publick Safety, to have a good Body of Veteran Souldiers ever in readiness. They think raw Men are not to be depended on, and they sometimes seek Occasions for making War, that they may train up their Souldiers in the Art of cutting Throats, or as Salust observed, for keeping their Hands in use, that they may not grow dull by too long an intermission. But France has learn'd, to its cost, how dangerous it is to feed such Beasts. The Fate of the Romans, Carthaginians, and Syrians, and many other Nations, and Cities, which were both overturned, and quite ruined by those standing Armies, should make others wiser: and the folly of this Maxim of the French, appears plainly even from this, that their trained Souldiers find your raw Men prove often too hard for them; of which I will not say much, lest you may think I flatter the English Nation. Every day's Experience shews, that the Mechanicks in the Towns, or the Clowns in the Country, are not afraid of fighting with those idle Gentlemen, if they are not disabled by some Misfortune in their Body, or dispirited by extream Want. So that you need not fear, that those well-shaped and strong Men, (for it is only such that Noblemen love to keep about them, till they spoil them) who now grow feeble with ease, and are softned with their effeminate manner of Life, would be less fit for Action if they were well bred and well employed. And it seems very unreasonable, that for the prospect of a War, which you need never have but when you please, you should maintain so many idle Men, as will always disturb you in time of Peace, which is ever to be more considered than War. But I do not think that this necessity of Stealing, arises only from hence, there is another Cause of it that is more peculiar to England. What is that? said the Cardinal: The encrease of Pasture, said I, by which your Sheep, that are naturally mild, and easily kept in order, may be said now to devour Men, and unpeople, not only Villages, but Towns: For where-ever it is found, that the Sheep of any Soil yield a softer and richer Wool than ordinary, there the Nobility and Gentry, and even those Holy Men the Abbots, not contented with the old Rents which their Farms yielded, nor thinking it enough that they living at their ease, do no good to the Publick, resolve to do it Hurt instead of Good. They stop the course of Agriculture, inclose Grounds, and destroy Houses and Towns, reserving only the Churches, that they may lodg their Sheep in them: And as if Forrests and Parks had swallowed up too little Soil, those worthy CountryMen turn the best inhabited Places into Solitudes; for when any unsatiable Wretch, who is a Plague to this Country, resolves to inclose many thousand Acres of Ground, the Owners, as well as Tenants, are turned out of their Possessions, by Tricks, or by main Force, or being wearied out with ill Usage, they are forced to sell them. So those miserable People, both Men and Women, Married, Unmarried, Old and Young, with their Poor, but numerous Families, (since Country-Business requires many Hands) are all forced to change their Seats, not knowing whither to go; and they must sell for almost nothing, their Houshold-stuff, which could not bring them much Mony, even tho they might stay for a Buyer: when that little Mony is at an end, for it will be soon spent; what is left for them to do, but either to steal, and so to be hanged, (God knows how justly) or to go about and beg? And if they do this, they are put in Prison as idle Vagabonds; whereas they would willingly work, but can find none that will hire them; for there is no more occasion for Country Labour, to which they have been bred, when there is no Arable Ground left. One Shepherd can look after a Flock, which will stock an extent of Ground that would require many hands, if it were to be ploughed and reaped. This likewise raises the price of Corn in many places. The price of Wool is also so risen, that the poor People who were wont to make Cloth, are no more able to buy it; and this likewise makes many of them idle: For since the increase of Pasture, God has punished the Avarice of the Owners, by a Rot among the Sheep, which has destroyed vast numbers of them, but had been more justly laid upon the Owners themselves. But suppose the Sheep should encrease ever

so much, their Price is not like to fall; since tho they cannot be called a Monopoly, because they are not engrossed by one Person, yet they are in so few hands, and these are so rich, that as they are not prest to sell them sooner than they have a mind to it, so they never do it till they have raised the Price as high as is possible. And on the same account it is, that the other kinds of Cattel are so dear, and so much the more, because that many Villages being pulled down, and all Country-Labour being much neglected, there are none that look after the breeding of them. The Rich do not breed Cattel as they do Sheep, but buy them Lean, and at low Prices; and after they have fatned them on their Grounds, they sell them again at high rates. And I do not think that all the Inconveniences that this will produce, are yet observed; for as they sell the Cattle dear, so if they are consumed faster then the breeding Countries from which they are brought, can afford them; then the stock most decrease, and this must needs end in a great Scarcity; and by these means this your Island, that seemed as to this particular, the happiest in the World, will suffer much by the cursed Avarice of a few Persons; besides that, the rising of Corn makes all People lessen their Families as much as they can; and what can those who are dismissed by them do, but either Beg or Rob? And to this last, a Man of a great Mind is much sooner drawn than to the former. Luxury likewise breaks in apace upon you, to set forward your Poverty and Misery; there is an excessive Vanity in Apparel, and great Cost in Diet; and that not only in Noblemens Families, but even among Tradesmen, and among the Farmers themselves, and among all Ranks of Persons. You have also many infamous Houses, and besides those that are known, the Taverns and Alehouses are no better; add to these, Dice, Cards, Tables, Football, Tennis, and Coits, in which Mony runs fast away; and those that are initiated into them, must in conclusion betake themselves to robbing for a supply. Banish those Plagues, and give order that these who have dispeopled so much Soil, may either rebuild the Villages that they have pulled down, or let out their Grounds to such as will do it: Restrain those engrossings of the Rich, that are as bad almost asMonopolies;leave fewer Occasions to Idleness; let Agriculture be set up again, and the Manufacture of the Wooll be regulated, that so there may be Work found for these Companies of Idle People, whom want Forces to be Thieves, or who now being idle Vagabonds, or useless Servants, will certainly grow Thieves at last. If you do not find a Remedy to these Evils, it is a vain thing to boast of your Severity of punishing Theft; which tho it may have the appearance of Justice, yet in it self it is neither just nor convenient: for if you suffer your People to be ill Educated, and their Manners to be corrupted from their Infancy, and then punish them for those Crimes to which their first Education disposed them, what else is to be concluded from this, but that you first make Thieves, and then punish them?

[Two missing pages] . . . allow of it; upon the same Grounds, Laws may be made to allow of Adultery and Perjury in some Cases: for God having taken from us the Right of disposing, either of our own, or of other Peoples Lives, if it is pretended that the mutual Consent of Men in making Laws, allowing of Manslaughter in Cases in which God has given us no Example, frees People from the Obligation of the Divine Law, and so makes Murder a lawful Action; What is this, but to give a preference to Humane Laws before the Divine? And if this is once admitted, by the same Rule Men may in all other things put what Restrictions they please upon the Laws of God. If by the Mosaical Law, tho it was rough and severe, as being a Yoke laid on an obstinate and servile Nation, Men were only fined, and not put to death for Theft; we cannot imagine that in this new Law of Mercy, in which God treats us with the tenderness of a Father, he has given us a greater License to Cruelty, than he did to the Jews. Upon these Reasons it is, that I think the putting Thieves to death is not lawful; and it is plain and obvious that it is absurd, and of ill Consequence to the Common-Wealth, that a Thief and a Murderer should be equally punished: for if a Robber sees that his Danger is the same, if he is convicted of Theft, as if he were guilty of Murder, this will naturally set him on to kill the Person whom otherwise he would only have robbed, since if the Punishment is the same, there is more security, and less danger of discovery, when he that can best make it is put out of the way; so that the terrifying Thieves too much, provokes them to cruelty.

But as to the Question, What more convenient way of Punishment can be found? I think it is much easier to find out that, than to invent any thing that is worse; Why should we doubt but the way that was so long in use among the old Romans, who understood so well the Arts of Government, was very proper for their Punishment? they condemned such as they found guilty of great Crimes, to work their whole Lives in Quarries, or to dig in Mines with Chains about them. But the Method that I liked best, was that which I observed in my Travels in Persia, among the Polylerits, who are a considerable and well-governed People. They pay a yearly Tribute to the King of Persia; but in all other respects they are a free Nation, and governed by their own Laws. They lie far from the Sea, and are environed with Hills; and being contented with the Productions of their own Country, which is very fruitful, they have little commerce with any other Nation; and as they, according to the Genius of their Country, have no appetite of inlarging their Borders; so their Mountains, and the Pension that they pay to the Persian, secure them from all Invasions. Thus they have no Wars among them; they live rather conveniently than splendidly, and may be rather called a Happy Nation, than either Eminent or Famous; for I do not think that they are known so much as by Name to any but their next Neighbours. Those that are found guilty of Theft among them, are bound to make restitution to the Owner, and not as it is in other places, to the Prince, for they reckon that the Prince has no more right to the stollen Goods than the Thief; but if that which was stollen is no more in being, then the Goods of the Thieves are estimated, and Restitution being made out of them, the Remainder is given to their Wives, and Children: And they themselves are condemned to serve in the Publick Works, but are neither imprisoned, nor chained, unless there hapned to be some extraordinary Circumstances in their Crimes. They go about loose and free, working for the Publick: If they are Idle or backward to work, they are whipp'd; but if they work hard, they are well used and treated without any mark of Reproach, only the Lists of them are called always at Night, and then they are shut up, and they suffer no other uneasiness,

but this of constant Labour; for as they work for the Publick, so they are well entertained out of the Publick Stock, which is done differently in different places: In some places, that which is bestowed on them, is raised by a charitable Contribution; and tho this way may seem uncertain, yet so merciful are the Inclinations of that People, that they are plentifully supplied by it; but in other places Publick Revenues are set aside for them; or there is a constant Tax of a Poll-mony raised for their Maintenance. In some places they are set to no Publick Work, but every privat Man that has occasion to hire Workmen, goes to the Market-places and hires them of the Publick, a little lower than he would do a Freeman: If they go lazily about their Task, he may quicken them with the Whip. By this means there is always some piece of Work or other to be done by them; and beside their Livelyhood, they earn somewhat still to the Publick. They wear all a peculiar Habit, of one certain colour, and their Hair is cropt a little above their Ears, and a little of one of their Ears is cut off. Their Friends are allowed to give them either Meat, Drink, or Clothes, so they are of their proper Colour; but it is Death, both to the Giver and Taker, if they give them Mony; nor is it less penal for any Free-man to take Mony from them, upon any account whatsoever: And it is also Death for any of these Slaves (so they are called) to handle Arms. Those of every Division of the Country, are distinguished by a peculiar Mark: And it is capital to lay that aside, and so it is also to go out of their Bounds, or to talk with a Slave of another Jurisdiction; and the very attempt of an escape, is no less penal than an escape it self; it is Death for any other Slave to be accessary to it: If a Free-man engages in it, he is condemned to slavery: Those that discover it are rewarded; if Free-men, in Mony; and if Slaves, with Liberty, together with a Pardon for being accessary to it; that so they may find their Account, rather in repenting of their accession to such a design, than in persisting in it.

These are their Laws and Rules in this Matter; in which both the Gentleness and the Advantages of them are very obvious; since by these Means, as Vices are destroyed, so Men are preserved; but are so treated, that they see the necessity of being good: and by the rest of their Life they make reparation for the Mischief they had formerly done. Nor is there any hazard of their falling back to their old Customs: And so little do Travellers apprehend Mischief from them, that they generally make use of them for Guides, from one Jurisdiction to another; for there is nothing left them by which they can rob, or be the better for it, since as they are disarmed, so the very having of Mony is a sufficient Conviction: and as they are certainly punished if discovered, so they cannot hope to escape: for their Habit being in all the parts of it different from what is commonly worn, they cannot fly away, unless they should go naked, and even then their crop'd Ear would betray them. The only danger to be feared from them, is their conspiring against the Government: but those of one Division and Neighbourhood can do nothing to any purpose, unless a general Conspiracy were laid amongst all the Slaves of the several Jurisdictions, which cannot be done, since they cannot meet or talk together; nor will any venture on a Design where the Concealment would be so dangerous, and the Discovery so profitable: and none of them is quite hopeless of recovering his Freedom, since by their Obedience and Patience, and by giving grounds to believe that they will change their manner of Life for the future, they may expect at last to obtain their Liberty: and some are every Year restored to it, upon the good Character that is given of them. When I had related all this, I added, That I did not see why such a Method might not be followed with more advantage, than could ever be expected from that severe Justice which the Counsellor magnified so much. To all this he answered, That it could never be so setled in England, without endangering the whole Nation by it; and as he said that, he shook his Head, and made some grimaces, and so held his peace; and all the Company seemed to be of his mind: only the Cardinal said, It is not easy to guess whether it would succeed well or ill, since no trial has been made of it: But if when the Sentence of Death were past upon a Thief, the Prince would reprieve him for a while, and make the Experiment upon him, denying him the privilege of a Sanctuary; then if it had a good effect upon him, it might take place; and if it succeeded not, the worst would be, to execute the Sentence on the condemned Persons at last. And I do not see, said he, why it would be either injust or inconvenient, or at all dangerous, to admit of such a delay: And I think the Vagabonds ought to be treated in the same manner, against whom tho we have made many Laws, yet we have not been able to gain our end by them all. When the Cardinal had said this, then they all fell to commend the Motion, tho they had despised it when it came from me; but they did more particularly commend that concerning the Vagabonds, because it had been added by him.

I do not know whether it be worth the while to tell what followed, for it was very ridiculous; but I shall venture at it, for as it is not forreign to this Matter, so some good use may be made of it. There was a Jester standing by, that counterfeited the Fool so naturally, that he seemed to be really one. The Jests at which he offered were so cold and dull, that we laughed more at him than at them; yet sometimes he said, as it were by chance, things that were not unpleasant; so as to justify the old Proverb, That he who throws the Dice often, will sometimes have a lucky Hit. When one of the Company had said, that I had taken care of the Thieves, and the Cardinal had taken care of the Vagabonds, so that there remained nothing but that some publick Provision might be made for the Poor, whom Sickness or Old Age had disabled from Labour: Leave that to me, said the Fool, and I shall take care of them; for there is no sort of People whose sight I abhor more, having been so often vexed with them, and with their sad Complaints; but as dolefully soeveras they have told their Tale to me, they could never prevail so far as to draw one Penny of Mony from me: for either I had no mind to give them any thing, or when I had a mind to it, I had nothing to give them: and they now know me so well, that they will not lose their labour on me, but let me pass without giving me any trouble, because they hope for nothing from me, no more in faith than if I were a Priest: But I would have a Law made, for sending all these Beggars to Monasteries, the Men to the Benedictines to be Lay-Brothers, and the Women to be Nuns. The Cardinal smiled, and approved of it in jest; but the rest liked it in earnest. There was a Divine present, who tho he was a grave morose Man, yet he was so pleased with this Reflection that was made on the Priests and the Monks, that he began to play with the Fool, and said to him, This will

not deliver you from all Beggers, except you take care of us Friars. That is done already, answered the Fool, for the Cardinal has provided for you, by what he proposed for the restraining Vagabonds, and setting them to work, for I know no Vagabonds like you. This was well entertained by the whole Company, who looking at the Cardinal, perceived that he was not ill pleased at it; only the Friar himself was so bit, as may be easily imagined, and fell out into such a passion, that he could not forbear railing at the Fool, and called him Knave, Slanderer, Backbiter, and Son of Perdition, and cited some dreadful Threatnings out of the Scriptures against him. Now the Jester thought he was in his Element, and laid about him freely: he said, Good Friar be not angry, for it is written, In patience possess your Soul. The Friar answered, (for I shall give you his own words) I am not angry, you Hangman; at least I do not sin in it, for the Psalmist says, Be ye angry, and sin not. Upon this the Cardinal admonished him gently, and wished him to govern his Passions. No, my Lord, said he, I speak not but from a good Zeal, which I ought to have; for Holy Men have had a good Zeal, as it is said, The Zeal of thy House hath eaten me up; and we sing in our Church, that those who mock'd Elisha as he went up to the House of God, felt the Effects of his Zeal; which that Mocker, that Rogue, that Scoundrel, will perhaps feel. You do this perhaps with a good intention, said the Cardinal; but in my Opinion, it were wiser in you, not to say better for you, not to engage in so ridiculous a Contest with a Fool. No, my Lord, answered he, that were not wisely done; for Solomon, the wisest of Men, said, Answer a Fool according to his folly; which I now do, and shew him the Ditch into which he will fall, if he is not aware of it; for if the many Mockers of Elisha, who was but one bald Man, felt the Effect of his Zeal, What will become of one Mocker of so many Friars, among whom there are so many bald Men? We have likewise a Bull, by which all that jeer us are excommunicated. When the Cardinal saw that there was no end of this Matter, he made a sign to the Fool to withdraw, and turned the Discourse another way; and soon after he rose from the Table, and dismissing us, he went to hear Causes.

Thus, Mr. More, I have run out into a tedious Story, of the length of which I had been ashamed, if, as you earnestly begged it of me, I had not observed you to hearken to it, as if you had no mind to lose any part of it: I might have contracted it, but I resolved to give it you at large, that you might observe how those that had despised what I had proposed, no sooner perceived that the Cardinal did not dislike it, but they presently approved of it, and fawned so on him, and flattered him to such a degree, that they in good earnest applauded those things that he only liked in jest. And from hence you may gather, how little Courtiers would value either me or my Counsels.

To this I answered, You have done me a great kindness in this Relation; for as every thing has been related by you, both wisely and pleasantly, so you have made me imagine, that I was in my own Country, and grown young again, by recalling that good Cardinal into my thoughts, in whose Family I was bred from my Childhood: And tho you are upon other accounts very dear to me, yet you are the dearer, because you honour his Memory so much: but after all this I cannot change my Opinion, for I still think that if you could overcome that aversion which you have to the Courts of Princes, you might do a great deal of good to Mankind, by the Advices that you would give; and this is the chief Design that every good Man ought to propose to himself in living: for whereas your Friend Plato thinks that then Nations will be happy, when either Philosophers become Kings, or Kings become Philosophers. No wonder if we are so far from that Happiness, if Philosophers will not think it fit for them to assist Kings with their Councels. They are not so base minded, said he, but that they would willingly do it: many of them have already done it by their Books, if these that are in Power would hearken to their good Advices. But Plato judged right, that except Kings themselves became Philosophers, it could never be brought about, that they who from their Childhood are corrupted with false Notions, should fall in intirely with the Counsels of Philosophers, which he himself found to be true in the Person of Dionysius.

Do not you think, that if I were about any King, and were proposing good Laws to him, and endeavouring to root out of him all the cursed Seeds of Evil that I found in him, I should either be turned out of his Court, or at least be laughed at for my pains? For Instance, What could I signify if I were about the King of France, and were called into his Cabinet-Council, where several wise Men do in his hearing propose many Expedients; as by what Arts and Practices Milan may be kept; and Naples, that has so oft slip'd out of their hands, recovered; and how the Venetians, and after them the rest of Italy may be subdued; and then how Flanders, Brabant, and all Burgundy, and some other Kingdoms which he has swallowed already in his Designs, may be added to his Empire. One proposes a League with the Venetians, to be kept as long as he finds his account in it, and that he ought to communicate Councils with them, and give them some share of the Spoil, till his Success makes him need or fear them less, and then it will be easily taken out of their Hands. Another proposes the hireing the Germans, and the securing the Switzers by Pensions. Another proposes the gaining the Emperor by Mony, which is Omnipotent with him. Another proposes a Peace with the King of Arragon, and in order to the cementing it, the yielding up the King of Navar's Pretensions. Another thinks the Prince of Castile is to be wrought on, by the hope of an Alliance; and that some of his Courtiers are to be gained to the French Faction by Pensions. The hardest Point of all is, what to do with England: a Treaty of Peace is to be set on foot, and if their Alliance is not to be depended on, yet it is to be made as firm as can be; and they are to be called Friends, but suspected as Enemies: Therefore the Scots are to be kept in readiness, to be let loose upon England on every occasion; and some banished Nobleman is to be supported underhand, (for by the League it cannot be done avowedly) who has a pretension to the Crown, by which means that suspected Prince may be kept in awe. Now when things are in so great a Fermentation, and so many gallant Men are joining Councils, how to carry on the War, if so mean a Man as I am should stand up, and wish them to change all their Councils, to letItaly alone, and stay at home, since the Kingdom of France was indeed greater than that it could be well governed by one Man; So that

he ought not to think of adding others to it: And if after this, I should propose to them the Resolutions of the Achorians, a People that lie over against the Isle of Utopia to the South-east, who having long ago engaged in a War, that they might gain another Kingdom to their King, who had a Pretension to it by an old Alliance, by which it had descended to him; and having conquered it, when they found that the trouble of keeping it, was equal to that of gaining it; for the conquered People would be still apt to rebel, or be exposed to Forreign Invasions, so that they must always be in War, either for them, or against them; and that therefore they could never disband their Army: That in the mean time Taxes lay heavy on them, that Mony went out of the Kingdom; that their Blood was sacrificed to their King's Glory, and that they were nothing the better by it, even in time of Peace; their Manners being corrupted by a long War; Robbing and Murders abounding every where, and their Laws falling under contempt, because their King being distracted with the Cares of the Kingdom, was less able to apply his Mind to any one of them; when they saw there would be no end of those Evils, they by joint Councils made an humble Address to their King, desiring him to chuse which of the two Kingdoms he had the greatest mind to keep, since he could not hold both; for they were too great a People to be governed by a divided King, since no Man would willingly have a Groom that should be in common between him and another. Upon which the good Prince was forced to quit his new Kingdom to one of his Friends, (who was not long after dethroned) and to be contented with his old One. To all this I would add, that after all those Warlike Attempts, and the vast Confusions, with the Consumptions both of Treasure and of People, that must follow them; perhaps upon some Misfortune, they might be forced to throw up all at last; therefore it seemed much more eligible that the King should improve his ancient Kingdom all he could, and make it flourish as much as was possible; that he should love his People, and be beloved of them; that he should live among them, and govern them gently; and that he should let other Kingdoms alone, since that which had fallen to his share was big enough, if not too big for him. Pray how do you think would such a Speech as this be heard? I confess, said I, I think not very well.

But what said he, if I should sort with another kind of Ministers, whose chief Contrivances and Consultations were, by what Art Treasure might be heaped up? Where one proposes, the crying up of Mony, when the King had a great Debt on him, and the crying it down as much when his Revenues were to come in, that so he might both pay much with a little, and in a little receive a great deal: Another proposes a pretence of a War, that so Money might be raised in order to the carrying it on, and that a Peace might be concluded as soon as that was done; and this was to be made up with such appearances of Religion as might work on the People, and make them impute it to the piety of their Prince, and to his tenderness of the Lives of his Subjects. A third offers some old musty Laws, that have been antiquated by a long disuse; and which, as they had been forgotten by all the Subjects, so they had been also broken by them; and that the levying of the Penalties of these Laws, as it would bring in a vast Treasure, so there might be a very good Pretence for it, since it would look like the executing of Law, and the doing of Justice. A fourth proposes the prohibiting of many things under severe Penalties, especially such things as were against the Interest of the People, and then the dispensing with these Prohibitions upon great Compositions, to those who might make Advantages by breaking them. This would serve two ends, both of them acceptable to many; for as those whose Avarice led them to transgress, would be severely fined; so the selling Licences dear, would look as if a Prince were tender of his People, and would not easily, or at low Rates, dispense with any thing that might be against the Publick Good. Another proposes, that the Judges must be made sure, that they may declare always in favor of the Prerogative, that they must be often sent for to Court, that the King may hear them argue those Points in which he is concerned; since that how unjust soever any of his Pretensions may be, yet still some one or other of them, either out of contradiction to others, or the pride of singularity, or that they may make their Court, would find out some Pretence or other to give the King a fair colour to carry the Point: For if the Judges but differ in Opinion, the clearest thing in the World is made by that means disputable, and Truth being once brought in question, the King upon that may take advantage to expound the Law for his own profit: the Judges that stand out will be brought over, either out of fear or modesty; and they being thus gained, all of them may be sent to the Bench to give Sentence boldly, as the King would have it: for fair Pretences will never be wanting when Sentence is to be given in the Prince's Favor: it will either be said, that Equity lies of his side, or some words in the Law will be found sounding that way, or some forced sence will be put on them; and when all other things fail, the King's undoubted Prerogative will be pretended, as that which is above all Law; and to which a Religious Judg ought to have a special regard. Thus all consent to that Maxim of Grassus, That a Prince cannot have Treasure enough, since he must maintain his Armies out of it: that a King, even tho he would, can do nothing unjustly; that all Property is in him, not excepting the very Persons of his Subjects: And that no Man has any other Property, but that which the King out of his goodness thinks fit to leave him: and they think it is the Prince's Interest, that there be as little of this left as may be, as if it were his advantage that his People should have neither Riches nor Liberty; since these things make them less easy and tame to a cruel and injust Government; whereas Necessity and Poverty blunts them, makes them patient, and bears them down, and breaks that height of Spirit, that might otherwise dispose them to rebel. Now what if after all these Propositions were made, I should rise up and assert, That such Councels were both unbecoming a King, and mischievous to him: and that not only his Honor but his Safety consisted more in his Peoples Wealth, than in his own; if I should shew, that they choose a King for their own sake, and not for his; that by his care and endeavors they may be both easy and safe: and that therefore a Prince ought to take more care of his Peoples Happiness, than of his own, as a Shepherd is to take more care of his Flock than of himself. It is also certain, that they are much mistaken, that think the Poverty of a Nation is a means of the Publick Safety: Who quarrel more than Beggers do? who does more earnestly long for a change, than he that is uneasy in his present Circumstances? and who run in to create Confusions with so desperate a boldness, as those who having nothing to lose, hope to gain by them? If a King should fall under so much contempt or envy, that he could not keep

his Subjects in their Duty, but by Oppression and ill Usage, and by impoverishing them, it were certainly better for him to quit his Kingdom, than to retain it by such Methods, by which tho he keeps the Name of Authority, yet he loses the Majesty due to it. Nor is it so becoming the Dignity of a King to reign over Beggars, as to reign over rich and happy Subjects. And therefore Fabritius, that was a Man of a noble and exalted Temper, said, He would rather govern rich Men, than be rich himself; and for one Man to abound in Wealth and Pleasure, when all about him are mourning and groaning, is to be a Goaler and not a King. He is an unskilful Physician, that cannot cure a Disease, but by casting his Patient into another: So he that can find no other way for correcting the Errors of his People, but by taking from them the Conveniences of Life, shews that he knows not what it is to govern a free Nation. He himself ought rather to shake off his Sloth, or to lay down his Pride; for the Contempt or Hatred that his People have for him, takes its rise from the Vices in himself. Let him live upon what belongs to himself, without wronging others, and accommodate his Expence to his Revenue. Let him punish Crimes, and by his wise Conduct let him endeavour to prevent them, rather than be severe when he has suffered them to be too common: Let him not rashly revive Laws that are abbrogated by disuse, especially if they have been long forgotten, and never wanted. And let him never take any Penalty for the breach of them, to which a Judg would not give way in a private Man, but would look on him as a crafty and unjust Person for pretending to it. To these things I would add, that Law among the Macarians, that lie not far from Utopia, by which their King, in the day on which he begins to reign, is tied by an Oath confirmed by solemn Sacrifices, never to have at once above a thousand Pounds of Gold in his Treasures, or so much Silver as is equal to that in value. This Law, as they say, was made by an excellent King, who had more regard to the Riches of his Country, than to his own Wealth; and so provided against the heaping up of so much Treasure, as might impoverish the People: he thought that moderate Sum might be sufficient for any Accident; if either the King had occasion for it against Rebels, or the Kingdom against the Invasion of an Enemy, but that it was not enough to encourage a Prince to invade other Mens Rights, which was the chief cause of his making that Law. He also thought, that it was a good Provision for a free circulation of Mony, that is necessary for the course of Commerce and Exchange: And when a King must distribute all these extraordinary Accessions that encrease Treasure beyond the due pitch, it makes him less disposed to oppress his Subjects. Such a King as this is, will be the terror of ill Men, and will be beloved of all good Men.

If, I say, I should talk of these or such like things, to Men that had taken their biass another way, how deaf would they be to it all? No doubt, very deaf, answered I; and no wonder, for one is never to offer at Propositions or Advices, that he is certain will not be entertained. Discourses so much out of the road could not avail any thing, nor have any effect on Men, whose Minds were prepossessed with different Sentiments. This Philosophical way of Speculation, is not unpleasant among Friends in a free Converrsation; but there is no room for it in the Courts of Princes, where great Affairs are carried on by Authority. That is what I was saying, replied he, that there is no room for Philosophy in the Courts of Princes. Yes, there is, said I, but not for this Speculative Philosophy, that makes every thing to be alike fitting at all times: But there is another Philosophy that is more pliable, that knows its proper Scene, and accommodates it self to it; and that teaches a Man to act that part which has fallen to his share, fitly and decently. If when one of Plautus's Comedies is upon the Stage, and a Company of Servants are acting their parts, you should come out in the Garb of a Philosopher, and repeat out of Octavia, a Discourse of Seneca's to Nero, had it not been better for you to have said nothing, than by mixing things of such different Natures, to have made such an impertinent Tragi-Comedy? for you spoil and corrupt the Play that is in hand, when you mix with it things disagreeing to it, even tho they were better than it is: therefore go through with the Play that is acting, the best you can; and do not confound it, because another that is pleasanter comes into your thoughts. It is even so in a Common-Wealth, and in the Councils of Princes; if ill Opinions cannot be quite rooted out; and if you cannot cure some received Vices according to your wishes, you must not therefore abandon the Common-Wealth; or forsake the Ship in a Storm, because you cannot command the Winds; nor ought you to assault People with Discourses that are out of their Road, when you see their Notions are such that you can make no impression on them: but you ought to cast about, and as far as you can to manage things dextrously, that so if you cannot make Matters go well, they may be as little ill as is possible; for except all Men were good, all things cannot go well; which I do not hope to see in a great while. By this, answered he, all that I shall do shall be to preserve my self from being mad, while I endeavour to cure the madness of other People: for if I will speak truth, I must say such things as I was formerly saying; and for lying, whether a Philosopher can do it or not, I cannot tell; I am sure I cannot do it. But tho these Discourses may be uneasy and ungrateful to them, I do not see why they should seem foolish or extravagant: indeed if I should either propose such things as Plato has contrived in his Common-Wealth, or as the Utopians practise in theirs, tho they might seem better, as certainly they are, yet they are so quite different from our Establishment, which is founded on Property, there being no such thing among them, that I could not expect that it should have any effect on them: But such Discourses as mine, that only call past Evils to mind, and give warning of what may follow, have nothing in them that is so absurd, that they may not be used at any time; for they can only be unpleasant to those who are resolved to run headlong the contrary way: and if we must let alone every thing as absurd or extravagant, which by reason of the wicked Lives of many may seem uncouth, we must, even among Christians, give over pressing the greatest part of those things that Christ hath taught us: tho he has commanded us not to conceal them, but to proclaim on the House-tops that which he taught in secret. The greatest parts of his Precepts are more disagreeing to the Lives of the Men of this Age, than any part of my Discourse has been: But the Preachers seem to have learn'd that craft to which you advise me; for they observing that the World would not willingly sute their Lives to the Rules that Christ has given, have fitted his Doctrine, as if it had been a leaden Rule, to their Lives; that so some way or other they might agree with one another. But I see no other effect of this compliance, except it be that Men become more

secure in their wickedness by it. And this is all the success that I can have in a Court; for I must always differ from the rest, and then I will signify nothing; or if I agree with them, then I will only help forward their madness. I do not comprehend what you mean by your casting about, or by the bending and handling things so dextrously, that if they go not well, they may go as little ill as may be: for in Courts they will not bear with a Man's holding his peace, or conniving at them: a Man must bare-facedly approve of the worst Councils, and consent to the blackest Designs: So that one would pass for a Spy, or possibly for a Traitor, that did but coldly approve of such wicked Practices: And when a Man is engaged in such a Society, he will be so far from being able to mend Matters by his casting about, as you call it, that he will find no occasions of doing any good: the ill Company will sooner corrupt him, than be the better for him: or if notwithstanding all their ill Company, he remains still entire and innocent, yet their Follies and Knavery will be imputed to him; and by mixing Councils with them, he must bear his share of all the blame that belongs wholly to others.

It was no ill Simily, by which Plato set forth the unreasonableness of a Philosopher›s medling with Government: If one, says he, shall see a great company run out into the Rain every day, and delight to be wet in it; and if he knows that it will be to no purpose for him to go and perswade them to come into their Houses, and avoid the Rain; so that all that can be expected from his going to speak to them, will be, that he shall be wet with them; when it is so, he does best to keep within Doors, and preserve himself, since he cannot prevail enough to correct other Peoples Folly.

Tho to speak plainly what is my Heart, I must freely own to you, that as long as there is any Property, and while Mony is the Standard of all other things, I cannot think that a Nation can be governed either Justly or Happily: Not Justly, because the best things will fall to the share of the worst of Men: Nor Happily, because all things will be divided among a few, (and even these are not in all respects happy) the rest being left to be absolutely miserable. Therefore when I reflect on the wise and good Constitutions of the Utopians, among whom all things are so well governed, and with so few Laws; and among whom as Vertue hath its due reward, yet there is such an equality, that every Man lives in plenty; and when I compare with them so many other Nations that are still making new Laws, and yet can never bring their Constitution to a right Regulation, among whom tho every one has his Property; yet all the Laws that they can invent, cannot prevail so far, that Men can either obtain or preserve it, or be certainly able to distinguish what is their own, from what is another Man›s; of which the many Law Suits that every day break out, and depend without any end, give too plain a demonstration: When, I say, I ballance all these things in my thoughts, I grow more favourable to Plato, and do not wonder that he resolved, not to make any Laws for such as would not submit to a community of all things: For so wise a Man as he was, could not but foresee that the setting all upon the Level, was the only way to make a Nation happy; which cannot be obtained so long as there is Property: for when every Man draws to himself all that he can compass, by one Title or another, it must needs follow, that how plentiful soever a Nation may be, yet a few dividing the Wealth of it among themselves, the rest must fall under Poverty. So that there will be two sorts of People among them, that deserve that their Fortunes should be interchanged; the former being useless, but wicked and ravenous; and the latter, who by their constant industry serve the Publick more than themselves, being sincere and modest Men. From whence I am perswaded, that till Property is taken away, there can be no equitable or just distribution made of things, nor can the World be happily governed: for as long as that is maintained, the greatest and the far best part of Mankind, will be still oppressed with a load of Cares and Anxieties. I confess, without the taking of it quite away, those Pressures that lie on a great part of Mankind, may be made lighter; but they can never be quite removed. For if Laws were made, determining at how great an extent in Soil, and at how much Mony every Man must stop, and limiting the Prince that he may not grow too great, and restraining the People that they may not become too insolent, and that none might factiously aspire to publick Employments; and that they might neither be sold, nor made burdensome by a great expence; since otherwise those that serve in them, will be tempted to reimburse themselves by Cheats and Violence, and it will become necessary to find out rich Men for undergoing those Employments for which wise Men ought rather to be sought out; these Laws, I say, may have such Effects, as good Diet and Care may have on a Sick Man, whose recovery is desperate: they may allay and mitigate the Disease, but it can never be quite healed, nor the Body Politick be brought again to a good Habit, as long as Property remains; and it will fall out as in a complication of Diseases, that by applying a Remedy to one Sore, you will provoke another; and that which removes one ill Symptom, produces others, while the strengthning of one part of the Body weakens the rest. On the contrary, answered I, it seems to me that Men cannot live conveniently, where all things are common: How can there be any Plenty, where every Man will excuse himself from Labour? For as the hope of Gain doth not excite him, so the confidence that he has in other Mens Industry, may make him slothful: And if People come to be pinched with Want, and yet cannot dispose of any thing as their own; what can follow upon this, but perpetual Sedition and Bloodshed, especially when the Reverence and Authority due to Magistrates falls to the Ground? For I cannot imagine how that can be kept up among those that are in all things equal to one another. I do not wonder, said he, that it appears so to you, since you have no Notion, or at least no right one, of such a Constitution: But if you had been in Utopia with me, and had seen their Laws and Rules as I did, for the space of five Years, in which I lived among them; and during which time I was so delighted with them, that indeed I would never have left them, if it had not been to make the discovery of that new World to the Europeans; you would then confess that you had never seen a People so well constituted as they are. You will not easily perswade me, said Peter, that any Nation in that New World, is better governed than those among us are. For as our Understandings are not worse than theirs, so our Government, if I mistake not, being ancienter, a long practice has helped us to find out many Conveniences of Life: And some happy Chances have discovered other things to us,

which no Man›s Understanding could ever have invented. As for the Antiquity, either of their Government, or of ours, said he, you cannot pass a true Judgment of it, unless you had read their Histories; for if they are to be believed, they had Towns among them, before these parts were so much as inhabited: And as for these Discoveries, that have been either hit on by chance, or made by ingenious Men, these might have hapned there as well as here. I do not deny but we are more ingenious than they are, but they exceed us much in Industry and Application: They knew little concerning us, before our arrival among them; they call us all by a general Name of the Nations that lie beyond the Equinoctial Line; for their Chronicle mentions a Shipwrack that was made on their Coast 1200 Years ago; and that some Romans and Egyptians that were in the Ship, getting safe a Shore, spent the rest of their days amongst them; and such was their Ingenuity, that from this single Opportunity, they drew the advantage of Learning from those unlook›d for Guests, all the useful Arts that were then among the Romans, which those Shipwrack›d Men knew: And by the Hints that they gave them, they themselves found out even some of those Arts which they could not fully explain to them; so happily did they improve that Accident, of having some of our People cast upon their shore: But if any such Accident have at any time brought any from thence into Europe, we have been so far from improving it, that we do not so much as remember it; as in after Times perhaps it will be forgot by our People that I was ever there. For tho they from one such Accident, made themselves Masters of all the good Inventions that were among us; yet I believe it would be long before we would learn or put in practice any of the good Institutions that are among them: And this is the true Cause of their being better governed, and living happier than we do, tho we come not short of them in point of Understanding, or outward Advantages. Upon this I said to him, I do earnestly beg of you, that you would describe that Island very particularly to us. Be not too short in it, but set out in order all things relating to their Soil, their Rivers, their Towns, their People, their Manners, Constitution, Laws, and in a word, all that you imagine we desire to know: and you may well imagine that we desire to know every thing concerning them, of which we are hitherto ignorant. I will do it very willingly, said he, for I have digested the whole Matter carefully; but it will take up some time. Let us go then, said I, first and dine, and then we shall have leasure enough. Be it so, said he. So we went in and dined, and after Dinner we came back, and sat down in the same place. I ordered my Servants to take care that none might come and interrupt us: and both Peter and I desired Raphael to be as good as his word: So when he saw that we were very intent upon it, he paused a little to recollect himself, and began in this manner.

THE SECOND BOOK

The Island of Utopia, in the middle of it, where it is broadest, is 200 miles broad, and holds almost at the same breadth over a great part of it; but it grows narrower towards both ends. Its Figure is not unlike a Crescent: between its Horns, the Sea comes in eleven miles broad, and spreads it self into a great Bay, which is environed with Land to the compass of about 500 miles, and is well secured from Winds: There is no great Current in the Bay, and the whole Coast is, as it were, one continued Harbour, which gives all that live in the Island great convenience for mutual Commerce: but the entry into the Bay, what by Rocks on one hand, and Shallows on the other, is very dangerous. In the middle of it there is one single Rock which appears above Water, and so is not dangerous; on the top of it there is a Tower built, in which a Garrison is kept. The other Rocks lie under Water, and are very dangerous. The Channel is known only to the Natives, so that if any Stranger should enter into the Bay, without one of their Pilates, he would run a great danger of Shipwrack: for even they themselves could not pass it safe, if some marks that are on their Coast did not direct their way; and if these should be but a little shifted, any Fleet that might come against them, how great soever it were, would be certainly lost. On the other side of the Island, there are likewise many Harbours; and the Coast is so fortified, both by Nature and Art, that a small number of Men can hinder the descent of a great Army. But they report (and there remains good marks of it to make it credible) that this was no Island at first, but a part of the Continent. Utopus that conquered it (whose Name it still carries, for Abraxa was its first Name) and brought the rude and uncivilized Inhabitants into such a good Government, and to that measure of Politeness, that they do now far excel all the rest of mankind; having soon subdued them, he designed to separate them from the Continent, and and to bring the Sea quite about them, and in order to that he made a deep Channel to be digged fifteen miles long: He not only forced the Inhabitants to work at it, but likewise his own Souldiers, that the Natives might not think he treated them like Slaves; and having set vast numbers of Men to work, he brought it to a speedy conclusion beyond all Mens expectations: By this their Neighbours, who laughed at the folly of the Undertaking at first, were struck with admiration and terror, when they saw it brought to perfection. There are 54 Cities in the Island, all large and well built: the Manners, Customs, and Laws of all their Cities are the same, and they are all contrived as near in the same manner, as the Ground on which they stand will allow: The nearest lie at least 24 miles distant from one another, and the most remote are not so far distant, but that a Man can go on foot in one day from it, to that which lies next it. Every City sends three of their wisest Senators once a Year to Amaurot, for consulting about their common Concerns; for that is the cheif Town of the Island, being situated near the Center of it, so that it is the most convenient place for their Assemblies. Every City has so much Ground set off for its Jurisdiction, that there is twenty miles of Soil round it, assigned to it: and where the Towns lie wider, they have much more Ground: no Town desires to enlarge their Bounds, for they consider themselves rather as Tenants than Landlords of their Soil. They have built over all the Country, Farmhouses for Husbandmen, which are well contrived, and are furnished with all things necessary for Countey-labour. Inhabitants are sent by turns from the Cities to dwell in them; no Country-family has fewer than fourty Men and Women in it, besides two Slaves. There is a Master and a Mistress set over every Family; and over thirty Families there is a Magistrate setled. Every Year twenty of this Family come back to the Town, after they have stayed out two Years in the Country: and in their room

there are other twenty sent from the Town, that they may learn Country-work, from those that have been already one Year in the Country, which they must teach those that come to them the next Year from the Town. By this means such as dwell in those Country-Farms, are never ignorant of Agriculture, and so commit no Errors in it, which might otherwise be fatal to them, and bring them under a scarcity of corn. But tho there is every Year such a shifting of the Husbandmen, that none may be forced against his mind to follow that hard course of life too long; yet many among them take such pleasure in it, that they desire leave to continue many Years in it. These Husbandmen labour the Ground, breed Cattel, hew Wood, and convey it to the Towns, either by Land or Water, as is most convenient. They breed an infinite multitude of Chickens in a very curious manner: for the Hens do not sit and hatch them, but they lay vast numbers of Eggs in a gentle and equal heat, in which they are hatched; and they are no sooner out of the Shell, and able to stir about, but they seem to consider those that feed them as their Mothers, and follow them as other Chickens do the Hen that hatched them. They breed very few Horses, but those they have, are full of Mettle, and are kept only for exercising their Youth in the Art of sitting and riding of them; for they do not put them to any Work, either of Plowing or Carriage, in which they imploy Oxen; for tho Horses are stronger, yet they find Oxen can hold out longer; and as they are not subject to so many Diseases, so they are kept upon a less charge, and with less trouble: And when they are so worn out, that they are no more fit for labour, they are good Meat at last. They sow no Corn, but that which is to be their Bread; for they drink either Wine, Cider, or Perry, and often Water, sometimes pure, and sometimes boiled with Hony or Liquorish, with which they abound: and tho they know exactly well how much Corn will serve every Town, and all that tract of Country which belongs to it, yet they sow much more, and breed more Cattel than are necessary for their consumption: and they give that overplus of which they make no use to their Neighbours. When they want any thing in the Country which it does not produce, they fetch that from the Town, without carrying any thing in exchange for it: and the Magistrates of the Town take care to see it given them: for they meet generally in the Town once a month, upon a Festival-Day. When the time of Harvest comes, the Magistrates in the Country send to those in the Towns, and let them know how many hands they will need for reaping the Harvest; and the number they call for being sent to them, they commonly dispatch it all in one day.

Of their Towns, particularly of Amaurot

He that knows one of their Towns, knows them all, they are so like one another, except where the scituation makes some difference. I shall therefore describe one of them, and it is no matter which; but none is so proper as Amaurot: for as none is more eminent, all the rest yielding in precedence to this, because it is the Seat of their Supream Council; so there was none of them better known to me, I having lived five Years altogether in it.

It lies upon the side of a Hill, or rather a rising Ground: its Figure is almost square, for from the one side of it, which shoots up almost to the top of the Hill, it runs down in a descent for two miles to the River Anider; but it is a little broader the other way that runs along by the Bank of that River. The Anider rises about 80 miles above Amaurot, in a small Spring at first; but other Brooks falling into it, of which two are more considerable, as it runs by Amaurot, it is grown half a mile broad, but it still grows larger and larger, till after sixty miles course below, it is buried in the Ocean. Between the Town and the Sea, and for some miles above the Town, it ebbs and flows every six hours, with a strong Current. The Tide comes up for about thirty miles so full, that there is nothing but Salt-water in the River, the fresh Water being driven back with its force; and above that, for some miles, the Water is brackish, but a little higher, as it runs by the Town, it is quite fresh; and when the Tide ebbs, it continues fresh all along to the Sea. There is a Bridg cast over the River, not of Timber, but of fair Stone, consisting of many stately Arches; it lies at that part of the Town which is farthest from the Sea, so that Ships without any hindrance lie all along the side of the Town. There is likewise another River that runs by it, which tho it is not great, yet it runs pleasantly, for it rises out of the same Hill on which the Town stands, and so runs down throw it, and falls into the Anider. The Inhabitants have fortified the Fountain-head of this River, which springs a little without the Towns; that so if they should happen to be besieged, the Enemy might not be able to stop or divert the course of the Water, nor poison it; from thence it is carried in earthen Pipes to the lower Streets: and for those places of the Town to which the Water of that small River cannot be conveyed, they have great Cisterns for receiving the Rain-water, which supplies the want of the other. The Town is compassed with a high and thick Wall, in which there are many Towers and Forts; there is also a broad and deep dry Ditch, set thick with Thorns, cast round three sides of the Town, and the River is instead of a Ditch on the fourth side. The Streets are made very convenient for all Carriage, and are well sheltred from the Winds. Their Buildings are good, and are so uniform, that a whole side of a Street looks like one House. The Streets are twenty foot broad; there lie Gardens behind all their Houses; these are large, but enclosed with Buildings, that on all Hands face the Streets; so that every House has both a Door to the Street, and a back Door to the Garden: their Doors have all two Leaves, which as they are easily opened, so they shut of their own accord; and there being no Property among them, every Man may freely enter into any House whatsoever. At every ten Years ends, they shift their Houses by Lots. They cultivate their Gardens with great care, so that they have both Vines, Fruits, Herbs, and Flowers in them; and all is so well ordered, and so finely kept, that I never saw Gardens any where that were both so fruitful and so beautiful as theirs are. And this humor of ordering their Gardens so well, is not only kept up by the pleasure they find in it, but also by an emulation between the Inhabitants of the several Streets, who vie with one another in this Matter; and there is indeed nothing belonging to the whole Town, that is both more useful, and more pleasant. So that he who founded the Town, seems to have taken care of nothing more than of their Gardens; for they say, the whole Scheme of the Town was designed

at first by Utopus, but he left all that belonged to the Ornament and Improvement of it, to be added by those that should come after him, that being too much for one Man to bring to perfection. Their Records, that contain the History of their Town and State, are preserved with an exact care, and run backwards 1760 Years. From these it appears, that their Houses were at first low and mean, like Cottages made of any sort of Timber, and were built with mud Walls, and thatch'd with Straw: but now their Houses are three Stories high, the Fronts of them are faced either with Stone, Plaistering, or Brick; and between the facings of their Walls, they throw in their Rubbish; their Roofs are flat, and on them they lay a sort of Plaister which costs very little, and yet is so tempered, that as it is not apt to take Fire, so it resists the Weather more than Lead does. They have abundance of Glass among them, with which they glaze their Windows: they use also in their Windows, a thin linnen Cloth, that is so oiled or gummed, that by that means it both lets in the Light more freely to them, and keeps out the Wind the better.

Of their Magistrates

Thirty Families chuse every Year a Magistrate, who was called anciently the Syphogrant, but is now called the Philarch: and over every ten Syphogrants,with the Families subject to them, there is another Magistrate, who was anciently called the Tranibore, but of late the Archphilarch. All the Syphogrants, who are in number 200, chuse the Prince out of a List of four, whom the People of the four Divisions of the City name to them; but they take an Oath before they proceed to an Election, that they will chuse him whom they think meetest for the Office: They give their Voices secretly, so that it is not known for whom every one gives his Suffrage. The Prince is for Life, unless he is removed upon suspicion of some design to enslave the People. The Tranibors are new chosen every Year, but yet they are for the most part still continued: All their other Magistrates are only Annual. The Tranibors meet every third day, and oftner if need be, and consult with the Prince, either concerning the Affairs of the State in general, or such private Differences as may arise sometimes among the People; tho that falls out but seldom. There are always two Syphogrants called into the Council-Chamber, and these are changed every day. It is a fundamental Rule of their Government, that no Conclusion can be made in any thing that relates to the Publick, till it has been first debated three several days in their Council. It is Death for any to meet and consult concerning the State, unless it be either in their ordinary Council, or in the Assembly of the whole Body of the People.

These things have been so provided among them, that the Prince and the Tranibors may not conspire together to change the Government, and enslave the People; and therefore when any thing of great importance is set on foot, it is sent to the Syphogrants; who after they have communicated it with the Families that belong to their Divisions, and have considered it among themselves, make report to the Senate; and upon great Occasions, the Matter is referred to the Council of the whole Island. One Rule observed in their Council, is, never to debate a thing on the same day in which is first proposed; for that is always referred to the next meeting, that so Men may not rashly, and in the heat of Discourse, engage themselves too soon, which may biass them so much, that instead of considering the Good of the Publick, they will rather study to maintain their own Notions; and by a perverse and preposterous sort of shame, hazard their Country, rather than endanger their own Reputation, or venture the being suspected to have wanted foresight in the Expedients that they proposed at first. And therefore to prevent this, they take care that they may rather be deliberate, than sudden in their Motions.

Of their Trades, and manner of Life

Agriculture is that which is so universally understood among them all, that no Person, either Man or Woman, is ignorant of it; from their Childhood they are instructed in it, partly by what they learn at School, and partly by practice, they being led out often into the Fields, about the Town, where they not only see others at work, but are likewise exercised in it themselves. Besides Agriculture, which is so common to them all, every Man has some peculiar Trade to which he applies himself, such as the Manufacture of Wool, or Flax, Masonry, Smiths Work, or Carpenters Work; for there is no other sort of Trade that is in great esteem among them. All the Island over, they wear the same sort of Clothes without any other distinction, except that which is necessary for marking the difference between the two Sexes, and the married and unmarried. The fashion never alters; and as it is not ungrateful nor uneasy, so it is fitted for their Climate, and calculated both for their Summers and Winters. Every Family makes their own Clothes; but all among them, Women as well as Men, learn one or other of the Trades formerly mentioned. Women, for the most part, deal in Wool and Flax, which sute better with their feebleness, leaving the other ruder Trades to the Men. Generally the same Trade passes down from Father to Son, Inclination often following Descent: but if any Man's Genius lies another way, he is by Adoption translated into a Family that deals in the Trade to which he is inclined: And when that is to be done, care is taken, not only by his Father, but by the Magistrate, that he may be put to a discreet and good Man. And if after a Man has learn'd one Trade, he desires to acquire another, that is also allowed, and is managed in the same manner as the former. When he has learn'd both, he follows that which he likes best, unless the Publick has more occasion for the other.

The chief, and almost the only Business of the Syphogrants, is to take care that no Man may live idle, but that every one may follow his Trade diligently: yet they do not wear themselves out with perpetual Toil, from Morning to Night, as if they were Beasts of Burden; which as it is indeed a heavy slavery, so it is the common course of Life of all Tradesmen every where, except among the Utopians: But they dividing the Day and Night into twenty four hours, appoint six of these for Work, three of them are before

Dinner; and after that they dine, and interrupt their Labour for two hours, and then they go to work again for other three hours; and after that they sup, and at eight a Clock, counting from Noon, they go to bed and sleep eight hours: and for their other hours, besides those of Work, and those that go for eating and sleeping, they are left to every Man's discretion; yet they are not to abuse that Interval to Luxury and Idleness, but must imploy it in some proper Exercise according to their various Inclinations, which is for the most part Reading. It is ordinary to have Publick Lectures every Morning before day-break; to which none are obliged to go, but those that are mark'd out for Literature; yet a great many, both Men and Women of all Ranks, go to hear Lectures of one sort or another, according to the variety of their Inclinations. But if others, that are not made for Contemplation, chuse rather to imploy themselves at that time in their Trade, as many of them do, they are not hindred, but are commended rather, as Men that take care to serve their Country. After Supper, they spend an hour in some Diversion: In Summer it is in their Gardens, and in Winter it is in the Halls where they eat; and thy entertain themselves in them, either with Musick or Discourse. They do not so much as know Dice, or suchlike foolish and mischievous Games: They have two sorts of Games not unlike our . . . [2 missing pages] . . . profitable Trades; and if all that number that languishes out their Life in sloth and idleness, of whom every one consumes as much as any two of the Men that are at work do, were forced to labour, you may easily imagine that a small proportion of time would serve for doing all that is either necessary, profitable, or pleasant to Mankind, pleasure being still kept within its due bounds: Which appears very plainly in Utopia, for there, in a great City, and in all the Territory that lies round it, you can scarce find five hundred, either Men or Women, that by their Age and Strength, are capable of Labour, that are not engaged in it; even the Syphogrants themselves, tho the Law excuses them, yet do not excuse themselves, that so by their Examples they may excite the industry of the rest of the People; the like exemption is allowed to those, who being recommended to the People by the Priests, are by the secret Suffrages of the Syphogrants, priviledged from Labour, that they may apply themselves wholly to study; and if any of these falls short of those Hopes that he seemed to give at first, he is obliged to go to work. And sometimes a Mechanick, that does so imploy his leasure hours, that he makes a considerable advancement in Learning, is eased from being a Tradesman, and ranked among their Learned Men. Out of these they chuse their Ambassadors, their Priests, their Tranibors, and the Prince himself; who was anciently called their Barzenes, but is called of late their Ademus. And thus from the great numbers among them, that are neither suffered to be idle, nor to be imployed in any fruitless Labour; you may easly make the estimate, how much good Work may be done in those few hours in which they are obliged to labour. But besides all that has been already said, this is to be considered, that those needful Arts which are among them, are managed with less labour than any where else. The building, or the repairing of Houses among us, employs many hands, because often a thriftless Heir suffers a House that his Father built, to fall into decay, so that his Successor must, at a great cost, repair that which he might have kept up with a small charge: and often it falls out, that the same House which one built at a vast expence, is neglected by another, that thinks he has a more delicate sense of such things; and he suffering it to fall to ruin, builds another at no less charge. But among the Utopians, all things are so regulated, that Men do very seldom build upon any new piece of Ground; and they are not only very quick in repairing their Houses, but shew their foresight in preventing their decay: So that their Buildings are preserved very long, with very little labour: And thus the Craftsmen to whom that care belongs, are often without any Imploiment, except it be the hewing of Timber, and the squaring of Stones, that so the Materials may be in readiness for raising a Building very suddenly, when there is any occasion for it. As for their Clothes, observe how little work goes for them: While they are at labour, they are cloathed with Leather and Skins, cast carelesly about them, which will last seven Years; and when they appear in publick, they put on an upper Garment, which hides the other: and these are all of one colour, and that is the natural colour of the Wool: and as they need less Woollen Cloth than is used any where else, so that which they do need, is much less costly. They use Linnen Cloth more; but that is prepared with less labour, and they value Cloth only by the whiteness of the Linnen, or the cleanness of the Wool, without much regard to the fineness of the Thread; and whereas in other places, four or five upper Garments of Woollen Cloth, and of different Colours, and as many Vests of Silk will scarce serve one Man; and those that are nicer, think ten too few; every Man there is contented with one which very oft serves him two Years. Nor is there any thing that can tempt a Man to desire more; for if he had them, he would neither be the warmer, nor would he make one jot the better appearance for it. And thus since they are all imploied in some useful Labour; and since they content themselves with fewer things, it falls out that there is a great abundance of all things among them: So that often, for want of other Work, if there is any need of mending their High Ways at any time, you will see marvellous numbers of people brought out to work at them; and when there is no occasion of any publick work, the hours of working are lessened by publick Proclamation; for the Magistrates do not engage the people into any needless Labour, since by their constitution they aim chiefly at this, that except in so far as publick necessity requires it, all the people may have as much free time for themselves as may be necessary for the improvement of their minds, for in this they think the happiness of Life consists.

Of their Traffick

But it is now time to explain to you the mutual Intercourse of this People, their Commerce, and the Rules by which all things are distributed among them. As their Cities are composed of Families, so their Families are made up of those that are nearly related to one another. Their Women, when they grow up, are married out; but all the Males, both Children and Grandchildren, live still in the same House, in great obedience to their common Parent, unless Age has weakned his Understanding; and in that case he that is next to him in Age, comes in his room. But lest any City should become either out of measure great, or fall under a dispeopling by any accident, provision is made that none of their Cities may have above six thousand Families in it, besides those of the

Country round it; and that no Family may have less than ten, and more than sixteen Persons in it; but there can be no determined number for the Children under Age: And this Rule is easily observed, by removing some of the Children of a more fruitful Couple, to any other Family that does not abound so much in them. By the same Rule, they supply Cities that do not encrease so fast, by others that breed faster: And if there is any encrease over the whole Island, then they draw out a number of their Citizens out of the several Towns, and send them over to the Neighbouring Continent; where, if they find that the Inhabitants have more Soil than they can well cultivate, they fix a Colony, taking in the Inhabitants to their Society, if they will live with them; and where they do that of their own accord, they quickly go into their method of Life, and to their Rules, and this proves a happiness to both the Nations: for according to their constitution, such care is taken of the Soil, that it becomes fruitful enogh for both, tho it might be otherwise too narrow and barren for any one of them.

But if the Natives refuse to conform themselves to their Laws, they drive them out of those Bounds which they mark out for themselves, and use force if they resist. For they account it a very just cause of War, if any Nation will hinder others to come and possess a part of their Soil, of which they make no use, but let it lie idle and uncultivated; since every Man has by the Law of Nature a right to such a waste Portion of the Earth, as is necessary for his subsistence. If any Accident has so lessened the number of the Inhabitants of any of their Towns, that it cannot be made up from the other Towns of the Island, without diminishing them too much, which is said to have fallen out but twice, since they were first a People, by two Plagues that were among them; then the number is filled up, by recalling so many out of their Colonies, for they will abandon their Colonies, rather than suffer any of their Towns to sink too low.

But to return to the manner of their living together; the Ancientest of every Family governs it, as has been said. Wives serve their Husbands, and Children their Parents, and always the Younger serves the Elder. Every City is divided into four equal Parts, and in the middle of every part there is a Market-place: that which is brought thither manufactured by the several Families, is carried from thence to Houses appointed for that purpose, in which all things of a sort are laid by themselves; and every Father of a Family goes thither, and takes whatsoever he or his Family stand in need of, without either paying for it, or laying in any thing in pawn or exchange for it. There is no reason for denying any thing to any Person, since there is such plenty of every thing among them: and there is no danger of any Man's asking more than he needs; for what should make any do that, since they are all sure that they will be always supplied? It is the fear of want that makes any of the whole Race of Animals, either greedy or ravenous; but besides Fear, there is in Man a vast Pride, that makes him fancy it a particular Glory for him to excel other in Pomp and Excess. But by the Laws of the Utopians, there is no room for these things among them. Near these Markets there are also others for all sorts of Victuals, where there are not only Herbs, Fruits, and Bread, but also Fish, Fowl, and Cattel. There are also without their Towns, places appointed near some running Water, for killing their Beasts, and for washing away their filth; which is done by their Slaves, for they suffer none of their Citizens to kill their Cattel, becaues they think, that Pity and good Nature, which are among the best of those Affections that are born with us, are much impaired by the butchering of Animals: Nor do they suffer any thing that is foul or unclean to be brought within their Towns, lest the Air should be infected by ill smells which might prejudice their Health. In every Street there are great Halls that lie at an equal distance from one another, which are marked by particular Names. The Syphogrants dwell in these, that are set over thirty Families, fifteen lying on one side of it, and as many on the other. In these they do all meet and eat. The Stewards of every one of them come to the Market-place at an appointed hour; and according to the number of those that belong to their Hall, they carry home Provisions. But they take more care of their Sick, than of any others, who are looked after and lodged in public Hospitals: They have belonging to every Town four Hospitals, that are built without their Walls, and are so large, that they may pass for little Towns: By this means, if they had ever such a number of sick Persons, they could lodg them conveniently, and at such a distance, that such of them as are sick of infectious Diseases, may be kept so far from the rest, that there can be no danger of Contagion. The Hospitals are so furnished and stored with all things that are convenient for the ease and recovery of their Sick; and those that are put in them, are all looked after with so tender and watchful a care, and are so constantly treated by their skilful Physicians; that as none is sent to them against their will, so there is scarce one in a whole Town, that if he should fall ill, would not chuse rather to go thithither, than lie sick at home.

After the Steward of the Hospitals has taken for them whatsoever the Physician does prescribe at the Market-place, then the best things that remain, are distributed equally among the Halls, in proportion to their numbers, only, in the first place, they serve the Prince, the chief Priest, the Tranibors and Ambassadors, and Strangers, (if there are any, which indeed falls out but seldom, and for whom there are Houses well furnished, particularly appointed when they come among them). At the hours of Dinner and Supper, the whole Syphogranty being called together by sound of Trumpet, meets and eats together, except only such as are in the Hospitals, or lie sick at home. Yet after the Halls are served, no Man is hindred to carry Provisions home from the Market-place; for they know that none does that but for some good reason for tho any that will may eat at home, yet none does it willingly, since it is both an indecent and foolish thing, for any to give themselves the trouble to make ready an ill Dinner at home, when there is a much more plentiful one made ready for him so near hand. All the uneasy and sordid Services about these Halls, are performed by their Slaves; but the dressing and cooking their Meat, and the ordering their Tables, belongs only to the Women; which goes round all the Women of every Family by turns. They sit at three or more Tables, according to their numbers; the Men sit towards the Wall, and the Women sit on the other side, that if any of them should fall suddenly ill, which is ordinary to Women

with Child, she may, without disturbing the rest, rise and go to the Nurses Room, who are there with the suckling Children; where there is always Fire, and clean Water at hand, and some Cradles in which they may lay the young Children, if there is occasion for it, and that they may shift and dress them before the Fire. Every Child is nursed by its own Mother, if Death or Sickness does not intervene; and in that case the Syphogrants Wives find out a Nurse quickly, which is no hard matter to do; for any one that can do it, offers her self chearfully: for as they are much inclined to that piece of Mercy, so the Child whom they nurse, considers the Nurse as its Mother. All the Children under five Years old, sit among the Nurses, the rest of the younger sort of both Sexes, till they are fit for Marriage, do either serve those that sit at Table; or if they are not strong enough for that, they stand by them in great silence, and eat that which is given them, by those that sit at Table; nor have they any other formality of dining. In the middle of the first Table, which stands in the upper end of the Hall, a— [2 pages missing] . . . trey, where they live at a greater distance, every one eats at home, and no Family wants any necessary sort of Provision, for it is from them that Provisions are sent unto those that live in the Towns.

Of the Travelling of the Utopians

If any of them has a mind to visit his Friends that live in some other Town, or desires to travel and see the rest of the Country, he obtains leave very easily from the Syphogrant and Tranibors to do it, when there is no particular occasion for him at home: such as travel, carry with them a Passport from the Prince, which both certifies the Licence that is granted for travvelling, and limits the Time of their return. They are furnished with a Wagon and a Slave, who drives the Oxen, and looks after them: but unless there are Women in the Company, the Wagon is sent back at the end of the Journey as a needless trouble: While they are on the Road, they carry no Provisions with them; yet they want nothing, but are every way treated as if they were at home. If they stay in any place longer then a Night, every one follows his proper Occupation, and is very well used by those of his own Trade: but if any Man goes out of the City to which he belongs, without leave, and is found going about without a Passport, he is roughly handled, and is punished as a Fugitive, and sent home disgracefully; and if he falls again into the like Fault, he is condemned to slavery. If any Man has a mind to travel only over the Precinct of his own City, he may freely do it, obtaining his Father's Permission, and his Wives Consent; but when he comes into any of the Countrey-houses, he must labour with them according to their Rules, if he expects to be entertaind by them: and if he does this, he may freely go over the whole Precinct, being thus as useful to the City to which he belongs, as if he were still within it. Thus you see that there are no idle Persons among them, nor pretences of excusing any from Labour. There are no Taverns, no Alehouses, nor Stews among them; nor any other occasions of corrupting themselves, or of getting into Corners, or forming themselves into Parties: All Men live in full view, so that all are obliged, both to perform their ordinary Task, and to employ themselves well in their spare hours. And it is certain, that a People thus ordered, must live in great abundance of all things; and these being equally distributed among them, no Man can want any thing, or be put to beg.

In their great Council at Amaurot, to which there are three sent from every Town once every Year, they examine what Towns abound in Provisions, and what are under any Scarcity, that so the one may be furnished from the other; and this is done freely, without any sort of exchange; for according to their Plenty or Scarcity, they supply, or are supplied from one another; so that indeed the whole Island is, as it were, one Family. When they have thus taken care of their whole Country, and laid up stores for two Years, which they do in case that an ill Year should happen to come, then they order an Exportation of the Overplus, both of Corn, Honey, Wool, Flax, Wood, Scarlet, and Purple; Wax, Tallow, Leather, and Cattel, which they send out commonly in great quantities to other Countries. They order a seventh part of all these Goods to be freely given to the Poor of the Countries to which they send them, and they sell the rest at moderate Rates. And by this exchange, they not only bring back those few things that they need at home, for indeed they scarce need any thing but Iron, but likewise a great deal of Gold and Silver; and by their driving this trade so long, it is not to be imagined how vast a Treasure they have got among them: so that now they do not much care whether they sell off their Merchandize for Mony in hand, or upon trust. A great part of their Treasure is now in Bonds; but in all their Contracts no private Man stands bound, but the Writing runs in Name of the Town; and the Towns that owe them Mony, raise it from those private hands that owe it to them, and lay it up in their publick Chamber, or enjoy the profit of it till the Utopians call for it; and they chuse rather to let the greatest part of it lie in their hands, who make advantage by it, then to call for it themselves: but if they see that any of their other Neighbours stand more in need of it, then they raise it, and lend it to them; or use it themselves, if they are engaged in a War, which is the only occasion that they can have for all that Treasure that they have laid up; that so either in great Extremities, or sudden Accidents, they may serve themselves by it; cheifly for hiring Foreign Souldiers, whom they more willingly expose to danger than their own People: They give them great Pay, knowing well that this will work even on their Enemies, and engage them either to betray their own side, or at least to desert it, or will set them on to mutual Factions among themselves: for this end they have an incredible Treasure; but they do not keep it as a Treasure, but in such a manner as I am almost affraid to tell it, lest you think it so extravagant, that you can hardly believe it; which I have the more reason to apprehend from others, because if I had not seen it my self, I could not have been easily perswaded to have beleived it upon any Man's Report.

It is certain, that all things appear so far incredible to us, as they differ from our own Customs: but one who can judg aright, will not wonder to find, that since their other Constitutions differ so much from ours, their value of Gold and Silver should be measured, not by our Standard, but by one that is very different from it; for since they have no use of Mony among themselves, but keep it for an accident; that tho, as it may possibly fall out, it may have great intervals; they value it no further than it deserves,

or may be useful to them. So that it is plain, that they must prefer Iron either to Gold or Silver: for Men can no more live without Iron, than without Fire or Water; but Nature has markt out no use for the other Metals, with which we may not very well dispence. The folly of Man has enhansed the value of Gold and Silver, because of their scarcity: whereas on the contrary they reason, that Nature, as an indulgent Parent, has given us all the best things very freely, and in great abundance, such as are Water and Earth, but has laid up and hid from us the things that are vain and useless. If those Metals were laid up in any Tower among them, it would give jealousy of the Prince and Senate, according to that foolish mistrust into which the Rabble is apt to fall, as if they intended to cheat the People, and make advantages to themselves by it; or if they should work it into Vessels, or any sort of Plate, they fear that the People might grow too fond of it, and so be unwilling to let the Plate be run down, if a War made it necessary to pay their Souldiers with it: Therefore to prevent all these inconveniences, they have fallen upon an expedient, which as it agrees with their other Policy, so is very different from ours, and will scarce gain belief among us, who value Gold so much, and lay it up so carefully: for whereas they eat and drink out of Vessels of Earth, or Glass, that tho they look very prety, yet are of very slight Materials; they make their Chamberpots and Close-stools of Gold and Silver; and that not only in their publick Halls, but in their private Houses: Of the same Mettals they likewise make Chains and Fetters for their Slaves; and as a Badge of Infamy, they hang an Ear-ring of Gold to some, and make others wear a Chain or a Coronet of Gold; and thus they take care, by all manner of ways, that Gold and Silver may be of no esteem among them; And from hence it is, that whereas other Nations part with their Gold and their Silver, as unwillingly as if one tore out their Bowels, those of Utopia would look on their giving in all their Gold or Silver, when there were any use for it, but as the parting with a Trifle, or as we would estimate the loss of a Penny. They find Pearls on their Coast; and Diamonds, and Carbuncles on their Rocks: they do not look after them, but if they find them by chance, they polish them, and with them they adorn their Children, who are delighted with them, and glory in them during their Childhood; but when they grow to Years, and see that none but Children use such Baubles, they of their own accord, without being bid by their Parents, lay them aside; and would be as much ashamed to use them afterwards, as Children among us, when they come to Years, are of their Nuts, Puppets, and other Toies.

I never saw a clearer Instance of the different impressions that different Customs make on People, than I observed in the Ambassadors of theAnemolianswho came to Amaurot when I was there: and because they came to treat of Affairs of great Consequence, the Deputies from the several Towns had met to wait for their coming. The Ambassadours of the Nations that lie near Utopia, knowing their Customs, and that fine Cloaths are in no esteem among them; that Silk is despised, and Gold is a Badg of Infamy, use to come very modestly cloathed; but the Anemolians that lay more remote, and so had little commerce with them, when they understood that they were coursly cloathed, and all in the same manner, they took it for granted that they had none of those fine Things among them of which they made no use; and they being a vain-glorious, rather than a wise People, resolved to set themselves out with so much pomp, that they should look like Gods, and so strike the Eyes of the poor Utopians with their splendor. Thus three Ambassadors made their entry with an hundred Attendants, that were all clad in Garments of different colours, and the greater part in Silk; the Ambassadors themselves, who were of the Nobility of their Country, were in Cloth of Gold, and adorned with massy Chains, Ear-rings and Rings of Gold: Their Caps were covered with Bracelets set full of Pearls and other Gems: In a word, they were set out with all those things, that among the Utopians were either the Badges of Slavery, the Marks of Infamy, or Childrens Rattels. It was not unpleasant to see on the one side how they lookt big, when they compared their rich Habits with the plain Cloaths of the Utopians, who were come out in great numbers to see them make their Entry: And on the other side, to observe how much they were mistaken in the Impression which they hoped this Pomp would have made on them: It appeared so ridiculous a shew to all that had never stirred out of their Country, and so had not seen the Customs of other Nations; that tho they paid some reverence to those that were the most meanly clad, as if they had been the Ambassadors, yet when they saw the Ambassadors themselves, so full of Gold Chains, they looking upon them as Slaves, made them no reverence at all. You might have seen their Children, who were grown up to that bigness, that they had thrown away their Jewels, call to their Mothers, and push them gently, and cry out, See that great Fool that wears Pearls and Gems, as if he were yet a Child. And their Mothers answered them in good earnest, Hold your Peace, this is, I believe, one of the Ambassador's Fools. Others censured the fashion of their Chains, and observed that they were of no use, for they were too slight to bind their Slaves, who could easily break them; and they saw them hang so loose about them, that they reckoned they could easily throw them away, and so get from them. But after the Ambassadors had staid a day among them, and saw so vast a quantity of Gold in their Houses, which was as much despised by them, as it was esteemed in other Nations, and that there was more Gold and Silver in the Chains and Fetters of one Slave, than all their Ornaments amounted to, their Plumes fell, and they were ashamed of all that Glory for which they had formerly valued themselves, and so laid it aside: to which they were the more determined, when upon their engaging into some free Discourse with the Utopians, they discovered their sense of such things, and their other Customs. The Utopians wonder how any Man should be so much taken with the glaring doubtful lustre of a Jewel or Stone, that can look up to a Star, or to the Sun himself; or how any should value himself, because his Cloth is made of a finer Thread: for how fine soever that Thread may be, it was once no better than the Fleece of a Sheep, and that Sheep was a Sheep still for all its wearing it. They wonder much to hear, that Gold which it self is so useless a thing, should be every where so much esteemed, that even Men for whom it was made, and by whom it has its value, should yet be thought of less value than it is: So that a Man of Lead, who has no more sence than a Log of Wood, and is as bad as he is foolish, should have many wise and good Men serving him, only because he has a great heap of that Metal; and if it should so happen, that by some Accident, or Trick of Law, (which does sometimes produce as great Changes

as Chance it self) all this Wealth should pass from the Master to the meanest Varlet of his whole Family, he himself would very soon become one of his Servants, as if he were a thing that belonged to his Wealth, and so were bound to follow its Fortune. But they do much more admire and detest their folly, who when they see a rich Man, tho they neither owe him any thing, nor are in any sort obnoxious to him, yet meerly because he is rich, they give him little less than Divine Honours; even tho they know him to be so covetous and base minded, that notwithstanding all his Wealth, he will not part with one Farthing of it to them as long as he lives. These and such like Notions has that People drunk in, partly from their Education, being bred in a Country, whose Customs and Constitutions are very opposite to all such foolish Maxims: and partly from their Learning and Studies; for tho there are but few in any Town that are excused from Labour, so that they may give themselves wholly to their Studies, these being only such Persons as discover from their Childhood an extraordinary capacity and disposition for Letters, yet their Children, and a great part of the Nation, both Men and Women, are taught to spend those hours in which they are not obliged to work, in Reading: and this they do their whole Life long. They have all their Learning in their own Tongue; which is both a copious and pleasant Language, and in which a Man can fully express his Mind: It runs over a great Tract of many Countries, but it is not equally pure in all places: They had never so much as heard of the Names of any of those Philosophers that are so famous in these parts of the World, before we went among them: and yet they had made the same Discoveries that the Greeks had done, both in Musick, Logick, Arithmetick, and Geometry. But as they are equal to the Ancient Philosophers almost in all things, so they far exceed our Modern Logicians, for they have never yet fallen upon the barbarous Nicities that our Youth are forced to learn in those trifling Logical Schools that are among us; and they are so far from minding Chimera's, and Fantastical Images made in the Mind, that none of them could comprehend what we meant, when we talked to them of a Man in the Abstract, as common to all Men in particular, (so that tho we spoke of him as a thing that we could point at with our Fingers, yet none of them could perceive him) and yet distinct from every one, as if he were some monstrous Colossus or Giant. Yet for all this ignorance of these empty Notions, they knew Astronomy, and all the Motions of the Orbs exactly; and they have many Instruments, well contrived and divided, by which they do very accurately compute the Course and Positions of the Sun, Moon, and Stars. But for the Cheat, of divining by the Stars, and by their Oppositions or Conjunctions, it has not so much as entred into their Thoughts. They . . . [2 pages missing] . . . this caution, that a lesser Pleasure might not stand in the way of a greater, and that no pleasure ought to be pursued, that should draw a great deal of pain after it: for they think it the maddest thing in the World to pursue Vertue, that is a sour and difficult thing; and not only to renounce the pleasures of Life, but willingly to undergo much pain and trouble, if a Man has no prospect of a Reward. And what Reward can there be, for one that has passed his whole Life, not only without pleasure, but in pain, if there is nothing to be expected after death? Yet they do not place Happiness in all sorts of Pleasures, but only in those that in themselves are good and honest: for whereas there is a Party among them that places Happiness in bare Vertue, others think that our Natures are conducted by Vertue to Happiness, as that which is the chief Good of Man. They define Vertue thus, that it is a living according to Nature; and think that we are made by God for that end: They do believe that a Man does then follow the Dictates of Nature, when he pursues or avoids things according to the direction of Reason: they say, that the first dictate of Reason is, the kindling in us a love and reverence for the Divine Majesty, to whom we owe both all that we have, and all that we can ever hope for. In the next place, Reason directs us, to keep our Minds as free of Passion, and as chearful as we can; and that we should consider our selves as bound by the ties of good Nature and Humanity, to use our utmost endeavours to help forward the Happiness of all other Persons; for there was never any Man that was such a morose and severe pursuer of Vertue, and such an Enemy to Pleasure, that tho he set hard Rules to Men to undergo, much pain, many watchings, and other rigors, yet did not at the same time advise them to do all they could in order to the relieving and easing such People as were miserable; and did not represent it as a mark of a laudable temper, that it was gentle and good natured: And they infer from thence, that if a Man ought to advance the welfare and comfort of the rest of Mankind, there being no Vertue more proper and peculiar to our Nature, than to ease the miseries of others, to free them from trouble & anxiety, in furnishing them with the Comforts of Life, that consist in Pleasure; Nature does much more vigorously lead him to do all this for himself. A Life of Pleasure, is either a real Evil; and in that case we ought not only, not to assist others in their pursuit of it, but on the contrary, to keep them from it all we can, as from that which is hurtful and deadly to them; or if it is a good thing, so that we not only may, but ought to help others to it, Why then ought not a Man to begin with himself? since no Man can be more bound to look after the good of another, than after his own: for Nature cannot direct us to be good and kind to others, and yet at the same time to be unmerciful and cruel to our selves. Thus as they define Vertue to be a living according to Nature, so they reckon that Nature sets all People on to seek after Pleasure, as the end of all they do. They do also observe, that in order to the supporting the Pleasures of Life, Nature inclines us to enter into Society; for there is no Man so much raised above the rest of mankind, that he should be the only Favorite of Nature, which on the contrary seems to have levelled all those together that belong to the same Species. Upon this they infer, that no Man ought to seek his own Conveniences so eagerly, that thereby he should prejudice others; and therefore they think, that not only all Agreements between private Persons ought to be observed; but likewise, that all those Laws ought to be kept, which either a good Prince has published in due form, or to which a People, that is neither oppressed with Tyranny, nor circumvented by Fraud, has consented, for distributing those Conveniences of Life which afford us all our Pleasures. They think it is an evidence of true Wisdom, for a Man to pursue his own Advantages, as far as the Laws allow it. They account it Piety, to prefer the Publick Good to one's Private Concerns; but they think it unjust, for a Man to seek for his own Pleasure, by snatching another Man's Pleasures from him. And on the contrary, they think it a sign of a gentle and good Soul, for a Man to dispence with his own Advantage for the good of others; and that by so doing, a good Man finds as much pleasure one way, as he parts with another; for as he may expect the like from others when he may

come to need it, so if that should fail him, yet the Sense of a good Action, and the Reflections that one makes on the Love and Gratitude of those whom he has so obliged, gives the Mind more Pleasure, than the Body could have found in that from which it had restrained it self: they are also perswaded that God will make up the loss of those small Pleasures, with a vast and endless Joy, of which Religion does easily convince a good Soul. Thus upon an enquiry into the whole Matter, they reckon that all our Actions, and even all our Vertues terminate in Pleasure, as in our chief End and greatest Happiness; and they call every Motion or State, either of Body or Mind, in which Nature teaches us to delight, a Pleasure. And thus they cautiously limit Pleasure, only to those Appetites to which Nature leads us; for they reckon that Nature leads us only to those Delights to which Reason as well as Sense carries us, and by which we neither injure any other Person, nor let go greater Pleasures for it; and which do not draw troubles on us after them: but they look upon those Delights which Men, by a foolish tho common Mistake, call Pleasure, as if they could change the Nature of Things, as well as the use of Words, as things that not only do not advance our Happiness, but do rather obstruct it very much, because they do so entirely possess the Minds of those that once go into them, with a false Notion of Pleasure, that there is no room left for truer and purer Pleasures.

There are many things that in themselves have nothing that is truly delighting: On the contrary, they have a good deal of bitterness in them; and yet by our perverse Appetites after forbidden Objects, are not only ranked among the Pleasures, but are made even the greatest Designs of Life. Among those who pursue these sophisticated Pleasures, they reckon those whom I mentioned before, who think themselves really the better for having fine Clothes; in which they think they are doubly mistaken, both in the Opinion that they have of their Clothes, and in the Opinion that they have of themselves; for if you consider the use of Clothes, why should a fine Thread be thought better than a course one? And yet that sort of Men, as if they had some real Advantages beyond others, and did not owe it wholly to their Mistakes, look big, and seem to fancy themselves to be the more valuable on that account, and imagine that a respect is due to them for the sake of a rich Garment, to which they would not have pretended, if they had been more meanly cloathed; and they resent it as an Affront, if that respect is not paid them. It is also a great folly to be taken with these outward Marks of Respect, which signify nothing: For what true or real Pleasure can one find in this, that another Man stands bare, or makes Legs to him? Will the bending another Man's Thighs give yours an ease? And will his Head's being bare, cure the madness of yours? And yet it is wonderful to see how this false Notion of Pleasure bewitches many, who delight themselves with the fancy of their Nobility, and are pleased with this Conceit, that they are descended from Ancestors, who have been held for some Successions rich, and that they have had great Possessions; for this is all that makes Nobility at present; yet they do not think themselves a whit the less noble, tho their immediate Parents have left none of this Wealth to them; or tho they themselves have squandred it all away. The Utopians have no better Opinion of those, who are much taken with Gems and Precious Stones, and who account it a degree of Happiness, next to a Divine one, if they can purchase one that is very extraordinary; especially if it be of that sort of Stones, that is then in greatest request; for the same sort is not at all times of the same value with all sorts of People; nor will Men buy it, unless it be dismounted and taken out of the Gold: And then the Jeweller is made to give good Security, and required solemnly to swear that the Stone is true, that by such an exact Caution, a false one may not be bought instead of a true: Whereas if you were to examine it, your Eye could find no difference between that which is counterfeit, and that which is true; so that they are all one to you as much as if you were blind: And can it be thought that they who heap up an useless Mass of Wealth, not for any use that it is to bring them, but meerly to please themselves with the contemplation of it, enjoy any true Pleasure in it? The Delight they find, is only a false shadow of Joy: those are no better, whose Error is somewhat different from the former, and who hide it, out of their fear of losing it; for what other Name can fit the hiding it in the Earth, or rather the restoring it to it again, it being thus cut off from being useful, either to its Owner, or to the rest of Mankind? and yet the Owner having hid it carefully, is glad, because he thinks he is now sure of it. And in case one should come to steal it, the Owner, tho he might live perhaps ten Years after that, would all that while after the Theft, of which he knew nothing, find no difference between his having it, or losing it, for both ways it was equally useless to him.

Among those foolish pursuers of Pleasure, they reckon all those that delight in Hunting, or Birding, or Gaming: Of whose madness they have only heard, for they have no such things among them: but they have asked us; What sort of Pleasure is it that Men can find in throwing the Dice? for if there were any pleasure in it, they think the doing it so often should give one a Surfeit of it: And what pleasure can one find in hearing the barking and howling of Dogs, which seem rather odious than pleasant sounds? Nor can they comprehend the pleasure of seeing Dogs run after a Hare, more than of seeing one Dog run after another; for you have the same entertainment to the Eye on both these Occasions; if the seeing them run is that which gives the pleasure, since that is the same in both cases: but if the Pleasure lies in seeing the Hare killed and torn by the Dogs, this ought rather to stir pity, when a weak, harmless, and fearful Hare, is devoured by a strong, fierce, and cruel Dog. Therefore all this business of hunting, is among the Utopians turned over to their Butchers; and those are all Slaves, as was formerly said: and they look on Hunting, as one of the basest parts of a Butcher's work: for they account it both more profitable, and more decent to kill those Beasts that are more necessary and useful to Mankind; whereas the killing and tearing of so small and miserable an Animal, which a Huntsman proposes to himself, can only attract him with the false shew of Pleasure; for it is of little use to him: they look on the desire of the Bloodshed, even of Beasts, as a mark of a Mind that is already corrupted with cruelty, or that at least by the frequent returns of so brutal a pleasure, must degenerate into it.

Thus tho the Rabble of Mankind looks upon these, and all other things of this kind, which are indeed innumerable, as Pleasures; the Utopians on the contrary observing, that there is nothing in the nature of them that is truly pleasant, conclude that they are not to be reckoned among Pleasures: for tho these things may create some tickling in the Senses, (which seems to be a true Notion of Pleasure) yet they reckon that this does not arise from the thing it self, but from a depraved Custom, which may so vitiate a Man's taste, that bitter things may pass for sweet; as Women with Child think Pitch or Tallow taste sweeter than Hony; but as a Man's Sense when corrupted, either by a Disease, or some ill Habit, does not change the nature of other things, so neither can it change the nature of Pleasure.

They reckon up several sorts of these Pleasures, which they call true Ones: Some belong to the Body, and others to the Mind. The Pleasures of the Mind lie in Knowledg, and in that delight which the contemplation of Truth carries with it; to which they add the joyful Reflections on a well-spent Life, and the assured hopes of a future Happiness. They divide the Pleasures of the Body into two sorts; the one is that which gives our Senses some real delight, and is performed, either by the recruiting of Nature, and supplying those parts on which the internal heat of Life feeds; and that is done by eating or drinking: Or when Nature is eased of any surcharge that oppresses it, as when we empty our Guts, beget Children, or free any of the parts of our Body from Aches or Heats by friction. There is another kind of this sort of Pleasure, that neither gives us any thing that our Bodies require, nor frees us from any thing with which we are overcharged; and yet it excites our Senses by a secret unseen Vertue, and by a generous Impression, it so tickles and affects them, that it turns them inwardly upon themselves; and this is the Pleasure begot by Musick. Another sort of bodily Pleasure is, that which consists in a quiet and good constitution of Body, by which there is an entire healthiness spread over all the parts of the Body, not allayed with any Disease. This, when it is free from all mixture of pain, gives an inward pleasure of it self, even tho it should not be excited by any external and delighting Object; and altho this Pleasure does not so vigorously affect the Sense, nor act so strongly upon it; yet as it is the greatest of all Pleasures, so almost all the Utopians reckon it the Foundation and Basis of all the other Joys of Life; since this alone makes one's state of Life to be easy and desirable; and when this is wanting, a Man is really capable of no other Pleasure. They look upon indolence and freedom from Pain, if it does not rise from a perfect Health, to be a state of Stupidity rather than of Pleasure. There has been a Controversy in this Matter very narrowly canvassed among them; Whether a firm and entire Health could be called a Pleasure, or not? Some have thought that there was no Pleasure, but that which was excited by some sensible Motion in the Body. But this Opinion has been long ago run down among them, so that now they do almost all agree in this, That Health is the greatest of all bodily Pleasures; and that as there is a Pain in Sickness, which is as opposite in its nature to Pleasure, as Sickness it self is to Health, so they hold that Health carries a Pleasure along with it: And if any should say, that Sickness is not really a Pain, but that it only carries a Pain along with it, they look upon that as a fetch of subtilty, that does not much alter the Matter. So they think it is all one, whether it be said, that Health is in it self a Pleasure, or that it begets a Pleasure, as Fire gives Heat; so it be granted, that all those whose Health is entire, have a true pleasure in it: And they reason thus, What is the Pleasure of eating, but that a Man's Health which had been weakned, does, with the assistance of Food, drive away Hunger, and so recruiting it self, recovers its former Vigour? And being thus refresh'd, it finds a pleasure in that Conflict: and if the Conflict is Pleasure, the Victory must yet breed a greater Pleasure, except we will fancy that it becomes stupid as soon as it has obtained that which it pursued, and so does neither know nor rejoice in its own welfare. If it is said, that Health cannot be felt, they absolutely deny that, for what Man is in Health, that does not perceive it when he is awake? Is there any Man that is so dull and stupid, as not to acknowledg that he feels a delight in Health? And what is Delight, but another name for Pleasure?

But of all Pleasures, they esteem those to be the most valuable that lie in the Mind; and the chief of these, are those that arise out of true Vertue, and the witness of a good Conscience: They account Health the chief Pleasure that belongs to the Body; for they think that the pleasure of eating and drinking, and all the other delights of the Body, are only so far desirable, as they give or maintain Health: but they are not pleasant in themselves, otherwise than as they resist those Impressions that our natural Infirmity is still making upon us: And as a wise Man desires rather to avoid Diseases, than to take Physick; and to be freed from pain, rather than to find ease by Remedies: so it were a more desirable state, not to need this sort of Pleasure, than to be obliged to indulge it: And if any Man imagines that there is a real Happiness in this Pleasure, he must then confess that he would be the happiest of all Men, if he were to lead his life in a perpetual hunger, thirst, and itching, and by consequence in perpetual eating, drinking, and scratching himself, which any one may easily see would be not only a base, but a miserable state of Life. These are indeed the lowest of Pleasures, and the least pure: for we can never relish them, but when they are mixed with the contrary pains. The pain of Hunger, must give us the pleasure of Eating; and here the Pain outballances the Pleasure: and as the Pain is more vehement, so it lasts much longer; for as it is upon us before the Pleasure comes, so it does not cease, but with the Pleasure that extinguishes it, and that goes off with it: So that they think none of those Pleasures are to be valued, but as they are necessary. Yet they rejoice in them, and with due gratitude acknowledg the tenderness of the great Author of Nature, who has planted in us Appetites, by which those things that are necessary for our preservation, are likewise made pleasant to us. For how miserable a thing would Life be, if those daily Diseases of Hunger and Thirst, were to be carried off by such bitter Drugs, as we must use for those Diseases that return seldomer upon us? and thus these pleasant, as well as proper Gifts of Nature, do maintain the strength and the sprightliness of our Bodies.

They do also entertain themselves with the other Delights that they let in at their Eyes, their Ears, and their Nostrils, as the pleasant relishes and seasonings of Life, which Nature seems to have marked out . . . [2 page missing] . . . to be seen a greater encrease, both of Corn and Cattel, nor are there any where healthier Men to be found, and freer from Diseases than among them: for one may see there, not only such things put in practice, that Husbandmen do commonly for manuring and improving an ill Soil, but in some places a whole Wood is plucked up by the Roots, as well as whole ones planted in other places, where there were formerly none: In doing of this the cheif consideration they have is of carriage, that their Timber may be either near their Towns, or lie upon the Sea, or some Rivers, so that it may be floated to them; for it is a harder work to carry Wood at any distance over Land, then Corn. The People are industrious, apt to learn, as well as chearful and pleasant; and none can endure more labour, when it is necessary, than they; but except in that case they love their ease. They are unwearied pursuers of knowledg; for when we had given them some hints of the Learning and Discipline of the Greeks, concerning whom we only instructed them, (for we know that there was nothing among the Romans, except their, Historians and their Poets, that they would value much) it was strange to see how eagerly they were set on learning that Language: We began to read a little of it to them, rather in compliance with their importunity, than out of any hopes of their profiting much by it: But after a very short trial, we found they made such a progress in it, that we saw our labour was like to be more successful than we could have expected. They learned to write their Characters, and to pronounce their Language so right, and took up all so quick, they remembered it so faithfully, and became so ready and correct in the use of it, that it would have look'd like a Miracle, if the greater part of those whom we taught had not been Men, both of extraordinay Capacity, and of a fit Age for it: They were for the greatest part chosen out among their learned Men, by their cheif Council, tho some learn'd it of their own accord. In three Years time they became Masters of the whole Language, so that they read the best of the Greek Authors very exactly. I am indeed apt to think, that they learned that Language the more easily, because it seems to be of kin to their own: I believe that they were a Colony of the Greeks; for tho their Language comes nearer the Persian, yet they retain many Names, both for their Towns and Magistrates, that are of Greek Origination. I had happened to carry a great many Books with me, instead of Merchandise, when I failed my fourth Voyage; for I was so far from thinking of coming back soon, that I rather thought never to have returned at all, and I gave them all my Books, among which many of Plato's and some of Aristotle's works were. I had also Theophrastus of the Plants, which to my great regret, was imperfect; for having laid it carelessly by, while we were at Sea, a Monkey had fallen upon it and had torn out leaves in many places. They have no Books of Grammar, but Lascares,for I did not carry Theodorus with me; nor have they any Dictionaries but Hesichius and Dioscorides. They esteem Plutarch highly, and were much taken with Lucian's Wit, and with his pleasant way of writing. As for the Poets, they have Aristophanes, Homer, Euripides, and Sophocles of Aldus's Edition; and for Historians, they have Thucidydes, Herodotus and Herodian. One of my Companions, Thricius Apinatus, happened to carry with him some of Hippocrates's Works, and Galen's Microtechne, which they hold in great estimation; for tho there is no Nation in the World, that needs Physick so little as they do, yet there is not any that honours it so much: They reckon the knowledg of it to be one of the pleasantest and profitablest parts of Philosophy, by which, as they search into the Secrets of Nature, so they not only find marvellous pleasure in it, but think that in making such enquiries, they do a most acceptable thing to the Author of Nature; and imagine that he, as all Inventers of curious Engines, has exposed to our view this great Machine of the Universe, we being the only Creatures capable of contemplating it: and that therefore an exact and curious Observer and Admirer of his Workmanship, is much more acceptable to him, than one of the Herd; who as if he were a Beast, and not capable of Reason, looks on all this glorious Scene, only as a dull and unconcerned Spectator.

The Minds of the Utopians, when they are once excited by Learning, are very ingenious in finding out all such Arts as tend to the conveniences of Life. Two things they owe to us, which are the Art of Printing, and the Manufacture of Paper: yet they do not owe these so entirely to us, but that a great part of the invention was their own; for after we had shewed them some Paper-books of Aldus's Impression, and began to explain to them the way of making Paper, and of printing, tho we spake but very crudely of both these, not being practised in either of them, they presently took up the whole matter from the hints that we gave them: and whereas before they only writ on Parchment, or on the Barks of Trees, or Reeds; they have now set up the Manufacture of Paper, and Printing presses: and tho at first they could not arrive at a perfection in them, yet by making many essays, they at last found out, and corrected all their Errors, and brought the whole thing to perfection; so that if they had but a good number of Greek Authors, they would be quickly supplied with many Copies of them: at present; tho they have no more than those I have mentioned, yet by several Impressions, they have multiplied them into many thousands. If any Man should go among them, that had some extraordinary Talent, or that by much travelling had observed the Customs of many Nations, (which made us to be so well received) he would be very welcome to them; for they are very desirous to know the state of the whole World. Very few go among them on the account of Traffick, for what can a Man carry to them but Iron, or Gold, or Silver, which Merchants desire rather to export, than import to any strange Country: and as for their Exportation, they think it better to manage that themselves, than to let Forraigners come and deal in it, for by this means, as they understand the state of the neighbouring Countries better, so they keep up the Art of Navigation, which cannot be maintained but by much practise in it.

Of their Slaves, and of their Marriages

They do not make Slaves of Prisoners of War, except those that are taken fighting against them; nor of the Sons of their Slaves,

nor of the Slaves of other Nations: the Slaves among them, are only such as are condemned to that state of Life for some Crime that they had committed, or which is more common, such as their Merchants find condemned to die in those parts to which they trade, whom they redeem sometimes at low rates; and in other places they have them for nothing; and so they fetch them away. All their Slaves are kept at perpetual labour, and are always chained, but with this difference, that they treat their own Natives much worse, looking on them as a more profligate sort of People; who not being restrained from Crimes, by the advantages of so excellent an Education, are judged worthy of harder usage than others. Another sort of Slaves, is, when some of the poorer sort in the neighbouring Countries, offer of their own accord to come and serve them; they treat these better, and use them in all other respects, as well as their own Country Men, except that they impose more labour upon them, which is no hard task to them that have been accustomed to it; and if any of these have a mind to go back to their own Country, which indeed falls out but seldom, as they do not force them to stay▪ so they do not send them away empty handed.

I have already told you with what care they look after their Sick, so that nothing is left undone that can contribute either to their Ease or Health: and for those who are taken with fixed and incurable Diseases, they use all possible ways to cherish them, and to make their Lives as comfortable as may be: they visit them often, and take great pains to make their time pass off easily: but when any is taken with a torturing and lingering pain, so that there is no hope, either of recovery or ease, the Priests and Magistrates come and exhort them, that since they are now unable to go on with the business of Life, and are become a burden to themselves, and to all about them, so that they have really out-lived themselves, they would no longer nourish such a rooted Distemper, but would chuse rather to die, since they cannot live, but in much misery: being assured, that if they either deliver themselves from their Prison and Torture, or are willing that others should do it, they shall be happy after their Deaths: And since by their dying thus, they lose none of the Pleasures, but only the Troubles of Life; they think they act, not only reasonably in so doing, but religiously and piously; because they follow the Advices that are given them by the Priests, who are the Expounders of the Will of God to them. Such as are wrought on by these Perswasions, do either starve themselves of their own accord, or they take Opium, and so they die without pain. But no Man is forced on this way of ending his Life; and if they cannot be perswaded to it, they do not for that fail in their attendance and care of them: But as they believe that a voluntary Death, when it is chosen upon such an Authority, is very honourable; so if any Man takes away his own Life, without the approbation of the Priests and the Senate, they give him none of the Honours of a decent Funeral, but throw his Body into some Ditch.

Their Women are not married before eighteen, nor their Men before two and twenty; and if any of them run into forbidden Embraces before their Marriage, they are severely punished, and the privilege of Marriage is denied them, unless there is a special Warrant obtained for it afterward from the Prince. Such Disorders cast a great reproach upon the Master and Mistress of the Family in which they fall out; for it is supposed, that they have been wanting to their Duty. The reason of punishing this so severely, is, because they think that if they were not so strictly restrained from all vagrant Appetites, very few would engage in a married state, in which Men venture the quiet of their whole Life, being restricted to one Person; besides many other Inconveniences that do accompany it. In the way of chusing of their Wives, they use a method that would appear to us very absurd and ridiculous, but is constantly observed among them, and accounted a wise and good Rule. Before Marriage, some grave Matron presents the Bride naked, whether she is a Virgin or a Widow, to the Bridegroom; and after that, some grave Man presents the Bridegroom naked to the Bride. We indeed both laughed at this, and condemned it as a very indecent thing. But they, on the other hand, wondered at the folly of the Men of all other Nations; who if they are but to buy a Horse of a small value, are so cautious, that they will see every part of him, and take off both his Sadle, and all his other Tackle, that there may be no secret Ulcer hid under under any of them; and that yet in the choice of a Wife, on which depends the happiness or unhappiness of the rest of his Life, a Man should venture upon trust, and only see about an handbreadth of the Face, all the rest of the Body being covered; under which there may lie hid that which may be contagious, as well as loathsome. All Men are not so wise, that they chuse a Woman only for her good Qualities; and even wise Men consider the Body, as that which adds not a little to the Mind: And it is certain, there may be some such deformity covered with ones Clothes, as may totally alienate a Man from his Wife, when it is too late to part with her: for if such a thing is discovered after Marriage, a Man has no remedy but patience: So they think it is reasonable, that there should be a good provision made against such mischievous Frauds.

There was so much the more reason in making a regulation in this Matter, because they are the only People of those parts that do neither allow of Polygamy, nor of Divorces, except in the cases of Adultery, or insufferable Perversness: for in these Cases the Senate dissolves the Marriage, and grants the injured Person leave to marry again; but the Guilty are made infamous, and are never allowed the privilege of a second Marriage. None are suffered to put away their Wives against their Wills, because of any great Calamity that may have fallen on their Person; for they look on it as the height of Cruelty and Treachery to abandon either of the married Persons, when they need most the tender care of their Consort; and that chiefly in the case of old Age, which as it carries many Diseases along with it, so it is a Disease of it self. But it falls often out, that when a married Couple do not agree well together, they by mutual consent separate, and find out other Persons with whom they hope they may live more happily: yet this is not done, without obtaining leave of the Senate; which never admits of a Divorce, but upon a strict enquiry made, both by the Senators and their Wives, into the Grounds upon which it proceeds: and even when they are satisfied concerning the Reasons of it, they go on but slowly, for they reckon that too great easiness, in granting leave for new Marriages, would very much

shake the kindness of married Persons. They punish severely those that defile the Marriage-Bed: If both Parties are married, they are divorced, and the injured Persons may marry one another, or whom they please; but the Adulterer, and the Adulteress are condemned to slavery. Yet if either of the injured Persons cannot shake off the Love of the married Person, they may live with them still in that state; but they must follow them to that Labour to which the Slaves are condemned; and sometimes the Repentance of the condemned Person, together with the unshaken kindness of the innocent and injured Person, has prevailed so far with the Prince, that he has taken off the Sentence. But those that relapse, after they are once pardoned, are punished with Death. Their Law does not determine the Punishment for other Crimes; but that is left to the Senate, to temper it according to the Circumstances of the Fact. Husbands have power to correct their Wives, and Parents to correct their Children, unless the Fault is so great, that a publick Punishment is thought necessary for the striking terror into others. For the most part, Slavery is the punishment even of the greatest Crimes; for as that is no less terrible to the Criminals themselves than Death; so they think the preserving them in a state of servitude, is more for the Interest of the CommonWealth, than the killing them outright; since as their Labour is a greater benefit to the Publick, than their Death could be; so the sight of their Misery is a more lasting terror to other Men, than that which would be given by their Death. If their Slaves rebel, and will not bear their Yoke, and submit to the Labour that is enjoined them, they are treated as wild Beasts that cannot be kept in order, neither by a Prison, nor by their Chains; and are at last put to death. But those who bear their Punishment patiently, and are so much wrought on by that pressure, that lies so hard on them, that it appears they are really more troubled for the Crimes they have committed, than for the Miseries they suffer, are not out of hope, but that at last either the Prince will, by his Prerogative, or the People will by their intercession restore them again to their liberty, or at least very much mitigate their slavery. He that tempts a married Woman to Adultery, is no less severely punished, than he that commits it; for they reckon that a laid and studied Design of committing any Crime, is equal to the Fact it self; since its not taking effect does not make the Person that did all that in him lay in order to it, a whit the less guilty.

They take great pleasure in Fools, and as it is thought a base and unbecoming thing to use them ill, so they do not think it amiss for People to divert themselves with their Folly: and they think this is a great advantage to the Fools themselves: For if Men were so sullen and severe, as not at all to please themselves with their ridiculous behaviour, and foolish sayings, which is all that they can do to recommend themselves to others, it could not be expected that they would be so well look'd to, nor so tenderly used as they must otherwise be. If any Man should reproach another for his being mishaped or imperfect in any part of his Body, it would not at all be thought a reflection on the Person that were so treated, but it would be accounted a very unworthy thing for him that had upbraided another with that which he could not help. It is thought a sign of a sluggish and sordid Mind, not to preserve carefully one's natural Beauty; but it is likewise an infamous thing among them to use Paint or Fard. And they all see that no Beauty recommends a Wife so much to her Husband, as the probity of her Life, and her Obedience: for as some few are catched and held only by Beauty, so all People are held by the other Excellencies which charm all the World.

As they fright Men from committing Crimes by Punishments, so they invite them to the love of Vertue, by publick Honours: therefore they erect Statues in honour to the memories of such worthy Men as have deserved well of their Country, and set these in their Market-places, both to perpetuate the remembrance of their Actions, and to be an incitement to their Posterity to follow their example.

If any Man aspires to any Office, he is sure never to compass it: They live all easily together, for none of the Magistrates are either insolent or cruel to the People; but they affect rather to be called Fathers, and by being really so, they well deserve that Name; and the People pay them all the marks of Honour the more freely, because none are exacted of them. The Prince himself has no distinction, either of Garments, or of a Crown; but is only known by a Sheaf of Corn that is carried before him, as the High Priest is also known by a Wax Light that is carried before him.

They have but few Laws, and such is their Constitution, that they need not many. They do very much condemn other Nations, whose Laws, together with the Commentaries on them, swell up to so many Volumes; for they think it an unreasonable thing to oblige Men to obey a Body of Laws, that are both of such a bulk, and so dark, that they cannot be read or understood by every one of the Subjects.

They have no Lawyers among them, for they consider them as a sort of People, whose Profession it is to disguise Matters, as well as to wrest Laws; and therefore they think it is much better that every Man should plead his own Cause, and trust it to the Judg, as well as in other places the Client does it to a Counsellor. By this means they both cut off many delays, and find out Truth more certainly: for after the Parties have laid open the Merits of their Cause, without those Artifices which Lawyers are apt to suggest, the Judg examines the whole Matter, and supports the simplicity of such well-meaning Persons, whom otherwise crafty Men would be sure to run down: And thus they avoid those Evils, which appear very remarkably among all those Nations that labour under a vast load of Laws. Every one of them is skilled in their Law, for as it is a very short study, so the plainnest meaning of which words are capable, is always the sense of their Laws. And they argue thus; All Laws are promulgated for this end, that every Man may know his Duty; and therefore the plainest and most obvious sense of the words, is that which must be put on them; since a more refined Exposition cannot be easily comprehended, and Laws become thereby useless to the greater part of Mankind, who need most the direction of them: for to them it is all one, not to make a Law at all, and to couch it in such tearms, that without a quick

apprehension, and much study, a Man cannot find out the true meaning of it; and the generality of Mankind are both so dull, and so much imployed in their several Trades, that they have neither the leisure nor the capacity requisite for such an enquiry.

Some of their Neighbours, who are Masters of their own Liberties, having long ago, by the assistance of the Utopians, shaken off the Yoke of Tyranny; and being much taken with those Vertues that they observe among them, have come to them, and desired that they would send Magistrates among them to govern them; some changing them every Year, and others every five Years. At the end of their Government, they bring them back to Utopia, with great expressions of honour and esteem, and carry away others to govern in their stead. In this they seem to have fallen upon a very good Expedient for their own happiness and safety: For since the good or ill Condition of a Nation depends so much upon their Magistrates, they could not have made a better choice, than by pitching on Men whom no Advantages can biass; for Wealth is of no use to them, since they must go so soon back to their own Country; and they being strangers among them, are not engaged in any of their Heats or Animosities: And it is certain, that when Publick Judicatories are swayed, either by partial Affections, or by Avarice, there must follow upon it a dissolution of all Justice, which is the chief Sinew of Society.

The Utopians call those Nations that come and ask Magistrates from them, Neighbours; but they call those to whom they have been more particularly assisting, Friends. And whereas all other Nations are perpetually either making Leagues, or breaking them, they never enter into any Alliance with any other State. They think Leagues are useless things, and reckon, that if the common Ties of Humane Nature do not knit Men together, the Faith of Promises will have no great effect on them: And they are the more confirmed in this, by that which they see among the Nations round about them, who are no strict observers of Leagues and Treaties. We know how religiously they are observed in Europe; more particularly where the Christian Doctrine is received, among whom they are sacred and inviolable. Which is partly owing to the Justice and Goodness of the Princes themselves, and partly to their Reverence that they pay to the Popes: who as they are most religious observers of their own Promises, so they exhort all other Princes to perform theirs; and when fainter Methods do not prevail, they compel them to it by the severity of the Pastoral Censure; and think that it would be the most indecent thing possible, if Men who are particularly designed by the title of the Faithful, should not religiously keep the Faith of their Treaties. But in that new found World, which is not more distant from us in Scituation, than it is disagreeing from us in their Manners, and course of Life, there is no trusting to Leagues, even tho they were made with all the pomp of the most Sacred Ceremonies that is possible: On the contrary, they are the sooner broken for that, some slight Pretence being found in the words of the Treaties, which are contrived in such ambiguous Terms, and that on design, that they can never be so strictly bound, but they will always find some Loop-hole to escape at; and so they break both their Leagues and their Faith. And this is done with that impudence, that those very Men who value themselves on having suggested these Advices to their Princes, would yet, with a haughty scorn, declaim against such Craft, or to speak plainer, such Fraud and Deceit, if they found private Men make use of it in their Bargains; and would readily say, that they deserved to be hanged for it.

By this means it is, that all sort of Justice passes in the World, but for a lowspirited and vulgar Vertue, which is far below the dignity of Royal Greatness Or at least, there are two sorts of Justice set up: the one is mean, and creeps on the Ground, and therefore becomes none but the baser sort of Men, and so must be kept in severely by many restraints, that it may not break out beyond the Bounds that are set to it. The other is, the peculiar Vertue of Princes, which as it is more majestick than that which becomes the, Rabble, so takes a freer compass; and lawful or unlawful, are only measured by Pleasure and Interest. These practices among the Princes that lie about Utopia,who make so little account of their Faith, seem to be the Reasons that determine them to engage in no Confederacies: perhaps they would change their mind if they lived among us: but yet tho Treaties were more religiously observed, they would still dislike the custom of making them; since the World has taken up a false Maxim upon it, as if there were no tie of Nature knitting one Nation to another, that are only separated perhaps by a Mountain, or a River, and that all were born in a state of Hostility, and so might lawfully do all that mischief to their Neighbours, against which there is no provision made by Treaties: And that when Treaties are made, they do not cut off the Enmity, or restrain the License of preying upon one another, if by the unskilfulness of wording them, there are not effectual Proviso's made against them. They on the other hand judg, that no Man is to be esteemed our Enemy that has never injured us; and that the Partnership of the Humane Nature, that is among all Men, is instead of a League. And that kindness and good Nature unite Men more effectually, and more forcibly than any Agreements whatsoever; since thereby the Engagements of Mens Hearts become stronger, than any thing can be to which a few words can bind them.

Of their Military Discipline

They detest War as a very brutal thing; and which, to the reproach of Humane Nature, is more practised by Men, than by any sort of Beasts: and they, against the custom of almost all other Nations, think that there is nothing more inglorious than that Glory that is gained by War: And therefore tho they accustom themselves daily to Military Exercises, and the Discipline of War, in which not only their Men, but their Women likewise, are trained up, that so in cases of Necessity, they may not be quite useless: Yet they do not rashly engage in War, unless it be either to defend themselves, or their Friends, from any unjust Aggressors; or out of good Nature, or in compassion to an oppressed Nation, that they assist them to the shaking off the Yoke Tyranny. They indeed help their Friends, not only in Defensive, but also in Offensive Wars: but they never do that, unless they had been consulted with

while the Matter was yet entire; and that being satisfied with the Grounds on which they went, they had found that all Demands of Reparation were rejected, so that a War was necessary: which they do not think to be only just, when one Neighbour makes an inrode on another, by publick Order, and carries away their Spoils; but when the Merchants of one Country are oppressed in another, either under the pretence of some unjust Laws, or by the perverse wresting of good ones: this they count a juster cause of War than the other, because those Injuries are done under some colour of Laws. This was the only Ground of that War, in which they engaged with the Nephelogetes against the Aleopolitanes, a little before our time: for the Merchants of the former, having, as they thought, met with great injustice among the latter, that, whether it was in it self right or wrong, did draw on a terrible War, many of their Neighbours being engaged in it; and their keenness in carrying it on, being supported by their strength in maintaining it; it not only shook some very flourishing States, and very much afflicted others; but after a series of much Mischief, it ended in the entire conquest and slavery of the Aleopolitanes, who tho before the War, they were in all respects much superior to the Nephelogetes, yet by it they fell under their Empire; But the Utopians, tho they had assisted them in the War, yet pretended to no share of the spoil.

But tho they assist their Friends so vigorously, in taking reparation for Injuries that are done them in such Matters; yet if they themselves should meet with any such fraud, provided there were no violence done to their Persons, they would only carry it so far, that unless satisfaction were made, they would give over trading with such a People. This is not done, because they consider their Neighbours more than their own Citizens; but since their Neighbours trade every one upon his own Stock, Fraud is a more sensible injury to them, than it is to the Utopians, among whom the Publick only suffers in such a case: And since they expect nothing in return for the Merchandize that they export; but that in which they abound so much, and is of little use to them, the loss does not much affect them; therefore they think it would be too severe a thing to revenge a Loss that brings so little inconvenience with it, either to their Life, or their Livelihood, with the death of many People: but if any of their People is either killed or wounded wrongfully, whether that be done by Publick Authority, or only by private Men, as soon as they hear of it, they send Ambassadors, and demand, that the Guilty Persons may be delivered up to them; and if that is denied, they declare War; but if that is done, they condemn those either to Death or Slavery.

They would be both troubled and ashamed of a bloody Victory over their Enemies; and think it would be as foolish a Purchase, as to buy the most valuable Goods at too high a Rate. And in no Victory do they glory so much, as in that which is gained by dexterity and good conduct, without Bloodshed. They appoint publick Triumphs in such Cases, and erect Trophies to the honour of those who have succeeded well in them; for then do they reckon that a Man acts sutably to his Nature, when he conquers his Enemy in such a way, that no other Creature but a Man could be capable of it, and that is, by the strength of his Understanding. Bears, Lions, Boars, Wolves, and Dogs, and other Animals, imploy their bodily Force one against another, in which as many of them are superior to Man, both in strength and fierceness, so they are all subdued by the reason and understanding that is in him.

The only Design of the Utopians in War, is to obtain that by Force, which if it had been granted them in time, would have prevented the War; or if that cannot be done, to take so severe a Revenge of those that have injured them, that they may be terrified from doing the like in all time coming. By these Ends they measure all their Designs, and manage them so, that it is visible that the Appetite of Fame or Vain-glory, does not work so much on them, as a just care of their own Security.

As soon as they declare War, they take care to have a great many Schedules, that are sealed with their Common Seal, affixed in the most conspicuous places of their Enemies Country. This is carried secretly, and done in many places all at once. In those they promise great Rewards to such as shall kill the Prince, and lesser in proportion to such as shall kill any other Persons, who are those on whom, next to the Prince himself, they cast the chief blame of the War. And they double the Sum to him, that instead of killing the Person so marked out, shall take him alive, and put him in their hands. They offer not only Indemnity, but Rewards, to such of the Persons themselves that are so marked, if they will act against their Countrymen: By this means those that are named in their Schedules, become not only distrustful of their Fellow-Citizens, but are jealous of one another: and are much distracted by Fear and Danger; for it has often fallen out, that many of them, and even the Prince himself, have been betrayed by those in whom they have trusted most: for the Rewards that the Utopians offer, are so unmeasurably great, that there is no sort of Crime to which Men cannot be drawn by them. They consider the Risque that those run, who undertake such Services, and offer a Recompence proportioned to the danger; not only a vast deal of Gold, but great Revenues in Lands that lie among other Nations that are their Friends, where they may go and enjoy them very securely; and they observe the Promises they make of this kind most religiously. They do very much approve of this way of corrupting their Enemies, tho it appears to others to be a base and cruel thing; but they look on it as a wise course, to make an end of that which would be otherwise a great War, without so much as hazarding one Battel to decide it. They think it likewise an Act of Mercy and Love to Mankind, to prevent the great slaughter of those that must otherwise be killed in the progress of the War, both of their own side, and of their Enemies, by the death of a few that are most guilty; and that in so doing, they are kind even to their Enemies, and pity them no less than their own People, as knowing that the greater part of them do not engage in the War of their own accord, but are driven into it by the Passions of their Prince.

If this Method does not succeed with them, then they sow Seeds of Contention among their Enemies, and animate the Prince's Brother, or some of the Nobility, to aspire to the Crown. If they cannot disunite them by Domestick Broils, then they engage their

Neighbours against them, and make them set on foot some old Pretensions, which are never wanting to Princes, when they have occasion for them. And they supply them plentifully with Mony, tho but very sparingly with any Auxiliary Troops: for they are so render of their own People, that they would not willingly exchange one of them, even with the Prince of their Enemies Country. But as they keep their Gold and Silver only for such an occasion, so when that offers it self, they easily part with it, since it would be no inconvenience to them, tho they should reserve nothing of it to themselves. For besides the Wealth that they have among them at home, they have a vast Treasure abroad; Many Nations round about them, being deep in their Debt: so that they hire Souldiers from all Places for carrying on their Wars; but chiefly from the Zapolets, who lie five hundred miles from Utopia eastward. They are a rude, wild, and fierce Nation, who delight in the Woods and Rocks, among which they were born and bred up. They are hardned both against Heat, Cold, and Labour, and know nothing of the delicacies of Life. They do not apply themselves to Agriculture, nor do they care either for their Houses or their Clothes. Cattel is all that they look after; and for the greatest part, they live either by their Hunting, or upon Rapine; and are made, as it were, only for War. They watch all opportunities of engaging in it, and very readily embrace such as are offered them. Great numbers of them will often go out, and offer themselves upon a very low Pay, to serve any that will employ them: they know none of the Arts of Life, but those that lead to the taking it away; they serve those that hire them, both with much courage and great Fidelity; but will not engage to serve for any determin'd time, and agree upon such Terms, that the next day they may go over to the Enemies of those whom they serve, if they offer them a greater pay: and they will perhaps return to them the day after that, upon a higher advance of their Pay. There are few Wars in which they make not a considerable part of the Armies of both sides: so it falls often out, that they that are of kin to one another, and were hired in the same Country, and so have lived long and familiarly together; yet they forgetting both their Relation and former Friendship, kill one another upon no other consideration, but because they are hired to it for a little Mony, by Princes of different Interests: and so great regard have they to Mony, that they are easily wrought on by the difference of one Penny a Day, to change sides. So entirely does their Avarice turn them, and yet this Mony on which they are so much set, is of little use to them; for what they purchase thus with their Blood, they quickly waste it on Luxury, which among them is but of a poor and miserable form.

This Nation serves the Utopians against all People whatsoever, for they pay higher than any other. The Utopians hold this for a Maxim, that as they seek out the best sort of Men for their own use at home, so they make use of this worst sort of Men for the Consumption of War, and therefore they hire them with the offers of vast Rewards, to expose themselves to all sorts of hazards, out of which the greater part never returns to claim their Promises. Yet they make them good most religiously to such as escape. And this animates them to adventure again, when there is occasion for it; for the Utopians are not at all troubled how many of them soever happen to be killed; and reckon it a service done to Mankind, if they could be a mean to deliver the World from such a leud and vicious sort of People, that seem to have run together, as to the Drain of Humane Nature. Next to these they are served in their Wars, with those upon whose account they undertake them, and with the Auxiliary Troops of their other Friends, to whom they join some few of their own People, and send some Man of eminent and approved Vertue to command in chief. There are two sent with him, who during his Command, are but private Men, but the first is to succeed him if he should happen to be either killed or taken; and in case of the like misfortune to him, the third comes in his place; and thus they provide against ill Events, that such Accidents as may befal their Generals, may not endanger their Armies. When they draw out Troops of their own People, they take such out of every City as freely offer themselves, for none are forced to the Laws of the Country, and their Learning, add more vigor to their Minds: for as they do not undervalue Life to the degree of throwing it away too prodigally; so they are not so indecently fond of it, that when they see they must sacrifice it honourably, they will preserve it by base and unbecoming Methods. In the greatest heat of Action, the bravest of their Youth, that have jointly devoted themselves for that piece of Service, single out the General of their Enemies, and set on him either openly, or lay an Ambuscade for him: if any of them are spent and wearied in the Attempt, others come in their stead, so that they never give over pursuing him, either by close Weapons, when they can get near him, or those that wound at a distance, when others get in between: thus they seldom fail to kill or take him at last, if he does not secure himself by flight. When they gain the Day in any Battel, they kill as few as possibly they can; and are much more set on taking many Prisoners, than on killing those that fly before them: nor do they ever let their Men so loose in the pursuit of their Enemies, that they do not retain an entire Body still in order; so that if they have been forced to engage the last of their Battalions, before they could gain the day, they will rather let their Enemies all escape than pursue them, when their own Army is in disorder; remembring well what has often fallen out to themselves; that when the main Body of their Army has been quite defeated and broken, so that their Enemies reckoning the Victory was sure and in their hands, have let themselves loose into an irregular pursuit, a few of them that lay for a reserve, waiting a fit opportunity, have fallen on them while they were in this chase, stragling and in disorder, apprehensive of no danger, but counting the Day their own; and have turned the whole Action, and so wresting out of their hands a Victory that seemed certain and undoubted, the vanquished have of a sudden become victorious.

It is hard to tell whether they are more dextrous in laying or avoiding Ambushes: they sometimes seem to fly when it is far from their thoughts; and when they intend to give Ground, they do it so, that it is very hard to find out their Design. If they see they are ill posted, or are like to be overpowred by numbers, then they . . . [2 pages missing] . . . their Friends to reimburse them of their expence in it; but they take that from the conquered, either in Mony which they keep for the next occasion, or in Lands, out of which a constant Revenue is to be paid them; by many increases, the Revenue which they draw out from several Countries on such Occasions, is now risen to above 700000 Ducats a Year. They send some of their own People to receive these Revenues,

who have orders to live magnificently, and like Princes, and so they consume much of it upon the place; and either bring over the rest to Utopia, or lend it to that Nation in which it lies. This they most commonly do, unless some great occasion which falls out, but very seldom, should oblige them to call for it all. It is out of these Lands that they assign those Rewards to such as they encourage to adventure on desperate Attempts, which was mentioned formerly. If any Prince that engages in War with them, is making preparations for invading their Country, they prevent him, and make his Country the Seat of the War; for they do not willingly suffer any War to break in upon their Island; and if that should happen, they would only defend themselves by their own People; but would not at all call for Auxiliary Troops to their assistance.

Of the Religions of the Utopians

There are several sorts of Religions, not only in different parts of the Island, but even in every Town; some worshipping the Sun, others the Moon, or one of the Planets: some worship such Men as have been eminent in former times for Vertue, or Glory, not only as ordinary Deities, but as the supream God: yet the greater and wiser sort of them worship none of these, but adore one Eternal, Invisible, Infinite, and Incomprehensible Deity; as a Being that is far above all our Apprehensions, that is spread over the whole Universe, not by its Bulk, but by its Power and Vertue; him they call the Father of all, and acknowledg that the beginnings, the encrease, the progress, the vicissitudes, and the end of all things come only from him; nor do they offer divine honouts to any but to him alone. And indeed, tho they differ concerning other things, yet all agree in this; that they think there is one supream Being that made and governs the World, whom they call in the Language of their Country, Mithras. They differ in this, that one thinks the God whom he worships is this Supream Being, and another thinks that his Idol is that God; but they all agree in one principle, that whatever is this Supream Being, is also that Great Essence, to whose Glory and Majesty all honours are ascribed by the consent of all Nations.

By degrees, they all fall off from the various Superstitions that are among them, and grow up to that one Religion that is most in request, and is much the best: and there is no doubt to be made, but that all the others had vanished long ago, if it had not happned that some unlucky Accidents, falling on those who were advising the change of those superstitious ways of Worship; these have been ascribed not to Chance, but to somewhat from Heaven; and so have raised in them a fear, that the God, whose Worship was like to be abandoned, has interposed and revenged himself on those that designed it.

After they had heard from us, an account of the Doctrine, the course of Life, and the Miracles of Christ, and of the wonderful constancy of so many Martyrs, whose Blood, that was so willingly offered up by them, was the chief occasion of spreading their Religion over a vast number of Nations; it is not to be imagined how inclined they were to receive it. I shall not determine whether this proceeded from any secret inspiration of God, or whether it was because it seemed so favorable to that community of Goods, which is an opinion so particular, as well as so dear to them; since they perceived that Christ and his Followers lived by that Rule; and that it was still kept up in some Communities among the sincerest sort of Christians, from which soever of these Motives it might be true it is, that many of them came over to our Religion, and were initiated into it by Baptism. But as two of our number were dead, so none of the four that survived, were in Priests Orders; therefore we could do no more but baptize them; so that to our great regret, they could not partake of the other Sacraments, that can only be administred by Priests: but they are instructed concerning them, and long most vehemently for them; and they were disputing very much among themselves, Whether one that were chosen by them to be a Preist, would not be thereby qualified to do all the things that belong to that Character, even tho he had no Authority derived from the Pope; and they seemed to be resolved to chuse some for that Imployment, but they had not done it when I left them.

Those among them that have not received our Religion, yet do not fright any from it, and use none ill that goes over to it; so that all the while I was there, one Man was only punished on this occasion. He being newly baptized, did, notwithstanding all that we could say to the contrary, dispute publickly concerning the Christian Religion, with more zeal than discretion; and with so much heat, that he not only preferred our Worship to theirs, but condemned all their Rites as profane; and cried out against all that adhered to them, as impious and sacrilegious Persons, that were to be damned to everlasting Burnings. Upon this he, having preached these things often, was seized on, and after a Trial, he was condemned to banishment, not for having disparaged their Religion, but for his inflaming the People to Sedition: for this is one of their ancientest Laws, that no Man ought to be punished for his Religion. At the first constitution of their Goverment, Utopus having understood, that before his coming among them, the old Inhabitans had been engaged in grtat quarrels concerning Religion, by which they were so broken among themselves, that he found it an easy thing to conquer them, since they did not unite their Forces against him, but every different Party in Religion fought by themselves: upon that, after he had subdued them, he made a Law that every Man might be of what Religion he pleased, and might endeavor to draw others to it by the force of Argument, and by amicable and modest ways, but without bitterness against those of other Opinions; but that he ought to use no other Force but that of Persuasion; and was neither to mixt Reproaches nor Violence with it; and such as did otherwise, were to be condemned to Banishment or Slavery.

This Law was made by Utopus, not only for preserving the Publick Peace, which he saw suffered much by daily Contentions and Irreconcilable Heats in these Matters, but because he thought the Interest of Religion it self required it.

He judged it was not fit to determine any thing rashly in that Matter; and seemed to doubt whether those different Forms of Religion might not all come from God, who might inspire Men differently, he being possibly pleased with a variety in it: and so he thought it was a very indecent and foolish thing for any Man to frighten and threaten other Men to believe any thing because it seemed true to him; and in case that one Religion were certainly true, and all the rest false, he reckoned that the native Force of Truth would break forth at last, and shine bright, if it were managed only by the strength of Argument, and with a winning gentleness; whereas if such Matters were carried on by Violence and Tumults, then, as the wickedest sort of Men is always the most obstinate, so the holiest and best Religion in the World might be overlaid with so much foolish superstition, that it would be quite choaked with it, as Corn is with Briars and Thorns; therefore he left Men wholly to their liberty in this matter, that they might be free to beleive as they should see cause; only he made a solemn and severe Law against such as should so far degenerate from the dignity of humane Nature, as to think that our Souls died with our Bodies, or that the World was governed by Chance, without a wise over-ruling Providence: for they did all formerly believe that there was a state of Rewards and Punishments to the Good and Bad after this Life; and they look on those that think otherwise, as scarce fit to be counted Men, since they degrade so noble a Being as our Soul is, and reckon it to be no better than a Beast's; so far are they from looking on such Men as fit for humane society, or to be Citizens of a well-ordered Common-Wealth; since a Man of such Principles must needs, as oft as he dares do it, despise all their Laws and Customs: for there is no doubt to be made, that a Man who is affraid of nothing but the Law, and apprehends nothing after death, will not stand to break through all the Laws of his Country, either by fraud or force, that so he may satisfy his Appetites. They never raise any that hold these Maxims, either to Honours or Offices, nor imploy them in any publick Trust, but despise them, as Men of base and sordid Minds: yet they do not punish them, because they lay this doun for a ground, that a Man cannot make himself beleive any thing he pleases; nor do they drive any to dissemble their thoughts by threatnings, so that Men are not tempted to lie or disguise their Opinions among them; which being a sort of Fraud, is abhorred by the Utopians: they take indeed care that they may not argue for these Opinions, especially before the common People: But they do suffer, and even encourage them to dispute concerning them in private with their Priests, and and other grave Men, being confident that they will be cured of those mad Opinions, by having reason laid before them. There are many among them that run far to the other extream, tho it is neither thought an ill nor unreasonable Opinion, and therfore is not at all discouraged. They think that the Souls of Beasts are immortal, tho far inferior to the dignity of the humane Soul, and not capable of so great a happiness. They are almost all of them very firmly perswaded, that good Men will be infinitely happy in another state; so that tho they are compassionate to all that are sick, yet they lament no Man's Death, except they see him part with Life uneasy, and as if he were forced to it; For they look on this as a very ill persage, as if the Soul being conscious to it self of Guilt, and quite hopeless, were affraid to die, from some secret hints of approaching misery. They think that such a Man's appearance before God, cannot be acceptable to him, who being called on, does not go out chearfully, but is backward and unwilling, and is, as it were, dragged to it. They are struck with horror, when they see any die in this manner, and carry them out in silence, and with sorrow, and praying God that he would be merciful to the Errors of the departed Soul, they lay the Body in the Ground: but when any die chearfully, and full of hope, they do not mourn for them, but sing Hymns when they carry out their Bodies, and commending their Souls very earnestly to God, in such a manner, that their whole behaviour is rather grave then sad, they burn their Body, and set up a Pillar where the Pile was made, with an Inscription to the honour of such Mens memory; And when they come from the Funeral, they discourse of their good Life, and worthy Actions, but speak of nothing oftner and with more . . . [2 pages missing] . . . himself that happiness that comes after Death. Some of these visit the Sick; others mend High-ways, cleanse Ditches, or repair Bridges, and dig Turf, Gravel, or Stones. Others fell and cleave Timber, and bring Wood, Corn, and other Necessaries, on Carts, into their Towns. Nor do these only serve the Publick, but they serve even Private Men, more than the Slaves themselves do: for if there is any where a rough, hard, and sordid piece of work to be done, from which many are frightned by the labour and loathsomeness of it, if not the despair of accomplishing it, they do chearfully, and of their own accord, take that to their share; and by that means, as they ease others very much, so they afflict themselves, and spend their whole life in hard Labor: and yet they do not value themselves upon that, nor lessen other peoples credit, that by so doing they may raise their own; but by their stooping to such sevile Employments, they are so far from being despised, that they are so much the more esteemed by the whole Nation.

Of these there are two sorts: Some live unmarried and chast, and abstain from eating any sort of Flesh; and thus weaning themselves from all the pleasures of the present Life, which they account hurtful, they pursue, even by the hardest and painfullest methods possible, that blessedness which they hope for hereafter; and the nearer they approach to it, they are the more chearful and earnest in their endeavours after it. Another sort of them is less willing to put themselves to much toil, and so they prefer a married state to a single one; and as they do not deny themselves the pleasure of it, so they think the begetting of Children is a debt which they owe to Humane Nature, and to their Country: nor do they avoid any Pleasure that does not hinder Labour; and therefore they eat Flesh so much the more willingly, because they find themselves so much the more able for work by it: The Utopians look upon these as the wiser Sect, but they esteem the others as the holier. They would indeed laugh at any Man, that upon the Principles of Reason, would prefer an unmarried state to a married, or a Life of Labour to an easy Life: but they reverence and admire such as do it upon a Motive of Religion. There is nothing in which they are more cautious, than in giving their Opinion positively concerning any sort of Religion. The Men that lead those severe Lives, are called in the Language of their Country Brutheskas, which answers to those we call Religious Orders.

Their Priests are Men of eminent Piety, and therefore they are but few, for there are only thirteen in every Town, one for every Temple in it; but when they go to War, seven of these go out with their Forces, and seven others are chosen to supply their room in their absence; but these enter again upon their Employment when they return; and those who served in their absence, attend upon the High Priest, till Vacancies fall by Death; for there is one that is set over all the rest. They are chosen by the People, as the other Magistrates are, by Suffrages given in secret, for preventing of Factions: and when they are chosen, they are consecrated by the College of Priests. The care of all Sacred Things, and the Worship of God, and an inspection into the Manners of the People, is committed to them. It is a reproach to a Man to be sent for by any of them, or to be even spoke to in secret by them, for that always gives some suspicions: all that is incumbent on them, is only to exhort and admonish People; for the power of correcting and punishing ill Men, belongs wholly to the Prince, and to the other Magistrates: The severest thing that the Priest does, is the excluding of Men that are desperately wicked from joining in their Worship: There's not any sort of Punishment that is more dreaded by them than this, for as it loads them with Infamy, so it fills them with secret Horrors, such is their reverence to their Religion; nor will their Bodies be long exempted from their share of trouble; for if they do not very quickly satisfy the Priests of the truth of their Repentance, they are seized on by the Senate, and punished for their Impiety. The breeding of the Youth belongs to the Priests, yet they do not take so much care of instructing them in Letters, as of forming their Minds and Manners aright; and they use all possible Methods to infuse very early in the tender and flexible Minds of Children, such Opinions as are both good in themselves, and will be useful to their Country: for when deep impressions of these things are made at that Age, they follow Men through the whole course of their Lives, of much Blood on either side; and when the Victory turns to their side, they run in among their own Men to restrain their Fury; and if any of their Enemies see them, or call to them, they are preserved by that means: and such as can come so near them as to touch their Garments, have not only their Lives, but their Fortunes secured to them: It is upon this account, that all the Nations round about consider them so much, and pay them so great reverence, that they have been often no less able to preserve their own People from the fury of their Enemies, than to save their Enemies from their rage: for it has sometimes fallen out, that when their Armies have been in disorder, and forced to fly, so that their Enemies were running upon the slaughter and spoil, the Priests by interposing, have stop'd the shedding of more Blood, and have separated them from one another; so that by their Mediation, a Peace has been concluded on very reasonable Terms; nor is there any Nation about them so fierce, cruel, or barbarous, as not to look upon their Persons as Sacred and Inviolable The first and the last day of the Month, and of the Year, is a Festival: they measure their Months by the course of the Moon; and their Years by the course of the Sun: The first days are called in their Language the Cynemernes, and the last the Trapemernes, which answers in our Language to the Festival that begins, or ends the Season.

They have magnificent Temples, that are not only nobly built, but are likewise of great Reception: which is necessary, since they have so few of them: They are a little dark within, which flows not from any Error in their Architecture, but is done on design; for their Priests think that too much light dissipates the thoughts, and that a more moderate degree of it, both recollects the Mind, and raises Devotion. Tho there are many different Forms of Religion among them, yet all these, how various soever, agree in the main Point, which is the worshipping the Divine Essence; and therefore there is nothing to be seen or heard in their Temples, in which the several Perswasions among them may not agree; for every Sect performs those Rites that are peculiar to it, in their private Houses, nor is there any thing in the Publick Worship, that contradicts the particular ways of those different Sects. There are no Images for God in their Temples, so that every one may represent him to his thoughts, according to the way of his Religion; nor do they call this one God by any other Name, but that of Mithras, which is the common Name by which they all express the Divine Essence, whatsoever otherwise they think it to be; nor are there any Prayers among them, but such as every one of them may use without prejudice to his own Opinion.

They meet in their Temples on the Evening of the Festival that concludes a Season: and not having yet broke their Fast, they thank God for their good success during that Year or Month, which is then at an end: and the next day, being that which begins the new Season, they meet early in their Temples, to pray for the happy Progress of all their Affairs during that Period, upon which they then enter. In the Festival which concludes the Period, before they go to the Temple, both Wives and Children fall on their Knees before their Husbands or Parents, and confess every thing in which they have either erred or failed in their Duty, and beg pardon for it: Thus all little Discontents in Families are removed, that so they may offer up their Devotions with a pure and serene mind; for they hold it a great impiety to enter upon them with disturbed thoughts; or when they are conscious to themselves that they bear Hatred or Anger in their Hearts to any Person; and think that they should become liable to severe Punishments, if they presumed to offer Sacrifices without cleansing their Hearts, and reconciling all their Differences. In the Temples, the two Sexes are separated, the Men go to the right hand, and the Women to the left: and the Males and Females do all place themselves before the Head, and Master or Mistress of that Family to which they belong; so that those who have the Government of them at home, may see their deportment in publick: and they intermingle them so, that the younger and the older may be set by one another; for if the younger sort were all set together, they would perhaps trifle away that time too much, in which they ought to beget in themselves a most religious dread of the Supream Being, which is the greatest, and almost the only incitement to Vertue.

They offer up no living Creature in Sacrifice, nor do they think it suitable to the Divine Being, from whose Bounty it is that these Creatures have derived their Lives, to take pleasure in their Death, or the offering up their Blood. They burn Incense, and other

sweet Odours, and have a great number of Wax Lights during their Worship; not out of any Imagination that such Oblations can add any thing to the Divine Nature, for even Prayers do not that; but as it is a harmless and pure way of worshipping God, so they think those sweet Savors and Lights, together with some other Ceremonies, do, by a secret and unaccountable Vertue, elevate Mens Souls, and inflame them with more force and chearfulness during the Divine Worship.

The People appear all in the Temples in white Garments; but the Priest's Vestments are particoloured; both the Work and Colours are wonderful: they are made of no rich Materials, for they are neither embroidered, nor set with precious Stones, but are composed of the Plumes of several Birds, laid together with so much Art, and so neatly, that the true value of them is far beyond the costliest Materials. They say, that in the ordering and placing those Plumes, some dark Mysteries are represented, which pass down among their Priests in a secret Tradition concerning them; and that they are as Hieroglyphicks, putting them in mind of the Blessings that they have received from God, and of their Duties, both to him and to their Neighbours. As soon as the Priest appears in those Ornaments, they all fall prostrate on the Ground, with so much reverence and so deep a silence, that such as look on, cannot but be struck with it, as if it were the effect of the appearance of a Deity. After they have been for some time in this posture, they all stand up, upon a sign given by the Priest, and sing some Hymns to the Honour of God, some musical Instruments playing all the while. These are quite of another form than those that are used among us: but, as many of them are much sweeter than ours, so others are not to be compared to those that we have. Yet in one thing they exceed us much, which is, that all their Musick, both Vocal and Instrumental, does so imitate and express the Passions, and is so fitted to the present occasion, whether the subject matter of the Hymn is chearful, or made to appease, or troubled, doleful, or angry; that the Musick makes an impression of that which is represented, by which it enters deep into the Hearers, and does very much affect and kindle them. When this is done, both Priests and People offer up very solemn Prayers to God in a set Form of Words; and these are so composed, that whatsoever is pronounced by the whole Assembly, may be likewise applied by every Man in particular to his own condition; in these they acknowledg God to be the Author and Governor of the World, and the Fountain of all the Good that they receive; for which they offer up their Thanksgivings to him; and in particular, they bless him for his Goodness in ordering it so, that they are born under a Government that is the happiest in the World, and are of a Religion that they hope is the truest of all others: but if they are mistaken, and if there is either a better Government, or a Religion more acceptable to God, they implore his Goodness to let them know it, vowing, that they resolve to follow him whithersoever he leads them: but if their Government is the best, and their Religion the truest, then they pray that he may fortify them in it, and bring all the World, both to the same Rules of Life, and to the same Opinions concerning himself; unless, according to the unsearchableness of his Mind, he is pleased with a variety of Religions. Then they pray that God may give them an easy passage at last to himself; not presuming to set limits to him, how early or late it should be; but if it may be wish'd for, without derogating from his Supream Authority, they desire rather to be quickly delivered, and to go to God, tho by the terriblest sort of Death, than to be detained long from seeing him, in the most prosperous course of Life possible. When this Prayer is ended, they all fall down again upon the Ground, and after a little while they rise up, and go home to Dinner; and spend the rest of the day in diversion or Military Exercises. Thus have I described to you, as particularly as I could, the Constitution of that Common-Wealth, which I do not only think to be the best in the World, but to be indeed the only Common-Wealth that truly deserves that name. In all other places, it is visible, that whereas People talk of a Common-Wealth, every Man only seeks his own Wealth; but there where no Man has any Property, all Men do zealously pursue the good of the Publick: and indeed, it is no wonder to see Men act so differently, for in other CommonWealths, every Man knows, that unless he provides for himself, how flourishing soever the Common-Wealth may be, he must die of Hunger; so that he sees the necessity of preferring his own Concerns to the Publick; but in Utopia, where every Man has a right to every thing, they do all know, that if care is taken to keep the Publick Stores full, no private Man can want any thing; for among them there is no unequal distribution, so that no Man is poor, nor in any necessity; and tho no Man has any thing, yet they are all rich; for what can make a Man so rich, as to lead a serene and chearful Life, free from anxieties; neither apprehending want himself, nor vexed with the endless complaints of his Wife? he is not affraid of the misery of his Children, nor is he contriving how to raise a Portion for his Daughters, but is secure in this, that both he and his Wife, his Children and Grand-Children, to as many Generations as he can fancy, will all live, both plentifully and happily, since among them there is no less care taken of those who were once engaged in Labour, but grow afterwards unable to follow it, than there is elsewhere for these that continue still at it. I would gladly hear any Man compare the Justice that is among them, with that which is among all other Nations; among whom, may I perish, if I see any thing that looks either like Justice, or Equity; for what Justice is there in this, that a Noble-man, a Goldsmith, or a Banquer, or any other Man, that either does nothing at all, or at best is imployed in things that are of no use to the Publick, should live in great luxury and splendor, upon that which is so ill acquired; and a mean Man, a Carter, a Smith, or a Ploughman, that works harder, even than the Beasts themselves, and is imployed in Labours that are so necessary, that no Common-Wealth could hold out an Year to an end without them, can yet be able to earn so poor a livelihood out of it, and must lead so miserable a Life in it, that . . . [2 pages missing] . . . whole People, then they are accounted Laws: and yet these wicked Men after they have, by a most insatiable covetousness, divided that among themselves, with which all the rest might have been well supplied, are far from that happiness, that is enjoyed among the Utopians: for the use as well as the desire of Mony being extinguished, there is much anxiety and great occasions of Mischief cut off with it: and who does not see that Frauds, Thefts, Robberies, Quarrels, Tumults, Contentions, Seditions, Murders, Treacheries, and Witchrafts, that are indeed rather punished than restrained by the severities of Law, would all fall off, if Mony were not any more valued by the World? Mens Fears, Solicitudes, Cares, Labours, and Watchings,

would all perish in the same moment, that the value of Mony did sink: even Poverty it self, for the relief of which Mony seems most necessary, would fall, if there were no Mony in the World. And in order to the apprehending this aright, take one instance.

Consider any Year that has been so unfruitful, that many thousands have died of Hunger; and yet if at the end of that Year a survey were made of the Granaries of all the rich Men, that have hoarded up the Corn, it would be found that there was enough among them, to have prevented all that consumption of Men that perished in that Misery: and that if it had been distributed among them, none would have felt the terrible effects of that scarcity; so easy a thing would it be to supply all the necessities of Life, if that blessed thing called Mony, that is pretended to be invented for procuring it, were not really the only thing that obstructed it.

I do not doubt but rich Men are sensible of this, and that they know well how much a greater happiness it were to want nothing that were necessary, than to abound in many superfluities; and to be rescued out of so much Misery, than to abound with so much Wealth: and I cannot think but the sense of every Man's Interest, and the Authority of Christ's Commands, who as he was infinitely wise, and so knew what was best, so was no less good in discovering it to us, would have drawn all the World over to the Laws of the Utopians, if Pride, that plague of Humane Nature, that is the source of so much misery, did not hinder . . . [2 pages missing] . . . count the had given of it in general; and so taking him by the hand, I carried him to supper, and told him I would find out some other time for examining that matter more particularly, and for discoursing more copiously concerning it; for which I wish I may find a good opportunity. In the mean while, tho I cannot perfectly agree to every thing that was related by Raphael, yet there are many things in the Common-Wealth of Utopia, that I rather wish than hope to see followed in our Governments; tho it must be confessed, that he is both a very learned Man, and has had a great practice in the World.

FINIS

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2.5: Reading and Review Questions

1. Why does More insist on the factuality of this fiction, with himself being a character in the text who firsthand witnesses Hythloday's account of Utopia? How does his self-characterization compare with that of Chaucer's in his Tale of Sir Thopas?

2. What human qualities does More suggest are innate to human beings of all races, places, times, and classes? What are the adverse effects of these innate human qualities? How do the Utopians overcome these adverse effects?

3. How do the Utopians treat gender matters? What qualities does he suggest are innate to all women, to all men? What qualities does he suggest are conditioned by society? What conditioned behaviors of both men and women do the Utopians overcome, and how, and to what effect?

4. Why does More have the Utopians require every person to work on a farm? Why does he not have the Utopians require institutionalized learning?

5. In terms of religion, how tolerant are the Utopians, do you think? Why do they require faith in a divine figure—regardless of which figure?

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2.6: Thomas Wyatt

(1503-1542)



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The life of Thomas Wyatt, son of minor nobleman Sir Henry Wyatt, modeled the capriciousness of medieval Fortuna—in a Renaissance courtier. Educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, married to the daughter of Lord Cobham, and early serving as a court official, Wyatt followed the expected paths of the successful courtier. In his official capacity, he traveled to France and Italy where studied literature, including Petrarch's sonnets and Pietro Aretino's poems in ottava rima (poems with eight-line stanzas, ten or eleven syllables per line, and ABABABCC rhyme scheme). Wyatt won official posts as Marshal of Calais, Commissioner of the Peace in Essex, and ambassador to Spain.

While in Italy, though, Wyatt was captured by Spanish troops, from whom he escaped. While serving as Commissioner of Peace, he was briefly imprisoned—for uncertain cause. Perhaps a quarrel with the duke of Suffolk led to this misfortune. Perhaps his unverified relationship with Anne Boleyn prior to her marrying Henry VIII won Wyatt disfavor. As ambassador to Spain, he certainly had to face the ire of Emperor Charles V, nephew of Catherine of Aragon, then divorced from Henry VIII. And in 1541, Wyatt was accused of treason by Thomas Bonner, the bishop of London. His masterful self-defense attests to his rhetorical skills, for he won full pardon and resumed his role of ambassador. And en route to meet the Spanish ambassador, Wyatt caught fever and died.

His writing similarly embodies opposing trends. A complete courtier and gentleman, Wyatt was adept at learned pursuits; his prose translation of Plutarch's essay Quiet of the Mind was published during his lifetime and well-received. His poetry circulated at court but was not published until 1557 when several of his poems were included in Tottel's important Songes and Sonettes, also known as Tottel's Miscellany. Wyatt's native English lyrics reflect the influence of medieval popular song and Chaucer's poetry. His metrical stanzas, including terza rima (three-line stanza with chained rhyme scheme of ABA BCB CDC, etc.), ottava rima, rondeau (lyric poems with refrains), and sonnets, reflect the influence of Italian and French literature. Indeed, his translations of Petrarch's sonnets led to Wyatt's introducing the sonnet into English. And he is credited with inventing the fourteenline poem with ABBA ABBA CDDC EE rhyme scheme known as the English (or Shakespearian) sonnet.

He did not invent but certainly helped popularize sonnet conventions (or conceits), including the disdainful lady, the agonized lover, and the idealized mistress. He added to traditional sonnet imagery—such as comparing love to sickness, servitude, and war—his unique perspective on life's instabilities and uncertainties. And to the metrical regularity he brought to English poetry, he added his own irregular metric patterns and rough, often colloquial, speech patterns and language.

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2.7: "The Long Love That in My Thought Doth Harbor"

(1557)

The long love that in my thought doth harbour

And in mine hert doth keep his residence,

Into my face presseth with bold pretence

And therein campeth, spreading his banner.

She that me learneth to love and suffer

And will that my trust and lustës negligence

Be rayned by reason, shame, and reverence,

With his hardiness taketh displeasure.

Wherewithall unto the hert's forest he fleeth,

Leaving his enterprise with pain and cry,

And there him hideth and not appeareth.

What may I do when my master feareth

But in the field with him to live and die?

For good is the life ending faithfully.

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2.8: "My Gallery"

(1557)

My galley, chargèd with forgetfulness,

Thorough sharp seas in winter nights doth pass

'Tween rock and rock; and eke mine en'my, alas,

That is my lord, steereth with cruelness;

And every owre a thought in readiness,

As though that death were light in such a case.

An endless wind doth tear the sail apace

Of forced sighs and trusty fearfulness.

A rain of tears, a cloud of dark disdain,

Hath done the weared cords great hinderance;

Wreathèd with error and eke with ignorance.

The stars be hid that led me to this pain;

Drownèd is Reason that should me comfort,

And I remain despairing of the port.

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2.9: "Whoso List to Hunt"

(1557)

Whoso list to hunt, I know where is an hind,

But as for me, hélas, I may no more.

The vain travail hath wearied me so sore,

I am of them that farthest cometh behind.

Yet may I by no means my wearied mind

Draw from the deer, but as she fleeth afore

Fainting I follow. I leave off therefore,

Sithens in a net I seek to hold the wind.

Who list her hunt, I put him out of doubt,

As well as I may spend his time in vain.

And graven with diamonds in letters plain

There is written, her fair neck round about:

Noli me tangere, for Caesar's I am,

And wild for to hold, though I seem tame.

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2.10: "My Lute, Awake!"

(1557)

My labor that thou and I shall waste

And end that I have now begun,

For when this song is sung and past,

My lute, be still, for I have done.

As to be heard where ear is none,

As lead to grave in marble stone,

My song may pierce her heart as soon.

Should we then sigh or sing or moan?

No, no, my lute, for I have done.

Proud of the spoil that thou hast got

Of simple hearts through love's shot,

By whom, unkind, thou hast them won,

Think not he hath his bow forgot,

Although my lute and I have done.

Vengance shall fall on thy disdain

That makest but game on earnest pain;

Think not alone under the sun

Unquit to cause thy lovers plain

Although my lute and I have done.

Perchance thee lie withered and old

The winter nights that are so cold,

Plaining in vain unto the moon;

Thy wishes then dare not be told.

Care then who list, for I have done.

And then may chance thee to repent

The time that thou hast lost and spnt

To cause thy lovers sigh and swoon;

Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,

And wish and want as I have done.

Now cease, my lute, this is the last

Labor that thou and I shall waste

And ended is that we begun.

Now is the song both sung and past;

My lute, be still, for I have done.

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2.11: "They Flee From Me"

(1557)

They flee from me that sometime did me seek

With naked foot, stalking in my chamber.

I have seen them gentle, tame, and meek,

That now are wild and do not remember

That sometime they put themself in danger

To take bread at my hand; and now they range,

Busily seeking with a continual change.

Thanked be fortune it hath been otherwise

Twenty times better; but once in special,

In thin array after a pleasant guise,

When her loose gown from her shoulders did fall,

And she me caught in her arms long and small;

Therewithall sweetly did me kiss

And softly said, ‘dear heart, how like you this?’

It was no dream: I lay broad waking.

But all is turned thorough my gentleness

Into a strange fashion of forsaking;

And I have leave to go of her goodness,

And she also, to use newfangleness.

But since that I so kindly am served

I would fain know what she hath deserved.

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2.12: "And Wilt Thou Leave Me Thus?"

(1557)

And wilt thou leave me thus?

Say nay, say nay, for shame,

To save thee from the blame

Of all my grief and grame;

And wilt thou leave me thus?

Say nay, say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,

That hath loved thee so long

In wealth and woe among?

And is thy heart so strong

As for to leave me thus?

Say nay, say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,

That hath given thee my heart

Never for to depart,

Nother for pain nor smart;

And wilt thou leave me thus?

Say nay, say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus

And have no more pity

Of him that loveth thee?

Hélas, thy cruelty!

And wilt thou leave me thus?

Say nay, say nay!

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2.13: Reading and Review Questions

1. How consistent, or logically-developed, are the metaphors in Wyatt's poetry? Consider, for example, the following metaphors in "The Long Love:" love harbors in his heart and keeps residence there; love camps and spreads a banner; love is like a deer taking refuge in a forest, etc.

2. In "My Galley," how effective, if at all, is the extended comparison of the speaker to a storm-tossed ship?

3. "Whoso List to Hunt" is a translation of a Petrarchan sonnet. Yet, some scholars perceive in it autobiographical references to Wyatt's supposed relationship with Anne Boleyn ("Noli me tangere, for Caesar's I am,/ And wild for to hold, though I seem tame"). How, if at all, does Wyatt introduce personal elements in his sonnets? How sincere are his sonnets? How do you know?

4. In "My Lute, Awake!" Wyatt seems to be displaying his own artfulness. His song is his complaint to an unnamed desired lady, and when he ends the song, his lute will be silent. What is the purpose of this art, do you think? Between the lady and his art, which is more important to Wyatt, do you think? How do you know?

5. "And Wilt Thou Leave Me Thus?" repeats lines almost like a song. Do these repetitions add meaning to the poem, or are they ornamental? How do you know?

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2.14: Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey

(1517-1547)

Henry Howard had a somewhat ostentatious childhood, as his friends and blood relations tied him to Henry VIII. He was first cousin to both Queens Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard (1523-1542), respectively the second and fifth wives of Henry VIII, both of whom he had beheaded. He was also childhood comrade and close friend to Henry FitzRoy, 1st Duke of Richmond and Somerset (1519-1536), Henry VIII's illegitimate son.



Image 2.4 | Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey
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He served as Lieutenant General of the King on Sea and Land, fighting in the wars against France. He also participated in the suppression of the Pilgrimage of Grace, the Yorkshire uprising against the dissolution of the monasteries. These official activities were offset by more unruly and imperious behavior, including striking a courtier and destroying property by rapping with pebbles on the windows of houses in London, for both of which actions he was imprisoned. He was beheaded for the prideful and treasonable act of quartering the arms of Edward the Confessor (1003-1066). Though he was entitled to bear Edward the Confessor's arms, Surrey's doing so posed a threat to Henry VIII who had him tried for desiring to usurp the crown from Henry's only male heir, the future Edward VI. Surrey was condemned and executed on Tower Hill on January 19, 1547.

He was survived by five children by his wife Frances de Vere, daughter of John de Vere, 15th Earl of Oxford; memorialized by an opulent painted alabaster tomb in St. Michael's at Framlingham; and immortalized in literature by joining Wyatt as one of the first poets to write sonnets in English. He most commonly used Wyatt's English or Shakespearean sonnet form. These formal restraints release an intimate, emotional expression and responsiveness. In his translations of Virgil's Aeneid Books 2 and 4, Surrey was the first to use blank verse, or lines of iambic pentameter, that has been deemed uniquely appropriate to the English language. His literary output included love poems, elegies, and translations of Psalms and Ecclesiastes from the Bible.



Image 2.5 | Tomb of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey and his wife Frances de Vere
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2.15: "The soote season"

(1557)

The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings,

With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale.

The nightingale with feathers new she sings;

The turtle to her make hath told her tale.

Summer is come, for every spray now springs.

The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;

The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;

The fishes float with new repairèd scale;

The adder all her slough away she slings;

The swift swallow pursueth the fliès small;

The busy bee her honey now she mings.

Winter is worn, that was the flowers' bale.

And thus I see among these pleasant things,

Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

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2.16: "Love, that doth reign and live within my thought"

(1557)

Love, that doth reign and live within my thought,

And built his seat within my captive breast,

Clad in the arms wherein with me he fought,

Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.

But she that taught me love and suffer pain,

My doubtful hope and eke my hot desir

With shamefast look to shadow and refrain,

Her smiling grace converteth straight to ire.

And coward Love then to the heart apace

Taketh his flight, where he doth lurk and plain,

His purpose lost, and dare not show his face.

For my lord's guilt thus faultless bide I pain,

Yet from my lord shall not my foot remove:

Sweet is the death that taketh end by love.

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2.17: "Alas! so all things now do hold thier peace"

(1557)

Alas! so all things now do hold their peace,

Heaven and earth disturbèd in no thing.

The beast, the air, the birds their song do cease;

The nightès chare the stars about doth bring;

Calm is the sea, the waves work less and less.

So am not I, whom love, alas, doth wring,

Bringing before my face the great increase

Of my desires, whereat I weep and sing,

In joy and woe, as in a doubtful ease:

For my sweet thoughts sometime do pleasure bring,

But by and by the cause of my disease

Gives me a pang that inwardly doth sting,

When that I think what grief it is, again,

To live, and lack the thing should rid my pain.

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2.18: "So cruel prison how could betide"

(1557)

So cruel prison how could betide, alas,

As proud Windsor, where I in lust and joy

With a king's son my childish years did pass

In greater feast than Priam's sons of Troy?

Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour:

The large green courts, where we were wont to hove,

With eyes cast up unto the Maidens' Tower,

And easy sighs, such as folk draw in love.

The stately sales, the ladies bright of hue,

The dances short, long tales of great delight,

With words and looks that tigers could but rue,

Where each of us did plead the other's right.

The palm play where, dispoilèd for the game,

With dazed eyes oft we by gleams of love

Have missed the ball and got sight of our dame,

To bait her eyes, which kept the leads above.

The graveled ground, with sleeves tied on the helm,

On foaming horse, with swords and friendly hearts,

With cheer as though the one should overwhelm,

Where we have fought and chasèd oft with darts.

With silver drops the meads yet spread for ruth,

In active games of nimbleness and strength,

Where we did strain, trailèd by swarms of youth,

Our tender limbs that yet shot up in length.

The secret groves which oft we made resound

Of pleasant plaint and of our ladies' praise,

Recording soft what grace each one had found,

What hope of speed, what dread of long delays.

The wild forest, the clothèd holts with green,

With reins availed and swift breathèd horse,

With cry of hounds and merry blasts between,

Where we did chase the fearful hart a force.

The void walls eke that harbored us each night,

Wherewith, alas, revive within my breast

The sweet accord, such sleeps as yet delight,

The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest,

The secret thoughts imparted with such trust,

The wanton talk, the divers change of play,

The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,

Wherewith we passed the winter nights away.

And with this thought, the blood forsakes my face,

The tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue,

The which as soon as sobbing sighs, alas,

Upsuppèd have, thus I my plaint renew:

“O place of bliss, renewer of my woes,

Give me accompt, where is my noble fere,

Whom in thy walls thou didst each night enclose,

To other lief, but unto me must dear.”

Each stone, alas, that doth my sorrow rue,

Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint.

Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,

In prison pine with bondage and restraint.

And with remembrance of the greater grief

To banish the less, I find my chief relief.

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2.19: "O happy dames, that may embrace"

(1557)

O happy dames, that may embrace

The fruit of your delight,

Help to bewail the woeful case

And eke the heavy plight

Of me, that wonted to rejoice

The fortune of my pleasant choice:

Good ladies, help to fill my mourning voice.

In ship, freight with rememberance

Of thoughts and pleasures past,

He sails, that hath in governance

My life, while it will last;

With scalding sighs, for lack of gale,

Futhering his hope, that is his sail,

Toward me, the sweet port of his avail.

Alas, how oft in dreams I see

Those eyes, that were my food,

Which sometime so delighted me,

That yet they do me good;

Wherewith I wake with his return,

Whose absent flame did make me burn:

But when I find the lack, Lord how I mourn!

When other lovers in arms across

Rejoice their chief delight,

Drowned in tears to mourn my loss

I stand the bitter night

In my window, where I may see

Before the winds how the clouds flee.

Lo, what a mariner love hath made me!

And in green waves when the salt flood

Doth rise by rage of wind,

A thousand fancies in that mood

Assail my restless mind.

Alas, now drencheth my sweet foe,

That with the spoil of my heart did go

And left me; but, alas, why did he so?

And when the seas wax calm again,

To chese from me annoy,

My doubtful hope doth cause my plain,

So dread cuts off my joy.

Thus is my wealth mingled with woe,

And of each thought a doubt doth grow:

Now he comes! Will he come? Alas, no, no!

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2.20: Reading and Review Questions

1. To what effect does Surrey use sounds, like consonance and assonance? How does his use of sounds compare to Wyatt's?

2. What seems characteristically English in the sonnets' nature imagery, especially considering that their source is Italian (Petrarch's Sonnets)? How does his use of sonnet conventions compare with Wyatt's?

3. How do Surrey's closing couplet's complete their respective sonnets' meaning and intent?

4. To Surrey, what makes Windsor a more than physical prison, and why?

5. The speaker in "O happy dames, that may embrace," is a female. What attitudes towards and expectations of women does Surrey reveal through his speaker's words?

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2.21: Queen Elizabeth

(1533-1603)

Queen Elizabeth I was the daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, who was beheaded when Elizabeth was two years old. After Henry and his third wife Jane Seymour (c. 1508-1537) had Edward, Henry's longedfor male heir, Elizabeth and her half sister Mary were declared illegitimate. As Henry's daughter, legitimate or otherwise, Elizabeth was tutored in music and in the French, Spanish, Greek, and Latin languages. Her tutors included the classicists William Grindal (d. 1548) and Roger Ascham (c. 1515-1568).



Image 2.6 | The Coronation of Queen Elizabeth
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Although she lost her biological mother at an early age, Elizabeth received care from her step-mothers, particularly Catherine Parr (1512-1548), who survived Henry. After Henry's death, Catherine married Thomas Seymour, who used his proximity to Elizabeth to influence her and possibly to angle for her hand in a future marriage. Her half-brother Edward's brief reign had little effect on Elizabeth's life. The reign of his successor, Elizabeth's halfsister Mary, however, caused dangerous upheaval, to Elizabeth proper and to the country as a whole. Protestant rebels rallied against the Roman Catholic Mary's succession, first for Jane Grey (1537-1554), a legitimate daughter of Henry's sister, then for Elizabeth. Although she herself did not encourage or conspire with the rebels, Elizabeth was briefly imprisoned in the Tower of London under suspicion of treason.

Elizabeth succeeded Mary to rule a country straitened by Continental war and internal religious strife. With the Act of Supremacy (1558), Elizabeth reestablished the Church of England; with the Act of Uniformity (1558), she established the Book of Common Prayer. She also maintained a tenuous peace with the Continent, particularly France and Spain, for the greater part of her reign. Prudent, cautious, and extremely wise in her choice of advisors, Elizabeth used her single status to her advantage. Nations that might have warred with her instead sent her suitors, including the Dukes of Saxony, Holstein, Anjou and Savoy; Prince Frederick of Denmark; Don Carlos of Spain; and King Charles IX of France. Only when she supported the Protestant rebellion against Spain in the Netherlands did she trigger the long-threatened attack of the Spanish Armada in 1588. Its defeat heralded a golden age for her realm and her rule.

Religious strife again threatened when her cousin Mary Stuart, Queen of the Scots, married the future King of France. His early death brought the threats closer to home with several assassination attempts made against Elizabeth in hopes of making Mary Queen of England as well as Scotland. When Mary took refuge in England, Elizabeth had her imprisoned in Fotheringhay Castle, keeping the threat at bay for nineteen years. From her imprisonment, Mary encouraged rebellion and was implicated in the Babington Plot against Elizabeth's life and was consequently beheaded.

In her later years, Elizabeth faced riots at home due to food shortages and rebellion in Ireland. The latter gave armed troops to a court favorite, Robert Devereaux, 2nd Earl of Essex (b. 1565). His troops did not suppress the Irish rebellion but instead supported

his own against Elizabeth. He was beheaded for treason in 1601. Elizabeth I's long reign fostered England's economic growth, military strength, and, most importantly, artistic and literary immortality. To the end of her life, she refused to soothe her nation's fears against her own mortality by marrying and then bearing an heir. She wedded herself to England and her subjects.

Her writing reflects the emotional weight of the political challenges she faced as a female and as a sovereign—as a woman, who was both an individual and a symbol, who always had too much to lose. She wrote in many forms, including speeches for state occasions, translations, and poems. In her poems, we hear her voice—poignant and strong, emotional and moral—and can appreciate her complexity.

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2.22: "The Doubt of Future Foes"

(ca. 1568)

The doubt of future foes exiles my present joy,

And wit me warns to shun such snares as threatens mine annoy.

For falsehood now doth flow, and subjects faith doth ebb,

Which should not be, if reason ruled or wisdom weaved the web.

But clouds of toys untried do cloak aspiring minds,

Which turns to rain of late repent, by course of changèd winds.

The top of hope supposed, the root of rue shall be,

And fruitless all their grafted guile, as shortly you shall see.

Their dazzled eyes with pride, which great ambition blinds,

Shall be unsealed by worthy wights whose foresight falsehood finds.

The daughter of debate, that discord aye doth sow,

Shall reap no gain where former rule still peace hath taught to grow.

No foreign banished wight shall anchor in this port:

Our realm brooks no seditious sects--let them elsewhere resort.

My rusty sword through rest shall first his edge employ

To poll their tops who seek such change or gape for future joy

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2.23: "On Monsieur's Departure"

(ca. 1582)

I grieve and dare not show my discontent,

I love and yet am forced to seem to hate,

I do, yet dare not say I ever meant,

I seem stark mute but inwardly do prate.

I am and not, I freeze and yet am burned,

Since from myself another self I turned.

My care is like my shadow in the sun,

Follows me flying, flies when I pursue it,

Stands and lies by me, doth what I have done.

His too familiar care doth make me rue it.

No means I find to rid him from my breast,

Till by the end of things it be suppressed.

Some gentler passion slide into my mind,

For I am soft and made of melting snow;

Or be more cruel, love, and so be kind.

Let me or float or sink, be high or low.

Or let me live with some more sweet content,

Or die and so forget what love ere meant.

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2.24: "The Golden Speech"

(1601)

Mr Speaker,

We have heard your declaration and perceive your care of our estate. I do assure you there is no prince that loves his subjects better, or whose love can countervail our love. There is no jewel, be it of never so rich a price, which I set before this jewel: I mean your love. For I do esteem it more than any treasure or riches; for that we know how to prize, but love and thanks I count invaluable. And, though God hath raised me high, yet this I count the glory of my Crown, that I have reigned with your loves. This makes me that I do not so much rejoice that God hath made me to be a Queen, as to be a Queen over so thankful a people. Therefore I have cause to wish nothing more than to content the subject and that is a duty which I owe. Neither do I desire to live longer days than I may see your prosperity and that is my only desire. And as I am that person still yet, under God, hath delivered you and so I trust by the almighty power of God that I shall be his instrument to preserve you from every peril, dishonour, shame, tyranny and oppression, partly by means of your intended helps which we take very acceptably because it manifesteth the largeness of your good loves and loyalties unto your sovereign.

Of myself I must say this: I never was any greedy, scraping grasper, nor a strait fast-holding Prince, nor yet a waster. My heart was never set on any worldly goods. What you bestow on me, I will not hoard it up, but receive it to bestow on you again. Therefore render unto them I beseech you Mr Speaker, such thanks as you imagine my heart yieldeth, but my tongue cannot express. Mr Speaker, I would wish you and the rest to stand up for I shall yet trouble you with longer speech. Mr Speaker, you give me thanks but I doubt me I have greater cause to give you thanks, than you me, and I charge you to thank them of the Lower House from me. For had I not received a knowledge from you, I might have fallen into the lapse of an error, only for lack of true information.

Since I was Queen, yet did I never put my pen to any grant, but that upon pretext and semblance made unto me, it was both good and beneficial to the subject in general though a private profit to some of my ancient servants, who had deserved well at my hands. But the contrary being found by experience, I am exceedingly beholden to such subjects as would move the same at first. And I am not so simple to suppose but that there be some of the Lower House whom these grievances never touched. I think they spake out of zeal to their countries and not out of spleen or malevolent affection as being parties grieved. That my grants should be grievous to my people and oppressions to be privileged under colour of our patents, our kingly dignity shall not suffer it. Yea, when I heard it, I could give no rest unto my thoughts until I had reformed it. Shall they, think you, escape unpunished that have oppressed you, and have been respectless of their duty and regardless our honour? No, I assure you, Mr Speaker, were it not more for conscience' sake than for any glory or increase of love that I desire, these errors, troubles, vexations and oppressions done by these varlets and lewd persons not worthy of the name of subjects should not escape without condign punishment. But I perceive they dealt with me like physicians who, ministering a drug, make it more acceptable by giving it a good aromatical savour, or when they give pills do gild them all over.

I have ever used to set the Last Judgement Day before mine eyes and so to rule as I shall be judged to answer before a higher judge, and now if my kingly bounties have been abused and my grants turned to the hurt of my people contrary to my will and meaning, and if any in authority under me have neglected or perverted what I have committed to them, I hope God will not lay their culps and offenses in my charge. I know the title of a King is a glorious title, but assure yourself that the shining glory of princely authority hath not so dazzled the eyes of our understanding, but that we well know and remember that we also are to yield an account of our actions before the great judge. To be a king and wear a crown is a thing more glorious to them that see it than it is pleasant to them that bear it. For myself I was never so much enticed with the glorious name of a King or royal authority of a Queen as delighted that God hath made me his instrument to maintain his truth and glory and to defend his kingdom as I said from peril, dishonour, tyranny and oppression. There will never Queen sit in my seat with more zeal to my country, care to my subjects and that will sooner with willingness venture her life for your good and safety than myself. For it is my desire to live nor reign no longer than my life and reign shall be for your good. And though you have had, and may have, many princes more mighty and wise sitting in this seat, yet you never had nor shall have, any that will be more careful and loving.

For I, oh Lord, what am I, whom practices and perils past should not fear? Or what can I do? That I should speak for any glory, God forbid. And I pray to you Mr Comptroller, Mr Secretary and you of my Council, that before these gentlemen go into their countries, you bring them all to kiss my hand.

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2.25: Reading and Review Questions

1. “The doubt of future foes” takes as its subject a woman, Mary Queen of Scots, the “daughter of debate.” Does this poem attribute any womanly qualities to its subject? Why, or why not?

2. Many Elizabethan love poems lament and deplore the beloved who is often portrayed as deceptive and untrustworthy. How does “On Monsieur’s Departure” both repeat and reevaluate this depiction of a beloved woman? How does this depiction compare with that of Wyatt’s?

3. In the Elizabethan era, women were considered weak and passive. To what degree, if any, does “On Monsieur’s Departure” rely on this view, and why?

4. What virtues, if any, does Elizabeth attribute to herself in her “Golden Speech” (given to members of Parliament after she revoked patents that gave disproportionate wealth to their holders)? What societal values, if any, does she claim to uphold, and why?

5. What heroic qualities, if any, does Elizabeth attribute to herself in her poems, in her “Golden Speech,” and why?

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2.26: Edmund Spenser

(1552-1599)



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Although connected to a “house of auncient fame,” that of the Spencers of Althorpe, Northampton, Edmund Spenser entered Pembroke College, Cambridge as a poor scholar. There he benefitted from the Renaissance concept of the perfect courtier and studied Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, vernacular English, and vocal and instrumental music. He also acquired proper deportment by acting in annual plays performed for the court.

He published his first poetry while at Cambridge, including translations from Petrarch (1304-1374) and Joachim du Bellay (1522-1560). He also became friends with the poet and scholar Gabriel Harvey (c. 1552-1631) who later published his correspondence with Spenser and whom Spenser later portrayed as Hobinol in Shepheardes Calendar (1579). After earning his Master of Art degree, he returned to London where Harvey introduced Spenser to Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586) and secured him a place in the household of Robert Dudley, 1st Earl of Leicester (1532-1588). Although he may have traveled to various places, including Ireland—likely serving as private messenger to Leicester— Spenser spent most of his time at the homes of either Sidney or Leicester. Sidney’s Defense of Poesy as well as his Protestant advocacy seem especially to have influenced Spenser. And it is Sidney to whom Spenser dedicated his pastoral eclogue (classically-styled poem on a pastoral subject) Shepheardes Calendar.

This work was modeled on Greek, Italian, and French pastorals but was particularly indebted to Chaucer, as appears in its use of archaic language. It establishes and builds on the growing interest in native poetry. Interest in native, or vernacular, English literature was growing due to increased education, Renaissance learning, and increased nationalism. Spenser’s poetic fame grew as he circulated several of his poetic works among friends. For a short time, Spenser was a member of the “Areopagus,” a group of writers including Fulke Greville, 1st Baron Brooke (1554-162) that promoted English as a literary language. Among Spenser’s important contributions to this endeavor are the ABAB BCBC CDCD EE rhyme scheme of what came to be known as the Spenserian sonnet as well as the Spenserian stanza, comprising eight lines in iambic pentameter with the final line in iambic hexameter.

In 1580, Spenser was appointed private secretary by Arthur Grey, Baron Grey de Wilton (1536-1593), the new Lord Deputy, with whom Spenser traveled to Ireland. Grey actively suppressed Irish rebels and attempted to do the same to Roman Catholicism in Ireland. After Grey left Ireland, Spenser remained there as a civil servant, acquiring property in County Kildare, Cork, and Munster. Sir Walter Raleigh, who had extensive property in Munster, visited Spenser in 1589. Raleigh encouraged Spenser’s literary ambitions, and the two returned to London where Raleigh presented Spenser to Elizabeth I. In 1590, Spenser published the first installment of The Faerie Queene, dedicated to “the most mighty and magnificent Empresse Elizabeth, by the grace of God, Queene of England, France, and Ireland; Defender of the Faith, &c.” He prefaced his epic with sonnets commended to such important figures of his day as William Cecil, 1st Baron Burghley (1520-1598), Raleigh, and Mary (Sidney) Herbert, the Countess of Pembroke.

The Faerie Queene won Spenser immediate acclaim and a pension of fifty pounds a year, but not the preferment at Court to which he aspired. He returned to Ireland, to his duties as clerk, to the management of his estate, and to his writing. In 1594, he married Elizabeth Boyle, who was related to Sir Richard Boyle, later created the first Earl of Cork. The next year, Spenser commemorated his courtship and marriage in his Amoretti and Epithalamion, the latter after the classical celebration of a bride and bridegroom.

In 1596, he published the second instalment of The Faeirie Queene at the Stationers' Hall. The following year, Elizabeth I recommended him as Sheriff of Cork in Ireland. The tone of his Mutability Cantos, the last cantos of The Faerie Queene he wrote, was justified by the final events of his life. During Tyrone's Rebellion, his castle at Kilcolman was sacked and burnt to the ground. Spenser and his family escaped to Cork. He then traveled to Westminster with dispatches for Elizabeth I, including his own policy statement on the "recovery of the Realme of Ireland." Whatever role he may have played in that recovery was cut short by his death, following a sudden illness soon after his arrival in Westminster. He died on January 16, 1599. He was buried at Westminster Abbey, next to Chaucer.



Image 2.8 | *The Faerie Queene* Title Page
Artist | Edmund Spenser
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Envisaged as a national epic, The Faerie Queene draws on Arthurian legend and includes elements of romance, fable, and allegory. Although he completed only six of the twenty-four books he projected, Spenser seems to have offered a completed poem through which he declared himself to be a Poet, that is, his country's Virgil. Indeed, the body of Spenser's work as a whole follows Virgil's, who wrote in the order of the creation of the arts: pastoral, romances, and epics. The opening of The Faerie Queene echoes Virgil's Aeneid, as does also its overall structure with twelve cantos similar to the Aeneid's twelve books. Each book of the Faerie Queene is dedicated to a single virtue: Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, Friendship, Justice, and Courtesy. As a national epic, The Faerie Queene is also a religious and moral work, an embodiment of its dedicated virtues, the forms of which we cannot actually see. However, we can see beauty (with which we can fall in love), so Spenser presents these virtues as beauties, as abstract ideals made concrete.

Each book also has its own hero, beginning with the Redcrosse Knight, the knight of holiness. The technical hero is Prince Arthur, who connects with each book's hero, traveling through their lives and assisting them as he searches for his beloved, Gloriana, who first joined him in a dream. Prince Arthur represents the complete gentleman, for each virtue is magnified in him in the appropriate book, and at the epic's end, Arthur will be the perfect (or perfected) knight. The real virtue needed to read the epic is constancy, which is the virtue announced in the Mutability Cantos, the fragment that "completes" the epic.

The conception of the poem, the twelve virtues formed in Prince Arthur, is found in Sidney's Defense of Poesy which declares the intent of poetry to be making the reader virtuous. Prince Arthur models the perfect gentleman and courtier for England, and the grand intent and effect of Spenser's poem is to produce a similarly-perfected reader.

The Faerie Queene is also an allegory, writing in which the subject and object are both divided and brought together. One of the first people we meet in Book I, Canto I is a beautiful virgin named Una whose parents (Adam and Eve) are held captive by a dragon (death); Una represents Veiled Truth, and allegory is a form of Veiled Truth. The allegory in Canto I represents not only the one true (Protestant) church—that frees all sons of Adam and daughters of Eve from death—but also Spenser's literary art. The Redcrosse Knight mistakenly defends unveiled truth in the figure of (the Roman Catholic, Whore of Babylon) Duessa, the "two-faced," not-at-all virgin, false mirror of Una. Veiled and unveiled Truth thus represent how allegory can be two things at the same

time: truth and fiction (or “lie”). Like a labyrinth, this epic leads the reader past images and symbols of art to truth itself.

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2.27: from The Faerie Queene (Book I)

Book I

Canto I

The Patron of true Holinesse

foule Errour doth defeate;

Hypocrisie him to entrappe

oth to his home entreate.

I

A GENTLE Knight was pricking on the plaine,

Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,

Wherein old dints of deepe wounds did remaine,

The cruel markes of many'a bloudy fielde;

Yet armes till that time did he never wield:

His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,

As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:

Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,

As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

II

And on his brest a bloudie Crosse he bore,

The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,

For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,

And dead as living ever him ador'd:

Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,

For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had:

Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,

But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;

Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

III

Upon a great adventure he was bond,

That greatest Gloriana to him gave,

That greatest Glorious Queene of Faerie lond,

To winne him worship, and her grace to have,

Which of all earthly things he most did crave;

And ever as he rode, his hart did earne

To prove his puissance in battell brave

Upon his foe, and his new force to learne;

Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

IV

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,

Upon a lowly Asse more white then snow,

Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide

Under a vele, that wimpled was full low,

And over all a blacke stole she did throw,

As one that inly mournd: so was she sad,

And heavie sat upon her palfrey slow;

Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,

And by her in a line a milke white lambe she lad.

V

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,

She was in life and every vertuous lore,

And by descent from Royall lynage came

Of ancient Kings and Queenes, that had of yore

Their scepters stretcht from East to Westerne shore,

And all the world in their subjection held;

Till that infernall feend with foule uprore

Forwasted all their land, and them expeld:

Whom to avenge, she had this Knight from far compeld.

VI

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,

That lasie seemd in being ever last,

Or wearied with bearing of her bag

Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,

The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,

And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine

Did poure into his Lemans lap so fast,

That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain,

And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

VII

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,

A shadie grove not far away they spide,

That promist ayde the tempest to withstand:

Whose loftie trees yclad with sommers pride

Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,

Not perceable with power of any starre:

And all within were pathes and alleies wide,

With footing worne, and leading inward farre:

Faire harbour that them seemes; so in they entred arre.

VIII

And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,

Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,

Which therein shrouded from the tempest dred,

Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.

Much can they prayse the trees so straight and hy,

The sayling Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,

The vine-prop Elme, the Poplar never dry,

The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all,

The Aspine good for staves, the Cypresse funerall.

IX

The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours

And Poets sage, the firre that weepeth still,

The Willow worne of forlorne Paramours,

The Eugh obedient to the benders will,

The Birch for shaftes, the Sallow for the mill,

The Mirrhe sweete bleeding in the bitter wound,

The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,

The fruitfull Olive, and the Platane round,

The carver Holme, the Maple seeldom inward sound.

X

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,

Untill the blustring storme is overblowne;

When weening to returne, whence they did stray,

They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,

But wander too and fro in wayes unknowne,

Furthest from end then, when they neerest weene,

That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne:

So many pathes, so many turnings seene,

That which of them to take, in diverse doubt they been.

XI

At last resolving forward still to fare,

Till that some end they finde or in or out,

That path they take, that beaten seemd most bare,

And like to lead the labyrinth about;

Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,

At length it brought them to a hollow cave

Amid the thickest woods. The Champion stout

Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,

And to the Dwarfe awhile his needlesse spere he gave.

XII

Be well aware, quoth then that Ladie milde,

Least suddaine mischiefe ye too rash provoke:

The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,

Breedes dreadfull doubts: Oft fire is without smoke,

And perill without show: therefore your stroke,

Sir Knight, with-hold, till further triall made.

Ah Ladie, (said he) shame were to revoke

The forward footing for an hidden shade:

Vertue gives her selfe light, through darkenesse for to wade.

XIII

Yea but (quoth she) the perill of this place

I better wot then you, though now too late

To wish you backe returne with foule disgrace,

Yet wisedome warnes, whilest foot is in the gate,

To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate.

This is the wandring wood, this Errours den,

A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:

Therefore I read beware. Fly fly (quoth then

The fearefull Dwarfe) this is no place for living men.

XIV

But full of fire and greedy hardiment,

The youthfull knight could not for ought be staide,

But forth unto the darksome hole he went,

And looked in: his glistring armor made

A litle glooming light, much like a shade,

By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,

Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,

But th'other halfe did womans shape retaine,

Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdaine.

XV

And as she lay upon the durtie ground,

Her huge long taile her den all overspred,

Yet was in knots and many boughtes upwound,

Pointed with mortall sting. Of her there bred

A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,

Sucking upon her poisnous dugs, eachone

Of sundry shapes, yet all ill favored:

Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,

Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

XVI

Their dam upstart, out of her den effraide,

And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile

About her cursed head, whose folds displaid

Were stretcht now forth at length without entraile.

She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle

Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe;

For light she hated as the deadly bale,

Ay wont in desert darknesse to remaine,

Where plain none might her see, nor she see any plaine.

XVII

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiv'd, he lept

As Lyon fierce upon the flying pray,

And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept

From turning backe, and forced her to stay:

Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,

And turning fierce, her speckled taile advaunst,

Threatning her angry sting, him to dismay:

Who nought aghast his mightie hand enhaunst:

The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder glaunst.

XVIII

Much daunted with that dint, her sence was dazd,

Yet kindling rage, her selfe she gathered round,

And all attonce her beastly body raizd

With doubled forces high above the ground:

Tho wrapping up her wrethed sterne arownd,

Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine

All suddenly about his body wound,

That hand or foot to stirre he strove in vaine:

God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours endlesse traine.

XIX

His Lady sad to see his sore constraint,

Cride out, Now now Sir knight, shew what ye bee,

Add faith unto your force, and be not faint:

Strangle her, else she sure will strangle thee.

That when he heard, in great perplexitie,

His gall did grate for griefe and high disdaine,

And knitting all his force got one hand free,

Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great paine,

That soone to loose her wicked bands did her constraine.

XX

Therewith she spewd out of her filthy maw

A floud of poyson horrible and blacke,

Full of great lumpes of flesh and gobbets raw,

Which stunck so vildly, that it forst him slacke

His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe:

Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,

With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacke,

And creeping sought way in the weedy gras:

Her filthy parbreake all the place defiled has.

XXI

As when old father Nilus gins to swell

With timely pride above the Aegyptian vale,

His fattie waves do fertile slime outwell,

And overflow each plaine and lowly dale:

But when his later spring gins to avale,

Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherein there breed

Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male

And partly female of his fruitful seed;

Such ugly monstrous shapes elswhere may no man reed.

XXII

The same so sore annoyed has the knight,

That welnigh choked with the deadly stinke,

His forces faile, ne can no lenger fight.

Whose corage when the feend perceiv'd to shrinke,

She poured forth out of her hellish sinke

Her fruitfull cursed spawne of serpents small,

Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,

With swarming all about his legs did crall,

And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all.

XXIII

As gentle Shepheard in sweete even-tide,

When ruddy Phoebus gins to welke in west,

High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,

Markes which do byte their hasty supper best,

A cloud of combrous gnattes do him molest,

All striving to infixe their feeble stings,

That from their noyance he no where can rest,

But with his clownish hands their tender wings

He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

XXIV

Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame,

Then of the certeine perill he stood in,

Halfe furious unto his foe he came,

Resolv'd in minde all suddenly to win,

Or soone to lose, before he once would lin

And strooke at her with more then manly force,

That from her body full of filthie sin

He raft her hatefull head without remorse;

A streame of cole black bloud forth gushed from her corse.

XXV

Her scattred brood, soone as their Parent deare

They saw so rudely falling to the ground,

Groning full deadly, all with troublous feare,

Gathred themselves about her body round,

Weening their wonted entrance to have found

At her wide mouth: but being there withstood

They flocked all about her bleeding wound,

And sucked up their dying mothers blood,

Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

XXVI

That detestable sight him much amazde,

To see th' unkindly Impes, of heaven accurst,

Devoure their dam; on whom while so he gazd,

Having all satisfide their bloudy thurst,

Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse burst,

And bowels gushing forth: well worthy end

Of such as drunke her life, the which them nurst;

Now needeth him no lenger labour spend,

His foes have slaine themselves, with whom he should contend.

XXVII

His Ladie seeing all that chaunst, from farre

Approcht in hast to greet his victorie,

And said, Faire knight, borne under happy starre,

Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye:

Well worthie be you of that Armorie,

Wherin ye have great glory wonne this day,

And proov'd your strength on a strong enimie,

Your first adventure: many such I pray,

And henceforth ever wish that like succeed it may.

XXVIII

Then mounted he upon his Steede againe,
And with the Lady backward sought to wend;
That path he kept which beaten was most plaine,
Ne ever would to any by-way bend,
But still did follow one unto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brought.
So forward on his way (with God to frend)
He passed forth, and new adventure sought;
Long way he travelled, before he heard of ought.

XXIX

At length they chaunst to meet upon the way
An aged Sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray
And by his belt his booke he hanging had;
Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in shew, and voyde of malice bad,
And all the way he prayed, as he went,
And often knockt his brest, as one that did repent.

XXX

He faire the knight saluted, louting low,
Who faire him quited, as that courteous was:
And after asked him, if he did know
Of straunge adventures, which abroad did pas.
Ah my deare Sonne (quoth he) how should, alas,
Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
Bidding his beades all day for his trespas,
Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
With holy father sits not with such things to mell.

XXXI

But if of daunger which hereby doth dwell,

And homebred evil ye desire to heare,

Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,

That wasteth all this countrey farre and neare.

Of such (said he) I chiefly do inquere,

And shall you well reward to shew the place,

In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare:

For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,

That such a cursed creature lives so long a space.

XXXII

Far hence (quoth he) in wastfull wildernesse

His dwelling is, by which no living wight

May ever passe, but thorough great distresse.

Now (sayd the Lady) draweth toward night,

And well I wote, that of your later fight

Ye all forwearied be: for what so strong,

But wanting rest will also want of might?

The Sunne that measures heaven all day long,

At night doth baite his steedes the Ocean waves emong.

XXXIII

Then with the Sunne take Sir, your timely rest,

And with new day new worke at once begin:

Untroubled night they say gives counsell best.

Right well Sir knight ye have advised bin,

(Quoth then that aged man;) the way to win

Is wisely to advise: now day is spent;

Therefore with me ye may take up your In

For this same night. The knight was well content:

So with that godly father to his home they went.

XXXIV

A little lowly Hermitage it was,

Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,

Far from resort of people, that did pas

In travell to and froe: a little wyde

There was an holy Chappell edifyde,

Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to say

His holy things each morne and eventyde:

Thereby a Christall streame did gently play,

Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

XXXV

Arrived there, the little house they fill,

Ne looke for entertainement, where none was:

Rest is their feast, and all things at their will:

The noblest mind the best contentment has.

With faire discourse the evening so they pas:

For that old man of pleasing wordes had store,

And well could file his tongue as smooth as glas,

He told of Saintes and Popes, and evermore

He strowd an Ave-Mary after and before.

XXXVI

The drouping Night thus creepeth on them fast,

And the sad humour loading their eye liddes,

As messenger of Morpheus on them cast

Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleepe them biddes.

Unto their lodgings then his guestes he riddes:

Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,

He to this study goes, and there amiddes

His Magick bookes and artes of sundry kindes,

He seekes out mighty charmes, to trouble sleepy mindes.

XXXVII

Then choosing out few words most horrible,

(Let none them read) thereof did verses frame,

With which and other spelles like terrible,

He bad awake blacke Plutoes griesly Dame,

And cursed heaven and spake reprochfull shame

Of highest God, the Lord of life and light;

A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name

Great Gorgon, Prince of darknesse and dead night,

At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

XXXVIII

And forth he cald out of deepe darknesse dred

Legions of Sprights, the which like little flyes

Fluttring about his ever damned hed,

Awaite whereto their service he applyes,

To aide his friends, or fray his enimies:

Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,

And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes;

The one of them he gave a message too,

The other by him selfe staide other worke to doo.

XXXIX

He making speedy way through spersed ayre,

And through the world of waters wide and deepe,

To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire.

Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,

And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,

His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed

Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe

In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed,

Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spred.

XL

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,

The one faire fram'd of burnisht Yvory,

The other all with silver overcast;

And wakeful dogges before them farre do lye,

Watching to banish Care their enimy,

Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.

By them the Sprite doth passe in quietly,

And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe

In drowsie fit he findes: of nothing he takes keepe.

XLI

And more, to lulle him in his slumber soft,

A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,

And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,

Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne

Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a swowne:

No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,

As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,

Might there be heard: but carelesse Quiet lyes,

Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enemyes.

XLII

The messenger approching to him spake,

But his wast wordes returnd to him in vaine:

So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.

Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine

Whereat he gan to stretch: but he againe

Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.

As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine

Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,

He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

XLIII

The Sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,

And threatned unto him the dreaded name

Of Hecate: whereat he gan to quake,

And lifting up his lumpish head, with blame

Halfe angry asked him, for what he came.

Hither (quoth he) me Archimago sent,

He that the stubborne Sprites can wisely tame,

He bids thee to him send for his intent

A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers sent.

XLIV

The God obayde, and, calling forth straightway

A diverse dreame out of his prison darke,

Delivered it to him, and downe did lay

His heavie head, devoide of carefull carke,

Whose sences all were straight benumbed and starke.

He backe returning by the Yvorie dore,

Remounted up as light as chearefull Larke,

And on his litle winges the dreame he bore

In hast unto his Lord, where he him left afore.

XLV

Who all this while with charmes and hidden artes,

Had made a Lady of that other Spright,

And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes

So lively, and so like in all mens sight,

That weaker sence it could have ravisht quight:

The maker selfe, for all his wondrous witt,

Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight:

Her all in white he clad, and over it

Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for Una fit.

XLVI

Now when that ydle dreame was to him brought,

Unto that Elfin knight he bad him fly,

Where he slept soundly void of evill thought,

And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,

In sort as he him schooled privily:

And that new creature, borne without her dew,

Full of the makers guile, with usage sly

He taught to imitate that Lady trew,

Whose semblance she did carrie under feigned hew.

XLVII

Thus well instructed, to their worke they hast,

And coming where the knight in slomber lay,

The one upon his hardy head him plast

And made him dreame of loves and lustfull play,

That nigh his manly hart did melt away,

Bathed in wanton blis and wicked joy:

Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,

And to him playnd, how that false winged boy,

Her chast hart had subdewd, to learne Dame Pleasures toy.

XLVIII

And she herselfe of beautie soveraigne Queene,

Fayre Venus seemde unto his bed to bring

Her, whom he waking evermore did weene,

To bee the chastest flowre, that ay did spring

On earthly braunch, the daughter of a king,

Now a loose Leman to vile service bound:

And eke the Graces seemed all to sing,

Hymen Iö Hymen dauncing all around,

Whilst freshest Flora her with Yvie girlond crownd.

XLIX

In this great passion of unwonted lust,

Or wonted feare of doing ought amis,

He started up, as seeming to mistrust

Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his:

Lo there before his face his Lady is,

Under blake stole hyding her bayted hooke;

And as halfe blushing offred him to kis,

With gentle blandishment and lovely looke,

Most like that virgin true, which for her knight him took.

L

All cleane dismayd to see so uncouth sight,

And half enraged at her shamelesse guise,

He thought have slaine her in his fierce despight:

But hasty heat tempring with suffrance wise,

He stayde his hand, and gan himselfe advise

To prove his sense, and tempt her faigned truth.

Wringing her hands in womans pitteous wise,

Tho can she weepe, to stirre up gentle ruth,

Both for her noble bloud, and for her tender youth.

LI

And said, Ah Sir, my liege Lord and my love,

Shall I accuse the hidden cruell fate,

And mightie causes wrought in heaven above,

Or the blind God, that doth me thus amate,

For hoped love to winne me certaine hate?

Yet thus perforce he bids me do, or die.

Die is my dew; yet rew my wretched state

You, whom my hard avenging destinie

Hath made judge of my life or death indifferently.

LII

Your owne deare sake forst me at first to leave

My Fathers kingdome—There she stopt with teares;

Her swollen hart her speech seemd to bereave,

And then againe begun; My weaker yeares

Captiv'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares,

Fly to your fayth for succour and sure ayde:

Let me not dye in languor and long teares.

Why Dame (quoth he) what hath ye thus dismayd?

What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort me affrayd?

LIII

Love of your selfe, she saide, and deare constraint,

Lets me not sleepe, but wast the wearie night

In secret anguish and unpittied plaint,

Whiles you in carelesse sleepe are drowned quight.

Her doubtfull words made that redoubted knight

Suspect her truth: yet since no' untruth he knew,

Her fawning love with foule disdainefull spight

He would not shend; but said, Deare dame I rew,

That for my sake unknowne such griefe unto you grew.

LIV

Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground;

For all so deare as life is to my hart,

I deeme your love, and hold me to you bound:

Ne let vaine feares procure your needlesse smart,

Where cause is none, but to your rest depart.

Not all content, yet seemd she to appease

Her mournefull plaintes, beguiled of her art,

And fed with words that could not chuse but please,

So slyding softly forth, she turned as to her ease.

LV

Long after lay he musing at her mood,

Much griev'd to thinke that gentle Dame so light,

For whose defence he was to shed his blood.

At last, dull wearinesse of former fight

Having yrockt asleepe his irkesome spright,

That troublous dreame gan freshly tosse his braine,

With bowres, and beds, and Ladies deare delight:

But when he saw his labour all was vaine,

With that misformed spright he backe returnd againe.

Canto II

The guilefull great Enchaunter parts

the Redcrosse Knight from truth,

Into whose stead faire Falshood steps,

and workes him wofull ruth.

I

BY this the Northerne wagoner had set

His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast starre,

That was in Ocean waves yet never wet,

But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre

To all that in the wide deepe wandring arre:

And chearefull Chaunticlere with his note shrill

Had warned once, that Phœbus fiery carre

In hast was climbing up the Easterne hill,

Full envious that night so long his roome did fill.

II

When those accursed messengers of hell,

That feigning dreame, and that faire-forged Spright

Came to their wicked maister, and gan tell

Their bootelesse paines, and ill succeeding night:

Who all in rage to see his skilfull might

Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine

And sad Proserpines wrath, them to affright.

But when he saw his threatning was but vaine,

He cast about, and searcht his baleful bookes againe.

III

Eftsoones he tooke that miscreated faire,

And that false other Spright, on whom he spred

A seeming body of the subtile aire,

Like a young Squire, in loves and lustybed

His wanton dayes that ever loosely led,

Without regard of armes and dreaded fight:

Those two he tooke, and in a secret bed,

Coverd with darknesse and misdeeming night,

Them both together laid, to joy in vaine delight.

IV

Forthwith he runnes with feigned faithfull hast

Unto his guest, who after troublous sights

And dreames, gan now to take more sound repast,

Whom suddenly he wakes with fearfull frights,

As one aghast with feends or damned sprights,

And to him cals, Rise, rise, unhappy Swaine

That here wex old in sleepe, whiles wicked wights

Have knit themselves in Venus shameful chaine,

Come see where your false Lady doth her honour staine.

V

All in amaze he suddenly upstart

With sword in hand, and with the old man went

Who soone him brought into a secret part

Where that false couple were full closely ment

In wanton lust and leud embracement:

Which when he saw, he burnt with gealous fire,

The eye of reason was with rage yblent,

And would have slaine them in his furious ire,

But hardly was restreined of that aged sire.

VI

Returning to his bed in torment great,

And bitter anguish of his guiltie sight,

He could not rest, but did his stout heart eat,

And wast his inward gall with deepe despight,

Yrkesome of life, and too long lingring night.

At last faire Hesperus in highest skie

Had spent his lampe and brought forth dawning light,

Then up he rose, and clad him hastily;

The Dwarfe him brought his steed: so both away do fly.

VII

Now when the rosy-fingred Morning faire,

Weary of aged Tithones saffron bed,

Had spread her purple robe through deawy aire,

And the high hils Titan discovered,

The royall virgin shooke off drowsy-hed;

And rising forth out of her baser bowre,

Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,

And for her Dwarfe, that wont to wait each houre:

Then gan she waile and weepe, to see that woefull stowre.

VIII

And after him she rode with so much speede

As her slow beast could make; but all in vaine:

For him so far had borne his light-foot steede,

Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdaine,

That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine;

Yet she her weary limbes would never rest,

But every hill and dale, each wood and plaine,

Did search, sore grieved in her gentle brest,

He so ungently left her, whom she loved best.

IX

But subtill Archimago, when his guests

He saw divided into double parts,

And Una wandring in woods and forrests,

Th' end of his drift, he praisd his divelish arts,

That had such might over true meaning harts:

Yet rests not so, but other meanes doth make,

How he may worke unto her further smarts:

For her he hated as the hissing snake,

And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

X

He then devisde himselfe how to disguise;

For by his mightie science he could take

As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,

As ever Proteus to himselfe could make:

Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,

Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell,

That of himselfe he ofte for feare would quake,

And oft would flie away. O who can tell

The hidden power of herbes and might of Magicke spell?

XI

But now seemde best the person to put on

Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest:

In mighty armes he was yclad anon:

And silver shield, upon his coward brest

A bloudy crosse, and on his craven crest

A bounch of haires discolourd diversly:

Full jolly knight he seemde, and well addrest,

And when he sate upon his courser free,

Saint George himself ye would have deemed him to be.

XII

But he the knight, whose semblaunt he did beare,

The true Saint George, was wandred far away,

Still flying from his thoughts and gealous feare;

Will was his guide, and griefe led him astray.

At last him chaunst to meete upon the way

A faithless Sarazin all arm'd to point,

In whose great shield was writ with letters gay

Sans foy: full large of limbe and every joint

He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

XIII

He had a faire companion of his way,

A goodly Lady clad in scarlot red,

Purfled with gold and pearle of rich assay,

And like a Persian mitre on her hed

She wore, with crowns and owches garnished,

The which her lavish lovers to her gave;

Her wanton palfrey all was overspred

With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,

Whose bridle rung with golden bels and bosses brave.

XIV

With faire disport and courting dalliaunce

She intertainde her lover all the way:

But when she saw the knight his speare advaunce,

She soone left off her mirth and wanton play,

And bade her knight addresse him to the fray:

His foe was nigh at hand. He prickt with pride

And hope to winne his Ladies heart that day,

Forth spurred fast: adowne his coursers side

The red bloud trickling staind the way, as he did ride.

XV

The knight of the Redcrosse when him he spide,

Spurring so hote with rage dispiteous,

Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride:

Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,

That daunted with their forces hideous,

Their steeds do stagger, and amazed stand,

And eke themselves, too rudely rigorous,

Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand

Doe backe rebut, and each to other yeeldeth land.

XVI

As when two rams stird with ambitious pride,

Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flocke,

Their horned fronts so fierce on either side

Do meete, that with the terrour of the shocke

Astonied both, stand sencelesse as a blocke,

Forgetfull of the hanging victory:

So stood these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,

Both staring fierce, and holding idely

The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

XVII

The Sarazin sore daunted with the buffe

Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies;

Who well it wards, and quyteth cuff with cuff:

Each others equall puissaunce envies,

And through their iron sides with cruell spies

Does seeke to perce: repining courage yields

No foote to foe. The flashing fier flies

As from a forge out of their burning shields,

And streams of purple bloud new dies the verdant fields.

XVIII

Curse on that Crosse (quoth then the Sarazin),

That keepes thy body from the bitter fit;

Dead long ygoe I wote thou haddest bin,

Had not that charme from thee forwarned it:

But yet I warne thee now assured sitt,

And hide thy head. Therewith upon his crest

With rigour so outrageous he smitt,

That a large share it hewd out of the rest,

And glauncing down his shield from blame him fairly blest.

XIX

Who thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark

Of native vertue gan eftsoones revive,

And at his haughtie helmet making mark,

So hugely stroke, that it the steele did rive,

And cleft his head. He tumbling downe alive,

With bloudy mouth his mother earth did kis.

Greeting his grave: his grudging ghost did strive

With the fraile flesh; at last it flitted is,

Whither the soules do fly of men that live amis.

XX

The Lady when she saw her champion fall,

Like the old ruines of a broken towre,

Staid not to waile his woefull funerall,

But from him fled away with all her powre;

Who after her as hastily gan scowre,

Bidding the Dwarfe with him to bring away

The Sarazins shield, signe of the conqueroure.

Her soone he overtooke, and bad to stay,

For present cause was none of dread her to dismay.

XXI

She turning backe with ruefull countenaunce,

Cride, Mercy mercy Sir vouchsafe to show

On silly Dame, subject to hard mischaunce,

And to your mighty will. Her humblesse low

In so ritch weedes and seeming glorious show,

Did much emmove his stout heroicke heart,

And said, Deare dame, your suddin overthrow

Much rueth me; but now put feare apart,

And tell, both who ye be, and who that tooke your part.

XXII

Melting in teares, then gan she thus lament;

The wretched woman, whom unhappy howre

Hath now made thrall to your commandement,

Before that angry heavens list to lowre,

And fortune false betraide me to your powre,

Was, (O what now availeth that I was!)

Borne the sole daughter of an Emperour,

He that the wide West under his rule has,

And high hath set his throne, where Tiberis doth pas.

XXIII

He in the first flowre of my freshest age,

Betrothed me unto the onely haire

Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage;

Was never Prince so faithfull and so faire,

Was never Prince so meeke and debonaire;

But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,

My dearest Lord fell from high honours staire

Into the hands of his accursed fone,

And cruelly was slaine, that shall I ever mone.

XXIV

His blessed body spoild of lively breath,

Was afterward, I know not how, convaid

And fro me hid: of whose most innocent death

When tidings came to me, unhappy maid,

O how great sorrow my sad soule assaid.

Then forth I went his woefull corse to find,

And many yeares throughout the world I straid,

A virgin widow, whose deepe wounded mind

With love long time did languish as the striken hind.

XXV

At last it chaunced this proud Sarazin

To meete me wandring, who perforce me led

With him away, but yet could never win

The Fort, that Ladies hold in soveraigne dread;

There lies he now with foule dishonour dead,

Who whiles he livde, was called proud Sansfoy,

The eldest of three brethren, all three bred

Of one bad sire, whose youngest is Sansjoy;

And twixt them both was born the bloudy bold Sansloy.

XXVI

In this sad plight, friendlesse, unfortunate,

Now miserable I Fidessa dwell,

Craving of you in pitty of my state,

To do none ill, if please ye not do well.

He in great passion all this while did dwell,

More busying his quicke eyes, her face to view,

Then his dull eares, to heare what she did tell;

And said, Faire Lady hart of flint would rew

The undeserved woes and sorrowes which ye shew.

XXVII

Henceforth in safe assuraunce may ye rest,

Having both found a new friend you to aid,

And lost an old foe that did you molest:

Better new friend then an old foe is said.

With chaunge of cheare the seeming simple maid

Let fall her eyen, as shamefast to the earth,

And yeelding soft, in that she nought gain-said,

So forth they rode, he feining seemely merth,

And she coy lookes: so dainty they say maketh derth.

XXVIII

Long time they thus together traveiled,

Till weary of their way, they came at last

Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did spred

Their armes abroad, with gray mosse overcast,

And their greene leaves trembling with every blast,

Made a calme shadow far in compasse round:

The fearfull Shepheard often there aghast

Under them never sat, ne wont there sound

His mery oaten pipe, but shund th' unlucky ground.

XXIX

But this good knight soone as he them can spie,

For the cool shade him thither hastly got:

For golden Phœbus now ymounted hie,

From fiery wheeles of his faire chariot

Hurled his beame so scorching cruell hot,

That living creature mote it not abide;

And his new Lady it endured not.

There they alight, in hope themselves to hide

From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.

XXX

Faire seemely pleasaunce each to other makes,

With goodly purposes there as they sit:

And in his falsed fancy he her takes

To be the fairest wight that lived yit;

Which to expresse he bends his gentle wit,

And thinking of those braunches greene to frame

A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,

He pluckt a bough; out of whose rift there came

Small drops of gory bloud, that trickled down the same.

XXXI

Therewith a piteous yelling voyce was heard,

Crying, O spare with guilty hands to teare

My tender sides in this rough rynd embard,

But fly, ah fly far hence away, for feare

Least to you hap, that happened to me heare,

And to this wretched Lady, my deare love,

O too deare love, love bought with death too deare.

Astond he stood, and up his haire did hove,

And with that suddein horror could no member move.

XXXII

At last whenas the dreadfull passion

Was overpast, and manhood well awake,

Yet musing at the straunge occasion,

And doubting much his sence, he thus bespake;

What voyce of damned Ghost from Limbo lake,

Or guilefull spright wandring in empty aire,

Both which fraile men do oftentimes mistake,

Sends to my doubtfull eares these speaches rare,

And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse bloud to spare?

XXXIII

Then groning deepe, Nor damned Ghost, (quoth he,)

Nor guileful sprite to thee these wordes doth speake,

But once a man Fradubio, now a tree,

Wretched man, wretched tree; whose nature weake

A cruell witch her cursed will to wreake,

Hath thus transformd, and plast in open plaines,

Where Boreas doth blow full bitter bleake,

And scorching Sunne does dry my secret vaines:

For though a tree I seeme, yet cold and heat me paines.

XXXIV

Say on Fradubio then, or man, or tree,

Quoth then the knight, by whose mischievous arts

Art thou misshaped thus, as now I see?

He oft finds med'cine, who his griefe imparts;

But double griefs afflict concealing harts,

As raging flames who striveth to suppresse.

The author then (said he) of all my smarts,

Is one Duessa a false sorceresse,

That many errant knights hath brought to wretchednesse.

XXXV

In prime of youthly yeares, when corage hot

The fire of love and joy of chevalree

First kindled in my brest, it was my lot

To love this gentle Lady, whom ye see,

Now not a Lady, but a seeming tree;

With whom as once I rode accompanyde,

Me chaunced of a knight encountred bee,

That had a like faire Lady by his syde,

Like a faire Lady, but did fowle Duessa hyde.

XXXVI

Whose forged beauty he did take in hand,

All other Dames to have exceeded farre;

I in defence of mine did likewise stand,

Mine, that did then shine as the Morning starre.

So both to battell fierce arraunged arre,

In which his harder fortune was to fall

Under my speare: such is the dye of warre:

His Lady left as a prise martiall,

Did yield her comely person to be at my call.

XXXVII

So doubly lov'd of Ladies unlike faire,

Th' one seeming such, the other such indeede,

One day in doubt I cast for to compare,

Whether in beauties glorie did exceede;

A Rosy girlond was the victors meede:

Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to bee,

So hard the discord was to be agreede.

Fraelissa was as faire, as faire mote bee,

And ever false Duessa seemde as faire as shee.

XXXVIII

The wicked witch now seeing all this while

The doubtfull ballaunce equally to sway,

What not by right, she cast to win by guile,

And by her hellish science raisd streightway

A foggy mist, that overcast the day,

And a dull blast, that breathing on her face,

Dimmed her former beauties shining ray,

And with foule ugly forme did her disgrace:

Then was she faire alone, when none was faire in place.

XXXIX

Then cride she out, Fye, fye, deformed wight,

Whose borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine

To have before bewitched all mens sight;

O leave her soone, or let her soone be slaine.

Her loathly visage viewing with disdaine,

Eftsoones I thought her such, as she me told,

And would have kild her; but with faigned paine

The false witch did my wrathfull hand with-hold;

So left her, where she now is turnd to treen mould.

XL

Then forth I tooke Duessa for my Dame,

And in the witch unweeting joyd long time,

Ne ever wist but that she was the same,

Till on a day (that day is every Prime,

When Witches wont do penance for their crime)

I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,

Bathing her selfe in origane and thyme:

A filthy foule old woman I did vew,

That ever to have toucht her I did deadly rew.

XLI

Her neather parts misshapen, monstruous,

Were hidd in water, that I could not see.

But they did seeme more foule and hideous,

Then womans shape man would beleeve to bee.

Thensforth from her most beastly companie

I gan refraine, in minde to slip away,

Soone as appeard safe opportunitie:

For danger great, if not assur'd decay,

I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to stray.

XLII

The divelish hag by chaunges of my cheare

Perceiv'd my thought, and drownd in sleepie night,

With wicked herbs and ointments did besmeare

My body all, through charms and magicke might,

That all my senses were bereaved quight:

Then brought she me into this desert waste,

And by my wretched lovers side me pight,

Where now enclosd in wooden wals full faste,

Banisht from living wights, our wearie dayes we waste.

XLIII

But how long time, said then the Elfin knight,

Are you in this misformed house to dwell?

We may not chaunge (quoth he) this evil plight,

Till we be bathed in a living well; That is the terme prescribed by the spell.

O how, said he, mote I that well out find,

That may restore you to your wonted well?

Time and suffised fates to former kynd

Shall us restore, none else from hence may us unbynd.

XLIV

The false Duessa, now Fidessa hight,

Heard how in vaine Fradubio did lament,

And knew well all was true. But the good knight

Full of sad feare and ghastly dreriment,

When all this speech the living tree had spent,

The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,

That from the bloud he might be innocent,

And with fresh clay did close the wooden wound:

Then turning to his Lady, dead with feare her found.

XLV

Her seeming dead he found with feigned feare,

As all unweeting of that well she knew,

And paynd himselfe with busie care to reare

Her out of carelesse swowne. Her eyelids blew

And dimmed sight with pale and deadly hew

At last she up gan lift: with trembling cheare

Her up he tooke, too simple and too trew,

And oft her kist. At length all passed feare,

He set her on her steede, and forward forth did beare.

Canto III

Forsaken Truth long seekes her love,

and makes the Lyon mylde,

Marres blind Devotions mart, and fals

in hand of leachour vylde.

I

NOUGHT is there under heav'ns wide hollownesse,

That moves more deare compassion of mind,

Then beautie brought t' unworthy wretchednesse

Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes unkind.

I, whether lately through her brightnesse blind,

Or through alleageance and fast fealtie,

Which I do owe unto all woman kind,

Feele my hart perst with so great agonie,

When such I see, that all for pittie I could die.

II

And now it is empassioned so deepe,

For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,

That my fraile eyes these lines with teares do steepe,

To thinke how she through guilefull handeling,

Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,

Though faire as ever living wight was faire,

Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,

Is from her knight divorced in despaire,

And her due loves deriv'd to that vile witches share.

III

Yet she most faithfull Ladie all this while

Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd

Far from all peoples prease, as in exile,

In wildernesse and wastfull deserts strayd,

To seeke her knight; who subtilly betrayd

Through that late vision, which th' Enchaunter wrought,

Had her abandond. She of nought affrayd,

Through woods and wastnesse wide him daily sought;

Yet wished tydings none of him unto her brought.

IV

One day nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,

From her unhastie beast she did alight,

And on the grasse her daintie limbes did lay

In secret shadow, farre from all mens sight:

From her faire head her fillet she undight,

And laid her stole aside. Her angels face

As the great eye of heaven shyned bright,

And made a sunshine in the shadie place;

Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

V

It fortuned out of the thickest wood

A ramping Lyon rushed suddainly,

Hunting full greedy after salvage blood;

Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,

With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,

To have attonce devourd her tender corse:

But to the pray when as he drew more ny,

His bloody rage asswaged with remorse,

And with the sight amazd, forgat his furious forse.

VI

In stead thereof he kist her wearie feet,

And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,

As he her wronged innocence did weet.

O how can beautie maister the most strong,

And simple truth subdue avenging wrong?

Whose yeelded pride and proud submission,

Still dreading death, when she had marked long,

Her hart gan melt in great compassion,

And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

VII

The Lyon Lord of every beast in field,

Quoth she, his princely puissance doth abate,

And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,

Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late

Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate:

But he my Lyon, and my noble Lord,

How does he find in cruell hart to hate,

Her that him lov'd, and ever most adord,

As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?

VIII

Redounding teares did choke th' end of her plaint,

Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood;

And sad to see her sorrowfull constraint

The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;

With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.

At last in close hart shutting up her paine,

Arose the virgin borne of heavenly brood,

And to her snowy Palfrey got againe,

To seeke her strayed Champion, if she might attaine.

IX

The Lyon would not leave her desolate,

But with her went along, as a strong gard

Of her chast person, and a faithfull mate

Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:

Still when she slept, he kept both watch and ward,

And when she wakt, he waited diligent,

With humble service to her will prepard:

From her faire eyes he tooke commaundement,

And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

X

Long she thus traveiled through deserts wyde,

By which she thought her wandring knight shold pas,

Yet never shew of living wight espyde;

Till that at length she found the troden gras,

In which the tract of peoples footing was,

Under the steepe foot of a mountaine hore;

The same she followes, till at last she has

A damzell spyde slow footing her before,

That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

XI

To whom approching she to her gan call,

To weet, if dwelling place were nigh at hand;

But the rude wench her answerd nought at all;

She could not heare, nor speake, nor understand;

Till seeing by her side the Lyon stand,

With suddaine feare her pitcher downe she threw,

And fled away: for never in that land

Face of faire Ladie she before did vew,

And that dread Lyons looke her cast in deadly hew.

XII

Full fast she fled, ne never lookt behynd,

As if her life upon the wager lay,

And home she came, whereas her mother blynd

Sate in eternall night: nought could she say,

But suddaine catching hold, did her dismay

With quaking hands, and other signes of feare;

Who full of ghastly fright and cold affray,

Gan shut the dore. By this arrived there

Dame Una, wearie Dame, and entrance did requere.

XIII

Which when none yeelded, her unruly Page

With his rude claws the wicket open rent,

And let her in; where of his cruell rage

Nigh dead with feare, and faint astonishment,

She found them both in darkesome corner pent;

Where that old woman day and night did pray

Upon her beads devoutly penitent;

Nine hundred Pater nosters every day,

And thrise nine hundred Aves she was wont to say.

XIV

And to augment her painefull pennance more,

Thrise every weeke in ashes she did sit,

And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore,

And thrise three times did fast from any bit:

But now for feare her beads she did forget.

Whose needlesse dread for to remove away,

Faire Una framed words and count'nance fit:

Which hardly doen, at length she gan them pray,

That in their cotage small that night she rest her may.

XV

The day is spent, and commeth drowsie night,

When every creature shrowded is in sleepe;

Sad Una downe her laies in wearie plight,

And at her feete the Lyon watch doth keepe:

In stead of rest, she does lament, and weepe

For the late losse of her deare loved knight,

And sighes, and grones, and ever more does steepe

Her tender brest in bitter teares all night,

All night she thinks too long, and often lookes for light.

XVI

Now when Aldeboran was mounted hie

Above the shynie Cassiopeias chaire,

And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lie,

One knocked at the dore, and in would fare;

He knocked fast, and often curst, and sware,

That readie entrance was not at his call:

For on his backe a heavy load he bare

Of nightly stelths, and pillage severall,

Which he had got abroad by purchase criminall.

XVII

He was, to weete, a stout and sturdy thiefe,

Wont to robbe Churches of their ornaments,

And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,

Which given was to them for good intents;

The holy Saints of their rich vestiments

He did disrobe, when all men carelesse slept,

And spoild the Priests of their habiliments,

Whiles none the holy things in safety kept;

Then he by conning sleights in at the window crept.

XVIII

And all that he by right or wrong could find,

Unto this house he brought, and did bestow

Upon the daughter of this woman blind,

Abessa, daughter of Corceca slow,

With whom he whoredome usd, that few did know,

And fed her fat with feast of offerings,

And plentie, which in all the land did grow;

Ne spared he to give her gold and rings:

And now he to her brought part of his stolen things.

XIX

Thus long the dore with rage and threats he bet,

Yet of those fearfull women none durst rize,

The Lyon frayed them, him in to let:

He would no longer stay him to advize,

But open breakes the dore in furious wize,

And entring is; when that disdainfull beast

Encountring fierce, him suddaine doth surprize,

And seizing cruell clawes on trembling brest,

Under his Lordly foot him proudly hath suppress.

XX

Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,

His bleeding hart is in the vengers hand,

Who streight him rent in thousand peeces small,

And quite dismembred hath: the thirsty land

Drunke up his life; his corse left on the strand.

His fearefull friends weare out the wofull night,

Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to understand

The heavie hap, which on them is alight,

Affraid, least to themselves the like mishappen might.

XXI

Now when broad day the world discovered has,

Up Una rose, up rose the Lyon eke,

And on their former journey forward pas,

In wayes unknowne, her wandring knight to seeke,

With paines farre passing that long wandring Greeke,

That for his love refused deitie;

Such were the labours of his Lady meeke,

Still seeking him, that from her still did flie;

Then furthest from her hope, when most she weened nie.

XXII

Soone as she parted thence, the fearfull twaine,

That blind old woman and her daughter deare,

Came forth, and finding Kirkrapine there slaine, .

For anguish great they gan to rend their heare,

And beat their brests, and naked flesh to teare.

And when they both had wept and wayld their fill,

Then forth they ran like two amazed deare,

Halfe mad through malice, and revenging will,

To follow her, that was the causer of their ill.

XXIII

Whom overtaking, they gan loudly bray,

With hollow howling, and lamenting cry,

Shamefully at her rayling all the way,

And her accusing of dishonesty,

That was the flowre of faith and chastity;

And still amidst her rayling, she did pray,

That plagues, and mischiefs, and long misery

Might fall on her, and follow all the way,

And that in endlesse error she might ever stray.

XXIV

But when she saw her prayers nought prevaile,

She backe returned with some labour lost;

And in the way as shee did weepe and waile,

A knight her met in mighty armes embost,

Yet knight was not for all his bragging bost,

But subtill Archimag, that Una sought

By traynes into new troubles to have tost:

Of that old woman tidings he besought,

If that of such a Ladie she could tellen ought.

XXV

Therewith she gan her passion to renew,

And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her heare,

Saying, that harlot she too lately knew,

That caused her shed so many a bitter teare,

And so forth told the story of her feare:

Much seemed he to mone her haplesse chaunce,

And after for that Ladie did inquere;

Which being taught, he forward gan advaunce

His fair enchaunted steed, and eke his charmed launce.

XXVI

Ere long he came where Una traveild slow,

And that wilde Champion wayting her besyde:

Whom seeing such, for dread he durst not show

Himselfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde

Unto an hill; from whence when she him spyde,

By his like seeming shield, her knight by name

She weend it was, and towards him gan ryde:

Approaching nigh, she wist it was the same,

And with faire fearefull humblesse towards him shee came:

XXVII

And weeping said, Ah my long lacked Lord,

Where have ye bene thus long out of my sight?

Much feared I to have bene quite abhord,

Or ought have done, that ye displeasen might,

That should as death unto my deare heart light:

For since mine eye your joyous sight did mis,

My chearefull day is turnd to chearelesse night,

And eke my night of death the shadow is;

But welcome now my light, and shining lampe of blis.

XXVIII

He thereto meeting said, My dearest Dame,

Farre be it from your thought, and fro my will,

To thinke that knighthood I so much should shame,

As you to leave, that have me loved still,

And chose in Faery court of meere goodwill,

Where noblest knights were to be found on earth:

The earth shall sooner leave her kindly skill,

To bring forth fruit, and make eternall derth,

Then I leave you, my liefe, yborne of heavenly berth.

XXIX

And sooth to say, why I left you so long,

Was for to seeke adventure in strange place,

Where Archimago said a felon strong

To many knights did daily worke disgrace;

But knight he now shall never more deface:

Good cause of mine excuse; that mote ye please

Well to accept, and evermore embrace

My faithfull service, that by land and seas

Have vowd you to defend: now then your plaint appease

XXX

His lovely words her seemd due recompence

Of all her passed paines: one loving howre

For many yeares of sorrow can dispence:

A dram of sweet is worth a pound of sowre:

She has forgot, how many a woful stowre

For him she late endurd; she speakes no more

Of past: true is, that true love hath no powre

To looken backe; his eyes be fixt before.

Before her stands her knight, for whom she toyld so sore.

XXXI

Much like, as when the beaten marinere,

That long hath wandred in the Ocean wide,

Oft soust in swelling Tethys saltish teare,

And long time having tand his tawney hide

With blustring breath of heaven, that none can bide,

And scorching flames of fierce Orions hound,

Soone as the port from farre he has espide,

His chearefull whistle merrily doth sound,

And Nereus crownes with cups; his mates him pledg around.

XXXII

Such joy made Una, when her knight she found;

And eke th' enchaunter joyous seemd no lesse,

Then the glad marchant, that does vew from ground

His ship farre come from watrie wildernesse,

He hurles out vowes, and Neptune oft doth blesse:

So forth they past, and all the way they spent

Discoursing of her dreadful late distresse,

In which he askt her, what the Lyon ment:

Who told her all that fell in journey as she went.

XXXIII

They had not ridden farre, when they might see

One pricking towards them with hastie heat,

Full strongly armd, and on a courser free,

That through his fiercenesse fomed all with sweat,

And the sharpe yron did for anger eat,

When his hot ryder spurd his chauffed side;

His looke was sterne, and seemed still to threat

Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hyde,

And on his shield Sans loy in bloudie lines was dyde

XXXIV

When nigh he drew unto this gentle payre

And saw the Red-crosse, which the knight did beare,

He burnt in fire, and gan eftsoones prepare

Himselfe to battell with his couched speare.

Loth was that other, and did faint through feare,

To taste th' untryed dint of deadly steele;

But yet his Lady did so well him cheare,

That hope of new goodhap he gan to feele;

So bent his speare, and spurd his horse with yron heele.

XXXV

But that proud Paynim forward came so fierce,

And full of wrath, that with his sharp-head speare,

Through vainly crossed shield he quite did pierce,

And had his staggering steede not shrunke for feare,

Through shield and bodie eke he should him beare:

Yet so great was the puissance of his push,

That from his saddle quite he did him beare:

He tombling rudely downe to ground did rush,

And from his gored wound a well of bloud did gush.

XXXVI

Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,

He to him lept, in mind to reave his life,

And proudly said, Lo there the worthie meed

Of him that slew Sansfoy with bloudie knife;

Henceforth his ghost freed from repining strife,

In peace may passen over Lethe lake,

When mourning altars purgd with enemies life,

The blacke infernall Furies doen aslake:

Life from Sansfoy thou tookst, Sansloy shall from thee take.

XXXVII

Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,

Till Una cried, O hold that heavie hand,

Deare Sir, what ever that thou be in place:

Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquisht stand

Now at thy mercy: Mercie not withstand:

For he is one the truest knight alive,

Though conquered now he lie on lowly land,

And whilest him fortune favourd, faire did thrive

In bloudie field: therefore of life him not deprive.

XXXVIII

Her piteous words might not abate his rage,

But rudely rending up his helmet, would

Have slaine him straight: but when he sees his age,

And hoarie head of Archimago old,

His hasty hand he doth amazed hold,

And halfe ashamed, wondred at the sight:

For that old man well knew he, though untold,

In charmes and magicke to have wondrous might,

Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists to fight;

XXXIX

And said, Why Archimago, lucklesse syre,

What doe I see? what hard mishap is this,

That hath thee hither brought to taste mine yre?

Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,

Instead of foe to wound my friend amis?

He answered nought, but in a traunce still lay,

And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his

The cloude of death did sit. Which doen away,

He left him lying so, ne would no lenger stay:

XL

But to the virgin comes, who all this while

Amased stands, her selfe so mockt to see

By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,

For so misfeigning her true knight to bee:

Yet is she now in more perplexitie,

Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,

From whom her booteth not at all to flie;

Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,

Her from her Palfrey pluckt, her visage to behold.

XLI

But her fierce servant, full of kingly awe

And high disdaine, whenas his soveraine Dame

So rudely handled by her foe he sawe,

With gaping jawes full greedy at him came,

And ramping on his shield, did weene the same

Have reft away with his sharpe rending clawes:

But he was stout, and lust did now inflame

His corage more, that from his griping pawes

He hath his shield redeem'd, and foorth his swerd he drawes.

XLII

O then too weake and feeble was the forse

Of salvage beast, his puissance to withstand:

For he was strong, and of so mightie corse,

As ever wielded speare in warlike hand,

And feates of armes did wisely understand.

Eftsoones he perced through his chaufed chest

With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,

And launcht his Lordly hart: with death opprest

He roar'd aloud, whiles life forsooke his stubborne brest.

XLIII

Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid

From raging spoile of lawlesse victors will?

Her faithfull gard remov'd, her hope dismaid,

Her selfe a yielded pray to save or spill.

He now Lord of the field, his pride to fill,

With foule reproches, and disdainfull spight

Her vildly entertaines, and will or nill,

Beares her away upon his courser light:

Her prayers nought prevaile, his rage is more of might.

XLIV

And all the way, with great lamenting paine,

And piteous plaints she filleth his dull eares,

That stony hart could riven have in twaine,

And all the way she wets with flowing teares:

But he enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares.

Her servile beast yet would not leave her so,

But followes her farre off, ne ought he feares,

To be partaker of her wandring woe,

More mild in beastly kind, then that her beastly foe.

Canto IV

To sinfull house of Pride, Duessa

guides the faithfull knight,

Where brother's death to wreak Sansjoy

doth chalenge him to fight.

I

YOUNG knight whatever that dost armes professe,

And through long labours huntest after fame,

Beware of fraud, beware of ficklenesse,

In choice, and change of thy deare loved Dame,

Least thou of her beleeve too lightly blame,

And rash misweening doe thy hart remove:

For unto knight there is no greater shame,

Then lightnesse and inconstancie in love;

That doth this Redcrosse knights ensample plainly prove.

II

Who after that he had faire Una lorne,

Through light misdeeming of her loialtie,

And false Duessa in her sted had borne,

Called Fidess', and so supposd to bee;

Long with her traveild, till at last they see

A goodly building, bravely garnished,

The house of mightie Prince it seemd to bee:

And towards it a broad high way that led,

All bare through peoples feet, which thither traveiled.

III

Great troupes of people traveild thitherward

Both day and night, of each degree and place,

But few returned, having scaped hard,

With balefull beggerie, or foule disgrace;

Which ever after in most wretched case,

Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.

Thither Duessa bad him bend his pace:

For she is wearie of the toilesome way,

And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

IV

A stately Pallace built of squared bricke,

Which cunningly was without morter laid,

Whose wals were high, but nothing strong, nor thick,

And golden foile all over them displaid,

That purest skye with brightnesse they dismaid:

High lifted up were many loftie towres,

And goodly galleries farre over laid,

Full of faire windowes and delightful bowres;

And on the top a Diall told the timely howres.

V

It was a goodly heape for to behould,

And spake the praises of the workmans wit;

But full great pittie, that so faire a mould

Did on so weake foundation ever sit:

For on a sandie hill, that still did flit

And fall away, it mounted was full hie,

That every breath of heaven shaked it:

And all the hinder parts, that few could spie,

Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

VI

Arrived there, they passed in forth right;

For still to all the gates stood open wide:

Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight

Cald Malvenù, who entrance none denide:

Thence to the hall, which was on every side

With rich array and costly arras dight:

Infinite sorts of people did abide

There waiting long, to win the wished sight

Of her that was the Lady of that Pallace bright.

VII

By them they passe, all gazing on them round,

And to the Presence mount; whose glorious vew

Their frayle amazed senses did confound:

In living Princes court none ever knew

Such endlesse richesse, and so sumptuous shew;

Ne Persia selfe, the nourse of pompous pride

Like ever saw. And there a noble crew

Of Lordes and Ladies stood on every side,

Which with their presence faire the place much beautifide.

VIII

High above all a cloth of State was spred,

And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day,

On which there sate most brave embellished

With royall robes and gorgeous array,

A mayden Queene, that shone as Titans ray,

In glistring gold, and peerelesse pretious stone:

Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay

To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,

As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone.

IX

Exceeding shone, like Phœbus fairest childe,

That did presume his fathers firie wayne,

And flaming mouthes of steedes unwonted wilde

Through highest heaven with weaker hand to rayne;

Proud of such glory and advancement vaine,

While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyen,

He leaves the welkin way most beaten plaine,

And rapt with whirling wheeles, inflames the skyen,

With fire not made to burne, but fairely for to shyne.

X

So proud she shyned in her Princely state,

Looking to heaven; for earth she did disdayne:

And sitting high; for lowly she did hate:

Lo underneath her scornefull feete was layne

A dreadfull Dragon with an hideous trayne,

And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,

Wherein her face she often vewed fayne,

And in her selfe-lov'd semblance tooke delight;

For she was wondrous faire, as any living wight.

XI

Of griesly Pluto she the daughter was,

And sad Proserpina the Queene of hell;

Yet did she thinke her pearlesse worth to pas

That parentage, with pride so did she swell;

And thundring Jove, that high in heaven doth dwell,

And wield the world, she claymed for her syre,

Or if that any else did Jove excell:

For to the highest she did still aspyre,

Or if ought higher were then that, did it desyre.

XII

And proud Lucifera men did her call,

That made her selfe a Queene, and crownd to be,

Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,

Ne heritage of native soveraintie,

But did usurpe with wrong and tyrannie

Upon the scepter, which she now did hold:

Ne ruld her Realmes with lawes, but pollicie,

And strong advizement of six wisards old,

That with their counsels bad her kingdome did uphold.

XIII

Soone as the Elfin knight in presence came,

And false Duessa seeming Lady faire,

A gentle Husher, Vanitie by name

Made rowme, and passage for them did prepaire:

So goodly brought them to the lowest staire

Of her high throne, where they on humble knee

Making obeyssance, did the cause declare,

Why they were come, her royall state to see,

To prove the wide report of her great Majestee.

XIV

With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so low,

She thanked them in her disdainefull wise;

Ne other grace vouchsafed them to show

Of Princesse worthy, scarse them bad arise.

Her Lordes and Ladies all this while devise

Themselves to setten forth to straungers sight:

Some frounce their curled haire in courtly guise,

Some prancke their ruffes, and others trimly dight

Their gay attire: each others greater pride does spight.

XV

Goodly they all that knight do entertaine,

Right glad with him to have increast their crew:

But to Duess' each one himselfe did paine

All kindnesse and faire courtesie to shew;

For in that court whylome her well they knew:

Yet the stout Faerie mongst the middest crowd

Thought all their glorie vaine in knightly vew,

And that great Princesse too exceeding prowd,

That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

XVI

Suddein upriseth from her stately place

The royall Dame, and for her coche did call:

All hurtlen forth, and she with Princely pace,

As faire Aurora in her purple pall,

Out of the east the dawning day doth call:

So forth she comes: her brightnesse brode doth blaze;

The heapes of people thronging in the hall,

Do ride each other, upon her to gaze:

Her glorious glitterand light doth all mens eyes amaze.

XVII

So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme,

Adorned all with gold, and girlonds gay,

That seemd as fresh as Flora in her prime,

And strove to match, in royall rich array,

Great Junoes golden chaire, the which they say

The Gods stand gazing on, when she does ride

To Joves high house through heavens bras-paved way

Drawne of faire Pecocks, that excell in pride,

And full of Argus eyes their tailes dispredden wide.

XVIII

But this was drawne of six unequall beasts,

On which her six sage Counsellours did ryde,

Taught to obay their bestiall beheasts,

With like conditions to their kinds applyde:

Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,

Was sluggish Idlenesse the nourse of sin;

Upon a slouthful Asse he chose to ryde,

Arayd in habit blacke, and amis thin,

Like to an holy Monck, the service to begin.

XIX

And in his hand his Portesse still he bare,

That much was worne, but therein little red,

For of devotion he had little care,

Still drownd in sleepe, and most of his dayes ded;

Scarse could he once uphold his heavie hed,

To looken, whether it were night or day:

May seeme the wayne was very evill led,

When such an one had guiding of the way,

That knew not, whether right he went, or else astray.

XX

From worldly cares himselfe he did esloyne,

And greatly shunned manly exercise,

From every worke he chalenged essoyne,

For contemplation sake: yet otherwise,

His life he led in lawlesse riotise;

By which he grew to grievous malady;

For in his lustlesse limbs through evill guise

A shaking fever raignd continually:

Such one was Idlenesse, first of this company.

XXI

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,

Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne;

His belly was up-blowne with luxury,

And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne,

And like a Crane his necke was long and fyne,

With which he swallowed up excessive feast,

For want whereof poore people oft did pyne;

And all the way, most like a brutish beast,

He spued up his gorge, that all did him deteast.

XXII

In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad;

For other clothes he could not weare for heat,

And on his head an yvie girland had,

From under which fast trickled downe the sweat:

Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,

And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,

Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat

His dronken corse he scarse upholden can,

In shape and life more like a monster, then a man.

XXIII

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,

And eke unhable once to stirre or go,

Not meet to be of counsell to a king,

Whose mind in meat and drinke was drowned so,

That from his friend he seldome knew his fo:

Full of diseases was his carcas blew,

And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow:

Which by misdiet daily greater grew:

Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

XXIV

And next to him rode lustfull Lechery,

Upon a bearded Goat, whose rugged haire,

And whally eyes (the signe of gelosy),

Was like the person selfe, whom he did beare:

Who rough, and blacke, and filthy did appeare,

Unseemely man to please faire Ladies eye;

Yet he of Ladies oft was loved deare,

When fairer faces were bid standen by:

O who does know the bent of womens fantasy?

XXV

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,

Which underneath did hide his filthinesse,

And in his hand a burning hart he bare,

Full of vaine follies, and new fanglenesse,

For he was false, and fraught with ficklenesse;

And learned had to love with secret lookes;

And well could daunce, and sing with ruefulnesse,

And fortunes tell, and read in loving bookes,

And thousand other wayes, to bait his fleshly hookes.

XXVI

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,

And lusted after all that he did love;

Ne would his looser life be tide to law,

But joyd weak wemens hearts to tempt and prove,

If from their loyall loves he might them move;

Which lewdnesse fild him with reprochfull paine

Of that fowle evill, which all men reprove,

That rots the marrow and consumes the braine:

Such one was Lecherie, the third of all this traine.

XXVII

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,

Upon a Camell loaden all with gold;

Two iron coffers hong on either side,

With precious mettall full as they might hold;

And in his lap an heape of coine he told;

For of his wicked pelfe his God he made,

And unto hell him selfe for money sold;

Accursed usurie was all his trade,

And right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce waide.

XXVIII

His life was nigh unto deaths doore yplast,

And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes he ware,

Ne scarse good morsell all his life did tast,

But both from backe and belly still did spare,

To fill his bags, and richesse to compare;

Yet chylde ne kinsman living had he none

To leave them to; but thorough daily care

To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,

He led a wretched life unto him selfe unknowne.

XXIX

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffise,

Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store,

Whose need had end, but no end covetise,

Whose wealth was want, whose plenty made him pore,

Who had enough, yet wished ever more;

A vile disease, and eke in foote and hand

A grievous gout tormented him full sore,

That well he could not touch, nor go, nor stand;

Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this faire band.

XXX

And next to him malicious Envie rode,

Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw

Betweene his cankred teeth a venemous tode,

That all the poison ran about his chaw;

But inwardly he chawed his owne maw

At neighbours wealth, that made him ever sad;

For death it was when any good he saw,

And wept, that cause of weeping none he had,

But when he heard of harme, he wexed wondrous glad.

XXXI

All in a kirtle of discolourd say

He clothed was, ypainted full of eyes;

And in his bosome secretly there lay

An hatefull Snake, the which his taile uptyes

In many folds, and mortall sting implyes.

Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth, to see

Those heapes of gold with griple Covetyse;

And grudged at the great felicitie

Of proud Lucifera, and his owne companie.

XXXII

He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds,

And him no lesse, that any like did use,

And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,

His almes for want of faith he doth accuse;

So every good to bad he doth abuse:

And eke the verse of famous Poets witt

He does backebite, and spightfull poison spues

From leprous mouth on all that ever writt:

Such one vile Envie was, that fifte in row did sitt.

XXXIII

And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath,

Upon a Lion, loth for to be led;

And in his hand a burning brond he hath,

The which he brandisheth about his hed;

His eyes did hurle forth sparkles fiery red,

And stared sterne on all that him beheld,

As ashes pale of hew and seeming ded;

And on his dagger still his hand he held,

Trembling through hasty rage, when choler in him sweld.

XXXIV

His ruffin raiment all was staind with blood,

Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent,

Through unadvized rashnesse woxen wood;

For of his hands he had no governement,

Ne car'd for bloud in his avengement:

But when the furious fit was overpast,

His cruell facts he often would repent;

Yet wilfull man he never would forecast,

How many mischieves should ensue his heedlesse hast.

XXXV

Full many mischiefes follow cruell Wrath;

Abhorred bloodshed and tumultuous strife,

Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath,

Bitter despight, with rancours rusty knife,

And fretting griefe the enemy of life;

All these, and many evils moe haunt ire,

The swelling Splene, and Frenzy raging rife,

The shaking Palsey, and Saint Fraunces fire:

Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly tire.

XXXVI

And after all, upon the wagon beame

Rode Sathan, with a smarting whip in hand,

With which he forward lasht the laesie teme,

So oft as Slowth still in the mire did stand.

Hugh routs of people did about them band,

Showting for joy, and still before their way

A foggy mist had covered all the land;

And underneath their feet, all scattered lay

Dead sculs and bones of men, whose life had gone astray.

XXXVII

So forth they marchen in this goodly sort,

To take the solace of the open aire,

And in fresh flowring fields themselves to sport;

Emongst the rest rode that false Lady faire,

The foule Duessa, next unto the chaire

Of proud Lucifera, as one of the traine:

But that good knight would not so nigh repaire,

Him selfe estraunging from their joyaunce vaine,

Whose fellowship seemd far unfit for warlike swaine.

XXXVIII

So having solaced themselves a space

With pleasaunce of the breathing fields yfed,

They backe retourned to the Princely Place;

Whereas an errant knight in armes ycled,

And heathnish shield, wherein with letters red

Was writ Sans joy, they new arrived find:

Enflam'd with fury and fiers hardy-hed

He seemd in hart to harbour thoughts unkind,

And nourish bloudy vengeaunce in his bitter mind.

XXXIX

Who when the shamed shield of slaine Sansfoy

He spide with that same Faery champions page,

Bewraying him, that did of late destroy

His eldest brother, burning all with rage

He to him leapt, and that same envious gage

Of victors glory from him snatcht away:

But th' Elfin knight, which ought that warlike wage

Disdaind to loose the meed he wonne in fray,

And him rencountring fierce, reskewd the noble pray.

XL

Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,

Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne,

And clash their shields, and shake their swords on hy,

That with their sturre they troubled all the traine;

Till that great Queene upon eternall paine

Of high displeasure that ensewen might,

Commaunded them their fury to refraine,

And if that either to that shield had right,

In equall lists they should the morrow next it fight.

XLI

Ah dearest Dame, (quoth then the Paynim bold,)

Pardon the error of enraged wight,

Whom great griefe made forget the raines to hold

Of reasons rule, to see this recreant knight,

No knight, but treachour full of false despight

And shamefull treason, who through guile hath slayn

The prowest knight that ever field did fight,

Even stout Sansfoy (O who can then refrayn?)

Whose shield he beares renverst, the more to heape disdayn.

XLII

And to augment the glorie of his guile,

His dearest love, the faire Fidessa, loe

Is there possessed of the traytour vile,

Who reapes the harvest sowen by his foe,

Sowen in bloudy field, and bought with woe:

That brothers hand shall dearely well requight,

So be, O Queene, you equall favour showe.

Him litle answerd th' angry Elfin knight;

He never meant with words, but swords to plead his right.

XLIII

But threw his gauntlet as a sacred pledge,

His cause in combat the next day to try:

So been they parted both, with harts on edge

To be aveng'd each on his enimy.

That night they pas in joy and jollity,

Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall;

For Steward was excessive Gluttonie,

That of his plenty poured forth to all;

Which doen, the Chamberlain Slowth did to rest them call.

XLIV

Now whenas darkesome night had all displayed

Her coleblacke curtein over brightest skye,

The warlike youthes on dayntie couches layd,

Did chace away sweet sleepe from sluggish eye,

To muse on meanes of hoped victory.

But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace

Arrested all that courtly company,

Up-rose Duessa from her resting place,

And to the Paynims lodging comes with silent pace.

XLV

Whom broad awake she finds, in troublous fit,

Forecasting, how his foe he might annoy,

And him amoves with speaches seeming fit:

Ah deare Sansjoy, next dearest to Sansfoy,

Cause of my new griefe, cause of my new joy,

Joyous, to see his ymage in mine eye,

And greev'd, to thinke how foe did him destroy,

That was the flowre of grace and chevalrye;

Lo his Fidessa to thy secret faith I flye.

XLVI

With gentle wordes he can her fairely greet,

And bad say on the secret of her hart.

Then sighing soft, I learne that litle sweet

Oft tempred is (quoth she) with muchell smart:

For since my brest was launcht with lovely dart

Of deare Sans foy, I never joyed howre,

But in eternall woes my weaker hart

Have wasted, loving him with all my powre,

And for his sake have felt full many an heavie stowre.

XLVII

At last when perils all I weened past,

And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care,

Into new woes unweeting I was cast,

By this false faytor, who unworthy ware

His worthy shield, whom he with guilefull snare

Entrapped slew, and brought to shamefull grave.

Me silly maid away with him he bare,

And ever since hath kept in darksome cave,

For that I would not yeeld, that to Sans foy I gave.

XLVIII

But since faire Sunne hath sperst that lowring clowd,

And to my loathed life now shewes some light,

Under your beames I will me safely shrowd,

From dreaded storme of his disdainfull spight:

To you th' inheritance belongs by right

Of brothers prayse, to you eke longs his love.

Let not his love, let not his restlesse spright,

Be unreveng'd, that calles to you above

From wandring Stygian shores, where it doth endlesse move.

XLIX

Thereto said he, Faire Dame, be nought dismaid

For sorrowes past; their griefe is with them gone:

Ne yet of present perill be affraid;

For needlesse feare did never vantage none

And helplesse hap it booteth not to mone.

Dead is Sansfoy, his vitall paines are past,

Though greeved ghost for vengeance deepe do grone:

He lives, that shall him pay his dewties last,

And guiltie Elfin blood shall sacrifice in hast. L

O but I feare the fickle freakes (quoth shee)

Of fortune false, and oddes of armes in field.

Why Dame (quoth he) what oddes can ever bee,

Where both do fight alike, to win or yield?

Yea but (quoth she) he beares a charmed shield,

And eke enchaunted armes, that none can perce,

Ne none can wound the man that does them wield.

Charmd or enchaunted (answerd he then ferce)

I no whit reck, ne you the like need to reherce.

LI

But faire Fidessa, sithens fortunes guile,

Or enimies powre, hath now captived you,

Returne from whence ye came, and rest a while

Till morrow next, that I the Elfe subdew,

And with Sansfoyes dead dowry you endew.

Ay me, that is a double death (she said)

With proud foes sight my sorrow to renew:

Where ever yet I be, my secret aid

Shall follow you. So passing forth she him obaid.

Canto V

The faithfull knight in equall field

subdewes his faithlesse foe,

Whom false Duessa saves, and for

his cure to hell does goe.

I

THE noble hart, that harbours vertuous thought,

And is with child of glorious great intent,

Can never rest, untill it forth have brought

Th' eternall brood of glorie excellent.

Such restlesse passion did all night torment

The flaming corage of that Faery knight,

Devizing, how that doughtie turnament

With greatest honour he atchieven might;

Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning light.

II

At last the golden Orientall gate,

Of greatest heaven gan to open faire,

And Phoebus fresh, as bridegrome to his mate,

Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie haire:

And hurls his glistring beams through gloomy aire.

Which when the wakeful Elfe perceiv'd, streightway

He started up, and did him selfe prepaire,

In sunbright armes, and battailous array:

For with that Pagan proud he combat will that day.

III

And forth he comes into the commune hall,

Where earely waite him many a gazing eye,

To weet what end to straunger knights may fall.

There many Minstrales maken melody,

To drive away the dull melancholy,

And many Bardes, that to the trembling chord

Can tune their timely voyces cunningly,

And many Chroniclers that can record

Old loves, and warres for Ladies doen by many a Lord.

IV

Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin,

In woven maile all armed warily,

And sternly lookes at him, who not a pin

Does care for looke of living creatures eye.

They bring them wines of Greece and Araby,

And daintie spices fetcht from furthest Ynd,

To kindle heat of corage privily:

And in the wine a solemne oth they bynd

T’ observe the sacred lawes of armes, that are assynd.

V

At last forth comes that far renowmed Queene,

With royall pomp and Princely majestie;

She is ybrought unto a paled greene,

And placed under stately canapee,

The warlike feates of both those knights to see.

On th’ other side in all mens open vew

Duessa placed is, and on a tree

Sans-foy his shield is hangd with bloody hew:

Both those the lawrell girlonds to the victor dew.

VI

A shrilling trompet sownded from on hye,

And unto battaill bad them selves addresse:

Their shining shieldes about their wrestes they tye,

And burning blades about their heads do blesse,

The instruments of wrath and heavinesse:

With greedy force each other doth assayle,

And strike so fiercely, that they do impresse

Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred mayle;

The yron walles to ward their blowes are weak and fraile.

VII

The Sarazin was stout, and wondrous strong,

And heaped blowes like yron hammers great;

For after bloud and vengeance he did long.

The knight was fiers, and full of youthly heat,

And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders threat:

For all for prayse and honour he did fight.

Both stricken strike, and beaten both do beat,

That from their shields forth flyeth firie light,

And helmets hewen deepe show marks of eithers might.

VIII

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right;

As when a Gryfon seized of his pray,

A Dragon fiers encountreth in his flight,

Through widest ayre making his ydle way,

That would his rightfull ravine rend away;

With hideous horror both together smight,

And souce so sore that they the heavens affray:

The wise Soothsayer seeing so sad sight,

Th' amazed vulgar tels of warres and mortall fight.

IX

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right,

And each to deadly shame would drive his foe:

The cruell steele so greedily doth bight

n tender flesh that streames of bloud down flow,

With which the armes, that earst so bright did show,

Into a pure vermillion now are dyde:

Great ruth in all the gazers harts did grow,

Seeing the gored woundes to gape so wyde,

That victory they dare not wish to either side.

X

At last the Paynim chaunst to cast his eye,

His suddein eye, flaming with wrathful fyre,

Upon his brothers shield, which hong thereby:

Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,

And said, Ah wretched sonne of wofull syre,

Doest thou sit wayling by blacke Stygian lake,

Whilest here thy shield is hangd for victors hyre,

And sluggish german doest thy forces slake

To after-send his foe, that him may overtake?

XI

Goe caytive Elfe, him quickly overtake,

And soone redeeme from his long wandring woe;

Goe guiltie ghost, to him my message make,

That I his shield have quit from dying foe.

Therewith upon his crest he stroke him so,

That twise he reeled, readie twise to fall;

End of the doubtfull battell deemed tho

The lookers on, and lowd to him gan call

The false Duessa, Thine the shield, and I, and all.

XII

Soone as the Faerie heard his Ladie speake,

Out of his swowning dreame he gan awake,

And quickning faith, that earst was woxen weake,

The creeping deadly cold away did shake:

Tho mov'd with wrath, and shame, and Ladies sake,

Of all attonce he cast avengd to bee,

And with so' exceeding furie at him strake,

That forced him to stoupe upon his knee;

Had he not stouped so, he should have cloven bee.

XIII

And to him said, Goe now proud Miscreant,

Thy selfe thy message do to german deare;

Alone he wandring thee too long doth want:

Goe say, his foe thy shield with his doth beare.

Therewith his heavie hand he high gan reare,

Him to have slaine; when loe a darkesome clowd

Upon him fell: he no where doth appeare,

But vanisht is. The Elfe him calls alowd,

But answer none receives: the darkness him does shrowd.

XIV

In haste Duessa from her place arose,

And to him running said, O prowest knight,

That ever Ladie to her love did chose,

Let now abate the terror of your might,

And quench the flame of furious despight,

And bloudie vengeance; lo th' infernall powres,

Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,

Have borne him hence to Plutoes balefull bowres.

The conquest yours, I yours, the shield, the glory yours.

XV

Not all so satisfide, with greedie eye

He sought all round about, his thristie blade

To bath in bloud of faithlesse enemy;

Who all that while lay hid in secret shade:

He standes amazed, how he thence should fade.

At last the trumpets Triumph sound on hie,

And running Heralds humble homage made,

Greeting him goodly with new victorie,

And to him brought the shield, the cause of enmitie.

XVI

Wherewith he goeth to that soveraine Queene,

And falling her before on lowly knee,

To her makes present of his service seene:

Which she accepts, with thankes, and goodly gree,

Greatly advauncing his gay chevalree.

So marcheth home, and by her takes the knight,

Whom all the people follow with great glee,

Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,

That all the aire it fils, and flyes to heaven bright.

XVII

Home is he brought, and laid in sumptuous bed:

Where many skilfull leaches him abide,

To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.

In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide,

And softly can embalme on every side.

And all the while, most heavenly melody

About the bed sweet musicke did divide,

Him to beguile of griefe and agony:

And all the while Duessa wept full bitterly.

XVIII

As when a wearie traveller that strayes

By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,

Unweeting of the perillous wandring wayes,

Doth meete a cruell craftie Crocodile,

Which in false griefe hyding his harmefull guile,

Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender teares:

The foolish man, that pitties all this while

His mournefull plight, is swallowed up unawares,

Forgetfull of his owne, that mindes anothers cares.

XIX

So wept Duessa untill eventide,

That shyning lampes in Joves high house were light:

Then forth she rose, ne lenger would abide,

But comes unto the place, where th' Hethen knight

In slombring swownd nigh voyd of vitall spright,

Lay cover'd with inchaunted cloud all day:

Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,

To wayle his woefull case she would not stay,

But to the easterne coast of heaven makes speedy way.

XX

Where griesly Night, with visage deadly sad,

That Phœbus chearefull face durst never vew,

And in a foule blacke pitchie mantle clad,

She findes forth comming from her darkesome mew,

Where she all day did hide her hated hew.

Before the dore her yron charet stood,

Alreadie harnessed for journey new;

And coleblacke steedes yborne of hellish brood,

That on their rustie bits did champ, as they were wood.

XXI

Who when she saw Duessa sunny bright,

Adornd with gold and jewels shining cleare,

She greatly grew amazed at the sight,

And th' unacquainted light began to feare:

For never did such brightnesse there appeare,

And would have backe retyred to her cave,

Until the witches speech she gan to heare,

Saying, Yet, O thou dreaded Dame, I crave

Abide, till I have told the message which I have.

XXII

She stayd, and foorth Duessa gan proceede

O thou most auncient Grandmother of all,

More old then Jove, whom thou at first didst breede,

Or that great house of Gods cælestiall,

Which wast begot in Daemogorgons hall,

And sawst the secrets of the world unmade,

Why suffredst thou thy Nephewes deare to fall

With Elfin sword, most shamefully betrade?

Lo where the stout Sansjoy doth sleepe in deadly shade.

XXIII

And him before, I saw with bitter eyes

The bold Sansfoy shrinke underneath his speare;

And now the pray of fowles in field he lyes,

Nor wayld of friends, nor layd on groning beare,

That whylome was to me too dearely deare.

O what of Gods then boots it to be borne,

If old Aveugles sonnes so evill heare?

Or who shall not great Nightes children scorne,

When two of three her Nephews are so fowle forlorne?

XXIV

Up then, up dreary Dame, of darknesse Queene,

Go gather up the reliques of thy race,

Or else goe them avenge, and let be seene,

That dreaded Night in brightest day hath place,

And can the children of faire light deface.

Her feeling speeches some compassion moved

In hart, and chaunge in that great mothers face:

Yet pittie in her hart was never proved

Till then: for evermore she hated, never loved.

XXV

And said, Deare daughter rightly may I rew

The fall of famous children borne of mee,

And good successes, which their foes ensew:

But who can turne the streame of destinee,

Or breake the chayne of strong necessitee,

Which fast is tyde to Joves eternall seat?

The sonnes of Day he favoureth, I see,

And by my ruines thinkes to make them great:

To make one great by others losse, is bad excheat.

XXVI

Yet shall they not escape so freely all;

For some shall pay the price of others guilt:

And he the man that made Sansfoy to fall,

Shall with his owne bloud price that he has spilt.

But what art thou, that telst of Nephews kilt?

I that do seeme not I, Duessa am,

(Quoth she) how ever now in garments gilt,

And gorgeous gold arrayd I to thee came;

Duessa I, the daughter of Deceipt and Shame.

XXVII

Then bowing downe her aged backe, she kist

The wicked witch, saying; In that faire face

The false resemblance of Deceipt I wist

Did closely lurke; yet so true-seeming grace

It carried, that I scarce in darkesome place

Could it discerne, though I the mother bee

Of falshood, and roote of Duessaes race.

O welcome child, whom I have longd to see,

And now have seene unwares. Lo now I go with thee.

XXVIII

Then to her yron wagon she betakes,

And with her beares the fowle welfavourd witch:

Through mirkesome aire her readie way she makes.

Her twyfold Teme, of which two blacke as pitch,

And two were browne, yet each to each unlich,

Did softly swim away, ne ever stampe,

Unlesse she chaunst their stubborne mouths to twitch;

Then foming tarre, their bridles they would champe,

And trampling the fine element would fiercely rampe.

XXIX

So well they sped, that they be come at length

Unto the place, whereas the Paynim lay,

Devoid of outward sense, and native strength,

Coverd with charmed cloud from vew of day

And sight of men, since his late luckelesse fray.

His cruell wounds with cruddy bloud congeald

They binden up so wisely, as they may,

And handle softly, till they can be healed:

So lay him in her charet close in night concealed.

XXX

And all the while she stood upon the ground,

The wakefull dogs did never cease to bay,

As giving warning of th' unwonted sound,

With which her yron wheeles did them affray,

And her darke griesly looke them much dismay:

The messenger of death, the ghastly Owle

With drery shriekes did also her bewray;

And hungry Wolves continually did howle,

At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle.

XXXI

Thence turning backe in silence soft they stole,

And brought the heavie corse with easie pace

To yawning gulfe of deepe Avernus hole.

By that same hole an entrance darke and bace

With smoake and sulphure hiding all the place,

Descends to hell: there creature never past,

That backe returned without heavenly grace;

But dreadfull Furies which their chaines have brast,

And damned sprights sent forth to make ill men aghast.

XXXII

By that same way the direfull dames doe drive

Their mournefull charet, fild with rusty blood,

And downe to Plutoes house are come bilive:

Which passing through, on every side them stood

The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,

Chattring their yron teeth, and staring wide

With stonie eyes; and all the hellish brood

Of feends infernall flockt on every side,

To gaze on earthly wight that with the Night durst ride.

XXXIII

They pas the bitter waves of Acheron,

Where many soules sit wailing woefully,

And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,

Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,

And with sharpe shrilling shriekes doe bootlesse cry,

Cursing high Jove, the which them thither sent.

The house of endlesse paine is built thereby,

In which ten thousand sorts of punishment

The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.

XXXIV

Before the threshold dreadfull Cerberus

His three deformed heads did lay along,

Curled with thousand adders venemous,

And lilled forth his bloudie flaming tong:

At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,

And felly gnarre, until Dayes enemy

Did him appease; then downe his taile he hong

And suffred them to passen quietly:

For she in hell and heaven had power equally.

XXXV

There was Ixion turned on a wheele,

For daring tempt the Queene of heaven to sin;

And Sisyphus an huge round stone did reele

Against an hill, ne might from labour lin;

There thirsty Tantalus hong by the chin;

And Tityus fed a vulture on his maw;

Typhœus joynts were stretched on a gin,

Theseus condemnd to endlesse slouth by law,

And fifty sisters water in leake vessels draw.

XXXVI

They all beholding worldly wights in place,

Leave off their worke, unmindfull of their smart,

To gaze on them; who forth by them doe pace,

Till they be come unto the furthest part;

Where was a Cave ywrought by wondrous art,

Deepe, darke, uneasie, dolefull, comfortlesse,

In which sad Aesculapius farre apart

Emprisond was in chaines remedilesse,

For that Hippolytus rent corse he did redresse.

XXXVII

Hippolytus a jolly huntsman was

That wont in charett chace the foming Bore:

He all his Peeres in beauty did surpas,

But Ladies love as losse of time forbore:

His wanton stepdame loved him the more,

But when she saw her offred sweets refused,

Her love she turnd to hate, and him before

His father fierce of treason false accused,

And with her gealous termes his open eares abused.

XXXVIII

Who all in rage his Sea-god syre besought,

Some cursed vengeaunce on his sonne to cast,

From surging gulf two monsters straight were brought,

With dread whereof his chasing steedes aghast,

Both charet swift and huntsman overcast.

His goodly corps on ragged cliffs yrent,

Was quite dismembred, and his members chast

Scattered on every mountaine, as he went,

That of Hippolytus was left no moniment.

XXXIX

His cruell step-dame seeing what was donne,

Her wicked dayes with wretched knife did end,

In death avowing th' innocence of her sonne,

Which hearing, his rash Syre began to rend

His haire, and hastie tongue that did offend.

Tho gathering up the relicks of his smart,

By Dianes meanes, who was Hippolyts frend,

Them brought to Æsculape, that by his art

Did heale them all againe, and joyned every part.

XL

Such wondrous science in mans wit to raine

When Jove avizd, that could the dead revive,

And fates expired could renew againe,

Of endlesse life he might him not deprive,

But unto hell did thrust him downe alive,

With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore:

Where long remaining, he did alwaies strive

Himselfe with salves to health for to restore,

And slake the heavenly fire, that raged evermore.

XLI

There auncient Night arriving, did alight

From her nigh wearie waine, and in her armes

To Æsculapius brought the wounded knight:

Whom having softly disarayd of armes,

Tho gan to him discover all his harmes,

Beseeching him with prayer, and with praise,

If either salves, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes

A fordonne wight from dore of death mote raise,

He would at her request prolong her nephews daies.

XLII

Ah Dame (quoth he) thou temptest me in vaine,

To dare the thing, which daily yet I rew,

And the old cause of my continued paine

With like attempt to like end to renew.

Is not enough, that thrust from heaven dew

Here endlesse penance for one fault I pay,

But that redoubled crime with vengeance new

Thou biddest me to eeke? can Night defray

The wrath of thundring Jove that rules both night and day?

XLIII

Not so (quoth she) but sith that heavens king

From hope of heaven hath thee excluded quight,

Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing;

And fearest not, that more thee hurten might,

Now in the powre of everlasting Night?

Goe to then, O thou farre renowmed sonne

Of great Apollo, shew thy famous might

In medicine, that else hath to thee wonne

Great paines, and greater praise, both never to be donne.

XLIV

Her words prevaild: And then the learned leach

His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,

And all things else, the which his art did teach:

Which having seene, from thence arose away

The mother of dread darknesse, and let stay

Aveugles sonne there in the leaches cure,

And backe returning tooke her wonted way,

To runne her timely race, whilst Phœbus pure,

In westerne waves his weary wagon did recure.

XLV

The false Duessa leaving noyous Night,

Returnd to stately pallace of Dame Pride;

Where when she came, she found the Faery knight

Departed thence, albe his woundes wide

Not throughly heald, unreadie were to ride.

Good cause he had to hasten thence away;

For on a day his wary Dwarfe had spide

Where in a dongeon deepe huge numbers lay

Of caytive wretched thrals, that wayled night and day.

XLVI

A ruefull sight, as could be seene with eie;

Of whom he learned had in secret wise

The hidden cause of their captivitie,

How mortgaging their lives to Covetise,

Through wastfull Pride and wanton Riotise,

They were by law of that proud Tyrannesse,

Provokt with Wrath, and Envies false surmise,

Condemned to that Dongeon mercilesse,

Where they should live in woe, and die in wretchednesse.

XLVII

There was that great proud king of Babylon,

That would compell all nations to adore,

And him as onely God to call upon,

Till through celestiall doome throwne out of dore,

Into an Oxe he was transform'd of yore:

There also was king Croesus, that enhaunst

His hart too high through his great riches store;

And proud Antiochus, the which advaunst

His cursed hand gainst God and on his altars daunst.

XLVIII

And them long time before, great Nimrod was,

That first the world with sword and fire warrayd;

And after him old Ninus farre did pas

In princely pompe, of all the world obayd;

There also was that mightie Monarch layd

Low under all, yet above all in pride,

That name of native syre did fowle upbrayd,

And would as Ammons sonne be magnifide,

Till scornd of God and man a shamefull death he dide.

XLIX

All these together in one heape were throwne,

Like carkases of beasts in butchers stall.

And in another corner wide were strowne

The antique ruines of the Romaines fall:

Great Romulus the Grandsyre of them all,

Proud Tarquin, and too lordly Lentulus,

Stout Scipio, and stubborne Hanniball,

Ambitious Sylla, and sterne Marius,

High Caesar, great Pompey, and fierce Antonius.

L

Amongst these mightie men were wemen mixt,

Proud wemen, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke:

The bold Semiramis, whose sides transfixt

With sonnes own blade, her fowle reproches spoke;

Faire Sthenoboea, that her selfe did choke

With wilfull cord, for wanting of her will;

High minded Cleopatra, that with stroke

Of Aspes sting her selfe did stoutly kill:

And thousands moe the like, that did that dongeon fill;

LI

Besides the endlesse routs of wretched thralles,

Which thither were assembled day by day,

From all the world after their wofull falles

Through wicked pride, and wasted wealthes decay.

But most of all, which in the Dongeon lay,

Fell from high Princes courts, or Ladies bowres;

Where they in idle pompe, or wanton play,

Consumed had their goods, and thriftlesse howres,

And lastly throwne themselves into these heavy stowres.

LII

Whose case when as the carefull Dwarfe had tould,

And made ensample of their mournefull sight

Unto his maister, he no lenger would

There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,

But early rose, and ere that dawning light

Discovered had the world to heaven wyde,

He by a privie Posterne tooke his flight,

That of no envious eyes he mote be spyde:

For doubtlesse death ensewd, if any him descryde.

LIII

Scarse could he footing find in that fowle way,

For many corses, like a great Lay-stall,

Of murdred men which therein strowed lay,

Without remorse, or decent funerall:

Which all through that great Princesse pride did fall

And came to shamefull end. And them beside

Forth ryding underneath the castell wall,

A donghill of dead carkases he spide,

The dreadfull spectacle of that sad house of Pride.

Canto VI

From lawlesse lust by wondrous grace

fayre Una is releast:

Whom salvage nation does adore,

and learnes her wise beheast.

I

AS when a ship, that flyes faire under saile,
An hidden rocke escaped hath unwares,
That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
The Marriner yet halfe amazed stares
At perill past, and yet in doubt ne dares
To joy at his foole-happie oversight:
So doubly is distrest twixt joy and cares
The dreadlesse courage of this Elfin knight,
Having escapt so sad ensamples in his sight.

II

Yet sad he was that his too hastie speede
The faire Duess' had forst him leave behind;
And yet more sad, that Una his deare dreed
Her truth had staind with treason so unkind;
Yet crime in her could never creature find,
But for his love, and for her owne selfe sake,
She wandred had from one to other Ynd,
Him for to seeke, ne ever would forsake,
Till her unwares the fiers Sansloy did overtake.

III

Who, after Archimagoes fowle defeat,
Led her away into a forest wilde,
And turning wrathfull fyre to lustfull heat,
With beastly sin thought her to have defilde,
And made the vassal of his pleasures wilde.
Yet first he cast by treatie, and by traynes,
Her to persuade that stubborne fort to yilde:
For greater conquest of hard love he gaynes,
That workes it to his will, then he that it constraines.

IV

With fawning words he courted her awhile,

And looking lovely, and oft sighing sore,

Her constant hart did tempt with diverse guile,

But wordes and lookes, and sighes she did abhore;

As rocke of Diamond steadfast evermore,

Yet for to feed his fyrie lustfull eye,

He snatcht the vele that hong her face before;

Then gan her beautie shyne, as brightest skye

And burnt his beastly hart t'efforce her chastitye.

V

So when he saw his flatt'ring artes to fayle,

And subtile engines bett from batteree;

With greedy force he gan the fort assayle,

Whereof he weend possessed soone to bee,

And with rich spoile of ransackt chastitee.

Ah heavens! that do this hideous act behold,

And heavenly virgin thus outraged see,

How can ye vengeance just so long withold

And hurle not flashing flames upon that Paynim bold?

VI

The pitteous maiden carefull comfortlesse,

Does throw out thrilling shriekes, and shrieking cryes,

The last vaine helpe of womens great distresse,

And with loud plaints importuneth the skyes,

That molten starres do drop like weeping eyes;

And Phœbus flying so most shameful sight,

His blushing face in foggy cloud implyes,

And hides for shame. What wit of mortall wight

Can now devise to quit a thrall from such a plight?

VII

Eternal providence exceeding thought,

Where none appeares can make herselfe a way:

A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,

From Lyons clawes to pluck the griped pray.

Her shrill outcryes and shriekes so loud did bray,

That all the woodes and forestes did resownd;

A troupe of Faunes and Satyres far away

Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,

Whiles old Sylvanus slept in shady arber sownd:

VIII

Who when they heard that pitteous strained voice,

In haste forsooke their rurall meriment,

And ran towards the far rebownded noyce,

To weet, what wight so loudly did lament.

Unto the place they come incontinent:

Whom when the raging Sarazin espide,

A rude, mishapen, monstrous rablement,

Whose like he never saw, he durst not bide,

But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ride.

IX

The wyld woodgods arrived in the place,

There find the virgin dolefull desolate,

With ruffled rayments, and faire blubbred face,

As her outrageous foe had left her late;

And trembling yet through feare of former hate:

All stand amazed at so uncouth sight,

And gin to pittie her unhappie state;

All stand astonied at her beautie bright,

In their rude eyes unworthy of so wofull plight.

X

She more amaz'd, in double dread doth dwell;

And every tender part for feare doth shake:

As when a greedie Wolfe, through hunger fell,

A seely Lambe farre from the flocke does take,

Of whom he meanes his bloudie feast to make,

A Lyon spyes fast running towards him,

The innocent pray in hast he does forsake,

Which quit from death yet quakes in every lim

With chaunge of feare, to see the Lyon looke so grim.

XI

Such fearefull fit assaid her trembling hart,

Ne word to speake, ne joynt to move she had:

The salvage nation feele her secret smart,

And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad;

Their frowning forheads with rough hornes yclad,

And rustick horror all a side doe lay;

And gently grenning, show a semblance glad

To comfort her, and feare to put away,

Their backward bent knees teach her humbly to obay.

XII

The doubtfull Damzell dare not yet commit

Her single person to their barbarous truth;

But still twixt feare and hope amazd does sit,

Late learnd what harme to hasty trust ensu'th:

They in compassion of her tender youth,

And wonder of her beautie soveraine,

Are wonne with pitty and unwonted ruth,

And all prostrate upon the lowly plaine,

Do kisse her feete, and fawne on her with count'nance faine.

XIII

Their harts she ghesseth by their humble guise,

And yieldes her to extremitie of time;

So from the ground she fearlesse doth arise,

And walketh forth without suspect of crime:

They all as glad, as birdes of joyous Prime,

Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,

Shouting, and singing all a shepheards ryme,

And with greene braunches strowing all the ground,

Do worship her, as Queene, with olive girlond cround.

XIV

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,

That all the woods with doubled Eccho ring,

And with their horned feet do weare the ground,

Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant Spring.

So towards old Sylvanus they her bring;

Who with the noyse awaked commeth out

To weet the cause, his weake steps governing,

And aged limbs on Cypresse stadle stout;

And with an yvie twyne his wast is girt about.

XV

Far off he wonders, what them makes so glad,

Or Bacchus merry fruit they did invent,

Or Cybeles franticke rites have made them mad,

They drawing nigh, unto their God present

That flowre of faith and beautie excellent.

The God himselfe, vewing that mirrhour rare,

Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent;

His owne faire Dryope now he thinkes not faire,

And Pholoe fowle when her to this he doth compaire.

XVI

The woodborne people fall before her flat,

And worship her as Goddesse of the wood;

And old Sylvanus selfe bethinkes not, what

To thinke of wight so faire, but gazing stood,

In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood;

Sometimes Dame Venus selfe he seemes to see,

But Venus never had so sober mood;

Sometimes Diana he her takes to bee,

But misseth bow, and shaftes, and buskins to her knee.

XVII

By vew of her he ginneth to revive

His ancient love, and dearest Cyparisse,

And calles to mind his pourtraiture alive,

How faire he was, and yet not faire to this,

And how he slew with glauncing dart amisse

A gentle Hynd, the which the lovely boy

Did love as life, above all worldly blisse;

For griefe whereof the lad n'ould after joy,

But pynd away in anguish and selfe-wild annoy.

XVIII

The wooddy Nymphes, faire Hamadryades,

Her to behold do thither runne apace,

And all the troupe of light-foot Naiades

Flocke all about to see her lovely face:

But when they vewed have her heavenly grace,

They envy her in their malitious mind,

And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace:

But all the Satyres scorne their woody kind,

And henceforth nothing faire but her on earth they find.

XIX

Glad of such lucke, the luckelesse lucky maid,

Did her content to please their feeble eyes,

And long time with that salvage people staid,

To gather breath in many miseries.

During which time her gentle wit she plyes,

To teach them truth, which worshipt her in vaine,

And made her th' Image of Idolatryes;

But when their bootlesse zeale she did restraine

From her own worship, they her Asse would worship fayn.

XX

It fortuned a noble warlike knight

By just occasion to that forrest came,

To seeke his kindred, and the lignage right,

From whence he tooke his well deserved name:

He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,

And fild far lands with glorie of his might,

Plaine, faithfull, true, and enimy of shame,

And ever lov'd to fight for Ladies right:

But in vaine glorious frayes he litle did delight.

XXI

A Satyres sonne yborne in forrest wyld,

By straunge adventure as it did betyde,

And there begotten of a Lady myld,

Faire Thyamis the daughter of Labryde,

That was in sacred bands of wedlocke tyde

To Therion, a loose unruly swayne;

Who had more joy to raunge the forrest wyde,

And chase the salvage beast with busie payne,

Then serve his Ladies love, and wast in pleasures vayne.

XXII

The forlorne mayd did with loves longing burne

And could not lacke her lovers company,

But to the wood she goes, to serve her turne,

And seeke her spouse that from her still does fly,

And followes other game and venery:

A Satyre chaunst her wandring for to finde,

And kindling coles of lust in brutish eye,

The loyall links of wedlocke did unbind,

And made her person thrall unto his beastly kind.

XXIII

So long in secret cabin there he held

Her captive to his sensuall desire,

Till that with timely fruit her belly sweld,

And bore a boy unto that salvage sire:

Then home he suffred her for to retyre,

For ransome leaving him the late borne childe;

Whom till to ryper yeares he gan aspire,

He noursled up in life and manners wilde,

Emongst wild beasts and woods, from lawes of men exilde.

XXIV

For all he taught the tender ymp, was but

To banish cowardize and bastard feare;

His trembling hand he would him force to put

Upon the Lyon and the rugged Beare;

And from the she Beares teats her whelps to teare;

And eke wyld roaring Buls he would him make

To tame, and ryde their backes not made to beare;

And the Robuckes in flight to overtake,

That every beast for feare of him did fly and quake.

XXV

Thereby so fearlesse, and so fell he grew,

That his owne sire and maister of his guise

Did often tremble at his horrid vew,

And oft for dread of hurt would him advise,

The angry beasts not rashly to despise,

Nor too much to provoke; for he would learne

The Lyon stoup to him in lowly wise,

(A lesson hard) and make the Libbard sterne

Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did earne.

XXVI

And for to make his powre approved more,

Wyld beasts in yron yokes he would compell;

The spotted Panther, and the tusked Bore,

The Pardale swift, and the tigre cruell,

The Antelope, and Wolfe both fierce and fell;

And them constraine in equall teme to draw.

Such joy he had, their stubborne harts to quell,

And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw,

That his beheast they feared, as a tyrans law.

XXVII

His loving mother came upon a day

Unto the woods, to see her little sonne;

And chaunst unwares to meet him in the way,

After his sportes, and cruell pastime donne;

When after him a Lyonesse did runne,

That roaring all with rage, did lowd requere

Her children deare, whom he away had wonne:

The Lyon whelpes she saw how he did beare,

And lull in rugged armes, withouten childish feare.

XXVIII

The fearefull Dame all quaked at the sight,

And turning backe, gan fast to fly away,

Untill with love revokt from vaine affright,

She hardly yet perswaded was to stay,

And then to him these womanish words gan say;

Ah Satyrane, my dearling, and my joy,

For love of me leave off this dreadfull play;

To dally thus with death is no fit toy,

Go find some other play-fellowes, mine own sweet boy.

XXIX

In these and like delights of bloudy game

He trayned was, till ryper yeares he raught;

And there abode, whilst any beast of name

Walkt in that forest, whom he had not taught

To feare his force: and then his courage haught

Desird of forreine foemen to be knowne,

And far abroad for straunge adventures sought;

In which his might was never overthrowne;

But through all Faery lond his famous worth was blown.

XXX

Yet evermore it was his manner faire,

After long labours and adventures spent,

Unto those native woods for to repaire,

To see his sire and offspring auncient.

And now he thither came for like intent;

Where he unwares the fairest Una found,

Straunge Lady, in so straunge habiliment,

Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around,

Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did redound.

XXXI

He wondred at her wisedome heavenly rare,

Whose like in womens wit he never knew;

And when her curteous deeds he did compare,

Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowes rew,

Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,

And joyd to make proofe of her crueltie,

On gentle Dame, so hurtlesse, and so trew:

Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,

And learnd her discipline of faith and veritie.

XXXII

But she all vowd unto the Redcrosse knight,

His wandring perill closely did lament,

Ne in this new acquaintaunce could delight,

But her deare heart with anguish did torment,

And all her wit in secret counsels spent,

How to escape. At last in privie wise

To Satyrane she shewed her intent;

Who glad to gain such favour, gan devise

How with that pensive Maid he best might thence arise.

XXXIII

So on a day when Satyres all were gone

To do their service to Sylvanus old,

The gentle virgin left behind alone

He led away with courage stout and bold.

Too late it was, to Satyres to be told,

Or ever hope recover her againe:

In vaine he seekes that having cannot hold.

So fast he carried her with carefull paine,

That they the woods are past, and come now to the plaine.

XXXIV

The better part now of the lingring day,

They traveild had, whenas they farre espide

A weary wight forwandring by the way,

And towards him they gan in haste to ride,

To weete of newes, that did abroad betide,

Or tydings of her knight of the Redcrosse.

But he them spying, gan to turne aside,

For feare as seemd, or for some feigned losse;

More greedy they of newes, fast towards him do crosse.

XXXV

A silly man, in simple weedes forworne,

And soild with dust of the long dried way;

His sandales were with toilsome travell torne,

And face all tand with scorching sunny ray,

As he had traveild many a sommers day,

Through boyling sands of Arabie and Ynde;

And in his hand a Jacobs staffe, to stay

His wearie limbes upon: and eke behind,

His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

XXXVI

The knight approaching nigh, of him inquerd

Tidings of warre, and of adventures new;

But warres, nor new adventures none he herd.

Then Una gan to aske, if ought he knew,

Or heard abroad of that her champion trew,

That in his armour bare a croslet red.

Aye me, Deare dame (quoth he) well may I rew

To tell the sad sight which mine eies have red.

These eies did see that knight both living and eke ded.

XXXVII

That cruell word her tender hart so thrild,

That suddein cold did runne through every vaine,

And stony horrour all her sences fild

With dying fit, that downe she fell for paine.

The knight her lightly reared up againe,

And comforted with curteous kind reliefe:

Then, wonne from death, she bad him tellen plaine

The further processe of her hidden griefe:

The lesser pangs can beare, who hath endur'd the chiefe.

XXXVIII

Then gan the Pilgrim thus, I chaunst this day,

This fatall day, that shall I ever rew,

To see two knights in travell on my way

(A sory sight) arraung'd in battell new,

Both breathing vengeaunce, both of wrathfull hew:

My fearefull flesh did tremble at their strife,

To see their blades so greedily imbrew,

That drunke with bloud, yet thristed after life:

What more? the Redcrosse knight was slaine with Paynim knife.

XXXIX

Ah dearest Lord (quoth she) how might that bee,

And he the stoughtest knight, that ever wonne?

Ah dearest dame (quoth he) how might I see

The thing, that might not be, and yet was donne?

Where is (said Satyrane) that Paynims sonne,

That him of life, and us of joy hath reft?

Not far away (quoth he) he hence doth wonne

Foreby a fountaine, where I late him left

Washing his bloudy wounds, that through the steele were cleft.

XL

Therewith the knight thence marched forth in hast,

Whiles Una with huge heavinesse opprest,

Could not for sorrow follow him so fast;

And soone he came, as he the place had ghest,

Whereas that Pagan proud him selfe did rest,

In secret shadow by a fountaine side:

Even he it was, that earst would have suppresst

Faire Una: whom when Satyrane espide,

With fowle reprochfull words he boldly him defide.

XLI

And said, Arise thou cursed Miscreaunt,

That hast with knightlesse guile and trecherous train

Faire knighthood fowly shamed, and doest vaunt

That good knight of the Redcrosse to have slain:

Arise, and with like treason now maintain

Thy guilty wrong, or els thee guilty yield.

The Sarazin this hearing, rose amain,

And catching up in hast his three-square shield,

And shining helmet, soone him buckled to the field.

XLII

And drawing nigh him said, Ah misborne Elfe,

In evill houre thy foes thee hither sent,

Anothers wrongs to wreake upon thy selfe:

Yet ill thou blamest me, for having blent

My name with guile and traiterous intent:

That Redcrosse knight, perdie, I never slew,

But had he beene, where earst his arms were lent,

Th' enchaunter vaine his errour should not rew:

But thou his errour shalt, I hope, now proven trew.

XLIII

Therewith they gan, both furious and fell,

To thunder blowes, and fiersly to assaile

Each other bent his enimy to quell,

That with their force they perst both plate and maile,

And made wide furrowes in their fleshes fraile,

That it would pitty any living eie.

Large floods of bloud adowne their sides did raile;

But floods of bloud could not them satisfie:

Both hungred after death: both chose to win, or die.

XLIV

So long they fight, and fell revenge pursue,

That fainting each, themselves to breathen let,

And oft refreshed, battell oft renue:

As when two Bores with rancling malice met,

Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely fret,

Til breathlesse both them selves aside retire,

Where foming wrath, their cruell tuskes they whet,

And trample th' earth, the whiles they may respire;

Then backe to fight againe, new breathed and entire.

XLV

So fiersly, when these knights had breathed once,

They gan to fight returne, increasing more

Their puissant force, and cruell rage attonce.

With heaped strokes more hugely then before,

That with their drerie wounds and bloudy gore

They both deformed, scarsely could be known.

By this, sad Una fraught with anguish sore,

Led with their noise, which through the aire was thrown:

Arriv'd, wher they in erth their fruitles bloud had sown.

XLVI

Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin

Espide, he gan revive the memory

Of his lewd lusts, and late attempted sin,

And left the doubtfull battell hastily,

To catch her, newly offred to his eie:

But Satyrane with strokes him turning, staid,

And sternely bad him other businesse plie,

Then hunt the steps of pure unspotted Maid:

Wherewith he all enrag'd, these bitter speaches said.

XLVII

O foolish faeries son, what fury mad

Hath thee incenst, to hast thy doefull fate?

Were it not better I that Lady had,

Then that thou hadst repented it too late?

Most senseless man he, that himselfe doth hate

To love another. Lo then for thine ayd

Here take thy lovers token on thy pate.

So they two fight; the whiles the royall Mayd

Fledd farre away, of that proud Paynim sore afrayd.

XLVIII

But that false Pilgrim, which that leasing told,

Being in deed old Archimage, did stay

In secret shadow, all this to behold,

And much rejoiced in their bloudy fray:

But when he saw the Damsell passe away,

He left his stond, and her pursewd apace,

In hope to bring her to her last decay,

But for to tell her lamentable cace,

And eke this battels end, will need another place.

Canto VII

The Redcrosse knight is captive made

by Gyaunt proud opprest,

Prince Arthur meets with Una great-

ly with those newes distrest.

I

WHAT man so wise, what earthly wit so ware,

As to discry the crafty cunning traine,

By which deceipt doth maske in visour faire,

And cast her colours dyed deepe in graine,

To seeme like Truth, whose shape she well can faine,

And fitting gestures to her purpose frame;

The guiltlesse man with guile to entertaine?

Great maistresse of her art was that false Dame,

The false Duessa, cloked with Fidessaes name.

II

Who when returning from the drery Night,

She fownd not in that perilous house of Pryde,

Where she had left, the noble Redcrosse knight,

Her hoped pray; she would no lenger bide,

But forth she went, to seeke him far and wide.

Ere long she fownd, whereas he wearie sate

To rest him selfe, foreby a fountaine side,

Disarmed all of yron-coted Plate,

And by his side his steed the grassy forage ate.

III

He feedes upon the cooling shade, and bayes

His sweatie forehead in the breathing wind,

Which through the trembling leaves full gently playes,

Wherein the cherefull birds of sundry kind

Do chaunt sweet musick, to delight his mind:

The Witch approaching gan him fairely greet,

And with reproch of carelesnesse unkind

Upbrayd, for leaving her in place unmeet,

With fowle words tempring faire, soure gall with hony sweet.

IV

Unkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,

And bathe in pleasaunce of the joyous shade,

Which shielded them against the boyling heat,

And with greene boughes decking a gloomy glade,

About the fountaine like a girlond made;

Whose bubbling wave did ever freshly well,

Ne ever would through fervent sommer fade:

The sacred Nymph, which therein wont to dwell,

Was out of Dianes favour, as it then befell.

V

The cause was this: One day, when Phœbe fayre

With all her band was following the chace,

This Nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of scorching ayre,

Sat downe to rest in middest of the race:

The goddesse wroth gan fowly her disgrace,

And bad the waters, which from her did flow,

Be such as she her selfe was then in place.

Thenceforth her waters waxed dull and slow,

And all that drinke thereof do faint and feeble grow.

VI

Hereof this gentle knight unweeting was,

And lying downe upon the sandie graile,

Drunke of the streame, as cleare as cristall glas:

Eftsoones his manly forces gan to faile,

And mightie strong was turned to feeble fraile.

His chaunged powres at first them selves not felt,

Till crudled cold his corage gan assaile,

And cheareful bloud in faintnesse chill did melt,

Which like a fever fit through all his body swelt.

VII

Yet goodly court he made still to his Dame,

Pourd out in loosnesse on the grassy grownd,

Both carelesse of his health, and of his fame:

Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sownd,

Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebownd,

That all the earth for terrour seemd to shake,

And trees did tremble. Th' Elfe therewith astownd,

Upstarted lightly from his looser make,

And his unready weapons gan in hand to take.

VIII

But ere he could his armour on him dight,

Or get his shield, his monstrous enimy

With sturdie steps came stalking in his sight,

An hideous Geant, horrible and hye,

That with his tallnesse seemd to threat the skye,

The ground eke groned under him for dreed;

His living like saw never living eye,

Ne durst behold: his stature did exceed

The hight of three the tallest sonnes of mortall seed.

IX

The greatest Earth his uncouth mother was,

And blustering Æolus his boasted syre,

Who with his breath, which through the world doth pas,

Her hollow womb did secretly inspire,

And fild her hidden caves with stormie yre,

That she conceived; and trebling the dew time,

In which the wombes of women do expire,

Brought forth this monstrous masse of earthly slime

Puft up with emptie wind, and fild with sinfull crime.

X

So growen great through arrogant delight

Of th' high descent, whereof he was yborne,

And through presumption of his matchlesse might,

All other powres and knighthood he did scorne.

Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,

And left to losse: his stalking steps are stayde

Upon a snaggy Oke, which he had torne

Out of his mothers bowelles, and it made

His mortall mace, wherewith his foeman he dismayde.

XI

That when the knight he spide, he gan advance

With huge force and insupportable mayne,

And towardes him with dreadfull fury praunce;

Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse, all in vaine

Did to him pace, sad battaile to darrayne,

Disarmd, disgrast, and inwardly dismayde,

And eke so faint in every joynt and vaine,

Through that fraile fountaine, which him feeble made,

That scarsely could he weeld his bootlesse single blade.

XII

The Geaunt strooke so maynly mercilesse,

That could have overthrowne a stony towre,

And were not heavenly grace, that did him blesse,

He had beene pouldred all, as thin as flowre:

But he was wary of that deadly stowre,

And lightly lept from underneath the blow:

Yet so exceeding was the villeins powre,

That with the wind it did him overthrow,

And all his sences stound, that still he lay full low.

XIII

As when that divelish yron Engin wrought

In deepest Hell, and framd by Furies skill,

With windy Nitre and quick Sulphur fraught,

And ramd with bullet round, ordaind to kill,

Conceiveth fire, the heavens it doth fill

With thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth choke,

That none can breath, nor see, nor heare at will,

Through smouldry cloud of duskish stincking smoke,

That th' onely breath him daunts, who hath escapt the stroke.

XIV

So daunted when the Geaunt saw the knight,

His heavie hand he heaved up on hye,

And him to dust thought to have battred quight,

Untill Duessa loud to him gan crye;

O great Orgoglio, greatest under skye,

O hold thy mortall hand for Ladies sake,

Hold for my sake, and do him not to dye,

But vanquisht thine eternall bondslave make,

And me, thy worthy meed, unto thy Leman take.

XV

He hearkned, and did stay from further harmes,

To gayne so goodly guerdon, as she spake:

So willingly she came into his armes,

Who her as willingly to grace did take,

And was possessed of his new found make.

Then up he tooke the slombred sencelesse corse,

And ere he could out of his swowne awake,

Him to his castle brought with hastie forse,

And in a Dongeon deepe him threw without remorse.

XVI

From that day forth Duessa was his deare,

And highly honourd in his haughtie eye,

He gave her gold and purple pall to weare,

And triple crowne set on her head full hye,

And her endowd with royall majestye:

Then for to make her dreaded more of men,

And peoples harts with awfull terrour tye,

A monstrous beast ybred in filthy fen

He chose, which he had kept long time in darksome den.

XVII

Such one it was, as that renowmed Snake

Which great Alcides in Stremona slew,

Long fostred in the filth of Lerna lake,

Whose many heads out budding ever new

Did breed him endlesse labour to subdew:

But this same Monster much more ugly was;

For seven great heads out of his body grew,

An yron brest, and back of scaly bras,

And all embrewd in bloud, his eyes did shine as glas.

XVIII

His tayle was stretched out in wondrous length,

That to the house of heavenly gods it raught,

And with extorted powre, and borrow'd strength,

The ever-burning lamps from thence it braught,

And prowdly threw to ground, as things of naught;

And underneath his filthy feet did tread

The sacred things, and holy heasts foretaught.

Upon this dreadfull Beast with sevenfold head

He sett the false Duessa, for more aw and dread.

XIX

The wofull Dwarfe, which saw his maisters fall,

Whiles he had keeping of his grasing steed,

And valiant knight become a caytive thrall,

When all was past, tooke up his forlorne weed,

His mightie armour, missing most at need;

His silver shield, now idle maisterlesse;

His poynant speare, that many made to bleed,

The rueful moniments of heavinesse,

And with them all departes, to tell his great distresse.

XX

He had not travaild long, when on the way

He wofull Ladie, wofull Una met,

Fast flying from that Paynims greedy pray,

Whilest Satyrane him from pursuit did let:

Who when her eyes she on the Dwarfe had set,

And saw the signes, that deadly tydings spake,

She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,

And lively breath her sad brest did forsake,

Yet might her pitteous hart be seene to pant and quake.

XXI

The messenger of so unhappie newes,

Would faine have dyde: dead was his hart within,

Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes:

At last recovering hart, he does begin

To rub her temples, and to chaufe her chin,

And everie tender part does tosse and turne.

So hardly he the flitted life does win,

Unto her native prison to retourne:

Then gins her grieved ghost thus to lament and mourne.

XXII

Ye dreary instruments of dolefull sight,

That doe this deadly spectacle behold,

Why do ye lenger feed on loathed light,

Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,

Sith cruell fates the carefull threeds unfould,

The which my life and love together tyde?

Now let the stony dart of senselesse cold

Perce to my hart, and pas through every side,

And let eternall night so sad sight fro me hide.

XXIII

O lightsome day, the lampe of highest Jove,

First made by him, mens wandring wayes to guyde,

When darkenesse he in deepest dongeon drove,

Henceforth thy hated face for ever hyde,

And shut up heavens windowes shyning wyde:

For earthly sight can nought but sorrow breed,

And late repentance, which shall long abyde.

Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feed,

But seeled up with death, shall have their deadly meed.

XXIV

Then downe againe she fell unto the ground;

But he her quickly reared up againe:

Thrise did she sinke adowne in deadly swownd

And thrise he her reviv'd with busie paine,

At last when life recover'd had the raine,

And over-wrestled his strong enemie,

With foltring tong, and trembling every vaine,

Tell on (quoth she) the wofull Tragedie,

The which these reliques sad present unto mine eie.

XXV

Tempestuous fortune hath spent all her spight,

And thrilling sorrow throwne his utmost dart;

Thy sad tongue cannot tell more heavy plight,

Then that I feele, and harbour in mine hart:

Who hath endur'd the whole, can beare each part.

If death it be, it is not the first wound,

That launched hath my brest with bleeding smart.

Begin, and end the bitter balefull stound;

If lesse then that I feare, more favour I have found.

XXVI

Then gan the Dwarfe the whole discourse declare,

The subtill traines of Archimago old;

The wanton loves of false Fidessa faire,

Bought with the blood of vanquisht Paynim bold;

The wretched payre transformed to treen mould;

The house of Pride, and perils round about;

The combat, which he with Sansjoy did hould;

The lucklesse conflict with the Gyant stout,

Wherein captiv'd, of life or death he stood in doubt.

XXVII

She heard with patience all unto the end,

And strove to maister sorrowfull assay,

Which greater grew, the more she did contend,

And almost rent her tender hart in tway;

And love fresh coles unto her fire did lay:

For greater love, the greater is the losse.

Was never Lady loved dearer day,

Then she did love the knight of the Redcrosse;

For whose deare sake so many troubles her did tosse.

XXVIII

At last when fervent sorrow slaked was,

She up arose, resolving him to find

Alive or dead: and forward forth doth pas,

All as the Dwarfe the way to her assynd:

And evermore, in constant carefull mind,

She fed her wound with fresh renewed bale;

Long tost with stormes, and bet with bitter wind,

High over hills, and low adowne the dale,

She wandred many a wood, and measurd many a vale.

XXIX

At last she chaunced by good hap to meet

A goodly knight, faire marching by the way

Together with his Squire, arrayed meet:

His glitterand armour shined farre away,

Like glauncing light of Phœbus brightest ray;

From top to toe no place appeared bare,

That deadly dint of steele endanger may:

Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he ware,

That shynd, like twinkling stars, with stons most pretious rare.

XXX

And in the midst thereof one pretious stone

Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous mights,

Shapt like a Ladies head, exceeding shone,

Like Hesperus emongst the lesser lights,

And strove for to amaze the weaker sights:

Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong

In yvory sheath, ycarv'd with curious slights;

Whose hilts were burnisht gold, and handle strong

Of mother pearle, and buckled with a golden tong.

XXXI

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,

Both glorious brightnesse, and great terrour bred;

For all the crest a Dragon did enfold

With greedie pawes, and over all did spred

His golden wings: his dreadfull hideous hed

Close couched on the bever, seem'd to throw

From flaming mouth bright sparkles fierie red,

That suddeine horror to faint harts did show,

And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his backe full low.

XXXII

Upon the top of all his loftie crest,

A bunch of haires discolourd diversly,

With sprincled pearle, and gold full richly drest,

Did shake, and seemd to daunce for jollity,

Like to an Almond tree ymounted hye

On top of greene Selinis all alone,

With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;

Whose tender locks do tremble every one

At every little breath that under heaven is blowne.

XXXIII

His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,
Ne might of mortall eye be ever seene;
Not made of steele, nor of enduring bras,
Such earthly mettals soone consumed beene;
But all of Diamond perfect pure and cleene
It framed was, one massie entire mould,
Hewen out of Adamant rocke with engines keene,
That point of speare it never percen could,
Ne dint of direfull sword divide the substance would.

XXXIV

The same to wight he never wont disclose,
But when as monsters huge he would dismay,
Or daunt unequall armies of his foes,
Or when the flying heavens he would affray;
For so exceeding shone his glistring ray,
That Phœbus golden face it did attaint,
As when a cloud his beames doth over-lay;
And silver Cynthia wexed pale and faint,
As when her face is staynd with magicke arts constraint.

XXXV

No magicke arts hereof had any might,
Nor bloudie wordes of bold Enchaunters call;
But all that was not such as seemd in sight,
Before that shield did fade, and suddeine fall;
And, when him list the raskall routes appall,
Men into stones therewith he could transmew,
And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all;
And when him list the prouder lookes subdew,
He would them gazing blind, or turne to other hew.

XXXVI

Ne let it seeme, that credence this exceedes,

For he that made the same, was knowne right well

To have done much more admirable deedes.

It Merlin was, which whylome did excell

All living wightes in might of magicke spell:

Both shield, and sword, and armour all he wrought

For this young Prince, when first to armes he fell;

But when he dyde, the Faerie Queene it brought

To Faerie lond, where yet it may be seene, if sought.

XXXVII

A gentle youth, his dearely loved Squire,

His speare of heben wood behind him bare,

Whose harmefull head, thrice heated in the fire,

Had riven many a brest with pikehead square:

A goodly person, and could menage faire

His stubborne steed with curbed canon bit,

Who under him did trample as the aire,

And chauft, that any on his backe should sit;

The yron rowels into frothy fome he bit.

XXXVIII

When as this knight nigh to the Ladie drew,

With lovely court he gan her entertaine;

But when he heard her answeres loth, he knew

Some secret sorrow did her heart distraine:

Which to allay, and calme her storming paine,

Faire feeling words he wisely gan display,

And for her humour fitting purpose faine,

To tempt the cause it selfe for to bewray;

Wherewith emmov'd, these bleeding words she gan to say.

XXXIX

What worlds delight, or joy of living speach

Can heart, so plung'd in sea of sorrowes deep,

And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach?

The carefull cold beginneth for to creepe,

And in my heart his yron arrow steepe,

Soone as I thinke upon my bitter bale:

Such helplesse harmes yts better hidden keepe,

Then rip up griefe, where it may not availe,

My last left comfort is, my woes to weepe and waile.

XL

Ah Ladie deare, quoth then the gentle knight,

Well may I weene your griefe is wondrous great;

For wondrous great griefe groneth in my spright,

Whiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat.

But wofull Ladie, let me you intrete

For to unfold the anguish of your hart:

Mishaps are maistred by advice discrete,

And counsell mittigates the greatest smart;

Found never helpe who never would his hurts impart.

XLI

O but (quoth she) great griefe will not be tould,

And can more easily be thought then said.

Right so (quoth he), but he that never would,

Could never: will to might gives greatest aid.

But griefe (quoth she) does greater grow displaid,

If then it find not helpe, and breedes despaire.

Despaire breedes not (quoth he) where faith is staid.

No faith so fast (quoth she) but flesh does paire.

Flesh may empaire (quoth he) but reason can repaire.

XLII

His goodly reason, and well guided speach,

So deepe did settle in her gracious thought,

That her perswaded to disclose the breach,

Which love and fortune in her heart had wrought,

And said; Faire Sir, I hope good hap hath brought

You to inquire the secrets of my griefe,

Or that your wisedome will direct my thought,

Or that your prowesse can me yield reliefe:

Then heare the storie sad, which I shall tell you briefe.

XLIII

The forlorne Maiden, whom your eyes have seene

The laughing stocke of fortunes mockeries,

Am th' only daughter of a King and Queene,

Whose parents deare, whilest equal destinies

Did runne about, and their felicities

The favourable heavens did not envy,

Did spread their rule through all the territories,

Which Phison and Euphrates floweth by,

And Gehons golden waves doe wash continually.

XLIV

Till that their cruell cursed enemy,

An huge great Dragon horrible in sight,

Bred in the loathly lakes of Tartary,

With murdrous ravine, and devouring might

Their kingdome spoild, and countrey wasted quight:

Themselves, for feare into his jawes to fall,

He forst to castle strong to take their flight,

Where fast embard in mighty brasen wall,

He has them now foure yeres besiegd to make them thrall.

XLV

Full many knights adventurous and stout

Have enterpriz'd that Monster to subdew;

From every coast that heaven walks about,

Have thither come the noble Martiall crew,

That famous hard atchievements still pursew;

Yet never any could that girlond win,

But all still shronke, and still he greater grew:

All they for want of faith, or guilt of sin,

The pitteous pray of his fierce crueltie have bin.

XLVI

At last yledd with farre reported praise,

Which flying fame throughout the world had spred,

Of doughty knights, whom Faery land did raise,

That noble order hight of Maidenhed,

Forthwith to court of Gloriane I sped

Of Gloriane great Queene of glory bright,

Whose Kingdomes seat Cleopolis is red,

There to obtaine some such redoubted knight,

The Parents deare from tyrants powre deliver might.

XLVII

It was my chance (my chance was faire and good)

There for to find a fresh unproved knight,

Whose manly hands imbrew'd in guiltie blood

Had never bene, ne ever by his might

Had throwne to ground the unregarded right:

Yet of his prowesse proofe he since hath made

(I witnesse am) in many a cruell fight;

The groning ghosts of many one dismaide

Have felt the bitter dint of his avenging blade.

XLVIII

And ye the forlorne reliques of his powre,

His byting sword, and his devouring speare,

Which have endured many a dreadfull stowre,

Can speake his prowesse, that did earst you beare,

And well could rule: now he hath left you heare

To be the record of his ruefull losse,

And of my dolefull disaventurous deare:

O heavie record of the good Redcrosse,

Where have you left your Lord, that could so well you tosse?

XLIX

Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,

That he my captive languor should redeeme,

Till all unweeting, an Enchaunter bad

His sence abusd, and made him to misdeeme

My loyalty, not such as it did seeme;

That rather death desire, then such despight.

Be judge ye heavens, that all things right esteeme,

How I him lov'd, and love with all my might,

So thought I eke of him, and thinke I thought aright.

L

Thenceforth me desolate he quite forsooke,

To wander, where wilde fortune would me lead,

And other bywaies he himselfe betooke,

Where never foot of living wight did tread,

That brought not backe the balefull body dead;

In which him chaunced false Duessa meete,

Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread,

Who with her witchcraft, and misseeming sweete,

Inveigled him to follow her desires unmeete.

LI

At last by subtill sleights she him betraid

Unto his foe, a Gyant huge and tall,

Who him disarmed, dissolute, dismaid,

Unwares surprised, and with mighty mall

The monster mercilesse him made to fall,

Whose fall did never foe before behold;

And now in darkesome dungeon, wretched thrall,

Remedilesse, for aie he doth him hold;

This is my cause of griefe, more great then may be told.

LII

Ere she had ended all, she gan to faint:

But he her comforted and faire bespake,

Certes, Madame, ye have great cause of plaint,

The stoutest heart, I weene, could cause to quake.

But be of cheare, and comfort to you take:

For till I have acquit your captive knight,

Assure your selfe, I will you not forsake.

His chearefull wordes reviv'd her chearelesse spright,

So forth they went, the Dwarfe them guiding ever right.

Canto VIII

Faire virgin, to redeeme her deare

brings Arthur to the fight:

Who slayes that Gyant, woundes the beast,

and strips Duessa quight.

I

AY me, how many perils doe enfold

The righteous man, to make him daily fall,

Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,

And stedfast truth acquite him out of all.

Her love is firme, her care continuall,

So oft as he through his owne foolish pride,

Or weaknesse is to sinfull bands made thrall:

Else should this Redcrosse knight in bands have dydd

For whose deliverance she this Prince doth thither guide.

II

They sadly traveild thus, until they came

Nigh to a castle builded strong and hie:

Then cryde the Dwarfe, Lo yonder is the same,

In which my Lord my liege doth lucklesse lie,

Thrall to that Gyants hateful tyrannie:

Therefore, deare Sir, your mightie powres assay.

The noble knight alighted by and by

From loftie steede, and bad the Ladie stay,

To see what end of fight should him befall that day.

III

So with the Squire, th' admirer of his might,

He marched forth towards that castle wall;

Whose gates he found fast shut, ne living wight

To ward the same, nor answere commers call.

Then tooke that Squire an horne of bugle small.

Which hong adowne his side in twisted gold

And tassels gay. Wyde wonders over all

Of that same hornes great vertues weren told,

Which had approved bene in uses manifold.

IV

Was never wight that heard that shrilling sownd,

But trembling feare did feel in every vaine;

Three miles it might be easie heard around,

And Ecchoes three answerd it selfe againe:

No false enchauntment, nor deceiptfull traine,

Might once abide the terror of that blast,

But presently was voide and wholly vaine:

No gate so strong, no locke so firme and fast,

But with that percing noise flew open quite, or brast.

V

The same before the Geants gate he blew,

That all the castle quaked from the ground,

And every dore of freewill open flew.

The Gyant selfe dismaied with that sownd,

Where he with his Duessa dalliance fownd,

In hast came rushing forth from inner bowre,

With staring countenance sterne, as one astownd,

And staggering steps, to weet, what suddein stowre,

Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his dreaded powre.

VI

And after him the proud Duessa came

High mounted on her many-headed beast;

And every head with fyrie tongue did flame,

And every head was crowned on his creast,

And bloody mouthed with late cruell feast.

That when the knight beheld, his mightie shild

Upon his manly arme he soone addrest,

And at him fiercely flew, with courage fild,

And eger greedinesse through every member thrild.

VII

Therewith the Gyant buckled him to fight,

Inflam'd with scornefull wrath and high disdaine,

And lifting up his dreadfull club on hight,

All arm'd with ragged snubbes and knottie graine,

Him thought at first encounter to have slaine.

But wise and wary was that noble Pere,

And lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,

Did faire avoide the violence him nere;

It booted nought to thinke such thunderbolts to beare.

VIII

Ne shame he thought to shunne so hideous might:

The idle stroke, enforcing furious way,

Missing the marke of his misaymed sight

Did fall to ground, and with his heavie sway

So deepely dinted in the driven clay,

That three yardes deepe a furrow up did throw:

The sad earth wounded with so sore assay,

Did grone full grievous underneath the blow,

And trembling with strange feare, did like an earthquake show.

IX

As when almightie Jove, in wrathfull mood,

To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,

Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food,

Enrold in flames, and smouldring dreriment,

Through riven cloudes and molten firmament;

The fierce threeforked engin making way

Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,

And all that might his angry passage stay,

And shooting in the earth, casts up a mount of clay.

X

His boystrous club, so buried in the ground,

He could not rearen up againe so light,

But that the knight him at avantage found,

And whiles he strove his combred clubbe to quight

Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright

He smote off his left arme, which like a blocke

Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native might;

Large streames of bloud out of the truncked stocke

Forth gushed, like fresh water streame from riven rocke.

XI

Dismayed with so desperate deadly wound,

And eke impatient of unwonted paine,

He lowdly brayd with beastly yelling sound,

That all the fields rebellowed againe;

As great a noyse, as when in Cymbrian plaine

An heard of Bulles, whom kindly rage doth sting,

Do for the milkie mothers want complaine,

And fill the fields with troublous bellowing,

The neighbour woods around with hollow murmur ring.

XII

That when his deare Duessa heard, and saw

The evil stownd, that daungerd her estate,

Unto his aide she hastily did draw

Her dreadfull beast, who swolne with blood of late

Came ramping forth with proud presumpteous gate,

And threatned all his heads like flaming brands.

But him the Squire made quickly to retrate,

Encountring fierce with single sword in hand,

And twixt him and his Lord did like a bulwarke stand.

XIII

The proud Duessa, full of wrathfull spight,

And fierce disdaine, to be affronted so,

Enforst her purple beast with all her might

That stop out of the way to overthroe,

Scorning the let of so unequall foe:

But nathemore would that courageous swayne

To her yeeld passage, gainst his Lord to goe,

But with outrageous strokes did him restraine,

And with his bodie bard the way atwixt them twaine.

XIV

Then tooke the angrie witch her golden cup,

Which still she bore, replete with magick artes;

Death and despeyre did many thereof sup,

And secret poyson through their inner parts,

Th’ eternall bale of heavie wounded harts;

Which after charmes and some enchauntments said

She lightly sprinkled on his weaker parts;

Therewith his sturdie courage soone was quayd,

And all his senses were with suddeine dread dismayd.

XV

So downe he fell before the cruell beast,

Who on his neck his bloody clawes did seize,

That life nigh crusht out of his panting brest:

No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rize.

That when the carefull knight gan well avise,

He lightly left the foe, with whom he fought,

And to the beast gan turne his enterprise;

For wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,

To see his loved Squire into such thraldome brought.

XVI

And high advauncing his blood-thirstie blade,

Stroke one of those deformed heads so sore,

That of his puissance proud ensample made;

His monstrous scalpe downe to his teeth it tore,

And that misformed shape mis-shaped more:

A sea of blood gusht from the gaping wound,

That her gay garments staynd with filthy gore,

And overflowed all the field around;

That over shoes in bloud he waded on the ground.

XVII

Thereat he roared for exceeding paine,

That to have heard great horror would have bred,

And scourging th' emptie ayre with his long traine,

Through great impatience of his grieved hed

His gorgeous ryder from her loftie sted

Would have cast downe, and trod in durtie myre,

Had not the Gyant soone her succoured;

Who all enrag'd with smart and franticke yre,

Came hurtling in full fierce, and forst the knight retyre.

XVIII

The force which wont in two to be disperst,

In one alone left hand he now unites,

Which is through rage more strong than both were erst;

With which his hideous club aloft he dites,

And at his foe with furious rigour smites,

That strongest Oake might seeme to overthrow:

The stroke upon his shield so heavie lites,

That to the ground it doubleth him full low:

What mortall wight could ever beare so monstrous blow?

XIX

And in his fall his shield, that covered was,

Did loose his vele by chaunce, and open flew:

The light whereof, that heavens light did pas,

Such blazing brightnesse through the aier threw,

That eye mote not the same endure to vew.

Which when the Gyaunt spyde with staring eye,

He downe let fall his arme, and soft withdrew

His weapon huge, that heaved was on hye

For to have slaine the man, that on the ground did lye.

XX

And eke the fruitfull-headed beast, amazd

At flashing beames of that sunshiny shield,

Became starke blind, and all his sences daz'd,

That downe he tumbled on the durtie field,

And seem'd himselfe as conquered to yield.

Whom when his maistresse proud perceiv'd to fall,

Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,

Unto the Gyant loudly she gan call,

O helpe Orgoglio, helpe, or else we perish all.

XXI

At her so pitteous cry was much amoov'd

Her champion stout, and for to ayde his frend,

Againe his wonted angry weapon proov'd:

But all in vaine: for he has read his end

In that bright shield, and all their forces spend

Themselves in vaine: for since that glauncing sight,

He had no powre to hurt, nor to defend;

As where th' Almighties lightning brond does light,

It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the senses quight.

XXII

Whom when the Prince, to battell new addrest,

And threatning high his dreadfull stroke did see,

His sparkling blade about his head he blest,

And smote off quite his right leg by the knee,

That downe he tombled; as an aged tree,

High growing on the top of rocky clift,

Whose hartstrings with keene steele nigh hewen be,

The mightie trunck halfe rent, with ragged rift

Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull drift.

XXIII

Or as a Castle reared high and round,

By subtile engins and malitious slight

Is undermined from the lowest ground,

And her foundation forst, and feebled quight,

At last downe falles, and with her heaped hight

Her hastie ruine does more heavie make,

And yields it selfe unto the victours might;

Such was this Gyants fall, that seemd to shake

The stedfast globe of earth, as it for feare did quake.

XXIV

The knight then lightly leaping to the pray,

With mortall steele him smot againe so sore,

That headlesse his unweldy bodie lay,

All wallowd in his owne fowle bloudy gore,

Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous store.

But soone as breath out of his breast did pas,

That huge great body, which the Gyaunt bore,

Was vanisht quite, and of that monstrous mas

Was nothing left, but like an emptie bladder was.

XXV

Whose grievous fall, when false Duessa spide,

Her golden cup she cast unto the ground,

And crowned mitre rudely threw aside;

Such percing griefe her stubborne hart did wound,

That she could not endure that dolefull stound,

But leaving all behind her, fled away;

The light-foot Squire her quickly turnd around,

And by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,

So brought unto his Lord, as his deserved pray.

XXVI

The royall Virgin which beheld from farre,

In pensive plight, and sad perplexitie,

The whole atchievement of this doubtfull warre,

Came running fast to greet his victorie,

With sober gladnesse, and myld modestie,

And with sweet joyous cheare him thus bespake:

Faire braunch of noblesse, flowre of chevalrie,

That with your worth the world amazed make,

How shall I quite the paines ye suffer for my sake?

XXVII

And you fresh budd of vertue springing fast,

Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto deaths dore,

What hath poore Virgin for such perill past

Wherewith you to reward? Accept therefore

My simple selfe, and service evermore;

And he that high does sit, and all things see

With equall eyes, their merites to restore,

Behold what ye this day have done for mee,

And what I cannot quite, requite with usuree.

XXVIII

But sith the heavens, and your faire handeling

Have made you master of the field this day,

Your fortune maister eke with governing,

And well begun end all so well, I pray.

Ne let that wicked woman scape away;

For she it is, that did my Lord bethrall,

My dearest Lord, and deepe in dongeon lay,

Where he his better dayes hath wasted all.

O heare, how piteous he to you for ayd does call.

XXIX

Forthwith he gave in charge unto his Squire,

That scarlot whore to keepen carefully;

Whiles he himselfe with greedie great desire

Into the Castle entred forcibly,

Where living creature none he did espye;

Then gan he lowdly through the house to call:

But no man car'd to answere to his crye.

There raignd a solemne silence over all,

Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seene in bowre or hall.

XXX

At last with creeping crooked pace forth came

An old old man, with beard as white as snow,

That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,

And guide his wearie gate both to and fro:

For his eye sight him failed long ygo,

And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,

The which unused rust did overgrow:

Those were the keyes of every inner dore,

But he could not them use, but kept them still in store.

XXXI

But very uncouth sight was to behold,

How he did fashion his untoward pace,

For as he forward moov'd his footing old,

So backward still was turnd his wrincled face,

Unlike to men, who ever as they trace,

Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.

This was the auncient keeper of that place,

And foster father of the Gyant dead;

His name Ignaro did his nature right aread.

XXXII

His reverend haires and holy gravitie

The knight much honord, as beseemed well,

And gently askt, where all the people bee,

Which in that stately building wont to dwell.

Who answerd him full soft, he could not tell.

Again he askt, where that same knight was layd,

Whom great Orgoglio with his puissance fell

Had made his caytive thrall, againe he sayde,

He could not tell: ne ever other answere made.

XXXIII

Then asked he, which way he in might pas:

He could not tell, againe he answered.

Thereat the curteous knight displeased was,

And said, Old sire, it seemes thou hast not red

How ill it sits with that same silver hed,

In vaine to mocke, or mockt in vaine to bee:

But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed

With natures pen, in ages grave degree,

Aread in graver wise, what I demaund of thee.

XXXIV

His answere likewise was, he could not tell.

Whose sencelesse speach, and doted ignorance

When as the noble Prince had marked well,

He ghest his nature by his countenance,

And calmd his wrath with goodly temperance.

Then to him stepping, from his arme did reach

Those keyes, and made himselfe free enterance.

Each dore he opened without any breach;

There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to empeach.

XXXV

There all within full rich arrayd he found,

With royall arras and resplendent gold.

And did with store of every thing abound,

That greatest Princes presence might behold.

But all the floore (too filthy to be told)

With bloud of guiltlesse babes, and innocents trew,

Which there were slaine, as sheepe out of the fold,

Defiled was, that dreadfull was to vew,

And sacred ashes over it was strowed new.

XXXVI

And there beside of marble stone was built

An Altare, carv'd with cunning ymagery,

On which true Christians bloud was often spilt,

And holy Martyrs often doen to dye,

With cruell malice and strong tyranny:

Whose blessed sprites from underneath the stone

To God for vengeance cryde continually,

And with great griefe were often heard to grone,

That hardest heart would bleede, to hear their piteous mone.

XXXVII

Through every rowme he sought, and every bowr,

But no where could he find that woful thrall:

At last he came unto an yron doore,

That fast was lockt, but key found not at all

Emongst that bounch, to open it withall;

But in the same a little grate was pight,

Through which he sent his voyce, and lowd did call

With all his powre, to weet, if living wight

Were housed there within, whom he enlargen might.

XXXVIII

Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce

These pitteous plaints and dolours did resound;

O who is that, which brings me happy choyce

Of death, that here lye dying every stound,

Yet live perforce in balefull darkenesse bound?

For now three Moones have changed thrice their hew,

And have been thrice hid underneath the ground,

Since I the heavens chearfull face did vew,

O welcome thou, that doest of death bring tydings trew.

XXXIX

Which when that Champion heard, with percing point

Of pitty deare his hart was thrilled sore,

And trembling horrour ran through every joynt

For ruth of gentle knight so fowle forlore: Which shaking off, he rent that yron dore, With furious force, and indignation fell; Where entred in, his foot could find no flore, But all a deepe descent, as darke as hell, That breathed ever forth a filthie banefull smell.

XL

But neither darkenesse fowle, nor filthy bands,

Nor noyous smell his purpose could withhold,

(Entire affection hateth nicer hands)

But that with constant zeale, and courage bold,

After long paines and labours manifold,

He found the meanes that Prisoner up to reare;

Whose feeble thighes, unhable to uphold

His pined corse, him scarse to light could beare.

A ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly drere.

XLI

His sad dull eyes deepe sunck in hollow pits,

Could not endure th' unwonted sunne to view;

His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,

And empty sides deceived of their dew,

Could make a stony hart his hap to rew;

His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawned bowrs

Were wont to rive steele plates, and helmets hew,

Were cleane consum'd, and all his vitall powres

Decayd, and all his flesh shronk up like withered flowres.

XLII

Whom when his Lady saw, to him she ran

With hasty joy: to see him made her glad,

And sad to view his visage pale and wan,

Who earst in flowres of freshest youth was clad.

Tho when her well of teares she wasted had,

She said, Ah dearest Lord, what evill starre

On you hath fround, and pourd his influence bad,

That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre,

And this misseeming hew your manly looks doth marre?

XLIII

But welcome now my Lord, in wele or woe,

Whose presence I have lackt too long a day;

And fie on Fortune mine avowed foe,

Whose wrathful wreakes them selves doe now alay.

And for these wrongs shall treble penaunce pay

Of treble good: good growes of evils priefe.

The chearelesse man, whom sorrow did dismay,

Had no delight to treaten of his griefe;

His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

XLIV

Faire Lady, then said that victorious knight,

The things, that grievous were to do, or beare,

Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight;

Best musicke breeds delight in loathing eare:

But th' onely good, that growes of passed feare,

Is to be wise, and ware of like agein.

This dayes ensample hath this lesson deare

Deepe written in my heart with yron pen,

That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men.

XLV

Henceforth sir knight, take to you wonted strength,

And maister these mishaps with patient might;

Loe where your foe lyes stretcht in monstrous length,

And loe that wicked woman in your sight,

The roote of all your care, and wretched plight,

Now in your powre, to let her live, or dye.

To do her dye (quoth Una) were despight,

And shame t'avenge so weake an enimy;

But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her fly.

XLVI

So as she bad, that witch they disaraid,

And robd of royall robes, and purple pall,

And ornaments that richly were displaid;

Ne spared they to strip her naked all.

Then when they had despoiled her tire and call,

Such as she was, their eyes might her behold,

That her misshaped parts did them appall,

A loathly, wrinckled hag, ill favoured, old,

Whose secret filth good manners biddeth not be told.

XLIX

Which when the knights beheld, amazd they were,

And wondred at so fowle deformed wight.

Such then (said Una) as she seemeth here,

Such is the face of falshood, such the sight

Of fowle Duessa, when her borrowed light

Is laid away, and counterfesaunce knowne.

Thus when they had the witch disrobed quight,

And all her filthy feature open showne,

They let her goe at will, and wander wayes unknowne.

L

She flying fast from heavens hated face,

And from the world that her discovered wide,

Fled to the wastfull wildernesse apace,

From living eyes her open shame to hide,

And lurkt in rocks and caves long unespide.

But that faire crew of knights, and Una faire

Did in that castle afterwards abide,

To rest them selves, and weary powres repaire,

Where store they found of all that dainty was and rare.

Canto IX

His loves and lignage Arthur tells:

the Knights knit friendly hands:

Sir Trevisan flies from Despayre,

whom Redcrosse Knight withstands.

I

O GOODLY golden chaine, wherewith yfere

The vertues linked are in lovely wize:

And noble mindes of yore allyed were,

In brave poursuit of chevalrous emprize,

That none did others safety despize,

Nor aid envy to him, in need that stands,

But friendly each did others prayse devize,

How to advaunce with favourable hands,

As this good Prince redeemd the Redcrosse knight from bands.

II

Who when their powres empaird through labour long,

With dew repast they had recured well,

And that weake captive wight now wexed strong,

Them list no lenger there at leasure dwell,

But forward fare, as their adventures fell,

But ere they parted, Una faire besought

That straunger knight his name and nation tell;

Least so great good, as he for her had wrought,

Should die unknown, and buried be in thanklesse thought.

III

Faire virgin (said the Prince) ye me require

A thing without the compas of my wit:

For both the lignage and the certain Sire,

From which I sprong, from me are hidden yit.

For all so soone as life did me admit

Into this world, and shewed heavens light,

From mothers pap I taken was unfit:

And streight deliver'd to a Faery knight,

To be upbrought in gentle thewes and martiall might.

IV

Unto old Timon he me brought bylive,

Old Timon, who in youthly yeares hath beene

In warlike feates th'expertest man alive,

And is the wisest now on earth I weene;

His dwelling is low in a valley greene,

Under the foot of Rauran mossy hore,

From whence the river Dee as silver cleene,

His tombling billowes roll with gentle rore:

There all my dayes he traind me up in vertuous lore.

V

Thither the great magicien Merlin came,

As was his use, ofttimes to visit me:

For he had charge my discipline to frame,

And Tutours nouriture to oversee.

Him oft and oft I askt in privitie,

Of what loines and what lignage I did spring:

Whose aunswere bad me still assured bee,

That I was sonne and heire unto a king,

As time in her just terme the truth to light should bring.

VI

Well worthy impe, said then the Lady gent,

And pupill fit for such a Tutours hand.

But what adventure, or what high intent

Hath brought you hither into Faery land,

Aread Prince Arthur, crowne of Martiall band?

Full hard it is (quoth he) to read aright

The course of heavenly cause, or understand

The secret meaning of th' eternall might,

That rules mens wayes, and rules the thoughts of living wight.

VII

For whether he through fatall deepe foresight

Me hither sent, for cause to me unghest,

Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and night

Whilome doth rancle in my riven brest,

With forced fury following his behest,

Me hither brought by wayes yet never found;

You to have helpt I hold myself yet blest.

Ah curteous knight (quoth she) what secret wound

Could ever find, to grieve the gentlest hart on ground?

VIII

Deare dame (quoth he) you sleeping sparkes awake,

Which troubled once, into huge flames will grow,

Ne ever will their fervent fury slake,

Till living moysture into smoke do flow,

And wasted life do lye in ashes low.

Yet sithens silence lesseneth not my fire,

But told it flames, and hidden it does glow;

I will revele what ye so much desire:

Ah Love, lay down thy bow, the whiles I may respire.

IX

It was in freshest flowre of youthly yeares,

When courage first does creepe in manly chest,

Then first the coale of kindly heat appeares

To kindle love in every living brest;

But me had warnd old Timons wise behest,

Those creeping flames by reason to subdew,

Before their rage grew to so great unrest,

As miserable lovers use to rew,

Which still wex old in woe, whiles woe still wexeth new.

X

That idle name of love, and lovers life,

As losse of time, and vertues enimy,

I ever scornd, and joyd to stirre up strife,

In middest of their mournfull Tragedy,

Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry,

And blow the fire, which them to ashes brent:

Their God himselfe, griev'd at my libertie,

Shot many a dart at me with fiers intent,

But I them warded all with wary government.

XI

But all in vaine: no fort can be so strong,

Ne fleshly brest can armed be so sound,

But will at last be wonne with battrie long,

Or unawares at disadvantage found:

Nothing is sure, that growes on earthly ground:

And who most trustes in arme of fleshly might,

And boasts in beauties chaine not to be bound,

Doth soonest fall in disaventrous fight,

And yeeldes his caytive neck to victours most despight.

XII

Ensample make of him your haplesse joy,

And of my selfe now mated, as ye see;

Whose prouder vaunt that proud avenging boy

Did soone pluck downe and curbd my libertie.

For on a day, prickt forth with jollitie

Of looser life, and heat of hardiment,

Raunging the forest wide on courser free,

The fields, the floods, the heavens with one consent

Did seeme to laugh on me, and favour mine intent.

XIII

For-wearied with my sports, I did alight

From loftie steed, and downe to sleepe me layd;

The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,

And pillow was my helmet faire displayd:

Whiles every sence the humour sweet embayd,

And slombring soft my hart did steale away,

Me seemed, by my side a royall Mayd

Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay:

So faire a creature yet saw never sunny day.

XIV

Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment

She to me made, and bad me love her deare;

For dearely sure her love was to me bent,

As when just time expired should appeare.

But whether dreames delude, or true it were,

Was never hart so ravisht with delight,

Ne living man like words did ever heare,

As she to me delivered all that night;

And at her parting said, She Queene of Faeries hight.

XV

When I awoke, and found her place devoyd,

And nought but pressed gras, where she had lyen,

I sorrowed all so much as earst I joyd,

And washed all her place with watry eyen.

From that day forth I lov'd that face divine;

From that day forth I cast in carefull mind

To seeke her out with labour, and long tyne,

And never vowd to rest till her I find,

Nine monethes I seeke in vain, yet ni'll that vow unbind.

XVI

Thus as he spake, his visage wexed pale,

And chaunge of hew great passion did bewray;

Yet still he strove to cloke his inward bale,

And hide the smoke that did his fire display,

Till gentle Una thus to him gan say;

O happy Queene of Faeries, that has found

Mongst many, one that with his prowesse may

Defend thine honour, and thy foes confound:

True Loves are often sown, but seldom grow on ground.

XVII

Thine, O then, said the gentle Recrosse knight,

Next to that Ladies love, shal be the place,

O fairest virgin, full of heavenly light,

Whose wondrous faith exceeding earthly race,

Was firmest fixt in mine extremest case.

And you, my Lord, the Patrone of my life,

Of that great Queene may well gaine worthy grace:

For onely worthy you through prowes priefe,

Yf living man mote worthie be, to be her liefe.

XVIII

So diversly discoursing of their loves,

The golden Sunne his glistring head gan shew,

And sad remembraunce now the Prince amoves

With fresh desire his voyage to pursew;

Als Una earnd her traveill to renew.

Then those two knights, fast friendship for to bynd,

And love establish each to other trew,

Gave goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull mynd,

And eke the pledges firme, right hands together joynd.

XIX

Prince Arthur gave a boxe of Diamond sure,

Embowd with gold and gorgeous ornament,

Wherein were closd few drops of liquor pure,

Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,

That any wound could heale incontinent:

Which to requite, the Redcrosse knight him gave

A booke, wherein his Saveours testament

Was writ with golden letters rich and brave;

A worke of wondrous grace, and able soules to save.

XX

Thus beene they parted, Arthur on his way

To seeke his love, and th' other for to fight

With Unaes foe, that all her realme did pray.

But she now weighing the decayed plight,

And shrunken synewes of her chosen knight,

Would not a while her forward course pursew,

Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,

Till he recovered had his former hew:

For him to be yet weake and wearie well she knew.

XXI

So as they traveild, lo they gan espy

An armed knight towards them gallop fast,

That seemed from some feared foe to fly,

Or other griesly thing, that him aghast.

Still as he fled, his eye was backward cast,

As if his feare still followed him behind;

Als flew his steed, as he his bands had brast,

And with his winged heeles did tread the wind,

As he had beene a fole of Pegasus his kind.

XXII

Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his head

To be unarmd, and curld uncombed heares

Upstaring stiffe, dismayd with uncouth dread;

Nor drop of bloud in all his face appeares

Nor life in limbe: and to increase his feares

In fowle reproch of knighthoods faire degree,

About his neck an hempen rope he weares,

That with his glistring armes does ill agree;

But he of rope or armes has now no memoree.

XXIII

The Redcrosse knight toward him crossed fast,

To weet, what mister wight was so dismayd:

There him he finds all sencelesse and aghast,

That of him selfe he seemd to be afrayd;

Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,

Till he these wordes to him deliver might;

Sir knight, aread who hath ye thus arayd,

And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight:

For never knight I saw in such misseeming plight.

XXIV

He answerd nought at all, but adding new

Feare to his first amazment, staring wide

With stony eyes, and hartlesse hollow hew,

Astonisht stood, as one that had aspide

Infernall furies, with their chaines untide.

Him yet againe, and yet againe bespake

The gentle knight; who nought to him replide,

But trembling every joint did inly quake,

And foltring tongue at last these words seemd forth to shake.

XXV

For Gods deare love, Sir knight, do me not stay;

For loe he comes, he comes fast after mee.

Eft looking back would faine have runne away;

But he him forst to stay, and tellen free

The secret cause of his perplexitie:

Yet nathemore by his bold hartie speach

Could his bloud-frosen hart emboldned bee,

But through his boldnesse rather feare did reach,

Yet forst, at last he made through silence suddein breach.

XXVI

And am I now in safetie sure (quoth he)

From him, that would have forced me to dye?

And is the point of death now turnd fro mee,

That I may tell this haplesse history?

Feare nought: (quoth he) no daunger now is nye.

Then shall I you recount a ruefull cace,

(Said he) the which with this unlucky eye

I late beheld, and had not greater grace

Me reft from it, had bene partaker of the place.

XXVII

I lately chaunst (would I had never chaunst)

With a faire knight to keepen companee,

Sir Terwin hight, that well himselfe advaunst

In all affaires, and was both bold and free,

But not so happy as mote happy bee:

He lov'd, as was his lot, a Ladie gent,

That him againe lov'd in the least degree:

For she was proud, and of too high intent,

And joyd to see her lover languish and lament.

XXVIII

From whom returning sad and comfortlesse,

As on the way together we did fare,

We met that villen (God from him me blesse)

That cursed wight, from whom I scapt whyleare,

A man of hell, that cals himselfe Despaire:

Who first us greets, and after faire areedes

Of tydings strange, and of adventures rare:

So creeping close, as Snake in hidden weedes,

Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly deedes.

XXIX

Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts

Embost with bale, and bitter byting griefe,

Which love had launched with his deadly darts,

With wounding words and termes of foule repriefe,

He pluckt from us all hope of due reliefe,

That earst us held in love of lingring life;

Then hopelesse hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe

Perswade us die, to stint all further strife:

To me he lent this rope, to him a rustie knife.

XXX

With which sad instrument of hasty death,

That wofull lover, loathing lenger light,

A wide way made to let forth living breath.

But I more fearfull, or more luckie wight,

Dismayd with that deformed dismall sight,

Fled fast away, halfe dead with dying feare:

Ne yet assur'd of life by you, Sir knight,

Whose like infirmitie like chaunce may beare:

But God you never let his charmed speeches heare.

XXXI

How may a man (said he) with idle speach

Be wonne, to spoyle the Castle of his health?

I wote (quoth he) whom triall late did teach,

That like would not for all this worldes wealth:

His subtill tongue, like dropping honny, mealt'h

Into the hart, and searcheth every vaine;

That ere one be aware, by secret stealth

His powre is reft, and weaknesse doth remaine.

O never Sir desire to try his guilefull traine.

XXXII

Certes (said he) hence shall I never rest,

Till I that treacherours art have heard and tride;

And you Sir knight, whose name mote I request,

Of grace do me unto his cabin guide.

I that hight Trevisan (quoth he) will ride,

Against my liking backe, to do you grace:

But not for gold nor glee will I abide

By you, when ye arrive in that same place

For lever had I die, then see his deadly face.

XXXIII

Ere long they come, where that same wicked wight

His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,

Farre underneath a craggie clift ypight,

Darke, dolefull, drearie, like a greedy grave,

That still for carrion carcases doth crave:

On top whereof aye dwelt the ghastly Owle,

Shrieking his balefull note, which ever drave

Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle;

And all about it wandring ghostes did waile and howle.

XXXIV

And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,

Whereon nor fruit nor leafe was ever seene,

Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees;

On which had many wretches hanged beene,

Whose carcases were scattered on the greene,

And throwne about the clifts. Arrived there,

That bare-head knight for dread and dolefull teene,

Would faine have fled, ne durst approchen neare,

But th' other forst him stay, and comforted in feare.

XXXV

That darkesome cave they enter, where they find

That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,

Musing full sadly in his sullein mind;

His griesie lockes, long growen, and unbound,

Disordred hong about his shoulders round,

And hid his face; through which his hollow eyne

Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;

His raw-bone cheekes, through penurie and pine,

Were shronke into his jawes, as he did never dine.

XXXVI

His garment nought but many ragged clouts,

With thornes together pind and patched was,

The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts;

And him beside there lay upon the gras

A drearie corse, whose life away did pas,

All wallowed in his owne yet luke-warme blood,

That from his wound yet welled fresh alas;

In which a rustie knife fast fixed stood,

And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

XXXVII

Which piteous spectacle, approving trew

The wofull tale that Trevisan had told,

When as the gentle Redcrosse knight did vew,

With firie zeale he burnt in courage bold,

Him to avenge, before his bloud were cold,

And to the villein said, Thou damned wight,

The author of this fact we here behold,

What justice can but judge against thee right,

With thine owne bloud to price his bloud, here shed in sight.

XXXVIII

What franticke fit (quoth he) hath thus distraught

Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to give?

What justice ever other judgement taught,

But he should die, who merites not to live?

None else to death this man despayring drive,

But his owne guiltie mind deserving death.

Is then unjust to each his due to give?

Or let him die, that loatheth living breath?

Or let him die at ease, that liveth here uneath?

XXXIX

Who travels by the wearie wandring way,

To come unto his wished home in haste,

And meetes a flood, that doth his passage stay,

Is not great grace to helpe him over past,

Or free his feet that in the myre sticke fast?

Most envious man, that grieves at neighbours good,

And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast,

Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath stood

Upon the banke, yet wilt thy selfe not passe the flood?

XL

He there does now enjoy eternall rest

And happy ease, which thou dost want and crave,

And further from it daily wanderest:

What if some little paine the passage have,

That makes fraile flesh to feare the bitter wave?

Is not short paine well borne, that brings long ease,

And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?

Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,

Ease after warre, death after life does greatly please.

XLI

The knight much wondred at his suddeine wit,

And said, The terme of life is limited,

Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten it;

The souldier may not move from watchfull sted,

Nor leave his stand, untill his Captaine bed.

Who life did limit by almightie doome

(Quoth he) knowes best the termes established;

And he, that points the Centonell his roome,

Doth license him depart at sound of morning droome.

XLII

Is not his deed, what ever thing is donne

In heaven and earth? did not he all create

To die againe? all ends that was begonne.

Their times in his eternall booke of fate

Are written sure, and have their certaine date.

Who then can strive with strong necessitie,

That holds the world in his still chaunging state,

Or shunne the death ordaynd by destinie?

When houre of death is come, let none aske whence, nor why.

XLIII

The lenger life, I wote the greater sin,

The greater sin, the greater punishment:

All those great battels, which thou boasts to win,

Through strife, and blood-shed, and avengement,

Now praysd, hereafter deare thou shalt repent:

For life must life, and blood must blood repay.

Is not enough thy evill life forespent?

For he that once hath missed the right way,

The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.

XLIV

Then do no further goe, no further stray,

But here lie downe, and to thy rest betake,

Th’ ill to prevent, that life ensewen may.

For what hath life, that may it loved make,

And gives not rather cause it to forsake?

Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,

Paine, hunger, cold, that makes the hart to quake;

And ever fickle fortune rageth rife,

All which, and thousands mo do make a loathsome life.

XLV

Thou wretched man, of death hast greatest need,

If in true ballance thou wilt weigh thy state:

For never knight, that dared warlike deede,

More lucklesse disaventures did amate:

Witnesse the dungeon deepe, wherein of late

Thy life shut up, for death so oft did call;

And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,

Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,

Into the which hereafter thou maiest happen fall.

XLVI

Why then doest thou, O man of sin, desire

To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?

Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire

High heaped up with huge iniquitie,

Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?

Is not enough, that to this Ladie milde

Thou falsed hast thy faith with perjurie,

And sold thy selfe to serve Duessa vilde,

With whom in all abuse thou hast thy selfe defilde?

XLVII

Is not he just, that all this doth behold

From highest heaven, and beares an equall eye?

Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,

And guilty be of thine impietie?

Is not his law, Let every sinner die:

Die shall all flesh? what then must needs be donne,

Is it not better to doe willinglie,

Then linger, till the glasse be all out ronne?

Death is the end of woes: die soone, O faeries sonne.

XLVIII

The knight was much enmoved with his speach,

That as a swords point through his hart did perse,

And in his conscience made a secret breach,

Well knowing true all that he did reherse,

And to his fresh remembraunce did reverse

The ugly vew of his deformed crimes,

That all his manly powres it did disperse,

As he were charmed with inchaunted rimes,

That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

XLIX

In which amazement, when the Miscreant

Perceived him to waver weake and fraile,

Whiles trembling horror did his conscience dant,

And hellish anguish did his soule assaile,

To drive him to despaire, and quite to quaile,

He shew'd him painted in a table plaine,

The damned ghosts, that doe in torments waile,

And thousand feends that doe them endlesse paine

With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remaine.

L

The sight whereof so throughly him dismaid,

That nought but death before his eyes he saw,

And ever burning wrath before him laid,

By righteous sentence of th' Almighties law.

Then gan the villein him to overcraw,

And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,

And all that might him to perdition draw;

And bad him choose, what death he would desire:

For death was due to him, that had provokt Gods ire.

LI

But when as none of them he saw him take,

He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keene,

And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake,

And tremble like a leafe of Aspin greene,

And troubled bloud through his pale face was seene

To come, and goe with tidings from the heart,

As it a running messenger had beene.

At last resolv'd to worke his finall smart,

He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did start.

LII

Which whenas Una saw, through every vaine

The crudled cold ran to her well of life,

As in a swowne: but soone reliv'd againe,

Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife,

And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,

And to him said, Fie, fie, faint harted knight,

What meanest thou by this reprochfull strife?

Is this the battell, which thou vauntst to fight

With that fire-mouthed Dragon, horrible and bright?

LIII

Come, come away, fraile, seely, fleshly wight,

Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,

Ne divelish thoughts dismay thy constant spright.

In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?

Why shouldst thou then despeire, that chosen art?

Where justice growes, there grows eke greater grace,

The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,

And that accurst hand-writing doth deface.

Arise, Sir knight, arise, and leave this cursed place.

LIV So up he rose, and thence amounted streight.

Which when the carle beheld, and saw his guest

Would safe depart for all his subtill sleight,

He chose an halter from among the rest,

And with it hung himselfe, unbid unblest.

But death he could not worke himselfe thereby;

For thousand times he so himselfe had drest,

Yet nathelesse it could not doe him die,

Till he should die his last, that is, eternally.

Canto X

Her faithfull knight faire Una brings

to house of Holinesse

, Where he is taught repentance, and

the way to heavenly blesse.

I

WHAT man is he, that boasts of fleshly might

And vaine assurance of mortality,

Which all so soone as it doth come to fight

Against spirituall foes, yeelds by and by,

Or from the field most cowardly doth fly?

Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,

That thorough grace hath gained victory.

If any strength we have, it is to ill,

But all the good is Gods, both power and eke will.

II

But that, which lately hapned, Una saw,
That this her knight was feeble, and too faint;
And all his sinews woxen weake and raw,
Through long enprisonment, and hard constraint,
Which he endured in his late restraint,
That yet he was unfit for bloudy fight:
Therefore to cherish him with diets daint,
She cast to bring him, where he chearen might.
Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.

III

There was an auntient house not farre away,
Renowmd throughout the world for sacred lore,
And pure unspotted life: so well they say
It governd was, and guided evermore,
Through wisedome of a matrone grave and hore
Whose onely joy was to relieve the needes
Of wretched soules, and helpe the helpelesse pore:
All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,
And all the day in doing good and godly deedes.

IV

Dame Cœlia men did her call, as thought
From heaven to come, or thither to arise,
The mother of three daughters, well upbrought
In goodly thewes, and godly exercise:
The eldest two, most sober, chast, and wise,
Fidelia and Speranza virgins were,
Though spousd, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize:
But faire Charissa to a lovely fere
Was lincked, and by him had many pledges dere.

V

Arrived there, the dore they find fast lockt;

For it was warely watched night and day,

For feare of many foes: but when they knockt,

The Porter opened unto them streight way:

He was an aged syre, all hory gray,

With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full slow,

Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,

Hight Humiltà.They passe in stouping low;

For streight and narrow was the way which he did show.

VI

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin,

But entred in a spacious court they see,

Both plaine, and pleasant to be walked in,

Where them does meete a francklin faire and free,

And entertaines with comely courteous glee,

His name was Zele, that him right well became,

For in his speeches and behaviour hee

Did labour lively to expresse the same,

And gladly did them guide, till to the Hall they came.

VII

There fairely them receives a gentle Squire,

Of milde demeanure, and rare courtesie,

Right cleanly clad in comely sad attire;

In word and deede that shew'd great modestie,

And knew his good to all of each degree,

Hight Reverence. He them with speeches meet

Does faire entreat; no courting nicetie,

But simple true, and eke unfained sweet,

As might become a Squire so great persons to greet.

VIII

And afterwards them to his Dame he leades,

That aged Dame, the Ladie of the place:

Who all this while was busy at her beades:

Which doen, she up arose with seemely grace,

And toward them full matronely did pace.

Where when that fairest Una she beheld,

Whom well she knew to spring from heavenly race,

Her hart with joy unwonted inly sweld,

As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld.

IX

And her embracing said, O happie earth,

Whereon thy innocent feet doe ever tread,

Most vertuous virgin borne of heavenly berth,

That, to redeeme thy woefull parents head,

From tyrans rage, and ever dying dread,

Hast wandred through the world now long a day;

Yet ceasest not thy weary soles to lead,

What grace hath thee now hither brought this way?

Or doen thy feeble feet unweeting hither stray?

X

Strange thing it is an errant knight to see

Here in this place, or any other wight,

That hither turnes his steps. So few there bee

That chose the narrow path, or seeke the right:

All keepe the broad high way, and take delight

With many rather for to go astray,

And be partakers of their evill plight,

Then with a few to walke the rightest way;

O foolish men, why haste ye to your owne decay?

XI

Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbes to rest,

O matrone sage (quoth she) I hither came;

And this good knight his way with me addrest,

Led with thy prayses and broad-blazed fame,

That up to heaven is blowne. The auncient Dame

Him goodly greeted in her modest guise,

And entertaynd them both, as best became,

With all the court'sies that she could devise,

Ne wanted ought, to shew her bounteous or wise.

XII

Thus as they gan of sundry things devise,

Loe two most goodly virgins came in place,

Ylinked arme in arme in lovely wise,

With countenance demure, and modest grace,

They numbred even steps and equall pace:

Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,

Like sunny beames threw from her christall face,

That could have dazd the rash beholders sight,

And round about her head did shine like heavens light.

XIII

She was araied all in lilly white,

And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,

With wine and water fild up to the hight,

In which a Serpent did himselfe enfold,

That horrour made to all that did behold;

But she no whit did chaunge her constant mood:

And in her other hand she fast did hold

A booke, that was both signd and seald with blood:

Wherin darke things were writ, hard to be understood.

XIV

Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,

Was clad in blew, that her beseemed well;

Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight,

As was her sister; whether dread did dwell,

Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell:

Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,

Whereon she leaned ever, as befell:

And ever up to heaven, as she did pray,

Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other way.

XV

They seeing Una, towards her gan wend,

Who them encounters with like courtesie;

Many kind speeches they betwene them spend,

And greatly joy each other well to see:

Then to the knight with shamefast modestie

They turne themselves, at Unaes meeke request,

And him salute with well beseeming glee;

Who faire them quites, as him beseemed best,

And goodly gan discourse of many a noble gest.

XVI

Then Una thus; But she your sister deare,

The deare Charissa where is she become?

Or wants she health, or busie is elsewhere?

Ah no, said they, but forth she may not come:

For she of late is lightned of her wombe,

And hath encreast the world with one sonne more,

That her to see should be but troublesome.

Indeed (quoth she) that should be trouble sore;

But thankt be God, and her encrease so evermore.

XVII

Then said the aged Cœlia, Deare dame,

And you good Sir, I wote that of youre toyle,

And labours long, through which ye hither came,

Ye both forwearied be: therefore a whyle

I read you rest, and to your bowres recoyle.

Then called she a Groome, that forth him led

Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile

Of puissant armes, and laid in easie bed;

His name was meeke Obedience rightfully ared.

XVIII

Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,

And bodies were refresht with due repast,

Faire Una gan Fidelia faire request,

To have her knight into her schoolehouse plaste,

That of her heavenly learning he might taste,

And heare the wisedom of her words divine.

She graunted, and that knight so much agraste,

That she him taught celestiall discipline,

And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them shine.

XIX

And that her sacred Booke, with blood ywrit,

That none could read, except she did them teach,

She unto him disclosed every whit,

And heavenly documents thereout did preach,

That weaker wit of man could never reach,

Of God, of grace, of justice, of free will,

That wonder was to heare her goodly speach:

For she was able with her words to kill,

And raise againe to life the hart that she did thrill.

XX

And when she list poure out her larger spright,

She would commaund the hastie Sunne to stay,

Or backward turne his course from heavens hight;

Sometimes great hostes of men she could dismay;

Dry-shod to passe, she parts the flouds in tway;

And eke huge mountaines from their native seat

She would commaund, themselves to beare away,

And throw in raging sea with roaring threat.

Almightie God her gave such powre, and puissaunce great.

XXI

The faithfull knight now grew in litle space,

By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,

To such perfection of all heavenly grace,

That wretched world he gan for to abhore,

And mortall life gan loath, as thing forlore,

Greevd with remembrance of his wicked wayes,

And prickt with anguish of his sinnes so sore,

That he desirde to end his wretched dayes:

So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dismayes.

XXII

But wise Speranza gave him comfort sweet,

And taught him how to take assured hold

Upon her silver anchor, as was meet;

Else had his sinnes so great and manifold

Made him forget all that Fidelia told.

In this distressed doubtfull agonie,

When him his dearest Una did behold,

Disdeining life, desiring leave to die,

She found her selfe assayld with great perplexitie.

XXIII

And came to Cœlia to declare her smart,

Who well acquainted with that commune plight,

Which sinfull horror workes in wounded hart,

Her wisely comforted all that she might,

With goodly counsell and advisement right;

And streightway sent with carefull diligence,

To fetch a Leach, the which had great insight

In that disease of grieved conscience,

And well could cure the same; his name was Patience.

XXIV

Who comming to that soule-diseased knight,

Could hardly him intreat to tell his griefe:

Which knowne, and all that noyd his heavie spright

Well searcht, eftsoones he gan apply relief

Of salves and med'cines, which had passing priefe,

And thereto added words of wondrous might;

By which to ease he him recured briefe,

And much aswag'd the passion of his plight,

That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now more light.

XXV

But yet the cause and root of all his ill,

Inward corruption and infected sin,

Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained still,

And festring sore did rankle yet within,

Close creeping twixt the marrow and the skin.

Which to extirpe, he laid him privily

Downe in a darkesome lowly place farre in,

Whereas he meant his corrosives to apply,

And with streight diet tame his stubborne malady.

XXVI

In ashes and sackcloth he did array

His daintie corse, proud humors to abate,

And dieted with fasting every day,

The swelling of his wounds to mitigate,

And made him pray both earely and eke late:

And ever as superfluous flesh did rot

Amendment readie still at hand did wayt,

To pluck it out with pincers firie whot,

That soone in him was left no one corrupted jot.

XXVII

And bitter Penance with an yron whip,

Was wont him once to disple every day:

And sharpe Remorse his hart did pricke and nip,

That drops of blood thence like a well did play:

And sad Repentance used to embay

His bodie in salt water smarting sore,

The filthy blots of sinne to wash away.

So in short space they did to health restore

The man that would not live, but earst lay at deathes dore.

XXVIII

In which his torment often was so great,

That like a Lyon he would cry and rore,

And rend his flesh, and his owne synewes eat.

His owne deare Una hearing evermore

His ruefull shriekes and gronings, often tore

Her guiltlesse garments, and her golden heare,

For pitty of his paine and anguish sore;

Yet all with patience wisely she did beare;

For well she wist his crime could else be never cleare.

XXIX

Whom thus recover'd by wise Patience

And trew Repentaunce they to Una brought:

Who joyous of his cured conscience,

Him dearely kist, and fairely eke besought

Himselfe to chearish, and consuming thought

To put away out of his carefull brest.

By this Charissa, late in child-bed brought,

Was woxen strong, and left her fruitfull nest;

To her faire Una brought this unacquainted guest.

XXX

She was a woman in her freshest age,

Of wondrous beauty, and of bountie rare,

With goodly grace and comely personage,

That was on earth not easie to compare;

Full of great love, but Cupid's wanton snare

As hell she hated, chast in worke and will;

Her necke and breasts were ever open bare,

That ay thereof her babes might sucke their fill;

The rest was all in yellow robes arayed still.

XXXI

A multitude of babes about her hong,

Playing their sports, that joyd her to behold,

Whom still she fed, whiles they were weake and young,

But thrust them forth still as they wexed old:

And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,

Adornd with gemmes and owches wondrous faire,

Whose passing price uneath was to be told:

And by her side there sate a gentle paire

Of turtle doves, she sitting in an yvorie chaire.

XXXII

The knight and Una entring faire her greet,

And bid her joy of that her happie brood;

Who them requites with court'sies seeming meet,

And entertaines with friendly chearefull mood.

Then Una her besought, to be so good

As in her vertuous rules to schoole her knight,

Now after all his torment well withstood,

In that sad house of Penaunce, where his spright

Had past the paines of hell, and long enduring night.

XXXIII

She was right joyous of her just request,

And taking by the hand that Faeries sonne,

Gan him instruct in every good behest,

Of love, and righteousnesse, and well to donne,

And wrath, and hatred warely to shonne,

That drew on men Gods hatred and his wrath,

And many soules in dolours had fordonne:

In which when him she well instructed hath,

From thence to heaven she teacheth him the ready path.

XXXIV

Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guide,

An auncient matrone she to her does call,

Whose sober lookes her wisedome well descride:

Her name was Mercie, well knowne over all,

To be both gratious, and eke liberall:

To whom the carefull charge of him she gave,

To lead aright, that he should never fall

In all his wayes through this wide worldes wave,

That Mercy in the end his righteous soule might save.

XXXV

The godly Matrone by the hand him beares

Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,

Scattred with bushy thornes, and ragged breares,

Which still before him she remov'd away,

That nothing might his ready passage stay:

And ever when his feet encombred were,

Or gan to shrinke, or from the right to stray,

She held him fast, and firmely did upbeare,

As carefull Nourse her child from falling oft does reare.

XXXVI

Eftsoones unto an holy Hospitall,

That was fore by the way, she did him bring,

In which seven Bead-men that had vowed all

Their life to service of high heavens king,

Did spend their dayes in doing godly thing:

Their gates to all were open evermore,

That by the wearie way were traveiling,

And one sate wayting ever them before,

To call in commers by, that needy were and pore.

XXXVII

The first of them that eldest was, and best,

Of all the house had charge and governement,

As Guardian and Steward of the rest:

His office was to give entertainement

And lodging, unto all that came, and went:

Not unto such, as could him feast againe,

And double quite, for that he on them spent,

But such, as want of harbour did constraine:

Those for Gods sake his dewty was to entertaine.

XXXVIII

The second was as Almner of the place,

His office was, the hungry for to feed,

And thristy give to drinke, a worke of grace:

He feard not once him selfe to be in need,

Ne car'd to hoord for those whom he did breede:

The grace of God he layd up still in store,

Which as a stocke he left unto his seede;

He had enough, what need him care for more?

And had he lesse, yet some he would give to the pore.

XXXIX

The third had of their wardrobe custodie,

In which were not rich tyres, nor garments gay,

The plumes of pride, and wings of vanitie,

But clothes meet to keepe keene could away,

And naked nature seemely to aray;

With which bare wretched wights he dayly clad,

The images of God in earthly clay;

And if that no spare cloths to give he had,

His owne coate he would cut, and it distribute glad.

XL

The fourth appointed by his office was,

Poore prisoners to relieve with gratious ayd,

And captives to redeeme with price of bras,

From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had stayd,

And though they faultie were, yet well he wayd,

That God to us forgiveth every howre

Much more then that why they in bands were layd,

And he that harrowd hell with heavie stowre,

The faultie soules from thence brought to his heavenly bowre.

XLI

The fift had charge sicke persons to attend,

And comfort those, in point of death which lay;

For them most needeth comfort in the end,

When sin, and hell, and death do most dismay

The feeble soule departing hence away.

All is but lost, that living we bestow,

If not well ended at our dying day.

O man have mind of that last bitter throw

For as the tree does fall, so lyes it ever low.

XLII

The sixt had charge of them now being dead,

In seemely sort their corses to engrave,

And deck with dainty flowres their bridall bed,
That to their heavenly spouse both sweet and brave
They might appeare, when he their soules shall save.
The wondrous workmanship of Gods owne mould,
Whose face he made all beasts to feare, and gave
All in his hand, even dead we honour should.
Ah dearest God me graunt, I dead be not defould.

XLIII

The seventh, now after death and buriall done,
Had charge the tender orphans of the dead
And widowes ayd, least they should be undone:
In face of judgement he their right would plead,
Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread
In their defence, nor would for gold or fee
Be wonne their rightfull causes downe to tread:
And, when they stood in most necessitee,
He did supply their want, and gave them ever free.

XLIV

There when the Elfin knight arrived was,
The first and chiefest of the seven, whose care
Was guests to welcome, towardes him did pas:
Where seeing Mercie, that his steps upbare,
And alwayes led, to her with reverence rare
He humbly louted in meeke lowlinesse,
And seemely welcome for her did prepare:
For of their order she was Patronesse,
Albe Charissa were their chiefest founderesse.

XLV

There she awhile him stayes, him selfe to rest,
That to the rest more able he might bee:
During which time, in every good behest

And godly worke of almes and charitee,

She him instructed with great industree;

Shortly therein so perfect he became,

That from the first unto the last degree,

His mortall life he learned had to frame

In holy righteousnesse, without rebuke or blame.

XLVI

Thence forward by that painfull way they pas,

Forth to an hill, that was both steepe and hy;

On top whereof a sacred chappell was,

And eke a little Hermitage thereby,

Wherein an aged holy man did lye,

That day and night said his devotion,

Ne other worldly busines did apply;

His name was heavenly Contemplation;

Of God and goodnesse was his meditation.

XLVII

Great grace that old man to him given had;

For God he often saw from heavens hight,

All were his earthly eyen both blunt and bad,

And through great age had lost their kindly sight,

Yet wondrous quick and persant was his spright,

As Eagles eye, that can behold the Sunne:

That hill they scale with all their powre and might,

That his fraile thighes nigh weary and fordonne

Gan faile, but by her helpe the top at last he wonne.

XLVIII

There they do finde that godly aged Sire,

With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed,

As hoarie frost with spangles doth attire

The mossy braunches of an Oke halfe ded.

Each bone might through his body well be red,

And every sinew seene through his long fast:

For nought he car'd his carcas long unfed;

His mind was full of spirituall repast,

And pyn'd his flesh, to keepe his body low and chast.

XLIX

Who when these two approaching he aspide,

At their first presence grew agrieved sore,

That forst him lay his heavenly thoughts aside;

And had he not that Dame respected more,

Whom highly he did reverence and adore,

He would not once have moved for the knight.

They him saluted, standing far afore;

Who well them greeting, humbly did requight,

And asked, to what end they clomb that tedious height.

L

What end (quoth she) should cause us take such paine,

But that same end which every living wight

Should make his marke, high heaven to attaine?

Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right

To that most glorious house that glistreth bright

With burning starres and everliving fire,

Whereof the keyes are to thy hand behight

By wise Fidelia? She doth thee require,

To show it to his knight, according his desire.

LI

Thrise happy man, said then the father grave,

Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,

And shewes the way, his sinfull soule to save.

Who better can the way to heaven aread,

Then thou thy selfe, that was both borne and bred

In heavenly throne, where thousand Angels shine?

Thou doest the prayers of the righteous sead

Present before the majestie divine,

And his avenging wrath to clemencie incline.

LII

Yet since thou bidst, thy pleasure shal be donne.

Then come thou man of earth, and see the way,

That never yet was seene of Faeries sonne,

That never leads the traveiler astray,

But after labors long, and sad delay,

Brings them to joyous rest and endlesse blis.

But first thou must a season fast and pray,

Till from her bands the spright assoiled is,

And have her strength recur'd from fraile infirmitis.

LIII

That donne, he leads him to the highest Mount;

Such one as that same mighty man of God,

That blood-red billowes like a walled front

On either side disparted with his rod,

Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,

Dwelt forty dayes upon; where writ in stone

With bloudy letters by the hand of God,

The bitter doome of death and balefull mone

He did receive, whiles flashing fire about him shone.

LIV

Or like that sacred hill, whose head full hie,

Adornd with fruitfull Olives all arownd,

Is, as it were for endlesse memory

Of that deare Lord who oft thereon was fownd,

For ever with a flowring girlond crownd:

Or like that pleasaunt Mount, that is for ay

Through famous Poets verse each where renownd,

On which the thrise three learned Ladies play

Their heavenly notes, and make full many a lovely lay.

LV

From thence, far off he unto him did shew

A litle path, that was both steepe and long,

Which to a goodly Citie led his vew;

Whose wals and towres were builded high and strong

Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tong

Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;

Too high a ditty for my simple song;

The Citie of the great king hight it well,

Wherein eternall peace and happinesse doth dwell.

LVI

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see

The blessed Angels to and fro descend

From highest heaven in gladsome companee,

And with great joy into that Citie wend,

As commonly as friend does with his frend.

Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquere,

What stately building durst so high extend

Her loftie towres unto the starry sphere,

And what unknowen nation there empeopled were.

LVII

Faire knight (quoth he) Hierusalem that is,

The new Hierusalem, that God has built

For those to dwell in, that are chosen his,

His chosen people purg'd from sinfull guilt

With pretious blood, which cruelly was spilt

On cursed tree, of that unspotted lam,

That for the sinnes of al the world was kilt:

Now are they Saints all in that Citie sam,

More dear unto their God then younglings to their dam.

LVIII

Till now, said then the knight, I weened well,

That great Cleopolis, where I have beene,

In which that fairest Faerie Queene doth dwell,

The fairest citie was that might be seene;

And that bright towre all built of christall cleene,

Panthea, seemd the brightest thing that was:

But now by proofe all otherwise I weene;

For this great Citie that does far surpas,

And this bright Angels towre quite dims that towre of glas.

LIX

Most trew, then said the holy aged man;

Yet is Cleopolis, for earthly frame,

The fairest peece that eye beholden can;

And well beseemes all knights of noble name,

That covett in th' immortall booke of fame

To be eternized, that same to haunt,

And doen their service to that soveraigne dame,

That glorie does to them for guerdon graunt:

For she is heavenly borne, and heaven may justly vaunt.

LX

And thou faire ymp, sprong out from English race,

How ever now accompted Elfins sonne,

Well worthy doest thy service for her grace,

To aide a virgin desolate fordonne.

But when thou famous victory hast wonne,

And high emongst all knights hast hong thy shield,

Thenceforth the suit of earthly conquest shonne,

And wash thy hands from guilt of bloudy field:

For blood can nought but sin, and wars but sorrowes yield.

LXI

Then seek this path, that I to thee presage,

Which after all to heaven shall thee send;

Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage

To yonder same Hierusalem do bend,

Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end:

For thou emongst those Saints, whom thou doest see,

Shall be a Saint, and thine owne nations frend

And Patrone: thou Saint George shalt called bee,

Saint George of mery England, the signe of victoree.

LXII

Unworthy wretch (quoth he) of so great grace,

How dare I thinke such glory to attaine?

These that have it attaind, were in like cace,

(Quoth he) as wretched, and liv'd in like paine.

But deeds of armes must I at last be faine

And Ladies love to leave so dearely bought?

What need of armes, where peace doth ay remaine,

(Said he,) and battailes none are to be fought?

As for loose loves, they're vain, and vanish into nought.

LXIII

O let me not (quoth he) then turne againe

Backe to the world, whose joyes so fruitlesse are;

But let me here for aye in peace remaine,

Or streight way on that last long voyage fare,

That nothing may my present hope empare.

That may not be, (said he) ne maist thou yit

Forgo that royall maides bequeathed care,

Who did her cause into thy hand commit,

Till from her cursed foe thou have her freely quit.

LXIV

Then shall I soone (quoth he) so God me grace,

Abet that virgins cause disconsolate,

And shortly backe returne unto this place,

To walke this way in Pilgrims poore estate.

But now aread, old father, why of late

Didst thou behight me borne of English blood,

Whom all a Faeries sonne doen nominate?

That word shall I (said he) avouchen good,

Sith to thee is unknowne the cradle of thy blood.

LXV For well I wote thou springst from ancient race

Of Saxon kings, that have with mightie hand

And many bloody battailes fought in place

High reard their royall throne in Britane land,

And vanquisht them, unable to withstand:

From thence a Faerie thee unweeting reft,

There as thou slepst in tender swadling band,

And her base Elfin brood there for thee left.

Such men do Chaungelings call, so chang'd by Faeries theft.

LXVI

Thence she thee brought into this Faerie lond,

And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde,

Where thee a Ploughman all unweeting fond,

As he his toylesome teme that way did guyde,

And brought thee up in ploughmans state to byde

Whereof Georgos he gave thee to name;

Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pryde,

To Faerie court thou cam'st to seeke for fame,

And prove thy puissaunt armes, as seemes thee best became.

LXVII

O holy Sire (quoth he) how shall I quight

The many favours I with thee have found,

That hast my name and nation red aright,

And taught the way that does to heaven bound?

This said, adowne he looked to the ground,

To have returnd, but dazed were his eyne

Through passing brightnesse, which did quite confound

His feeble sence and too exceeding shyne.

So darke are earthly things compard to things divine.

LXVIII

At last whenas himselfe he gan to find,

To Una back he cast him to retire;

Who him awaited still with pensive mind.

Great thankes and goodly meed to that good syre

He thence departing gave for his paines hyre.

So came to Una, who him joyd to see,

And after little rest, gan him desire

Of her adventure mindfull for to bee.

So leave they take of Cœlia, and her daughters three.

Canto XI

The knight with that old Dragon fights

two dayes incessantly;

The third him overthrowes, and gayns

most glorious victory.

I

HIGH time now gan it wex for Una faire

To thinke of those her captive Parents deare,

And their forwasted kingdome to repaire:

Whereto whenas they now approched neare,

With hartie wordes her knight she gan to cheare,

And in her modest manner thus bespake;

Deare knight, as deare as ever knight was deare,

That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,

High heaven behold the tedious toyle ye for me take.

II

Now are we come unto my native soyle,

And to the place where all our perils dwell;

Here haunts that feend, and does his dayly spoyle;

Therefore henceforth be at your keeping well,

And ever ready for your foeman fell.

The sparke of noble courage now awake,

And strive your excellent selfe to excell:

That shall ye evermore renowmed make,

Above all knights on earth that batteill undertake.

III

And pointing forth, Lo yonder is (said she)

The brasen towre in which my parents deare

For dread of that huge feend emprisond be,

Whom I from far, see on the walles appeare,

Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly cheare:

And on the top of all I do espye

The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare,

That O my parents might I happily

Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery.

IV

With that they heard a roaring hideous sound,

That all the ayre with terrour filled wide,

And seemd uneath to shake the stedfast ground.

Eftsoones that dreadful Dragon they espide,

Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side,

Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill.

But all so soone as he from far descride

Those glistring armes, that heaven with light did fill,

He rousd himselfe full blith, and hastned them untill.

V

Then bad the knight his Lady yede aloofe,

And to an hill her selfe withdraw aside:

From whence she might behold that battailles proof,

And eke be safe from daunger far descryde:

She him obayd, and turnd a little wyde.

Now O thou sacred muse, most learned Dame,

Faire ympe of Phœbus and his aged bride,

The Nourse of time and everlasting fame,

That warlike hands ennoblest with immortall name;

VI

O gently come into my feeble brest

Come gently, but not with that mighty rage,

Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doest infest,

And harts of great Heroës doest enrage,

That nought their kindled courage may aswage,

Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to sownd,

The God of warre with his fiers equipage

Thou doest awake, sleepe never he so sownd,

All scared nations doest with horrour sterne astownd.

VII

Faire Goddesse, lay that furious fit aside,

Till I of warres and bloody Mars do sing,

And Briton fields with Sarazin bloud bedyde,

Twixt that great Faery Queene, and Paynim king,

That with their horrour heaven and earth did ring;

A worke of labour long and endlesse prayse:

But now a while let downe that haughtie string

And to my tunes thy second tenor rayse,

That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.

VIII

By this the dreadfull Beast drew nigh to hand,
Halfe flying, and halfe footing in his haste,
That with his largenesse measured much land,
And made wide shadow under his huge wast,
As mountaine doth the valley overcast.
Approching nigh, he reared high afore
His body monstrous, horrible, and vaste,
Which to increase his wondrous greatnesse more,
Was swoln with wrath, and poyson, and with bloudy gore.

IX

And over, all with brasen scales was armd,
Like plated coate of steele, so couched neare,
That nought mote perce, ne might his corse be harmd
With dint of sword, nor push of pointed speare;
Which, as an Eagle, seeing pray appeare,
His aery plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight;
So shaked he, that horrour was to heare,
For as the clashing of an Armour bright,
Such noyse his rouzed scales did send unto the knight.

X

His flaggy wings when forth he did display,
Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:
And eke the pennes, that did his pineons bynd,
Were like mayne-yards, with flying canvas lynd;
With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,
And there by force unwonted passage find,
The cloudes before him fled for terrour great,
And all the heavens stood still amazed with his threat.

XI

His huge long tayle wound up in hundred foldes,

Does overspred his long bras-scaly backe,

Whose wreathed boughts when ever he unfoldes,

And thicke entangled knots adown does slacke,

Bespotted as with shields of red and blacke,

It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,

And of three furlongs does but litle lacke;

And at the point two stings in-fixed arre,

Both deadly sharpe, that sharpest steele exceeden farre.

XII

But stings and sharpest steele did far exceed

The sharpnesse of his cruell rending clawes;

Dead was it sure, as sure as death in deed,

What ever thing does touch his ravenous pawes,

Or what within his reach he ever drawes.

But his most hideous head my toung to tell

Does tremble: for his deepe devouring jawes

Wide gaped, like the griesly mouth of hell,

Through which into his darke abisse all ravin fell.

XIII

And that more wondrous was, in either jaw

Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were,

In which yet trickling blood, and gobbets raw

Of late devoured bodies did appeare,

That sight thereof bred cold congealed feare:

Which to increase, and as atonce to kill,

A cloud of smoothering smoke and sulphure seare,

Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,

That all the ayre about with smoke and stench did fill.

XIV

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shields,

Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living fyre:

As two broad Beacons, set in open fields,

Send forth their flames far off to every shyre,

And warning give, that enemies conspyre

With fire and sword the region to invade;

So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre:

But farre within, as in a hollow glade,

Those glaring lampes were set, that made a dreadfull shade.

XV

So dreadfully he towards him did pas,

Forelifting up aloft his speckled brest,

And often bounding on the brused gras,

As for great joyance of his newcome guest.

Eftsoones he gan advance his haughtie crest,

As chauffed Bore his bristles doth upreare,

And shoke his scales to battell ready drest;

That made the Redcrosse knight nigh quake for feare,

As bidding bold defiance to his foeman neare.

XVI

The knight gan fairely couch his steadie speare,

And fiercely ran at him with rigorous might:

The pointed steele arriving rudely theare,

His harder hide would neither perce, nor bight,

But glauncing by forth passed forward right;

Yet sore amoved with so puissaunt push,

The wrathfull beast about him turned light,

And him so rudely passing by, did brush

With his long tayle, that horse and man to ground did rush.

XVII

Both horse and man up lightly rose againe,

And fresh encounter towards him addrest:

But th'idle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,

And found no place his deadly point to rest.

Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious beast,

To be avenged of so great despight;

For never felt his imperceable brest

So wondrous force, from hand of living wight;

Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puissant knight.

XVIII

Then with his waving wings displayed wyde,

Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground,

And with strong flight did forcibly divide

The yielding aire, which nigh too feeble found

Her flitting parts, and element unsound,

To beare so great a weight: he cutting way

With his broad sayles, about him soared round:

At last low stouping with unweldie sway,

Snatcht up both horse and man, to beare them quite away.

XIX

Long he them bore above the subject plaine,

So far as Ewghen bow a shaft may send,

Till struggling strong did him at last constraine

To let them downe before his flightes end:

As hagard hauke, presuming to contend

With hardie fowle, above his hable might,

His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend

To trusse the pray too heavy for his flight;

Which comming downe to ground, does free it selfe by fight.

XX

He so disseized of his gryping grosse,

The knight his thrillant speare again assayd

In his bras-plated body to embosse,

And three mens strength unto the stroke he layd;

Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked, as affrayd,

And glauncing from his scaly necke, did glyde

Close under his left wing, then broad displayd:

The percing steele there wrought a wound full wyde,

That with the uncouth smart the Monster lowdly cryde.

XXI

He cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore,

When wintry storme his wrathfull wreck does threat

The roaring billowes beat the ragged shore,

As they the earth would shoulder from her seat,

And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat

His neighbour element in his revenge:

Then gin the blustring brethren boldly threat

To move the world from off his steadfast henge,

And boystrous battell make, each other to avenge.

XXII

The steely head stucke fast still in his flesh,

Till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the wood,

And quite a sunder broke. Forth flowed fresh

A gushing river of blacke goarie blood,

That drowned all the land, whereon he stood;

The streame thereof would drive a water-mill:

Trebly augmented was his furious mood

With bitter sence of his deepe rooted ill,

That flames of fire he threw forth from his large nosethrill.

XXIII

His hideous tayle then hurled he about,

And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes

Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage stout

Striving to loose the knot that fast him tyes,

Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash implyes,

That to the ground he is perforce constraynd

To throw his rider: who can quickly ryse

From off the earth, with durty blood distaynd,

For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disdaynd.

XXIV

And fiercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,

With which he stroke so furious and so fell,

That nothing seemd the puissaunce could withstand:

Upon his crest the hardned yron fell,

But his more hardned crest was armd so well,

That deeper dint therein it would not make;

Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,

That from thenceforth he shund the like to take,

But when he saw them come, he did them still forsake.

XXV

The knight was wroth to see his stroke beguyld,

And smote againe with more outrageous might;

But backe againe the sparckling steele recoyld,

And left not any marke, where it did light,

As if in Adamant rocke it had bene pight.

The beast impatient of his smarting wound,

And of so fierce and forcible despight,

Thought with his wings to stye above the ground;

But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.

XXVI

Then full of griefe and anguish vehement,

He lowdly brayd, that like was never heard,

And from his wide devouring oven sent

A flake of fire, that, flashing in his beard,

Him all amazd, and almost made affeard:

The scorching flame sore swinged all his face,

And through his armour all his body seard,

That he could not endure so cruell cace,

But thought his armes to leave, and helmet to unlace.

XXVII

Not that great Champion of the antique world,

Whom famous Poetes verse so much doth vaunt,

And hath for twelve huge labours high extold,

So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,

When him the poysond garment did enchaunt,

With Centaures bloud and bloudie verses charm'd;

As did this knight twelve thousand dolours daunt,

Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that earst him arm'd,

That erst him goodly arm'd, now most of all him harm'd.

XXVIII

Faint, wearie, sore, emboyled, grieved, brent

With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, and inward fire,

That never man such mischiefes did torment;

Death better were, death did he oft desire,

But death will never come, when needes require.

Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,

He cast to suffer him no more respire,

But gan his sturdy sterne about to weld,

And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him feld.

XXIX

It fortuned, (as faire it then befell,)

Behind his backe unweeting, where he stood,

Of auncient time there was a springing well,

From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,

Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good.

Whylome, before that cursed Dragon got

That happy land, and all with innocent blood

Defyld those sacred waves, it rightly hot

The well of life, ne yet his vertues had forgot.

XXX

For unto life the dead it could restore,

And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away,

Those that with sicknesse were infected sore

It could recure, and aged long decay

Renew, as one were borne that very day.

Both Silo this, and Jordan did excell,

And th' English Bath, and eke the German Spau;

Ne can Cephise, nor Hebrus match this well:

Into the same the knight back overthrowen, fell.

XXXI

Now gan the golden Phœbus for to steepe

His fierie face in billowes of the west,

And his faint steedes watred in Ocean deepe,

Whiles from their journall labours they did rest,

When that infernall Monster, having kest

His wearie foe into that living well,

Can high advance his broad discoloured brest

Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,

And clapt his yron wings, as victor he did dwell.

XXXII

Which when his pensive Ladie saw from farre,

Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,

As weening that the sad end of the warre,

And gan to highest God entirely pray,

That feared chance from her to turne away;

With folded hands and knees full lowly bent,

All night she watcht, ne once adowne would lay

Her daintie limbs in her sad dreriment,

But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

XXXIII

The morrow next gan early to appeare,

That Titan rose to runne his daily race;

But early ere the morrow next gan reare

Out of the sea faire Titans deawy face,

Up rose the gentle virgin from her place,

And looked all about, if she might spy

Her loved knight to move his manly pace:

For she had great doubt of his safety,

Since late she saw him fall before his enemy.

XXXIV

At last she saw, where he upstarted brave

Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay:

As Eagle fresh out of the Ocean wave,

Where he hath left his plumes all hoary gray,

And deckt himselfe with feathers youthly gay,

Like Eyas hauke up mounts unto the skies,

His newly budded pineons to assay,

And marveiles at himselfe, still as he flies:

So new this new-borne knight to battell new did rise.

XXXV

Whom when the damned feend so fresh did spy,

No wonder if he wondred at the sight,

And doubted, whether his late enemy

It were, or other new supplied knight.

He, now to prove his late renewed might,

High brandishing his bright deaw-burning blade,

Upon his crested scalpe so sore did smite,

That to the scull a yawning wound it made;

The deadly dint his dulled senses all dismaid.

XXXVI

I wote not, whether the revenging steele
Were hardned with that holy water dew,
Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did feele,
Or his baptized hands now greater grew;
Or other secret vertue did ensew;
Else never could the force of fleshly arme,
Ne molten mettall in his blood embrew;
For till that stownd could never wight him harme,
By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

XXXVII

The cruell wound enraged him so sore,
That loud he yelded for exceeding paine;
As hundred ramping Lyons seem'd to rore,
Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constraine:
Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched traine,
And therewith scourge the buxome aire so sore,
That to his force to yeelden it was faine;
Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand afore,
That high trees overthrew, and rocks in peeces tore.

XXXVIII

The same advauncing high above his head,
With sharpe intended sting so rude him smot,
That to the earth him drove, as stricken dead,
Ne living wight would have him life behot:
The mortall sting his angry needle shot
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seasd,
Where fast it stucke, ne would there out be got:
The griefe thereof him wondrous sore diseasd,
Ne might his ranckling paine with patience be appeasd.

XXXIX

But yet more mindfull of his honour deare,
Then of the grievous smart, which him did wring,
From loathed soile he can him lightly reare,
And strove to loose the far infixed sting:
Which when in vaine he tryde with struggeling,
Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he heft,
And strooke so strongly, that the knotty string
Of his huge taile he quite a sunder cleft,
Five joints thereof he hewd, and but the stump him left.

XL

Hart cannot thinke, what outrage, and what cryes,
With foule enfouldred smoake and flashing fire,
The hell-bred beast threw forth unto the skyes,
That all was covered with darkenesse dire:
Then fraught with rancour, and engorged ire,
He cast at once him to avenge for all,
And gathering up himselfe out of the mire,
With his uneven wings did fiercely fall,
Upon his sunne-bright shield, and gript it fast withall.

XLI

Much was the man encombred with his hold,
In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,
Ne wist yet, how his talaunts to unfold;
For harder was from Cerberus greedy jaw
To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw
To reave by strength the griped gage away:
Thrise he assayd it from his foot to draw,
And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay,
It booted nought to thinke to robbe him of his pray.

XLII

Tho when he saw no power might prevaile,

His trustie sword he cald to his last aid,

Wherewith he fiercely did his foe assaile,

And double blowes about him stoutly laid,

That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid;

As sparckles from the Andvile use to fly,

When heavy hammers on the wedge are swaid;

Therewith at last he forst him to unty

One of his grasping feete, him to defend thereby.

XLIII

The other foot, fast fixed on his shield,

Whenas no strength, nor stroks mote him constraine

To loose, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield,

He smot thereat with all his might and maine,

That nought so wondrous puissaunce might sustaine;

Upon the joint the lucky steele did light,

And made such way, that hewd it quite in twaine;

The paw yett missed not his minisht might,

But hong still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

XLIV

For griefe thereof and divelish despight,

From his infernall fournace forth he threw

Huge flames, that dimmed all the heavens light,

Enrold in duskish smoke and brimstone blew:

As burning Aetna from his boyling stew

Doth belch out flames, and rockes in peeces broke,

And ragged ribs of mountains molten new,

Enwrapt in coleblacke clouds and filthy smoke,

That all the land with stench, and heaven with horror choke.

XLV

The heate whereof, and harmefull pestilence

So sore him noyd, that forst him to retire

A little backward for his best defence,

To save his body from the scorching fire,

Which he from hellish entrailes did expire.

It chaunst (eternall God that chaunce did guide,)

As he recoiled backward, in the mire

His nigh forwearied feeble feet did slide,

And downe he fell, with dread of shame sore terrifide.

XLVI

There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,

Loaden with fruit and apples rosie red,

As they in pure vermilion had beene dide,

Whereof great vertues over all were red:

For happy life to all which thereon fed,

And life eke everlasting did befall:

Great God it planted in that blessed sted

With his Almighty hand, and did it call

The tree of life, the crime of our first fathers fall.

XLVII

In all the world like was not to be found,

Save in that soile, where all good things did grow,

And freely sprong out of the fruitfull ground,

As incorrupted Nature did them sow,

Till that dread Dragon all did overthrow.

Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,

Whereof whoso did eat, eftsoones did know

Both good and ill: O mornefull memory:

That tree through one mans fault hath doen us all to dy.

XLVIII

From that first tree forth flowd, as from a well,

A trickling streame of Balme, most soveraine

And dainty deare, which on the ground, still fell,

And overflowed all the fertile plaine,

As it had deawed bene with timely raine:

Life and long health that gratious ointment gave,

And deadly wounds could heale and reare againe

The senselesse corse appointed for the grave.

Into that same he fell: which did from death him save.

XLIX

For nigh thereto the ever damned beast

Durst not approch, for he was deadly made,

And all that life preserved did detest:

Yet he is oft adventur'd to invade.

By this the drouping day-light gan to fade,

And yield his roome to sad succeeding night,

Who with her sable mantle gan to shade

The face of earth, and wayes of living wight,

And high her burning torch set up in heaven bright.

L

When gentle Una saw the second fall

Of her deare knight, who wearie of long fight,

And faint through losse of blood, mov'd not at all,

But lay, as in a dreame of deepe delight,

Besmeard with pretious Balme, whose vertuous might

Did heale his wounds, and scorching heat alay,

Againe she stricken was with sore affright,

And for his safetie gan devoutly pray,

And watch the noyous night, and wait for joyous day.

LI

The joyous day gan early to appeare,

And faire Aurora from the deawy bed

Of aged Tithone gan herselfe to reare

With rosy cheekes, for shame as blushing red;

Her golden locks for haste were loosely shed

About her eares, when Una her did marke

Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers spred;

From heaven high to chase the chearelesse darke,

With merry note her loud salutes the mounting larke.

LII

Then freshly up arose the doughtie knight,

All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,

And did himselfe to battell ready dight;

Whose early foe awaiting him beside

To have devourd, so soone as day he spyde,

When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,

As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,

He woxe dismayd, and gan his fate to feare;

Nathlesse with wonted rage he him advaunced neare.

LIII

And in his first encounter, gaping wide,

He thought attonce him to have swallowd quight,

And rusht upon him with outragious pride;

Who him r'encountring fierce, as hauke in flight

Perforce rebutted backe. The weapon bright

Taking advantage of his open jaw,

Ran through his mouth with so importune might,

That deepe emperst his darksome hollow maw,

And back retyrd, his life blood forth with all did draw.

LIV

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,

That vanisht into smoke and cloudes swift;

So downe he fell, that th' earth him underneath

Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift;

So downe he fell, as an huge rockie clift,

Whose false foundation waves have washt away,

With dreadfull poyse is from the mayneland rift,

And rolling downe, great Neptune doth dismay;

So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

LV

The knight himselfe even trembled at his fall,

So huge and horrible a masse it seem'd,

And his deare Ladie, that beheld it all,

Durst not approch for dread, which she misdeem'd;

But yet at last, whenas the direfull feend

She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright,

She nigher drew, and saw that joyous end:

Then God she praysd, and thankt her faithfull knight,

That had atchieved so great a conquest by his might.

Canto XII

Faire Una to the Redcrosse knight,

betrouthed is with joy:

Though false Duessa it to barre

her false sleights doe imploy.

I

BEHOLD I see the haven nigh at hand,

To which I meane my wearie course to bend;

Vere the maine shete, and beare up with the land,

The which afore is fairely to be kend,

And seemeth safe from storms that may offend;

There this faire virgin wearie of her way

Must landed be, now at her journeyes end:

There eke my feeble barke a while may stay

Till merry wind and weather call her thence away.

II

Scarsely had Phœbus in the glooming East

Yet harnessed his firie-footed teeme,

Ne reard above the earth his flaming creast;

When the last deadly smoke aloft did steeme

That signe of last outbreathed life did seeme

Unto the watchman on the castle wall,

Who thereby dead that balefull Beast did deeme,

And to his Lord and Ladie lowd gan call,

To tell how he had seene the Dragons fatall fall.

III

Uprose with hastie joy, and feeble speed

That aged Sire, the Lord of all that land,

And looked forth, to weet if true indeede

Those tydings were, as he did understand,

Which whenas true by tryall he out found,

He bad to open wyde his brazen gate,

Which long time had bene shut, and out of hond

Proclaymed joy and peace through all his state;

For dead now was their foe which them forrayed late.

IV

Then gan triumphant Trompets sound on hie,

That sent to heaven the ecchoed report

Of their new joy, and happie victorie

Gainst him, that had them long opprest with tort,

And fast imprisoned in sieged fort.

Then all the people, as in solemne feast,

To him assembled with one full consort,

Rejoycing at the fall of that great beast,

From whose eternall bondage now they were releast.

V

Forth came that auncient Lord and aged Queene,

Arayd in antique robes downe to the ground,

And sad habiliments right well beseene;

A noble crew about them waited round

Of sage and sober Peres, all gravely gownd;

Whom farre before did march a goodly band

Of tall young men, all hable armes to sownd,

But now they laurell braunches bore in hand;

Glad signe of victorie and peace in all their land.

VI

Unto that doughtie Conquerour they came,

And him before themselves prostrating low,

Their Lord and Patrone loud did him proclame,

And at his feet their laurell boughes did throw.

Soone after them all dauncing on a row

The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,

As fresh as flowres in medow greene do grow,

When morning deaw upon their leaves doth light:

And in their hands sweet Timbrels all upheld on hight.

VII

And them before, the fry of children young

Their wanton sports and childish mirth did play,

And to the Maydens sounding tymbrels sung,

In well attuned notes, a joyous lay,

And made delightfull musicke all the way,

Untill they came, where that faire virgin stood;

As faire Diana in fresh sommers day,

Beholds her Nymphes enraung'd in shadie wood,

Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in christall flood:

VIII

So she beheld those maydens meriment

With chearefull vew; who when to her they came,

Themselves to ground with gracious humblesse bent,

And her ador'd by honorable name,

Lifting to heaven her everlasting fame:

Then on her head they set a girland greene,

And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game;

Who in her self-resemblance well beseene,

Did seeme such, as she was, a goodly maiden Queene.

IX

And after, all the raskall many ran,

Heaped together in rude rablement,

To see the face of that victorious man:

Whom all admired, as from heaven sent,

And gazd upon with gaping wonderment.

But when they came where that dead Dragon lay,

Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large extent,

The sight with idle feare did them dismay,

Ne durst approch him nigh, to touch, or once assay.

X

Some feard, and fled; some feard and well it faynd;

One that would wiser seeme then all the rest,

Warnd him not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd

Some lingring life within his hollow brest,

Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest

Of many Dragonets, his fruitfull seed;

Another said, that in his eyes did rest

Yet sparckling fire, and bad thereof take heed;

Another said, he saw him move his eyes indeed.

XI

One mother, when as her foolehardie chyld

Did come too neare, and with his talants play,

Halfe dead through feare, her little babe revyld,

And to her gossips gan in counsell say;

How can I tell, but that his talants may

Yet scratch my sonne, or rend his tender hand?

So diversly themselves in vaine they fray;

Whiles some more bold, to measure him nigh stand,

To prove how many acres he did spread of land.

XII

Thus flocked all the folke him round about,

The whiles that hoarie king, with all his traine,

Being arrived where that champion stout

After his foes defeasance did remaine,

Him goodly greetes, and faire does entertaine

With princely gifts of yvorie and gold,

And thousand thankes him yeelds for all his paine.

Then when his daughter deare he does behold,

Her dearely doth imbrace, and kisseth manifold.

XIII

And after to his Pallace he them brings,

With shaumes, and trompets, and with Clarions sweet;

And all the way the joyous people sings,

And with their garments strowes the paved street:

Whence mounting up, they find purveyance meet

Of all that royall Princes court became,

And all the floore was underneath their feet

Bespred with costly scarlot of great name,

On which they lowly sit, and fitting purpose frame.

XIV

What needs me tell their feast and goodly guize,

In which was nothing riotous nor vaine?

What needs of dainty dishes to devize,

Of comely services, or courtly trayne?

My narrow leaves cannot in them containe

The large discourse of royall Princes state.

Yet was their manner then but bare and plaine:

For th' antique world excesse and pride did hate;

Such proud luxurious pompe is swollen up but late.

XV

Then when with meates and drinkes of every kinde

Their fervent appetites they quenched had,

That auncient Lord gan fit occasion finde,

Of straunge adventures, and of perils sad,

Which in his travell him befallen had,

For to demaund of his renowmed guest:

Who then with utt'rance grave, and count'nance sad,

From point to point, as is before exprest,

Discourst his voyage long, according his request.

XVI

Great pleasures mixt with pittiful regard,

That godly King and Queene did passionate,

Whiles they his pittifull adventures heard,

That oft they did lament his lucklesse state,

And often blame the too importune fate,

That heaped on him so many wrathfull wreakes:

For never gentle knight, as he of late,

So tossed was in fortunes cruell freakes;

And all the while salt teares bedeawd the hearers cheaks.

XVII

Then sayd the royall Pere in sober wise;

Deare Sonne, great beene the evils which ye bore

From first to last in your late enterprise,

That I note whether prayse, or pitty more:

For never living man, I weene, so sore

In sea of deadly daungers was distrest;

But since now safe ye seised have the shore,

And well arrived are, (high God be blest)

Let us devize of ease and everlasting rest.

XVIII

Ah, dearest Lord, said then that doughty knight,

Of ease or rest I may not yet devize,

For by the faith, which I to armes have plight,

I bounden am streight after this emprize,

As that your daughter can ye well advize,

Backe to returne to that great Faerie Queene,

And her to serve six yeares in warlike wize,

Gainst that proud Paynim king that workes her teene

Therefore I ought crave pardon, till I there have beene.

XIX

Unhappie falles that hard necessitie,

(Quoth he) the troubler of my happie peace,

And vowed foe of my felicitie;

Ne I against the same can justly preace:

But since that band ye cannot now release,

Nor doen undo; (for vowes may not be vaine,)

Soone as the terme of those six yeares shall cease,

Ye then shall hither backe returne againe,

The marriage to accomplish vowd betwixt you twain.

XX

Which for my part I covet to performe,

In sort as through the world I did proclame,

That whoso kild that monster most deforme,

And him in hardy battaile overcame,

Should have mine onely daughter to his Dame,

And of my kingdome heyre apparaunt bee:

Therefore since now to thee perteines the same,

By dew desert of noble chevalree,

Both daughter and eke kingdome, lo, I yield to thee.

XXI

Then forth he called that his daughter faire,

The fairest Un' his onely daughter deare,

His onely daughter, and his onely heyre;

Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,

As bright as doth the morning starre appeare

Out of the East, with flaming lockes bedight,

To tell that dawning day is drawing neare,

And to the world does bring long wished light:

So faire and fresh that Lady shewd her selfe in sight.

XXII

So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May;

For she had layd her mournefull stole aside,

And widow-like sad wimple throwne away,

Wherewith her heavenly beautie she did hide,

Whiles on her wearie journey she did ride;

And on her now a garment she did weare,

All lilly white, withoutten spot, or pride,

That seemd like silke and silver woven neare,

But neither silke nor silver therein did appeare.

XXIII

The blazing brightnesse of her beauties beame,

And glorious light of her sunshyny face,

To tell, were as to strive against the streame;

My ragged rimes are all too rude and bace,

Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace.

Ne wonder; for her owne deare loved knight,

All were she dayly with himselfe in place,

Did wonder much at her celestiall sight:

Oft had he seene her faire, but never so faire dight.

XXIV

So fairely dight, when she in presence came,

She to her Sire made humble reverence,

And bowed low, that her right well became,

And added grace unto her excellence:

Who with great wisedome and grave eloquence

Thus gan to say. But eare he thus had said,

With flying speede, and seeming great pretence

Came running in, much like a man dismaid,

A Messenger with letters, which his message said.

XXV

All in the open hall amazed stood

At suddeinnesse of that unwarie sight,

And wondred at his breathlesse hastie mood.

But he for nought would stay his passage right,

Till fast before the king he did alight;

Where falling flat, great humblesse he did make,

And kist the ground, whereon his foot was pight;

Then to his hands that writ he did betake,

Which he disclosing, red thus, as the paper spake.

XXVI

To thee, most mighty king of Eden faire,

Her greeting sends in these sad lines addrest,

The wofull daughter, and forsaken heire

Of that great Emperour of all the West;

And bids thee be advized for the best,

Ere thou thy daughter linck in holy band

Of wedlocke to that new unknowen guest:

For he already plighted his right hand

Unto another love, and to another land.

XXVII

To me sad mayd, or rather widow sad,

He was affiaunced long time before,

And sacred pledges he both gave, and had,

False erraunt knight, infamous, and forswore:

Witnesse the burning Altars, which he swore,

And guiltie heavens of his bold perjury,

Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,

Yet I to them for judgement just do fly,

And them conjure t'avenge this shamefull injury.

XXVIII

Therefore since mine he is, or free or bond,

Or false or trew, or living or else dead,

Withhold, O soveraine Prince, your hasty hond

From knitting league with him, I you aread;

Ne weene my right with strength adowne to tread,

Through weaknesse of my widowhed, or woe;

For truth is strong her rightfull cause to plead,

And shall find friends, if need requireth soe.

So bids thee well to fare, Thy neither friend, nor foe, Fidessa.

XXIX

When he these bitter byting wordes had red,

The tydings straunge did him abashed make,

That still he sate long time astonished,

As in great muse, ne word to creature spake.

At last his solemne silence thus he brake,

With doubtfull eyes fast fixed on his guest;

Redoubted knight, that for mine onely sake

Thy life and honour late adventurest,

Let nought be hid from me, that ought to be exprest.

XXX

What meane these bloody vowes, and idle threats,

Throwne out from womanish impatient mind?

What heavens? what altars? what enraged heates

Here heaped up with termes of love unkind,

My conscience cleare with guilty bands would bind?

High God be witnesse, that I guiltlesse ame.

But if your selfe, Sir knight, ye faultie find,

Or wrapped be in loves of former Dame,

With crime do not it cover, but disclose the same.

XXXI

To whom the Redcrosse knight this answere sent

My Lord, my King, be nought hereat dismayd,

Till well ye wote by grave intendiment,

What woman, and wherefere doth me upbrayd

With breach of love, and loyalty betrayd.

It was in my mishaps, as hitherward

I lately traveild, that unwares I strayd

Out of my way, through perils straunge and hard;

That day should faile me, ere I had them all declard.

XXXII

There did I find, or rather I was found

Of this false woman, that Fidessa hight,

Fidessa hight the falsest Dame on ground,

Most false Duessa, royall richly dight,

That easy was to invegle weaker sight:

Who by her wicked arts, and wylie skill,

Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,

Unwares me wrought unto her wicked will,

And to my foe betrayd, when least I feared ill.

XXXIII

Then stepped forth the goodly royall Mayd,

And on the ground her selfe prostrating low,

With sober countenaunce thus to him sayd;

O pardon me, my soveraigne Lord, to show

The secret treasons, which of late I know

To have bene wroght by that false sorceresse.

She onely she it is, that earst did throw

This gentle knight into so great distresse,

That death him did awaite in dayly wretchednesse.

XXXIV

And now it seemes, that she suborned hath

This craftie messenger with letters vaine,

To worke new woe and unprovided scath,

By breaking of the band betwixt us twaine;

Wherein she used hath the practicke paine

Of this false footman, clokt with simplenesse,

Whom if ye please for to discover plaine,

Ye shall him Archimago find, I ghesse,

The falsest man alive; who tries shall find no lesse.

XXXV

The king was greatly moved at her speach,

And, all with suddein indignation fraight,

Bad on that Messenger rude hands to reach.

Eftsoones the Gard, which on his state did wait,

Attacht that faitor false, and bound him strait:

Who seeming sorely chauffed at his band,

As chained Beare, whom cruell dogs do bait,

With idle force did faine them to withstand,

And often semblaunce made to scape out of their hand.

XXXVI

But they him layd full low in dungeon deepe,

And bound him hand and foote with yron chains

And with continual watch did warely keepe:

Who then would thinke, that by his subtile trains

He could escape fowle death or deadly paines?

Thus when that princes wrath was pacifide,

He gan renew the late forbidden bains,

And to the knight his daughter dear he tyde,

With sacred rites and vowes for ever to abyde.

XXXVII

His owne two hands the holy knots did knit,

That none but death for ever can devide;

His owne two hands, for such a turne most fit,

The housling fire did kindle and provide,

And holy water thereon sprinckled wide;

At which the bushy Teade a groome did light,

And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,

Where it should not be quenched day nor night,

For feare of evill fates, but burnen ever bright.

XXXVIII

Then gan they sprinckle all the posts with wine,

And made great feast to solemnize that day;

They all perfumde with frankencense divine,

And precious odours fetcht from far away,

That all the house did sweat with great aray:

And all the while sweete Musicke did apply

Her curious skill, the warbling notes to play,

To drive away the dull Melancholy;

The whiles one sung a song of love and jollity.

XXXIX

During the which there was an heavenly noise

Heard sound through all the Pallace pleasantly,

Like as it had bene many an Angels voice

Singing before th' eternall Majesty,

In their trinall triplicities on hye;

Yet wist no creature whence that heavenly sweet

Proceeded, yet eachone felt secretly

Himselfe thereby reft of his sences meet,

And ravished with rare impression in his sprite.

XL

Great joy was made that day of young and old,

And solemne feast proclaimd throughout the land,

That their exceeding merth may not be told:

Suffice it heare by signes to understand

The usuall joyes at knitting of loves band.

Thrise happy man the knight himselfe did hold,

Possessed of his Ladies hart and hand,

And ever, when his eye did her behold,

His heart did seeme to melt in pleasures manifold.

XLI

Her joyous presence, and sweet company

In full content he there did long enjoy;

Ne wicked envie, ne vile gealosy,

His deare delights were able to annoy:

Yet swimming in that sea of blissfull joy,

He nought forgot how he whilome had sworne,

In case he could that monstrous beast destroy,

Unto his Faerie Queene backe to returne;

The which he shortly did, and Una left to mourne.

XLII

Now strike your sailes ye jolly Mariners,

For we be come unto a quiet rode,

Where we must land some of our passengers,

And light this wearie vessell of her lode.

Here she a while may make her safe abode,

Till she repaired have her tackles spent,

And wants supplide. And then againe abroad

On the long voyage whereto she is bent:

Well may she speede and fairely finish her intent.

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2.28: from The Faerie Queene (Book II)

Canto VII

Guyon findes Mamon in a delue,

Sunning his threasure hore:

Is by him tempted, and led downe,

To see his secret store.

I

AS Pilot well expert in perilous waue,

That to a stedfast starre his course hath bent,

When foggy mistes, or cloudy tempests haue

The faithfull light of that faire lampe yblent,

And couer'd heauen with hideous dreriment,

Vpon his card and compas firmes his eye,

The maisters of his long experiment,

And to them does the steddy helme apply,

Bidding his winged vessell fairely forward fly.

III

So Guyon hauing lost his trusty guide,

Late left beyond that Ydle lake, proceedes

Yet on his way, of none accompanide;

And euermore himselfe with comfort feedes,

Of his owne vertues, and prayse-worthy deedes.

So long he yode, yet no aduenture found,

Which fame of her shrill trompet worthy reedes:

For still he traueild through wide wastfull ground,

That nought but desert wildernesse shew'd all around.

III

At last he came vnto a gloomy glade,

Couer'd with boughes and shrubs from heauens light,

Whereas he sitting found in secret shade

An vncouth, saluage, and vnciuile wight,

Of griesly hew, and fowle ill fauour'd sight;

His face with smoke was tand, and eyes were bleard,

His head and beard with sout were ill bedight,

His cole-blacke hands did seeme to haue beene seard

In smithes fire-spitting forge, and nayles like clawes appeard.

IV

His yron coate all ouergrowne with rust,

Was vnderneath enueloped with gold,

Whose glistring glosse darkned with filthy dust,

Well yet appeared, to haue beene of old

A worke of rich entayle, and curious mould,

Wouen with antickes and wild Imagery:

And in his lap a masse of coyne he told,

And turned vpsidowne, to feede his eye

And couetous desire with his huge threasury.

V

And round about him lay on euery side

Great heapes of gold, that neuer could be spent:

Of which some were rude owre, not purifide

Of Mulcibers deuouring element;

Some others were new driuen, and distent

Into great Ingoes, and to wedges square;

Some in round plates withouten moniment;

But most were stampt, and in their metall bare

The antique shapes of kings and kesars straunge and rare.

VI

Soone as he Guyon saw, in great affright

And hast he rose, for to remoue aside

Those pretious hils from straungers enuious sight,

And downe them poured through an hole full wide,

Into the hollow earth, them there to hide.

But Guyon lightly to him leaping, stayd

His hand, that trembled, as one terrifyde;

And though him selfe were at the sight dismayd,

Yet him perforce restraynd, and to him doubtfull sayd.

VII

What art thou man, (if man at all thou art)

That here in desert hast thine habitaunce,

And these rich heapes of wealth doest hide apart

From the worldes eye, and from her right vsaunce?

Thereat with staring eyes fixed askaunce,

In great disdaine, he answerd; Hardy Elfe,

That darest vew my direfull countenaunce,

I read thee rash, and heedlesse of thy selfe,

To trouble my still seate, and heapes of pretious pelfe.

VIII

God of the world and worldlings I me call,

Great Mammon, greatest god below the skye,

That of my plenty poure out vnto all,

And vnto none my graces do enuye:

Riches, renowme, and principality,

Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,

For which men swinck and sweat incessantly,

Fro me do flow into an ample flood,

And in the hollow earth haue their eternall brood.

IX

Wherefore if me thou deigne to serue and sew,

At thy commaund lo all these mountaines bee;

Or if to thy great mind, or greedy vew

All these may not suffise, there shall to thee

Ten times so much be numbred francke and free.

Mammon (said he) thy godheades vaunt is vaine,

And idle offers of thy golden fee;

To them, that couet such eye-glutting gaine,

Proffer thy giftes, and fitter seruaunts entertaine.

X

Me ill besits, that in der-doing armes,

And honours suit my vowed dayes do spend,

Vnto thy bounteous baytes, and pleasing charmes,

With which weake men thou witchest, to attend:

Regard of worldly mucke doth fowly blend,

And low abase the high heroicke spright,

That ioyes for crownes and kingdomes to contend;

Faire shields, gay steedes, bright armes be my delight:

Those be the riches fit for an aduent'rous knight.

XI

Vaine glorious Elfe (said he) doest not thou weet,

That money can thy wantes at will supply?

Sheilds, steeds, and armes, and all things for thee meet

It can puruay in twinckling of an eye;

And crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply.

Do not I kings create, and throw the crowne

Sometimes to him, that low in dust doth ly?

And him that raignd, into his rowme thrust downe,

And whom I lust, do heape with glory and renowne?

XII

All otherwise (said he) I riches read,

And deeme them roote of all disquietnesse;

First got with guile, and then preseru'd with dread,

And after spent with pride and lauishnesse,

Leauing behind them griefe and heauinesse.

Infinite mischiefes of them do arize,

Strife, and debate, bloudshed, and bitternesse,

Outrageous wrong, and hellish couetize,

That noble heart as great dishonour doth despize.

XIII Ne thine be kingdomes, ne the scepters thine;

But realmes and rulers thou doest both confound,

And loyall truth to treason doest incline;

Witnesse the guiltlesse bloud pourd oft on ground,

The crowned often slaine, the slayer cround,

The sacred Diademe in peeces rent,

And purple robe gored with many a wound;

Castles surprizd, great cities sackt and brent:

So mak'st thou kings, and gaynest wrongfull gouernement.

XIV

Long were to tell the troublous stormes, that tosse

The priuate state, and make the life vnsweet:

Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth crosse,

And in frayle wood on Adrian gulfe doth fleet,

Doth not, I weene, so many euils meet.

Then Mammon wexing wroth, And why then, said,

Are mortall men so fond and vndiscreet,

So euill thing to seeke vnto their ayd,

And hauing not complaine, and hauing it vpbraid?

XV

Indeede (quoth he) through fowle intemperaunce,

Frayle men are oft captiu'd to couetise:

But would they thinke, with how small allowaunce

Vntroubled Nature doth her selfe suffise,

Such superfluities they would despise,

Which with sad cares empeach our natiue ioyes:

At the well head the purest streames arise:

But mucky filth his braunching armes annoyes,

And with vncomely weedes the gentle waue accloyes.

XVI

The antique world, in his first flowring youth,

Found no defect in his Creatours grace,

But with glad thankes, and vnreproued truth,

The gifts of soueraigne bountie did embrace:

Like Angels life was then mens happy cace;

But later ages pride, like corn-fed steed,

Abusd her plenty, and fat swolne encreace

To all licentious lust, and gan exceed

The measure of her meane, and naturall first need.

XVII

Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe

Of his great Grandmother with steele to wound,

And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe,

With Sacriledge to dig. Therein he found

Fountaines of gold and siluer to abound,

Of which the matter of his huge desire

And pompous pride eftsoones he did compound;

Then auarice gan through his veines inspire

His greedy flames, and kindled life-deuouring fire.

XVIII

Sonne (said he then) let be thy bitter scorne,

And leaue the rudenesse of that antique age

To them, that liu'd therein in state forlorne;

Thou that doest liue in later times, must wage

Thy workes for wealth, and life for gold engage.

If then thee list my offred grace to vse,

Take what thou please of all this surplusage;

If thee list not, leaue haue thou to refuse:

But thing refused, do not afterward accuse.

XIX

Me list not (said the Elfin knight) receaue

Thing offred, till I know it well be got,

Ne wote I, but thou didst these goods bereaue

From rightfull owner by vnrighteous lot,

Or that bloud guiltinesse or guile them blot.

Perdy (quoth he) yet neuer eye did vew,

Ne toung did tell, ne hand these handled not,

But safe I haue them kept in secret mew,

From heauens sight, and powre of all which them pursew.

XX

What secret place (quoth he) can safely hold

So huge a masse, and hide from heauens eye?

Or where hast thou thy wonne, that so much gold

Thou canst preserue from wrong and robbery?

Come thou (quoth he) and see. So by and by

Through that thicke couert he him led, and found

A darkesome way, which no man could descry,

That deepe descended through the hollow ground,

And was with dread and horrour compassed around.

XXI

At length they came into a larger space,

That stretcht it selfe into an ample plaine,

Through which a beaten broad high way did trace,

That streight did lead to Plutoes griesly raine:

By that wayes side, there sate infernall Payne,

And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife:

The one in hand an yron whip did straine,

The other brandished a bloudy knife,

And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten life.

XXII

On thother side in one consort there sate,

Cruell Reuenge, and rancorous Despight,

Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate,

But gnawing Gealosie out of their sight

Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight,

And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,

And found no place, where safe he shroud him might,

Lamenting Sorrow did in darknesse lye,

And Shame his vgly face did hide from liuing eye.

XXIII

And ouer them sad Horrour with grim hew,

Did alwayes sore, beating his yron wings;

And after him Owles and Night-rauens flew,

The hatefull messengers of heauy things,

Of death and dolour telling sad tidings;

Whiles sad Celeno, sitting on a clift,

A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,

That hart of flint a sunder could haue rift:

Which hauing ended, after him she flyeth swift.

XXIV

All these before the gates of Pluto lay,

By whom they passing, spake vnto them nought.

But th'Elfin knight with wonder all the way

Did feed his eyes, and fild his inner thought.

At last him to a litle dore he brought,

That to the gate of Hell, which gaped wide,

Was next adioyning, ne them parted ought:

Betwixt them both was but a litle stride,

That did the house of Richesse from hell-mouth diuide.

XXV

Before the dore sat selfe-consuming Care,

Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,

For feare least Force or Fraud should vnaware

Breake in, and spoile the treasure there in gard:

Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thither-ward

Approch, albe his drowsie den were next;

For next to death is Sleepe to be compard:

Therefore his house is vnto his annext;

Here Sleep, there Richesse, and Hel-gate them both betwext.

XXVI

So soone as Mammon there arriu'd, the dore

To him did open, and affoorded way;

Him followed eke Sir Guyon euermore,

Ne darkenesse him, ne daunger might dismay.

Soone as he entred was, the dore streight way

Did shut, and from behind it forth there lept

An vgly feend, more fowle then dismall day,

The which with monstrous stalke behind him stept,

And euer as he went, dew watch vpon him kept.

XXVII

Well hoped he, ere long that hardy guest,

If euer couetous hand, or lustfull eye,

Or lips he layd on thing, that likt him best,

Or euer sleepe his eye-strings did vntye,

Should be his pray. And therefore still on hye

He ouer him did hold his cruell clawes,

Threatning with greedy gripe to do him dye

And rend in peeces with his rauenous pawes,

If euer he transgrest the fatall Stygian lawes.

XXVIII

That houses forme within was rude and strong,

Like an huge caue, hewne out of rocky clift,

From whose rough vaut the ragged breaches hong,

Embost with massy gold of glorious gift,

And with rich metall loaded euery rift,

That heauy ruine they did seeme to threat;

And ouer them Arachne high did lift

Her cunning web, and spred her subtile net,

Enwrapped in fowle smoke and clouds more blacke then Iet.

XXIX

Both roofe, and floore, and wals were all of gold,

But ouergrowne with dust and old decay,

And hid in darkenesse, that none could behold

The hew thereof: for vew of chearefull day

Did neuer in that house it selfe display,

But a faint shadow of vncertain light;

Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away:

Or as the Moone cloathed with clowdy night,

Does shew to him, that walkes in feare and sad affright.

XXX

In all that rowme was nothing to be seene,

But huge great yron chests and coffers strong,

All bard with double bends, that none could weene

Them to efforce by violence or wrong;

On euery side they placed were along.

But all the ground with sculs was scattered,

And dead mens bones, which round about were flong,

Whose liues, it seemed, whilome there were shed,

And their vile carcases now left vnburied.

XXXI

They forward passe, ne Guyon yet spoke word,

Till that they came vnto an yron dore,

Which to them opened of his owne accord,

And shewd of richesse such exceeding store,

As eye of man did neuer see before;

Ne euer could within one place be found,

Though all the wealth, which is, or was of yore,

Could gathered be through all the world around,

And that aboue were added to that vnder ground.

XXXII

The charge thereof vnto a couetous Spright

Commaunded was, who thereby did attend,

And warily awaited day and night,

From other couetous feends it to defend,

Who it to rob and ransacke did intend.

Then Mammon turning to that warriour, said;

Loe here the worldes blis, loe here the end,

To which all men do ayme, rich to be made:

Such grace now to be happy, is before thee laid.

XXXIII

Certes (said he) I n'ill thine offred grace,

Ne to be made so happy do intend:

Another blis before mine eyes I place,

Another happinesse, another end.

To them, that list, these base regardes I lend:

But I in armes, and in atchieuements braue,

Do rather choose my flitting houres to spend,

And to be Lord of those, that riches haue,

Then them to haue my selfe, and be their seruile sclaue.

XXXIV

Thereat the feend his gnashing teeth did grate,

And grieu'd, so long to lacke his greedy pray;

For well he weened, that so glorious bayte

Would tempt his guest, to take thereof assay:

Had he so doen, he had him snatcht away,

More light then Culuer in the Faulcons fist.

Eternall God thee saue from such decay.

But whenas Mammon saw his purpose mist,

Him to entrap vnwares another way he wist.

XXXV

Thence forward he him led, and shortly brought

Vnto another rowme, whose dore forthright,

To him did open, as it had beene taught:

Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,

And hundred fornaces all burning bright;

By euery fornace many feends did bide,

Deformed creatures, horrible in sight,

And euery feend his busie paines applide,

To melt the golden metall, ready to be tride.

XXXVI

One with great bellowes gathered filling aire,

And with forst wind the fewell did inflame;

Another did the dying bronds repaire

With yron toungs, and sprinckled oft the same

With liquid waues, fiers Vulcans rage to tame,

Who maistring them, renewd his former heat;

Some scumd the drosse, that from the metall came;

Some stird the molten owre with ladles great;

And euery one did swincke, and euery one did sweat.

XXXVII

But when as earthly wight they present saw,

Glistring in armes and battailous aray,

From their whot worke they did themselues withdraw

To wonder at the sight: for till that day,

They neuer creature saw, that came that way.

Their staring eyes sparckling with feruent fire,

And vgly shapes did nigh the man dismay,

That were it not for shame, he would retire,

Till that him thus bespake their soueraigne Lord and sire.

XXXVIII

Behold, thou Faeries sonne, with mortall eye,

That liuing eye before did neuer see:

The thing, that thou didst craue so earnestly,

To weet, whence all the wealth late shewd by mee,

Proceeded, lo now is reueald to thee.

Here is the fountaine of the worldes good:

Now therefore, if thou wilt enriched bee,

Auise thee well, and chaunge thy wilfull mood,

Least thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be withstood.

XXXIX

Suffise it then, thou Money God (quoth hee)

That all thine idle offers I refuse.

All that I need I haue; what needeth mee

To couet more, then I haue cause to vse?

With such vaine shewes thy worldlings vile abuse:

But giue me leaue to follow mine emprise.

Mammon was much displeasd, yet no'te he chuse,

But beare the rigour of his bold mesprise,

And thence him forward led, him further to entise.

XL

He brought him through a darksome narrow strait,

To a broad gate, all built of beaten gold:

The gate was open, but therein did wait

A sturdy villein, striding stiffe and bold,

As if that highest God defie he would;

In his right hand an yron club he held,

But he himselfe was all of golden mould,

Yet had both life and sence, and well could weld

That cursed weapon, when his cruell foes he queld.

XLI

Disdayne he called was, and did disdaine

To be so cald, and who so did him call:

Sterne was his looke, and full of stomacke vaine,

His portaunce terrible, and stature tall,

Far passing th'hight of men terrestriall;

Like an huge Gyant of the Titans race,

That made him scorne all creatures great and small,

And with his pride all others powre deface:

More fit amongst blacke fiendes, then men to haue his place.

XLII

Soone as those glitterand armes he did espye,

That with their brightnesse made that darknesse light,

His harmefull club he gan to hurtle hye,

And threaten batteill to the Faery knight;

Who likewise gan himselfe to batteill dight,

Till Mammon did his hasty hand withhold,

And counseld him abstaine from perilous fight:

For nothing might abash the villein bold,

Ne mortall steele emperce his miscreated mould.

XLIII

So hauing him with reason pacifide,

And the fiers Carle commaunding to forbeare,

He brought him in. The rowme was large and wide,

As it some Gyeld or solemne Temple weare:

Many great golden pillours did vpbeare

The massy roofe, and riches huge sustayne,

And euery pillour decked was full deare

With crownes and Diademes, and titles vaine,

Which mortall Princes wore, whiles they on earth did rayne.

XLIV

A route of people there assembled were,

Of euery sort and nation vnder skye,

Which with great vprore preaced to draw nere

To th'vpper part, where was aduaunced hye

A stately siege of soueraigne maiestye;

And thereon sat a woman gorgeous gay,

And richly clad in robes of royaltye,

That neuer earthly Prince in such aray

His glory did enhaunce, and pompous pride display.

XLV

Her face right wondrous faire did seeme to bee,

That her broad beauties beam great brightnes threw

Through the dim shade, that all men might it see:

Yet was not that same her owne natiue hew,

But wrought by art and counterfetted shew,

Thereby more louers vnto her to call;

Nath'lesse most heauenly faire in deed and vew

She by creation was, till she did fall;

Thenceforth she sought for helps, to cloke her crime withall.

XLVI

There, as in glistring glory she did sit,

She held a great gold chaine ylincked well,

Whose vpper end to highest heauen was knit,

And lower part did reach to lowest Hell;

And all that preace did round about her swell,

To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby

To clime aloft, and others to excell:

That was Ambition, rash desire to sty,

And euery lincke thereof a step of dignity.

XLVII

Some thought to raise themselues to high degree,

By riches and vnrighteous reward,

Some by close shouldring, some by flatteree;

Others through friends, others for base regard;

And all by wrong wayes for themselues prepard.

Those that were vp themselues, kept others low,

Those that were low themselues, held others hard,

Ne suffred them to rise or greater grow,

But euery one did striue his fellow downe to throw.

XLVIII

Which whenas Guyon saw, he gan inquire,

What meant that preace about that Ladies throne,

And what she was that did so high aspire.

Him Mammon answered; That goodly one,

Whom all that folke with such contention,

Do flocke about, my deare, my daughter is;

Honour and dignitie from her alone

Deriued are, and all this worldes blis

For which ye men do striue: few get, but many mis.

XLIX

And faire Philotime she rightly hight,

The fairest wight that wonneth vnder skye,

But that this darksome neather world her light

Doth dim with horrour and deformitie,

Worthy of heauen and hye felicitie,

From whence the gods haue her for enuy thrust:

But sith thou hast found fauour in mine eye,

Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust,

That she may thee aduance for workes and merites iust.

L

Gramercy Mammon (said the gentle knight)

For so great grace and offred high estate;

But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,

Vnworthy match for such immortall mate

My selfe well wote, and mine vnequall fate;

And were I not, yet is my trouth yplight,

And loue auowd to other Lady late,

That to remoue the same I haue no might:

To chaunge loue causelesse is reproch to warlike knight.

LI

Mammon emmoued was with inward wrath;

Yet forcing it to faine, him forth thence led

Through griesly shadowes by a beaten path,

Into a gardin goodly garnished

With hearbs and fruits, whose kinds mote not be red:

Not such, as earth out of her fruitfull woomb

Throwes forth to men, sweet and well sauoured,

But direfull deadly blacke both leafe and bloom,

Fit to adorne the dead, and decke the drery toombe.

LII

There mournfull Cypresse grew in greatest store,

And trees of bitter Gall, and Heben sad,

Dead sleeping Poppy, and blacke Hellebore,

Cold Coloquintida, and Tetra mad,

Mortall Samnitis, and Cicuta bad,

Which with th'vniust Atheniens made to dy

Wise Socrates, who thereof quaffing glad

Pourd out his life, and last Philosophy

To the faire Critias his dearest Belamy.

LIII

The Gardin of Proserpina this hight;

And in the midst thereof a siluer seat,

With a thicke Arber goodly ouer dight,

In which she often vsd from open heat

Her selfe to shroud, and pleasures to entreat.

Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,

With braunches broad dispred and body great,

Clothed with leaues, that none the wood mote see

And loaden all with fruit as thicke as it might bee.

LIV

Their fruit were golden apples glistring bright,

That goodly was their glory to behold,

On earth like neuer grew, ne liuing wight

Like euer saw, but they from hence were sold;

For those, which Hercules with conquest bold

Got from great Atlas daughters, hence began,

And planted there, did bring forth fruit of gold:

And those with which th'Eubaean young man wan

Swift Atalanta, when through craft he her out ran.

LV

Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit,

With which Acontius got his louer trew,

Whom he had long time sought with fruitlesse suit:

Here eke that famous golden Apple grew,

The which emongst the gods false Ate threw;

For which th'Idaean Ladies disagreed,

Till partiall Paris dempt it Venus dew,

And had of her, faire Helen for his meed,

That many noble Greekes and Troians made to bleed.

LVI

The warlike Elfe much wondred at this tree,

So faire and great, that shadowed all the ground,

And his broad braunches, laden with rich fee,

Did stretch themselues without the vtmost bound

Of this great gardin, compast with a mound,

Which ouer-hanging, they themselues did steepe,

In a blacke flood which flow'd about it round;

That is the riuer of Cocytus deepe,

In which full many soules do endlesse waile and weepe.

LVII

Which to behold, he clomb vp to the banke,

And looking downe, saw many damned wights,

In those sad waues, which direfull deadly stanke,

Plonged continually of cruell Sprights,

That with their pitteous cryes, and yelling shrights,

They made the further shore resounden wide:

Emongst the rest of those same ruefull sights,

One cursed creature he by chaunce espide,

That drenched lay full deepe, vnder the Garden side.

LVIII

Deepe was he drenched to the vpmost chin,

Yet gaped still, as coueting to drinke

Of the cold liquor, which he waded in,

And stretching forth his hand, did often thinke

To reach the fruit, which grew vpon the brincke:

But both the fruit from hand, and floud from mouth

Did flie abacke, and made him vainely swinke:

The whiles he steru'd with hunger and with drouth

He daily dyde, yet neuer throughly dyen couth.

LIX

The knight him seeing labour so in vaine,

Askt who he was, and what he ment thereby:

Who groning deepe, thus answerd him againe;

Most cursed of all creatures vnder skye,

Lo Tantalus, I here tormented lye:

Of whom high Ioue wont whylome feasted bee,

Lo here I now for want of food doe dye:

But if that thou be such, as I thee see,

Of grace I pray thee, giue to eat and drinke to mee.

LX

Nay, nay, thou greedie Tantalus (quoth he)

Abide the fortune of thy present fate,

And vnto all that liue in high degree,

Ensample be of mind intemperate,

To teach them how to vse their present state.

Then gan the cursed wretch aloud to cry,

Accusing highest Ioue and gods ingrate,

And eke blaspheming heauen bitterly,

As authour of vniustice, there to let him dye.

LXI

He lookt a little further, and espyde

Another wretch, whose carkasse deepe was drent

Within the riuer, which the same did hyde:

But both his hands most filthy feculent,

Aboue the water were on high extent,

And faynd to wash themselues incessantly;

Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,

But rather fowler seemed to the eye;

So lost his labour vaine and idle industry.

LXII

The knight him calling, asked who he was,

Who lifting vp his head, him answerd thus:

I Pilate am the falsest Iudge, alas,

And most vniust, that by vnrighteous

And wicked doome, to Iewes despiteous

Deliuered vp the Lord of life to die,

And did acquite a murdrer felonous;

The whiles my hands I washt in puritie,

The whiles my soule was soyld with foule iniquitie.

LXIII

Infinite moe, tormented in like paine

He there beheld, too long here to be told:

Ne Mammon would there let him long remaine,

For terrour of the tortures manifold,

In which the damned soules he did behold,

But roughly him bespake. Thou fearefull foole,

Why takest not of that same fruit of gold,

Ne sittest downe on that same siluer stoole,

To rest thy wearie person, in the shadow coole.

LXIV

All which he did, to doe him deadly fall

In frayle intemperance through sinfull bayt;

To which if he inclined had at all,

That dreadfull feend, which did behind him wayt,

Would him haue rent in thousand peeces strayt:

But he was warie wise in all his way,

And well perceiued his deceiptfull sleight,

Ne suffred lust his safetie to betray;

So goodly did beguile the Guyler of the pray.

LXV

And now he has so long remained there,

That vitall powres gan wexe both weake and wan,

For want of food, and sleepe, which two vpbeare,

Like mightie pillours, this fraile life of man,

That none without the same enduren can.

For now three dayes of men were full outwrought,

Since he this hardie enterprize began:

For thy great Mammon fairely he besought,

Into the world to guide him backe, as he him brought.

LXVI

The God, though loth, yet was constraind t'obay,

For lenger time, then that, no liuing wight

Below the earth, might suffred be to stay:

So backe againe, him brought to liuing light.

But all so soone as his enfeebled spright

Gan sucke this vitall aire into his brest,

As ouercome with too exceeding might,

The life did flit away out of her nest,

And all his senses were with deadly fit opprest.

Canto IX

The house of Temperance, in which

doth sober Alma dwell,

Besiegd of many foes, whom straunger

knightes to flight compell.

I

OF all Gods workes, which do this world adorne,

There is no one more faire and excellent,

Then is mans body both for powre and forme,

Whiles it is kept in sober gouernment;

But none then it, more fowle and indecent,

Distempred through misrule and passions bace:

It growes a Monster, and incontinent

Doth loose his dignitie and natiue grace.

Behold, who list, both one and other in this place.

II

After the Paynim brethren conquer'd were,

The Briton Prince recou'ring his stolne sword,

And Guyon his lost shield, they both yfere

Forth passed on their way in faire accord,

Till him the Prince with gentle court did bord;

Sir knight, mote I of you this curt'sie read,

To weet why on your shield so goodly scord

Beare ye the picture of that Ladies head?

Full liuely is the semblaunt, though the substance dead.

III

Faire Sir (said he) if in that picture dead

Such life ye read, and vertue in vaine shew,

What mote ye weene, if the trew liuely-head

Of that most glorious visage ye did vew?

But if the beautie of her mind ye knew,

That is her bountie, and imperiall powre,

Thousand times fairer then her mortall hew,

O how great wonder would your thoughts deuoure,

And infinite desire into your spirite poure!

IV

She is the mighty Queene of Faerie,

Whose faire retrait I in my shield do beare;

She is the flowre of grace and chastitie,

Throughout the world renowmed far and neare,

My liefe, my liege, my Soueraigne, my deare,

Whose glory shineth as the morning starre,

And with her light the earth enlumines cleare;

Far reach her mercies, and her prayses farre,

As well in state of peace, as puissaunce in warre.

V

Thrise happy man, (said then the Briton knight)

Whom gracious lot, and thy great valiaunce

Haue made thee souldier of that Princesse bright,

Which with her bounty and glad countenance

Doth blesse her seruaunts, and them high aduaunce.

How may straunge knight hope euer to aspire,

By faithfull seruice, and meet amenance,

Vnto such blisse? sufficient were that hire

For losse of thousand liues, to dye at her desire.

VI

Said Guyon, Noble Lord, what meed so great,

Or grace of earthly Prince so soueraine,

But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat

Ye well may hope, and easely attaine?

But were your will, her sold to entertaine,

And numbred be mongst knights of Maydenhed,

Great guerdon, well I wote, should you remaine,

And in her fauour high be reckoned,

As Arthegall, and Sophy now beene honored.

VII

Certes (then said the Prince) I God auow,

That sith I armes and knighthood first did plight,

My whole desire has beene, and yet is now,

To serue that Queene with all my powre and might.

Now hath the Sunne with his lamp-burning light,

Walkt round about the world, and I no lesse,

Sith of that Goddesse I haue sought the sight,

Yet no where can her find: such happinesse

Heauen doth to me enuy, and fortune fauourlesse.

VIII

Fortune, the foe of famous cheuisaunce

Seldome (said Guyon) yields to vertue aide,

But in her way throwes mischiefe and mischaunce,

Whereby her course is stopt, and passage staid.

But you, faire Sir, be not herewith dismaid,

But constant keepe the way, in which ye stand;

Which were it not, that I am else delaid

With hard aduenture, which I haue in hand,

I labour would to guide you through all Faery land.

IX

Gramercy Sir (said he) but mote I weete,

What straunge aduenture do ye now pursew?

Perhaps my succour, or aduizement meete

Mote stead you much your purpose to subdew.

Then gan Sir Guyon all the story shew

Of false Acrasia, and her wicked wiles,

Which to auenge, the Palmer him forth drew

From Faery court. So talked they, the whiles

They wasted had much way, and measurd many miles.

X

And now faire Phœbus gan decline in hast

His weary wagon to the Westerne vale,

Whenas they spide a goodly castle, plast

Foreby a riuer in a pleasaunt dale,

Which choosing for that euenings hospitale,

They thither marcht: but when they came in sight,

And from their sweaty Coursers did auale,

They found the gates fast barred long ere night,

And euery loup fast lockt, as fearing foes despight.

XI

Which when they saw, they weened fowle reproch

Was to them doen, their entrance to forstall,

Till that the Squire gan nigher to approch;

And wind his horne vnder the castle wall,

That with the noise it shooke, as it would fall:

Eftsoones forth looked from the highest spire

The watch, and lowd vnto the knights did call,

To weete, what they so rudely did require.

Who gently answered, They entrance did desire.

XII

Fly, fly, good knights, (said he) fly fast away

If that your liues ye loue, as meete ye should;

Fly fast, and saue your selues from neare decay,

Here may ye not haue entraunce, though we would:

We would and would againe, if that we could;

But thousand enemies about vs raue,

And with long siege vs in this castle hould:

Seuen yeares this wize they vs besieged haue,

And many good knights slaine, that haue vs sought to saue.

XIII

Thus as he spoke, loe with outragious cry

A thousand villeins round about them swarmd

Out of the rockes and caues adioyning nye,

Vile caytiue wretches, ragged, rude, deformd,

All threatning death, all in straunge manner armd,

Some with vnweldy clubs, some with long speares,

Some rusty kniues, some staues in fire warmd.

Sterne was their looke, like wild amazed steares,

Staring with hollow eyes, and stiffe vpstanding heares.

XIV

Fiersly at first those knights they did assaile,

And droue them to recoile: but when againe

They gaue fresh charge, their forces gan to faile,

Vnhable their encounter to sustaine;

For with such puissaunce and impetuous maine

Those Champions broke on them, that forst them fly,

Like scattered Sheepe, whenas the Shepheards swaine

A Lyon and a Tigre doth espye,

With greedy pace forth rushing from the forest nye.

XV

A while they fled, but soone returnd againe

With greater fury, then before was found;

And euermore their cruell Captaine

Sought with his raskall routs t'enclose them round,

And ouerrun to tread them to the ground.

But soone the knights with their bright-burning blades

Broke their rude troupes, and orders did confound,

Hewing and slashing at their idle shades;

For though they bodies seeme, yet substance from them fades.

XVI

As when a swarme of Gnats at euentide

Out of the fennes of Allan do arise,

Their murmuring small trompets sounden wide,

Whiles in the aire their clustring army flies,

That as a cloud doth seeme to dim the skies;

Ne man nor beast may rest, or take repast,

For their sharpe wounds, and noyous iniuries,

Till the fierce Northerne wind with blustring blast

Doth blow them quite away, and in the Ocean cast.

XVII

Thus when they had that troublous rout disperst,

Vnto the castle gate they come againe,

And entraunce crau'd, which was denied erst.

Now when report of that their perilous paine,

And combrous conflict, which they did sustaine,

Came to the Ladies eare, which there did dwell,

She forth issewed with a goodly traine

Of Squires and Ladies equipaged well,

And entertained them right fairely, as befell.

XVIII

Alma she called was, a virgin bright;

That had not yet felt Cupides wanton rage,

Yet was she woo'd of many a gentle knight,

And many a Lord of noble parentage,

That sought with her to lincke in marriage:

For she was faire, as faire mote euer bee,

And in the flowre now of her freshest age;

Yet full of grace and goodly modestee,

That euen heauen reioyced her sweete face to see.

XIX

In robe of lilly white she was arayd,

That from her shoulder to her heele downe raught,

The traine whereof loose far behind her strayd,

Braunched with gold and pearle, most richly wrought,

And borne of two faire Damsels, which were taught

That seruice well. Her yellow golden heare

Was trimly wouen, and in tresses wrought,

Ne other tyre she on her head did weare,

But crowned with a garland of sweete Rosiere.

XX

Goodly she entertaind those noble knights,

And brought them vp into her castle hall;

Where gentle court and gracious delight

She to them made, with mildnesse virginall,

Shewing her selfe both wise and liberall:

There when they rested had a season dew,

They her besought of fauour speciall,

Of that faire Castle to affoord them vew;

She graunted, and them leading forth, the same did shew.

XXI

First she them led vp to the Castle wall,

That was so high, as foe might not it clime,

And all so faire, and fensible withall,

Not built of bricke, ne yet of stone and lime,

But of thing like to that Ægyptian slime,

Whereof king Nine whilome built Babell towre;

But O great pitty, that no lenger time

So goodly workemanship should not endure:

Soone it must turne to earth; no earthly thing is sure.

XXII

The frame thereof seemd partly circulare,

And part triangulare, O worke diuine;

Those two the first and last proportions are,

The one imperfect, mortall, fœminine;

Th'other immortall, perfect, masculine,

And twixt them both a quadrate was the base,

Proportioned equally by seuen and nine;

Nine was the circle set in heauens place,

All which compacted made a goodly diapase.

XXIII

Therein two gates were placed seemly well:

The one before, by which all in did pas,

Did th'other far in workmanship excell;

For not of wood, nor of enduring bras,

But of more worthy substance fram'd it was;

Doubly disparted, it did locke and close,

That when it locked, none might thorough pas,

And when it opened, no man might it close,

Still open to their friends, and closed to their foes.

XXIV

Of hewen stone the porch was fairely wrought,

Stone more of valew, and more smooth and fine,

Then Iet or Marble far from Ireland brought;

Ouer the which was cast a wandring vine,

Enchaced with a wanton yuie twine.

And ouer it a faire Portcullis hong,

Which to the gate directly did incline,

With comely compasse, and compacture strong,

Neither vnseemely short, nor yet exceeding long.

XXV

Within the Barbican a Porter sate,

Day and night duely keeping watch and ward,

Nor wight, nor word mote passe out of the gate,

But in good order, and with dew regard;

Vtterers of secrets he from thence debard,

Bablers of folly, and blazers of crime.

His larumbell might lowd and wide be hard,

When cause requird, but neuer out of time;

Early and late it rong, at euening and at prime.

XXVI

And round about the porch on euery side

Twise sixteen warders sat, all armed bright

In glistring steele, and strongly fortifide:

Tall yeomen seemed they, and of great might,

And were enraunged ready, still for fight.

By them as Alma passed with her guestes,

They did obeysaunce, as beseemed right,

And then againe returned to their restes:

The Porter eke to her did lout with humble gestes.

XXVII

Thence she them brought into a stately Hall,

Wherein were many tables faire dispred,

And ready dight with drapets festiuall,

Against the viaundes should be ministred.

At th'upper end there sate, yclad in red

Downe to the ground, a comely personage,

That in his hand a white rod menaged,

He Steward was hight Diet; rype of age,

And in demeanure sober, and in counsell sage.

XXVIII

And through the Hall there walked to and fro

A iolly yeoman, Marshall of the same,

Whose name was Appetite; he did bestow

Both guestes and meate, when euer in they came,

And knew them how to order without blame,

As him the Steward bad. They both attone

Did dewty to their Lady, as became;

Who passing by, forth led her guestes anone

Into the kitchin rowme, ne spard for nicenesse none.

XXIX

It was a vaut ybuilt for great dispence,

With many raunges reard along the wall;

And one great chimney, whose long tonnell thence,

The smoke forth threw. And in the midst of all

There placed was a caudron wide and tall,

Vpon a mighty furnace, burning whot,

More whot, then Aetn', or flaming Mongiball:

For day and night it brent, ne ceased not,

So long as any thing it in the caudron got.

XXX

But to delay the heat, least by mischaunce

It might breake out, and set the whole on fire,

There added was by goodly ordinaunce,

n huge great paire of bellowes, which did styre

Continually, and cooling breath inspyre.

About the Caudron many Cookes accoyld,

With hookes and ladles, as need did require;

The whiles the viandes in the vessell boyld

They did about their businesse sweat, and sorely toyld.

XXXI

The maister Cooke was cald Concoction,

A carefull man, and full of comely guise:

The kitchin Clerke, that hight Digestion,

Did order all th'Achates in seemely wise,

And set them forth, as well he could deuise.

The rest had seuerall offices assind,

Some to remoue the scum, as it did rise;

Others to beare the same away did mind;

And others it to vse according to his kind.

XXXII

But all the liquour, which was fowle and wast,

Not good nor seruiceable else for ought,

They in another great round vessell plast,

Till by a conduit pipe it thence were brought:

And all the rest, that noyous was, and nought,

By secret wayes, that none might it espy,

Was close conuaid, and to the back-gate brought,

That cleped was Port Esquiline, whereby

It was auoided quite, and throwne out priuily.

XXXIII

Which goodly order, and great workmans skill

Whenas those knights beheld, with rare delight,

And gazing wonder they their minds did fill;

For neuer had they seene so straunge a sight.

Thence backe againe faire Alma led them right,

And soone into a goodly Parlour brought,

That was with royall arras richly dight,

In which was nothing pourtrahed, nor wrought,

Not wrought, nor pourtrahed, but easie to be thought.

XXXIV

And in the midst thereof vpon the floure,

A louely beuy of faire Ladies sate,

Courted of many a iolly Paramoure,

The which them did in modest wise amate,

And eachone sought his Lady to aggrate:

And eke emongst them litle Cupid playd

His wanton sports, being returned late

From his fierce warres, and hauing from him layd

His cruell bow, wherewith he thousands hath dismayd.

XXXV

Diuerse delights they found them selues to please;

Some song in sweet consort, some laught for ioy,

Some plaid with strawes, some idly sat at ease;

But other some could not abide to toy,

All pleasaunce was to them griefe and annoy:

This fround, that faund, the third for shame did blush,

Another seemed enuious, or coy,

Another in her teeth did gnaw a rush:

But at these straungers presence euery one did hush.

XXXVI

Soone as the gracious Alma came in place,

They all attonce out of their seates arose,

And to her homage made, with humble grace:

Whom when the knights beheld, they gan dispose

Themselues to court, and each a Damsell chose:

The Prince by chaunce did on a Lady light,

That was right faire and fresh as morning rose,

But somwhat sad, and solemne eke in sight,

As if some pensiue thought constraind her gentle spright.

XXXVII

In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold,

Was fretted all about, she was arayd;

And in her hand a Poplar braunch did hold:

To whom the Prince in curteous manner said;

Gentle Madame, why beene ye thus dismaid,

And your faire beautie do with sadnesse spill?

Liues any, that you hath thus ill apaid?

Or doen you loue, or doen you lacke your will?

What euer be the cause, it sure beseemes you ill.

XXXVIII

Faire Sir, (said she halfe in disdainefull wise,)

How is it, that this word in me ye blame,

And in your selfe do not the same aduise?

Him ill beseemes, anothers fault to name,

That may vnwares be blotted with the same:

Pensiue I yeeld I am, and sad in mind,

Through great desire of glory and of fame;

Ne ought I weene are ye therein behind,

That haue twelue moneths sought one, yet no where can her find.

XXXIX

The Prince was inly moued at her speach,

Well weeting trew, what she had rashly told;

Yet with faire semblaunt sought to hide the breach,

Which chaunge of colour did perforce vnfold,

Now seeming flaming whot, now stony cold.

Tho turning soft aside, he did inquire,

What wight she was, that Poplar braunch did hold:

It answered was, her name was Prays-desire,

That by well doing sought to honour to aspire.

XL

The whiles, the Faerie knight did entertaine

Another Damsell of that gentle crew,

That was right faire, and modest of demaine,

But that too oft she chaung'd her natiue hew:

Straunge was her tyre, and all her garment blew,

Close round about her tuckt with many a plight:

Vpon her fist the bird, which shonneth vew,

And keepes in couerts close from liuing wight,

Did sit, as yet ashamd, how rude Pan did her dight.

XLI

So long as Guyon with her commoned,

Vnto the ground she cast her modest eye,

And euer and anone with rosie red

The bashfull bloud her snowy cheekes did dye,

That her became, as polisht yuory,

Which cunning Craftesman hand hath ouerlayd

With faire vermilion or pure Castory.

Great wonder had the knight, to see the mayd

So straungely passioned, and to her gently sayd,

XLII

Faire Damzell, seemeth, by your troubled cheare,

That either me too bold ye weene, this wise

You to molest, or other ill to feare

That in the secret of your hart close lyes,

From whence it doth, as cloud from sea arise.

If it be I, of pardon I you pray;

But if ought else that I mote not deuise,

I will, if please you it discure, assay,

To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may.

XLIII

She answerd nought, but more abasht for shame,

Held downe her head, the whiles her louely face

The flashing bloud with blushing did inflame,

And the strong passion mard her modest grace,

That Guyon meruayld at her vncouth cace:

Till Alma him bespake, why wonder yee

Faire Sir at that, which ye so much embrace?

She is the fountaine of your modestee;

You shamefast are, but Shamefastnesse it selfe is shee.

XLIV

Thereat the Elfe did blush in priuitee,

And turnd his face away; but she the same

Dissembled faire, and faynd to ouersee.

Thus they awhile with court and goodly game,

Themselues did solace each one with his Dame,

Till that great Ladie thence away them sought,

To vew her castles other wondrous frame.

Vp to a stately Turret she them brought,

Ascending by ten steps of Alablaster wrought.

XLV

That Turrets frame most admirable was,

Like highest heauen compassed around,

And lifted high aboue this earthly masse,

Which it suruew'd, as hils doen lower ground;

But not on ground mote like to this be found,

Not that, which antique Cadmus whylome built

In Thebes, which Alexander did confound;

Nor that proud towre of Troy, though richly guilt,

From which young Hectors bloud by cruell Greekes was spilt.

XLVI

The roofe hereof was arched ouer head,

And deckt with flowers and herbars daintily;

Two goodly Beacons, set in watches stead,

Therein gaue light, and flam'd continually:

For they of liuing fire most subtilly

Were made, and set in siluer sockets bright,

Couer'd with lids deuiz'd of substance sly,

That readily they shut and open might.

O who can tell the prayses of that makers might!

XLVII

Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell

This parts great workmanship, and wondrous powre,

That all this other worlds worke doth excell,

And likest is vnto that heauenly towre,

That God hath built for his owne blessed bowre.

Therein were diuerse roomes, and diuerse stages,

But three the chiefest, and of greatest powre,

In which there dwelt three honorable sages,

The wisest men, I weene, that liued in their ages.

XLVIII

Not he, whom Greece, the Nourse of all good arts,

By Phœbus doome, the wisest thought aliue,

Might be compar'd to these by many parts:

Nor that sage Pylian syre, which did suruiue

Three ages, such as mortall men contriue,

By whose aduise old Priams cittie fell,

With these in praise of pollicies mote striue.

These three in these three roomes did sundry dwell,

And counselled faire Alma, how to gouerne well.

XLIX

The first of them could things to come foresee:

The next could of things present best aduize;

The third things past could keepe in memoree,

So that no time, nor reason could arize,

But that the same could one of these comprize.

For thy the first did in the forepart sit,

That nought mote hinder his quicke preiudize:

He had a sharpe foresight, and working wit,

That neuer idle was, ne once could rest a whit.

L

His chamber was dispainted all within,

With sundry colours, in the which were writ

Infinite shapes of things dispersed thin;

Some such as in the world were neuer yit,

Ne can deuized be of mortall wit;

Some daily seene, and knowen by their names,

Such as in idle fantasies doe flit:

Infernall Hags, Centaurs, feendes, Hippodames,

Apes, Lions, AEgles, Owles, fooles, louers, children, Dames.

LI

And all the chamber filled was with flyes,

Which buzzed all about, and made such sound,

That they encombred all mens eares and eyes,

Like many swarmes of Bees assembled round,

After their hiues with honny do abound:

All those were idle thoughts and fantasies,

Deuices, dreames, opinions vnsound,

Shewes, visions, sooth-sayes, and prophesies;

And all that fained is, as leasings, tales, and lies.

And all the chamber filled was with flies,

Which buzzed all about, and made such sound,

That they encumbered all men's ears and eyes,

Like many swarms of bees assembled round,

LII

Emongst them all sate he, which wonned there,

That hight Phantastes by his nature trew;

A man of yeares yet fresh, as mote appere,

Of swarth complexion, and of crabbed hew,

That him full of melancholy did shew;

Bent hollow beetle browes, sharpe staring eyes,

That mad or foolish seemd: one by his vew

Mote deeme him borne with ill disposed skyes,

When oblique Saturne sate in the house of agonyes.

LIII

Whom Alma hauing shewed to her guestes,

Thence brought them to the second roome, whose wals

Were painted faire with memorable gestes,

Of famous Wisards, and with picturals

Of Magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,

Of commen wealthes, of states, of pollicy,

Of lawes, of iudgements, and of decretals;

All artes, all science, all Philosophy,

And all that in the world was aye thought wittily.

LIV

Of those that roome was full, and them among

There sate a man of ripe and perfect age,

Who did them meditate all his life long,

That through continuall practise and vsage,

He now was growne right wise, and wondrous sage.

Great pleasure had those stranger knights, to see

His goodly reason, and graue personage,

That his disciples both desir'd to bee;

But Alma thence them led to th'hindmost roome of three.

LV

That chamber seemed ruinous and old,

And therefore was remoued farre behind,

Yet were the wals, that did the same vphold,

Right firme and strong, though somewhat they declind,

And therein sate an old oldman, halfe blind,

And all decrepit in his feeble corse,

Yet liuely vigour rested in his mind,

And recompenst him with a better scorse:

Weake body well is chang'd for minds redoubled forse.

LVI

This man of infinite remembrance was,

And things foregone through many ages held,

Which he recorded still, as they did pas,

Ne suffred them to perish through long eld,

As all things else, the which this world doth weld,

But laid them vp in his immortall scrine,

Where they for euer incorrupted dweld:

The warres he well remembred of king Nine,

Of old Assaracus, and Inachus diuine.

LVII

The yeares of Nestor nothing were to his,

Ne yet Mathusalem, though longest liu'd;

For he remembred both their infancies:

Ne wonder then, if that he were depriu'd

Of natiue strength now, that he them suruiu'd.

His chamber all was hangd about with rolles,

And old records from auncient times deriu'd,

Some made in books, some in long parchment scrolles,

That were all worme-eaten, and full of canker holes.

LVIII

Amidst them all he in a chaire was set,

Tossing and turning them withouten end;

But for he was vnhable them to fet,

A litle boy did on him still attend,

To reach, when euer he for ought did send;

And oft when things were lost, or laid amis,

That boy them sought, and vnto him did lend.

Therefore he Anamnestes cleped is,

And that old man Eumnestes, by their propertis.

LIX

The knights there entring, did him reuerence dew

And wondred at his endlesse exercise,

Then as they gan his Librarie to vew,

And antique Registers for to auise,

There chaunced to the Princes hand to rize,

An auncient booke, hight Briton moniments,

That of this lands first conquest did deuize,

And old diuision into Regiments,

Till it reduced was to one mans gouernments.

LX

Sir Guyon chaunst eke on another booke

That hight Antiquitie of Faerie lond,

In which when as he greedily did looke,

Th'off-spring of Elues and Faries there he fond,

As it deliuered was from hond to hond:

Whereat they burning both with feruent fire,

Their countries auncestry to vnderstond,

Crau'd leaue of Alma, and that aged sire,

To read those bookes; who gladly graunted their desire.

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2.29: from The Faerie Queene (Book III)

Canto I

Guyon encountreth Britomart,

faire Florimell is chaced:

Duessaes traines and Malecastaes

champions are defaced.

I

THe famous Briton Prince and Faerie knight,

After long wayes and perilous paines endured,

Hauing their wearie limbes to perfect plight

Restord, and sory wounds right well recured,

Of the faire Alma greatly were procured,

To make there lenger soiourne and abode;

But when thereto they might not be allured,

From seeking praise, and deeds of armes abrode,

They courteous conge tooke, and forth together yode.

II

But the captiu'd Acrasia he sent,

Because of trauell long, a nigher way,

With a strong gard, all reskew to preuent,

And her to Faerie court safe to conuay,

That her for witnesse of his hard assay,

Vnto his Faerie Queene he might present:

But he himselfe betooke another way,

To make more triall of his hardiment,

And seeke aduentures, as he with Prince Arthur went.

III

Long so they trauelled through wastefull wayes,

Where daungers dwelt, and perils most did wonne,

To hunt for glorie and renowmed praise;

Full many Countries they did ouerronne,

From the vprising to the setting Sunne,

And many hard aduentures did atchieue;

Of all the which they honour euer wonne,

Seeking the weake oppressed to relieue,

And to recouer right for such, as wrong did grieue.

IV

At last as through an open plaine they yode,

They spide a knight, that towards pricked faire,

And him beside an aged Squire there rode,

That seem'd to couch vnder his shield three-square,

As if that age bad him that burden spare,

And yield it those, that stouter could it wield:

He them espying, gan himselfe prepare,

And on his arme addresse his goodly shield

That bore a Lion passant in a golden field.

V

Which seeing good Sir Guyon, deare besought

The Prince of grace, to let him runne that turne.

He graunted: then the Faery quickly raught

His poinant speare, and sharpely gan to spurne

His fomy steed, whose fierie feete did burne

The verdant grasse, as he thereon did tread;

Ne did the other backe his foot returne,

But fiercely forward came withouten dread,

And bent his dreadfull speare against the others head.

VI

They bene ymet, and both their points arriued,

But Guyon droue so furious and fell,

That seem'd both shield and plate it would haue riued;

Nathelesse it bore his foe not from his sell,

But made him stagger, as he were not well:

But Guyon selfe, ere well he was aware,

Nigh a speares length behind his crouper fell,

Yet in his fall so well him selfe he bare,

That mischieuous mischance his life and limbes did spare.

VII

Great shame and sorrow of that fall he tooke;

For neuer yet, sith warlike armes he bore,

And shiuering speare in bloudie field first shooke,

He found himselfe dishonored so sore.

Ah gentlest knight, that euer armour bore,

Let not thee grieue dismounted to haue beene,

And brought to ground, that neuer wast before;

For not thy fault, but secret powre vnseene,

That speare enchaunted was, which layd thee on the greene.

VIII

But weenedst thou what wight thee ouerthrew,

Much greater griefe and shamefuller regret

For thy hard fortune then thou wouldst renew,

That of a single damzell thou wert met

On equall plaine, and there so hard beset;

Euen the famous Britomart it was,

Whom straunge aduenture did from Britaine fet,

To seeke her louer (loue farre sought alas,)

Whose image she had seene in Venus looking glas.

IX

Full of disdainefull wrath, he fierce vprose,

For to reuenge that foule reprochfull shame,

And snatching his bright sword began to close

With her on foot, and stoutly forward came;

Die rather would he, then endure that same.

Which when his Palmer saw, he gan to feare

His toward perill and vntoward blame,

Which by that new rencounter he should reare:

For death sate on the point of that enchaunted speare.

X

And hasting towards him gan faire perswade,

Not to prouoke misfortune, nor to weene

His speares default to mend with cruell blade;

For by his mightie Science he had seene

The secret vertue of that weapon keene,

That mortall puissance mote not withstond:

Nothing on earth mote alwaies happie beene.

Great hazard were it, and aduenture fond,

To loose long gotten honour with one euill hond.

XI

By such good meanes he him discounselled,

From prosecuting his reuenging rage;

And eke the Prince like treaty handeled,

His wrathfull will with reason to asswage,

And laid the blame, not to his carriage,

But to his starting steed, that swaru'd asyde,

And to the ill purueyance of his page,

That had his furnitures not firmely tyde:

So is his angry courage fairely pacifyde.

XII

Thus reconcilement was betweene them knit,

Through goodly temperance, and affection chaste,

And either vowd with all their power and wit,

To let not others honour be defaste,

Of friend or foe, who euer it embaste,

Ne armes to beare against the others syde:

In which accord the Prince was also plaste,

And with that golden chaine of concord tyde.

So goodly all agreed, they forth yfere did ryde.

XIII

O goodly vsage of those antique times,

In which the sword was seruant vnto right;

When not for malice and contentious crimes,

But all for praise, and proofe of manly might,

The martiall brood accustomed to fight:

Then honour was the meed of victorie,

And yet the vanquished had no despight:

Let later age that noble vse enuie,

Vile rancour to auoid, and cruell surquedrie.

XIV

Long they thus trauelled in friendly wise,

Through countries waste, and eke well edifyde,

Seeking aduentures hard, to exercise

Their puissance, whylome full dernely tryde:

At length they came into a forrest wyde,

Whose hideous horror and sad trembling sound

Full griesly seem'd: Therein they long did ryde,

Yet tract of liuing creatures none they found,

Saue Beares, Lions, and Buls, which romed them around.

XV

All suddenly out of the thickest brush,

Vpon a milke-white Palfrey all alone,

A goodly Ladie did foreby them rush,

Whose face did seeme as cleare as Christall stone,

And eke through feare as white as whales bone:

Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,

And all her steed with tinsell trappings shone,

Which fled so fast, that nothing mote him hold,

And scarse them leasure gaue, her passing to behold.

XVI

Still as she fled, her eye she backward threw,

As fearing euill, that pursewd her fast;

And her faire yellow locks behind her flew,

Loosely disperst with puffe of euery blast:

All as a blazing starre doth farre outcast

His hearie beames, and flaming lockes dispred,

At sight whereof the people stand aghast:

But the sage wisard telles, as he has red,

That it importunes death and dolefull drerihed.

XVII

So as they gazed after her a while,

Lo where a griesly Foster forth did rush,

Breathing out beastly lust her to defile:

His tyreling iade he fiercely forth did push,

Through thicke and thin, both ouer banke and bush

In hope her to attaine by hooke or crooke,

That from his gorie sides the bloud did gush:

Large were his limbes, and terrible his looke,

And in his clownish hand a sharp bore speare he shooke.

XVIII

Which outrage when those gentle knights did see,

Full of great enuie and fell gealosy,

They stayd not to auise, who first should bee,

But all spurd after fast, as they mote fly,

To reskew her from shamefull villany.

The Prince and Guyon equally byliue

Her selfe pursewd, in hope to win thereby

Most goodly meede, the fairest Dame aliue:

But after the foule foster Timias did striue.

XIX

The whiles faire Britomart, whose constant mind,

Would not so lightly follow beauties chace,

Ne reckt of Ladies Loue, did stay behind,

And them awayted there a certaine space,

To weet if they would turne backe to that place:

But when she saw them gone, she forward went,

As lay her iourney, through that perlous Pace,

With stedfast courage and stout hardiment;

Ne euill thing she fear'd, ne euill thing she ment.

XX

At last as nigh out of the wood she came,

A stately Castle farre away she spyde,

To which her steps directly she did frame.

That Castle was most goodly edifyde,

And plaste for pleasure nigh that forrest syde:

But faire before the gate a spatious plaine,

Mantled with greene, it selfe did spredden wyde,

On which she saw sixe knights, that did darraine

Fierce battell against one, with cruell might and maine.

XXI

Mainly they all attonce vpon him laid,

And sore beset on euery side around,

That nigh he breathlesse grew, yet nought dismaid,

Ne euer to them yielded foot of ground

All had he lost much bloud through many a wound,

But stoutly dealt his blowes, and euery way

To which he turned in his wrathfull stound,

Made them recoile, and fly from dred decay,

That none of all the sixe before, him durst assay.

XXII

Like dastard Curres, that hauing at a bay

The saluage beast embost in wearie chace,

Dare not aduenture on the stubborne pray,

Ne byte before, but rome from place to place,

To get a snatch, when turned is his face.

In such distresse and doubtfull ieopardy,

When Britomart him saw, she ran a pace

Vnto his reskew, and with earnest cry,

Bad those same sixe forbeare that single enimy.

XXIII

But to her cry they list not lenden eare,

Ne ought the more their mightie strokes surceasse,

But gathering him round about more neare,

Their direfull rancour rather did encreasse;

Till that she rushing through the thickest preasse,

Perforce disparted their compacted gyre,

And soone compeld to hearken vnto peace:

Tho gan she myldly of them to inquyre

The cause of their dissention and outrageous yre.

XXIV

Whereto that single knight did answere frame;

These sixe would me enforce by oddes of might,

To chaunge my liefe, and loue another Dame,

That death me liefer were, then such despight,

So vnto wrong to yield my wrested right:

For I loue one, the truest one on ground,

Ne list me chaunge; she th'Errant Damzell hight,

For whose deare sake full many a bitter stownd,

I haue endur'd, and tasted many a bloudy wound.

XXV

Certes (said she) then bene ye sixe to blame,

To weene your wrong by force to iustifie:

For knight to leaue his Ladie were great shame,

That faithfull is, and better were to die.

All losse is lesse, and lesse the infamie,

Then losse of loue to him, that loues but one;

Ne may loue be compeld by maisterie;

For soone as maisterie comes, sweete loue anone

Taketh his nimble wings, and soone away is gone.

XXVI

Then spake one of those sixe, There dwelleth here

Within this castle wall a Ladie faire,

Whose soueraine beautie hath no liuing pere,

Thereto so bounteous and so debonaire,

That neuer any mote with her compaire.

She hath ordaind this law, which we approue,

That euery knight, which doth this way repaire,

In case he haue no Ladie, nor no loue,

Shall doe vnto her seruice neuer to remoue.

XXVII

But if he haue a Ladie or a Loue,

Then must he her forgoe with foule defame,

Or else with vs by dint of sword approue,

That she is fairer, then our fairest Dame,

As did this knight, before ye hither came.

Perdie (said Britomart) the choise is hard:

But what reward had he, that ouercame?

He should aduaunced be to high regard,

(Said they) and haue our Ladies loue for his reward.

XXVIII

Therefore a read Sir, if thou haue a loue.

Loue haue I sure, (quoth she) but Lady none;

Yet will I not fro mine owne loue remoue,

Ne to your Lady will I seruice done,

But wreake your wrongs wrought to this knight alone,

And proue his cause. With that her mortall speare

She mightily auentred towards one,

And downe him smot, ere well aware he weare,

Then to the next she rode, and downe the next did beare.

XXIX

Ne did she stay, till three on ground she layd,

That none of them himselfe could reare againe;

The fourth was by that other knight dismayd,

All were he wearie of his former paine,

That now there do but two of six remaine;

Which two did yield, before she did them smight.

Ah (said she then) now may ye all see plaine,

That truth is strong, and trew loue most of might,

That for his trusty seruaunts doth so strongly fight.

XXX

Too well we see, (said they) and proue too well

Our faulty weaknesse, and your matchlesse might:

For thy faire Sir, yours be the Damozell,

Which by her owne law to your lot doth light,

And we your liege men faith vnto you plight.

So vnderneath her feet their swords they mard,

And after her besought, well as they might,

To enter in, and reape the dew reward:

She graunted, and then in they all together far'd.

XXXI

Long were it to describe the goodly frame,

And stately port of Castle Ioyeous,

(For so that Castle hight by commune name)

Where they were entertaind with curteous

And comely glee of many gracious

Faire Ladies, and many a gentle knight,

Who through a Chamber long and spacious,

Eftsoones them brought vnto their Ladies sight,

That of them cleeped was the Lady of delight.

XXXII

But for to tell the sumptuous aray

Of that great chamber, should be labour lost:

For liuing wit, I weene, cannot display

The royall riches and exceeding cost,

Of euery pillour and of euery post;

Which all of purest bullion framed were,

And with great pearles and pretious stones embost,

That the bright glister of their beames cleare

Did sparckle forth great light, and glorious did appeare.

XXXIII

These straunger knights through passing, forth were led

Into an inner rowme, whose royaltee

And rich purueyance might vneath be red; Mote

Princes place beseeme so deckt to bee.

Which stately manner when as they did see,

The image of superfluous riotize,

Exceeding much the state of meane degree,

They greatly wondred, whence so sumptuous guize

Might be maintaynd, and each gan diuersely deuize.

XXXIV

The wals were round about apparelled

With costly clothes of Arras and of Toure,

In which with cunning hand was pourtrahed

The loue of Venus and her Paramoure

The faire Adonis, turned to a flowre,

A work of rare deuice, and wondrous wit.

First did it shew the bitter balefull stowre,

Which her assayd with many a feruent fit,

When first her tender hart was with his beautie smit.

XXXV

Then with what sleights and sweet allurements she

Entyst the Boy, as well that art she knew,

And wooed him her Paramoure to be;

Now making girlonds of each flowre that grew,

To crowne his golden lockes with honour dew;

Now leading him into a secret shade

From his Beauperes, and from bright heauens vew,

Where him to sleepe she gently would perswade,

Or bathe him in a fountaine by some couert glade.

XXXVI

And whilst he slept, she ouer him would spred

Her mantle, colour'd like the starry skyes,

And her soft arme lay vnderneath his hed,

And with ambrosiall kisses bathe his eyes;

And whilest he bath'd, with her two crafty spyes,

She secretly would search each daintie lim,

And throw into the well sweet Rosemaryes,

And fragrant violets, and Pances trim,

And euer with sweet Nectar she did sprinkle him.

XXXVII

So did she steale his heedelesse hart away,

And ioyd his loue in secret vnespyde.

But for she saw him bent to cruell play,

To hunt the saluage beast in forrest wyde,

Dreadfull of daunger, that mote him betyde,

She oft and oft aduiz'd him to refraine

From chase of greater beasts, whose brutish pryde

Mote breede him scath vnwares: but all in vaine;

For who can shun the chaunce, that dest'ny doth ordaine?

XXXVIII

Lo, where beyond he lyeth languishing,

Deadly engored of a great wild Bore,

And by his side the Goddesse groueling

Makes for him endlesse mone, and euermore

With her soft garment wipes away the gore,

Which staines his snowy skin with hatefull hew:

But when she saw no helpe might him restore,

Him to a dainty flowre she did transmew,

Which in that cloth was wrought, as if it liuely grew.

XXXIX

So was that chamber clad in goodly wize,

And round about it many beds were dight,

As whilome was the antique worldes guize,

Some for vntimely ease, some for delight,

As pleased them to vse, that vse it might:

And all was full of Damzels, and of Squires,

Dauncing and reueling both day and night,

And swimming deepe in sensuall desires,

And Cupid still emongst them kindled lustfull fires.

XL

And all the while sweet Musicke did diuide

Her looser notes with Lydian harmony;

And all the while sweet birdes thereto applide

Their daintie layes and dulcet melody,

Ay caroling of loue and iollity,

That wonder was to heare their trim consort.

Which when those knights beheld, with scornefull eye,

They sdeigned such lasciuious disport,

And loath'd the loose demeanure of that wanton sort.

XLI

Thence they were brought to that great Ladies vew,

Whom they found sitting on a sumptuous bed,

That glistred all with gold and glorious shew,

As the proud Persian Queenes accustomed:

She seemd a woman of great bountihed,

And of rare beautie, sauing that askaunce

Her wanton eyes, ill signes of womanhed,

Did roll too lightly, and too often glaunce,

Without regard of grace, or comely amenaunce.

XLII

Long worke it were, and needlesse to deuize

Their goodly entertainement and great glee:

She caused them be led in curteous wize

Into a bowre, disarmed for to bee,

And cheared well with wine and spiceree:

The Redcrosse Knight was soone disarmed there,

But the braue Mayd would not disarmed bee,

But onely vented vp her vmbriere,

And so did let her goodly visage to appere.

XLIII

As when faire Cynthia, in darkesome night,

Is in a noyous cloud enueloped,

Where she may find the substaunce thin and light,

Breakes forth her siluer beames, and her bright hed

Discouers to the world discomfited;

Of the poore traueller, that went astray,

With thousand blessings she is heried;

Such was the beautie and the shining ray,

With which faire Britomart gaue light vnto the day.

XLIV

And eke those six, which lately with her fought,

Now were disarmd, and did them selues present

Vnto her vew, and company vnsoght;

For they all seemed curteous and gent,

And all sixe brethren, borne of one parent,

Which had them traynd in all ciuilitee,

And goodly taught to tilt and turnament;

Now were they liegemen to this Lady free,

And her knights seruice ought, to hold of her in fee.

XLV

The first of them by name Gardante hight,

A iolly person, and of comely vew;

The second was Parlante, a bold knight,

And next to him Iocante did ensew;

Basciante did him selfe most curteous shew;

But fierce Bacchante seemd too fell and keene;

And yet in armes Noctante greater grew:

All were faire knights, and goodly well beseene,

But to faire Britomart they all but shadowes beene.

XLVI

For she was full of amiable grace,

And manly terrour mixed therewithall,

That as the one stird vp affections bace,

So th'other did mens rash desires apall,

And hold them backe, that would in errour fall;

As he, that hath espide a vermeill Rose,

To which sharpe thornes and breres the way forstall,

Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose,

But wishing it far off, his idle wish doth lose.

XLVII

Whom when the Lady saw so faire a wight,

All ignoraunt of her contrary sex,

(For she her weend a fresh and lusty knight)

She greatly gan enamoured to wex,

And with vaine thoughts her falsed fancy vex:

Her fickle hart conceiued hasty fire,

Like sparkes of fire, which fall in sclender flex,

That shortly brent into extreme desire,

And ransackt all her veines with passion entire.

XLVIII

Eftsoones she grew to great impatience

And into termes of open outrage brust,

That plaine discouered her incontinence,

Ne reckt she, who her meaning did mistrust;

For she was giuen all to fleshly lust,

And poured forth in sensuall delight,

That all regard of shame she had discust,

And meet respect of honour put to flight:

So shamelesse beauty soone becomes a loathly sight.

XLIX

Faire Ladies, that to loue captiued arre,

And chaste desires do nourish in your mind,

Let not her fault your sweet affections marre,

Ne blot the bounty of all womankind;

‹Mongst thousands good one wanton Dame to find:

Emongst the Roses grow some wicked weeds;

For this was not to loue, but lust inclind;

For loue does alwayes bring forth bounteous deeds,

And in each gentle hart desire of honour breeds.

L

Nought so of loue this looser Dame did skill,

But as a coale to kindle fleshly flame,

Giuing the bridle to her wanton will,

And treading vnder foote her honest name:

Such loue is hate, and such desire is shame.

Still did she roue at her with crafty glaunce

Of her false eyes, that at her hart did ayme,

And told her meaning in her countenaunce;

But Britomart dissembled it with ignoraunce.

LI

Supper was shortly dight and downe they sat,

Where they were serued with all sumptuous fare,

Whiles fruitfull Ceres, and Lyaeus fat

Pourd out their plenty, without spight or spare:

Nought wanted there, that dainty was and rare;

And aye the cups their bancks did ouerflow,

And aye betweene the cups, she did prepare

Way to her loue, and secret darts did throw;

But Britomart would not such guilfull message know.

LII

So when they slaked had the feruent heat

Of appetite with meates of euery sort,

The Lady did faire Britomart entreat,

Her to disarme, and with delightfull sport

To loose her warlike limbs and strong effort,

But when she mote not thereunto be wonne,

(For she her sexe vnder that straunge purport

Did vse to hide, and plaine apparaunce shonne:)

In plainer wise to tell her grieuaunce she begonne.

LIII

And all attonce discouered her desire

With sighes, and sobs, and plaints, and piteous griefe,

The outward sparkes of her in burning fire;

Which spent in vaine, at last she told her briefe,

That but if she did lend her short reliefe,

And do her comfort, she mote algates dye.

But the chaste damzell, that had neuer priefe

Of such malengine and fine forgerie,

Did easily beleeue her strong extremitie.

LIV

Full easie was for her to haue beliefe,

Who by self-feeling of her feeble sexe,

And by long triall of the inward griefe,

Wherewith imperious loue her hart did vexe,

Could iudge what paines do louing harts perplexe.

Who meanes no guile, be guiled soonest shall,

And to faire semblaunce doth light faith annexe;

The bird, that knowes not the false fowlers call,

Into his hidden net full easily doth fall.

LV

For thy she would not in discourteise wise,

Scorne the faire offer of good will profest;

For great rebuke it is, loue to despise,

Or rudely sdeigne a gentle harts request;

But with faire countenaunce, as beseemed best,

Her entertaynd; nath'lesse she inly deemd

Her loue too light, to wooe a wandring guest:

Which she misconstruing, thereby esteemd

That from like inward fire that outward smoke had steemd.

LVI

Therewith a while she her flit fancy fed,

Till she mote winne fit time for her desire,

But yet her wound still inward freshly bled,

And through her bones the false instilled fire

Did spred it selfe, and venime close inspire.

Tho were the tables taken all away,

And euery knight, and euery gentle Squire

Gan choose his dame with Basciomani gay,

With whom he meant to make his sport and courtly play.

LVII

Some fell to daunce, some fell to hazardry,

Some to make loue, some to make meriment,

As diuerse wits to diuers things apply;

And all the while faire Malecasta bent

Her crafty engins to her close intent.

By this th'eternall lampes, wherewith high Ioue

Doth light the lower world, were half yspent,

And the moist daughters of huge Atlas stroue

Into the Ocean deepe to driue their weary droue.

LVIII

High time it seemed then for euery wight

Them to betake vnto their kindly rest;

Eftsoones long waxen torches weren light,

Vnto their bowres to guiden euery guest:

Tho when the Britonesse saw all the rest

Auoided quite, she gan her selfe despoile,

And safe commit to her soft fethered nest,

Where through long watch, and late dayes weary toile,

She soundly slept, and carefull thoughts did quite assoile.

LIX

Now whenas all the world in silence deepe

Yshrowded was, and euery mortall wight

Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleepe,

Faire Malecasta, whose engrieued spright

Could find no rest in such perplexed plight,

Lightly arose out of her wearie bed,

And vnder the blacke vele of guilty Night,

Her with a scarlot mantle couered,

That was with gold and Ermines faire enueloped.

LX

Then panting soft, and trembling euery ioynt,

Her fearfull feete towards the bowre she moued;

Where she for secret purpose did appoynt

To lodge the warlike mayd vnwisely loued,

And to her bed approching, first she prooued,

Whether she slept or wakt, with her soft hand

She softly felt, if any member mooued,

And lent her weary eare to vnderstand,

If any puffe of breath, or signe of sence she fond.

LXI

Which whenas none she fond, with easie shift,

For feare least her vnwares she should abrayd,

Th'embroderd quilt she lightly vp did lift,

And by her side her selfe she softly layd,

Of euery finest fingers touch affrayd;

Ne any noise she made, ne word she spake,

But inly sigh'd. At last the royall Mayd

Out of her quiet slomber did awake,

And chaungd her weary side, the better ease to take.

LXII

Where feeling one close couched by her side,

She lightly lept out of her filed bed,

And to her weapon ran, in minde to gride

The loathed leachour. But the Dame halfe ded

Through suddein feare and ghastly drerihed,

Did shrieke alowd, that through the house it rong,

And the whole family therewith adred,

Rashly out of their rouzed couches sprong,

And to the troubled chamber all in armes did throng.

LXIII

And those six Knights that Ladies Champions,

And eke the Redcrosse knight ran to the stownd,

Halfe armd and halfe vnarmd, with them attons:

Where when confusedly they came, they fownd

Their Lady lying on the sencelesse grownd;

On th'other side, they saw the warlike Mayd

All in her snow-white smocke, with locks vnbownd,

Threatning the point of her auenging blade,

That with so troublous terrour they were all dismayde.

LXIV

About their Lady first they flockt arownd,

Whom hauing laid in comfortable couch,

Shortly they reard out of her frosen swownd;

And afterwards they gan with fowle reproch

To stirre vp strife, and troublous contecke broch:

But by ensample of the last dayes losse,

None of them rashly durst to her approch,

Ne in so glorious spoile themselues embosse;

Her succourd eke the Champion of the bloudy Crosse.

LXV

But one of those sixe knights,

Gardante hight,

Drew out a deadly bow and arrow keene,

Which forth he sent with felonous despight,

And fell intent against the virgin sheene:

The mortall steele stayd not, till it was seene

To gore her side, yet was the wound not deepe,

But lightly rased her soft silken skin,

That drops of purple bloud thereout did weepe,

Which did her lilly smock with staines of vermeil steepe.

LXVI

Wherewith enrag'd she fiercely at them flew,

And with her flaming sword about her layd,

That none of them foule mischiefe could eschew,

But with her dreadfull strokes were all dismayd:

Here, there, and euery where about her swayd

Her wrathfull steele, that none mote it abide;

And eke the Redcrosse knight gaue her good aid,

Ay ioyning foot to foot, and side to side,

That in short space their foes they haue quite terrifide.

LXVII

Tho whenas all were put to shamefull flight,

The noble Britomartis her arayd,

And her bright armes about her body dight:

For nothing would she lenger there be stayd,

Where so loose life, and so vngentle trade

Was vsd of Knights and Ladies seeming gent:

So earely ere the grosse Earthes gryesy shade,

Was all disperst out of the firmament,

They tooke their steeds, and forth vpon their iourney went.

Canto II

The Redcrosse knight to Britomart

describeth Artegall:

The wondrous myrrhour, by which she

in loue with him did fall.

I

HEre haue I cause, in men iust blame to find,

That in their proper prayse too partiall bee,

And not indifferent to woman kind,

To whom no share in armes and cheualrie

They do impart, ne maken memorie

Of their braue gestes and prowesse martiall;

Scarse do they spare to one or two or three,

Rowme in their writs; yet the same writing small

Does all their deeds deface, and dims their glories all.

II

But by record of antique times I find,

That women wont in warres to beare most sway,

And to all great exploits them selues inclind:

Of which they still the girlond bore away,

Till enuious Men fearing their rules decay,

Gan coyne streight lawes to curb their liberty;

Yet sith they warlike armes haue layd away,

They haue exceld in artes and pollicy,

That now we foolish men that prayse gin eke t'enuy.

III

Of warlike puissaunce in ages spent,

Be thou faire Britomart, whose prayse I write,

But of all wisedome be thou precedent,

O soueraigne Queene, whose prayse I would endite,

Endite I would as dewtie doth excite;

But ah my rimes too rude and rugged arre,

When in so high an obiect they do lite,

And striuing, fit to make, I feare do marre:

Thy selfe thy prayses tell, and make them knowen farre.

IV

She trauelling with Guyon by the way,

Of sundry things faire purpose gan to find,

T'abridg their iourney long, and lingring day;

Mongst which it fell into that Faeries mind,

To aske this Briton Mayd, what vncouth wind,

Brought her into those parts, and what inquest

Made her dissemble her disguised kind:

Faire Lady she him seemed, like Lady drest,

But fairest knight aliue, when armed was her brest.

V

Thereat she sighing softly, had no powre

To speake a while, ne ready answere make,

But with hart-thrilling throbs and bitter stowre,

As if she had a feuer fit, did quake,

And euery daintie limbe with horrour shake;

And euer and anone the rosy red,

Flasht through her face, as it had beene a flake

Of lightning, through bright heauen fulmined;

At last the passion past she thus him answered.

VI

Faire Sir, I let you weete, that from the howre

I taken was from nourses tender pap,

I haue beene trained vp in warlike stowre,

To tossen speare and shield, and to affrap

The warlike ryder to his most mishap;

Sithence I loathed haue my life to lead,

As Ladies wont, in pleasures wanton lap,

To finger the fine needle and nyce thread;

Me leuer were with point of foemans speare be dead.

VII

All my delight on deedes of armes is set,

To hunt out perils and aduentures hard,

By sea, by land, where so they may be met,

Onely for honour and for high regard,

Without respect of richesse or reward.

For such intent into these parts I came,

Withouten compasse, or withouten card,

Far fro my natiue soyle, that is by name

The greater Britaine, here to seeke for prayse and fame.

VIII

Fame blazed hath, that here in Faery lond

Do many famous Knightes and Ladies wonne,

And many straunge aduentures to be fond,

Of which great worth and worship may be wonne;

Which I to proue, this voyage haue begonne.

But mote I weet of you, right curteous knight,

Tydings of one, that hath vnto me donne

Late foule dishonour and reprochfull spight,

The which I seeke to wreake, and Arthegall he hight.

IX

The word gone out, she backe againe would call,

As her repenting so to haue missayd,

But that he it vp-taking ere the fall,

Her shortly answered; Faire martiall Mayd

Certes ye misauised beene, t'vpbrayd

A gentle knight with so vnknightly blame:

For weet ye well of all, that euer playd

At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,

The noble Arthegall hath euer borne the name.

X

For thy great wonder were it, if such shame

Should euer enter in his bounteous thought,

Or euer do, that mote deseruen blame:

The noble courage neuer weeneth ought,

That may vnworthy of it selfe be thought.

Therefore, faire Damzell, be ye well aware,

Least that too farre ye haue your sorrow sought:

You and your countrey both I wish welfare,

And honour both; for each of other worthy are.

XI

The royall Mayd woxe inly wondrous glad,

To heare her Loue so highly magnifide,

And ioyd that euer she affixed had,

Her hart on knight so goodly glorifide,

How euer finely she it faind to hide:

The louing mother, that nine monethes did beare,

In the deare closet of her painefull side,

Her tender babe, it seeing safe appeare,

Doth not so much reioyce, as she reioyced theare.

XII

But to occasion him to further talke,

To feed her humour with his pleasing stile,

Her list in strifull termes with him to balke,

And thus replide, How euer, Sir, ye file

Your curteous tongue, his prayses to compile,

It ill beseemes a knight of gentle sort,

Such as ye haue him boasted, to beguile

A simple mayd, and worke so haynous tort,

In shame of knighthood, as I largely can report.

XIII

Let be therefore my vengeaunce to disswade,

And read, where I that faytour false may find.

Ah, but if reason faire might you perswade,

To slake your wrath, and mollifie your mind,

(Said he) perhaps ye should it better find:

For hardy thing it is, to weene by might,

That man to hard conditions to bind,

Or euer hope to match in equall fight,

Whose prowesse paragon saw neuer liuing wight.

XIV

Ne soothlich is it easie for to read,

Where now on earth, or how he may be found;

For he ne wonneth in one certaine stead,

But restlesse walketh all the world around,

Ay doing things, that to his fame redound,

Defending Ladies cause, and Orphans right,

Where so he heares, that any doth confound

Them comfortlesse, through tyranny or might;

So is his soueraine honour raisde to heauens hight.

XV

His feeling words her feeble sence much pleased,

And softly sunck into her molten hart;

Hart that is inly hurt, is greatly eased

With hope of thing, that may allegge his smart;

For pleasing words are like to Magick art,

That doth the charmed Snake in slomber lay:

Such secret ease felt gentle Britomart,

Yet list the same efforce with faind gainesay;

So dischord oft in Musick makes the sweeter lay.

XVI

And said, Sir knight, these idle termes forbeare,

And sith it is vneath to find his haunt,

Tell me some markes, by which he may appeare,

If chaunce I him encounter parauaunt;

For perdie one shall other slay, or daunt:

What shape, what shield, what armes, what steed, what sted,

And what so else his person most may vaunt?

All which the Redcrosse knight to point ared,

And him in euery part before her fashioned.

XVII

Yet him in euery part before she knew,

How euer list her now her knowledge faine,

Sith him whilome in Britaine she did vew,

To her reuealed in a mirrhour plaine,

Whereof did grow her first engraffed paine;

Whose root and stalke so bitter yet did tast,

That but the fruit more sweetnesse did containe,

Her wretched dayes in dolour she mote wast,

And yield the pray of loue to lothsome death at last.

XVIII

By strange occasion she did him behold,

And much more strangely gan to loue his sight,

As it in bookes hath written bene of old.

In Deheubarth that now South-wales is hight,

What time king Ryence raign'd, and dealed right,

The great Magitian Merlin had deuiz'd,

By his deepe science, and hell-dreaded might,

A looking glasse, right wondrously aguiz'd,

Whose vertues through the wyde world soone were solemniz'd.

XIX

It vertue had, to shew in perfect sight,

What euer thing was in the world contaynd,

Betwixt the lowest earth and heauens hight,

So that it to the looker appertaynd;

What euer foe had wrought, or frend had faynd,

Therein discouered was, ne ought mote pas,

Ne ought in secret from the same remaynd;

For thy it round and hollow shaped was,

Like to the world it selfe, and seem'd a world of glas.

XX

Who wonders not, that reades so wonderous worke?

But who does wonder, that has red the Towre,

Wherein th' Egyptian Phao long did lurke

From all mens vew, that none might her discoure,

Yet she might all men vew out of her bowre?

Great Ptolomæe it for his lemans sake

Ybuilded all of glasse, by Magicke powre,

And also it impregnable did make;

Yet when his loue was false, he with a peaze it brake.

XXI

Such was the glassie globe that Merlin made,

And gaue vnto king Ryence for his gard,

That neuer foes his kingdome might inuade,

But he it knew at home before he hard

Tydings thereof, and so them still debar'd.

It was a famous Present for a Prince,

And worthy worke of infinite reward,

That treasons could bewray, and foes conuince;

Happie this Realme, had it remained euer since.

XXII

One day it fortuned, faire Britomart

Into her fathers closet to repayre;

For nothing he from her reseru'd apart,

Being his onely daughter and his hayre:

Where when she had espyde that mirrhour fayre,

Her selfe a while therein she vewd in vaine;

Tho her auizing of the vertues rare,

Which thereof spoken were, she gan againe

Her to bethinke of, that mote to her selfe pertaine.

XXIII

But as it falleth, in the gentlest harts

Imperious Loue hath highest set his throne,

And tyrannizeth in the bitter smarts

Of them, that to him buxome are and prone:

So thought this Mayd (as maydens vse to done)

Whom fortune for her husband would allot,

Not that she lusted after any one;

For she was pure from blame of sinfull blot,

Yet wist her life at last must lincke in that same knot.

XXIV

Eftsoones there was presented to her eye

A comely knight, all arm'd in complete wize,

Through whose bright ventayle lifted vp on hye

His manly face, that did his foes agrize,

And friends to termes of gentle truce entize,

Lookt foorth, as Phœbus face out of the east,

Betwixt two shadie mountaines doth arize;

Portly his person was, and much increast

Through his Heroicke grace, and honorable gest.

XXV

His crest was couered with a couchant Hound,

And all his armour seem'd of antique mould,

But wondrous massie and assured sound,

And round about yfretted all with gold,

In which there written was with cyphers old,

Achilles armes, which Arthegall did win.

And on his shield enueloped seuenfold

He bore a crowned litle Ermilin,

That deckt the azure field with her faire pouldred skin.

XXVI

The Damzell well did vew his personage,

And liked well, ne further fastned not,

But went her way; ne her vnguilty age

Did weene, vnwares, that her vnlucky lot

Lay hidden in the bottome of the pot;

Of hurt vnwist most daunger doth redound:

But the false Archer, which that arrow shot

So slyly, that she did not feele the wound,

Did smyle full smoothly at her weetlesse wofull stound.

XXVII

Thenceforth the feather in her loftie crest,

Ruffed of loue, gan lowly to auaile,

And her proud portance, and her princely gest,

With which she earst tryumphed, now did quaile:

Sad, solemne, sowre, and full of fancies fraile

She woxe; yet wist she neither how, nor why,

She wist not, silly Mayd, what she did aile,

Yet wist, she was not well at ease perdy,

Yet thought it was not loue, but some melancholy.

XXVIII

So soone as Night had with her pallid hew

Defast the beautie of the shining sky,

And reft from men the worlds desired vew,

She with her Nourse adowne to sleepe did lye;

But sleepe full farre away from her did fly:

In stead thereof sad sighes, and sorrowes deepe

Kept watch and ward about her warily,

That nought she did but wayle, and often steepe

Her daintie couch with teares, which closely she did weepe.

XXIX

And if that any drop of slombring rest

Did chaunce to still into her wearie spright,

When feeble nature felt her selfe opprest,

Streight way with dreames, and with fantasticke sight

Of dreadfull things the same was put to flight,

That oft out of her bed she did astart,

As one with vew of ghastly feends affright:

Tho gan she to renew her former smart,

And thinke of that faire visage, written in her hart.

XXX

One night, when she was tost with such vnrest,

Her aged Nurse, whose name was Glauce hight,

Feeling her leape out of her loathed nest,

Betwixt her feeble armes her quickly keight,

And downe againe in her warme bed her dight;

Ah my deare daughter, ah my dearest dread,

What vncouth fit (said she) what euill plight

Hath thee opprest, and with sad drearyhead

Chaunged thy liuely cheare, and liuing made thee dead?

XXXI

For not of nought these suddeine ghastly feares

All night afflict thy naturall repose,

And all the day, when as thine equall peares

Their fit disports with faire delight doe chose,

Thou in dull corners doest thy selfe inclose,

Ne tastest Princes pleasures, ne doest spred

Abroad thy fresh youthes fairest flowre, but lose

Both leafe and fruit, both too vntimely shed,

As one in wilfull bale for euer buried.

XXXII

The time, that mortall men their weary cares

Do lay away, and all wilde beastes do rest,

And euery riuer eke his course forbeares,

Then doth this wicked euill thee infest,

And riue with thousand throbs thy thrilled brest;

Like an huge Aetn' of deepe engulfed griefe,

Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow chest,

Whence forth it breakes in sighes and anguish rife,

As smoke and sulphure mingled with confused strife.

XXXIII

Aye me, how much I feare, least loue it bee;

But if that loue it be, as sure I read

By knowen signes and passions, which I see,

Be it worthy of thy race and royall sead,

Then I auow by this most sacred head

Of my deare foster child, to ease thy griefe,

And win thy will: Therefore away doe dread;

For death nor daunger from thy dew reliefe

Shall me debarre, tell me therefore my liefest liefe.

XXXIV

So hauing said, her twixt her armes twaine

She straightly straynd, and colled tenderly,

And euery trembling ioynt, and euery vaine

She softly felt, and rubbed busily,

To doe the frosen cold away to fly;

And her faire deawy eies with kisses deare

She oft did bath, and oft againe did dry;

And euer her importund, not to feare

To let the secret of her hart to her appeare.

XXXV

The Damzell pauzd, and then thus fearefully;

Ah Nurse, what needeth thee to eke my paine?

Is not enough, that I alone doe dye,

But it must doubled be with death of twaine?

For nought for me but death there doth remaine.

O daughter deare (said she) despaire no whit;

For neuer sore, but might a salue obtaine:

That blinded God, which hath ye blindly smit,

Another arrow hath your louers hart to hit.

XXXVI

But mine is not (quoth she) like others wound;

For which no reason can find remedy.

Was neuer such, but mote the like be found,

(Said she) and though no reason may apply

Salue to your sore, yet loue can higher stye,

Then reasons reach, and oft hath wonders donne.

But neither God of loue, nor God of sky

Can doe (said she) that, which cannot be donne.

Things oft impossible (quoth she) seeme, ere begonne.

XXXVII

These idle words (said she) doe nought asswage

My stubborne smart, but more annoyance breed,

For no no vsuall fire, no vsuall rage

It is, O Nurse, which on my life doth feed,

And suckes the bloud, which from my hart doth bleed.

But since thy faithfull zeale lets me not hyde

My crime, (if crime it be) I will it reed.

Nor Prince, nor pere it is, whose loue hath gryde

My feeble brest of late, and launched this wound wyde.

XXXVIII

Nor man it is, nor other liuing wight;

For then some hope I might vnto me draw,

But th'only shade and semblant of a knight,

Whose shape or person yet I neuer saw,

Hath me subiected to loues cruell law:

The same one day, as me misfortune led,

I in my fathers wondrous mirrhour saw,

And pleased with that seeming goodly-hed,

Vnwares the hidden hooke with baite I swallowed.

XXXIX

Sithens it hath infixed faster hold

Within my bleeding bowels, and so sore

Now ranckleth in this same fraile fleshly mould,

That all mine entrailes flow with poysnous gore,

And th'vlcer groweth daily more and more;

Ne can my running sore find remedie,

Other then my hard fortune to deplore,

And languish as the leafe falne from the tree,

Till death make one end of my dayes and miserie.

XL

Daughter (said she) what need ye be dismayd,

Or why make ye such Monster of your mind?

Of much more vncouth thing I was affrayd;

Of filthy lust, contrarie vnto kind:

But this affection nothing straunge I find;

For who with reason can you aye reproue,

To loue the semblant pleasing most your mind,

And yield your heart, whence ye cannot remoue?

No guilt in you, but in the tyranny of loue.

XLI

Not so th'Arabian Myrrhe did set her mind;

Nor so did Biblis spend her pining hart,

But lou'd their natiue flesh against all kind,

And to their purpose vsed wicked art:

Yet playd Pasiphae a more monstrous part,

That lou'd a Bull, and learnd a beast to bee;

Such shamefull lusts who loaths not, which depart

From course of nature and of modestie?

Sweet loue such lewdnes bands from his faire companie.

XLII

But thine my Deare (welfare thy heart my deare)

Though strange beginning had, yet fixed is

On one, that worthy may perhaps appeare;

And certes seemes bestowed not amis:

Ioy thereof haue thou and eternall blis.

With that vpleaning on her elbow weake,

Her alablaster brest she soft did kis,

Which all that while she felt to pant and quake,

As it an Earth-quake were; at last she thus bespake.

XLIII

Beldame, your words doe worke me litle ease;

For though my loue be not so lewdly bent,

As those ye blame, yet may it nought appease

My raging smart, ne ought my flame relent,

But rather doth my helpelesse griefe augment.

For they, how euer shamefull and vnkind,

Yet did possesse their horrible intent:

Short end of sorrowes they thereby did find;

So was their fortune good, though wicked were their mind.

XLIV

But wicked fortune mine, though mind be good,

Can haue no end, nor hope of my desire,

But feed on shadowes, whiles I die for food,

And like a shadow wexe, whiles with entire

Affection, I doe languish and expire.

I fonder, then Cephisus foolish child,

Who hauing vewed in a fountaine shere

His face, was with the loue thereof beguild;

I fonder loue a shade, the bodie farre exild.

XLV

Nought like (quoth she) for that same wretched boy

Was of himselfe the idle Paramoure;

Both loue and louer, without hope of ioy,

For which he faded to a watry flowre.

But better fortune thine, and better howre,

Which lou'st the shadow of a warlike knight;

No shadow, but a bodie hath in powre:

That bodie, wheresoeuer that it light,

May learned be by cyphers, or by Magicke might.

XLVI

But if thou may with reason yet represse

The growing euill, ere it strength haue got,

And thee abandond wholly doe possesse,

Against it strongly striue, and yield thee not,

Till thou in open field adowne be smot.

But if the passion mayster thy fraile might,

So that needs loue or death must be thy lot,

Then I auow to thee, by wrong or right

To compasse thy desire, and find that loued knight.

XLVII

Her chearefull words much cheard the feeble spright

Of the sicke virgin, that her downe she layd

In her warme bed to sleepe, if that she might;

And the old-woman carefully displayd

The clothes about her round with busie ayd;

So that at last a little creeping sleepe

Surprisd her sense: She therewith well apayd,

The drunken lampe downe in the oyle did steepe,

And set her by to watch, and set her by to weepe.

XLVIII

Earely the morrow next, before that day

His ioyous face did to the world reueale,

They both vprose and tooke their readie way

Vnto the Church, their prayers to appeale,

With great deuotion, and with litle zeale:

For the faire Damzell from the holy herse

Her loue-sicke hart to other thoughts did steale;

And that old Dame said many an idle verse,

Out of her daughters hart fond fancies to reuerse.

XLIX

Returned home, the royall Infant fell

Into her former fit; for why, no powre

Nor guidance of her selfe in her did dwell.

But th'aged Nurse her calling to her bowre,

Had gathered Rew, and Sauine, and the flowre

Of Camphora, and Calamint, and Dill,

All which she in a earthen Pot did poure,

And to the brim with Colt wood did it fill,

And many drops of milke and bloud through it did spill.

L

Then taking thrise three haires from off her head,

Them trebly breaded in a threefold lace,

And round about the pots mouth, bound the thread,

And after hauing whispered a space

Certaine sad words, with hollow voice and bace,

She to the virgin said, thrise said she it;

Come daughter come, come; spit vpon my face,

Spit thrise vpon me, thrise vpon me spit;

Th'vneuen number for this businesse is most fit.

LI

That sayd, her round about she from her turnd,

She turned her contrarie to the Sunne,

Thrise she her turnd contrary, and returnd,

All contrary, for she the right did shunne,

And euer what she did, was streight vndonne.

So thought she to vndoe her daughters loue:

But loue, that is in gentle brest begonne,

No idle charmes so lightly may remoue,

That well can witnesse, who by triall it does proue.

LII

Ne ought it mote the noble Mayd auayle,

Ne slake the furie of her cruell flame,

But that she still did waste, and still did wayle,

That through long languour, and hart-burning brame

She shortly like a pyned ghost became,

Which long hath waited by the Stygian strond.

That when old Glauce saw, for feare least blame

Of her miscarriage should in her be fond,

She wist not how t'amend, nor how it to withstond.

Canto III

Merlin bewrayes to Britomart,

the state of Artegall.

And shewes the famous Progeny

which from them springen shall.

I

Most sacred fire, that burnest mightily

In liuing brests, ykindled first aboue,

Emongst th'eternall spheres and lamping sky,

And thence pourd into men, which men call Loue;

Not that same, which doth base affections moue

In brutish minds, and filthy lust inflame,

But that sweet fit, that doth true beautie loue,

And choseth vertue for his dearest Dame,

Whence spring all noble deeds and neuer dying fame:

II

Well did Antiquitie a God thee deeme,

That ouer mortall minds hast so great might,

To order them, as best to thee doth seeme,

And all their actions to direct aright;

The fatall purpose of diuine foresight,

Thou doest effect in destined descents,

Through deepe impression of thy secret might,

And stirredst vp th'Heroes high intents,

Which the late world admyres for wondrous moniments.

III

But thy dread darts in none doe triumph more,

Ne brauer proofe in any, of thy powre

Shew'dst thou, then in this royall Maid of yore,

Making her seeke an vnknowne Paramoure,

From the worlds end, through many a bitter stowre:

From whose two loynes thou afterwards did rayse

Most famous fruits of matrimoniall bowre,

Which through the earth haue spred their liuing prayse,

That fame in trompe of gold eternally displayes.

IV

Begin then, O my dearest sacred Dame,

Daughter of Phœbus and of Memorie,

That doest ennoble with immortall name

The warlike Worthies, from antiquitie,

In thy great volume of Eternitie:

Begin, O Clio, and recount from hence

My glorious Soueraines goodly auncestrie,

Till that by dew degrees and long protense,

Thou haue it lastly brought unto her Excellence.

V

Full many wayes within her troubled mind,

Old Glauce cast, to cure this Ladies griefe:

Full many waies she sought, but none could find,

Nor herbes, nor charmes, nor counsell, that is chiefe

And choisest med'cine for sicke harts reliefe:

For thy great care she tooke, and greater feare,

Least that it should her turne to foule repriefe,

And sore reproch, when so her father deare

Should of his dearest daughters hard misfortune heare.

VI

At last she her auisd, that he, which made

That mirrhour, wherein the sicke Damosell

So straungely vewed her straunge louers shade,

To weet, the learned Merlin, well could tell,

Vnder what coast of heauen the man did dwell,

And by what meanes his loue might best be wrought:

For though beyond the Africk Ismaell,

Or th'Indian Peru he were, she thought

Him forth through infinite endeuour to haue sought.

VII

Forthwith themselues disguising both in straunge

And base attyre, that none might them bewray,

To Maridunum, that is now by chaunge

Of name Cayr-Merdin cald, they tooke their way:

There the wise Merlin whylome wont (they say)

To make his wonne, low vnderneath the ground,

In a deepe delue, farre from the vew of day,

That of no liuing wight he mote be found,

When so he counseld with his sprights encompast round.

VIII

And if thou euer happen that same way

To trauell, goe to see that dreadfull place:

It is an hideous hollow caue (they say)

Vnder a rocke that lyes a litle space

From the swift Barry, tombling downe apace,

Emongst the woodie hilles of Dyneuowre:

But dare thou not, I charge, in any cace,

To enter into that same balefull Bowre,

For fear the cruell Feends should thee vnwares deuowre.

IX

But standing high aloft, low lay thine eare,

And there such ghastly noise of yron chaines,

And brasen Caudrons thou shalt rombling heare,

Which thousand sprights with long enduring paines

Doe tosse, that it will stonne thy feeble braines,

And oftentimes great grones, and grieuous stounds,

When too huge toile and labour them constraines:

And oftentimes loud strokes, and ringing sounds

From vnder that deepe Rocke most horribly rebounds.

X

The cause some say is this: A litle while

Before that Merlin dyde, he did intend,

A brasen wall in compas to compile

About Cairmardin, and did it commend

Vnto these Sprights, to bring to perfect end.

During which worke the Ladie of the Lake,

Whom long he lou'd, for him in hast did send,

Who thereby forst his workemen to forsake,

Them bound till his returne, their labour not to slake.

XI

In the meane time through that false Ladies traine,

He was surprisd, and buried vnder beare,

Ne euer to his worke returnd againe:

Nath'lesse those feends may not their worke forbeare,

So greatly his commaundement they feare,

But there doe toyle and trauell day and night,

Vntill that brasen wall they vp doe reare:

For Merlin had in Magicke more insight,

Then euer him before or after liuing wight.

XII

For he by words could call out of the sky

Both Sunne and Moone, and make them him obay:

The land to sea, and sea to maineland dry,

And darkesome night he eke could turne to day:

Huge hostes of men he could alone dismay,

And hostes of men of meanest things could frame,

When so him list his enimies to fray:

That to this day for terror of his fame,

The feends do quake, when any him to them does name.

XIII

And sooth, men say that he was not the sonne

Of mortall Syre, or other liuing wight,

But wondrously begotten, and begonne

By false illusion of a guilefull Spright,

On a faire Ladie Nonne, that whilome hight

Matilda, daughter to Pubidius,

Who was the Lord of Mathrauall by right,

And coosen vnto king Ambrosius:

Whence he indued was with skill so maruellous.

XIV

They here ariuing, staid a while without,

Ne durst aduenture rashly in to wend,

But of their first intent gan make new dout

For dread of daunger, which it might portend:

Vntill the hardie Mayd (with loue to frend)

First entering, the dreadfull Mage there found

Deepe busied bout worke of wondrous end,

And writing strange characters in the ground,

With which the stubborn feends he to his seruice bound.

XV

He nought was moued at their entrance bold:

For of their comming well he wist afore,

Yet list them bid their businesse to vnfold,

As if ought in this world in secret store

Were from him hidden, or vnknowne of yore.

Then Glauce thus, let not it thee offend,

That we thus rashly through thy darkesome dore,

Vnwares haue prest: for either fatall end,

Or other mightie cause vs two did hither send.

XVI

He bad tell on; And then she thus began.

Now haue three Moones with borrow'd brothers light,

Thrice shined faire, and thrice seem'd dim and wan,

Sith a sore euill, which this virgin bright

Tormenteth, and doth plonge in dolefull plight,

First rooting tooke; but what thing it mote bee,

Or whence it sprong, I cannot read aright:

But this I read, that but if remedee,

Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead shall see.

XVII

Therewith th'Enchaunter softly gan to smyle

At her smooth speeches, weeting inly well,

That she to him dissembled womanish guyle,

And to her said, Beldame, by that ye tell,

More need of leach-craft hath your Damozell,

Then of my skill: who helpe may haue elsewhere,

In vaine seekes wonders out of Magicke spell.

Th'old woman wox half blanck, those words to heare;

And yet was loth to let her purpose plaine appeare.

XVIII

And to him said, If any leaches skill,

Or other learned meanes could haue redrest

This my deare daughters deepe engraffed ill,

Certes I should be loth thee to molest:

But this sad euill, which doth her infest,

Doth course of naturall cause farre exceed,

And housed is within her hollow brest,

That either seemes some cursed witches deed,

Or euill spright, that in her doth such torment breed.

XIX

The wisard could no lenger beare her bord,

But brusting forth in laughter, to her sayd;

Glauce, what needs this colourable word,

To cloke the cause, that hath it selfe bewrayd?

Ne ye faire Britomartis, thus arayd,

More hidden are, then Sunne in cloudy vele;

Whom thy good fortune, hauing fate obayd,

Hath hither brought, for succour to appele:

The which the powres to thee are pleased to reuele.

XX

The doubtfull Mayd, seeing her selfe descryde,

Was all abasht, and her pure yuory

Into a cleare Carnation suddeine dyde;

As faire Aurora rising hastily,

Doth by her blushing tell, that she did lye

All night in old Tithonus frosen bed,

Whereof she seemes ashamed inwardly.

But her old Nourse was nought dishartened,

But vauntage made of that, which Merlin had ared.

XXI

And sayd, Sith then thou knowest all our griefe,

(For what doest not thou know?) of grace I pray,

Pitty our plaint, and yield vs meet reliefe.

With that the Prophet still awhile did stay,

And then his spirite thus gan forth display;

Most noble Virgin, that by fatall lore

Hast learn'd to loue, let no whit thee dismay

The hard begin, that meets thee in the dore,

And with sharpe fits thy tender hart oppresseth sore.

XXII

For so must all things excellent begin,

And eke enrooted deepe must be that Tree,

Whose big embodied braunches shall not lin,

Till they to heauens hight forth stretched bee.

For from thy wombe a famous Progenie

Shall spring, out of the auncient Troian blood,

Which shall reuiue the sleeping memorie

Of those same antique Peres, the heauens brood,

Which Greeke and Asian riuers stained with their blood.

XXIII

Renowmed kings, and sacred Emperours,

Thy fruitfull Ofspring, shall from thee descend;

Braue Captaines, and most mighty warriours,

That shall their conquests through all lands extend,

And their decayed kingdomes shall amend:

The feeble Britons, broken with long warre,

They shall vpreare, and mightily defend

Against their forrein foe, that comes from farre,

Till vniuersall peace compound all ciuill iarre.

XXIV

It was not, Britomart, thy wandring eye,

Glauncing vnwares in charmed looking glas,

But the streight course of heauenly destiny,

Led with eternall prouidence, that has

Guided thy glaunce, to bring his will to pas:

Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,

To loue the prowest knight, that euer was.

Therefore submit thy wayes vnto his will,

And do by all dew meanes thy destiny fulfill.

XXV

But read (said Glauce) thou Magitian

What meanes shall she out seeke, or what wayes take?

How shall she know, how shall she find the man?

Or what needs her to toyle, sith fates can make

Way for themselues, their purpose to partake?

Then Merlin thus; Indeed the fates are firme,

And may not shrinck, though all the world do shake:

Yet ought mens good endeuours them confirme,

And guide the heauenly causes to their constant terme.

XXVI

The man whom heauens haue ordaynd to bee

The spouse of Britomart, is Arthegall:

He wonneth in the land of Fayeree,

Yet is no Fary borne, ne sib at all

To Elfes, but sprong of seed terrestriall,

And whilome by false Faries stolne away,

Whiles yet in infant cradle he did crall;

Ne other to himselfe is knowne this day,

But that he by an Elfe was gotten of a Fay.

XXVII

But sooth he is the sonne of Gorlois,

And brother vnto Cador Cornish king,

And for his warlike feates renowmed is,

From where the day out of the sea doth spring,

Vntill the closure of the Euening.

From thence, him firmely bound with faithfull band,

To this his natiue soyle thou backe shalt bring,

Strongly to aide his countrey, to withstand

The powre of forrein Paynims, which inuade thy land.

XXVIII

Great aid thereto his mighty puissaunce,

And dreaded name shall giue in that sad day:

Where also proofe of thy prow valiaunce

Thou then shalt make, t'increase thy louers pray.

Long time ye both in armes shall beare great sway,

Till thy wombes burden thee from them do call,

And his last fate him from thee take away,

Too rathe cut off by practise criminall

Of secret foes, that him shall make in mischiefe fall.

XXIX

With thee yet shall he leaue for memory

Of his late puissaunce, his Image dead,

That liuing him in all actiuity

To thee shall represent. He from the head

Of his coosin Constantius without dread

Shall take the crowne, that was his fathers right,

And therewith crowne himselfe in th'others stead:

Then shall he issew forth with dreadfull might,

Against his Saxon foes in bloudy field to fight.

XXX

Like as a Lyon, that in drowsie caue

Hath long time slept, himselfe so shall he shake,

And comming forth, shall spred his banner braue

Ouer the troubled South, that it shall make

The warlike Mertians for feare to quake:

Thrise shall he fight with them, and twise shall win,

But the third time shall faire accordaunce make:

And if he then with victorie can lin,

He shall his dayes with peace bring to his earthly In.

XXXI

His sonne, hight Vortipore, shall him succeede

In kingdome, but not in felicity;

Yet shall he long time warre with happy speed,

And with great honour many battels try:

But at the last to th'importunity

Of froward fortune shall be forst to yield.

But his sonne Malgo shall full mightily

Auenge his fathers losse, with speare and shield,

And his proud foes discomfit in victorious field.

XXXII

Behold the man, and tell me Britomart,

If ay more goodly creature thou didst see;

How like a Gyaunt in each manly part

Beares he himselfe with portly maiestee,

That one of th'old Heroes seemes to bee:

He the six Islands, comprouinciall

In auncient times vnto great Britainee,

Shall to the same reduce, and to him call

Their sundry kings to do their homage seuerall.

XXXIII

All which his sonne Careticus awhile

Shall well defend, and Saxons powre suppresse,

Vntill a straunger king from vnknowne soyle

Arriuing, him with multitude oppresse;

Great Gormond, hauing with huge mightinesse

Ireland subdewd, and therein fixt his throne,

Like a swift Otter, fell through emptinesse,

Shall ouerswim the sea with many one

Of his Norueyses, to assist the Britons fone.

XXXIV

He in his furie all shall ouerrunne,

And holy Church with faithlesse hands deface,

That thy sad people vtterly fordonne,

Shall to the vtmost mountaines fly apace:

Was neuer so great wast in any place,

Nor so fowle outrage doen by liuing men:

For all thy Cities they shall sacke and race,

And the greene grasse, that groweth, they shall bren,

That euen the wild beast shall dy in starued den.

XXXV

Whiles thus thy Britons do in languour pine,

Proud Etheldred shall from the North arise,

Seruing th'ambitious will of Augustine,

And passing Dee with hardy enterprise,

Shall backe repulse the valiaunt Brockwell twise,

And Bangor with massacred Martyrs fill;

But the third time shall rew his foolhardise:

For Cadwan pittying his peoples ill,

Shall stoutly him defeat, and thousand Saxons kill.

XXXVI

But after him, Cadwallin mightily

On his sonne Edwin all those wrongs shall wreake;

Ne shall auaile the wicked sorcery

Of false Pellite, his purposes to breake,

But him shall slay, and on a gallowes bleake

Shall giue th'enchaunter his vnhappy hire;

Then shall the Britons, late dismayd and weake,

From their long vassalage gin to respire,

And on their Paynim foes auenge their ranckled ire.

XXXVII

Ne shall he yet his wrath so mitigate,

Till both the sonnes of Edwin he haue slaine,

Offricke and Osricke, twinnes vnfortunate,

Both slaine in battell vpon Layburne plaine,

Together with the king of Louthiane,

Hight Adin, and the king of Orkeny,

Both ioynt partakers of their fatall paine:

But Penda, fearefull of like desteny,

Shall yield him selfe his liegeman, and sweare fealty.

XXXVIII

Him shall he make his fatall Instrument,

T'afflict the other Saxons vnsubdewd;

He marching forth with fury insolent

Against the good king Oswald, who indewd

With heauenly powre, and by Angels reskewd,

All holding crosses in their hands on hye,

Shall him defeate withouten bloud imbrewd:

Of which, that field for endlesse memory,

Shall Heuenfield be cald to all posterity.

XXXIX

Whereat Cadwallin wroth, shall forth issew,

And an huge hoste into Northumber lead,

With which he godly Oswald shall subdew,

And crowne with martyrdome his sacred head.

Whose brother Oswin, daunted with like dread,

With price of siluer shall his kingdome buy,

And Penda, seeking him adowne to tread,

Shall tread adowne, and do him fowly dye,

But shall with gifts his Lord Cadwallin pacify.

XL

Then shall Cadwallin dye, and then the raine

Of Britons eke with him attonce shall dye;

Ne shall the good Cadwallader with paine,

Or powre, be hable it to remedy,

When the full time prefixt by destiny,

Shalbe expird of Britons regiment.

For heauen it selfe shall their successe enuy,

And them with plagues and murrins pestilent

Consume, till all their warlike puissaunce be spent.

XLI

Yet after all these sorrowes, and huge hills

Of dying people, during eight yeares space,

Cadwallader not yielding to his ills, From

Armoricke, where long in wretched cace

He liu'd, returning to his natiue place,

Shalbe by vision staid from his intent:

For th'heauens haue decreed, to displace

The Britons, for their sinnes dew punishment,

And to the Saxons ouer-giue their gouernment.

XLII

Then woe, and woe, and euerlasting woe,

Be to the Briton babe, that shalbe borne,

To liue in thraldome of his fathers foe;

Late King, now captiue, late Lord, now forlorne,

The worlds reproch, the cruell victours scorne,

Banisht from Princely bowre to wastfull wood:

O who shall helpe me to lament, and mourne

The royall seed, the antique Troian blood,

Whose Empire lenger here, then euer any stood.

XLIII

The Damzell was full deepe empassioned,

Both for his griefe, and for her peoples sake,

Whose future woes so plaine he fashioned,

And sighing sore, at length him thus bespake;

Ah but will heauens fury neuer slake,

Nor vengeaunce huge relent it selfe at last?

Will not long misery late mercy make,

But shall their name for euer be defast,

And quite from of the earth their memory be rast?

XLIV

Nay but the terme (said he) is limited,

That in this thraldome Britons shall abide,

And the iust reuolution measured,

That they as Straungers shalbe notifide.

For twise foure hundredth yeares shalbe supplide,

Ere they to former rule restor'd shalbee,

And their importune fates all satisfide:

Yet during this their most obscuritee,

Their beames shall oft breake forth, that men them faire may see.

XLV

For Rhodoricke, whose surname shalbe Great,

Shall of him selfe a braue ensample shew,

That Saxon kings his friendship shall intreat;

And Howell Dha shall goodly well indew

The saluage minds with skill of iust and trew;

Then Griffyth Conan also shall vp reare

His dreaded head, and the old sparkes renew

Of natiue courage, that his foes shall feare,

Least backe againe the kingdome he from them should beare.

XLVI

Ne shall the Saxons selues all peaceably

Enioy the crowne, which they from

Britons wonne First ill, and after ruled wickedly:

For ere two hundred yeares be full outronne,

There shall a Rauen far from rising Sunne,

With his wide wings vpon them fiercely fly,

And bid his faithlesse chickens ouerronne

The fruitfull plaines, and with fell cruelty,

In their auenge, tread downe the victours surquedry.

XLVII

Yet shall a third both these, and thine subdew;

There shall a Lyon from the sea-bord wood

Of Neustria come roring, with a crew

Of hungry whelpes, his battailous bold brood,

Whose clawes were newly dipt in cruddy blood,

That from the Daniske Tyrants head shall rend

Th'vsurped crowne, as if that he were wood,

And the spoile of the countrey conquered

Emongst his young ones shall diuide with bountyhed.

XLVIII

Tho when the terme is full accomplishid,

There shall a sparke of fire, which hath long-while

Bene in his ashes raked vp, and hid,

Be freshly kindled in the fruitfull Ile

Of Mona, where it lurked in exile;

Which shall breake forth into bright burning flame,

And reach into the house, that beares the stile

Of royall maiesty and soueraigne name;

So shall the Briton bloud their crowne againe reclame.

XLIX

Thenceforth eternall vnion shall be made

Betweene the nations different afore,

And sacred Peace shall louingly perswade

The warlike minds, to learne her goodly lore,

And ciuile armes to exercise no more:

Then shall a royall virgin raine, which shall

Stretch her white rod ouer the Belgicke shore,

And the great Castle smite so sore with all,

That it shall make him shake, and shortly learne to fall.

L

But yet the end is not. There Merlin stayd,

As ouercomen of the spirites powre,

Or other ghastly spectacle dismayd,

That secretly he saw, yet note discoure:

Which suddein fit, and halfe extatick stoure

When the two fearefull women saw, they grew

Greatly confused in behauioure;

At last the fury past, to former hew

Hee turnd againe, and chearefull looks as earst did shew.

LI

Then, when them selues they well instructed had

Of all, that needed them to be inquird,

They both conceiuing hope of comfort glad,

With lighter hearts vnto their home retird;

Where they in secret counsell close conspird,

How to effect so hard an enterprize,

And to possesse the purpose they desird:

Now this, now that twixt them they did deuise,

And diuerse plots did frame, to maske in strange disguise.

LII

At last the Nourse in her foolhardy wit

Conceiu'd a bold deuise, and thus bespake;

Daughter, I deeme that counsell aye most fit,

That of the time doth dew aduauntage take;

Ye see that good king Vther now doth make

Strong warre vpon the Paynim brethren, hight

Octa and Oza, whom he lately brake

Beside Cayr Verolame, in victorious fight,

That now all Britanie doth burne in armes bright.

LIII

That therefore nought our passage may empeach,

Let vs in feigned armes our selues disguize,

And our weake hands (whom need new strength shall teach)

The dreadfull speare and shield to exercize:

Ne certes daughter that same warlike wize

I weene, would you misseeme; for ye bene tall,

And large of limbe, t'atchieue an hard emprize,

Ne ought ye want, but skill, which practize small

Will bring, and shortly make you a mayd Martiall.

LIV

And sooth, it ought your courage much inflame,

To heare so often, in that royall hous,

From whence to none inferiour ye came:

Bards tell of many women valorous

Which haue full many feats aduenturous

Performd, in paragone of proudest men:

The bold Bunduca, whose victorious

Exploits made Rome to quake, stout Guendolen,

Renowmed Martia, and redoubted Emmilen.

LV

And that, which more then all the rest may sway,

Late dayes ensample, which these eyes beheld,

In the last field before Meneuia

Which Vther with those forrein Pagans held,

I saw a Saxon Virgin, the which feld

Great Vlfin thrise vpon the bloudy plaine,

And had not Carados her hand withheld

From rash reuenge, she had him surely slaine,

Yet Carados himselfe from her escapt with paine.

LVI

Ah read, (quoth Britomart) how is she hight?

Faire Angela (quoth she) men do her call,

No whit lesse faire, then terrible in fight:

She hath the leading of a Martiall

And mighty people, dreaded more then all

The other Saxons, which do for her sake

And loue, themselues of her name Angles call.

Therefore faire Infant her ensample make

Vnto thy selfe, and equall courage to thee take.

LVII

Her harty words so deepe into the mynd

Of the young Damzell sunke, that great desire

Of warlike armes in her forthwith they tynd,

And generous stout courage did inspire,

That she resolu'd, vnweeting to her Sire,

Aduent'rous knighthood on her selfe to don,

And counseld with her Nourse, her Maides attire

To turne into a massy habergeon,

And bad her all things put in readinesse anon.

LVIII

Th' old woman nought, that needed, did omit;

But all things did conueniently puruay:

It fortuned (so time their turne did fit)

A band of Britons ryding on forray

Few dayes before, had gotten a great pray

Of Saxon goods, emongst the which was seene

A goodly Armour, and full rich aray,

Which long'd to Angela, the Saxon Queene,

All fretted round with gold, and goodly well beseene.

LIX

The same, with all the other ornaments,

King Ryence caused to be hanged hy

In his chiefe Church, for endlesse moniments

Of his successe and gladfull victory:

Of which her selfe auising readily,

In th'euening late old Glauce thither led

Faire Britomart, and that same Armory

Downe taking, her therein appareled,

Well as she might, and with braue bauldrick garnished.

LX

Beside those armes there stood a mighty speare,

Which Bladud made by Magick art of yore,

And vsd the same in battell aye to beare;

Sith which it had bin here preseru'd in store,

For his great vertues proued long afore:

For neuer wight so fast in sell could sit,

But him perforce vnto the ground it bore:

Both speare she tooke, and shield, which hong by it:

Both speare and shield of great powre, for her purpose fit.

LXI

Thus when she had the virgin all arayd,

Another harnesse, which did hang thereby,

About her selfe she dight, that the young Mayd

She might in equall armes accompany,

And as her Squire attend her carefully:

Tho to their ready Steeds they clombe full light,

And through back wayes, that none might them espy,

Couered with secret cloud of silent night,

Themselues they forth conuayd, and passed forward right.

LXII

Ne rested they, till that to Faery lond

They came, as Merlin them directed late:

Where meeting with this Redcrosse knight, she fond

Of diuerse things discourses to dilate,

But most of Arthegall, and his estate.

At last their wayes so fell, that they mote part:

Then each to other well affectionate,

Friendship professed with vnfained hart,

The Redcrosse knight diuerst, but forth rode Britomart.

Canto IV

Bold Marinell of Britomart,

Is throwne on the Rich strond:

Faire Florimell of Arthur is

Long followed, but not fond.

I

WHere is the Antique glory now become,

That whilome wont in women to appeare?

Where be the braue atchieuements doen by some?

Where be the battels, where the shield and speare,

And all the conquests, which them high did reare,

That matter made for famous Poets verse,

And boastfull men so oft abasht to heare?

Bene they all dead, and laid in dolefull herse?

Or doen they onely sleepe, and shall againe reuerse?

II

If they be dead, then woe is me therefore:

But if they sleepe, O let them soone awake:

For all too long I burne with enuy sore,

To heare the warlike feates, which Homere spake

Of bold Pænthesilee, which made a lake

Of Greekish bloud so oft in Troian plaine;

But when I read, how stout Debora strake

Proud Sisera, and how Camill' hath slaine

The huge Orsilochus, I swell with great disdaine.

III

Yet these, and all that else had puissaunce,

Cannot with noble Britomart compare,

Aswell for glory of great valiaunce,

As for pure chastitie and vertue rare,

That all her goodly deeds do well declare.

Well worthy stock, from which the branches sprong,

That in late yeares so faire a blossome bare,

As thee, O Queene, the matter of my song,

Whose lignage from this Lady I deriue along.

IV

Who when through speaches with the Redcrosse knight,

She learned had th'estate of Arthegall,

And in each point her selfe informd aright,

A friendly league of loue perpetuall

She with him bound, and Congé tooke withall.

Then he forth on his iourney did proceede,

To seeke aduentures, which mote him befall,

And win him worship through his warlike deed,

Which alwayes of his paines he made the chiefest meed.

V

But Britomart kept on her former course,

Ne euer dofte her armes, but all the way

Grew pensiue through that amorous discourse,

By which the Redcrosse knight did earst display

Her louers shape, and cheualrous aray;

A thousand thoughts she fashioned in her mind,

And in her feigning fancie did pourtray

Him such, as fittest she for loue could find,

Wise, warlike, personable, curteous, and kind.

VI

With such selfe-pleasing thoughts her wound she fed,

And thought so to beguile her grieuous smart;

But so her smart was much more grieuous bred,

And the deepe wound more deepe engord her hart,

That nought but death her dolour mote depart.

So forth she rode without repose or rest,

Searching all lands and each remotest part,

Following the guidaunce of her blinded guest,

Till that to the sea-coast at length she her addrest.

VII

There she alighted from her light-foot beast,

And sitting downe vpon the rocky shore,

Bad her old Squire vnlace her lofty creast;

Tho hauing vewd a while the surges hore,

That gainst the craggy clifts did loudly rore,

And in their raging surquedry disdaynd,

That the fast earth affronted them so sore,

And their deuouring couetize restraynd,

Thereat she sighed deepe, and after thus complaynd.

VIII

Huge sea of sorrow, and tempestuous griefe,

Wherein my feeble barke is tossed long,

Far from the hoped hauen of reliefe,

Why do thy cruell billowes beat so strong,

And thy moyst mountaines each on others throng,

Threatning to swallow vp my fearefull life?

O do thy cruell wrath and spightfull wrong

At length allay, and stint thy stormy strife,

Which in these troubled bowels raignes, and rageth rife.

IX

For else my feeble vessell crazd, and crackt

Through thy strong buffets and outrageous blowes,

Cannot endure, but needs it must be wrackt

On the rough rocks, or on the sandy shallowes,

The whiles that loue it steres, and fortune rowes;

Loue my lewd Pilot hath a restlesse mind

And fortune Boteswaine no assuraunce knowes,

But saile withouten starres, gainst tide and wind:

How can they other do, sith both are bold and blind?

X

Thou God of winds, that raignest in the seas,

That raignest also in the Continent,

At last blow vp some gentle gale of ease,

The which may bring my ship, ere it be rent,

Vnto the gladsome port of her intent:

Then when I shall my selfe in safety see,

A table for eternall moniment

Of thy great grace, and my great ieopardee,

Great Neptune, I auow to hallow vnto thee.

XI

Then sighing softly sore, and inly deepe,

She shut vp all her plaint in priuy griefe;

For her great courage would not let her weepe,

Till that old Glauce gan with sharpe repriefe,

Her to restraine, and giue her good reliefe,

Through hope of those, which Merlin had her told

Should of her name and nation be chiefe,

And fetch their being from the sacred mould

Of her immortall wombe, to be in heauen enrold.

XII

Thus as she her recomforted, she spyde,

Where farre away one all in armour bright,

With hastie gallop towards her did ryde;

Her dolour soone she ceast, and on her dight

Her Helmet, to her Courser mounting light:

Her former sorrow into suddein wrath,

Both coosen passions of distroubled spright,

Conuerting, forth she beates the dustie path;

Loue and despight attonce her courage kindled hath.

XIII

As when a foggy mist hath ouercast

The face of heauen, and the cleare aire engrost,

The world in darkenesse dwels, till that at last

The watry Southwinde from the seabord cost

Vpblowing, doth disperse the vapour lo'st,

And poures it selfe forth in a stormy showre;

So the faire Britomart hauing disclo'st

Her clowdy care into a wrathfull stowre,

The mist of griefe dissolu'd, did into vengeance powre.

XIV

Eftsoones her goodly shield addressing faire,

That mortall speare she in her hand did take,

And vnto battell did her selfe prepaire.

The knight approching, sternely her bespake;

Sir knight, that doest thy voyage rashly make

By this forbidden way in my despight,

Ne doest by others death ensample take,

I read thee soone retyre, whiles thou hast might,

Least afterwards it be too late to take thy flight.

XV

Ythrild with deepe disdaine of his proud threat,

She shortly thus; Fly they, that need to fly;

Words fearen babes. I meane not thee entreat

To passe; but maugre thee will passe or dy.

Ne lenger stayd for th'other to reply,

But with sharpe speare the rest made dearly knowne.

Strongly the straunge knight ran, and sturdily

Strooke her full on the brest, that made her downe

Decline her head, and touch her crouper with her crowne.

XVI

But she againe him in the shield did smite
With so fierce furie and great puissaunce,
That through his threesquare scuchin percing quite,
And through his mayled hauberque, by mischaunce
The wicked steele through his left side did glaunce;
Him so transfixed she before her bore
Beyond his croupe, the length of all her launce,
Till sadly soucing on the sandie shore,
He tombled on an heape, and wallowd in his gore.

XVII

Like as the sacred Oxe, that carelesse stands,
With gilden hornes, and flowry girlonds crownd,
Proud of his dying honor and deare bands,
Whiles th'altars fume with frankincense arownd,
All suddenly with mortall stroke astownd,
Doth groueling fall, and with his streaming gore
Distaines the pillours, and the holy grownd,
And the faire flowres, that decked him afore;
So fell proud Marinell vpon the pretious shore.

XVIII

The martiall Mayd stayd not him to lament,
But forward rode, and kept her readie way
Along the strond, which as she ouer-went,
She saw bestrowed all with rich aray
Of pearles and pretious stones of great assay,
And all the grauell mixt with golden owre;
Whereat she wondred much, but would not stay
For gold, or perles, or pretious stones an howre,
But them despised all; for all was in her powre.

XIX

Whiles thus he lay in deadly stonishment,

Tydings hereof came to his mothers eare;

His mother was the blacke-browd Cymoent,

The daughter of great Nereus, which did beare

This warlike sonne vnto an earthly peare,

The famous Dumarin; who on a day

Finding the Nymph a sleepe in secret wheare,

As he by chaunce did wander that same way,

Was taken with her loue, and by her closely lay.

XX

There he this knight of her begot, whom borne

She of his father Marinell did name,

And in a rocky caue as wight forlorne,

Long time she fostred vp, till he became

A mightie man at armes, and mickle fame

Did get through great aduentures by him donne:

For neuer man he suffred by that same

Rich strond to trauell, whereas he did wonne,

But that he must do battell with the Sea-nymphes sonne.

XXI

An hundred knights of honorable name

He had subdew'd, and them his vassals made,

That through all Farie lond his noble fame

Now blazed was, and feare did all inuade,

That none durst passen through that perilous glade.

And to aduance his name and glorie more,

Her Sea-god syre she dearely did perswade,

T'endow her sonne with threasure and rich store,

Boue all the sonnes, that were of earthly wombes ybore.

XXII

The God did graunt his daughters deare demaund,

To doen his Nephew in all riches flow;

Eftsoones his heaped waues he did commaund,

Out of their hollow bosome forth to throw

All the huge threasure, which the sea below

Had in his greedie gulfe deuoured deepe,

And him enriched through the ouerthrow

And wreckes of many wretches, which did weepe,

And often waile their wealth, which he from them did keepe.

XXIII

Shortly vpon that shore there heaped was,

Exceeding riches and all pretious things,

The spoyle of all the world, that it did pas

The wealth of th'East, and pompe of Persian kings;

Gold, amber, yuorie, perles, owches, rings,

And all that else was pretious and deare,

The sea vnto him voluntary brings,

That shortly he a great Lord did appeare,

As was in all the lond of Faery, or elsewheare.

XXIV

Thereto he was a doughtie dreaded knight,

Tryde often to the scath of many deare,

That none in equall armes him matchen might,

The which his mother seeing, gan to feare

Least his too haughtie hardines might reare

Some hard mishap, in hazard of his life:

For thy she oft him counseld to forbeare

The bloudie battell, and to stirre vp strife,

But after all his warre, to rest his wearie knife.

XXV

And for his more assurance, she inquir'd

One day of Proteus by his mightie spell,

(For Proteus was with prophecie inspir'd)

Her deare sonnes destinie to her to tell,

And the sad end of her sweet Marinell.

Who through foresight of his eternall skill,

Bad her from womankind to keepe him well:

For of a woman he should haue much ill,

A virgin strange and stout him should dismay, or kill.

XXVI

For thy she gaue him warning euery day,

The loue of women not to entertaine;

A lesson too too hard for liuing clay,

From loue in course of nature to refraine:

Yet he his mothers lore did well retaine,

And euer from faire Ladies loue did fly;

Yet many Ladies faire did oft complaine,

That they for loue of him would algates dy:

Dy, who so list for him, he was loues enimy.

XXVII

But ah, who can deceiue his destiny,

Or weene by warning to auoyd his fate?

That when he sleepes in most security,

And safest seemes, him soonest doth amate,

And findeth dew effect or soone or late.

So feeble is the powre of fleshly arme.

His mother bad him womens loue to hate,

For she of womans force did feare no harme;

So weening to haue arm'd him, she did quite disarme.

XXVIII

This was that woman, this that deadly wound,

That Proteus prophecide should him dismay,

The which his mother vainely did expound,

To be hart-wounding loue, which should assay

To bring her sonne vnto his last decay.

So tickle be the termes of mortall state,

And full of subtile sophismes, which do play

With double senses, and with false debate,

T'approue the vnknowen purpose of eternall fate.

XXIX

Too true the famous Marinell it fownd,

Who through late triall, on that wealthy Strond

Inglorious now lies in senselesse swownd,

Through heauy stroke of Britomartis hond.

Which when his mother deare did vnderstond,

And heauy tydings heard, whereas she playd

Amongst her watry sisters by a pond,

Gathering sweet daffadillyes, to haue made

Gay girlonds, from the Sun their forheads faire to shade.

XXX

Eftsoones both flowres and girlonds farre away

She flong, and her faire deawy lockes yrent,

To sorrow huge she turnd her former play,

And gamesom merth to grieuous dreriment:

She threw her selfe downe on the Continent,

Ne word did speake, but lay as in a swowne,

Whiles all her sisters did for her lament,

With yelling outcries, and with shrieking sowne;

And euery one did teare her girlond from her crowne.

XXXI

Soone as she vp out of her deadly fit

Arose, she bad her charet to be brought,

And all her sisters, that with her did sit,

Bad eke attonce their charets to be sought;

Tho full of bitter griefe and pensiue thought,

She to her wagon clombe; clombe all the rest,

And forth together went, with sorrow fraught.

The waues obedient to their beheast,

Them yielded readie passage, and their rage surceast.

XXXII

Great Neptune stood amazed at their sight,

Whiles on his broad round backe they softly slid

And eke himselfe mournd at their mournfull plight,

Yet wist not what their wailing ment, yet did

For great compassion of their sorrow, bid

His mightie waters to them buxome bee:

Eftsoones the roaring billowes still abid,

And all the griesly Monsters of the See

Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred them to see.

XXXIII

A teme of Dolphins raunged in aray,

Drew the smooth charet of sad Cymoent;

They were all taught by Triton, to obay

To the long raynes, at her commaundement:

As swift as swallowes, on the waues they went,

That their broad flaggie finnes no fome did reare,

Ne bubbling roundell they behind them sent;

The rest of other fishes drawen weare,

Which with their finny oars the swelling sea did sheare.

XXXIV

Soone as they bene arriu'd vpon the brim

Of the Rich strond, their charets they forlore,

And let their temed fishes softly swim

Along the margent of the fomy shore,

Least they their finnes should bruze, and surbate sore

Their tender feet vpon the stony ground:

And comming to the place, where all in gore

And cruddy bloud enwallowed they found

The lucklesse Marinell, lying in deadly swound;

XXXV

His mother swowned thrise, and the third time

Could scarce recouered be out of her paine;

Had she not bene deuoyd of mortall slime,

She should not then haue bene reliu'd againe,

But soone as life recouered had the raine,

She made so piteous mone and deare wayment,

That the hard rocks could scarse from teares refraine,

And all her sister Nymphes with one consent

Supplide her sobbing breaches with sad complement.

XXXVI

Deare image of my selfe (she said) that is,

The wretched sonne of wretched mother borne,

Is this thine high aduauncement, O is this

Th'immortall name, with which thee yet vnborne

Thy Gransire Nereus promist to adorne?

Now lyest thou of life and honor reft;

Now lyest thou a lumpe of earth forlorne,

Ne of thy late life memory is left,

Ne can thy irreuocable destiny be weft?

XXXVII

Fond Proteus, father of false prophecis,

And they more fond, that credit to thee giue,

Not this the worke of womans hand ywis,

That so deepe wound through these deare members driue.

I feared loue: but they that loue do liue,

But they that die, doe neither loue nor hate.

Nath'lesse to thee thy folly I forgiue,

And to my selfe, and to accursed fate

The guilt I doe ascribe: deare wisedome bought too late.

XXXVIII

O what auailes it of immortall seed

To beene ybred and neuer borne to die?

Farre better I it deeme to die with speed,

Then waste in woe and wailefull miserie.

Who dyes the vtmost dolour doth abye,

But who that liues, is left to waile his losse:

So life is losse, and death felicitie.

Sad life worse then glad death: and greater crosse

To see friends graue, then dead the graue selfe to engrosse.

XXXIX

But if the heauens did his dayes enuie,

And my short blisse maligne, yet mote they well

Thus much afford me, ere that he did die

That the dim eyes of my deare Marinell

I mote haue closed, and him bed farewell,

Sith other offices for mother meet

They would not graunt.

Yet maulgre them farewell, my sweetest sweet;

Farewell my sweetest sonne, sith we no more shall meet.

XL

Thus when they all had sorrowed their fill,

They softly gan to search his griesly wound:

And that they might him handle more at will,

They him disarm'd, and spredding on the ground

Their watchet mantles frindgd with siluer round,

They softly wipt away the gelly blood

From th'orifice; which hauing well vpbound,

They pourd in soueraine balme, and Nectar good,

Good both for earthly med'cine, and for heauenly food.

XLI

Tho when the lilly handed Liagore,

(This Liagore whylome had learned skill

In leaches craft, by great Appolloes lore,

Sith her whylome vpon the high Pindus hill,

He loued, and at last her wombe did fill

With heauenly seed, whereof wise Paeon sprong)

Did feele his pulse, she knew there staied still

Some litle life his feeble sprites emong;

Which to his mother told, despeire she from her flong.

XLII

Tho vp him taking in their tender hands,

They easily vnto her charet beare:

Her teme at her commaundement quiet stands,

Whiles they the corse into her wagon reare,

And strow with flowres the lamentable beare:

Then all the rest into their coches clim,

And through the brackish waues their passage sheare;

Vpon great Neptunes necke they softly swim,

And to her watry chamber swiftly carry him.

XLIII

Deepe in the bottome of the sea, her bowre

Is built of hollow billowes heaped hye,

Like to thicke cloudes, that threat a stormy showre,

And vauted all within, like to the sky,

In which the Gods do dwell eternally:

There they him laid in easie couch well dight;

And sent in haste for Tryphon, to apply

Salues to his wounds, and medicines of might:

For Tryphon of sea gods the soueraine leach is hight.

XLIV

The whiles the Nymphes sit all about him round,

Lamenting his mishap and heauy plight;

And oft his mother vewing his wide wound,

Cursed the hand, that did so deadly smight

Her dearest sonne, her dearest harts delight.

But none of all those curses ouertooke

The warlike Maid, th'ensample of that might,

But fairely well she thriu'd, and well did brooke

Her noble deeds, ne her right course for ought forsooke.

XLV

Yet did false Archimage her still pursew,

To bring to passe his mischieuous intent,

Now that he had her singled from the crew

Of courteous knights, the Prince, and Faery gent,

Whom late in chace of beautie excellent

She left, pursewing that same foster strong;

Of whose foule outrage they impatient,

And full of fiery zeale, him followed long,

To reskew her from shame, and to reuenge her wrong.

XLVI

Through thick and thin, through mountaines and through plains,

Those two great champions did attonce pursew

The fearefull damzell, with incessant paines:

Who from them fled, as light-foot hare from vew

Of hunter swift, and sent of houndes trew.

At last they came vnto a double way,

Where, doubtfull which to take, her to reskew,

Themselues they did dispart, each to assay,

Whether more happie were, to win so goodly pray.

XLVII

But Timias, the Princes gentle Squire,

That Ladies loue vnto his Lord forlent,

And with proud enuy, and indignant ire,

After that wicked foster fiercely went.

So beene they three three sundry wayes ybent.

But fairest fortune to the Prince befell,

Whose chaunce it was, that soone he did repent,

To take that way, in which that Damozell

Was fled afore, affraid of him, as feend of hell.

XLVIII

At last of her farre off he gained vew:

Then gan he freshly pricke his fomy steed,

And euer as he nigher to her drew,

So euermore he did increase his speed,

And of each turning still kept warie heed:

Aloud to her he oftentimes did call,

To doe away vaine doubt, and needlesse dreed:

Full myld to her he spake, and oft let fall

Many meeke wordes, to stay and comfort her withall.

XLIX

But nothing might relent her hastie flight;

So deepe the deadly feare of that foule swaine

Was earst impressed in her gentle spright:

Like as a fearefull Doue, which through the raine,

Of the wide aire her way does cut amaine,

Hauing farre off espyde a Tassell gent,

Which after her his nimble wings doth straine,

Doubleth her haste for feare to be for-hent,

And with her pineons cleaues the liquid firmament.

L

With no lesse haste, and eke with no lesse dreed,

That fearefull Ladie fled from him, that ment

To her no euill thought, nor euill deed;

Yet former feare of being fowly shent,

Carried her forward with her first intent:

And though oft looking backward, well she vewd,

Her selfe freed from that foster insolent,

And that it was a knight, which now her sewd,

Yet she no lesse the knight feard, then that villein rude.

LI

His vncouth shield and straunge armes her dismayd,

Whose like in Faery lond were seldome seene,

That fast she from him fled, no lesse affrayd,

Then of wild beastes if she had chased beene:

Yet he her followd still with courage keene,

So long that now the golden Hesperus

Was mounted high in top of heauen sheene,

And warnd his other brethren ioyeous,

To light their blessed lamps in Ioues eternall hous.

LII

All suddenly dim woxe the dampish ayre,

And griesly shadowes couered heauen bright,

That now with thousand starres was decked fayre;

Which when the Prince beheld, a lothfull sight,

And that perforce, for want of lenger light,

He mote surcease his suit, and lose the hope

Of his long labour, he gan fowly wyte

His wicked fortune, that had turnd aslope,

And cursed night, that reft from him so goodly scope.

LIII

Tho when her wayes he could no more descry,

But to and fro at disauenture strayd;

Like as a ship, whose Lodestarre suddenly

Couered with cloudes, her Pilot hath dismayd;

His wearisome pursuit perforce he stayd,

And from his loftie steed dismounting low,

Did let him forage. Downe himselfe he layd

Vpon the grassie ground, to sleepe a throw;

The cold earth was his couch, the hard steele his pillow.

LIV

But gentle Sleepe enuyde him any rest;

In stead thereof sad sorrow, and disdaine

Of his hard hap did vexe his noble brest,

And thousand fancies bet his idle braine

With their light wings, the sights of semblants vaine:

Oft did he wish, that Lady faire mote bee

His Faery Queene, for whom he did complaine:

Or that his Faery Queene were such, as shee:

And euer hastie Night he blamed bitterlie.

LV

Night thou foule Mother of annoyance sad,

Sister of heauie death, and nourse of woe,

Which wast begot in heauen, but for thy bad

And brutish shape thrust downe to hell below,

Where by the grim floud of Cocytus slow

Thy dwelling is, in Herebus blacke hous,

(Blacke Herebus thy husband is the foe

Of all the Gods) where thou vngratious,

Halfe of thy dayes doest lead in horrour hideous.

LVI

What had th'eternall Maker need of thee,

The world in his continuall course to keepe,

That doest all things deface, ne lettest see

The beautie of his worke? Indeed in sleepe

The slouthfull bodie, that doth loue to steepe

His lustlesse limbes, and drowne his baser mind,

Doth praise thee oft, and oft from Stygian deepe

Calles thee, his goddesse in his error blind,

And great Dame Natures handmaide, chearing euery kind.

LVII

But well I wote, that to an heauy hart

Thou art the root and nurse of bitter cares,

Breeder of new, renewer of old smarts:

In stead of rest thou lendest rayling teares,

In stead of sleepe thou sendest troublous feares,

And dreadfull visions, in the which aliue

The drearie image of sad death appeares:

So from the wearie spirit thou doest driue

Desired rest, and men of happinesse depriue.

LVIII

Vnder thy mantle blacke there hidden lye,

Light-shonning theft, and traiterous intent,

Abhorred bloudshed, and vile felony,

Shamefull deceipt, and daunger imminent;

Foule horror, and eke hellish dreriment:

All these I wote in thy protection bee,

And light doe shonne, for feare of being shent:

For light ylike is loth'd of them and thee,

And all that lewdnesse loue, doe hate the light to see.

LIX

For day discouers all dishonest wayes,

And sheweth each thing, as it is indeed:

The prayses of high God he faire displayes,

And his large bountie rightly doth areed.

Dayes dearest children be the blessed seed,

Which darknesse shall subdew, and heauen win:

Truth is his daughter; he her first did breed,

Most sacred virgin, without spot of sin.

Our life is day, but death with darknesse doth begin.

LX

O when will day then turne to me againe,

And bring with him his long expected light?

O Titan, haste to reare thy ioyous waine:

Speed thee to spred abroad thy beames bright,

And chase away this too long lingring night,

Chase her away, from whence she came, to hell.

She, she it is, that hath me done despight:

There let her with the damned spirits dwell,

And yeeld her roome to day, that can it gouerne well.

LXI

Thus did the Prince that wearie night outweare,

In restlesse anguish and vnquiet paine:

And earely, ere the morrow did vpreare

His deawy head out of the Ocean maine,

He vp arose, as halfe in great disdaine,

And clombe vnto his steed. So forth he went,

With heauie looke and lumpish pace, that plaine

In him bewraid great grudge and maltalent:

His steed eke seem'd t'apply his steps to his intent.

Canto V

Prince Arthur heares of Florimell:

three fosters Timias wound,

Belphebe finds him almost dead,

and reareth out of sownd.

I

Wonder it is to see, in diuerse minds,

How diuersly loue doth his pageants play,

And shewes his powre in variable kinds:

The baser wit, whose idle thoughts alway

Are wont to cleaue vnto the lowly clay,

It stirreth vp to sensuall desire,

And in lewd slouth to wast his carelesse day:

But in braue sprite it kindles goodly fire,

That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.

II

Ne suffereth it vncomely idlenesse,

In his free thought to build her sluggish nest:

Ne suffereth it thought of vngentlenesse,

Euer to creepe into his noble brest,

But to the highest and the worthiest

Lifteth it vp, that else would lowly fall:

It lets not fall, it lets it not to rest:

It lets not scarse this Prince to breath at all,

But to his first poursuit him forward still doth call.

III

Who long time wandred through the forrest wyde,

To finde some issue thence, till that at last

He met a Dwarfe, that seemed terrifyde

With some late perill, which he hardly past,

Or other accident, which him aghast;

Of whom he asked, whence he lately came,

And whither now he trauelled so fast:

For sore he swat, and running through that same

Thicke forest, was bescratcht, and both his feet nigh lame.

IV

Panting for breath, and almost out of hart,

The Dwarfe him answerd, Sir, ill mote I stay

To tell the same. I lately did depart

From Faery court, where I haue many a day

Serued a gentle Lady of great sway,

And high accompt though out all Elfin land,

Who lately left the same, and tooke this way:

Her now I seeke, and if ye vnderstand

Which way she fared hath, good Sir tell out of hand.

V

What mister wight (said he) and how arayd?

Royally clad (quoth he) in cloth of gold,

As meetest may beseeme a noble mayd;

Her faire lockes in rich circlet be enrold,

A fairer wight did neuer Sunne behold,

And on a Palfrey rides more white then snow,

Yet she her selfe is whiter manifold:

The surest signe, whereby ye may her know,

Is, that she is the fairest wight aliue, I trow.

VI

Now certes swaine (said he) such one I weene,

Fast flying through this forest from her fo,

A foule ill fauoured foster, I haue seene;

Her selfe, well as I might, I reskewd tho,

But could not stay; so fast she did foregoe,

Carried away with wings of speedy feare.

Ah dearest God (quoth he) that is great woe,

And wondrous ruth to all, that shall it heare.

But can ye read Sir, how I may her find, or where?

VII

Perdy me leuer were to weeten that,

(Said he) then ransome of the richest knight,

Or all the good that euer yet I gat:

But froward fortune, and too forward Night

Such happinesse did, maulgre, to me spight,

And fro me reft both life and light attone.

But Dwarfe aread, what is that Lady bright,

That through this forest wandreth thus alone;

For of her errour straunge I haue great ruth and mone.

VIII

That Lady is (quoth he) where so she bee,

The bountiest virgin, and most debonaire,

That euer liuing eye I weene did see;

Liues none this day, that may with her compare

In stedfast chastitie and vertue rare,

The goodly ornaments of beautie bright;

And is ycleped Florimell the faire,

Faire Florimell belou'd of many a knight,

Yet she loues none but one, that Marinell is hight.

IX

A Sea-nymphes sonne, that Marinell is hight,

Of my deare Dame is loued dearely well;

In other none, but him, she sets delight,

All her delight is set on Marinell;

But he sets nought at all by Florimell:

For Ladies loue his mother long ygoe

Did him, they say, forwarne through sacred spell.

But fame now flies, that of a forreine foe

He is yslaine, which is the ground of all our woe.

X

Fiue dayes there be, since he (they say) was slaine,

And foure, since Florimell the Court for-went,

And vowed neuer to returne againe,

Till him aliue or dead she did inuent.

Therefore, faire Sir, for loue of knighthood gent,

And honour of trew Ladies, if ye may

By your good counsell, or bold hardiment,

Or succour her, or me direct the way;

Do one, or other good, I you most humbly pray.

XI

So may you gaine to you full great renowme,

Of all good Ladies through the world so wide,

And haply in her hart find highest rowme,

Of whom ye seeke to be most magnifide:

At least eternall meede shall you abide.

To whom the Prince; Dwarfe, comfort to thee take,

For till thou tidings learne, what her betide,

I here auow thee neuer to forsake.

Ill weares he armes, that nill them vse for Ladies sake.

XII

So with the Dwarfe he backe return'd againe,

To seeke his Lady, where he mote her find;

But by the way he greatly gan complaine

The want of his good Squire late left behind,

For whom he wondrous pensiue grew in mind,

For doubt of daunger, which mote him betide;

For him he loued aboue all mankind,

Hauing him trew and faithfull euer tride,

And bold, as euer Squire that waited by knights side.

XIII

Who all this while full hardly was assayd

Of deadly daunger, which to him betid;

For whiles his Lord pursewd that noble

Mayd, After that foster fowle he fiercely rid,

To bene auenged of the shame, he did

To that faire Damzell: Him he chaced long

Through the thicke woods, wherein he would haue hid

His shamefull head from his auengement strong,

And oft him threatned death for his outrageous wrong.

XIV

Nathlesse the villen sped himselfe so well,

Whether through swiftnesse of his speedy beast;

Or knowledge of those woods, where he did dwell,

That shortly he from daunger was releast,

And out of sight escaped at the least;

Yet not escaped from the dew reward

Of his bad deeds, which dayly he increast,

Ne ceased not, till him oppressed hard

The heauy plague, that for such leachours is prepard.

XV

For soone as he was vanisht out of sight,

His coward courage gan emboldned bee,

And cast t'auenge him of that fowle despight,

Which he had borne of his bold enimee.

Tho to his brethren came: for they were three

Vngratious children of one gracelesse sire,

And vnto them complained, how that he

Had vsed bene of that foolehardy Squire;

So them with bitter words he stird to bloudy ire.

XVI

Forthwith themselues with their sad instruments

Of spoyle and murder they gan arme byliue,

And with him forth into the forest went,

To wreake the wrath, which he did earst reuiue

In their sterne brests, on him which late did driue

Their brother to reproch and shamefull flight:

For they had vow'd, that neuer he aliue

Out of that forest should escape their might;

Vile rancour their rude harts had fild with such despight.

XVII

Within that wood there was a couert glade,

Foreby a narrow foord, to them well knowne,

Through which it was vneath for wight to wade;

And now by fortune it was ouerflowne:

By that same way they knew that Squire vnknowne

Mote algates passe; for thy themselues they set

There in await, with thicke woods ouer growne,

And all the while their malice they did whet

With cruell threats, his passage through the ford to let.

XVIII

It fortuned, as they deuized had,

The gentle Squire came ryding that same way,

Vnweeting of their wile and treason bad,

And through the ford to passen did assay;

But that fierce foster, which late fled away,

Stoutly forth stepping on the further shore,

Him boldly bad his passage there to stay,

Till he had made amends, and full restore

For all the damage, which he had him doen afore.

XIX

With that at him a quiu'ring dart he threw,

With so fell force and villeinous despighte,

That through his haberieon the forkehead flew,

And through the linked mayles empierced quite,

But had no powre in his soft flesh to bite:

That stroke the hardy Squire did sore displease,

But more that him he could not come to smite;

For by no meanes the high banke he could sease,

But labour'd long in that deepe ford with vaine disease.

XX

And still the foster with his long bore-speare

Him kept from landing at his wished will;

Anone one sent out of the thicket neare

A cruell shaft, headed with deadly ill,

And fethered with an vnlucky quill;

The wicked steele stayd not, till it did light

In his left thigh, and deepely did it thrill:

Exceeding griefe that wound in him empight,

But more that with his foes he could not come to fight.

XXI

At last through wrath and vengeaunce making way,

He on the bancke arriu'd with mickle paine,

Where the third brother did him sore assay,

And droue at him with all his might and maine

A forrest bill, which both his hands did straine;

But warily he did auoide the blow,

And with his speare requited him againe,

That both his sides were thrilled with the throw,

And a large streame of bloud out of the wound did flow.

XXII

He tombling downe, with gnashing teeth did bite

The bitter earth, and bad to let him in

Into the balefull house of endlesse night,

Where wicked ghosts do waile their former sin.

Tho gan the battell freshly to begin;

For nathemore for that spectacle bad,

Did th'other two their cruell vengeaunce blin,

But both attonce on both sides him bestad,

And load vpon him layd, his life for to haue had.

XXIII

Tho when that villain he auiz'd, which late

Affrighted had the fairest Florimell,

Full of fiers fury, and indignant hate,

To him he turned, and with rigour fell

Smote him so rudely on the Pannikell,

That to the chin he cleft his head in twaine:

Downe on the ground his carkas groueling fell;

His sinfull soule with desperate disdaine,

Out of her fleshly ferme fled to the place of paine.

XXIV

That seeing now the onely last of three,

Who with that wicked shaft him wounded had,

Trembling with horrour, as that did foresee

The fearefull end of his auengement sad,

Through which he follow should his brethren bad,

His bootelesse bow in feeble hand vpcaught,

And therewith shot an arrow at the lad;

Which faintly fluttring, scarce his helmet raught,

And glauncing fell to ground, but him annoyed naught.

XXV

With that he would haue fled into the wood;

But Timias him lightly ouerhent,

Right as he entring was into the flood,

And strooke at him with force so violent,

That headlesse him into the foord he sent:

The carkas with the streame was carried downe,

But th'head fell backeward on the Continent.

So mischief fel vpon the meaners crowne;

They three be dead with shame, the Squire liues with renowne.

XXVI

He liues, but takes small ioy of his renowne;

For of that cruell wound he bled so sore,

That from his steed he fell in deadly swowne;

Yet still the bloud forth gusht in so great store,

That he lay wallowd all in his owne gore.

Now God thee keepe, thou gentlest Squire aliue,

Else shall thy louing Lord thee see no more,

But both of comfort him thou shalt depriue,

And eke thy selfe of honour, which thou didst atchiue.

XXVII

Prouidence heauenly passeth liuing thought,

And doth for wretched mens reliefe make way;

For loe great grace or fortune thither brought

Comfort to him, that comfortlesse now lay.

In those same woods, ye well remember may,

How that a noble hunteresse did wonne,

She, that base Braggadochio did affray,

And made him fast out of the forrest runne;

Belphoebe was her name, as faire as Phoebus sunne.

XXVIII

She on a day, as she pursewd the chace

Of some wild beast, which with her arrowes keene

She wounded had, the same along did trace

By tract of bloud, which she had freshly seene,

To haue besprinckled all the grassy greene;

By the great persue, which she there perceau'd,

Well hoped she the beast engor'd had beene,

And made more hast, the life to haue bereau'd:

But ah, her expectation greatly was deceau'd.

XXIX

Shortly she came, whereas that woefull Squire
With bloud deformed, lay in deadly swownd:
In whose faire eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,
The Christall humour stood congealed rownd;
His locks, like faded leaues fallen to grownd,
Knotted with bloud, in bounches rudely ran,
And his sweete lips, on which before that stownd
The bud of youth to blossome faire began,
Spoild of their rosie red, were woxen pale and wan.

XXX

Saw neuer liuing eye more heauy sight,
That could haue made a rocke of stone to rew,
Or riue in twaine: which when that Lady bright
Besides all hope with melting eyes did vew,
All suddeinly abasht she chaunged hew,
And with sterne horrour backward gan to start:
But when she better him beheld, she grew
Full of soft passion and vnwonted smart:
The point of pitty perced through her tender hart.

XXXI

Meekely she bowed downe, to weete if life
Yet in his frosen members did remaine,
And feeling by his pulses beating rife,
That the weake soule her seat did yet retaine,
She cast to comfort him with busie paine:
His double folded necke she reard vpright,
And rubd his temples, and each trembling vaine;
His mayled haberieon she did vndight,
And from his head his heauy burganet did light.

XXXII

Into the woods thenceforth in hast she went,

To seeke for hearbes, that mote him remedy;

For she of hearbes had great intendiment,

Taught of the Nymphe, which from her infancy

Her nourced had in trew Nobility:

There, whether it diuine Tobacco were,

Or Panachaea, or Polygony,

She found, and brought it to her patient deare

Who al this while lay bleeding out his hart-bloud neare.

XXXIII

The soueraigne weede betwixt two marbles plaine

She pownded small, and did in peeces bruze,

And then atweene her lilly handes twaine,

Into his wound the iuyce thereof did scruze,

And round about, as she could well it vze,

The flesh therewith she suppled and did steepe,

T'abate all spasme, and soke the swelling bruze,

And after hauing searcht the intuse deepe,

She with her scarfe did bind the wound from cold to keepe.

XXXIV

By this he had sweet life recur'd againe,

And groning inly deepe, at last his eyes,

His watry eyes, drizling like deawy raine,

He vp gan lift toward the azure skies,

From whence descend all hopelesse remedies:

Therewith he sigh'd, and turning him aside,

The goodly Mayd full of diuinities,

And gifts of heauenly grace he by him spide,

Her bow and gilden quiuer lying him beside.

XXXV

Mercy deare Lord (said he) what grace is this,

That thou hast shewed to me sinfull wight,

To send thine Angell from her bowre of blis,

To comfort me in my distressed plight?

Angell, or Goddesse do I call thee right?

What seruice may I do vnto thee meete,

That hast from darkenesse me returnd to light,

And with thy heauenly salues and med'cines sweete,

Hast drest my sinfull wounds? I kisse thy blessed feete.

XXXVI

Thereat she blushing said, Ah gentle Squire,

Nor Goddesse I, nor Angell, but the Mayd,

And daughter of a woody Nymphe, desire

No seruice, but thy safety and ayd;

Which if thou gaine, I shalbe well apayd.

We mortall wights, whose liues and fortunes bee

To commun accidents still open layd,

Are bound with commun bond of frailtee,

To succour wretched wights, whom we captiued see.

XXXVII

By this her Damzels, which the former chace

Had vndertaken after her, arriu'd,

As did Belphœbe, in the bloudy place,

And thereby deemd the beast had bene depriu'd

Of life, whom late their Ladies arrow ryu'd:

For thy the bloudy tract they followd fast,

And euery one to runne the swiftest stryu'd;

But two of them the rest far ouerpast,

And where their Lady was, arriued at the last.

XXXVIII

Where when they saw that goodly boy, with blood

Defowled, and their Lady dresse his wownd,

They wondred much, and shortly vnderstood,

How him in deadly case their Lady fownd,

And reskewed out of the heauy stownd.

Eftsoones his warlike courser, which was strayd

Farre in the woods, whiles that he lay in swownd,

She made those Damzels search, which being stayd,

They did him set thereon, and forth with them conuayd.

XXXIX

Into that forest farre they thence him led,

Where was their dwelling, in a pleasant glade,

With mountaines round about enuironed,

And mighty woods, which did the valley shade,

And like a stately Theatre it made,

Spreading it selfe into a spatious plaine.

And in the midst a little riuer plaide

Emongst the pumy stones, which seemd to plaine

With gentle murmure, that his course they did restraine.

XL

Beside the same a dainty place there lay,

Planted with mirtle trees and laurels greene,

In which the birds song many a louely lay

Of gods high prayse, and of their loues sweet teene,

As it an earthly Paradize had beene:

In whose enclosed shadow there was pight

A faire Pauilion, scarcely to be seene,

The which was all within most richly dight,

That greatest Princes liuing it mote well delight.

XLI

Thither they brought that wounded Squire, and layd

In easie couch his feeble limbes to rest,

He rested him a while, and then the Mayd
His ready wound with better salues new drest;
Dayly she dressed him, and did the best
His grieuous hurt to garish, that she might,
That shortly she his dolour hath redrest,
And his foule sore reduced to faire plight:
It she reduced, but himselfe destroyed quight.

XLII

O foolish Physick, and vnfruitfull paine,
That heales vp one and makes another wound:
She his hurt thigh to him recur'd againe,
But hurt his hart, the which before was sound,
Through an vnwary dart, which did rebound
From her faire eyes and gracious countenaunce.
What bootes it him from death to be vnbound,
To be captiued in endlesse duraunce
Of sorrow and despaire without aleggeaunce?

XLIII

Still as his wound did gather, and grow hole,
So still his hart woxe sore, and health decayd:
Madnesse to saue a part, and lose the whole.
Still whenas he beheld the heauenly Mayd,
Whiles dayly plaisters to his wound she layd,
So still his Malady the more increast,
The whiles her matchlesse beautie him dismayd.
Ah God, what other could he do at least,
But loue so faire a Lady, that his life releast?

XLIV

Long while he stroue in his courageous brest,
With reason dew the passion to subdew,
And loue for to dislodge out of his nest:

Still when her excellencies he did vew,

Her soueraigne bounty, and celestiall hew,

The same to loue he strongly was constraind:

But when his meane estate he did reuew,

He from such hardy boldnesse was restraind,

And of his lucklesse lot and cruell loue thus plaind.

XLV

Vnthankfull wretch (said he) is this the meed,

With which her soueraigne mercy thou doest quight?

Thy life she saued by her gracious deed,

But thou doest weene with villeinous despight,

To blot her honour, and her heauenly light.

Dye rather, dye, then so disloyally

Deeme of her high desert, or seeme so light:

Faire death it is to shonne more shame, to dy:

Dye rather, dy, then euer loue disloyally.

XLVI

But if to loue disloyalty it bee,

Shall I then hate her, that from deathes dore

Me brought? ah farre be such reproch fro mee.

What can I lesse do, then her loue therefore,

Sith I her dew reward cannot restore:

Dye rather, dye, and dying do her serue,

Dying her serue, and liuing her adore;

Thy life she gaue, thy life she doth deserue:

Dye rather, dye, then euer from her seruice swerue.

XLVII

But foolish boy, what bootes thy seruice bace

To her, to whom the heauens do serue and sew?

Thou a meane Squire, of meeke and lowly place,

She heauenly borne, and of celestiall hew.

How then? of all loue taketh equall vew:

And doth not highest God vouchsafe to take

The loue and seruice of the basest crew?

If she will not, dye meekly for her sake;

Dye rather, dye, then euer so faire loue forsake.

XLVIII

Thus warreid he long time against his will,

Till that through weaknesse he was forst at last,

To yield himselfe vnto the mighty ill:

Which as a victour proud, gan ransack fast

His inward parts, and all his entrayles wast,

That neither bloud in face, nor life in hart

It left, but both did quite drye vp, and blast;

As percing leuin, which the inner part

Of euery thing consumes, and calcineth by art.

XLIX

Which seeing faire Belphœbe, gan to feare,

Least that his wound were inly well not healed,

Or that the wicked steele empoysned were:

Litle she weend, that loue he close concealed;

Yet still he wasted, as the snow congealed,

When the bright sunne his beams thereon doth beat;

Yet neuer he his hart to her reuealed,

But rather chose to dye for sorrow great,

Then with dishonorable termes her to entreat.

L

She gracious Lady, yet no paines did spare,

To do him ease, or do him remedy:

Many Restoratiues of vertues rare,

And costly Cordialles she did apply,

To mitigate his stubborne mallady:

But that sweet Cordiall, which can restore

A loue-sick hart, she did to him enuy;

To him, and to all th'vnworthy world forlore

She did enuy that soueraigne salue, in secret store.

LI

That dainty Rose, the daughter of her Morne,

More deare then life she tendered, whose flowre

The girlond of her honour did adorne:

Ne suffred she the Middayes scorching powre,

Ne the sharp Northerne wind thereon to showre,

But lapped vp her silken leaues most chaire,

When so the froward skye began to lowre:

But soone as calmed was the Christall aire,

She did it faire dispred, and let to florish faire.

LII

Eternall God in his almighty powre,

To make ensample of his heauenly grace,

In Paradize whilome did plant this flowre,

Whence he it fetcht out of her natiue place,

And did in stocke of earthly flesh enrace,

That mortall men her glory should admire:

In gentle Ladies brest, and bounteous race

Of woman kind it fairest flowre doth spire,

And beareth fruit of honour and all chast desire.

LIII

Faire ympes of beautie, whose bright shining beames

Adorne the world with like to heauenly light,

And to your willes both royalties and Realmes

Subdew, through conquest of your wondrous might,

With this faire flowre your goodly girlonds dight,

Of chastity and vertue virginall,

That shall embellish more your beautie bright,

And crowne your heades with heauenly coronall,

Such as the Angels weare before Gods tribunall.

LIV

To your faire selues a faire ensample frame,

Of this faire virgin, this Belphœbe faire,

To whom in perfect loue, and spotlesse fame

Of chastitie, none liuing may compaire:

Ne poysnous Enuy iustly can empaire

The prayse of her fresh flowring Maidenhead;

For thy she standeth on the highest staire

Of th'honorable stage of womanhead,

That Ladies all may follow her ensample dead.

LV

In so great prayse of stedfast chastity,

Nathlesse she was so curteous and kind,

Tempred with grace, and goodly modesty,

That seemed those two vertues stroue to find

The higher place in her Heroick mind:

So striuing each did other more augment,

And both encreast the prayse of woman kind,

And both encreast her beautie excellent;

So all did make in her a perfect complement.

Canto VI

The birth of faire Belphœbe and

Of Amoret is told.

The Gardins of Adonis fraught

With pleasures manifold.

I

WEll may I weene, faire Ladies, all this while

Ye wonder, how this noble Damozell

So great perfections did in her compile,

Sith that in saluage forests she did dwell,

So farre from court and royall Citadell,

The great schoolmistresse of all curtesy:

Seemeth that such wild woods should far expell

All ciuill vsage and gentility,

And gentle sprite deforme with rude rusticity.

II

But to this faire Belphœbe in her berth

The heauens so fauourable were and free,

Looking with myld aspect vpon the earth,

In th'Horoscope of her natiuitee,

That all the gifts of grace and chastitee

On her they poured forth of plenteous horne;

Ioue laught on Venus from his soueraigne see,

And Phœbus with faire beames did her adorne,

And all the Graces rockt her cradle being borne.

III

Her berth was of the wombe of Morning dew,

And her conception of the ioyous Prime,

And all her whole creation did her shew

Pure and vnspotted from all loathly crime,

That is ingenerate in fleshly slime.

So was this virgin borne, so was she bred,

So was she trayned vp from time to time,

In all chast vertue, and true bounti-hed

Till to her dew perfection she was ripened.

IV

Her mother was the faire Chrysogonee,

The daughter of Amphisa, who by race

A Faerie was, yborne of high degree,

She bore Belphaebe, she bore in like cace

Faire Amoretta in the second place:

These two were twinnes, and twixt them two did share

The heritage of all celestiall grace.

That all the rest it seem'd they robbed bare

Of bountie, and of beautie, and all vertues rare.

V

It were a goodly storie, to declare,

By what straunge accident faire Chrysogone

Conceiu'd these infants, and how she them bare,

In this wild forrest wandring all alone,

After she had nine moneths fulfild and gone:

For not as other wemens commune brood,

They were enwombed in the sacred throne

Of her chaste bodie, nor with commune food,

As other wemens babes, they sucked vitall blood.

VI

But wondrously they were begot, and bred

Through influence of th'heauens fruitfull ray,

As it in antique bookes is mentioned.

It was vpon a Sommers shynie day,

When Titan faire his beames did display,

In a fresh fountaine, farre from all mens vew,

She bath'd her brest, the boyling heat t'allay;

She bath'd with roses red, and violets blew,

And all the sweetest flowres, that in the forrest grew.

VII

Till faint through irkesome wearinesse, adowne

Vpon the grassie ground her selfe she layd

To sleepe, the whiles a gentle slombring swowne

Vpon her fell all naked bare displayd;

The sunne-beames bright vpon her body playd,

Being through former bathing mollifide,

And pierst into her wombe, where they embayd

With so sweet sence and secret power vnspide,

That in her pregnant flesh they shortly fructifide.

VIII

Miraculous may seeme to him, that reades

So straunge ensample of conception;

But reason teacheth that the fruitfull seades

Of all things liuing, through impression

Of the sunbeames in moyst complexion,

Doe life conceiue and quickned are by kynd:

So after Nilus invndation,

Infinite shapes of creatures men do fynd,

Informed in the mud, on which the Sunne hath shynd.

IX

Miraculous may seeme to him, that reades

So straunge ensample of conception;

But reason teacheth that the fruitfull seades

Of all things liuing, through impression

Of the sunbeames in moyst complexion,

Doe life conceiue and quickned are by kynd:

So after Nilus invndation,

Infinite shapes of creatures men do fynd,

Informed in the mud, on which the Sunne hath shynd.

X

Whereof conceiuing shame and foule disgrace,

Albe her guiltlesse conscience her cleard,

She fled into the wildernesse a space,

Till that vnweeldy burden she had reard,

And shund dishonor, which as death she feard:

Where wearie of long trauell, downe to rest

Her selfe she set, and comfortably cheard;

There a sad cloud of sleepe her ouerkest,

And seized euery sense with sorrow sore opprest.

XI

It fortuned, faire Venus hauing lost

Her little sonne, the winged god of loue,

Who for some light displeasure, which him crost,

Was from her fled, as flit as ayerie Doue,

And left her blisfull bowre of ioy aboue,

(So from her often he had fled away,

When she for ought him sharpely did reproue,

And wandred in the world in strange aray,

Disguiz'd in thousand shapes, that none might him bewray.)

XII

Him for to seeke, she left her heauenly hous,

The house of goodly formes and faire aspects,

Whence all the world deriues the glorious

Features of beautie, and all shapes select,

With which high God his workmanship hath deckt;

And searched euery way, through which his wings

Had borne him, or his tract she mote detect:

She promist kisses sweet, and sweeter things

Vnto the man, that of him tydings to her brings.

XIII

First she him sought in Court, where most he vsed

Whylome to haunt, but there she found him not;

But many there she found, which sore accused

His falsehood, and with foule infamous blot

His cruell deedes and wicked wyles did spot:

Ladies and Lords she euery where mote heare

Complayning, how with his empoysned shot

Their wofull harts he wounded had whyleare,

And so had left them languishing twixt hope and feare.

XIV

She then the Citties sought from gate to gate,

And euery one did aske, did he him see;

And euery one her answerd, that too late

He had him seene, and felt the crueltie

Of his sharpe darts and whot artillerie;

And euery one threw forth reproches rife

Of his mischieuous deedes, and said, That hee

Was the disturber of all ciuill life,

The enimy of peace, and author of all strife.

XV

Then in the countrey she abroad him sought,

And in the rurall cottages inquired,

Where also many plaints to her were brought,

How he their heedlesse harts with loue had fyred,

And his false venim through their veines inspyred;

And eke the gentle shepheard swaynes, which sat

Keeping their fleecie flockes, as they were hyred,

She sweetly heard complaine, both how and what

Her sonne had to them doen; yet she did smile thereat.

XVI

But when in none of all these she him got,

She gan auize, where else he mote him hyde:

At last she her bethought, that she had not

Yet sought the saluage woods and forrests wyde,

In which full many louely Nymphes abyde,

Mongst whom might be, that he did closely lye,

Or that the loue of some of them him tyde:

For thy she thither cast her course t'apply,

To search the secret haunts of Dianes company.

XVII

Shortly vnto the wastefull woods she came,

Whereas she found the Goddesse with her crew,

After late chace of their embrewed game,

Sitting beside a fountaine in a rew,

Some of them washing with the liquid dew

From off their dainty limbes the dustie sweat,

And soyle which did deforme their liuely hew;

Others lay shaded from the scorching heat;

The rest vpon her person gaue attendance great.

XVIII

She hauing hong vpon a bough on high

Her bow and painted quiuer, had vnlaste

Her siluer buskins from her nimble thigh,

And her lancke loynes vngirt, and brests vnbraste,

After her heat the breathing cold to taste;

Her golden lockes, that late in tresses bright

Embreaded were for hindring of her haste,

Now loose about her shoulders hong vndight,

And were with sweet Ambrosia all besprinckled light.

XIX

Soone as she Venus saw behind her backe,

She was asham'd to be so loose surprized

And woxe halfe wroth against her damzels slacke,

That had not her thereof before auized,

But suffred her so carelesly disguized

Be ouertaken. Soone her garments loose

Vpgath'ring, in her bosome she comprized,

Well as she might, and to the Goddesse rose,

Whiles all her Nymphes did like a girlond her enclose.

XX

Goodly she gan faire Cytherea greet,

And shortly asked her, what cause her brought

Into that wildernesse for her vnmeet,

From her sweet bowres, and beds with pleasures fraught:

That suddein change she strange aduenture thought.

To whom halfe weeping, she thus answered,

That she her dearest sonne Cupido sought,

Who in his frowardnesse from her was fled;

That she repented sore, to haue him angered.

XXI

Thereat Diana gan to smile, in scorne

Of her vaine plaint, and to her scoffing sayd;

Great pittie sure, that ye be so forlorne

Of your gay sonne, that giues ye so good ayd

To your disports: ill mote ye bene apayd.

But she was more engrieued, and replide;

Faire sister, ill beseemes it to vpbrayd

A dolefull heart with so disdainfull pride;

The like that mine, may be your paine another tide.

XXII

As you in woods and wanton wildernesse

Your glory set, to chace the saluage beasts,

So my delight is all in ioyfulnesse,

In beds, in bowres, in banckets, and in feasts:

And ill becomes you with your loftie creasts,

To scorne the ioy, that Ioue is glad to seeke;

We both are bound to follow heauens beheasts,

And tend our charges with obeisance meeke:

Spare, gentle sister, with reproch my paine to eeke.

XXIII

And tell me, if that ye my sonne haue heard,

To lurke emongst your Nymphes in secret wize;

Or keepe their cabins: much I am affeard,

Least he like one of them him selfe disguize,

And turne his arrowes to their exercize:

So may he long himselfe full easie hide:

For he is faire and fresh in face and guize,

As any Nymph (let not it be enuyde.)

So saying euery Nymph full narrowly she eyde.

XXIV

But Phœbe therewith sore was angered,

And sharply said; Goe Dame, goe seeke your boy,

Where you him lately left, in Mars his bed;

He comes not here, we scorne his foolish ioy,

Ne lend we leisure to his idle toy:

But if I catch him in this company,

By Stygian lake I vow, whose sad annoy

The Gods doe dread, he dearely shall abye:

Ile clip his wanton wings, that he no more shall fly.

XXV

Whom when as Venus saw so sore displeased,

She inly sory was, and gan relent,

What she had said: so her she soone appeased,

With sugred words and gentle blandishment,

Which as a fountaine from her sweet lips went,

And welled goodly forth, that in short space

She was well pleasd, and forth her damzels sent,

Through all the woods, to search from place to place,

If any tract of him or tydings they mote trace.

XXVI

To search the God of loue, her Nymphes she sent

Throughout the wandring forrest euery where:

And after them her selfe eke with her went

To seeke the fugitiue, both farre and nere,

So long they sought, till they arriued were

In that same shadie couert, whereas lay

Faire Crysogone in slombry traunce whilere:

Who in her sleepe (a wondrous thing to say)

Vnwares had borne two babes, as faire as springing day.

XXVII

Vnwares she them conceiu'd, vnwares she bore:

She bore withouten paine, that she conceiued

Withouten pleasure: ne her need implore

Lucinaes aide: which when they both perceiued,

They were through wonder nigh of sense bereaued,

And gazing each on other, nought bespake:

At last they both agreed, her seeming grieued

Out of her heauy swowne not to awake,

But from her louing side the tender babes to take.

XXVIII

Vp they them tooke, each one a babe vptooke,

And with them carried, to be fostered;

Dame Phaebe to a Nymph her babe betooke,

To be vpbrought in perfect Maydenhed,

And of her selfe her name Belphœbe red:

But Venus hers thence farre away conuayd,

To be vpbrought in goodly womanhed,

And in her litle loues stead, which was strayd,

Her Amoretta cald, to comfort her dismayd.

XXIX

She brought her to her ioyous Paradize,

Where most she wonnes, when she on earth does dwel.

So faire a place, as Nature can deuize:

Whether in Paphos, or Cytheron hill,

Or it in Gnidus be, I wote not well;

But well I wote by tryall, that this same

All other pleasant places doth excell,

And called is by her lost louers name,

The Gardin of Adonis, farre renowmd by fame.

XXX

In that same Gardin all the goodly flowres,

Wherewith dame Nature doth her beautifie,

And decks the girlonds of her paramoures,

Are fetcht: there is the first seminarie

Of all things, that are borne to liue and die,

According to their kindes. Long worke it were,

Here to account the endlesse progenie

Of all the weedes, that bud and blossome there;

But so much as doth need, must needs be counted here.

XXXI

It sited was in fruitfull soyle of old,

And girt in with two walles on either side;

The one of yron, the other of bright gold,

That none might thorough breake, nor ouer-stride:

And double gates it had, which opened wide,

By which both in and out men moten pas;

Th'one faire and fresh, the other old and dride:

Old Genius the porter of them was,

Old Genius, the which a double nature has.

XXXII

He letteth in, he letteth out to wend,

All that to come into the world desire;

A thousand thousand naked babes attend

About him day and night, which doe require,

That he with fleshly weedes would them attire:

Such as him list, such as eternall fate

Ordained hath, he clothes with sinfull mire,

And sendeth forth to liue in mortall state,

Till they againe returne backe by the hinder gate.

XXXIII

After that they againe returned beene,

They in that Gardin planted be againe;

And grow afresh, as they had neuer seene

Fleshly corruption, nor mortall paine.

Some thousand yeares so doen they there remaine;

And then of him are clad with other hew,

Or sent into the chaungefull world againe,

Till thither they returne, where first they grew:

So like a wheele around they runne from old to new.

XXXIV

Ne needs there Gardiner to set, or sow,

To plant or prune: for of their owne accord

All things, as they created were, doe grow,

And yet remember well the mightie word,

Which first was spoken by th'Almightie lord,

That bad them to increase and multiply:

Ne doe they need with water of the ford,

Or of the clouds to moysten their roots dry;

For in themselues eternall moisture they imply.

XXXV

Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred,

And vncouth formes, which none yet euer knew,

And euery sort is in a sundry bed

Set by it selfe, and ranckt in comely rew:

Some fit for reasonable soules t'indew,

Some made for beasts, some made for birds to weare,

And all the fruitfull spawne of fishes hew

In endlesse rancks along enraunged were,

That seem'd the Ocean could not containe them there.

XXXVI

Daily they grow, and daily forth are sent

Into the world, it to replenish more;

Yet is the stocke not lessened, nor spent,

But still remaines in euerlasting store,

As it at first created was of yore.

For in the wide wombe of the world there lyes,

In hatefull darkenesse and in deepe horrore,

An huge eternall Chaos, which supplyes

The substances of natures fruitfull progenyes.

XXXVII

All things from thence doe their first being fetch,

And borrow matter, whereof they are made,

Which when as forme and feature it does ketch,

Becomes a bodie, and doth then inuade

The state of life, out of the griesly shade.

That substance is eterne, and bideth so,

Ne when the life decayes, and forme does fade,

Doth it consume, and into nothing go,

But chaunged is, and often altred to and fro.

XXXVIII

The substance is not chaunged, nor altered,

But th'only forme and outward fashion;

For euery substance is conditioned

To change her hew, and sundry formes to don,

Meet for her temper and complexion:

For formes are variable and decay,

By course of kind, and by occasion;

And that faire flowre of beautie fades away,

As doth the lilly fresh before the sunny ray.

XXXIX

Great enimy to it, and to all the rest,

That in the Gardin of Adonis springs,

Is wicked Time, who with his scyth addrest,

Does mow the flowring herbes and goodly things,

And all their glory to the ground downe flings,

Where they doe wither, and are fowly mard:

He flyes about, and with his flaggy wings

Beates downe both leaues and buds without regard,

Ne euer pittie may relent his malice hard.

XL

Yet pittie often did the gods relent,

To see so faire things mard, and spoyled quight:

And their great mother Venus did lament

The losse of her deare brood, her deare delight;

Her hart was pierst with pittie at the sight,

When walking through the Gardin, them she spyde,

Yet no'te she find redresse for such despight.

For all that liues, is subiect to that law:

All things decay in time, and to their end do draw.

XLI

But were it not, that Time their troubler is,

All that in this delightfull Gardin growes,

Should happie be, and haue immortall blis:

For here all plentie, and all pleasure flowes,

And sweet loue gentle fits emongst them throwes,

Without fell rancor, or fond gealosie;

Franckly each paramour his leman knowes,

Each bird his mate, ne any does enuie

Their goodly meriment, and gay felicitie.

XLII

There is continuall spring, and haruest there

Continuall, both meeting at one time:

For both the boughes doe laughing blossomes beare,

And with fresh colours decke the wanton Prime,

And eke attonce the heauy trees they clime,

Which seeme to labour vnder their fruits lode:

The whiles the ioyous birdes make their pastime

Emongst the shadie leaues, their sweet abode,

And their true loues without suspition tell abrode.

XLIII

Right in the middest of that Paradise,

There stood a stately Mount, on whose round top

A gloomy groue of mirtle trees did rise,

Whose shadie boughes sharpe steele did neuer lop,

Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did crop,

But like a girlond compassed the hight,

And from their fruitfull sides sweet gum did drop,

That all the ground with precious deaw bedight,

Threw forth most dainty odours, and most sweet delight.

XLIV

And in the thickest couert of that shade,

There was a pleasant arbour, not by art,

But of the trees owne inclination made,

Which knitting their rancke braunches part to part,

With wanton yuie twyne entrayld athwart,

And Eglantine, and Caprifole emong,

Fashiond aboue within their inmost part,

That nether Phœbus beams could through them throng,

Nor Aeolus sharp blast could worke them any wrong.

XLV

And all about grew euery sort of flowre,

To which sad louers were transformd of yore;

Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus paramoure,

Foolish Narcisse, that likes the watry shore,

Sad Amaranthus, made a flowre but late,

Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore

Me seemes I see Amintas wretched fate,

To whom sweet Poets verse hath giuen endlesse date.

XLVI

There wont faire Venus often to enioy

Her deare Adonis ioyous company,

And reape sweet pleasure of the wanton boy;

There yet, some say, in secret he does ly,

Lapped in flowres and pretious spycery,

By her hid from the world, and from the skill

Of Stygian Gods, which doe her loue enuy;

But she her selfe, when euer that she will,

Possesseth him, and of his sweetnesse takes her fill.

XLVII

And sooth it seemes they say: for he may not

For euer die, and euer buried bee

In balefull night, where all things are forgot;

All be he subiect to mortalitie,

Yet is eterne in mutabilitie,

And by succession made perpetuall,

Transformed oft, and chaunged diuerslie:

For him the Father of all formes they call;

Therefore needs mote he liue, that liuing giues to all.

XLVIII

There now he liueth in eternall blis,

Ioying his goddesse, and of her enioyd:

Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,

Which with his cruell tuske him deadly cloyd:

For that wilde Bore, the which him once annoyd,

She firmely hath emprisoned for ay,

That her sweet loue his malice mote auoyd,

In a strong rocky Caue, which is they say,

Hewen vnderneath that Mount, that none him losen may.

XLIX

There now he liues in euerlasting ioy,

With many of the Gods in company,

Which thither haunt, and with the winged boy

Sporting himselfe in safe felicity:

Who when he hath with spoiles and cruelty

Ransackt the world, and in the wofull harts

Of many wretches set his triumphes hye,

Thither resorts, and laying his sad darts

Aside, with faire Adonis playes his wanton parts.

L

And his true loue faire Psyche with him playes,

Faire Psyche to him lately reconcyld,

After long troubles and vnmeet vpbrayes,

With which his mother Venus her reuyld,

And eke himselfe her cruelly exyld:

But now in stedfast loue and happy state

She with him liues, and hath him borne a chyld,

Pleasure, that doth both gods and men aggrate,

Pleasure, the daughter of Cupid and Psyche late.

LI

Hither great Venus brought this infant faire,
The younger daughter of Chrysogonee,
And vnto Psyche with great trust and care
Committed her, yfostered to bee,
And trained vp in true feminitee:
Who no lesse carefully her tendered,
Then her owne daughter Pleasure, to whom shee
Made her companion, and her lessoned
In all the lore of loue, and goodly womanhead.

LII

In which when she to perfect ripenesse grew,
Of grace and beautie noble Paragone,
She brought her forth into the worldes vew,
To be th'ensample of true loue alone,
And Lodestarre of all chaste affectione,
To all faire Ladies, that doe liue on ground.
To Faery court she came, where many one
Admyrd her goodly haueour, and found
His feeble hart wide launched with loues cruell wound.

LIII

But she to none of them her loue did cast,
Saue to the noble knight Sir Scudamore,
To whom her louing hart she linked fast
In faithfull loue, t'abide for euermore,
And for his dearest sake endured sore,
Sore trouble of an hainous enimy;
Who her would forced haue to haue forlore
Her former loue, and stedfast loialty,
As ye may elsewhere read that ruefull history.

LIV

But well I weene, ye first desire to learne,

What end vnto that fearefull Damozell,

Which fled so fast from that same foster stearne,

Whom with his brethren Timias slew, befell:

That was to weet, the goodly Florimell;

Who wandring for to seeke her louer deare,

Her louer deare, her dearest Marinell,

Into misfortune fell, as ye did heare,

And from Prince Arthur fled with wings of idle feare.

Canto VII

The witches sonne loues Florimell:

she flyes, he faines to die.

Satyrane saues the Squire of Dames

from Gyants tyrannie.

I

LIke as an Hynd forth singled from the heard,

That hath escaped from a rauenous beast,

Yet flyes away of her owne feet affeard,

And euery leafe, that shaketh with the least

Murmure of winde, her terror hath encreast;

So fled faire Florimell from her vaine feare,

Long after she from perill was releast:

Each shade she saw, and each noyse she did heare,

Did seeme to be the same, which she escapt whyleare.

II

All that same euening she in flying spent,

And all that night her course continewed:

Ne did she let dull sleepe once to relent,

Nor wearinesse to slacke her hast, but fled

Euer alike, as if her former dred

Were hard behind, her readie to arrest:

And her white Palfrey hauing conquered

The maistring raines out of her weary wrest,

Perforce her carried, where euer he thought best.

III

So long as breath, and hable puissance

Did natiue courage vnto him supply,

His pace he freshly forward did aduaunce,

And carried her beyond all ieopardy,

But nought that wanteth rest, can long aby.

He hauing through incessant trauell spent

His force, at last perforce a downe did ly,

Ne foot could further moue: The Lady gent

Thereat was suddein strooke with great astonishment.

IV

And forst t'alight, on foot mote algates fare,

A traueller vnwonted to such way:

Need teacheth her this lesson hard and rare,

That fortune all in equall launce doth sway,

And mortall miseries doth make her play.

So long she trauelled, till at length she came

To an hilles side, which did to her bewray

A little valley, subiect to the same,

All couerd with thick woods, that quite it ouercame.

V

Through the tops of the high trees she did descry

A litle smoke, whose vapour thin and light,

Reeking aloft, vprolled to the sky:

Which, chearefull signe did send vnto her sight,

That in the same did wonne some liuing wight.

Eftsoones her steps she thereunto applyde,

And came at last in weary wretched plight

Vnto the place, to which her hope did guyde,

To find some refuge there, and rest her weary syde.

VI

There in a gloomy hollow glen she found

A little cottage, built of stickes and reedes

In homely wize, and wald with sods around,

In which a witch did dwell, in loathly weedes,

And wilfull want, all carelesse of her needes;

So choosing solitarie to abide,

Far from all neighbours, that her deuilish deedes

And hellish arts from people she might hide,

And hurt far off vnknowne, whom euer she enuide.

VII

The Damzell there arriuing entred in;

Where sitting on the flore the Hag she found,

Busie (as seem'd) about some wicked gin:

Who soone as she beheld that suddein stound,

Lightly vpstarted from the dustie ground,

And with fell looke and hollow deadly gaze

Stared on her awhile, as one astound,

Ne had one word to speake, for great amaze,

But shewd by outward signes, that dread her sence did daze.

VIII

At last turning her feare to foolish wrath,

She askt, what deuill had her thither brought,

And who she was, and what vnwonted path

Had guided her, vnwelcomed, vnsought?

To which the Damzell full of doubtfull thought,

Her mildly answer'd; Beldame be not wroth

With silly Virgin by aduenture brought

Vnto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,

That craue but rowme to rest, while tempest ouerblo'th.

IX

With that adowne out of her Christall eyne

Few trickling teares she softly forth let fall,

That like two Orient pearles, did purely shyne

Vpon her snowy cheeke; and therewithall

She sighed soft, that none so bestiall,

Nor saluage hart, but ruth of her sad plight

Would make to melt, or pitteously appall;

And that vile Hag, all were her whole delight

In mischiefe, was much moued at so pitteous sight.

X

And gan recomfort her in her rude wyse,

With womanish compassion of her plaint,

Wiping the teares from her suffused eyes,

And bidding her sit downe, to rest her faint

And wearie limbes a while. She nothing quaint

Nor s'deignfull of so homely fashion,

Sith brought she was now to so hard constraint,

Sate downe vpon the dusty ground anon,

As glad of that small rest, as Bird of tempest gon.

XI

Tho gan she gather vp her garments rent,

And her loose lockes to dight in order dew,

With golden wreath and gorgeous ornament;

Whom such whenas the wicked Hag did vew,

She was astonisht at her heauenly hew,

And doubted her to deeme an earthly wight,

But or some Goddesse, or of Dianes crew,

And thought her to adore with humble spright;

T'adore thing so diuine as beauty, were but right.

XII

This wicked woman had a wicked sonne,

The comfort of her age and weary dayes,

A laesie loord, for nothing good to donne,

But stretched forth inidlenesse alwayes,

Ne euer cast his mind to couet prayse,

Or ply him selfe to any honest trade,

But all the day before the sunny rayes

He vs'd to slug, or sleepe in slothfull shade:

Such laesinesse both lewd and poore attonce him made.

XIII

He comming home at vndertime, there found

The fairest creature, that he euer saw,

Sitting beside his mother on the ground;

The sight whereof did greatly him adaw,

And his base thought with terrour and with aw

So inly smot, that as one, which had gazed

On the bright Sunne vnwares, doth soone withdraw

His feeble eyne, with too much brightnesse dazed;

So stared he on her, and stood long while amazed.

XIV

Softly at last he gan his mother aske,

What mister wight that was, and whence deriued,

That in so straunge disguizement there did maske,

And by what accident she there arriued:

But she, as one nigh of her wits depriued,

With nought but ghastly lookes him answered,

Like to a ghost, that lately is reuiued

From Stygian shores, where late it wandered;

So both at her, and each at other wondered.

XV

But the faire Virgin was so meeke and mild,

That she to them vouchsafed to embace

Her goodly port, and to their senses vild,

Her gentle speach applide, that in short space

She grew familiare in that desert place.

During which time, the Chorle through her so kind

And curteise vse conceiu'd affection bace,

And cast to loue her in his brutish mind;

No loue, but brutish lust, that was so beastly tind.

XVI

Closely the wicked flame his bowels brent,

And shortly grew into outrageous fire;

Yet had he not the hart, nor hardiment,

As vnto her to vtter his desire;

His caytiue thought durst not so high aspire,

But with soft sighes, and louely semblaunces,

He ween'd that his affection entire

She should aread; many resemblaunces

To her he made, and many kind remembraunces.

XVII

Oft from the forrest wildings he did bring,

Whose sides empurpled were with smiling red,

And oft young birds, which he had taught to sing

His mistresse prayses, sweetly caroled,

Girlonds of flowres sometimes for her faire hed

He fine would dight; sometimes the squirell wild

He brought to her in bands, as conquered

To be her thrall, his fellow seruant vild;

All which, she of him tooke with countenance meeke and mild.

XVIII

But past awhile, when she fit season saw

To leaue that desert mansion, she cast

In secret wize her selfe thence to withdraw,

For feare of mischiefe, which she did forecast

Might by the witch or by her sonne compast:

Her wearie Palfrey closely, as she might,

Now well recouered after long repast,

In his proud furnitures she freshly dight,

His late miswandred wayes now to remeasure right.

XIX

And earely ere the dawning day appeard,

She forth issewed, and on her iourney went;

She went in perill, of each noyse affeard,

And of each shade, that did it selfe present;

For still she feared to be ouerhent,

Of that vile hag, or her vnciuile sonne:

Who when too late awaking, well they kent,

That their faire guest was gone, they both begonne

To make exceeding mone, as they had bene vndonne.

XX

But that lewd louer did the most lament

For her depart, that euer man did heare;

He knockt his brest with desperate intent,

And scratcht his face, and with his teeth did teare

His rugged flesh, and rent his ragged heare:

That his sad mother seeing his sore plight,

Was greatly woe begon, and gan to feare,

Least his fraile senses were emperisht quight,

And loue to frenzy turnd, sith loue is franticke hight.

XXI

All wayes she sought, him to restore to plight,

With herbs, with charms, with counsell, and with teares,

But tears, nor charms, nor herbs, nor counsell might

Asswage the fury, which his entrails teares:

So strong is passion, that no reason heares.

Tho when all other helpes she saw to faile,

She turnd her selfe backe to her wicked leares

And by her deuilish arts thought to preuaile,

To bring her backe againe, or worke her finall bale.

XXII

Eftsoones out of her hidden caue she cald

An hideous beast, of horrible aspect,

That could the stoutest courage haue appald;

Monstrous mishapt, and his backe was spect

With thousand spots of colours queint elect,

Thereto so swift, that it all beasts did pas:

Like neuer yet did liuing eye detect;

But likest it to an Hyena was,

That feeds on womens flesh, as others feede on gras.

XXIII

It forth she cald, and gaue it streight in charge,

Through thicke and thin her to pursew apace,

Ne once to stay to rest, or breath at large,

Till her he had attaind, and brought in place,

Or quite deuourd her beauties scornefull grace.

The Monster swift as word, that from her went,

Went forth in hast, and did her footing trace

So sure and swiftly, through his perfect sent,

And passing speede, that shortly he her ouerhent.

XXIV

Whom when the fearefull Damzell nigh espide,

No need to bid her fast away to flie;

That vgly shape so sore her terrifide,

That it she shund no lesse, then dread to die,

And her flit Palfrey did so well apply

His nimble feet to her conceiued feare,

That whilest his breath did strength to him supply,

From perill free he her away did beare:

But when his force gan faile, his pace gan wex areare.

XXV

Which whenas she perceiu'd, she was dismayd

At that same last extremitie full sore,

And of her safetie greatly grew afrayd;

And now she gan approch to the sea shore,

As it befell, that she could flie no more,

But yield her selfe to spoile of greedinesse.

Lightly she leaped, as a wight forlore,

From her dull horse, in desperate distresse,

And to her feet betooke her doubtfull sickernesse.

XXVI

Not halfe so fast the wicked Myrrha fled

From dread of her reuenging fathers hond:

Nor halfe so fast to saue her maidenhed,

Fled fearefull Daphne on th'AEgaean strond,

As Florimell fled from that Monster yond,

To reach the sea, ere she of him were raught:

For in the sea to drowne her selfe she fond,

Rather then of the tyrant to be caught:

Thereto feare gaue her wings, and neede her courage taught.

XXVII

It fortuned (high God did so ordaine)

As she arriued on the roring shore,

In minde to leape into the mighty maine,

A little boate lay houing her before,

In which there slept a fisher old and pore,

The whiles his nets were drying on the sand:

Into the same she leapt, and with the ore

Did thrust the shallop from the floting strand:

So safetie found at sea, which she found not at land.

XXVIII

The Monster ready on the pray to sease,

Was of his forward hope deceiued quight;

Ne durst assay to wade the perlous seas,

But greedily long gaping at the sight,

At last in vaine was forst to turne his flight,

And tell the idle tidings to his Dame:

Yet to auenge his deuilish despight,

He set vpon her Palfrey tired lame,

And slew him cruelly, ere any reskew came.

XXIX

And after hauing him embowelled,

To fill his hellish gorge, it chaunst a knight

To passe that way, as forth he trauelled;

It was a goodly Swaine, and of great might,

As euer man that bloudy field did fight;

But in vaine sheows, that wont yong knights bewitch,

And courtly seruices tooke no delight,

But rather ioyd to be, then seemen sich:

For both to be and seeme to him was labour lich.

XXX

It was to weete the good Sir Satyrane,

That raungd abroad to seeke aduentures wilde,

As was his wont in forrest, and in plaine;

He was all armd in rugged steele vnfilde,

As in the smoky forge it was compilde,

And in his Scutchin bore a Satyres hed:

He comming present, where the Monster vilde

Vpon that milke-white Palfreyes carkas fed,

Vnto his reskew ran, and greedily him sped.

XXXI

There well perceiu'd he, that it was the horse,

Whereon faire Florimell was wont to ride,

That of that feend was rent without remorse:

Much feared he, least ought did ill betide

To that faire Mayd, the flowre of womens pride;

For her he dearely loued, and in all

His famous conquests highly magnifide:

Besides her golden girdle, which did fall

From her in flight, he found, that did him sore apall.

XXXII

Full of sad feare, and doubtfull agony,

Fiercely he flew vpon that wicked feend,

And with huge strokes, and cruell battery

Him forst to leaue his pray, for to attend

Him selfe from deadly daunger to defend:

Full many wounds in his corrupted flesh

He did engraue, and muchell bloud did spend,

Yet might not do him dye, but aye more fresh

And fierce he still appeard, the more he did him thresh.

XXXIII

He wist not, how him to despoile of life,

Ne how to win the wished victory,

Sith him he saw still stronger grow through strife,

And him selfe weaker through infirmity;

Greatly he grew enrag'd, and furiously

Hurling his sword away, he lightly lept

Vpon the beast, that with great cruelty

Rored, and raged to be vnder-kept:

Yet he perforce him held, and strokes vpon him hept.

XXXIV

As he that striues to stop a suddein flood,

And in strong banckes his violence enclose,

Forceth it swell aboue his wonted mood,

And largely ouerflow the fruitfull plaine,

That all the countrey seemes to be a Maine,

And the rich furrowes flote, all quite fordonne:

The wofull husbandman doth lowd complaine,

To see his whole yeares labour lost so soone,

For which to God he made so many an idle boone.

XXXV

So him he held, and did through might amate:

So long he held him, and him bet so long,

That at the last his fiercenesse gan abate,

And meekely stoup vnto the victour strong:

Who to auenge the implacable wrong,

Which he supposed donne to Florimell,

Sought by all meanes his dolour to prolong,

Sith dint of steele his carcas could not quell:

His maker with her charmes had framed him so well.

XXXVI

The golden ribband, which that virgin wore

About her sclender wast, he tooke in hand,

And with it bound the beast, that lowd did rore

For great despight of that vnwonted band,

Yet dared not his victour to withstand,

But trembled like a lambe, fled from the pray,

And all the way him followd on the strand,

As he had long bene learned to obay;

Yet neuer learned he such seruice, till that day.

XXXVII

Thus as he led the Beast along the way,

He spide far off a mighty Giauntesse,

Fast flying on a Courser dapled gray,

From a bold knight, that with great hardinesse

Her hard pursewd, and sought for to suppresse;

She bore before her lap a dolefull Squire,

Lying athwart her horse in great distresse,

Fast bounden hand and foote with cords of wire,

Whom she did meane to make the thrall of her desire.

XXXVIII

Which whenas Satyrane beheld, in hast

He left his captiue Beast at liberty,

And crost the nearest way, by which he cast

Her to encounter, ere she passed by:

But she the way shund nathemore for thy,

But forward gallopt fast; which when he spyde,

His mighty speare he couched warily,

And at her ran: she hauing him descryde,

Her selfe to fight addrest, and threw her lode aside.

XXXIX

Like as a Goshauke, that in foote doth beare

A trembling Culuer, hauing spied on hight

An Egle, that with plumy wings doth sheare

The subtile ayre, stouping with all his might,

The quarrey throwes to ground with fell despight,

And to the battell doth her selfe prepare:

So ran the Geauntesse vnto the fight;

Her firie eyes with furious sparkes did stare,

And with blasphemous bannes high God in peeces tare.

XL

She caught in hand an huge great yron mace,

Wherewith she many had of life depriued,

But ere the stroke could seize his aymed place,

His speare amids her sun-broad shield arriued;

Yet nathemore the steele a sunder riued,

All were the beame in bignesse like a mast,

Ne her out of the stedfast sadle driued,

But glauncing on the tempred mettall, brast

In thousand shiuers, and so forth beside her past.

XLI

Her Steed did stagger with that puissaunt strooke;

But she no more was moued with that might,

Then it had lighted on an aged Oke;

Or on the marble Pillour, that is pight

Vpon the top of Mount Olympus hight,

For the braue youthly Champions to assay,

With burning charet wheeles it nigh to smite:

But who that smites it, mars his ioyous play,

And is the spectacle of ruinous decay.

XLII

Yet therewith sore enrag'd, with sterne regard

Her dreadfull weapon she to him addrest,

Which on his helmet martelled so hard,

That made him low incline his lofty crest,

And bowd his battred visour to his brest:

Wherewith he was so stund, that he n'ote ryde,

But reeled to and fro from East to West:

Which when his cruell enimy espyde,

She lightly vnto him adioyned side to syde;

XLIII

And on his collar laying puissant hand,

Out of his wauering seat him pluckt perforse,

Perforse him pluckt, vnable to withstand,

Or helpe himselfe, and laying thwart her horse,

In loathly wise like to a carion corse,

She bore him fast away. Which when the knight,

That her pursewed, saw with great remorse,

He neare was touched in his noble spright,

And gan encrease his speed, as she encreast her flight.

XLIV

Whom when as nigh approching she espyde,

She threw away her burden angrily;

For she list not the battell to abide,

But made her selfe more light, away to fly:

Yet her the hardy knight pursewd so nye,

That almost in the backe he oft her strake:

But still when him at hand she did espy,

She turnd, and semblaunce of faire fight did make;

But when he stayd, to flight againe she did her take.

XLV

By this the good Sir Satyrane gan wake

Out of his dreame, that did him long entraunce,

And seeing none in place, he gan to make

Exceeding mone, and curst that cruell chaunce,

Which reft from him so faire a cheuisaunce:

At length he spide, whereas that wofull Squire,

Whom he had reskewed from captiuaunce

Of his strong foe, lay tombled in the myre,

Vnable to arise, or foot or hand to styre.

XLVI

To whom approching, well he mote perceiue

In that foule plight a comely personage,

And louely face, made fit for to deceiue

Fraile Ladies hart with loues consuming rage,

Now in the blossome of his freshest age:

He reard him vp, and loosd his yron bands,

And after gan inquire his parentage,

And how he fell into that Gyaunts hands,

And who that was, which chaced her along the lands.

XLVII

Then trembling yet through feare, the Squire bespake,

That Geauntesse Argante is behight,

A daughter of the Titans which did make

Warre against heauen, and heaped hils on hight,

To scale the skyes, and put Ioue from his right:

Her sire Typhœus was, who mad through merth,

And drunke with bloud of men, slaine by his might,

Through incest, her of his owne mother Earth

Whilome begot, being but halfe twin of that berth.

XLVIII

For at that berth another Babe she bore,

To weet the mighty Ollyphant, that wrought

Great wreake to many errant knights of yore,

And many hath to foule confusion brought.

These twinnes, men say, (a thing far passing thought)

Whiles in their mothers wombe enclosd they were,

Ere they into the lightsome world were brought,

In fleshly lust were mingled both yfere,

And in that monstrous wise did to the world appere.

XLIX

So liu'd they euer after in like sin,

Gainst natures law, and good behauioure:

But greatest shame was to that maiden twin,

Who not content so fowly to deuoure

Her natiue flesh, and staine her brothers bowre,

Did wallow in all other fleshly myre,

And suffred beasts her body to deflowre:

So whot she burned in that lustfull fyre,

Yet all that might not slake her sensuall desyre.

L

But ouer all the countrey she did raunge,

To seeke young men, to quench her flaming thurst,

And feed her fancy with delightfull chaunge:

Whom so she fittest finds to serue her lust,

Through her maine strength, in which she most doth trust,

She with her brings into a secret Ile,

Where in eternall bondage dye he must,

Or be the vassall of her pleasures vile,

And in all shamefull sort him selfe with her defile.

LI

Me seely wretch she so at vauntage caught,

After she long in waite for me did lye,

And meant vnto her prison to haue brought,

Her lothsome pleasure there to satisfye;

That thousand deathes me leuer were to dye,

Then breake the vow, that to faire Columbell

I plighted haue, and yet keepe stedfastly:

As for my name, it mistreth not to tell;

Call me the Squyre of Dames that me beseemeth well.

LII

But that bold knight, whom ye pursuing saw

That Geauntesse, is not such, as she seemed,

But a faire virgin, that in martiall law,

And deedes of armes aboue all Dames is deemed,

And aboue many knights is eke esteemed,

For her great worth; She Palladine is hight:

She you from death, you me from dread redeemed.

Ne any may that Monster match in fight,

But she, or such as she, that is so chaste a wight.

LIII

Her well beseemes that Quest (quoth Satyrane)

But read, thou Squyre of Dames, what vow is this,

Which thou vpon thy selfe hast lately ta'ne?

That shall I you recount (quoth he) ywis,

So be ye pleasd to pardon all amis.

That gentle Lady, whom I loue and serue,

After long suit and weary seruicis,

Did aske me, how I could her loue deserue,

And how she might be sure, that I would neuer swerue.

LIV

I glad by any meanes her grace to gaine,

Bad her commaund my life to saue, or spill.

Eftsoones she bad me, with incessaunt paine

To wander through the world abroad at will,

And euery where, where with my power or skill

I might do seruice vnto gentle Dames,

That I the same should faithfully fulfill,

And at the twelue monethes end should bring their names

And pledges; as the spoiles of my victorious games.

LV

So well I to faire Ladies seruice did,

And found such fauour in their louing hartes,

That ere the yeare his course had compassid,

Three hundred pledges for my good desartes,

And thrise three hundred thanks for my good partes

I with me brought, and did to her present:

Which when she saw, more bent to eke my smartes,

Then to reward my trusty true intent,

She gan for me deuise a grieuous punishment.

LVI

To weet, that I my trauell should resume,

And with like labour walke the world around,

Ne euer to her presence should presume,

Till I so many other Dames had found,

The which, for all the suit I could propound,

Would me refuse their pledges to afford,

But did abide for euer chast and sound.

Ah gentle Squire (quoth he) tell at one word,

How many foundst thou such to put in thy record?

LVII

In deed Sir knight (said he) one word may tell

All, that I euer found so wisely stayd;

For onely three they were disposd so well,

And yet three yeares I now abroad haue strayd,

To find them out. Mote I (then laughing sayd

The knight) inquire of thee, what were those three,

The which thy proffred curtesie denayd?

Or ill they seemed sure auizd to bee,

Or brutishly brought vp, that neu'r did fashions see.

LVIII

The first which then refused me (said hee)

Certes was but a common Courtisane,

Yet flat refusd to haue a do with mee,

Because I could not giue her many a Iane.

(Thereat full hartely laughed Satyrane)

The second was an holy Nunne to chose,

Which would not let me be her Chappellane,

Because she knew, she said, I would disclose

Her counsell, if she should her trust in me repose.

LIX

The third a Damzell was of low degree,

Whom I in countrey cottage found by chaunce;

Full little weened I, that chastitee

Had lodging in so meane a maintenaunce,

Yet was she faire, and in her countenance

Dwelt simple truth in seemely fashion.

Long thus I woo'd her with dew obseruance,

In hope vnto my pleasure to haue won;

But was as farre at last, as when I first begon.

LX

Safe her, I neuer any woman found,

That chastity did for it selfe embrace,

But were for other causes firme and sound;

Either for want of handsome time and place,

Or else for feare of shame and fowle disgrace.

Thus am I hopelesse euer to attaine

My Ladies loue, in such a desperate case,

But all my dayes am like to wast in vaine,

Seeking to match the chaste with th'vnchaste Ladies traine.

LXI

Perdy, (said Satyrane) thou Squire of Dames,

Great labour fondly hast thou hent in hand,

To get small thankes, and therewith many blames,

That may emongst Alcides labours stand.

Thence backe returning to the former land,

Where late he left the Beast, he ouercame,

He found him not; for he had broke his band,

And was return'd againe vnto his Dame,

To tell what tydings of faire Florimell became.

Canto VIII

The Witch creates a snowy Lady,

like to Florimell,

Who wrongd by Carle by Proteus sau'd,

is sought by Paridell.

I

SO oft as I this history record,

My hart doth melt with meere compassion,

To thinke, how causelesse of her owne accord

This gentle Damzell, whom I write vpon,

Should plonged be in such affliction,

Without all hope of comfort or reliefe,

That sure I weene, the hardest hart of stone,

Would hardly find to aggrauate her griefe;

For misery craues rather mercie, then repriefe.

II

But that accursed Hag, her hostesse late,

Had so enranckled her malitious hart,

That she desyrd th'abridgement of her fate,

Or long enlargement of her painefull smart.

Now when the Beast, which by her wicked art

Late forth she sent, she backe returning spyde,

Tyde with her broken girdle, it a part

Of her rich spoyles, whom he had earst destroyd,

She weend, and wondrous gladnesse to her hart applyde.

III

And with it running hast'ly to her sonne,

Thought with that sight him much to haue reliued;

Who thereby deeming sure the thing as donne,

His former griefe with furie fresh reuiued,

Much more then earst, and would haue algates riued

The hart out of his brest: for sith her ded

He surely dempt, himselfe he thought depriued

Quite of all hope, wherewith he long had fed

His foolish maladie, and long time had misled.

IV

With thought whereof, exceeding mad he grew,

And in his rage his mother would haue slaine,

Had she not fled into a secret mew,

Where she was wont her Sprights to entertaine

The maisters of her art: there was she faine

To call them all in order to her ayde,

And them coniure vpon eternall paine,

To counsell her so carefully dismayd,

How she might heale her sonne, whose senses were decayd.

V

By their aduise, and her owne wicked wit,

She there deuiz'd a wondrous worke to frame,

Whose like on earth was neuer framed yit,

That euen Nature selfe enuide the same,

And grudg'd to see the counterfet should shame

The thing it selfe. In hand she boldly tooke

To make another like the former Dame,

Another Florimell, in shape and looke

So liuely and so like, that many it mistooke.

VI

The substance, whereof she the bodie made,

Was purest snow in massie mould congeald,

Which she had gathered in a shadie glade

Of the Riphœan hils, to her reueald

By errant Sprights, but from all men conceald:

The same she tempred with fine Mercury,

And virgin wex, that neuer yet was seald,

And mingled them with perfect vermily,

That like a liuely sanguine it seem'd to the eye.

VII

In stead of eyes two burning lampes she set

In siluer sockets, shyning like the skyes,

And a quicke mouing Spirit did arret

To stirre and roll them, like a womans eyes;

In stead of yellow lockes she did deuise,

With golden wyre to weaue her curled head;

Yet golden wyre was not so yellow thrise

As Florimells faire haire: and in the stead

Of life, she put a Spright to rule the carkasse dead.

VIII

A wicked Spright yfraught with fawning guile,

And faire resemblance aboue all the rest,

Which with the Prince of Darknesse fell somewhile,

From heauens blisse and euerlasting rest;

Him needed not instruct, which way were best

Himselfe to fashion likest Florimell,

Ne how to speake, ne how to vse his gest,

For he in counterfeisance did excell,

And all the wyles of wemens wits knew passing well.

IX

Him shaped thus, she deckt in garments gay,

Which Florimell had left behind her late,

That who so then her saw, would surely say,

It was her selfe, whom it did imitate,

Or fairer then her selfe, if ought algate

Might fairer be. And then she forth her brought

Vnto her sonne, that lay in feeble state;

Who seeing her gan streight vpstart, and thought

She was the Lady selfe, whom he so long had sought.

X

Tho fast her clipping twixt his armes twaine,

Extremely ioyed in so happie sight,

And soone forgot his former sickly paine;

But she, the more to seeme such as she hight,

Coyly rebutted his embracement light;

Yet still with gentle countenaunce retained,

Enough to hold a foole in vaine delight:

Him long she so with shadowes entertained,

As her Creatresse had in charge to her ordained.

XI

Till on a day, as he disposed was

To walke the woods with that his Idole faire,

Her to disport, and idle time to pas,

In th'open freshnesse of the gentle aire,

A knight that way there chaunced to repaire;

Yet knight he was not, but a boastfull swaine,

That deedes of armes had euer in despaire,

Proud Braggadocchio, that in vaunting vaine

His glory did repose, and credit did maintaine.

XII

He seeing with that Chorle so faire a wight,

Decked with many a costly ornament,

Much merueiled thereat, as well he might,

And thought that match a fowle disparagement:

His bloudie speare eftsoones he boldly bent

Against the silly clowne, who dead through feare,

Fell streight to ground in great astonishment;

Villein (said he) this Ladie is my deare,

Dy, if thou it gainesay: I will away her beare.

XIII

The fearefull Chorle durst not gainesay, nor dooe,

But trembling stood, and yielded him the pray;

Who finding litle leasure her to wooe,

On Tromparts steed her mounted without stay,

And without reskew led her quite away.

Proud man himselfe then Braggadocchio deemed,

And next to none, after that happie day,

Being possessed of that spoyle, which seemed

The fairest wight on ground, and most of men esteemed.

XIV

But when he saw himselfe free from poursute,

He gan make gentle purpose to his Dame,

With termes of loue and lewdnesse dissolute;

For he could well his glozing speaches frame

To such vaine vses, that him best became:

But she thereto would lend but light regard,

As seeming sory, that she euer came

Into his powre, that vsed her so hard,

To reaue her honor, which she more then life prefard.

XV

Thus as they two of kindnesse treated long,

There them by chaunce encountred on the way

An armed knight, vpon a courser strong,

Whose trampling feet vpon the hollow lay

Seemed to thunder, and did nigh affray

That Capons courage: yet he looked grim,

And fain'd to cheare his Ladie in dismay;

Who seem'd for feare to quake in euery lim,

And her to saue from outrage, meekely prayed him.

XVI

Fiercely that stranger forward came, and nigh

Approching, with bold words and bitter threat,

Bad that same boaster, as he mote, on high

To leaue to him that Lady for excheat,

Or bide him battell without further treat.

That challenge did too peremptory seeme,

And fild his senses with abashment great;

Yet seeing nigh him ieopardy extreme,

He it dissembled well, and light seem'd to esteeme.

XVII

Saying, Thou foolish knight, that weenst with words

To steale away, that I with blowes haue wonne,

And brought throgh points of many perilous swords:

But if thee list to see thy Courser ronne,

Or proue thy selfe, this sad encounter shonne,

And seeke else without hazard of thy hed.

At those proud words that other knight begonne

To wexe exceeding wroth, and him ared

To turne his steede about, or sure he should be ded.

XVIII

Sith then (said Braggadocchio) needes thou wilt

Thy dayes abridge, through proofe of puissance,

Turne we our steedes, that both in equall tilt

May meet againe, and each take happie chance.

This said, they both a furlongs mountenance

Retyrd their steeds, to ronne in euen race:

But Braggadocchio with his bloudie lance

Once hauing turnd, no more returnd his face,

But left his loue to losse, and fled himselfe apace.

XIX

The knight him seeing fly, had no regard

Him to poursew, but to the Ladie rode,

And hauing her from Trompart lightly reard,

Vpon his Courser set the louely lode,

And with her fled away without abode.

Well weened he, that fairest Florimell

It was, with whom in company he yode,

And so her selfe did alwaies to him tell;

So made him thinke him selfe in heauen, that was in hell.

XX

But Florimell her selfe was farre away,

Driuen to great distresse by Fortune straunge,

And taught the carefull Mariner to play,

Sith late mischaunce had her compeld to chaunge

The land for sea, at randon there to raunge:

Yet there that cruell Queene auengeresse,

Not satisfide so farre her to estraunge

From courtly blisse and wonted happinesse,

Did heape on her new waues of weary wretchednesse.

XXI

For being fled into the fishers bote,

For refuge from the Monsters crueltie,

Long so she on the mightie maine did flote,

And with the tide droue forward careleslie;

For th'aire was milde, and cleared was the skie,

And all his windes Dan Aeolus did keepe,

From stirring vp their stormy enmitie,

As pittying to see her waile and weepe;

But all the while the fisher did securely sleepe.

XXII

At last when droncke with drowsinesse, he woke,

And saw his drouer driue along the streame,

He was dismayd, and thrise his breast he stroke,

For maruell of that accident extreame;

But when he saw that blazing beauties beame,

Which with rare light his bote did beautifie,

He marueild more, and thought he yet did dreame

Not well awakt, or that some extasie

Assotted had his sense, or dazed was his eie.

XXIII

But when her well auizing, he perceiued

To be no vision, nor fantasticke sight,

Great comfort of her presence he conceiued,

And felt in his old courage new delight

To gin awake, and stirre his frozen spright:

Tho rudely askt her, how she thither came.

Ah (said she) father, I note read aright,

What hard misfortune brought me to the same;

Yet am I glad that here I now in safety am.

XXIV

But thou good man, sith farre in sea we bee,

And the great waters gin apace to swell,

That now no more we can the maine-land see,

Haue care, I pray, to guide the cock-bote well,

Least worse on sea then vs on land befell.

Thereat th'old man did nought but fondly grin,

And said, his boat the way could wisely tell:

But his deceiptfull eyes did neuer lin,

To looke on her faire face, and marke her snowy skin.

XXV

The sight whereof in his congealed flesh,

Infixt such secret sting of greedy lust,

That the drie withered stocke it gan refresh,

And kindled heat, that soone in flame forth brust:

The driest wood is soonest burnt to dust.

Rudely to her he lept, and his rough hand

Where ill became him, rashly would haue thrust,

But she with angry scorne him did withstond,

And shamefully reproued for his rudenesse fond.

XXVI

But he, that neuer good nor maners knew,

Her sharpe rebuke full litle did esteeme;

Hard is to teach an old horse amble trew.

The inward smoke, that did before but steeme,

Broke into open fire and rage extreme,

And now he strength gan adde vnto his will,

Forcing to doe, that did him fowle misseeme:

Beastly he threw her downe, ne car'd to spill

Her garments gay with scales of fish, that all did fill.

XXVII

The silly virgin stroue him to withstand,

All that she might, and him in vaine reuild:

She struggled strongly both with foot and hand,

To saue her honor from that villaine vild,

And cride to heauen, from humane helpe exild.

O ye braue knights, that boast this Ladies loue,

Where be ye now, when she is nigh defild

Of filthy wretch? well may shee you reproue

Of falshood or of slouth, when most it may behoue.

XXVIII

But if that thou, Sir Satyran, didst weete,

Or thou, Sir Peridure, her sorie state,

How soone would yee assemble many a fleete,

To fetch from sea, that ye at land lost late;

Towres, Cities, Kingdomes ye would ruinate,

In your auengement and dispiteous rage,

Ne ought your burning fury mote abate;

But if Sir Calidore could it presage,

No liuing creature could his cruelty asswage.

XXIX

But sith that none of all her knights is nye,

See how the heauens of voluntary grace,

And soueraine fauour towards chastity,

Doe succour send to her distressed cace:

So much high God doth innocence embrace.

It fortuned, whilest thus she stifly stroue,

And the wide sea importuned long space

With shrilling shriekes, Proteus abrode did roue,

Along the fomy waues driuing his finny droue.

XXX

Proteus is Shepheard of the seas of yore,

And hath the charge of Neptunes mightie heard;

An aged sire with head all frory hore,

And sprinckled frost vpon his deawy beard:

Who when those pittifull outcries he heard,

Through all the seas so ruefully resound,

His charet swift in haste he thither steard,

Which with a teeme of scaly Phocas bound

Was drawne vpon the waues, that fomed him around.

XXXI

And comming to that Fishers wandring bote,

That went at will, withouten carde or sayle,

He therein saw that yrkesome sight, which smote

Deepe indignation and compassion frayle

Into his hart attonce: streight did he hayle

The greedy villein from his hoped pray,

Of which he now did very litle fayle,

And with his staffe, that driues his Heard astray,

Him bet so sore, that life and sense did much dismay.

XXXII

The whiles the pitteous Ladie vp did ryse,

Ruffled and fowly raid with filthy soyle,

And blubbred face with teares of her faire eyes:

Her heart nigh broken was with weary toyle,

To saue her selfe from that outrageous spoyle,

But when she looked vp, to weet, what wight

Had her from so infamous fact assoyld,

For shame, but more for feare of his grim sight,

Downe in her lap she hid her face, and loudly shright.

XXXIII

Her selfe not saued yet from daunger dred

She thought, but chaung'd from one to other feare;

Like as a fearefull Partridge, that is fled

From the sharpe Hauke, which her attached neare,

And fals to ground, to seeke for succour theare,

Whereas the hungry Spaniels she does spy,

With greedy iawes her readie for to teare;

In such distresse and sad perplexity

Was Florimell, when Proteus she did see thereby.

XXXIV

But he endeuoured with speeches milde

Her to recomfort, and accourage bold,

Bidding her feare no more her foeman vilde,

Nor doubt himselfe; and who he was, her told.

Yet all that could not from affright her hold,

Ne to recomfort her at all preuayld;

For her faint heart was with the frozen cold

Benumbd so inly, that her wits nigh fayld,

And all her senses with abashment quite were quayld.

XXXV

Her vp betwixt his rugged hands he reard,

And with his frory lips full softly kist,

Whiles the cold ysickles from his rough beard,

Dropped adowne vpon her yuorie brest:

Yet he himselfe so busily addrest,

That her out of astonishment he wrought,

And out of that same fishers filthy nest

Remouing her, into his charet brought,

And there with many gentle termes her faire besought.

XXXVI

But that old leachour, which with bold assault

That beautie durst presume to violate,

He cast to punish for his hainous fault;

Then tooke he him yet trembling sith of late,

And tyde behind his charet, to aggrate

The virgin, whom he had abusde so sore:

So drag'd him through the waues in scornefull state,

And after cast him vp, vpon the shore;

But Florimell with him vnto his bowre he bore.

XXXVII

His bowre is in the bottome of the maine,

Vnder a mightie rocke, gainst which do raue

The roaring billowes in their proud disdaine,

That with the angry working of the waue,

Therein is eaten out an hollow caue,

That seemes rough Masons hand with engines keene

Had long while laboured it to engraue:

There was his wonne, ne liuing wight was seene,

Saue one old Nymph, hight Panope to keepe it cleane.

XXXVIII

Thither he brought the sory Florimell,

And entertained her the best he might

And Panope her entertaind eke well,

As an immortall mote a mortall wight,

To winne her liking vnto his delight:

With flattering words he sweetly wooed her,

And offered faire gifts t'allure her sight,

But she both offers and the offerer

Despysde, and all the fawning of the flatterer.

XXXIX

Daily he tempted her with this or that,

And neuer suffred her to be at rest:

But euermore she him refused flat,

And all his fained kindnesse did detest,

So firmely she had sealed vp her brest.

Sometimes he boasted, that a God he hight:

But she a mortall creature loued best:

Then he would make himselfe a mortall wight;

But then she said she lou'd none, but a Faerie knight.

XL

Then like a Faerie knight himselfe he drest;

For euery shape on him he could endew:

Then like a king he was to her exprest,

And offred kingdomes vnto her in vew,

To be his Leman and his Ladie trew:

But when all this he nothing saw preuaile,

With harder meanes he cast her to subdew,

And with sharpe threates her often did assaile,

So thinking for to make her stubborne courage quaile.

XLI

To dreadfull shapes he did himselfe transforme,

Now like a Gyant, now like to a feend,

Then like a Centaure, then like to a storme,

Raging within the waues: thereby he weend

Her will to win vnto his wished end.

But when with feare, nor fauour, nor with all

He else could doe, he saw himselfe esteemd,

Downe in a Dongeon deepe he let her fall,

And threatned there to make her his eternall thrall.

XLII

Eternall thraldome was to her more liefe,

Then losse of chastitie, or chaunge of loue:

Die had she rather in tormenting griefe,

Then any should of falsenesse her reproue,

Or loosenesse, that she lightly did remoue.

Most vertuous virgin, glory be thy meed,

And crowne of heauenly praise with Saints aboue,

Where most sweet hymmes of this thy famous deed

Are still emongst them song, that far my rymes exceed.

XLIII

Fit song of Angels caroled to bee;

But yet what so my feeble Muse can frame,

Shall be t'aduance thy goodly chastitee,

And to enroll thy memorable name,

In th'heart of euery honourable Dame,

That they thy vertuous deedes may imitate,

And be partakers of thy endlesse fame.

It yrkes me, leaue thee in this wofull state,

To tell of Satyrane, where I him left of late.

XLIV

Who hauing ended with that Squire of Dames

A long discourse of his aduentures vaine,

The which himselfe, then Ladies more defames,

And finding not th'Hyena to be slaine,

With that same Squire, returned backe againe

To his first way. And as they forward went,

They spyde a knight faire pricking on the plaine,

As if he were on some aduenture bent,

And in his port appeared manly hardiment.

XLV

Sir Satyrane him towards did addresse,

To weet, what wight he was, and what his quest:

And comming nigh, eftsoones he gan to gesse

Both by the burning hart, which on his brest

He bare, and by the colours in his crest,

That Paridell it was. Tho to him yode,

And him saluting, as beseemed best,

Gan first inquire of tydings farre abrode;

And afterwardes, on what aduenture now he rode.

XLVI

Who thereto answering, said; The tydings bad,

Which now in Faerie court all men do tell,

Which turned hath great mirth, to mourning sad,

Is the late ruine of proud Marinell,

And suddein parture of faire Florimell,

To find him forth: and after her are gone

All the braue knights, that doen in armes excell,

To sauegard her, ywandred all alone;

Emongst the rest my lot (vnworthy) is to be one.

XLVII

Ah gentle knight (said then Sir Satyrane)

Thy labour all is lost, I greatly dread,

That hast a thanklesse seruice on thee ta'ne,

And offrest sacrifice vnto the dead:

For dead, I surely doubt, thou maist aread

Henceforth for euer Florimell to be,

That all the noble knights of Maydenhead,

Which her ador'd, may sore repent with me,

And all faire Ladies may for euer sory be.

XLVIII

Which words when Paridell had heard, his hew

Gan greatly chaunge, and seem'd dismayd to bee;

Then said, Faire Sir, how may I weene it trew,

That ye doe tell in such vncertaintee?

Or speake ye of report, or did ye see

Iust cause of dread, that makes ye doubt so sore?

For perdie else how mote it euer bee,

That euer hand should dare for to engore

Her noble bloud? the heauens such crueltie abhore.

XLIX

These eyes did see, that they will euer rew

T'haue seene, (quoth he) when as a monstrous beast T

he Palfrey, whereon she did trauell, slew,

And of his bowels made his bloudie feast:

Which speaking token sheweth at the least

Her certaine losse, if not her sure decay:

Besides, that more suspition encreast,

I found her golden girdle cast astray,

Distaynd with durt and bloud, as relique of the pray.

L

Aye me, (said Paridell) the signes be sad,

And but God turne the same to good soothsay,

That Ladies safetie is sore to be drad:

Yet will I not forsake my forward way,

Till triall doe more certaine truth bewray.

Faire Sir (quoth he) well may it you succeed,

Ne long shall Satyrane behind you stay,

But to the rest, which in this Quest proceed

My labour adde, and be partaker of their speed.

LI

Ye noble knights (said then the Squire of Dames)

Well may ye speed in so praiseworthy paine:

But sith the Sunne now ginnes to slake his beames,

In deawy vapours of the westerne maine,

And lose the teme out of his weary waine,

Mote not mislike you also to abate

Your zealous hast, till morrow next againe

Both light of heauen, and strength of men relate:

Which if ye please, to yonder castle turne your gate.

LII

That counsell pleased well; so all yfere

Forth marched to a Castle them before,

Where soone arriuing, they restrained were

Of readie entrance, which ought euermore

To errant knights be commun: wondrous sore

Thereat displeasd they were, till that young Squire

Gan them informe the cause, why that same dore

Was shut to all, which lodging did desire:

The which to let you weet, will further time require.

Canto IX

Malbecco will no straunge knights host,

For peeuish gealosie:

Paridell giusts with Britomart:

Both shew their auncestrie.

I

REdoubted knights, and honorable Dames,

To whom I leuell all my labours end,

Right sore I feare, least with vnworthy blames

This odious argument my rimes should shend,

Or ought your goodly patience offend,

Whiles of a wanton Lady I do write,

Which with her loose incontinence doth blend

The shyning glory of your soueraigne light,

And knighthood fowle defaced by a faithlesse knight.

II

But neuer let th'ensample of the bad

Offend the good: for good by paragone

Of euill, may more notably be rad,

As white seemes fairer, macht with blacke attone;

Ne all are shamed by the fault of one:

For lo in heauen, whereas all goodnesse is,

Emongst the Angels, a whole legione

Of wicked Sprights did fall from happy blis;

What wonder then, if one of women all did mis?

III

Then listen Lordings, if ye list to weet

The cause, why Satyrane and Paridell

Mote not be entertaynd, as seemed meet,

Into that Castle (as that Squire does tell.)

Therein a cancred crabbed Carle does dwell,

That has no skill of Court nor courtesie,

Ne cares, what men say of him ill or well;

For all his dayes he drownes in priuitie,

Yet has full large to liue, and spend at libertie.

IV

But all his mind is set on mucky pelfe,

To hoord vp heapes of euill gotten masse,

For which he others wrongs, and wreckes himselfe;

Yet he is lincked to a louely lasse,

Whose beauty doth her bounty far surpasse,

The which to him both far vnequall yeares,

And also far vnlike conditions has;

For she does ioy to play emongst her peares,

And to be free from hard restraint and gealous feares.

V

But he is old, and withered like hay,

Vnfit faire Ladies seruice to supply;

The priuie guilt whereof makes him alway

Suspect her truth, and keepe continuall spy

Vpon her with his other blincked eye;

Ne suffreth he resort of liuing wight

Approch to her, ne keepe her company,

But in close bowre her mewes from all mens sight,

Depriu'd of kindly ioy and naturall delight.

VI

Malbecco he, and Hellenore she hight,

Vnfitly yokt together in one teeme,

That is the cause, why neuer any knight

Is suffred here to enter, but he seeme

Such, as no doubt of him he neede misdeeme.

Thereat Sir Satyrane gan smile, and say;

Extremely mad the man I surely deeme,

That weenes with watch and hard restraint to stay

A womans will, which is disposd to go astray.

VII

In vaine he feares that, which he cannot shonne:

For who wotes not, that womans subtiltyes

Can guilen Argus, when she list misdonne?

It is not yron bandes, nor hundred eyes,

Nor brasen walls, nor many wakefull spyes,

That can withhold her wilfull wandring feet;

But fast good will with gentle curtesyes,

And timely seruice to her pleasures meet

May her perhaps containe, that else would algates fleet.

VIII

Then is he not more mad (said Paridell)

That hath himselfe vnto such seruice sold,

In dolefull thraldome all his dayes to dwell?

For sure a foole I do him firmely hold,

That loues his fetters, though they were of gold.

But why do we deuise of others ill,

Whiles thus we suffer this same dotard old,

To keepe vs out, in scorne of his owne will,

And rather do not ransack all, and him selfe kill?

IX

Nay let vs first (said Satyrane) entreat

The man by gentle meanes, to let vs in,

And afterwardes affray with cruell threat,

Ere that we to efforce it do begin:

Then if all fayle, we will by force it win,

And eke reward the wretch for his mesprise,

As may be worthy of his haynous sin.

That counsell pleasd: then Paridell did rise,

And to the Castle gate approcht in quiet wise.

X

Whereat soft knocking, entrance he desyrd.

The good man selfe, which then the Porter playd,

Him answered, that all were now retyrd

Vnto their rest, and all the keyes conuayd

Vnto their maister, who in bed was layd,

That none him durst awake out of his dreme;

And therefore them of patience gently prayd.

Then Paridell began to chaunge his theme,

And threatned him with force and punishment extreme.

XI

But all in vaine; for nought mote him relent,

And now so long before the wicket fast

They wayted, that the night was forward spent,

And the faire welkin fowly ouercast,

Gan blowen vp a bitter stormy blast,

With shoure and hayle so horrible and dred,

That this faire many were compeld at last,

To fly for succour to a little shed,

The which beside the gate for swine was ordered.

XII

It fortuned, soone after they were gone,

Another knight, whom the tempest thither brought,

Came to that Castle, and with earnest mone,

Like as the rest, late entrance deare besought;

But like so as the rest he prayd for nought,

For flatly he of entrance was refusd,

Sorely thereat he was displeasd, and thought

How to auenge himselfe so sore abusd,

And euermore the Carle of curtesie accusd.

XIII

But to auoyde th'intollerable stowre,

He was compeld to seeke some refuge neare,

And to that shed, to shrowd him from the showre,

He came, which full of guests he found whyleare,

So as he was not let to enter there:

Whereat he gan to wex exceeding wroth,

And swore, that he would lodge with them yfere,

Or them dislodge, all were they liefe or loth;

And so defide them each, and so defide them both.

XIV

Both were full loth to leaue that needfull tent,

And both full loth in darkenesse to debate;

Yet both full liefe him lodging to haue lent,

And both full liefe his boasting to abate;

But chiefly Paridell his hart did grate,

To heare him threaten so despightfully,

As if he did a dogge to kenell rate,

That durst not barke; and rather had he dy,

Then when he was defide, in coward corner ly.

XV

Tho hastily remounting to his steed,

He forth issew'd; like as a boistrous wind,

Which in th'earthes hollow caues hath long bin hid,

And shut vp fast within her prisons blind,

Makes the huge element against her kind

To moue, and tremble as it were agast,

Vntill that it an issew forth may find;

Then forth it breakes, and with his furious blast

Confounds both land and seas, and skyes doth ouercast.

XVI

Their steel-hed speares they strongly coucht, and met

Together with impetuous rage and forse,

That with the terrour of their fierce affret,

They rudely droue to ground both man and horse,

That each awhile lay like a sencelesse corse.

But Paridell sore brused with the blow,

Could not arise, the counterchaunge to scorse,

Till that young Squire him reared from below;

Then drew he his bright sword, and gan about him throw.

XVII

But Satyrane forth stepping, did them stay

And with faire treatie pacifide their ire,

Then when they were accorded from the fray,

Against that Castles Lord they gan conspire,

To heape on him dew vengeaunce for his hire.

They bene agreed, and to the gates they goe

To burne the same with vnquenchable fire,

And that vncurteous Carle their commune foe

To do fowle death to dye, or wrap in grieuous woe.

XVIII

Malbecco seeing them resolu'd in deed

To flame the gates, and hearing them to call

For fire in earnest, ran with fearefull speed,

And to them calling from the castle wall,

Besought them humbly, him to beare with all,

As ignoraunt of seruants bad abuse,

And slacke attendaunce vnto straungers call.

The knights were willing all things to excuse,

Though nought beleu'd, and entraunce late did not refuse.

XIX

They bene ybrought into a comely bowre,

And seru'd of all things that mote needfull bee;

Yet secretly their hoste did on them lowre,

And welcomde more for feare, then charitee;

But they dissembled, what they did not see,

And welcomed themselues. Each gan vndight

Their garments wet, and weary armour free,

To dry them selues by Vulcanes flaming light,

And eke their lately bruzed parts to bring in plight.

XX

And eke that straunger knight emongst the rest,

Was for like need enforst to disaray:

Tho whenas vailed was her loftie crest,

Her golden locks, that were in tramels gay

Vpbounden, did them selues adowne display,

And raught vnto her heeles; like sunny beames,

That in a cloud their light did long time stay,

Their vapour vaded, shew their golden gleames,

And through the persant aire shoote forth their azure streames.

XXI

She also dofte her heauy haberieon,

Which the faire feature of her limbs did hyde,

And her well plighted frock, which she did won

To tucke about her short, when she did ryde,

She low let fall, that flowd from her lanck syde

Downe to her foot, with carelesse modestee.

Then of them all she plainly was espyde,

To be a woman wight, vnwist to bee,

The fairest woman wight, that euer eye did see.

XXII

Like as Minerua, being late returnd

From slaughter of the Giaunts conquered;

Where proud Encelade, whose wide nosethrils burnd

With breathed flames, like to a furnace red,

Transfixed with the speare, downe tombled ded

From top of Hemus, by him heaped hye;

Hath loosd her helmet from her lofty hed,

And her Gorgonian shield gins to vntye

From her left arme, to rest in glorious victorye.

XXIII

Which whenas they beheld, they smitten were

With great amazement of so wondrous sight,

And each on other, and they all on her

Stood gazing, as if suddein great affright

Had them surprised. At last auizing right,

Her goodly personage and glorious hew,

Which they so much mistooke, they tooke delight

In their first errour, and yet still anew

With wonder of her beauty fed their hungry vew.

XXIV

Yet note their hungry vew be satisfide,

But seeing still the more desir'd to see,

And euer firmely fixed did abide

In contemplation of diuinitie:

But most they meruaild at her cheualree,

And noble prowesse, which they had approued,

That much they faynd to know, who she mote bee;

Yet none of all them her thereof amoued,

Yet euery one her likte, and euery one her loued.

XXV

And Paridell though partly discontent
With his late fall, and fowle indignity,
Yet was soone wonne his malice to relent,
Through gracious regard of her faire eye,
And knightly worth, which he too late did try,
Yet tried did adore. Supper was dight;
Then they Malbecco prayd of curtesy,
That of his Lady they might haue the sight,
And company at meat, to do them more delight.

XXVI

But he to shift their curious request,
Gan causen, why she could not come in place;
Her crased health, her late recourse to rest,
And humid euening ill for sicke folkes cace:
But none of those excuses could take place;
Ne would they eate, till she in presence came.
She came in presence with right comely grace,
And fairely them saluted, as became,
And shewd her selfe in all a gentle curteous Dame.

XXVII

They sate to meat, and Satyrane his chaunce
Was her before, and Paridell besyde;
But he him selfe sate looking still askaunce,
Gainst Britomart, and euer closely eyde
Sir Satyrane, that glaunces might not glyde:
But his blind eye, that syded Paridell,
All his demeasnure from his sight did hyde:
On her faire face so did he feede his fill,
And sent close messages of loue to her at will.

XXVIII

And euer and anone, when none was ware,

With speaking lookes, that close embassage bore,

He rou'd at her, and told his secret care:

For all that art he learned had of yore.

Ne was she ignoraunt of that lewd lore,

But in his eye his meaning wisely red,

And with the like him answerd euermore:

She sent at him one firie dart, whose hed

Empoisned was with priuy lust, and gealous dred.

XXIX

He from that deadly throw made no defence,

But to the wound his weake hart opened wyde;

The wicked engine through false influence,

Past through his eyes, and secretly did glyde

Into his hart, which it did sorely gryde.

But nothing new to him was that same paine,

Ne paine at all; for he so oft had tryde

The powre thereof, and lou'd so oft in vaine,

That thing of course he counted, loue to entertaine.

XXX

Thenceforth to her he sought to intimate

His inward griefe, by meanes to him well knowne,

Now Bacchus fruit out of the siluer plate

He on the table dasht, as ouerthrowne,

Or of the fruitfull liquor ouerflowne,

And by the dauncing bubbles did diuine,

Or therein write to let his loue be showne;

Which well she red out of the learned line,

A sacrament prophane in mistery of wine.

XXXI

And when so of his hand the pledge she raught,

The guilty cup she fained to mistake,

And in her lap did shed her idle draught,

Shewing desire her inward flame to slake:

By such close signes they secret way did make

Vnto their wils, and one eyes watch escape;

Two eyes him needeth, for to watch and wake,

Who louers will deceiue. Thus was the ape,

By their faire handling, put into Malbeccoes cape.

XXXII

Now when of meats and drinks they had their fill,

Purpose was moued by that gentle Dame,

Vnto those knights aduenturous, to tell

Of deeds of armes, which vnto them became,

And euery one his kindred, and his name.

Then Paridell, in whom a kindly pryde

Of gracious speach, and skill his words to frame

Abounded, being glad of so fit tyde

Him to commend to her, thus spake, of all well eyde.

XXXIII

Troy, that art now nought, but an idle name,

And in thine ashes buried low dost lie,

Though whilome far much greater then thy fame,

Before that angry Gods, and cruell skye

Vpon thee heapt a direfull destinie,

What boots it boast thy glorious descent,

And fetch from heauen thy great Genealogie,

Sith all thy worthy prayses being blent,

Their of-spring hath embaste, and later glory shent.

XXXIV

Most famous Worthy of the world, by whome

That warre was kindled, which did Troy inflame,

And stately towres of Ilion whilome

Brought vnto balefull ruine, was by name

Sir Paris far renowmd through noble fame,

Who through great prowesse and bold hardinesse,

From Lacedaemon fetcht the fairest Dame,

That euer Greece did boast, or knight possesse,

Whom Venus to him gaue for meed of worthinesse.

XXXV

Faire Helene, flowre of beautie excellent,

And girlond of the mighty Conquerours,

That madest many Ladies deare lament

The heauie losse of their braue Paramours,

Which they far off beheld from Troian toures,

And saw the fieldes of faire Scamander strowne

With carcases of noble warrioures,

Whose fruitlesse liues were vnder furrow sowne,

And Xanthus sandy bankes with bloud all ouerflowne.

XXXVI

From him my linage I deriue aright,

Who long before the ten yeares siege of Troy,

Whiles yet on Ida he a shepheard hight,

On faire Oenone got a louely boy,

Whom for remembraunce of her passed ioy,

She of his Father Parius did name;

Who, after Greekes did Priams realme destroy,

Gathred the Troian reliques sau'd from flame,

And with them sayling thence, to th'Isle of Paros came.

XXXVII

That was by him cald Paros, which before

Hight Nausa, there he many yeares did raine,

And built Nausicle by the Pontick shore,

The which he dying left next in remaine

To Paridas his sonne.

From whom I Paridell by kin descend;

But for faire Ladies loue, and glories gaine,

My natiue soile haue left, my dayes to spend

In sewing deeds of armes, my liues and labours end.

XXXVIII

Whenas the noble Britomart heard tell

Of Troian warres, and Priams Citie sackt,

The ruefull story of Sir Paridell,

She was empassiond at that piteous act,

With zelous enuy of Greekes cruell fact,

Against that nation, from whose race of old

She heard, that she was lineally extract:

For noble Britons sprong from Troians bold,

And Troynouant was built of old Troyes ashes cold.

XXXIX

Then sighing soft awhile, at last she thus:

O lamentable fall of famous towne,

Which raignd so many yeares victorious,

And of all Asie bore the soueraigne crowne,

In one sad night consumd, and throwen downe:

What stony hart, that heares thy haplesse fate,

Is not empierst with deepe compassiowne,

And makes ensample of mans wretched state,

That floures so fresh at morne, and fades at euening late?

XL

Behold, Sir, how your pitifull complaint

Hath found another partner of your payne:

For nothing may impresse so deare constraint,

As countries cause, and commune foes disdayne.

But if it should not grieue you, backe agayne

To turne your course, I would to heare desyre,

What to Aeneas fell; sith that men sayne

He was not in the Cities wofull fyre

Consum'd, but did him selfe to safetie retyre.

XLI

Anchyses sonne begot of Venus faire,

(Said he,) out of the flames for safegard fled,

And with a remnant did to sea repaire,

Where he through fatall errour long was led

Full many yeares, and weetlesse wandered

From shore to shore, emongst the Lybicke sands,

Ere rest he found. Much there he suffered,

And many perils past in forreine lands,

To saue his people sad from victours vengefull hands.

XLII

At last in Latium he did arriue,

Where he with cruell warre was entertaind

Of th'inland folke, which sought him backe to driue,

Till he with old Latinus was constraind,

To contract wedlock: (so the fates ordaind.)

Wedlock contract in bloud, and eke in blood

Accomplished, that many deare complaind:

The riuall slaine, the victour through the flood

Escaped hardly, hardly praisd his wedlock good.

XLIII

Yet after all, he victour did suruiue,

And with Latinus did the kingdome part.

But after, when both nations gan to striue,

Into their names the title to conuart,

His sonne Iu"lus did from thence depart,

With all the warlike youth of Troians bloud,

And in long Alba plast his throne apart,

Where faire it florished, and long time stoud,

Till Romulus renewing it, to Rome remoud.

XLIV

There there (said Britomart) a fresh appeard

The glory of the later world to spring,

And Troy againe out of her dust was reard,

To sit in second seat of soueraigne king,

Of all the world vnder her gouerning.

But a third kingdome yet is to arise,

Out of the Troians scattered of-spring,

That in all glory and great enterprise,

Both first and second Troy shall dare to equalise.

XLV

It Troynouant is hight, that with the waues

Of wealthy Thamis washed is along,

Vpon whose stubborne neck, whereat he raues

With roring rage, and sore him selfe does throng,

That all men feare to tempt his billowes strong,

She fastned hath her foot, which standes so hy,

That it a wonder of the world is song

In forreine landes, and all which passen by,

Beholding it from far, do thinke it threates the skye.

XLVI

The Troian Brute did first that Citie found,

And Hygate made the meare thereof by West,

And Ouert gate by North: that is the bound

Toward the land; two riuers bound the rest.

So huge a scope at first him seemed best,

To be the compasse of his kingdomes seat:

So huge a mind could not in lesser rest,

Ne in small meares containe his glory great,

That Albion had conquered first by warlike feat.

XLVII

Ah fairest Lady knight, (said Paridell)

Pardon I pray my heedlesse ouersight,

Who had forgot, that whilome I heard tell

From aged Mnemon; for my wits bene light.

Indeed he said (if I remember right,)

That of the antique Troian stocke, there grew

Another plant, that raught to wondrous hight,

And far abroad his mighty branches threw,

Into the vtmost Angle of the world he knew.

XLVIII

For that same Brute, whom much he did aduaunce

In all his speach, was Syluius his sonne,

Whom hauing slaine, through luckles arrowes glaunce

He fled for feare of that he had misdonne,

Or else for shame, so fowle reproch to shonne,

And with him led to sea an youthly trayne,

Where wearie wandring they long time did wonne,

And many fortunes prou'd in th'Ocean mayne,

And great aduentures found, that now were long to sayne.

XLIX

At last by fatall course they driuen were

Into an Island spatious and brode,

The furthest North, that did to them appeare:

Which after rest they seeking far abrode,

Found it the fittest soyle for their abode,

Fruitfull of all things fit for liuing foode,

But wholy wast, and void of peoples trode,

Saue an huge nation of the Geaunts broode,

That fed on liuing flesh, and druncke mens vitall blood.

L

Whom he through wearie wars and labours long,

Subdewd with losse of many Britons bold:

In which the great Goemagot of strong

Corineus, and Coulin of Debon old

Were ouerthrowne, and layd on th'earth full cold,

Which quaked vnder their so hideous masse,

A famous history to be enrold

In euerlasting moniments of brasse,

That all the antique Worthies merits far did passe.

LI

His worke great Troynouant, his worke is eke

Faire Lincolne, both renowmed far away,

That who from East to West will endlong seeke,

Cannot two fairer Cities find this day,

Except Cleopolis: so heard I say

Old Mnemon. Therefore Sir, I greet you well

Your countrey kin, and you entirely pray

Of pardon for the strife, which late befell

Betwixt vs both vnknowne. So ended Paridell.

LII

But all the while, that he these speaches spent,

Vpon his lips hong faire Dame Hellenore,

With vigilant regard, and dew attent,

Fashioning worlds of fancies euermore

In her fraile wit, that now her quite forlore:

The whiles vnwares away her wondring eye,

And greedy eares her weake hart from her bore:

Which he perceiuing, euer priuily

In speaking, many false belgardes at her let fly.

LIII

So long these knights discoursed diuersly,

Of straunge affaires, and noble hardiment,

Which they had past with mickle ieopardy,

That now the humid night was farforth spent,

And heauenly lampes were halfendeale ybrent:

Which th'old man seeing well, who too long thought

Euery discourse and euery argument,

Which by the houres he measured, besought

Them go to rest. So all vnto their bowres were brought.

Canto X

Paridell rapeth Hellenore:

Malbecco her pursewes:

Findes emongst Satyres, whence with him

To turne she doth refuse.

I

THe morow next, so soone as Phœbus Lamp

Bewrayed had the world with early light,

And fresh Aurora had the shady damp

Out of the goodly heauen amoued quight,

Faire Britomart and that same Faerie knight

Vprose, forth on their iourney for to wend:

But Paridell complaynd, that his late fight

With Britomart, so sore did him offend,

That ryde he could not, till his hurts he did amend.

II

So forth they far'd, but he behind them stayd,

Maulgre his host, who grudged grieuously,

To house a guest, that would be needes obayd,

And of his owne him left not liberty:

Might wanting measure moueth surquedry.

Two things he feared, but the third was death;

That fierce youngmans vnruly maistery;

His money, which he lou'd as liuing breath;

And his faire wife, whom honest long he kept vneath.

III

But patience perforce he must abie,

What fortune and his fate on him will lay,

Fond is the feare, that findes no remedie;

Yet warily he watcheth euery way,

By which he feareth euill happen may:

So th'euill thinkes by watching to preuent;

Ne doth he suffer her, nor night, nor day,

Out of his sight her selfe once to absent.

So doth he punish her and eke himselfe torment.

IV

But Paridell kept better watch, then hee,

A fit occasion for his turne to find:

False loue, why do men say, thou canst not see,

And in their foolish fancie feigne thee blind,

That with thy charmes the sharpest sight doest bind,

And to thy will abuse? Thou walkest free,

And seest euery secret of the mind;

Thou seest all, yet none at all sees thee;

All that is by the working of thy Deitee.

V

So perfect in that art was Paridell,

That he Melbeccoes halfen eye did wyle,

His halfen eye he wiled wondrous well,

And Hellenors both eyes did eke beguyle,

Both eyes and hart attonce, during the whyle

That he there soiourned his wounds to heale;

That Cupid selfe it seeing, close did smyle,

To weet how he her loue away did steale,

And bad, that none their ioyous treason should reueale.

VI

The learned louer lost no time nor tyde,

That least auantage mote to him afford,

Yet bore so faire a saile, that none espyde

His secret drift, till he her layd abord.

When so in open place, and commune bord,

He fortun'd her to meet, with commune speach

Her courted her, yet bayted euery word,

That his vngentle hoste n'ote him appeach

Of vile vngentlenesse, or hospitages breach.

VII

But when apart (if euer her apart)

He found, then his false engins fast he plyde,

And all the sleights vnbosomd in his hart;

He sigh'd, he sobd, he swownd, he perdy dyde,

And cast himselfe on ground her fast besyde:

Tho when againe he him bethought to liue,

He wept, and wayld, and false laments belyde,

Saying, but if she Mercie would him giue

That he mote algates dye, yet did his death forgiue.

VIII

And otherwhiles with amorous delights,

And pleasing toyes he would her entertaine,

Now singing sweetly, to surprise her sprights,

Now making layes of loue and louers paine,

Bransles, Ballads, virelayes, and verses vaine;

Oft purposes, oft riddles he deuysd,

And thousands like, which flowed in his braine,

With which he fed her fancie, and entysd

To take to his new loue, and leaue her old despysd.

IX

And euery where he might, and euery while

He did her seruice dewtifull, and sewed

At hand with humble pride, and pleasing guile,

So closely yet, that none but she it vewed,

Who well perceiued all, and all indewed.

Thus finely did he his false nets dispred,

With which he many weake harts had subdewed

Of yore, and many had ylike misled:

What wonder then, if she were likewise carried?

X

No fort so fensible, no wals so strong,

But that continuall battery will riue,

Or daily siege through dispuruayance long,

And lacke of reskewes will to parley driue;

And Peece, that vnto parley eare will giue,

Will shortly yeeld it selfe, and will be made

The vassall of the victors will byliue:

That stratageme had oftentimes assayd

This crafty Paramoure, and now it plaine displayd.

XI

For through his traines he her intrapped hath,

That she her loue and hart hath wholy sold

To him, without regard of gaine, or scath,

Or care of credite, or of husband old,

Whom she hath vow'd to dub a faire Cucquold.

Nought wants but time and place, which shortly shee

Deuized hath, and to her louer told.

It pleased well. So well they both agree;

So readie rype to ill, ill wemens counsels bee.

XII

Darke was the Euening, fit for louers stealth,

When chaunst Melbecco busie be elsewhere,

She to his closet went, where all his wealth

Lay hid: thereof she countlesse summes did reare,

The which she meant away with her to beare;

The rest she fyr'd for sport, or for despight;

As Hellene, when she saw aloft appeare

The Troiane flames, and reach to heauens hight

Did clap her hands, and ioyed at that dolefull sight.

XIII

This second Hellene, faire Dame Hellenore,

The whiles her husband ranne with sory haste,

To quench the flames which she had tyn'd before,

Laught at his foolish labour spent in waste;

And ranne into her louers armes right fast;

Where streight embraced, she to him did cry,

And call aloud for helpe, ere helpe were past;

For loe that Guest would beare her forcibly,

And meant to rauish her, that rather had to dy

XIV

The wretched man hearing her call for ayd,

And readie seeing him with her to fly,

In his disquiet mind was much dismayd:

But when againe he backward cast his eye,

And saw the wicked fire so furiously

Consume his hart, and scorch his Idoles face,

He was therewith distressed diuersly,

Ne wist he how to turne, nor to what place;

Was neuer wretched man in such a wofull cace.

XV

Ay when to him she cryde, to her he turnd,

And left the fire; loue money ouercame:

But when he marked, how his money burnd,

He left his wife; money did loue disclame:

Both was he loth to loose his loued Dame,

And loth to leaue his liefest pelfe behind,

Yet sith he n'ote saue both, he sau'd that same,

Which was the dearest to his donghill mind,

The God of his desire, the ioy of misers blind.

XVI

Thus whilest all things in troublous vprore were,

And all men busie to suppresse the flame,

The louing couple need no reskew feare,

But leasure had, and libertie to frame

Their purpost flight, free from all mens reclame;

And Night, the patronesse of loue-stealth faire,

Gaue them safe conduct, till to end they came:

So bene they gone yfeare, a wanton paire

Of louers loosely knit, where list them to repaire.

XVII

Soone as the cruell flames yslaked were,

Malbecco seeing, how his losse did lye,

Out of the flames, which he had quencht whylere

Into huge waues of griefe and gealosye

Full deepe emplonged was, and drowned nye,

Twixt inward doole and felonous despight;

He rau'd, he wept, he stampt, he lowd did cry,

And all the passions, that in man may light,

Did him attonce oppresse, and vex his caytiue spright.

XVIII

Long thus he chawd the cud of inward griefe,

And did consume his gall with anguish sore,

Still when he mused on his late mischiefe,

Then still the smart thereof increased more,

And seem'd more grieuous, then it was before:

At last when sorrow he saw booted nought,

Ne griefe might not his loue to him restore,

He gan deuise, how her he reskew mought,

Ten thousand wayes he cast in his confused thought.

XIX

At last resoluing, like a pilgrim pore,

To search her forth, where so she might be fond,

And bearing with him treasure in close store,

The rest he leaues in ground: So takes in hond

To seeke her endlong, both by sea and lond.

Long he her sought, he sought her farre and nere,

And euery where that he mote vnderstond,

Of knights and ladies any meetings were,

And of eachone he met, he tydings did inquere.

XX

But all in vaine, his woman was too wise,

Euer to come into his clouch againe,

And he too simple euer to surprise

The iolly Paridell, for all his paine.

One day, as he forpassed by the plaine

With weary pace, he farre away espide

A couple, seeming well to be his twaine,

Which houed close vnder a forrest side,

As if they lay in wait, or else themselues did hide.

XXI

Well weened he, that those the same mote bee,

And as he better did their shape auize,

Him seemed more their manner did agree;

For th'one was armed all in warlike wize,

Whom, to be Paridell he did deuize;

And th'other all yclad in garments light,

Discolour'd like to womanish disguise,

He did resemble to his Ladie bright;

And euer his faint hart much earned at the sight.

XXII

And euer faine he towards them would goe,

But yet durst not for dread approchen nie,

But stood aloofe, vnweeting what to doe;

Till that prickt forth with loues extremitie,

That is the father of foule gealosy,

He closely nearer crept, the truth to weet:

But, as he nigher drew, he easily

Might scerne, that it was not his sweetest sweet,

Ne yet her Belamour, the partner of his sheet.

XXIII

But it was scornefull Braggadocchio,

That with his seruant Trompart houerd there,

Sith late he fled from his too earnest foe:

Whom such when as Malbecco spyed clere,

He turned backe, and would haue fled arere;

Till Trompart ronning hastily, him did stay,

And bad before his soueraine Lord appere:

That was him loth, yet durst he not gainesay,

And comming him before, low louted on the lay.

XXIV

The Boaster at him sternely bent his browe,

As if he could haue kild him with his looke,

That to the ground him meekely made to bowe,

And awfull terror deepe into him strooke,

That euery member of his bodie quooke.

Said he, thou man of nought, what doest thou here,

Vnfitly furnisht with thy bag and booke,

Where I expected one with shield and spere,

To proue some deedes of armes vpon an equall pere.

XXV

The wretched man at his imperious speach,

Was all abasht, and low prostrating, said;

Good Sir, let not my rudenesse be no breach

Vnto your patience, ne be ill ypaid;

For I vnwares this way by fortune straid,

A silly Pilgrim driuen to distresse,

That seeke a Lady, There he suddein staid,

And did the rest with grieuous sighes suppresse,

While teares stood in his eies, few drops of bitternesse.

XXVI

What Ladie, man? (said Trompart) take good hart,

And tell thy griefe, if any hidden lye;

Was neuer better time to shew thy smart,

Then now, that noble succour is thee by,

That is the whole worlds commune remedy.

That chearefull word his weake hart much did cheare,

And with vaine hope his spirits faint supply,

That bold he said; O most redoubted Pere,

Vouchsafe with mild regard a wretches cace to heare.

XXVII

Then sighing sore, It is not long (said hee)

Sith I enioyd the gentlest Dame aliue;

Of whom a knight, no knight at all perdee,

But shame of all, that doe for honor striue,

By treacherous deceipt did me depriue;

Through open outrage he her bore away,

And with fowle force vnto his will did driue,

Which all good knights, that armes do beare this day,

Are bound for to reuenge, and punish if they may.

XXVIII

And you most noble Lord, that can and dare

Redresse the wrong of miserable wight,

Cannot employ your most victorious speare

In better quarrell, then defence of right,

And for a Ladie gainst a faithlesse knight;

So shall your glory be aduaunced much,

And all faire Ladies magnifie your might,

And eke my selfe, albe I simple such,

Your worthy paine shall well reward with guerdon rich.

XXIX

With that out of his bouget forth he drew

Great store of treasure, therewith him to tempt;

But he on it lookt scornefully askew,

As much disdeigning to be so misdempt,

Or a war-monger to be basely nempt;

And said; thy offers base I greatly loth,

And eke thy words vncourteous and vnkempt;

I tread in dust thee and thy money both,

That, were it not for shame, So turned from him wroth.

XXX

But Trompart, that his maisters humor knew,

In lofty lookes to hide an humble mind,

Was inly tickled with that golden vew,

And in his eare him rounded close behind:

Yet stoupt he not, but lay still in the wind,

Waiting aduauntage on the pray to sease;

Till Trompart lowly to the ground inclind,

Besought him his great courage to appease,

And pardon simple man, that rash did him displease.

XXXI

Bigge looking like a doughtie Doucepere,

At last he thus; Thou clod of vilest clay,

I pardon yield, and with thy rudenesse beare;

But weete henceforth, that all that golden pray,

And all that else the vaine world vaunten may,

I loath as doung, ne deeme my dew reward:

Fame is my meed, and glory vertues pray.

But minds of mortall men are muchell mard,

And mou'd amisse with massie mucks vnmeet regard.

XXXII

And more, I graunt to thy great miserie

Gratious respect, thy wife shall backe be sent,

And that vile knight, who euer that he bee,

Which hath thy Lady reft, and knighthood shent,

By Sanglamort my sword, whose deadly dent

The bloud hath of so many thousands shed,

I sweare, ere long shall dearely it repent;

Ne he twixt heauen and earth shall hide his hed,

But soone he shall be found, and shortly doen be ded.

XXXIII

The foolish man thereat woxe wondrous blith,

As if the word so spoken, were halfe donne,

And humbly thanked him a thousand sith,

That had from death to life him newly wonne.

Tho forth the Boaster marching, braue begonne

His stolen steed to thunder furiously,

As if he heauen and hell would ouerronne,

And all the world confound with cruelty,

That much Malbecco ioyed in his iollity.

XXXIV

Thus long they three together traueiled,

Through many a wood, and many an vncouth way,

To seeke his wife, that was farre wandered:

But those two sought nought, but the present pray,

To weete the treasure, which he did bewray,

On which their eies and harts were wholly set,

With purpose, how they might it best betray;

For sith the houre, that first he did them let

The same behold, therewith their keene desires were whet.

XXXV

It fortuned as they together far'd,

They spide, where Paridell came pricking fast

Vpon the plaine, the which himselfe prepar'd

To giust with that braue straunger knight a cast,

As on aduenture by the way he past:

Alone he rode without his Paragone;

For hauing filcht her bels, her vp he cast

To the wide world, and let her fly alone,

He nould be clogd. So had he serued many one.

XXXVI

The gentle Lady, loose at randon left,

The greene-wood long did walke, and wander wide

At wilde aduenture, like a forlorne weft,

Till on a day the Satyres her espide

Straying alone withouten groome or guide;

Her vp they tooke, and with them home her led,

With them as housewife euer to abide,

To milke their gotes, and make them cheese and bred,

And euery one as commune good her handeled.

XXXVII

That shortly she Malbecco has forgot,

And eke Sir Paridell, all were he deare;

Who from her went to seeke another lot,

And now by fortune was arriued here,

Where those two guilers with Malbecco were:

Soone as the oldman saw Sir Paridell,

He fainted, and was almost dead with feare,

Ne word he had to speake, his griefe to tell,

But to him louted low, and greeted goodly well.

XXXVIII

And after asked him for Hellenore,

I take no keepe of her (said Paridell)

She wonneth in the forrest there before.

So forth he rode, as his aduenture fell;

The whiles the Boaster from his loftie sell

Faynd to alight, something amisse to mend;

But the fresh Swayne would not his leasure dwell,

But went his way; whom when he passed kend,

He vp remounted light, and after faind to wend.

XXXIX

Perdy nay (said Malbecco) shall ye not:

But let him passe as lightly, as he came:

For litle good of him is to be got,

And mickle perill to be put to shame.

But let vs go to seeke my dearest Dame,

Whom he hath left in yonder forrest wyld:

For of her safety in great doubt I am,

Least saluage beastes her person haue despoyld:

Then all the world is lost, and we in vaine haue toyld.

XL

They all agree, and forward them addrest:

Ah but (said craftie Trompart) weete ye well,

That yonder in that wastefull wildernesse

Huge monsters haunt, and many dangers dwell;

Dragons, and Minotaures, and feendes of hell,

And many wilde woodmen, which robbe and rend

All trauellers; therefore aduise ye well,

Before ye enterprise that way to wend:

One may his iourney bring too soone to euill end.

XLI

Malbecco stopt in great astonishment,

\And with pale eyes fast fixed on the rest,

Their counsell crau'd, in daunger imminent.

Said Trompart, you that are the most opprest

With burden of great treasure, I thinke best

Here for to stay in safetie behind;

My Lord and I will search the wide forrest.

That counsell pleased not Malbeccoes mind;

For he was much affraid, himselfe alone to find.

XLII

Then is it best (said he) that ye doe leaue

Your treasure here in some securitie,

Either fast closed in some hollow greaue,

Or buried in the ground from ieopardie,

Till we returne againe in safetie:

As for vs two, least doubt of vs ye haue,

Hence farre away we will blindfolded lie,

Ne priuie be vnto your treasures graue.

It pleased: so he did. Then they march forward braue.

XLIII

Now when amid the thickest woods they were,

They heard a noyse of many bagpipes shrill,

And shrieking Hububs them approching nere,

Which all the forrest did with horror fill:

That dreadfull sound the boasters hart did thrill,

With such amazement, that in haste he fled,

Ne euer looked backe for good or ill,

And after him eke fearefull Trompart sped;

The old man could not fly, but fell to ground halfe ded.

XLIV

Yet afterwards close creeping, as he might,

He in a bush did hide his fearefull hed,

The iolly Satyres full of fresh delight,

Came dauncing forth, and with them nimbly led

Faire Helenore, with girlonds all bespred,

Whom their May-lady they had newly made:

She proud of that new honour, which they red,

And of their louely fellowship full glade,

Daunst liuely, and her face did with a Lawrell shade.

XLV

The silly man that in the thicket lay

Saw all this goodly sport, and grieued sore,

Yet durst he not against it doe or say,

But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,

To see th'vnkindnesse of his Hellenore.

All day they daunced with great lustihed,

And with their horned feet the greene grasse wore,

The whiles their Gotes vpon the brouzes fed,

Till drouping Phœbus gan to hide his golden hed.

XLVI

Tho vp they gan their merry pypes to trusse,

And all their goodly heards did gather round,

But euery Satyre first did giue a busse

To Hellenore: so busses did abound.

Now gan the humid vapour shed the ground

With perly deaw, and th'Earthes gloomy shade

Did dim the brightnesse of the welkin round,

That euery bird and beast awarned made,

To shrowd themselues, whiles sleepe their senses did inuade.

XLVII

Which when Melbecco saw, out of his bush

Vpon his hands and feete he crept full light,

And like a Gote emongst the Gotes did rush,

That through the helpe of his faire hornes on hight,

And misty dampe of misconceiuing night,

And eke through likenesse of his gotish beard,

He did the better counterfeite aright:

So home he marcht emongst the horned heard,

That none of all the Satyres him espyde or heard.

XLVIII

At night, when all they went to sleepe, he vewd,

Whereas his louely wife emongst them lay,

Embraced of a Satyre rough and rude,

Who all the night did minde his ioyous play:

Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,

That all his hart with gealosie did swell;

But yet that nights ensample did bewray,

That not for nought his wife them loued so well,

When one so oft a night did ring his matins bell.

XLIX

So closely as he could, he to them crept,

When wearie of their sport to sleepe they fell,

And to his wife, that now full soundly slept,

He whispered in her eare, and did her tell,

That it was he, which by her side did dwell,

And therefore prayd her wake, to heare him plaine.

As one out of a dreame not waked well,

She turned her, and returned backe againe:

Yet her for to awake he did the more constraine.

L

At last with irkesome trouble she abrayd;

And then perceiuing, that it was indeed

Her old Malbecco, which did her vpbrayd,

With loosenesse of her loue, and loathly deed,

She was astonisht with exceeding dreed,

And would haue wakt the Satyre by her syde;

But he her prayd, for mercy, or for meed,

To saue his life, ne let him be descryde,

But hearken to his lore, and all his counsell hyde.

LI

Tho gan he her perswade, to leaue that lewd

And loathsome life, of God and man abhord,

And home returne, where all should be renewd

With perfect peace, and bandes of fresh accord,

And she receiu'd againe to bed and bord,

As if no trespasse euer had bene donne:

But she it all refused at one word,

And by no meanes would to his will be wonne,

But chose emongst the iolly Satyres still to wonne.

LII

He wooed her, till day spring he espyde;

But all in vaine: and then turnd to the heard,

Who butted him with hornes on euery syde,

And trode downe in the durt, where his hore beard

Was fowly dight, and he of death afeard.

Early before the heauens fairest light

Out of the ruddy East was fully reard,

The heardes out of their foldes were loosed quight,

And he emongst the rest crept forth in sory plight.

LIII

So soone as he the Prison dore did pas,

He ran as fast, as both his feete could beare,

And neuer looked, who behind him was,

Ne scarsely who before: like as a Beare

That creeping close, amongst the hiues to reare

An hony combe, the wakefull dogs espy,

And him assayling, sore his carkasse teare,

That hardly he with life away does fly,

Ne stayes, till safe himselfe he see from ieopardy.

LIV

Ne stayd he, till he came vnto the place,

Where late his treasure he entombed had,

Where when he found it not (for Trompart bace

Had it purloyned for his maister bad:)

With extreme fury he became quite mad,

And ran away, ran with himselfe away:

That who so straungely had him seene bestad,

With vpstart haire, and staring eyes dismay,

From Limbo lake him late escaped sure would say.

LV

High ouer hilles and ouer dales he fled,

As if the wind him on his winges had borne,

Ne banck nor bush could stay him, when he sped

His nimble feet, as treading still on thorne:

Griefe, and despight, and gealosie, and scorne

Did all the way him follow hard behind,

And he himselfe himselfe loath'd so forlorne,

So shamefully forlorne of womankind;

That as a Snake, still lurked in his wounded mind.

LVI

Still fled he forward, looking backward still,

Ne stayd his flight, nor fearefull agony,

Till that he came vnto a rockie hill,

Ouer the sea, suspended dreadfully,

That liuing creature it would terrify,

To looke adowne, or vpward to the hight:

From thence he threw himselfe dispiteously,

All desperate of his fore-damned spright,

That seem'd no helpe for him was left in liuing sight.

LVII

But through long anguish, and selfe-murdring thought

He was so wasted and forpined quight,

That all his substance was consum'd to nought,

And nothing left, but like an aery Spright,

That on the rockes he fell so flit and light,

That he thereby receiu'd no hurt at all,

But chaunced on a craggy cliff to light;

Whence he with crooked clawes so long did crall,

That at the last he found a caue with entrance small.

LVIII

Into the same he creepes, and thenceforth there

Resolu'd to build his balefull mansion,

In drery darkenesse, and continuall feare

Of that rockes fall, which euer and anon

Threates with huge ruine him to fall vpon,

That he dare neuer sleepe, but that one eye

Still ope he keepes for that occasion;

Ne euer rests he in tranquillity,

The roring billowes beat his bowre so boystrously.

LIX

Ne euer is he wont on ought to feed,

But toades and frogs, his pasture poysonous,

Which in his cold complexion do breed

A filthy bloud, or humour rancorous,

Matter of doubt and dread suspitious,

That doth with curelesse care consume the hart,

Corrupts the stomacke with gall vitious,

Croscuts the liuer with internall smart,

And doth transfixe the soule with deathes eternall dart.

LX

Yet can he neuer dye, but dying liues,

And doth himselfe with sorrow new sustaine,

That death and life attonce vnto him giues.

And painefull pleasure turnes to pleasing paine.

There dwels he euer, miserable swaine,

Hatefull both to him selfe, and euery wight;

Where he through priuy griefe, and horrour vaine,

Is woxen so deform'd, that he has quight

Forgot he was a man, and Gealosie is hight.

Canto XI

Britomart chaceth Ollyphant,

findes Scudamour distrest:

Assayes the house of Busyrane,

where Loues spoyles are exprest.

I

O Hatefull hellish Snake, what furie furst

Brought thee from balefull house of Proserpine,

Where in her bosome she thee long had nurst,

And fostred vp with bitter milke of tine,

Fowle Gealosie, that turnest loue diuine

To ioylesse dread, and mak'st the louing hart

With hatefull thoughts to languish and to pine,

And feed it selfe with selfe-consuming smart?

Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art.

II

O let him far be banished away,

And in his stead let Loue for euer dwell,

Sweet Loue, that doth his golden wings embay

In blessed Nectar, and pure Pleasures well,

Vntroubled of vile feare, or bitter fell.

And ye faire Ladies, that your kingdomes make

In th'harts of men, them gouerne wisely well,

And of faire Britomart ensample take,

That was as trew in loue, as Turtle to her make.

III

Who with Sir Satyrane, as earst ye red,

Forth ryding from Malbeccoes hostlesse hous,

Farr off aspyde a young man, the which fled

From an huge Geaunt, that with hideous

And hatefull outrage long him chaced thus;

It was that Ollyphant, the brother deare

Of that Argante vile and vitious,

From whom the Squire of Dames was reft whylere;

This all as bad as she, and worse, if worse ought were.

IV

For as the sister did in feminine

And filthy lust exceede all woman kind,

So he surpassed his sex masculine,

In beastly vse that I did euer find;

Whom when as Britomart beheld behind

The fearefull boy so greedily pursew,

She was emmoued in her noble mind,

T'employ her puissaunce to his reskew,

And pricked fiercely forward, where she him did vew.

V

Ne was Sir Satyrane her far behinde,

But with like fiercenesse did ensew the chace:

Whom when the Gyaunt saw, he soone resinde

His former suit, and from them fled apace;

They after both, and boldly bad him bace,

And each did striue the other to out-goe,

But he them both outran a wondrous space,

For he was long, and swift as any Roe,

And now made better speed, t'escape his feared foe.

VI

It was not Satyrane, whom he did feare,

But Britomart the flowre of chastity;

For he the powre of chast hands might not beare,

But alwayes did their dread encounter fly:

And now so fast his feet he did apply,

That he has gotten to a forrest neare,

Where he is shrowded in security.

The wood they enter, and search euery where,

They searched diuersely, so both diuided were.

VII

Britomart so long him followed,

That she at last came to a fountaine sheare,

By which there lay a knight all wallowed

Vpon the grassy ground, and by him neare

His haberieon, his helmet, and his speare;

A little off, his shield was rudely throwne,

On which the winged boy in colours cleare

Depeincted was, full easie to be knowne,

And he thereby, where euer it in field was showne.

VIII

His face vpon the ground did groueling ly,

As if he had bene slombring in the shade,

That the braue Mayd would not for courtesy,

Out of his quiet slomber him abrade,

Nor seeme too suddeinly him to inuade:

Still as she stood, she heard with grieuous throb

Him grone, as if his hart were peeces made,

And with most painefull pangs to sigh and sob,

That pitty did the Virgins hart of patience rob.

IX

At last forth breaking into bitter plaintes

He said; O soueraigne Lord that sit'st on hye,

And raignst in blis emongst thy blessed Saintes,

How suffrest thou such shamefull cruelty,

So long vnwreaked of thine enimy?

Or hast thou, Lord, of good mens cause no heed?

Or doth thy iustice sleepe, and silent ly?

What booteth then the good and righteous deed,

If goodnesse find no grace, nor righteousnesse no meed?

X

If good find grace, and righteousnesse reward,

Why then is Amoret in caytiue band,

Sith that more bounteous creature neuer far'd

On foot, vpon the face of liuing land?

Or if that heauenly iustice may withstand

The wrongfull outrage of vnrighteous men,

Why then is Busirane with wicked hand

Suffred, these seuen monethes day in secret den

My Lady and my loue so cruelly to pen?

XI

My Lady and my loue is cruelly pend

In dolefull darkenesse from the vew of day,

Whilest deadly torments do her chast brest rend,

And the sharpe steele doth riue her hart in tway,

All for she Scudamore will not denay.

Yet thou vile man, vile Scudamore art sound,

Ne canst her ayde, ne canst her foe dismay;

Vnworthy wretch to tread vpon the ground,

For whom so faire a Lady feeles so sore a wound.

XII

There an huge heape of singults did oppresse

His strugling soule, and swelling throbs empeach

His foltring toung with pangs of drerinesse,

Choking the remnant of his plaintife speach,

As if his dayes were come to their last reach.

Which when she heard, and saw the ghastly fit,

Threatning into his life to make a breach,

Both with great ruth and terrour she was smit,

Fearing least from her cage the wearie soule would flit.

XIII

Tho stooping downe she him amoued light;

Who therewith somewhat starting, vp gan looke,

And seeing him behind a straunger knight,

Whereas no liuing creature he mistooke,

With great indignaunce he that sight forsooke,

And downe againe himselfe disdainefully

Abiecting, th'earth with his faire forhead strooke:

Which the bold Virgin seeing, gan apply

Fit medcine to his griefe, and spake thus courtesly.

XIV

Ah gentle knight, whose deepe conceiued griefe

Well seemes t'exceede the powre of patience,

Yet if that heauenly grace some good reliefe

You send, submit you to high prouidence,

And euer in your noble hart prepense,

That all the sorrow in the world is lesse,

Then vertues might, and values confidence,

For who nill bide the burden of distresse,

Must not here thinke to liue: for life is wretchednesse.

XV

Therefore, faire Sir, do comfort to you take,

And freely read, what wicked felon so

Hath outrag'd you, and thrald your gentle make.

Perhaps this hand may helpe to ease your woe,

And wreake your sorrow on your cruell foe,

At least it faire endeuour will apply.

Those feeling wordes so neare the quicke did goe,

That vp his head he reared easily,

And leaning on his elbow, these few wordes let fly.

XVI

What boots it plaine, that cannot be redrest,

And sow vaine sorrow in a fruitlesse eare,

Sith powre of hand, nor skill of learned brest,

Ne worldly price cannot redeeme my deare,

Out of her thraldome and continuall feare?

For he the tyraunt, which her hath in ward

By strong enchauntments and blacke Magicke leare,

Hath in a dungeon deepe her close embard,

And many dreadfull feends hath pointed to her gard.

XVII

There he tormenteth her most terribly,

And day and night afflicts with mortall paine,

Because to yield him loue she doth deny,

Once to me yold, not to be yold againe:

But yet by torture he would her constraine

Loue to conceiue in her disdainfull brest,

Till so she do, she must in doole remaine,

Ne may by liuing meanes be thence relest:

What boots it then to plaine, that cannot be redrest?

XVIII

With this sad hersall of his heauy stresse,

The warlike Damzell was empassiond sore,

And said; Sir knight, your cause is nothing lesse,

Then is your sorrow, certes if not more;

For nothing so much pitty doth implore,

As gentle Ladies helplesse misery.

But yet, if please ye listen to my lore,

I will with proofe of last extremity,

Deliuer her fro thence, or with her for you dy.

XIX

Ah gentlest knight aliue, (said Scudamore)

What huge heroicke magnanimity

Dwels in thy bounteous brest? what couldst thou more,

If she were thine, and thou as now am I?

O spare thy happy dayes, and them apply

To better boot, but let me dye, that ought;

More is more losse: one is enough to dy.

Life is not lost, (said she) for which is bought

Endlesse renowm, that more then death is to be sought.

XX

Thus she at length perswaded him to rise,

And with her wend, to see what new successe

Mote him befall vpon new enterprise;

His armes, which he had vowed to disprofesse,

She gathered vp and did about him dresse,

And his forwandred steed vnto him got:

So forth they both yfere make their progresse,

And march not past the mountenaunce of a shot,

Till they arriu'd, whereas their purpose they did plot.

XXI

There they dismounting, drew their weapons bold

And stoutly came vnto the Castle gate;

Whereas no gate they found, them to withhold,

Nor ward to wait at morne and euening late,

But in the Porch, that did them sore amate,

A flaming fire, ymixt with smouldry smoke,

And stinking Sulphure, that with griesly hate

And dreadfull horrour did all entraunce choke,

Enforced them their forward footing to reuoke.

XXII

Greatly thereat was Britomart dismayd,

Ne in that stownd wist, how her selfe to beare;

For daunger vaine it were, to haue assayd

That cruell element, which all things feare,

Ne none can suffer to approchen neare:

And turning backe to Scudamour, thus sayd;

What monstrous enmity prouoke we heare,

Foolhardy as th'Earthes children, the which made

Battell against the Gods? so we a God inuade.

XXIII

Daunger without discretion to attempt,

Inglorious and beastlike is: therefore Sir knight,

Aread what course of you is safest dempt,

And how we with our foe may come to fight.

This is (quoth he) the dolorous despight,

Which earst to you I playnd: for neither may

This fire be quencht by any wit or might,

Ne yet by any meanes remou'd away,

So mighty be th'enchauntments, which the same do stay.

XXIV

What is there else, but cease these fruitlesse paines,

And leaue me to my former languishing?

Faire Amoret must dwell in wicked chaines,

And Scudamore here dye with sorrowing.

Perdy not so; (said she) for shamefull thing

It were t'abandon noble cheuisaunce,

For shew of perill, without venturing:

Rather let try extremities of chaunce,

Then enterprised prayse for dread to disauaunce.

XXV

Therewith resolu'd to proue her vtmost might,

Her ample shield she threw before her face,

And her swords point directing forward right,

Assayld the flame, the which eftsoones gaue place,

And did it selfe diuide with equall space,

That through she passed; as a thunder bolt

Perceth the yielding ayre, and doth displace

The soring cloudes into sad showres ymolt;

So to her yold the flames, and did their force reuolt.

XXVI

Whom whenas Scudamour saw past the fire,

Safe and vntoucht, he likewise gan assay,

With greedy will, and enuious desire,

And bad the stubborne flames to yield him way:

But cruell Mulciber would not obay

His threatfull pride, but did the more augment

His mighty rage, and with imperious sway

Him forst (maulgre) his fiercenesse to relent,

And backe retire, all scorcht and pitifully brent.

XXVII

With huge impatience he inly swelt,

More for great sorrow, that he could not pas,

Then for the burning torment, which he felt,

That with fell woodnesse he effierced was,

And wilfully him throwing on the gras,

Did beat and bounse his head and brest full sore;

The whiles the Championesse now entred has

The vtmost rowme, and past the formest dore,

The vtmost rowme, abounding with all precious store.

XXVIII

For round about, the wals yclothed were

With goodly arras of great maiesty,

Wouen with gold and silke so close and nere,

That the rich metall lurked priuily,

As faining to be hid from enuious eye;

Yet here, and there, and euery where vnwares

It shewd it selfe, and shone vnwillingly;

Like a discolourd Snake, whose hidden snares

Through the greene gras his long bright burnisht backe declares.

XXIX

And in those Tapets weren fashioned

Many faire pourtraicts, and many a faire feate,

And all of loue, and all of lusty-hed,

As seemed by their semblaunt did entreat;

And eke all Cupids warres they did repeate,

And cruell battels, which he whilome fought

Gainst all the Gods, to make his empire great;

Besides the huge massacres, which he wrought

On mighty kings and kesars, into thraldome brought.

XXX

Therein was writ, how often thundring Ioue

Had felt the point of his hart-percing dart,

And leauing heauens kingdome, here did roue

In straunge disguize, to slake his scalding smart;

Now like a Ram, faire Helle to peruart,

Now like a Bull, Europa to withdraw:

Ah, how the fearefull Ladies tender hart

Did liuely seeme to tremble, when she saw

The huge seas vnder her t'obay her seruaunts law.

XXXI

Soone after that into a golden showre

Him selfe he chaung'd faire Danae to vew,

And through the roofe of her strong brasen towre

Did raine into her lap an hony dew,

The whiles her foolish garde, that little knew

Of such deceipt, kept th'yron dore fast bard,

And watcht, that none should enter nor issew;

Vaine was the watch, and bootlesse all the ward,

Whenas the God to golden hew him selfe transfard.

XXXII

Then was he turnd into a snowy Swan,

To win faire Leda to his louely trade:

O wondrous skill, and sweet wit of the man,

That her in daffadillies sleeping made,

From scorching heat her daintie limbes to shade:

Whiles the proud Bird ruffing his fethers wyde,

And brushing his faire brest, did her inuade;

She slept, yet twixt her eyelids closely spyde,

How towards her he rusht, and smiled at his pryde.

XXXIII

Then shewd it, how the Thebane Semelee

Deceiu'd of gealous Iuno, did require

To see him in his soueraigne maiestee,

Armd with his thunderbolts and lightning fire,

Whence dearely she with death bought her desire.

But faire Alcmena better match did make,

Ioying his loue in likenesse more entire;

Three nights in one, they say, that for her sake

He then did put, her pleasures lenger to partake.

XXXIV

Twise was he seene in soaring Eagles shape,

And with wide wings to beat the buxome ayre,

Once, when he with Asterie did scape,

Againe, when as the Troiane boy so faire

He snatcht from Ida hill, and with him bare:

Wondrous delight it was, there to behould,

How the rude Shepheards after him did stare,

Trembling through feare, least down he fallen should

And often to him calling, to take surer hould.

XXXV

In Satyres shape Antiopa he snatcht:

And like a fire, when he Aegin' assayd:

A shepheard, when Mnemosyne he catcht:

And like a Serpent to the Thracian mayd.

Whiles thus on earth great Ioue these pageaunts playd,

The winged boy did thrust into his throne,

And scoffing, thus vnto his mother sayd,

Lo now the heauens obey to me alone,

And take me for their Ioue, whiles Ioue to earth is gone.

XXXVI

And thou, faire Phœbus, in thy colours bright

Wast there enwouen, and the sad distresse,

In which that boy thee plonged, for despight,

That thou bewray'dst his mothers wantonnesse,

When she with Mars was meynt in ioyfulnesse:

For thy he thrild thee with a leaden dart,

To loue faire Daphne, which thee loued lesse:

Lesse she thee lou'd, then was thy iust desart,

Yet was thy loue her death, and her death was thy smart.

XXXVII

So louedst thou the lusty Hyacinct,

So louedst thou the faire Coronis deare:

Yet both are of thy haplesse hand extinct,

Yet both in flowres do liue, and loue thee beare,

The one a Paunce, the other a sweet breare:

For griefe whereof, ye mote haue liuely seene

The God himselfe rending his golden heare,

And breaking quite his gyrlond euer greene,

With other signes of sorrow and impatient teene.

XXXVIII

Both for those two, and for his owne deare sonne,

The sonne of Climene he did repent,

Who bold to guide the charet of the Sunne,

Himselfe in thousand peeces fondly rent,

And all the world with flashing fier brent,

So like, that all the walles did seeme to flame.

Yet cruell Cupid, not herewith content,

Forst him eftsoones to follow other game,

And loue a Shepheards daughter for his dearest Dame.

XXXIX

He loued Isse for his dearest Dame,

And for her sake her cattell fed a while,

And for her sake a cowheard vile became,

The seruant of Admetus cowheard vile,

Whiles that from heauen he suffered exile.

Long were to tell each other louely fit,

Now like a Lyon, hunting after spoile,

Now like a Hag, now like a faulcon flit:

All which in that faire arras was most liuely writ.

XL

Next vnto him was Neptune pictured,

In his diuine resemblance wondrous lyke:

His face was rugged, and his hoarie hed

Dropped with brackish deaw; his three-forkt Pyke

He stearnly shooke, and therewith fierce did stryke

The raging billowes, that on euery syde

They trembling stood, and made a long broad dyke,

That his swift charet might haue passage wyde,

Which foure great Hippodames did draw in temewise tyde.

XLI

His sea-horses did seeme to snort amayne,

And from their nosethrilles blow the brynie streame,

That made the sparckling waues to smoke agayne,

And flame with gold, but the white fomy creame,

Did shine with siluer, and shoot forth his beame.

The God himselfe did pensiue seeme and sad,

And hong adowne his head, as he did dreame:

For priuy loue his brest empierced had,

Ne ought but deare Bisaltis ay could make him glad.

XLII

He loued eke Iphimedia deare,

And Aeolus faire daughter Arne hight,

For whom he turnd him selfe into a Steare,

And fed on fodder, to beguile her sight.

Also to win Deucalions daughter bright,

He turnd him selfe into a Dolphin fayre;

And like a winged horse he tooke his flight,

To snaky-locke Medusa to repayre,

On whom he got faire Pegasus, that flitteth in the ayre.

XLIII

Next Saturne was, (but who would euer weene,

That sullein Saturne euer weend to loue?

Yet loue is sullein, and Saturnlike seene,

As he did for Erigone it proue,)

That to a Centaure did him selfe transmoue.

So proou'd it eke that gracious God of wine,

When for to compasse Philliras hard loue,

He turnd himselfe into a fruitfull vine,

And into her faire bosome made his grapes decline.

XLIV

Long were to tell the amorous assayes,

And gentle pangues, with which he maked meeke

The mighty Mars, to learne his wanton playes:

How oft for Venus, and how often eek

For many other Nymphes he sore did shreek,

With womanish teares, and with vnwarlike smarts,

Priuily moystening his horrid cheek.

There was he painted full of burning darts,

And many wide woundes launched through his inner parts.

XLV

Ne did he spare (so cruell was the Elfe)

His owne deare mother, (ah why should he so?)

Ne did he spare sometime to pricke himselfe,

That he might tast the sweet consuming woe,

Which he had wrought to many others moe.

But to declare the mournfull Tragedyes,

And spoiles, wherewith he all the ground did strow,

More eath to number, with how many eyes

High heauen beholds sad louers nightly theeueryes.

XLVI

Kings Queenes, Lords Ladies,

Knights and Damzels gent

Were heap'd together with the vulgar sort,

And mingled with the raskall rablement,

Without respect of person or of port,

To shew Dan Cupids powre and great effort:

And round about a border was entrayld,

Of broken bowes and arrowes shiuered short,

And a long bloudy riuer through them rayld,

So liuely and so like, that liuing sence it fayld.

XLVII

And at the vpper end of that faire rowme,

There was an Altar built of pretious stone,

Of passing valew, and of great renowme,

On which there stood an Image all alone,

Of massy gold, which with his owne light shone;

And wings it had with sundry colours dight,

More sundry colours, then the proud Pauone

Beares in his boasted fan, or Iris bright,

When her discolourd bow she spreds through heauen bright.

XLVIII

Blindfold he was, and in his cruell fist

A mortall bow and arrowes keene did hold,

With which he shot at randon, when him list,

Some headed with sad lead, some with pure gold;

(Ah man beware, how thou those darts behold)

A wounded Dragon vnder him did ly,

Whose hideous tayle his left foot did enfold,

And with a shaft was shot through either eye,

That no man forth might draw, ne no man remedye.

XLIX

And vnderneath his feet was written thus,

Vnto the Victor of the Gods this bee:

And all the people in that ample hous

Did to that image bow their humble knee,

And oft committed fowle Idolatree.

That wondrous sight faire Britomart amazed,

Ne seeing could her wonder satisfie,

But euermore and more vpon it gazed,

The whiles the passing brightnes her fraile sences dazed.

L

Tho as she backward cast her busie eye,

To search each secret of that goodly sted

Ouer the dore thus written she did spye

Be bold: she oft and oft it ouer-red,

Yet could not find what sence it figured:

But what so were therein or writ or ment,

She was no whit thereby discouraged

From prosecuting of her first intent,

But forward with bold steps into the next roome went.

LI

Much fairer, then the former, was that roome,

And richlier by many partes arayd:

For not with arras made in painefull loome,

But with pure gold it all was ouerlayd,

Wrought with wilde Antickes, which their follies playd,

In the rich metall, as they liuing were:

A thousand monstrous formes therein were made,

Such as false loue doth oft vpon him weare,

For loue in thousand monstrous formes doth oft appeare.

LII

And all about, the glistring walles were hong

With warlike spoiles, and with victorious prayes,

Of mighty Conquerours and Captaines strong,

Which were whilome captiued in their dayes

To cruell loue, and wrought their owne decayes:

Their swerds and speres were broke, and hauberques rent;

And their proud girlonds of tryumphant bayes

Troden in dust with fury insolent,

To shew the victors might and mercilesse intent.

LIII

The warlike Mayde beholding earnestly

The goodly ordinance of this rich place,

Did greatly wonder, ne could satisfie

Her greedy eyes with gazing a long space,

But more she meruaild that no footings trace,

Nor wight appear'd, but wastefull emptinesse,

And solemne silence ouer all that place:

Straunge thing it seem'd, that none was to possesse

So rich purueyance, ne them keepe with carefulnesse.

LIV

And as she lookt about, she did behold,

How ouer that same dore was likewise writ,

Be bold, be bold, and euery where Be bold,

That much she muz'd, yet could not construe it

By any ridling skill, or commune wit.

At last she spyde at that roomes vpper end,

Another yron dore, on which was writ,

Be not too bold; whereto though she did bend

Her earnest mind, yet wist not what it might intend.

LV

Thus she there waited vntill euentyde,

Yet liuing creature none she saw appeare:

And now sad shadowes gan the world to hyde,

From mortall vew, and wrap in darkenesse dreare;

Yet nould she d'off her weary armes, for feare

Of secret daunger, ne let sleepe oppresse

Her heauy eyes with natures burdein deare,

But drew her selfe aside in sickernesse,

And her welpointed weapons did about her dresse.

Canto XII

The maske of Cupid, and th'enchaunted

Chamber are displayd,

Whence Britomart redeemes faire

Amoret, through charmes decayd.

I

THo when as chearlesse Night ycouered had

Faire heauen with an vniuersall cloud,

That euery wight dismayd with darknesse sad,

In silence and in sleepe themselues did shroud,

She heard a shrilling Trompet sound aloud,

Signe of nigh battell, or got victory;

Nought therewith daunted was her courage proud,

But rather stird to cruell enmity,

Expecting euer, when some foe she might descry.

II

With that, an hideous storme of winde arose,

With dreadfull thunder and lightning atwixt,

And an earth-quake, as if it streight would lose

The worlds foundations from his centre fixt;

A direfull stench of smoke and sulphure mixt

Ensewd, whose noyance fild the fearefull sted,

From the fourth houre of night vntill the sixt;

Yet the bold Britonesse was nought ydred,

Though much emmou'd, but stedfast still perseuered.

III

All suddenly a stormy whirlwind blew

Throughout the house, that clapped euery dore,

With which that yron wicket open flew,

As it with mightie leuers had bene tore:

And forth issewd, as on the ready flore

Of some Theatre, a graue personage,

That in his hand a branch of laurell bore,

With comely haueour and count'nance sage,

Yclad in costly garments, fit for tragicke Stage.

IV

Proceeding to the midst, he still did stand,

As if in mind he somewhat had to say,

And to the vulgar beckning with his hand,

In signe of silence, as to heare a play,

By liuely actions he gan bewray

Some argument of matter passioned;

Which doen, he backe retyred soft away,

And passing by, his name discouered,

Ease, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

V

The noble Mayd, still standing all this vewd,

And merueild at his strange intendiment;

With that a ioyous fellowship issewd

Of Minstrals, making goodly meriment,

With wanton Bardes, and Rymers impudent,

All which together sung full chearefully

A lay of loues delight, with sweet concent:

After whom marcht a iolly company,

In manner of a maske, enranged orderly.

VI

The whiles a most delitious harmony,

In full straunge notes was sweetly heard to sound,

That the rare sweetnesse of the melody

The feeble senses wholly did confound,

And the fraile soule in deepe delight nigh dround:

And when it ceast, shrill trompets loud did bray,

That their report did farre away rebound,

And when they ceast, it gan againe to play,

The whiles the maskers marched forth in trim aray.

VII

The first was Fancy, like a louely boy,

Of rare aspect, and beautie without peare;

Matchable either to that ympe of Troy,

Whom Ioue did loue, and chose his cup to beare,

Or that same daintie lad, which was so deare

To great Alcides, that when as he dyde,

He wailed womanlike with many a teare,

And euery wood, and euery valley wyde

He fild with Hylas name; the Nymphes eke Hylas cryde.

VIII

His garment neither was of silke nor say,

But painted plumes, in goodly order dight,

Like as the sunburnt Indians do aray

Their tawney bodies, in their proudest plight:

As those same plumes, so seemd he vaine and light,

That by his gate might easily appeare;

For still he far'd as dauncing in delight,

And in his hand a windy fan did beare,

That in the idle aire he mou'd still here and there.

IX

And him beside marcht amorous Desyre,

Who seemd of riper yeares, then th'other Swaine,

Yet was that other swayne this elders syre,

And gaue him being, commune to them twaine:

His garment was disguised very vaine,

And his embrodered Bonet sat awry;

Twixt both his hands few sparkes he close did straine,

Which still he blew, and kindled busily,

That soone they life conceiu'd, and forth in flames did fly.

X

Next after him went Doubt, who was yclad

In a discolour'd cote, of straunge disguyse,

That at his backe a brode Capuccio had,

And sleeues dependant Albanese-wyse:

He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,

And nicely trode, as thornes lay in his way,

Or that the flore to shrinke he did auyse,

And on a broken reed he still did stay

His feeble steps, which shrunke, when hard theron he lay.

XI

With him went Daunger, cloth'd in ragged weed,

Made of Beares skin, that him more dreadfull made,

Yet his owne face was dreadfull, ne did need

Straunge horrour, to deforme his griesly shade;

A net in th'one hand, and rustie blade

In th'other was, this Mischiefe, that Mishap;

With th'one his foes he threatned to inuade,

With th'other he his friends ment to enwrap:

For whom he could not kill, he practizd to entrap.

XII

Next him was Feare, all arm'd from top to toe,

\Yet thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,

But feard each shadow mouing to and fro,

And his owne armes when glittering he did spy,

Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,

As ashes pale of hew, and wingyheeld;

And euermore on daunger fixt his eye,

Gainst whom he alwaies bent a brasen shield,

Which his right hand vnarmed fearefully did wield.

XIII

With him went Hope in rancke, a handsome Mayd,

Of chearefull looke and louely to behold;

In silken samite she was light arayd,

And her faire lockes were wouen vp in gold;

She alway smyld, and in her hand did hold

An holy water Sprinckle, dipt in deowe,

With which she sprinckled fauours manifold,

On whom she list, and did great liking sheowe,

Great liking vnto many, but true loue to feowe.

XIV

And after them Dissemblance, and Suspect

Marcht in one rancke, yet an vnequall paire:

For she was gentle, and of milde aspect,

Courteous to all, and seeming debonaire,

Goodly adorned, and exceeding faire:

Yet was that all but painted, and purloynd,

And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed haire:

Her deedes were forged, and her words false coynd,

And alwaies in her hand two clewes of silke she twynd.

XV

But he was foule, ill fauoured, and grim,

Vnder his eyebrowes looking still askaunce;

And euer as Dissemblance laught on him,

He lowrd on her with daungerous eyeglaunce;

Shewing his nature in his countenance;

His rolling eyes did neuer rest in place,

But walkt each where, for feare of hid mischaunce,

Holding a lattice still before his face,

Through which he still did peepe, as forward he did pace.

XVI

Next him went Griefe, and Fury matched yfere;

Griefe all in sable sorrowfully clad,

Downe hanging his dull head, with heauy chere,

Yet inly being more, then seeming sad:

A paire of Pincers in his hand he had,

With which he pinched people to the hart,

That from thenceforth a wretched life they lad,

In wilfull languor and consuming smart,

Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.

XVII

But Fury was full ill appareiled

In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,

With ghastly lookes and dreadfull drerihed;

For from her backe her garments she did teare,

And from her head oft rent her snarled heare:

In her right hand a firebrand she did tosse

About her head, still roming here and there;

As a dismayed Deare in chace embost,

Forgetfull of his safety, hath his right way lost.

XVIII

After them went Displeasure and Pleasance,

He looking lompish and full sullein sad,

And hanging downe his heauy countenance;

She chearefull fresh and full of ioyance glad,

As if no sorrow she ne felt ne drad;

That euill matched paire they seemd to bee:

An angry Waspe th'one in a viall had

Th'other in hers an hony-lady Bee;

Thus marched these sixe couples forth in faire degree.

XIX

After all these there marcht a most faire Dame,

Led of two grysie villeins, th'one Despight,

The other cleped Cruelty by name:

She dolefull Lady, like a dreary Spright,

Cald by strong charmes out of eternall night,

Had deathes owne image figurd in her face,

Full of sad signes, fearefull to liuing sight;

Yet in that horror shewd a seemely grace,

And with her feeble feet did moue a comely pace.

XX

Her brest all naked, as net iuory,

Without adorne of gold or siluer bright,

Wherewith the Craftesman wonts it beautify,

Of her dew honour was despoyled quight,

And a wide wound therein (O ruefull sight)

Entrenched deepe with knife accursed keene,

Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting spright,

(The worke of cruell hand) was to be seene,

That dyde in sanguine red her skin all snowy cleene.

XXI

At that wide orifice her trembling hart

Was drawne forth, and in siluer basin layd,

Quite through transfixed with a deadly dart,

And in her bloud yet steeming fresh embayd:

And those two villeins, which her steps vpstayd,

When her weake feete could scarcely her sustaine,

And fading vitall powers gan to fade,

Her forward still with torture did constraine,

And euermore encreased her consuming paine.

XXII

Next after her the winged God himselfe

Came riding on a Lion rauenous,

Taught to obay the menage of that Elfe,

That man and beast with powre imperious

Subdeweth to his kingdome tyrannous:

His blindfold eyes he bad a while vnbind,

That his proud spoyle of that same dolorous

Faire Dame he might behold in perfect kind;

Which seene, he much reioyced in his cruell mind.

XXIII

Of which full proud, himselfe vp rearing hye,

He looked round about with sterne disdaine;

And did suruay his goodly company:

And marshalling the euill ordered traine,

With that the darts which his right hand did straine,

Full dreadfully he shooke that all did quake,

And clapt on hie his coulourd winges twaine,

That all his many it affraide did make:

Tho blinding him againe, his way he forth did take.

XXIV

Behinde him was Reproch, Repentance, Shame;

Reproch the first, Shame next, Repent behind:

Repentance feeble, sorrowfull, and lame:

Reproch despightfull, carelesse, and vnkind;

Shame most ill fauourd, bestiall, and blind:

Shame lowrd, Repentance sigh'd, Reproch did scould;

Reproch sharpe stings, Repentance whips entwind,

Shame burning brond-yrons in her hand did hold:

All three to each vnlike, yet all made in one mould.

XXV

And after them a rude confused rout

Of persons flockt, whose name is hard to read:

Emongst them was sterne Strife, and Anger stout,

Vnquiet Care, and fond Vnthriftihead,

Lewd Losse of Time, and Sorrow seeming dead,

Inconstant Chaunge, and false Disloyaltie,

Consuming Riotise, and guilty Dread

Of heauenly vengeance, faint Infirmitie,

Vile Pouertie, and lastly Death with infamie.

XXVI

There were full many moe like maladies,

Whose names and natures I note readen well;

So many moe, as there be phantasies

In wauering wemens wit, that none can tell,

Or paines in loue, or punishments in hell;

All which disguized marcht in masking wise,

About the chamber with that Damozell,

And then returned, hauing marched thrise,

Into the inner roome, from whence they first did rise.

XXVII

So soone as they were in, the dore streight way

\Fast locked, driuen with that stormy blast,

Which first it opened; and bore all away.

Then the braue Maid, which all this while was plast,

In secret shade, and saw both first and last,

Issewed forth, and went vnto the dore,

To enter in, but found it locked fast:

It vaine she thought with rigorous vprore

For to efforce, when charmes had closed it afore.

XXVIII

Where force might not auaile, there sleights and art

She cast to vse, both fit for hard emprize;

For thy from that same roome not to depart

Till morrow next, she did her selfe auize,

When that same Maske againe should forth arize.

The morrow next appeard with ioyous cheare,

Calling men to their daily exercize,

Then she, as morrow fresh, her selfe did reare

Out of her secret stand, that day for to out weare.

XXIX

All that day she outwore in wandering,

And gazing on that Chambers ornament,

Till that againe the second euening

Her couered with her sable vestiment,

Wherewith the worlds faire beautie she hath blent:

Then when the second watch was almost past,

That brasen dore flew open, and in went

Bold Britomart, as she had late forecast,

Neither of idle shewes, nor of false charmes aghast.

XXX

So soone as she was entred, round about

She cast her eies, to see what was become

Of all those persons, which she saw without:

But lo, they streight were vanisht all and some,

Ne liuing wight she saw in all that roome,

Saue that same woefull Ladie, both whose hands

Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,

And her small wast girt round with yron bands,

Vnto a brasen pillour, by the which she stands.

XXXI

And her before the vile Enchaunter sate,

Figuring straunge characters of his art,

With liuing bloud he those characters wrate,

Dreadfully dropping from her dying hart,

Seeming transfixed with a cruell dart,

And all perforce to make her him to loue.

Ah who can loue the worker of her smart?

A thousand charmes he formerly did proue;

Yet thousand charmes could not her stedfast heart remoue.

XXXII

Soone as that virgin knight he saw in place,

His wicked bookes in hast he ouerthrew,

Not caring his long labours to deface,

And fiercely ronning to that Lady trew,

A murdrous knife out of his pocket drew,

The which he thought, for villeinous despight,

In her tormented bodie to embrew:

But the stout Damzell to him leaping light,

His cursed hand withheld, and maistered his might.

XXXIII

From her, to whom his fury first he ment,

The wicked weapon rashly he did wrest,

And turning to her selfe his fell intent,

Vnwares it strooke into her snowie chest,

That little drops empurpled her faire brest.

Exceeding wroth therewith the virgin grew,

Albe the wound were nothing deepe imprest,

And fiercely forth her mortall blade she drew,

To giue him the reward for such vile outrage dew.

XXXIV

So mightily she smote him, that to ground

He fell halfe dead; next stroke him should haue slaine,

Had not the Lady, which by him stood bound,

Dernely vnto her called to abstaine, From doing him to dy.

For else her paine Should be remedilesse, sith none but hee,

Which wrought it, could the same recure againe.

Therewith she stayd her hand, loth stayd to bee;

For life she him enuyde, and long'd reuenge to see.

XXXV

And to him said, Thou wicked man, whose meed

For so huge mischiefe, and vile villany

Is death, or if that ought do death exceed,

Be sure, that nought may saue thee from to dy,

But if that thou this Dame doe presently

Restore vnto her health, and former state;

This doe and liue, else die vndoubtedly.

He glad of life, that lookt for death but late,

Did yield himselfe right willing to prolong his date.

XXXVI

And rising vp, gan streight to ouerlooke

Those cursed leaues, his charmes backe to reuerse;

Full dreadfull things out of that balefull booke

He red, and measur'd many a sad verse,

That horror gan the virgins hart to perse,

And her faire lockes vp stared stiffe on end,

Hearing him those same bloudy lines reherse;

And all the while he red, she did extend

Her sword high ouer him, if ought he did offend.

XXXVII

Anon she gan perceiue the house to quake,

And all the dores to rattle round about;

Yet all that did not her dismaied make,

Nor slacke her threatfull hand for daungers dout,

But still with stedfast eye and courage stout

Abode, to weet what end would come of all.

At last that mightie chaine, which round about

Her tender waste was wound, adowne gan fall,

And that great brasen pillour broke in peeces small.

XXXVIII

The cruell steele, which thrild her dying hart,

Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord,

And the wyde wound, which lately did dispart

Her bleeding brest, and riuen bowels gor'd,

Was closed vp, as it had not bene bor'd,

And euery part to safety full sound,

As she were neuer hurt, was soone restor'd:

Tho when she felt her selfe to be vnbound,

And perfect hole, prostrate she fell vnto the ground.

XXXIX

Before faire Britomart, she fell prostrate,

Saying, Ah noble knight, what worthy meed

Can wretched Lady, quit from wofull state,

Yield you in liew of this your gratious deed?

Your vertue selfe her owne reward shall breed,

Euen immortall praise, and glory wyde,

Which I your vassall, by your prowesse freed,

Shall through the world make to be notifyde,

And goodly well aduance, that goodly well was tryde.

XL

But Britomart vprearing her from ground,

Said, Gentle Dame, reward enough I weene

For many labours more, then I haue found,

This, that in safety now I haue you seene,

And meane of your deliuerance haue beene:

Henceforth faire Lady comfort to you take,

And put away remembrance of late teene;

In stead thereof know, that your louing Make,

Hath no lesse griefe endured for your gentle sake.

XLI

She was much cheard to heare him mentiond,

Whom of all liuing wights she loued best.

Then laid the noble Championesse strong hond

Vpon th'enchaunter, which had her distrest

So sore, and with foule outrages opprest:

With that great chaine, wherewith not long ygo

He bound that pitteous Lady prisoner, now relest,

Himselfe she bound, more worthy to be so,

And captiue with her led to wretchednesse and wo.

XLII

Returning backe, those goodly roomes, which erst

She saw so rich and royally arayd,

Now vanisht vtterly, and cleane subuerst

She found, and all their glory quite decayd,

That sight of such a chaunge her much dismayd.

Thence forth descending to that perlous Porch,

Those dreadfull flames she also found delayd,

And quenched quite, like a consumed torch,

That erst all entrers wont so cruelly to scorch.

XLIII

More easie issew now, then entrance late

She found: for now that fained dreadfull flame,

Which chokt the porch of that enchaunted gate,

And passage bard to all, that thither came,

Was vanisht quite, as it were not the same,

And gaue her leaue at pleasure forth to passe.

Th'Enchaunter selfe, which all that fraud did frame,

To haue efforst the loue of that faire lasse,

Seeing his worke now wasted deepe engrieued was.

XLIV

But when the victoresse arriued there,

Where late she left the pensife Scudamore,

With her owne trusty Squire, both full of feare,

Neither of them she found where she them lore:

Thereat her noble hart was stonisht sore;

But most faire Amoret, whose gentle spright

Now gan to feede on hope, which she before

Conceiued had, to see her owne deare knight,

Being thereof beguyld was fild with new affright.

XLV

But he sad man, when he had long in drede

Awayted there for Britomarts returne,

Yet saw her not nor signe of her good speed,

His expectation to despaire did turne,

Misdeeming sure that her those flames did burne;

And therefore gan aduize with her old Squire,

Who her deare nourslings losse no lesse did mourne,

Thence to depart for further aide t'enquire:

Where let them wend at will, whilest here I doe respire.

XLVI

At last she came vnto the place, where late

She left Sir Scudamour in great distresse,

Twixt dolour and despight halfe desperate,

Of his loues succour, of his owne redresse,

And of the hardie Britomarts successe:

There on the cold earth him now thrown she found,

In wilfull anguish, and dead heauinesse,

And to him cald; whose voices knowen sound

Soone as he heard, himself he reared light from ground.

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2.30: Reading and Review Questions

1. How, in what ways, and why does Spenser identify the Redcrosse Knight with/as St. George?

2. Archimago seems to act as an artist figure, as representing the imagination's power to recreate images. What does he suggest about art, about the power of art? How does Spenser's comments on the uses and abuses of art compare with Chaucer's?

3. How does the House of Pride hearken back to medieval allegory, and why? How does it compare with that of Everyman or Gawain and the Green Knight, for example?

4. Unlike holiness, temperance is a physical virtue. How does the landscape in Book II reflect this physicality?

5. Britomart, a female, is the Knight of Chastity. Yet her story is seminal, genealogical, in that she figures as a mother (of Elizabeth I) of a multitude through the dynasty that leads from Brutus to Arthur to Artegall (Arthur's brother by Igrain) to Elizabeth. What does Spenser's art suggest about sexuality here? Why does sex and subterfuge go so often together? How does sexuality become a virtue?

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2.31: Sir Walter Raleigh (1552-1618)

A soldier, explorer, scholar, and courtier, Walter Raleigh fought on the side of the French Protestants, the Huguenots, possibly in the Battle of Jarnac during the French Wars of Religion (1562-1598). He also participated in the massacre at Smerwick, brutally suppressing Irish rebels and slaughtering papal troops. He was tutored by the vicar John Ford, enrolled at Oriel College, Oxford University, and studied at one of the Inns of Court, the Middle Temple. Family connections probably won him a place in Elizabeth I's court, as Esquire of the Body Extraordinary.



Image 2.9 | Sir Walter Raleigh
Artist | Nicholas Hilliard
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His own charisma won him many favors from Elizabeth I, including a license to tax vintners for retailing wine in England, Durham House, a knighthood, the title of Lord and Governor of Virginia, thousands of acres of land in Ireland, and an appointment as Captain of the Guard. He also was elected to Parliament and appointed Lord Warden of the Stanneries, Lord Lieutenant of Cornwall, and ViceAdmiral of Cornwall and Devon. He used his wealth to fund voyages to Roanoke Island in hopes of settling a colony there and instead mysteriously losing the colonists. Although he did not introduce the potato and tobacco in Virginia, as he is often credited for doing, he did popularize smoking at Court.

He lost Elizabeth I's favor when he secretly married one of her maids of honor, Elizabeth Throckmorton (1565-1647), who as a royal attendant could only marry with the Queen's permission. She briefly imprisoned them both in the Tower of London. He soon continued his colonizing efforts by exploring Guiana in South America and futilely searching for El Dorado, the so-called Lost City of Gold.

Much of what he gained from Elizabeth Raleigh lost when she was succeeded by James I. Raleigh was implicated in two conspiracies against James I, the Bye and the Main Plots, for which he was condemned of treason and imprisoned for over ten years in the Tower. Upon his release, he courted James I's favor by again voyaging to Guiana in search of gold. He failed in this intention and, worse, disobeyed James I's injunction not to violate Spanish rights when his men destroyed the village of Santo Tome de Guyana. For endangering England's peace with Spain, Raleigh was beheaded.

Raleigh's writing records the fierce, cynical, plausible voice of the man and his many exploits. His love poetry wooed and "won" Elizabeth I; his book The Discoverie of the large and bewtiful Empire of Guiana mythologized El Dorado; and his History of the World educated James I's son, whom Raleigh befriended during his imprisonment. His pastoral poetry both repeats and renews that classical genre, with his reply to Marlowe's Passionate Shepherd gaining much attention. His poem The Lie, with its all-encompassing attacks on the Court, Church, Men of High Condition, faith, wit, and learning, provoked several answering, often defensive, poems. His travelogue, like many that follow, blends fiction with "fact." And his History recovers the past in an attempt to shape the future.

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2.32: "Farewell, False Love"

(1588)

Farewell, false love, the oracle of lies,

A mortal foe and enemy to rest,

An envious boy, from whom all cares arise,

A bastard vile, a beast with rage possessed,

A way of error, a temple full of treason,

In all effects contrary unto reason.

A poisoned serpent covered all with flowers,

Mother of sighs, and murderer of repose,

A sea of sorrows whence are drawn such showers

As moisture lend to every grief that grows;

A school of guile, a net of deep deceit,

A gilded hook that holds a poisoned bait.

A fortress foiled, which reason did defend,

A siren song, a fever of the mind,

A maze wherein affection finds no end,

A raging cloud that runs before the wind,

A substance like the shadow of the sun,

A goal of grief for which the wisest run.

A quenchless fire, a nurse of trembling fear,

A path that leads to peril and mishap,

A true retreat of sorrow and despair,

An idle boy that sleeps in pleasure's lap,

A deep mistrust of that which certain seems,

A hope of that which reason doubtful deems.

Sith then thy trains my younger years betrayed,

And for my faith ingratitude I find;

And sith repentance hath my wrongs bewrayed,

Whose course was ever contrary to kind:

False love, desire, and beauty frail, adieu!

Dead is the root whence all these fancies grew.

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2.33: "If Cynthia Be a Queen, a Princess, and Supreme"

(1604/1618?)

If Cynthia be a queen, a princess, and supreme,

Keep these among the rest, or say it was a dream,

For those that like, expound, and those that loathe express

Meanings according as their minds are moved more or less;

For writing what thou art, or showing what thou were,

Adds to the one disdain, to the other but despair,

Thy mind of neither needs, in both seeing it exceeds.

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2.34: "The Nymph's Reply to the Shepard"

(1600)

If all the world and love were young,

And truth in every Shepherd's tongue,

These pretty pleasures might me move,

To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,

When Rivers rage and Rocks grow cold,

And Philomel becometh dumb,

The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields,

To wayward winter reckoning yields,

A honey tongue, a heart of gall,

Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of Roses,

Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies

Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten:

In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and Ivy buds,

The Coral clasps and amber studs,

All these in me no means can move

To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,

Had joys no date, nor age no need,

Then these delights my mind might move

To live with thee, and be thy love.

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2.35: "The Lie"

(1608)

Go, soul, the body's guest,

Upon a thankless errand;

Fear not to touch the best;

The truth shall be thy warrant.

Go, since I needs must die,

And give the world the lie.

Say to the court, it glows

And shines like rotten wood;

Say to the church, it shows

What's good, and doth no good.

If church and court reply,

Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live

Acting by others' action;

Not loved unless they give,

Not strong but by a faction.

If potentates reply,

Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,

That manage the estate,

Their purpose is ambition,

Their practice only hate.

And if they once reply,

Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,

They beg for more by spending,

Who, in their greatest cost,

Seek nothing but commending.

And if they make reply,

Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it wants devotion;

Tell love it is but lust;

Tell time it is but motion;

Tell flesh it is but dust.

And wish them not reply,

For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth;

Tell honor how it alters;

Tell beauty how she blasteth;

Tell favor how it falters.

And as they shall reply,

Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles

In tickle points of niceness;

Tell wisdom she entangles

Herself in overwiseness.

And when they do reply,

Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness;

Tell skill it is pretension;

Tell charity of coldness;

Tell law it is contention.

And as they do reply,

So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness;

Tell nature of decay;

Tell friendship of unkindness;

Tell justice of delay.

And if they will reply,

Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,

But vary by esteeming;

Tell schools they want profoundness,

And stand too much on seeming.

If arts and schools reply,

Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city;

Tell how the country erreth;

Tell manhood shakes off pity;

Tell virtue least preferreth.

And if they do reply,

Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I

Commanded thee, done blabbing—

Although to give the lie

Deserves no less than stabbing—

Stab at thee he that will,

No stab the soul can kill.

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2.36: "Nature, That Washed Her Hands in Milk"

(Published in 1902)

Nature, that washed her hands in milk,

And had forgot to dry them,

Instead of earth took snow and silk,

At love's request to try them,

If she a mistress could compose

To please love's fancy out of those.

Her eyes he would should be of light,

A violet breath, and lips of jelly;

Her hair not black, nor overbright,

And of the softest down her belly;

As for her inside he'd have it

Only of wantonness and wit.

At love's entreaty such a one

Nature made, but with her beauty

She hath framed a heart of stone;

So as love, by ill destiny,

Must die for her whom nature gave him,

Because her darling would not save him.

But time (which nature doth despise,

And rudely gives her love the lie,

Makes hope a fool, and sorrow wise)

His hands do neither wash nor dry;

But being made of steel and rust,

Turns snow and silk and milk to dust.

The light, the belly, lips, and breath,

He dims, discolors, and destroys;

With those he feeds but fills not death,

Which sometimes were the food of joys.

Yea, time doth dull each lively wit,

And dries all wantonness with it.

Oh, cruel time! which takes in trust

Our youth, our joys, and all we have,

And pays us but with age and dust;

Who in the dark and silent grave

When we have wandered all our ways

Shuts up the story of our days.

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2.37: From The Discorvery of the Large, Rich, and Beautiful Empire of Guiana

(1599)

The next morning we also left the port, and sailed westward up to the river, to view the famous river called Caroli, as well because it was marvelous of itself, as also for that I understood it led to the strongest nations of all the frontiers, that were enemies to the Epuremei, which are subjects to Inga, emperor of Guiana and Manoa. And that night we anchored at another island called Caiama, of some five or six miles in length; and the next day arrived at the mouth of Caroli. When we were short of it as low or further down as the port of Morequito, we heard the great roar and fall of the river. But when we came to enter with our barge and wherries, thinking to have gone up some forty miles to the nations of the Cassipagotos, we were not able with a barge of eight oars to row one stone's cast in an hour; and yet the river is as broad as the Thames at Woolwich, and we tried both sides, and the middle, and every part of the river. So as we encamped upon the banks adjoining, and sent off our Orenoquepone which came with us from Morequito to give knowledge to the nations upon the river of our being there, and that we desired to see the lords of Canuria, which dwelt within the province upon that river, making them know that we were enemies to the Spaniards; for it was on this river side that Morequito slew the friar, and those nine Spaniards which came from Manoa, the city of Inga, and took from them 14,000 pesos of gold. So as the next day there came down a lord or cacique, called Wanuretona, with many people with him, and brought all store of provisions to entertain us, as the rest had done. And as I had before made my coming known to Topiawari, so did I acquaint this cacique therewith, and how I was sent by her Majesty for the purpose aforesaid, and gathered also what I could of him touching the estate of Guiana. And I found that those also of Caroli were not only enemies to the Spaniards, but most of all to the Epuremei, which abound in gold. And by this Wanuretona I had knowledge that on the head of this river were three mighty nations, which were seated on a great lake, from whence this river descended, and were called Cassipagotos, Eparegotos, and Arawagotos; and that all those either against the Spaniards or the Epuremei would join with us, and that if we entered the land over the mountains of Curaa we should satisfy ourselves with gold and all other good things. He told us farther of a nation called Iwarawaqueri, before spoken of, that held daily war with the Epuremei that inhabited Macureguarai, and first civil town of Guiana, of the subjects of Inga, the emperor.

Upon this river one Captain George, that I took with Berreo, told me that there was a great silver mine, and that it was near the banks of the said river. But by this time as well Orenoque, Caroli, as all the rest of the rivers were risen four or five feet in height, so as it was not possible by the strength of any men, or with any boat whatsoever, to row into the river against the stream. I therefore sent Captain Thyn, Captain Greenvile, my nephew John Gilbert, my cousin Butshead Gorges, Captain Clarke, and some thirty shot more to coast the river by land, and to go to a town some twenty miles over the valley called Amnatapoi; and they found guides there to go farther towards the mountain foot to another great town called Capurepana, belonging to a cacique called Haharacoa, that was a nephew to old Topiawari, king of Aromaia, our chiefest friend, because this town and province of Capurepana adjoined to Macureguarai, which was a frontier town of the empire. And the meanwhile myself with Captain Gifford, Captain Caulfield, Edward Hancock, and some half-a-dozen shot marched overland to view the strange overfalls of the river of Caroli, which roared so far off; and also to see the plains adjoining, and the rest of the province of Canuri. I sent also Captain Whiddon, William Connock, and some eight shot with them, to see if they could find any mineral stone alongst the river's side. When we were come to the tops of the first hills of the plains adjoining to the river, we beheld that wonderful breach of waters which ran down Caroli; and might from that mountain see the river how it ran in three parts, above twenty miles off, and there appeared some ten or twelve overfalls in sight, every one as high over the other as a church tower, which fell with that fury, that the rebound of water made it seem as if it had been all covered over with a great shower of rain; and in some places we took it at the first for a smoke that had risen over some great town. For mine own part I was well persuaded from thence to have returned, being a very ill footman; but the rest were all so desirous to go near the said strange thunder of waters, as they drew me on by little and little, till we came into the next valley, where we might better discern the same. I never saw a more beautiful country, nor more lively prospects; hills so raised here and there over the valley; the river winding into divers branches; the plains adjoining without bush or stubble, all fair green grass; the ground of hard sand, easy to march on, either for horse or foot; the deer crossing in every path; the birds towards the evening singing on every tree with a thousand several tunes; cranes and herons of white, crimson, and carnation, perching in the river's side; the air fresh with a gentle easterly wind; and every stone that we stooped to take up promised either gold or silver by his complexion. Your Lordship shall see of many sorts, and I hope some of them cannot be bettered under the sun; and yet we had no means but with our daggers and fingers to tear them out here and there, the rocks being most hard of that mineral spar aforesaid, which is like a flint, and is altogether as hard or harder, and besides the veins lie a fathom or two deep in the rocks. But we wanted all things requisite save only our desires and good will to have performed more if it had pleased God. To be short, when both our companies returned, each of them brought also several sorts of stones that appeared very fair, but were such as they found loose on the ground, and were for the most part but coloured, and had not any

gold fixed in them. Yet such as had no judgment or experience kept all that glistered, and would not be persuaded but it was rich because of the lustre; and brought of those, and of marcasite withal, from Trinidad, and have delivered of those stones to be tried in many places, and have thereby bred an opinion that all the rest is of the same. Yet some of these stones I shewed afterward to a Spaniard of the Caracas, who told me that it was El Madre del Oro, that is, the mother of gold, and that the mine was farther in the ground. . . .

For the rest, which myself have seen, I will promise these things that follow, which I know to be true. Those that are desirous to discover and to see many nations may be satisfied within this river, which bringeth forth so many arms and branches leading to several countries and provinces, above 2,000 miles east and west and 800 miles south and north, and of these the most either rich in gold or in other merchandises. The common soldier shall here fight for gold, and pay himself, instead of pence, with plates of half-a-foot broad, whereas he breaketh his bones in other wars for provant and penury. Those commanders and chieftains that shoot at honour and abundance shall find there more rich and beautiful cities, more temples adorned with golden images, more sepulchres filled with treasure, than either Cortes found in Mexico or Pizarro in Peru. And the shining glory of this conquest will eclipse all those so far-extended beams of the Spanish nation. There is no country which yieldeth more pleasure to the inhabitants, either for those common delights of hunting, hawking, fishing, fowling, and the rest, than Guiana doth; it hath so many plains, clear rivers, and abundance of pheasants, partridges, quails, rails, cranes, herons, and all other fowl; deer of all sorts, porks, hares, lions, tigers, leopards, and divers other sorts of beasts, either for chase or food. It hath a kind of beast called cama or anta, as big as an English beef, and in great plenty. To speak of the several sorts of every kind I fear would be troublesome to the reader, and therefore I will omit them, and conclude that both for health, good air, pleasure, and riches, I am resolved it cannot be equalled by any region either in the east or west. Moreover the country is so healthful, as of an hundred persons and more, which lay without shift most sluttishly, and were every day almost melted with heat in rowing and marching, and suddenly wet again with great showers, and did eat of all sorts of corrupt fruits, and made meals of fresh fish without seasoning, of tortugas, of lagartos or crocodiles, and of all sorts good and bad, without either order or measure, and besides lodged in the open air every night, we lost not any one, nor had one ill-disposed to my knowledge; nor found any calentura or other of those pestilent diseases which dwell in all hot regions, and so near the equinoctial line. . . .

To conclude, Guiana is a country that hath yet her maidenhead, never sacked, turned, nor wrought; the face of the earth hath not been torn, nor the virtue and salt of the soil spent by manurance. The graves have not been opened for gold, the mines not broken with sledges, nor their images pulled down out of their temples. It hath never been entered by any army of strength, and never conquered or possessed by any Christian prince. It is besides so defensible, that if two forts be builded in one of the provinces which I have seen, the flood setteth in so near the bank, where the channel also lieth, that no ship can pass up but within a pike's length of the artillery, first of the one, and afterwards of the other. Which two forts will be a sufficient guard both to the empire of Inga, and to an hundred other several kingdoms, lying within the said river, even to the city of Quito in Peru.

There is therefore great difference between the easiness of the conquest of Guiana, and the defence of it being conquered, and the West or East Indies. Guiana hath but one entrance by the sea, if it hath that, for any vessels of burden. So as whosoever shall first possess it, it shall be found unaccessible for any enemy, except he come in wherries, barges, or canoas, or else in flat-bottomed boats; and if he do offer to enter it in that manner, the woods are so thick 200 miles together upon the rivers of such entrance, as a mouse cannot sit in a boat unhit from the bank. By land it is more impossible to approach; for it hath the strongest situation of any region under the sun, and it is so environed with impassable mountains on every side, as it is impossible to victual any company in the passage. Which hath been well proved by the Spanish nation, who since the conquest of Peru have never left five years free from attempting this empire, or discovering some way into it; and yet of three-and-twenty several gentlemen, knights, and noblemen, there was never any that knew which way to lead an army by land, or to conduct ships by sea, anything near the said country. Orellana, of whom the river of Amazons taketh name, was the first, and Don Antonio de Berreo, whom we displanted, the last: and I doubt much whether he himself or any of his yet know the best way into the said empire. It can therefore hardly be regained, if any strength be formerly set down, but in one or two places, and but two or three crumsters or galleys built and furnished upon the river within. The West Indies have many ports, watering places, and landings; and nearer than 300 miles to Guiana, no man can harbour a ship, except he know one only place, which is not learned in haste, and which I will undertake there is not any one of my companies that knoweth, whosoever hearkened most after it.

Besides, by keeping one good fort, or building one town of strength, the whole empire is guarded; and whatsoever companies shall be afterwards planted within the land, although in twenty several provinces, those shall be able all to reunite themselves upon any occasion either by the way of one river, or be able to march by land without either wood, bog, or mountain. Whereas in the West Indies there are few towns or provinces that can succour or relieve one the other by land or sea. By land the countries are either desert, mountainous, or strong enemies. By sea, if any man invade to the eastward, those to the west cannot in many months turn against the breeze and eastern wind. Besides, the Spaniards are therein so dispersed as they are nowhere strong, but in Nueva Espana only; the sharp mountains, the thorns, and poisoned prickles, the sandy and deep ways in the valleys, the smothering heat and air, and want of water in other places are their only and best defence; which, because those nations that invade them are not victualled or provided to stay, neither have any place to friend adjoining, do serve them instead of good arms

and great multitudes.

The West Indies were first offered her Majesty's grandfather by Columbus, a stranger, in whom there might be doubt of deceit; and besides it was then thought incredible that there were such and so many lands and regions never written of before. This Empire is made known to her Majesty by her own vassal, and by him that oweth to her more duty than an ordinary subject; so that it shall ill sort with the many graces and benefits which I have received to abuse her Highness, either with fables or imaginations. The country is already discovered, many nations won to her Majesty's love and obedience, and those Spaniards which have latest and longest laboured about the conquest, beaten out, discouraged, and disgraced, which among these nations were thought invincible. Her Majesty may in this enterprise employ all those soldiers and gentlemen that are younger brethren, and all captains and chieftains that want employment, and the charge will be only the first setting out in victualling and arming them; for after the first or second year I doubt not but to see in London a Contractation-House of more receipt for Guiana than there is now in Seville for the West Indies.

And I am resolved that if there were but a small army afoot in Guiana, marching towards Manoa, the chief city of Inga, he would yield to her Majesty by composition so many hundred thousand pounds yearly as should both defend all enemies abroad, and defray all expenses at home; and that he would besides pay a garrison of three or four thousand soldiers very royally to defend him against other nations. For he cannot but know how his predecessors, yea, how his own great uncles, Guascar and Atabalipa, sons to Guiana-Capac, emperor of Peru, were, while they contended for the empire, beaten out by the Spaniards, and that both of late years and ever since the said conquest, the Spaniards have sought the passages and entry of his country; and of their cruelties used to the borderers he cannot be ignorant. In which respects no doubt but he will be brought to tribute with great gladness; if not, he hath neither shot nor iron weapon in all his empire, and therefore may easily be conquered.

And I further remember that Berreo confessed to me and others, which I protest before the Majesty of God to be true, that there was found among the prophecies in Peru, at such time as the empire was reduced to the Spanish obedience, in their chiefest temples, amongst divers others which foreshadowed the loss of the said empire, that from Inglatierra those Ingas should be again in time to come restored, and delivered from the servitude of the said conquerors. And I hope, as we with these few hands have displanted the first garrison, and driven them out of the said country, so her Majesty will give order for the rest, and either defend it, and hold it as tributary, or conquer and keep it as empress of the same. For whatsoever prince shall possess it, shall be greatest; and if the king of Spain enjoy it, he will become unresistible. Her Majesty hereby shall confirm and strengthen the opinions of all nations as touching her great and princely actions. And where the south border of Guiana reacheth to the dominion and empire of the Amazons, those women shall hereby hear the name of a virgin, which is not only able to defend her own territories and her neighbours, but also to invade and conquer so great empires and so far removed.

To speak more at this time I fear would be but troublesome: I trust in God, this being true, will suffice, and that he which is King of all Kings, and Lord of Lords, will put it into her heart which is Lady of Ladies to possess it. If not, I will judge those men worthy to be kings thereof, that by her grace and leave will undertake it of themselves.

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2.38: Reading and Review Questions

1. To what degree, if any, do you see Raleigh expressing his society's values in his poetry and prose, and how? To what degree, if any, do you see Raleigh expressing personal values in his poetry and prose, and how? How do these expressions compare to More's or Spenser's?

2. What attitude towards the pastoral tradition in literature does "The Nymph's Reply" convey, and how?

3. Considering Raleigh's determined pursuit of glory, fame, courtly influence, and wealth, how seriously, if at all, do you think he intends his readers to take the condemnations in "The Lie?"

4. In "To Cynthia," how, if at all, does Raleigh obliquely refer to Elizabeth I, and why? What relationship, if any, between the two might we infer from this poem, and why? How does his reference to Elizabeth I compare to Spenser's?

5. In "The Discoverie," how, if at all, does Raleigh persuade his readers of the truth of what he is describing? What rhetorical devices, if any, does he use? What appeals to logic, if any, does he use? With what detail does Raleigh describe the native peoples, and why?

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2.39: Sir Philip Sidney

(1554-1586)

From his early youth, Sir Philip Sidney, whose parents were companions to monarchs, demonstrated remarkable erudition and intellect. He was enrolled in Shrewsbury School where he studied under Thomas Ashton before entering Christ Church, Oxford. He perfected his knowledge of modern languages and rhetoric through two years of travel on the Continent, particularly Germany, Italy, and France. While in Paris, he witnessed the events culminating in the St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre, the slaughter of French Protestants, or Huguenots, that ensued after the attempted assassination of Gaspard de Coligny (1519-1572), advisor to the Huguenot King Henry III of Navarre (1553-1610).



Image 2.10 | Sir Philip Sidney
Artist | Unknown
Source | Wikimedia Commons
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Upon his return to England, Sidney sought to use his knowledge of the Continent to good effect through political appointments by Elizabeth I. He eventually was chosen to lead an embassy ostensibly of condolence to the family of Maximilian II of Austria (1527-1576) but actually of political intent to create a Protestant League in Europe. This intent continued upon his return to England during negotiations with William I of Orange (1533-1584). These political aspirations were frustrated by Elizabeth I's defensive strategies of playing Spain off against France, a strategy that a Protestant League might upset. His estrangement from Elizabeth I and her court was further exacerbated by his publicly discouraging her possible marriage to the Catholic Duke of Anjou.

Turning away from politics, Sidney then turned his considerable talents to writing. As a poet, Sidney experimented in new metrics in his pastoral romances Old Arcadia (1581) and New Arcadia (1590) and the Petrarchan sonnet cycle in Astrophil and Stella (1591). This sonnet sequence is particularly Petrarchan in its conventional depiction of unrequited love, in its aloof Stella and suffering Astrophil. Sidney wrote his important work of literary criticism, The Defense of Poesy, probably in response to The School of Abuse (1579), a work by Stephen Gosson (1554-1624) that deplored the immorality fostered by poetry that was dedicated to Sidney. The Defense demonstrates Sidney's extraordinary knowledge of the classics as well as modern authors, including Dante (c. 1265-1321), Jacopo Sannazaro (1458-1530)—whose humanist Arcadia (1504) directly influenced Sidney's versions—Ludovico Ariosto (1474-1533), and Petrarch. And countering Gosson's allegations against poetry, Sidney's Defense takes up the gauntlet that Plato (c. 428-c. 348 BCE) threw down when he banished poets from the ideal Republic for their potential to lead citizens into immorality. Sidney shapes his Defense according to the seven-part classical structure: an introduction, proposition, division, examination, refutation, peroration, and digression. Thus, he not only demonstrates but also lauds poetry's ability to teach, to give light to darkness through its beauty and sweet delight.

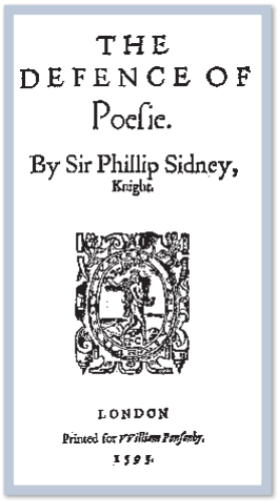


Image 2.11 | *The Defence of Poesie*
Artist | Sir Phillip Sidney
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As the Defense asserts, right thought leads to right action. Sidney turned to action when Elizabeth I appointed him as governor of Vlissengen in the Netherlands, still in the throes of its rebellion against Catholic Spain. Sidney's uncle Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the Governor-General of the Netherlands, supported the Dutch rebels. With an English army that included Sidney, Leicester besieged the town of Zutphen. During battle, Sidney received a leg wound that later turned gangrenous. Legend has it that when close to death Sidney—always the consummate courtly gentleman— refused a cup of water in favor of another wounded soldier, saying "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine." After his death, Mary (Sidney) Herbert, Countess of Pembroke, became Sidney's literary executor and the many elegies for Sidney she encouraged, including Spenser's and her own, give some sense of Sidney's impact from his era up to our own.

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2.40: The Defence of Poesy

(1595)

When the right virtuous Edward Wotton and I were at the Emperor's [Maximilian II] court together, we gave ourselves to learn horsemanship of John Pietro Pugliano, one that with great commendation had the place of an esquire in his stable; and he, according to the fertileness of the Italian wit, did not only afford us the demonstration of his practice, but sought to enrich our minds with the contemplations therein which he thought most precious. But with none I remember mine ears were at any time more loaded, than when—either angered with slow payment, or moved with our learner-like admiration—he exercised his speech in the praise of his faculty. He said soldiers were the noblest estate of mankind, and horsemen the noblest of soldiers. He said they were the masters of war and ornaments of peace, speedy goers and strong abiders, triumphers both in camps and courts. Nay, to so unbelieved a point he proceeded, as that no earthly thing bred such wonder to a prince as to be a good horseman; skill of government was but a pedanteria [pedantry—ed.] in comparison. Then would he add certain praises, by telling what a peerless beast the horse was, the only serviceable courtier without flattery, the beast of most beauty, faithfulness, courage, and such more, that if I had not been a piece of a logician before I came to him, I think he would have persuaded me to have wished myself a horse. But thus much at least with his no few words he drove into me, that self-love is better than any gilding to make that seem gorgeous wherein ourselves be parties.

Wherein if Pugliano's strong affection and weak arguments will not satisfy you, I will give you a nearer example of myself, who, I know not by what mischance, in these my not old years and idlest times, having slipped into the title of a poet, am provoked to say something unto you in the defense of that my unelected vocation, which if I handle with more good will than good reasons, bear with me, since the scholar is to be pardoned that follows the steps of his master. And yet I must say that, as I have just cause to make a pitiful defense of poor poetry, which from almost the highest estimation of learning is fallen to be the laughing-stock of children, so have I need to bring some more available proofs, since the former is by no man barred of his deserved credit, the silly [weak—ed] latter has had even the names of philosophers used to the defacing of it, with great danger of civil war among the Muses.

And first, truly, to all them that, professing learning, inveigh against poetry, may justly be objected that they go very near to ungratefulness, to seek to deface that which, in the noblest nations and languages that are known, has been the first light-giver to ignorance, and first nurse, whose milk by little and little enabled them to feed afterwards of tougher knowledges. And will they now play the hedgehog, that, being received into the den, drove out his host? Or rather the vipers, that with their birth kill their parents? Let learned Greece in any of her manifold sciences be able to show me one book before Musæus, Homer, and Hesiod, all three nothing else but poets. Nay, let any history be brought that can say any writers were there before them, if they were not men of the same skill, as Orpheus, Linus, and some other are named, who, having been the first of that country that made pens deliver of their knowledge to their posterity, may justly challenge to be called their fathers in learning. For not only in time they had this priority—although in itself antiquity be venerable—but went before them as causes, to draw with their charming sweetness the wild untamed wits to an admiration of knowledge. So as Amphion was said to move stones with his poetry to build Thebes, and Orpheus to be listened to by beasts,—indeed stony and beastly people. So among the Romans were Livius Andronicus and Ennius; so in the Italian language the first that made it aspire to be a treasure-house of science were the poets Dante, Boccace, and Petrarch; so in our English were Gower and Chaucer, after whom, encouraged and delighted with their excellent foregoing, others have followed to beautify our mother-tongue, as well in the same kind as in other arts.

This did so notably show itself, that the philosophers of Greece durst not a long time appear to the world but under the masks of poets. So Thales, Empedocles, and Parmenides sang their natural philosophy in verses; so did Pythagoras and Phocylides their moral counsels; so did Tyrtæus in war matters, and Solon in matters of policy; or rather they, being poets; did exercise their delightful vein in those points of highest knowledge which before them lay hidden to the world. For that wise Solon was directly a poet it is manifest, having written in verse the notable fable of the Atlantic Island which was continued by Plato. And truly even Plato whosoever well considers, shall find that in the body of his work though the inside and strength were philosophy, the skin as it were and beauty depended most of poetry. For all stands upon dialogues; wherein he feigns many honest burgesses of Athens to speak of such matters that, if they had been set on the rack, they would never have confessed them; besides his poetical describing the circumstances of their meetings, as the well-ordering of a banquet, the delicacy of a walk, with interlacing mere tales, as Gyges' Ring and others, which who knows not to be flowers of poetry did never walk into Apollo's garden.

And even historiographers, although their lips sound of things done, and verity be written in their foreheads, have been glad to borrow both fashion and perchance weight of the poets. So Herodotus entitled [the various books of—ed.] his history by the name of the nine Muses; and both he and all the rest that followed him either stole or usurped of poetry their passionate describing of

passions, the many particularities of battles which no man could affirm, or, if that be denied me, long orations put in the mouths of great kings and captains, which it is certain they never pronounced.

So that truly neither philosopher nor historiographer could at the first have entered into the gates of popular judgments, if they had not taken a great passport of poetry, which in all nations at this day, where learning flourishes not, is plain to be seen; in all which they have some feeling of poetry. In Turkey, besides their lawgiving divines they have no other writers but poets. In our neighbor country Ireland, where truly learning goes very bare, yet are their poets held in a devout reverence. Even among the most barbarous and simple Indians, where no writing is, yet have they their poets, who make and sing songs (which they call areytos), both of their ancestors' deeds and praises of their gods,—a sufficient probability that, if ever learning come among them, it must be by having their hard dull wits softened and sharpened with the sweet delights of poetry; for until they find a pleasure in the exercise of the mind, great promises of much knowledge will little persuade them that know not the fruits of knowledge. In Wales, the true remnant of the ancient Britons, as there are good authorities to show the long time they had poets which they called bards, so through all the conquests of Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, some of whom did seek to ruin all memory of learning from among them, yet do their poets even to this day last; so as it is not more notable in soon beginning, than in long continuing.

But since the authors of most of our sciences were the Romans, and before them the Greeks, let us a little stand upon their authorities, but even [only—ed.] so far as to see what names they have given unto this now scorned skill. Among the Romans a poet was called vates, which is as much as a diviner, foreseer, or prophet, as by his conjoined words, vaticinium and vaticinari, is manifest; so heavenly a title did that excellent people bestow upon this heart-ravishing knowledge. And so far were they carried into the admiration thereof, that they thought in the chanceable hitting upon any such verses great fore-tokens of their following fortunes were placed; whereupon grew the word of Sortes Virgilianæ, when by sudden opening Virgil's book they lighted upon some verse of his making. Whereof the histories of the Emperors' lives are full: as of Albinus, the governor of our island, who in his childhood met with this verse,

Arma amens capio, nec sat rationis in armis,

[Angered, I take up arms, but reason does not lie in arms—ed.]

and in his age performed it. Although it were a very vain and godless superstition, as also it was to think that spirits were commanded by such verses—whereupon this word charms, derived of carmina, comes—so yet serves it to show the great reverence those wits were held in, and altogether not [not altogether—ed] without ground, since both the oracles of Delphos and Sibylla's prophecies were wholly delivered in verses; for that same exquisite observing of number and measure in words, and that high-flying liberty of conceit [concept, invention—ed.], proper to the poet, did seem to have some divine force in it.

And may not I presume a little further to show the reasonableness of this word Vates, and say that the holy David's Psalms are a divine poem? If I do, I shall not do it without the testimony of great learned men, both ancient and modern. But even the name of Psalms will speak for me, which, being interpreted, is nothing but Songs; then, that it is fully written in metre, as all learned Hebricians agree, although the rules be not yet fully found; lastly and principally, his handling his prophecy, which is merely poetical. For what else is the awaking his musical instruments, the often and free changing of persons, his notable prosopopoeias, when he makes you, as it were, see God coming in His majesty, his telling of the beasts' joyfulness and hills' leaping, but a heavenly poesy, wherein almost he shows himself a passionate lover of that unspeakable and everlasting beauty to be seen by the eyes of the mind, only cleared by faith? But truly now having named him, I fear I seem to profane that holy name, applying it to poetry, which is among us thrown down to so ridiculous an estimation. But they that with quiet judgments will look a little deeper into it, shall find the end and working of it such as, being rightly applied, deserves not to be scourged out of the church of God.

But now let us see how the Greeks named it and how they deemed of it. The Greeks called him "a poet," which name has, as the most excellent, gone through other languages. It comes of this word poiein, which is "to make"; wherein I know not whether by luck or wisdom we Englishmen have met with the Greeks in calling him "a maker." Which name how high and incomparable a title it is, I had rather were known by marking the scope of other sciences than by any partial allegation. There is no art delivered unto mankind that has not the works of nature for his principal object, without which they could not consist, and on which they so depend as they become actors and players, as it were, of what nature will have set forth. So doth the astronomer look upon the stars, and, by that he sees, set down what order nature has taken therein. So do the geometrician and arithmetician in their divers sorts of quantities. So doth the musician in times tell you which by nature agree, which not. The natural philosopher thereon has his name, and the moral philosopher stands upon the natural virtues, vices, and passions of man; and "follow nature," says he, "therein, and thou shalt not err." The lawyer says what men have determined, the historian what men have done. The grammarian speaks only of the rules of speech, and the rhetorician and logician, considering what in nature will soonest prove and persuade, thereon give artificial rules, which still are compassed within the circle of a question, according to the proposed matter. The

physician weighs the nature of man's body, and the nature of things helpful or hurtful unto it. And the metaphysic, though it be in the second and abstract notions, and therefore be counted supernatural, yet doth he, indeed, build upon the depth of nature.

Only the poet, disdaining to be tied to any such subjection, lifted up with the vigor of his own invention, doth grow, in effect, into another nature, in making things either better than nature brings forth, or, quite anew, forms such as never were in nature, as the heroes, demi-gods, cyclops, chimeras, furies, and such like; so as he goes hand in hand with nature, not enclosed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging within the zodiac of his own wit. Nature never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as divers poets have done; neither with pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, nor whatsoever else may make the too-muchloved earth more lovely; her world is brazen, the poets only deliver a golden.

But let those things alone, and go to man—for whom as the other things are, so it seems in him her uttermost cunning is employed—and know whether she have brought forth so true a lover as Theagenes; so constant a friend as Pylades; so valiant a man as Orlando; so right a prince as Xenophon's Cyrus; so excellent a man every way as Virgil's Æneas? Neither let this be jestingly conceived, because the works of the one be essential, the other in imitation or fiction; for any understanding knows the skill of each artificer stands in that idea, or fore-conceit of the work, and not in the work itself. And that the poet has that idea is manifest, by delivering them forth in such excellency as he has imagined them. Which delivering forth, also, is not wholly imaginative, as we are wont to say by them that build castles in the air; but so far substantially it works, not only to make a Cyrus, which had been but a particular excellency, as nature might have done, but to bestow a Cyrus upon the world to make many Cyruses, if they will learn aright why and how that maker made him. Neither let it be deemed too saucy a comparison to balance the highest point of man's wit with the efficacy of nature; but rather give right honor to the Heavenly Maker of that maker, who, having made man to His own likeness, set him beyond and over all the works of that second nature. Which in nothing he shows so much as in poetry, when with the force of a divine breath he brings things forth far surpassing her doings, with no small argument to the incredulous of that first accursed fall of Adam,—since our erected wit makes us know what perfection is, and yet our infected will keeps us from reaching unto it. But these arguments will by few be understood, and by fewer granted; thus much I hope will be given me, that the Greeks with some probability of reason gave him the name above all names of learning.

Now let us go to a more ordinary opening of him, that the truth may be the more palpable; and so, I hope, though we get not so unmatched a praise as the etymology of his names will grant, yet his very description, which no man will deny, shall not justly be barred from a principal commendation.

Poesy, therefore, is an art of imitation, for so Aristotle terms it in his word mimēsis, that is to say, a representing, counterfeiting, or figuring forth; to speak metaphorically, a speaking picture, with this end,—to teach and delight.

Of this have been three general kinds. The chief, both in antiquity and excellency, were they that did imitate the inconceivable excellencies of God. Such were David in his Psalms; Solomon in his Song of Songs, in his Ecclesiastes and Proverbs; Moses and Deborah in their Hymns; and the writer of Job; which, beside other, the learned Emanuel Tremellius and Franciscus Junius do entitle the poetical part of the Scripture. Against these none will speak that has the Holy Ghost in due holy reverence. In this kind, though in a full wrong divinity, were Orpheus, Amphion, Homer in his Hymns, and many other, both Greeks and Romans. And this poesy must be used by whosoever will follow St. James' counsel in singing psalms when they are merry; and I know is used with the fruit of comfort by some, when, in sorrowful pangs of their death-bringing sins, they find the consolation of the never-leaving goodness.

The second kind is of them that deal with matters philosophical, either moral, as Tyrtæus, Phocylides, and Cato; or natural, as Lucretius and Virgil's Georgics; or astronomical, as Manilius and Pontanus; or historical, as Lucan; which who mislike, the fault is in their judgment quite out of taste, and not in the sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge.

But because this second sort is wrapped within the fold of the proposed subject, and takes not the free course of his own invention, whether they properly be poets or no, let grammarians dispute, and go to the third, indeed right poets, of whom chiefly this question arises. Betwixt whom and these second is such a kind of difference as betwixt the meaner sort of painters, who counterfeit only such faces as are set before them, and the more excellent, who having no law but wit, bestow that in colors upon you which is fittest for the eye to see,—as the constant though lamenting look of Lucretia, when she punished in herself another's fault; wherein he paints not Lucretia, whom he never saw, but paints the outward beauty of such a virtue. For these third be they which most properly do imitate to teach and delight; and to imitate borrow nothing of what is, has been, or shall be; but range, only reined with learned discretion, into the divine consideration of what may be and should be. These be they that, as the first and most noble sort may justly be termed vates, so these are waited on in the excellentest languages and best understandings with the fore-described name of poets. For these, indeed, do merely make to imitate, and imitate both to delight and teach, and delight to move men to take that goodness in hand, which without delight they would fly as from a stranger; and teach to make them know that goodness whereunto they are moved:—which being the noblest scope to which ever any learning was directed, yet want there not idle tongues to bark at them.

These be subdivided into sundry more special denominations. The most notable be the heroic, lyric, tragic, comic, satiric, iambic, elegiac, pastoral, and certain others, some of these being termed according to the matter they deal with, some by the sort of verse they liked best to write in,—for indeed the greatest part of poets have appareled their poetical inventions in that numberous kind of writing which is called verse. Indeed but appareled, verse being but an ornament and no cause to poetry, since there have been many most excellent poets that never versified, and now swarm many versifiers that need never answer to the name of poets. For Xenophon, who did imitate so excellently as to give us effigiem justi imperii—the portraiture of a just empire under the name of Cyrus (as Cicero says of him)—made therein an absolute heroical poem; so did Heliodorus in his sugared invention of that picture of love in Theagenes and Chariclea; and yet both these wrote in prose. Which I speak to show that it is not riming and versing that makes a poet—no more than a long gown makes an advocate, who, though he pleaded in armor, should be an advocate and no soldier—but it is that feigning notable images of virtues, vices, or what else, with that delightful teaching, which must be the right describing note to know a poet by. Although indeed the senate of poets has chosen verse as their fittest raiment, meaning, as in matter they passed all in all, so in manner to go beyond them; not speaking, table-talk fashion, or like men in a dream, words as they chanceably fall from the mouth, but peizing [weighing—ed.] each syllable of each word by just proportion, according to the dignity of the subject.

Now, therefore, it shall not be amiss, first to weigh this latter sort of poetry by his works, and then by his parts; and if in neither of these anatomies he be condemnable, I hope we shall obtain a more favorable sentence. This purifying of wit, this enriching of memory, enabling of judgment, and enlarging of conceit, which commonly we call learning, under what name soever it come forth or to what immediate end soever it be directed, the final end is to lead and draw us to as high a perfection as our degenerate souls, made worse by their clay lodgings, can be capable of. This, according to the inclination of man, bred many-formed impressions. For some that thought this felicity principally to be gotten by knowledge, and no knowledge to be so high or heavenly as acquaintance with the stars, gave themselves to astronomy; others, persuading themselves to be demi-gods if they knew the causes of things, became natural and supernatural philosophers. Some an admirable delight drew to music, and some the certainty of demonstration to the mathematics; but all, one and other, having this scope:—to know, and by knowledge to lift up the mind from the dungeon of the body to the enjoying his own divine essence. But when by the balance of experience it was found that the astronomer, looking to the stars, might fall into a ditch, that the inquiring philosopher might be blind in himself, and the mathematician might draw forth a straight line with a crooked heart; then lo! did proof, the overruler of opinions, make manifest, that all these are but serving sciences, which, as they have each a private end in themselves, so yet are they all directed to the highest end of the mistress knowledge, by the Greeks called architektonikē, which stands, as I think, in the knowledge of a man's self, in the ethic and politic consideration, with the end of well-doing, and not of well-knowing only:—even as the saddler's next end is to make a good saddle, but his further end to serve a nobler faculty, which is horsemanship; so the horseman's to soldiery; and the soldier not only to have the skill, but to perform the practice of a soldier. So that the ending end of all earthly learning being virtuous action, those skills that most serve to bring forth that have a most just title to be princes over all the rest; wherein, if we can show, the poet is worthy to have it before any other competitors.

Among whom as principal challengers step forth the moral philosophers; whom, me thinks, I see coming toward me with a sullen gravity, as though they could not abide vice by daylight; rudely clothed, for to witness outwardly their contempt of outward things; with books in their hands against glory, whereto they set their names; sophistically speaking against subtlety; and angry with any man in whom they see the foul fault of anger. These men, casting largess as they go of definitions, divisions, and distinctions, with a scornful interrogative do soberly ask whether it be possible to find any path so ready to lead a man to virtue, as that which teaches what virtue is, and teaches it not only by delivering forth his very being, his causes and effects, but also by making known his enemy, vice, which must be destroyed, and his cumbersome servant, passion, which must be mastered; by showing the generalities that contain it, and the specialities that are derived from it; lastly, by plain setting down how it extends itself out of the limits of a man's own little world, to the government of families, and maintaining of public societies?

The historian scarcely gives leisure to the moralist to say so much, but that he, loaded with old mouse-eaten records, authorizing himself for the most part upon other histories, whose greatest authorities are built upon the notable foundation of hearsay; having much ado to accord differing writers, and to pick truth out of partiality; better acquainted with a thousand years ago than with the present age, and yet better knowing how this world goes than how his own wit runs; curious for antiquities and inquisitive of novelties, a wonder to young folks and a tyrant in table-talk; denies, in a great chafe [agitation—ed.], that any man for teaching of virtue and virtuous actions is comparable to him "I am testis temporum, lux veritatis, vita memoriæ, magistra vitæ, nuntia vetustatis [the witness of the times, the light of truth, the life of memory, the directress of life, the messenger of antiquity—ed.]. The philosopher," says he, "teaches a disputative virtue, but I do an active. His virtue is excellent in the dangerless Academy of Plato, but mine shows forth her honorable face in the battles of Marathon, Pharsalia, Poitiers, and Agincourt. He teaches virtue by certain abstract considerations, but I only bid you follow the footing of them that have gone before you Old-aged experience goes beyond the fine-witted philosopher; but I give the experience of many ages. Lastly, if he make the songbook, I put the learner's hand to the lute; and if he be the guide, I am the light." Then would he allege you innumerable examples, confirming story by story, how much the wisest senators and princes have been directed by the credit of history, as Brutus, Alphonsus of Aragon—and who

not, if need be? At length the long line of their disputation makes [comes to—ed] a point in this,—that the one gives the precept, and the other the example.

Now whom shall we find, since the question stands for the highest form in the school of learning, to be moderator? Truly, as me seems, the poet; and if not a moderator, even the man that ought to carry the title from them both, and much more from all other serving sciences. Therefore compare we the poet with the historian and with the moral philosopher; and if he go beyond them both, no other human skill can match him. For as for the divine, with all reverence it is ever to be excepted, not only for having his scope as far beyond any of these as eternity exceeds a moment, but even for passing each of these in themselves. And for the lawyer, though Jus be the daughter of Justice, and Justice the chief of virtues, yet because he seeks to make men good rather formidine poeœnæ [fear of punishment] than virtutis amore [love of virtue—ed.] or, to say righter, doth not endeavor to make men good, but that their evil hurt not others; having no care, so he be a good citizen, how bad a man he be; therefore, as our wickedness makes him necessary, and necessity makes him honorable, so is he not in the deepest truth to stand in rank with these, who all endeavor to take naughtiness away, and plant goodness even in the secretest cabinet of our souls. And these four are all that any way deal in that consideration of men's manners, which being the supreme knowledge, they that best breed it deserve the best commendation.

The philosopher therefore and the historian are they which would win the goal, the one by precept, the other by example; but both not having both, do both halt. For the philosopher, setting down with thorny arguments the bare rule, is so hard of utterance and so misty to be conceived, that one that has no other guide but him shall wade in him till he be old, before he shall find sufficient cause to be honest. For his knowledge stands so upon the abstract and general that happy is that man who may understand him, and more happy that can apply what he doth understand. On the other side, the historian, wanting the precept, is so tied, not to what should be but to what is, to the particular truth of things, and not to the general reason of things, that his example draws no necessary consequence, and therefore a less fruitful doctrine.

Now doth the peerless poet perform both; for whatsoever the philosopher says should be done, he gives a perfect picture of it in some one by whom he presupposes it was done, he gives a perfect picture of it in in some one by whom he presupposes it was done, so as he couples the general notion with the particular example. A perfect picture, I say; for he yields to the powers of the mind an image of that whereof the philosopher bestows but a wordish description, which doth neither strike, pierce, nor possess the sight of the soul so much as that other doth. For as, in outward things, to a man that had never seen an elephant or a rhinoceros, who should tell him most exquisitely all their shapes, color, bigness, and particular marks; or of a gorgeous palace, an architector, with declaring the full beauties, might well make the hearer able to repeat, as it were by rote, all he had heard, yet should never satisfy his inward conceit with being witness to itself of a true lively [vital—ed.] knowledge; but the same man, as soon as he might see those beasts well painted, or that house well in model, should straightway grow, without need of any description, to a judicial comprehending of them; so no doubt the philosopher, with his learned definitions, be it of virtues or vices, matters of public policy or private government, replenishes the memory with many infallible grounds of wisdom, which notwithstanding lie dark before the imaginative and judging power, if they be not illuminated or figured forth by the speaking picture of poesy.

Tully takes much pains, and many times not without poetical helps, to make us know the force love of our country has in us. Let us but hear old Anchises speaking in the midst of Troy's flames, or see Ulysses, in the fullness of all Calypso's delights, bewail his absence from barren and beggarly Ithaca. Anger, the Stoics said, was a short madness. Let but Sophocles bring you Ajax on a stage, killing and whipping sheep and oxen, thinking them the army of Greeks, with their chieftains Agamemnon and Menelaus, and tell me if you have not a more familiar insight into anger, than finding in the schoolmen his genus and difference. See whether wisdom and temperance in Ulysses and Diomedes, valor in Achilles, friendship in Nisus and Euryalus, even to an ignorant man carry not an apparent shining. And, contrarily, the remorse of conscience, in Oedipus; the soon-repenting pride of Agamemnon; the self-devouring cruelty in his father Atreus; the violence of ambition in the two Theban brothers; the sour sweetness of revenge in Medea; and, to fall lower, the Terentian Gnatho and our Chaucer's Pandar so expressed that we now use their names to signify their trades; and finally, all virtues, vices, and passions so in their own natural states laid to the view, that we seem not to hear of them, but clearly to see through them.

But even in the most excellent determination of goodness, what philosopher's counsel can so readily direct a prince, as the feigned Cyrus in Xenophon? Or a virtuous man in all fortunes, as Æneas in Virgil? Or a whole commonwealth, as the way of Sir Thomas More's Utopia? I say the way, because where Sir Thomas More erred, it was the fault of the man, and not of the poet; for that way of patterning a commonwealth was most absolute, though he, perchance, has not so absolutely performed it. For the question is, whether the feigned image of poesy, or the regular instruction of philosophy, has the more force in teaching. Wherein if the philosophers have more rightly showed themselves philosophers than the poets have attained to the high top of their profession,—as in truth,

Mediocribus esse poetis

Non Dii, non homines, non concessere columnœ—

[Not gods nor men nor booksellers allow poets to be mediocre—ed.]

it is, I say again, not the fault of the art, but that by few men that art can be accomplished.

Certainly, even our Savior Christ could as well have given the moral commonplaces of uncharitableness and humbleness as the divine narration of Dives and Lazarus; or of disobedience and mercy, as that heavenly discourse of the lost child and the gracious father; but that his thorough-searching wisdom knew the estate of Dives burning in hell, and of Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, would more constantly, as it were, inhabit both the memory and judgment. Truly, for myself, me seems I see before mine eyes the lost child's disdainful prodigality, turned to envy a swine's dinner; which by the learned divines are thought not historical acts, but instructing parables.

For conclusion, I say the philosopher teaches, but he teaches obscurely, so as the learned only can understand him; that is to say, he teaches them that are already taught. But the poet is the food for the tenderest stomachs; the poet is indeed the right popular philosopher. Whereof Æsop's tales give good proof; whose pretty allegories, stealing under the formal tales of beasts, make many, more beastly than beasts, begin to hear the sound of virtue from those dumb speakers.

But now it may be alleged that if this imagining of matters be so fit for the imagination, then must the historian needs surpass, who brings you images of true matters, such as indeed were done, and not such as fantastically [fancifully— ed.] or falsely may be suggested to have been done. Truly, Aristotle himself, in his Discourse of Poesy, plainly determines this question, saying that poetry is philosophoteron and spoudaioteron, that is to say, it is more philosophical and more studiously serious than history. His reason is, because poesy deals with katholou, that is to say with the universal consideration, and the history with kathekaston, the particular.

"Now," says he, "the universal weighs what is fit to be said or done, either in likelihood or necessity—which the poesy considers in his imposed names; and the particular only marks whether Alcibiades did, or suffered, this or that." Thus far Aristotle. Which reason of his, as all his, is most full of reason.

For, indeed, if the question were whether it were better to have a particular act truly or falsely set down, there is no doubt which is to be chosen, no more than whether you had rather have Vespasian's picture right as he was, or, at the painter's pleasure, nothing resembling. But if the question be for your own use and learning, whether it be better to have it set down as it should be or as it was, then certainly is more doctrinable [instructive—ed.] the feigned Cyrus in Xenophon than the true Cyrus in Justin; and the feigned Æneas in Virgil than the right Æneas in Dares Phrygius; as to a lady that desired to fashion her countenance to the best grace, a painter should more benefit her to portrait a most sweet face, writing Canidia upon it, than to paint Canidia as she was, who, Horace swears, was foul and ill-favored.

If the poet do his part aright, he will show you in Tantalus, Atreus, and such like, nothing that is not to be shunned; in Cyrus, Æneas, Ulysses, each thing to be followed. Where the historian, bound to tell things as things were, cannot be liberal—without he will be poetical—of a perfect pattern; but, as in Alexander, or Scipio himself, show doings, some to be liked, some to be misliked; and then how will you discern what to follow but by your own discretion, which you had without reading Quintus Curtius? And whereas a man may say, though in universal consideration of doctrine the poet prevails, yet that the history, in his saying such a thing was done, doth warrant a man more in that he shall follow,—the answer is manifest: that if he stand upon that was, as if he should argue, because it rained yesterday therefore it should rain to-day, then indeed it has some advantage to a gross conceit. But if he know an example only informs a conjectured likelihood, and so go by reason, the poet doth so far exceed him as he is to frame his example to that which is most reasonable, be it in warlike, politic, or private matters; where the historian in his bare was has many times that which we call fortune to overrule the best wisdom. Many times he must tell events whereof he can yield no cause; or if he do, it must be poetically.

For, that a feigned example has as much force to teach as a true example—for as for to move, it is clear, since the feigned may be tuned to the highest key of passion— let us take one example wherein a poet and a historian do concur Herodotus and Justin do both testify that Zopyrus, king Darius' faithful servant, seeing his master long resisted by the rebellious Babylonians, feigned himself in extreme disgrace of his king; for verifying of which he caused his own nose and ears to be cut off, and so flying to the Babylonians, was received, and for his known valor so far credited, that he did find means to deliver them over to Darius. Muchlike matter doth Livy record of Tarquinius and his son. Xenophon excellently feigns such another stratagem, performed by Abradatas in Cyrus' behalf. Now would I fain know, if occasion be presented unto you to serve your prince by such an honest dissimulation, why do you not as well learn it of Xenophon's fiction as of the other's verity? and, truly, so much the better, as you shall save your nose by the bargain; for Abradatas did not counterfeit so far.

So, then, the best of the historian is subject to the poet; for whatsoever action or faction, whatsoever counsel, policy, or war-stratagem the historian is bound to recite, that may the poet, if he list, with his imitation make his own, beautifying it both for further teaching and more delighting, as it pleases him; having all, from Dante's Heaven to his Hell, under the authority of his pen. Which if I be asked what poets have done? so as I might well name some, yet say I, and say again, I speak of the art, and not of the artificer.

Now, to that which is commonly attributed to the praise of history, in respect of the notable learning is gotten by marking the success, as though therein a man should see virtue exalted and vice punished,—truly that commendation is peculiar to poetry and far off from history. For, indeed, poetry ever sets virtue so out in her best colors, making Fortune her well-waiting handmaid, that one must needs be enamored of her. Well may you see. Ulysses in a storm, and in other hard plights; but they are but exercises of patience and magnanimity, to make them shine the more in the near following prosperity. And, of the contrary part, if evil men come to the stage, they ever go out—as the tragedy writer answered to one that misliked the show of such persons—so manacled as they little animate folks to follow them. But the historian, being captived to the truth of a foolish world, is many times a terror from well-doing, and an encouragement to unbridled wickedness. For see we not valiant Miltiades rot in his fetters? The just Phocion and the accomplished Socrates put to death like traitors? The cruel Severus live prosperously? The excellent Severus miserably murdered? Sylla and Marius dying in their beds? Pompey and Cicero slain then, when they would have thought exile a happiness? See we not virtuous Cato driven to kill himself, and rebel Cæsar so advanced that his name yet, after sixteen hundred years, lasts in the highest honor? And mark but even Cæsar's own words of the forenamed Sylla—who in that only did honestly, to put down his dishonest tyranny—literas nescivit, [he was without learning—ed.] as if want of learning caused him to do well. He meant it not by poetry, which, not content with earthly plagues, devises new punishments in hell for tyrants; nor yet by philosophy, which teaches occidendos esse [that they are to be killed—ed.] but, no doubt, by skill in history, for that indeed can afford you Cypselus, Periander, Phalaris, Dionysius, and I know not how many more of the same kennel, that speed well enough in their abominable injustice or usurpation.

I conclude, therefore, that he excels history, not only in furnishing the mind with knowledge, but in setting it forward to that which deserves to be called and accounted good; which setting forward, and moving to well-doing, indeed sets the laurel crown upon the poet as victorious, not only of the historian, but over the philosopher, howsoever in teaching it may be questionable. For suppose it be granted—that which I suppose with great reason may be denied—that the philosopher, in respect of his methodical proceeding, teach more perfectly than the poet, yet do I think that no man is so much Philophilosophos[a friend to the philosopher—ed.] as to compare the philosopher in moving with the poet. And that moving is of a higher degree than teaching, it may by this appear, that it is well nigh both the cause and the effect of teaching; for who will be taught, if he be not moved with desire to be taught? And what so much good doth that teaching bring forth—I speak still of moral doctrine—as that it moves one to do that which it doth teach? For, as Aristotle says, it is not Gnosis [knowing] but Praxis [doing—ed.] must be the fruit; and how Praxis cannot be, without being moved to practice, it is no hard matter to consider. The philosopher shows you the way, he informs you of the particularities, as well of the tediousness of the way, as of the pleasant lodging you shall have when your journey is ended, as of the many by-turnings that may divert you from your way; but this is to no man but to him that will read him, and read him with attentive, studious painfulness; which constant desire whosoever has in him, has already passed half the hardness of the way, and therefore is beholding to the philosopher but for the other half. Nay, truly, learned men have learnedly thought, that where once reason has so much overmastered passion as that the mind has a free desire to do well, the inward light each mind has in itself is as good as a philosopher's book; since in nature we know it is well to do well, and what is well and what is evil, although not in the words of art which philosophers bestow upon us; for out of natural conceit the philosophers drew it. But to be moved to do that which we know, or to be moved with desire to know, hoc opus, hic labor est [this is the work, this is the labor—ed.]

Now therein of all sciences—I speak still of human, and according to the human conceit—is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only show the way, but gives so sweet a prospect into the way as will entice any man to enter into it. Nay, he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that full of that taste you may long to pass further. He begins not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margent [margin—ed.] with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulness. But he comes to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchanting skill of music; and with a tale, forsooth, he comes unto you, with a tale which holds children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner, and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue; even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things, by hiding them in such other as to have a pleasant taste,—which, if one should begin to tell them the nature of the aloes or rhubarb they should receive, would sooner take their physic at their ears than at their mouth. So is it in men, most of which are childish in the best things, till they be cradled in their graves,—glad they will be to hear the tales of Hercules, Achilles, Cyrus, Æneas; and, hearing them, must needs hear the right description of wisdom, valor, and justice; which, if they had been barely, that is to say philosophically, set out, they would swear they be brought to school again.

That imitation whereof poetry is, has the most conveniency to nature of all other; insomuch that, as Aristotle says, those things

which in themselves are horrible, as cruel battles, unnatural monsters, are made in poetical imitation delightful. Truly, I have known men, that even with reading Amadis de Gaule, which, God knows, wants much of a perfect poesy, have found their hearts moved to the exercise of courtesy, liberality, and especially courage. Who reads Æneas carrying old Anchises on his back, that wishes not it were his fortune to perform so excellent an act? Whom do not those words of Turnus move, the tale of Turnus having planted his image in the imagination?

Fugientem haec terra videbit?

Usque adeone mori miserum est?

[Shall this land see him in flight? Is it so wretched to die?—ed.]

Where the philosophers, as they scorn to delight, so must they be content little to move—saving wrangling whether virtue be the chief or the only good, whether the contemplative or the active life do excel—which Plato and Boethius well knew, and therefore made Mistress Philosophy very often borrow the masking raiment of Poesy. For even those hard-hearted evil men who think virtue a school-name, and know no other good but indulgere genio [indulge one's inclination—ed.], and therefore despise the austere admonitions of the philosopher, and feel not the inward reason they stand upon, yet will be content to be delighted, which is all the good-fellow poet seems to promise; and so steal to see the form of goodness—which seen, they cannot but love—ere themselves be aware, as if they took a medicine of cherries.

Infinite proofs of the strange effects of this poetical invention might be alleged; only two shall serve, which are so often remembered as I think all men know them. The one of Menenius Agrippa, who, when the whole people of Rome had resolutely divided themselves from the senate, with apparent show of utter ruin, though he were, for that time, an excellent orator, came not among them upon trust either of figurative speeches or cunning insinuations, and much less with farfetched maxims of philosophy, which, especially if they were Platonic, they must have learned geometry before they could well have conceived; but, forsooth, he behaves himself like a homely and familiar poet. He tells them a tale, that there was a time when all parts of the body made a mutinous conspiracy against the belly, which they thought devoured the fruits of each other's labor; they concluded they would let so unprofitable a spender starve. In the end, to be short—for the tale is notorious, and as notorious that it was a tale—with punishing the belly they plagued themselves. This, applied by him, wrought such effect in the people, as I never read that ever words brought forth but then so sudden and so good an alteration; for upon reasonable conditions a perfect reconcilement ensued.

The other is of Nathan the prophet, who, when the holy David had so far forsaken God as to confirm adultery with murder, when he was to do the tenderest office of a friend, in laying his own shame before his eyes,—sent by God to call again so chosen a servant, how doth he it but by telling of a man whose beloved lamb was ungratefully taken from his bosom? The application most divinely true, but the discourse itself feigned; which made David (I speak of the second and instrumental cause) as in a glass to see his own filthiness, as that heavenly Psalm of Mercy well testifies.

By these, therefore, examples and reasons, I think it may be manifest that the poet, with that same hand of delight, doth draw the mind more effectually than any other art doth. And so a conclusion not unfitly ensues: that as virtue is the most excellent resting-place for all worldly learning to make his end of, so poetry, being the most familiar to teach it, and most princely to move towards it, in the most excellent work is the most excellent workman.

But I am content not only to decipher him by his works—although works in commendation or dispraise must ever hold a high authority—but more narrowly will examine his parts; so that, as in a man, though all together may carry a presence full of majesty and beauty, perchance in some one defectious piece we may find a blemish.

Now in his parts, kinds, or species, as you list to term them, it is to be noted that some poesies have coupled together two or three kinds,—as tragical and comical, whereupon is risen the tragi-comical; some, in the like manner, have mingled prose and verse, as Sannazzaro and Boethius; some have mingled matters heroical and pastoral; but that comes all to one in this question, for, if severed they be good, the conjunction cannot be hurtful. Therefore, perchance forgetting some, and leaving some as needless to be remembered, it shall not be amiss in a word to cite the special kinds, to see what faults may be found in the right use of them.

Is it then the pastoral poem which is misliked?—for perchance where the hedge is lowest they will soonest leap over. Is the poor pipe disdained, which sometimes out of Meliboeœus' mouth can show the misery of people under hard lords and ravening soldiers, and again, by Tityrus, what blessedness is derived to them that lie lowest from the goodness of them that sit highest? sometimes, under the pretty tales of wolves and sheep, can include the whole considerations of wrong-doing and patience; sometimes show that contention for trifles can get but a trifling victory; where perchance a man may see that even Alexander and Darius, when they strove who should be cock of this world's dunghill, the benefit they got was that the after-livers may say:

Hœc memini et victum frustra contendere Thyrsim;

Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis

[I remember such things, and that the defeated Thyrsis struggled vainly; From that time, with us Corydon is the Corydon—ed.]

Or is it the lamenting elegiac, which in a kind heart would move rather pity than blame; who bewails, with the great philosopher Heraclitus, the weakness of mankind and the wretchedness of the world; who surely is to be praised, either for compassionate accompanying just causes of lamentation, or for rightly painting out how weak be the passions of woefulness?

Is it the bitter and wholesome iambic, who rubs the galled mind, in making shame the trumpet of villainy with bold and open crying out against naughtiness? Or the satiric? who

Omne vafer vitium ridenti tangit amico;

[The sly fellow touches every vice while making his friend laugh—ed.]

who sportingly never leaves till he make a man laugh at folly, and at length ashamed to laugh at himself, which he cannot avoid without avoiding the folly; who, while circum prœcordia ludit [he plays around his heartstrings], gives us to feel how many headaches a passionate life brings us to,—how, when all is done,

Est Ulubris, animus si nos non deficit œquus.

[If we do not lack the equable temperament, it is in Ulubrae (noted for desolation)—ed.]

No, perchance it is the comic; whom naughty play-makers and stage-keepers have justly made odious. To the argument of abuse I will answer after. Only thus much now is to be said, that the comedy in an imitation of the common errors of our life, which he represents in the most ridiculous and scornful sort that may be, so as it is impossible that any beholder can be content to be such a one. Now, as in geometry the oblique must be known as well as the right, and in arithmetic the odd as well as the even; so in the actions of our life who sees not the filthiness of evil, wants a great foil to perceive the beauty of virtue. This doth the comedy handle so, in our private and domestic matters, as with hearing it we get, as it were, an experience what is to be looked for of a niggardly Demea, of a crafty Davus, of a flattering Gnatho, of a vain-glorious Thraso; and not only to know what effects are to be expected, but to know who be such, by the signifying badge given them by the comedian. And little reason has any man to say that men learn evil by seeing it so set out; since, as I said before, there is no man living, but by the force truth has in nature, no sooner sees these men play their parts, but wishes them in pistrinum [in the mill (place of punishment)—ed.], although perchance the sack of his own faults lie so behind his back, that he sees not himself to dance the same measure,—whereto yet nothing can more open his eyes than to find his own actions contemptibly set forth.

So that the right use of comedy will, I think, by nobody be blamed, and much less of the high and excellent tragedy, that opens the greatest wounds, and shows forth the ulcers that are covered with tissue; that makes kings fear to be tyrants, and tyrants manifest their tyrannical humors; that with stirring the effects of admiration and commiseration teaches the uncertainty of this world, and upon how weak foundations gilded roofs are builded; that makes us know:

Qui sceptra sœvus duro imperio regit,

Timet timentes, metus in auctorem redit

[The savage king who wields the scepter with cruel sway Fears those who fear him; dread comes back to the head of the originator—ed.]

But how much it can move, Plutarch yields a notable testimony of the abominable tyrant Alexander Pheræus; from whose eyes a tragedy, well made and represented, drew abundance of tears, who without all pity had murdered infinite numbers, and some of his own blood; so as he that was not ashamed to make matters for tragedies, yet could not resist the sweet violence of a tragedy. And if it wrought no further good in him, it was that he, in despite of himself, withdrew himself from hearkening to that which might mollify his hardened heart. But it is not the tragedy they do mislike, for it were too absurd to cast out so excellent a representation of whatsoever is most worthy to be learned.

Is it the lyric that most displeases, who with his tuned lyre and well accorded voice, gives praise, the reward of virtue, to virtuous acts; who gives moral precepts and natural problems; who sometimes raises up his voice to the height of the heavens, in singing the lauds of the immortal God? Certainly I must confess mine own barbarousness; I never heard the old song of Percy and

Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung but by some blind crowder [a public entertainer, singing for a crowd—ed.], with no rougher voice than rude style; which being so evil appareled in the dust and cobwebs of that uncivil age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar? In Hungary I have seen it the manner of all feasts, and other such meetings, to have songs of their ancestors' valor, which that right soldierlike nation think the chiefest kindlers of brave courage. The incomparable Lacedæmonians did not only carry that kind of music ever with them to the field, but even at home, as such songs were made, so were they all content to be singers of them; when the lusty men were to tell what they did, the old men what they had done, and the young men what they would do. And where a man may say that Pindar many times praises highly victories of small moment, matters rather of sport than virtue; as it may be answered, it was the fault of the poet, and not of the poetry, so indeed the chief fault was in the time and custom of the Greeks, who set those toys at so high a price that Philip of Macedon reckoned a horserace won at Olympus among his three fearful felicities. But as the unimitable Pindar often did, so is that kind most capable and most fit to awake the thoughts from the sleep of idleness, to embrace honorable enterprises.

There rests the heroical, whose very name, I think, should daunt all backbiters. For by what conceit can a tongue be directed to speak evil of that which draws with it no less champions than Achilles, Cyrus, Æneas, Turnus Tydeus, Rinaldo? who doth not only teach and move to a truth, but teaches and moves to the most high and excellent truth; who makes magnanimity and justice shine through all misty fearfulness and foggy desires; who, if the saying of Plato and Tully be true, that who could see virtue would be wonderfully ravished with the love of her beauty, this man sets her out to make her more lovely, in her holiday apparel, to the eye of any that will deign not to disdain until they understand. But if anything be already said in the defense of sweet poetry, all concurs to the maintaining the heroical, which is not only a kind, but the best and most accomplished kind of poetry. For, as the image of each action stirs and instructs the mind, so the lofty image of such worthies most inflames the mind with desire to be worthy, and informs with counsel how to be worthy. Only let Æneas be worn in the tablet of your memory, how he governs himself in the ruin of his country; in the preserving his old father, and carrying away his religious ceremonies; in obeying the god's commandment to leave Dido, though not only all passionate kindness, but even the human consideration of virtuous gratefulness, would have craved other of him; how in storms, how in storms, how in sports, how in war, how in peace, how a fugitive, how victorious, how besieged, how besieging, how to strangers, how to allies, how to enemies, how to his own; lastly, how in his inward self, and how in his outward government; and I think, in a mind most prejudiced with a prejudicating humor, he will be found in excellency fruitful,—yea, even as Horace says, melius Chrysippo et Crantore [better than Chrysippus and Crantor (famous philosophers)—ed.]. But truly I imagine it falls out with these poet-whippers as with some good women who often are sick, but in faith they cannot tell where. So the name of poetry is odious to them, but neither his cause nor effects, neither the sum that contains him nor the particularities descending from him, give any fast handle to their carping dispraise.

Since, then, poetry is of all human learnings the most ancient and of most fatherly antiquity, as from whence other learnings have taken their beginnings, since it is so universal that no learned nation doth despise it, nor barbarous nation is without it; since both Roman and Greek gave divine names unto it, the one of "prophesying," the other of "making," and that indeed that name of "making" is fit for him, considering that whereas other arts retain themselves within their subjects, and receive, as it were, their being from it, the poet only brings his own stuff, and doth not learn a conceit out of a matter, but makes matter for a conceit; since neither his description nor his end contains any evil, the thing described cannot be evil; since his effects be so good as to teach goodness, and delight the learners of it; since therein—namely in moral doctrine, the chief of all knowledges—he doth not only far pass the historian, but for instructing is well nigh comparable to the philosopher, and for moving leaves him behind him; since the Holy Scripture, wherein there is no uncleanness, has whole parts in it poetical, and that even our Savior Christ vouchsafed to use the flowers of it; since all his kinds are not only in their united forms, but in their several dissections fully commendable; I think, and think I think rightly, the laurel crown appointed for triumphant captains doth worthily, of all other learnings, honor the poet's triumph.

But because we have ears as well as tongues, and that the lightest reasons that may be will seem to weigh greatly, if nothing be put in the counter-balance, let us hear, and, as well as we can, ponder, what objections be made against this art, which may be worthy either of yielding or answering.

First, truly, I note not only in these misomousoi, poet-haters, but in all that kind of people who seek a praise by dispraising others, that they do prodigally spend a great many wandering words in quips and scoffs, carping and taunting at each thing which, by stirring the spleen, may stay the brain from a through-beholding the worthiness of the subject. Those kind of objections, as they are full of a very idle easiness—since there is nothing of so sacred a majesty but that an itching tongue may rub itself upon it—so deserve they no other answer, but, instead of laughing at the jest, to laugh at the jester. We know a playing wit can praise the discretion of an ass, the comfortableness of being in debt, and the jolly commodity of being sick of the plague. So of the contrary side, if we will turn Ovid's verse,

Ut lateat virtus proximitate mali,

[that good lie hid in nearness of the evil,—ed.]

Agrippa will be as merry in showing the vanity of science, as Erasmus was in commending of folly; neither shall any man or matter escape some touch of these smiling railers. But for Erasmus and Agrippa, they had another foundation than the superficial part would promise Marry, these other pleasant fault-finders, who will correct the verb before they understand the noun, and confute others' knowledge before they confirm their own, I would have them only remember that scoffing comes not of wisdom; so as the best title in true English they get with their merriments is to be called good fools,—for so have our grave forefathers ever termed that humorous kind of jesters.

But that which gives greatest scope to their scorning humor is riming and versing. It is already said, and as I think truly said, it is not riming and versing that makes poesy. One may be a poet without versing, and a versifier without poetry. But yet presuppose it were inseparable—as indeed it seems Scaliger judges—truly it were an inseparable commendation. For if oratio next to ratio, speech next to reason, be the greatest gift bestowed upon mortality, that cannot be praiseless which doth most polish that blessing of speech; which considers each word, not only as a man may say by his forcible quality, but by his best-measured quantity; carrying even in themselves a harmony,—without, perchance, number, measure, order, proportion be in our time grown odious.

But lay aside the just praise it has by being the only fit speech for music—music, I say, the most divine striker of the senses—thus much is undoubtedly true, that if reading be foolish without remembering, memory being the only treasurer of knowledge, those words which are fittest for memory are likewise most convenient for knowledge. Now that verse far exceeds prose in the knitting up of the memory, the reason is manifest; the words, besides their delight, which has a great affinity to memory, being so set, as one cannot be lost but the whole work fails; which, accusing itself, calls the remembrance back to itself, and so most strongly confirms it. Besides, one word so, as it were, begetting another, as, be it in rime or measured verse, by the former a man shall have a near guess to the follower. Lastly, even they that have taught the art of memory have showed nothing so apt for it as a certain room divided into many places, well and thoroughly known; now that has the verse in effect perfectly, every word having his natural seat, which seat must needs make the word remembered. But what needs more in a thing so known to all men? Who is it that ever was a scholar that doth not carry away some verses of Virgil, Horace, or Cato, which in his youth he learned, and even to his old age serve him for hourly lessons? as:

Percontatorem fugito, nam garrulus idem est

[Stay away from an inquisitive man: he is sure to be garrulous—ed.]

[and] Dum sibi quisque placet, credula turba sumus

[While each pleases himself, we are a credulous mob—ed]

But the fitness it has for memory is notably proved by all delivery of arts, wherein, for the most part, from grammar to logic, mathematic, physic, and the rest, the rules chiefly necessary to be borne away are compiled in verses. So that verse being in itself sweet and orderly, and being best for memory, the only handle of knowledge; it must be in jest that any man can speak against it.

Now then go we to the most important imputations laid to the poor poets; for aught I can yet learn they are these.

First, that there being many other more fruitful knowledges, a man might better spend his time in them than in this.

Secondly, that it is the mother of lies.

Thirdly, that it is the nurse of abuse, infecting us with many pestilent desires, with a siren's sweetness drawing the mind to the serpent's tail of sinful fancies,— and herein especially comedies give the largest field to ear [plough—ed] as Chaucer says; how, both in other nations and in ours, before poets did soften us, we were full of courage, given to martial exercises, the pillars of manlike liberty, and not lulled asleep in shady idleness with poets' pastimes.

And, lastly and chiefly, they cry out with an open mouth, as if they had overshot Robin Hood, that Plato banished them out of his Commonwealth. Truly this is much, if there be much truth in it.

First, to the first, that a man might better spend his time is a reason indeed; but it doth, as they say, but petere principium [to return or revert to the beginning— ed.] For if it be, as I affirm, that no learning is so good as that which teaches and moves to virtue, and that none can both teach and move thereto so much as poesy, then is the conclusion manifest that ink and paper cannot be to a more profitable purpose employed. And certainly, though a man should grant their first assumption, it should follow, methinks, very unwillingly, that good is not good because better is better. But I still and utterly deny that there is sprung out of earth a more fruitful knowledge.

To the second, therefore, that they should be the principal liars, I answer paradoxically, but truly, I think truly, that of all writers under the sun the poet is the least liar; and though he would, as a poet can scarcely be a liar. The astronomer, with his cousin the geometrician, can hardly escape when they take upon them to measure the height of the stars. How often, think you, do the physicians lie, when they aver things good for sicknesses, which afterwards send Charon a great number of souls drowned in a potion before they come to his ferry? And no less of the rest which take upon them to affirm. Now for the poet, he nothing affirms, and therefore never lies. For, as I take it, to lie is to affirm that to be true which is false; so as the other artists, and especially the historian, affirming many things, can, in the cloudy knowledge of mankind, hardly escape from many lies. But the poet, as I said before, never affirms. The poet never makes any circles about your imagination, to conjure you to believe for true what he writes. He cites not authorities of other histories, but even for his entry calls the sweet Muses to inspire into him a good invention; in troth, not laboring to tell you what is or is not, but what should or should not be. And therefore though he recount things not true, yet because he tells them not for true he lies not; without we will say that Nathan lied in his speech, before alleged, to David; which, as a wicked man durst scarce say, so think I none so simple would say that Æsop lied in the tales of his beasts; for who thinks that Æsop wrote it for actually true, were well worthy to have his name chronicled among the beasts he writes of. What child is there that, coming to a play, and seeing. Thebes written in great letters upon an old door, doth believe that it is Thebes? If then a man can arrive at that child's age, to know that the poet's persons and doings are but pictures what should be, and not stories what have been, they will never give the lie to things not affirmatively but allegorically and figuratively written. And therefore, as in history looking for truth, they may go away full-fraught with falsehood, so in poesy looking but for fiction, they shall use the narration but as an imaginative ground—plot of a profitable invention. But hereto is replied that the poets give names to men they write of, which argues a conceit of an actual truth, and so, not being true, proves a falsehood. And doth the lawyer lie then, when, under the names of John of the Stile, and John of the Nokes, he puts his case? But that is easily answered: their naming of men is but to make their picture the more lively, and not to build any history. Painting men, they cannot leave men nameless. We see we cannot play at chess but that we must give names to our chess-men; and yet, me thinks, he were a very partial champion of truth that would say we lied for giving a piece of wood the reverend title of a bishop. The poet names Cyrus and Æneas no other way than to show what men of their fames, fortunes, and estates should do.

Their third is, how much it abuses men's wit, training it to wanton sinfulness and lustful love. For indeed that is the principal, if not the only, abuse I can hear alleged. They say the comedies rather teach than reprehend amorous conceits. They say the lyric is larded with passionate sonnets, the elegiac weeps the want of his mistress, and that even to the heroical Cupid has ambitiously climbed Alas! Love, I would thou couldst as well defend thyself as thou canst offend others! I would those on whom thou dost attend could either put thee away, or yield good reason why they keep thee! But grant love of beauty to be a beastly fault, although it be very hard, since only man, and no beast, has that gift to discern beauty; grant that lovely name of Love to deserve all hateful reproaches, although even some of my masters the philosophers spent a good deal of their lamp-oil in setting forth the excellency of it; grant, I say, whatsoever they will have granted that not only love, but lust, but vanity, but, if they list, scurrility possesses many leaves of the poets' books; yet think I when this is granted, they will find their sentence may with good manners put the last words foremost, and not say that poetry abuses man's wit, but that man's wit abuses poetry.

For I will not deny, but that man's wit may make poesy, which should be eikastike, which some learned have defined "figuring forth good things," to be phantastike, which doth contrariwise infect the fancy with unworthy objects; as the painter that should give to the eye either some excellent perspective, or some fine picture fit for building or fortification, or containing in it some no table example, as Abraham sacrificing his son Isaac, Judith killing Holofernes, David fighting with Goliath, may leave those, and please an ill pleased eye with wanton shows of better-hidden matters. But what! shall the abuse of a thing make the right use odious? Nay, truly, though I yield that poesy may not only be abused, but that being abused, by the reason of his sweet charming force, it can do more hurt than any other army of words, yet shall it be so far from concluding that the abuse should give reproach to the abused, that contrariwise it is a good reason, that whatsoever, being abused, doth most harm, being rightly used—and upon the right use each thing receives his title—doth most good. Do we not see the skill of physic, the best rampire [rampart—ed] to our often-assaulted bodies, being abused, teach poison, the most violent destroyer? Doth not knowledge of law, whose end is to even and right all things, being abused, grow the crooked fosterer of horrible injuries? Doth not, to go in the highest, God's word abused breed heresy, and his name abused become blasphemy? Truly a needle cannot do much hurt, and as truly—with leave of ladies be it spoken—it cannot do much good. With a sword thou may kill thy father, and with a sword thou may defend thy prince and country. So that, as in their calling poets the fathers of lies they say nothing, so in this their argument of abuse they prove the commendation.

They allege herewith, that before poets began to be in price our nation has set their hearts' delight upon action, and not upon imagination; rather doing things worthy to be written, than writing things fit to be done. What that before-time was. I think scarcely Sphinx can tell; since no memory is so ancient that has the precedence of poetry. And certain it is that, in our plainest homeliness, yet never was the Albion nation without poetry. Marry, this argument, though it be leveled against poetry, yet is it indeed a chainshot against all learning,—or bookishness, as they commonly term it. Of such mind were certain Goths, of whom it is written that, having in the spoil of a famous city taken a fair library, one hangman—belike fit to execute the fruits of their wits—who had

murdered a great number of bodies, would have set fire in it “No,” said another very gravely, “take heed what you do; for while they are busy about these toys, we shall with more leisure conquer their countries.” This, indeed, is the ordinary doctrine of ignorance, and many words sometimes I have heard spent in it; but because this reason is generally against all learning, as well as poetry, or rather all learning but poetry; because it were too large a digression to handle, or at least too superfluous, since it is manifest that all government of action is to be gotten by knowledge, and knowledge best by gathering many knowledges, which is reading; I only, with Horace, to him that is of that opinion

Jubeo stultum esse libenter

[I gladly bid him to be a fool—ed.]

for as for poetry itself, it is the freest from this objection, for poetry is the companion of the camps. I dare undertake, Orlando Furioso or honest King Arthur will never displease a soldier; but the quiddity of ens, and prima materia, will hardly agree with a corselet. And therefore, as I said in the beginning, even Turks and Tartars are delighted with poets. Homer, a Greek, flourished before Greece flourished; and if to a slight conjecture a conjecture may be opposed, truly it may seem, that as by him their learned men took almost their first light of knowledge, so their active men received their first motions of courage. Only Alexander’s example may serve, who by Plutarch is accounted of such virtue, that Fortune was not his guide but his footstool; whose acts speak for him, though Plutarch did not; indeed the phoenix of warlike princes. This Alexander left his schoolmaster, living Aristotle, behind him, but took dead Homer with him. He put the philosopher Callistheries to death for his seeming philosophical, indeed mutinous, stubbornness; but the chief thing he was ever heard to wish for was that Homer had been alive. He well found he received more bravery of mind by the pattern of Achilles, than by hearing the definition of fortitude. And therefore if Cato misliked Fulvius for carrying Ennius with him to the field, it may be answered that if Cato misliked it, the noble Fulvius liked it, or else he had not done it. For it was not the excellent Cato Uticensis, whose authority. I would much more have reverenced; but it was the former, in truth a bitter punisher of faults, but else a man that had never sacrificed to the Graces. He misliked and cried out upon all Greek learning; and yet, being fourscore years old, began to learn it, belike fearing that Pluto understood not Latin Indeed, the Roman laws allowed no person to be carried to the wars but he that was in the soldiers’ roll. And therefore though Cato misliked his unmustered person, he misliked not his work. And if he had, Scipio Nasica, judged by common consent the best Roman, loved him. Both the other Scipio brothers, who had by their virtues no less surnames than of Asia and Afric, so loved him that they caused his body to be buried in their sepulcher. So as Cato’s authority being but against his person, and that answered with so far greater than himself, is herein of no validity.

But now, indeed, my burthen is great, that Plato’s name is laid upon me, whom I must confess, of all philosophers I have ever esteemed most worthy of reverence; and with great reason, since of all philosophers he is the most poetical; yet if he will defile the fountain out of which his flowing streams have proceeded, let us boldly examine with what reasons he did it.

First, truly, a man might maliciously object that Plato, being a philosopher, was a natural enemy of poets. For, indeed, after the philosophers had picked out of the sweet mysteries of poetry the right discerning true points of knowledge, they forthwith, putting it in method, and making a school-art of that which the poets did only teach by a divine delightfulness, beginning to spurn at their guides, like ungrateful prentices were not content to set up shops for themselves, but sought by all means to discredit their masters; which by the force of delight being barred them, the less they could overthrow them the more they hated them. For, indeed, they found for Homer seven cities strove who should have him for their citizen; where many cities banished philosophers, as not fit members to live among them. For only repeating certain of Euripides’ verses, many Athenians had their lives saved of the Syracusans, where the Athenians themselves thought many philosophers unworthy to live. Certain poets as Simonides and Pindar, had so prevailed with Heiro the First, that of a tyrant they made him a just king; where Plato could do so little with Dionysius, that he himself of a philosopher was made a slave. But who should do thus, I confess, should requite the objections made against poets with like cavillations against philosophers; as likewise one should do that should bid one read Phædrus or Symposium in Plato, or the Discourse of Love in Plutarch, and see whether any poet do authorize abominable filthiness, as they do.

Again, a man might ask out of what commonwealth Plato doth banish them. In sooth, thence where he himself allows community of women. So as belike this banishment grew not for effeminate wantonness, since little should poetical sonnets be hurtful when a man might have what woman he listed. But I honor philosophical instructions, and bless the wits which bred them, so as they be not abused, which is likewise stretched to poetry. Saint Paul himself, who yet, for the credit of poets, alleges twice two poets, and one of them by the name of a prophet, sets a watchword upon philosophy,—indeed upon the abuse. So doth Plato upon the abuse, not upon poetry. Plato found fault that the poets of his time filled the world with wrong opinions of the gods, making light tales of that unspotted essence, and therefore would not have the youth depraved with such opinions. Herein may much be said; let this suffice: the poets did not induce such opinions, but did imitate those opinions already induced. For all the Greek stories can well testify that the very religion of that time stood upon many and many-fashioned gods; not taught so by the poets, but followed according to their nature of imitation. Who list may read in Plutarch the discourses of Isis and Osiris, of the Cause why Oracles ceased, of the Divine Providence, and see whether the theology of that nation stood not upon such dreams,—which the

poets indeed superstitiously observed; and truly, since they had not the light of Christ, did much better in it than the philosophers, who, shaking off superstition, brought in atheism.

Plato therefore, whose authority I had much rather justly construe than unjustly resist, meant not in general of poets, in those words of which Julius Scaliger says, Qua authoritate barbari quidam atque hispidi, abuti velint ad poetas e republica exigendos [which authority (Plato's) some barbarians want to abuse, in order to banish poets from the state—ed] but only meant to drive out those wrong opinions of the Deity, whereof now, without further law, Christianity has taken away all the hurtful belief, perchance, as he thought, nourished by the then esteemed poets. And a man need go no further than to Plato himself to know his meaning; who, in his dialogue called Ion, gives high and rightly divine commendation unto poetry. So as Plato, banishing the abuse, not the thing, not banishing it, but giving due honor unto it, shall be our patron and not our adversary. For, indeed, I had much rather, since truly I may do it, show their mistaking of Plato, under whose lion's skin they would make an ass—like braying against poesy, than go about to overthrow his authority; whom, the wiser a man is, the more just cause he shall find to have in admiration; especially since he attributes unto poesy more than myself do, namely to be a very inspiring of a divine force, far above man's wit, as in the forenamed dialogue is apparent.

Of the other side, who would show the honors have been by the best sort of judgments granted them, a whole sea of examples would present themselves: Alexanders, Cæsars, Scipios, all favorers of poets; Lælius, called the Roman Socrates, himself a poet, so as part of Heautontimoroumenos in Terence was supposed to be made by him. And even the Greek Socrates, whom Apollo confirmed to be the only wise man, is said to have spent part of his old time in putting Æsop's Fables into verses; and therefore full evil should it become his scholar, Plato, to put such words in his master's mouth against poets. But what needs more? Aristotle writes the Art of Poesy; and why, if it should not be written? Plutarch teaches the use to be gathered of them; and how, if they should not be read? And who reads Plutarch's either history or philosophy, shall find he trims both their garments with guards [ornaments—ed.] of poesy. But I list not to defend poesy with the help of his underling historiography. Let it suffice that it is a fit soil for praise to dwell upon; and what dispraise may set upon it, is either easily overcome, or transformed into just commendation.

So that since the excellencies of it may be so easily and so justly confirmed, and the low-creeping objections so soon trodden down: it not being an art of lies, but of true doctrine; not of effeminateness, but of notable stirring of courage; not of abusing man's wit, but of strengthening man's wit; not banished, but honored by Plato; let us rather plant more laurels for to engarland our poets' heads—which honor of being laureate, as besides them only triumphant captains were, is a sufficient authority to show the price they ought to be held in—than suffer the illsavored breath of such wrong speakers once to blow upon the clear springs of poesy.

But since I have run so long a career in this matter, methinks, before I give my pen a full stop, it shall be but a little more lost time to inquire why England, the mother of excellent minds, should be grown so hard a stepmother to poets; who certainly in wit ought to pass all others, since all only proceeds from their wit, being indeed makers of themselves, not takers of others. How can I but exclaim,

Musa, mihi causas memora, quo numine læso?

[O Muse, recall to me the causes by which her divine will had been slighted—ed.]

Sweet poesy! that has anciently had kings, emperors, senators, great captains, such as, besides a thousand others, David, Adrian, Sophocles, Germanicus, not only to favor poets, but to be poets; and of our nearer times can present for her patrons a Robert, King of Sicily; the great King Francis of France; King James of Scotland; such cardinals as Bembus and Bibbiena; such famous preachers and teachers as Beza and Melancthon; so learned philosophers as Fracastorius and Scaliger; so great orators as Pontanus and Muretus; so piercing wits as George Buchanan; so grave counselors as—besides many, but before all—that Hospital of France, than whom, I think, that realm never brought forth a more accomplished judgment more firmly builded upon virtue; I say these, with numbers of others, not only to read others' poesies but to poetize for others' reading. That poesy, thus embraced in all other places, should only find in our time a hard welcome in England, I think the very earth laments it, and therefore decks our soil with fewer laurels than it was accustomed. For heretofore poets have in England also flourished; and, which is to be noted, even in those time when the trumpet of Mars did sound loudest. And now that an over-faint quietness should seem to strew the house for poets, they are almost in as good reputation as the mountebanks at Venice. Truly even that, as of the one side it gives great praise to poesy, which, like Venus—but to better purpose—has rather be troubled in the net with Mars, than enjoy the homely quiet of Vulcan; so serves it for a piece of a reason why they are less grateful to idle England, which now can scarce endure the pain of a pen. Upon this necessarily follows, that base men with servile wits undertake it, who think it enough if they can be rewarded of the printer. And so as Epaminondas is said, with the honor of his virtue to have made an office, by his exercising it, which before was contemptible, to become highly respected; so these men, no more but setting their names to it, by their own disgracefulness disgrace the most graceful poesy. For now, as if all the Muses were got with child to bring forth bastard poets, without any commission they do post over the banks of Helicon, till they make their readers more weary than posthorses; while, in

the meantime, they,

Queis meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan,

[On hearts the Titan has formed better clay—ed.]

are better content to suppress the outflowings of their wit, than by publishing them to be accounted knights of the same order.

But I that, before ever I dust aspire unto the dignity, am admitted into the company of the paper-blurrers, do find the very true cause of our wanting estimation is want of desert, taking upon us to be poets in despite of Pallas [though lacking inspiration—ed.]. Now wherein we want desert were a thank-worthy labor to express; but if I knew, I should have mended myself. But as I never desired the title, so have I neglected the means to come by it; only, overmastered by some thoughts, I yielded an inky tribute unto them Marry, they that delight in poesy itself should seek to know what they do and how they do; and especially look themselves in an unflattering glass of reason, if they be inclinable unto it. For poesy must not be drawn by the ears, it must be gently led, or rather it must lead; which was partly the cause that made the ancient learned affirm it was a divine gift, and no human skill, since all other knowledges lie ready for any that has strength of wit, a poet no industry can make if his own genius be not carried into it. And therefore is it an old proverb: Orator fit, poeta nascitur [the orator is made, the poet is born—ed.]. Yet confess I always that, as the fertilest ground must be manured [cultivated—ed.], so must the highest-flying wit have a Dædalus to guide him. That Dædalus, they say, both in this and in other, has three wings to bear itself up into the air of due commendation: that is, art, imitation, and exercise. But these neither artificial rules nor imitative patterns, we much cumber ourselves withal. Exercise indeed we do, but that very fore-backwardly, for where we should exercise to know, we exercise as having known; and so is our brain delivered of much matter which never was begotten by knowledge. For there being two principal parts, matter to be expressed by words, and words to express the matter, in neither we use art or imitation rightly. Our matter is quodlibet indeed, though wrongly performing Ovid's verse,

Quicquid conabar dicere, versus erat;

[Whatever I tried to say was poetry—ed.]

never marshalling it into any assured rank, that almost the readers cannot tell where to find themselves.

Chaucer, undoubtedly, did excellently in his Troilus and Cressida; of whom, truly, I know not whether to marvel more, either that he in that misty time could see so clearly, or that we in this clear age walk so stumblingly after him. Yet had he great wants, fit to be forgiven in so revered antiquity. I account the Mirror of Magistrates meetly furnished of beautiful parts; and in the Earl of Surrey's lyrics many things tasting of a noble birth, and worthy of a noble mind. The Shepherd's Calendar has much poetry in his eclogues, indeed worthy the reading, if I be not deceived. That same framing of his style to an old rustic language I dare not allow, since neither Theocritus in Greek, Virgil in Latin, nor Sannazzaro in Italian did affect it. Besides these, I do not remember to have seen but few (to speak boldly) printed, that have poetical sinews in them. For proof whereof, let but most of the verses be put in prose, and then ask the meaning, and it will be found that one verse did but beget another, without ordering at the first what should be at the last; which becomes a confused mass of words, with a tinkling sound of rime, barely accompanied with reason.

Our tragedies and comedies not without cause cried out against, observing rules neither of honest civility nor of skilful poetry, excepting Gorboduc,—again I say of those that I have seen. Which notwithstanding as it is full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca's style, and as full of notable morality, which it doth most delightfully teach, and so obtain the very end of poesy; yet in truth it is very defectious in the circumstances, which grieves me, because it might not remain as an exact model of all tragedies. For it is faulty both in place and time, the two necessary companions of all corporal actions. For where the stage should always represent but one place, and the uttermost time presupposed in it should be, both by Aristotle's precept and common reason, but one day; there is both many days and many places inartificially imagined.

But if it be so in Gorboduc, how much more in all the rest? where you shall have Asia of the one side, and Afric of the other, and so many other under-kingdoms, that the player, when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived. Now ye shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by we hear news of shipwreck in the same place, and then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave. While in the mean time two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?

Now of time they are much more liberal. For ordinary it is that two young princes fall in love; after many traverses she is got with child, delivered of a fair boy, he is lost, grows a man, falls in love, and is ready to get another child,—and all this in two hours'

space; which how absurd it is in sense even sense may imagine, and art has taught, and all ancient examples justified, and at this day the ordinary players in Italy will not err in. Yet will some bring in an example of Eunuchus in Terence, that contains matter of two days, yet far short of twenty years. True it is, and so was it to be played in two days, yet far short of twenty years. True it is, and so was it to be played in two days, and so fitted to the time it set forth. And though Plautus have in one place done amiss, let us hit with him, and not miss with him. But they will say, How then shall we set forth a story which contains both many places and many times? And do they not know that a tragedy is tied to the laws of poesy, and not of history; not bound to follow the story, but having liberty either to feign a quite new matter, or to frame the history to the most tragical convenience? Again, many things may be told which cannot be showed,—if they know the difference betwixt reporting and representing. As for example I may speak, though I am here, of Peru, and in speech digress from that to the description of Calicut; but in action I cannot represent it without Pacolet's horse. And so was the manner the ancients took, by some Nuntius [messenger—ed] to recount things done in former time or other place.

Lastly, if they will represent a history, they must not, as Horace says, begin ab ovo [from the egg—ed] but they must come to the principal point of that one action which they will represent. By example this will be best expressed. I have a story of young Polydorus, delivered for safety's sake, with great riches, by his father Priamus to Polymnestor, King of Thrace, in the Trojan war time. He, after some years, hearing the overthrow of Priamus, for to make the treasure his own murders the child; the body of the child is taken up by Hecuba; she, the same day, finds a sleight to be revenged most cruelly of the tyrant. Where now would one of our tragedy writers begin, but with the delivery of the child? Then should he sail over into Thrace, and so spend I know not how many years, and travel numbers of places. But where doth Euripides? Even with the finding of the body, leaving the rest to be told by the spirit of Polydorus. This needs no further to be enlarged; the dullest wit may conceive it.

But, besides these gross absurdities, how all their plays be neither right tragedies nor right comedies, mingling kings and clowns, not because the matter so carries it, but thrust in the clown by head and shoulders to play a part in majestical matters, with neither decency nor discretion; so as neither the admiration and commiseration, nor the right sportfulness, is by their mongrel tragi-comedy obtained. I know Apuleius did somewhat so, but that is a thing recounted with space of time, not represented in one moment; and I know the ancients have one or two examples of tragi-comedies, as Plautus has Amphytrio. But, if we mark them well, we shall find that they never, or very daintily, match hornpipes and funerals. So falls it out that, having indeed no right comedy in that comical part of our tragedy, we have nothing but scurrility, unworthy of any chaste ears, or some extreme show of doltishness, indeed fit to lift up a loud laughter, and nothing else; where the whole tract of a comedy should be full of delight, as the tragedy should be still maintained in a well-raised admiration.

But our comedians think there is no delight without laughter, which is very wrong; for though laughter may come with delight, yet comes it not of delight, as though delight should be the cause of laughter; but well may one thing breed both together. Nay, rather in themselves they have, as it were, a kind of contrariety. For delight we scarcely do, but in things that have a convenience to ourselves, or to the general nature; laughter almost ever comes of things most disproportioned to ourselves and nature. Delight has a joy in it either permanent or present; laughter has only a scornful tickling. For example, we are ravished with delight to see a fair woman, and yet are far from being moved to laughter. We laugh at deformed creatures, wherein certainly we cannot delight. We delight in good chances, we laugh at mischances. We delight to hear the happiness of our friends and country, at which he were worthy to be laughed at that would laugh. We shall, contrarily, laugh sometimes to find a matter quite mistaken and go down the hill against the bias, in the mouth of some such men, as for the respect of them one shall be heartily sorry he cannot choose but laugh, and so is rather pained than delighted with laughter. Yet deny I not but that they may go well together. For as in Alexander's picture well set out we delight without laughter, and in twenty mad antics we laugh without delight; so in Hercules, painted with his great beard and furious countenance, in woman's attire, spinning at Omphale's commandment, it breeds both delight and laughter; for the representing of so strange a power in love, procures delight, and the scornfulness of the action stirs laughter.

But I speak to this purpose, that all the end of the comical part be not upon such scornful matters as stir laughter only, but mixed with it that delightful teaching which is the end of poesy. And the great fault, even in that point of laughter, and forbidden plainly by Aristotle, is that they stir laughter in sinful things, which are rather execrable than ridiculous; or in miserable, which are rather to be pitied than scorned. For what is it to make folks gape at a wretched beggar or a beggarly clown, or, against law of hospitality, to jest at strangers because they speak not English so well as we do? what do we learn? since it is certain:

Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,

Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.

[Unhappy poverty has nothing in it harder than this: It makes men ridiculous—ed.]

But rather a busy loving courtier; a heartless threatening Thraso; a self-wiseseeming schoolmaster; a wry transformed traveler:

these if we saw walk in stagenames, which we play naturally, therein were delightful laughter and teaching delightfulness,—as in the other, the tragedies of Buchanan do justly bring forth a divine admiration.

Other sorts of poetry almost have we none, but that lyrical kind of songs and sonnets, which, Lord if he gave us so good minds, how well it might be employed, and with how heavenly fruits both private and public, in singing the praises of the immortal beauty, the immortal goodness of that God who gives us hands to write, and wits to conceive!—of which we might well want words, but never matter; of which we could turn our eyes to nothing, but we should ever have new-budding occasions.

But truly, many of such writings as come under the banner of unresistible love, if I were a mistress would never persuade me they were in love; so coldly they apply fiery speeches, as men that had rather read lovers' writings, and so caught up certain swelling phrases—which hang together like a man which once told me the wind was at north-west and by south, because he would be sure to name winds enough—than that in truth they feel those passions, which easily, as I think, may be bewrayed by that same forcibleness, or energia (as the Greeks call it) of the writer. But let this be a sufficient, though short note, that we miss the right use of the material point of poesy.

Now for the outside of it, which is words, or (as I may term it) diction, it is even well worse, so is that honey-flowing matron eloquence appareled or rather disguised, in a courtesan-like painted affectation: one time with so farfetched words, that many seem monsters—but must seem strangers—to any poor Englishman; another time with coursing of a letter [alliteration—ed.] as if they were bound to follow the method of a dictionary; another time with figures and flowers extremely winter-starved.

But I would this fault were only peculiar to versifiers, and had not as large possession among prose-printers, and, which is to be marveled, among many scholars, and, which is to be pitied, among some preachers. Truly I could wish—if at least I might be so bold to wish in a thing beyond the reach of my capacity—the diligent imitators of Tully and Demosthenes (most worthy to be imitated) did not so much keep. Nizolian paper-books of their figures and phrases, as by attentive translation, as it were devour them whole, and make them wholly theirs. For now they cast sugar and spice upon every dish that is served to the table; like those Indians, not content to wear ear-rings at the fit and natural place of the ears, but they will thrust jewels through their nose and lips, because they will be sure to be fine. Tully, when he was to drive out Catiline as it were with a thunderbolt of eloquence, often used that figure of repetition, as Vivit Vivit? Immo vero etiam in senatum venit, etc. [He lives Does he live? In truth, he even comes to the Senate— ed.]. Indeed, inflamed with a well-grounded rage, he would have his words, as it were, double out of his mouth; and so do that artificially, which we see men in choler do naturally. And we, having noted the grace of those words, hale them in sometime to a familiar epistle, when it were too much choler to be choleric. How well store of similiter cadences [rhymes—ed.] doth sound with the gravity of the pulpit, I would but invoke Demosthenes' soul to tell, who with a rare daintiness uses them. Truly they have made me think of the sophister that with too much subtlety would prove two eggs three, and though he might be counted a sophister, had none for his labor. So these men bringing in such a kind of eloquence, well may they obtain an opinion of a seeming fineness, but persuade few,—which should be the end of their fineness.

Now for similitudes in certain printed discourses, I think all herbarists, all stories of beasts, fowls, and fishes are rifled up, that they may come in multitudes to wait upon any of our conceits, which certainly is as absurd a surfeit to the ears as is possible. For the force of a similitude not being to prove any thing to a contrary disputer, but only to explain to a willing hearer; when that is done, the rest is a most tedious prattling, rather overswaying the memory from the purpose whereto they were applied, then any whit informing the judgment, already either satisfied of by similitudes not to be satisfied.

For my part, I do not doubt, when Antonius and Crassus, the great forefathers of Cicero in eloquence, the one (as Cicero testifies of them) pretended not to know art, the other not to set by it, because [so that—ed.] with a plain sensibleness they might win credit of popular ears, which credit is the nearest step to persuasion, which persuasion is the chief mark of oratory,—I do not doubt, I say, but that they used these knacks, very sparingly; which who doth generally use any man may see doth dance to his own music, and so be noted by the audience more careful to speak curiously than truly. Undoubtedly (at least to my opinion undoubtedly) I have found in divers small-learned courtiers a more sound style than in some professors of learning; of which I can guess no other cause, but that the courtier following that which by practice he finds fittest to nature, therein, though he know it not, doth according to art—though not by art; where the other, using art to show art and not to hide art as in these cases he should do—flies from nature, and indeed abuses art.

But what! me thinks I deserve to be pounded for straying from poetry to oratory. But both have such an affinity in the wordish consideration, that I think this digression will make my meaning receive the fuller understanding:—which is not to take upon me to teach poets how they should do, but only, finding myself sick among the rest, to show some one or two spots of the common infection grown among the most part of writers; that, acknowledging ourselves somewhat awry, we may bend to the right use both of matter and manner: whereto our language gives us great occasion, being, indeed, capable of any excellent exercising of it.

I know some will say it is a mingled language. And why not so much the better, taking the best of both the other? Another will

say it wants grammar. Nay, truly, it has that praise that it wants not grammar. For grammar it might have, but it needs it not; being so easy in itself, and so void of those cumbersome differences of cases, genders, moods, and tenses, which, I think, was a piece of the Tower of Babylon's curse, that a man should be put to school to learn his mother-tongue. But for the uttering sweetly and properly the conceits of the mind, which is the end of speech, that has it equally with any other tongue in the world; and is particularly happy in compositions of two or three words together, near the Greek, far beyond the Latin,—which is one of the greatest beauties that can be in a language.

Now of versifying there are two sorts, the one ancient, the other modern. The ancient marked the quantity of each syllable, and according to that framed his verse, the modern observing only number, with some regard of the accent, the chief life of it stands in that like sounding of the words, which we call rime. Whether of these be the more excellent would bear many speeches; the ancient no doubt more fit for music, both words and tune observing quantity; and more fit lively to express divers passions, by the low or lofty sound of the well-weighed syllable. The latter likewise with his rime strikes a certain music to the ear; and, in fine, since it doth delight, though by another way, it obtains the same purpose; there being in either, sweetness, and wanting in neither, majesty. Truly the English, before any other vulgar language I know, is fit for both sorts. For, for the ancient, the Italian is so full of vowels that it must ever be cumbered with elisions; the Dutch so, of the other side, with consonants, that they cannot yield the sweet sliding fit for a verse. The French in his whole language has not one word that has his accent in the last syllable saving two, called antepenultima, and little more has the Spanish; and therefore very gracelessly may they use dactyls. The English is subject to none of these defects. Now for rime [rhythm—ed.], though we do not observe quantity, yet we observe the accent very precisely, which other languages either cannot do, or will not do so absolutely. That cæsura, or breathing-place in the midst of the verse, neither Italian nor Spanish have, the French and we never almost fail of.

Lastly, even the very rime itself the Italian cannot put in the last syllable, by the French named the masculine rime, but still in the next to the last, which the French call the female, or the next before that, which the Italians term sdrucciola. The example of the former is buono: suono; of the sdrucciola is femina: semina. The French, of the other side, has both the male, as bon: son, and the female, as plaise: taise; but the sdrucciola he has not. Where the English has all three, as due: true, father: rather, motion: potion; with much more which might be said, but that already I find the triflingness of this discourse is much too much enlarged.

So that since the ever praiseworthy poesy is full of virtue-breeding delightfulness, and void of no gift that ought to be in the noble name of learning; since the blames laid against it are either false or feeble; since the cause why it is not esteemed in England is the fault of poet-apes, not poets; since, lastly, our tongue is most fit to honor poesy, and to be honored by poesy; I conjure you all that have had the evil luck to read this ink-wasting toy of mine, even in the name of the Nine Muses, no more to scorn the sacred mysteries of poesy; no more to laugh at the name of poets, as though they were next inheritors to fools; no more to jest at the reverend title of "a rhymer"; but to believe, with Aristotle, that they were the ancient treasurers of the Grecians' divinity; to believe, with Bembus, that they were first bringers—in of all civility; to believe, with Scaliger, that no philosopher's precepts can sooner make you an honest man than the reading of Virgil; to believe, with Clauserus, the translator of Cornutus, that it pleased the Heavenly Deity by Hesiod and Homer, under the veil of fables, to give us all knowledge, logic, rhetoric, philosophy natural and moral, and quid non? to believe, with me, that there are many mysteries contained in poetry which of purpose were written darkly, lest by profane wits it should be abused; to believe, with Landino, that they are so beloved of the gods, that whatsoever they write proceeds of a divine fury; lastly, to believe themselves, when they tell you they will make you immortal by their verses.

Thus doing, your name shall flourish in the printers' shops. Thus doing, you shall be of kin to many a poetical preface. Thus doing, you shall be most fair, most rich, most wise, most all; you shall dwell upon superlatives. Thus doing, though you be libertino patre natus [the son of a freedman], you shall suddenly grow Herculean proles [Herculean offspring—ed]:

Si quid mea carmina possunt.

[If my verses can do anything—ed.]

Thus doing, your soul shall be placed with Dante's Beatrice or Virgil's Anchises.

But if—fie of such a but!—you be born so near the dull-making cataract of Nilus, that you cannot hear the planet-like music of poetry; if you have so earth-creeping a mind that it cannot lift itself up to look to the sky of poetry, or rather, by a certain rustical disdain, will become such a mome [blockhead—ed.], as to be a Momus of poetry; then, though I will not wish unto you the ass' ears of Midas, nor to be driven by a poet's verses, as Bubonax was, to hang himself; nor to be rimed to death, as is said to be done in Ireland; yet thus much curse. I must send you in the behalf of all poets:—that while you live in love, and never get favor for lacking skill of a sonnet; and when you die, your memory die from the earth for want of an epitaph.

The text used here is from An Apologie for Poetrie, ed Edward Arber (London, 1858), with additional material from Sidney's Apologie for Poetrie, ed. J. Churton Collins (Oxford, 1907) and The Defense of Poesy, ed A. S. Cook (Boston, 1890).

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2.41: Reading and Review Questions

1. How is learning synonymous with poetry, do you think? What does Sidney mean by delightful teaching?

2. Why does Sidney believe that poetry has a moral purpose? What are his arguments? What relation, if any, does poetry have to action, do you think, and why? How does his representation of the uses of art compare with Chaucer's or Spenser's?

3. To what degree, if any, does Sidney's Protestantism factor into his reasons for defending poetry, and how?

4. The Defense includes amongst its characters Edward Wotton, a friend of Sidney; John Pietro Pugliano, the Italian riding master to the Emperor; and himself in his historical persona as Sir Philip Sidney, poet and courtier. How does he construct his role of poet in the Defense? How does he construct his role of courtier in the Defense? How are the two roles related, if at all, in the Defense? How does his self-depiction compare with Chaucer's or More's?

5. How does poetry build national identity, according to Sidney? What are his arguments? Do his views validate Spenser's poetry in The Faerie Queene, for instance?

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2.42: Mary (Sidney) Herbert, Countess of Pembroke

(1562-1621)

Unlike her brother Sir Philip Sidney, Mary Sidney Herbert, Countess of Pembroke, did not attend a public school or university; instead, she was tutored at home in Latin, French, and Italian languages and literature. And at the age of fifteen, her family arranged her marriage to the wealthy Henry Herbert, 2nd Earl of Pembroke (1538-1601), thus cementing their families' already strong alliance. While she served her family's political goals, Mary Sidney Herbert managed to develop her own interests within her private realms, the Pembroke estate at Wilton and Baynards Castle in London, where she shaped literary and scientific coteries. She further supported her family by sponsoring elegies to her brother Sir Philip Sidney who died in 1586 from wounds suffered at the Battle of Zutphen. "The Doleful Lay of Clorinda," Mary Sidney Herbert's first published work, appeared in a collection of elegies that included "Astrophil," Spenser's tribute to Sir Philip Sidney.



Image 2.12 | Mary Sidney Herbert, Countess of Pembroke
Artist | Unknown
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The genres in which she wrote revealed Elizabethan attitudes towards women, their scope and purpose within society. In the accepted role of "conduit," she translated works by Petrarch, Robert Garnier (1544-1590), and Phillippe Duplessis Mornay (1549-1623), dedicated works and encomia to her sovereign (first Elizabeth I) and Queen Anne (wife of James I), and elegized Sir Philip Sidney. She took on the accepted role of relative being to Sir Philip Sidney, gaining fame and acceptance as his sister, by completing his unfinished works, and advocating his literary legacy. Her elegies to her brother were done in the pastoral tradition. Her translations from the French and Italian demonstrate the importance of Continental traditions to English literature. Her metric translations of Psalms 44-150, translations that introduced an astonishing array of metrical verse forms, demonstrate the Protestant influence on both sacred and secular expressions of faith. All her publications reveal Mary Sidney Herbert's attitude toward herself as a writer in her own right, as she published her works under her own name.

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2.43: "The Doleful Lay of Clorida"

(1595)

Ay me, to whom shall I my case complain,

That may compassion my impatient grief?

\Or where shall I unfold my inward pain,

That my enriven heart may find relief?

Shall I unto the heavenly pow'rs it show,

Or unto earthly men that dwell below?

To heavens? Ah, they, alas, the authors were,

And workers of my unremedied woe:

For they foresee what to us happens here,

And they foresaw, yet suffered this be so.

From them comes good, from them comes also ill,

That which they made, who can them warn to spill.

To men? Ah, they, alas, like wretched be,

And subject to the heavens' ordinance:

Bound to abide whatever they decree.

Their best redress is their best sufferance.

How then can they, like wretched, comfort me,

The which no less need comforted to be?

Then to myself will I my sorrow mourn,

Sith none alive like sorrowful remains:

And to myself my plaints shall back return,

To pay their usury with doubled pains.

The woods, the hills, the rivers shall resound

The mournful accent of my sorrow's ground.

Woods, hills, and rivers now are desolate,

Sith he is gone the which them all did grace:

And all the fields do wail their widow state,

Sith death their fairest flow'r did late deface.

The fairest flow'r in field that ever grew,

Was Astrophel; that was, we all may rue.

What cruel hand of cursed foe unknown,

Hath cropped the stalk which bore so fair a flow'r?

Untimely cropped, before it well were grown,

And clean defaced in untimely hour.

Great loss to all that ever him did see,

Great loss to all, but greatest loss to me.

Break now your garlands, O ye shepherds' lasses,

Sith the fair flow'r, which them adorned, is gone:

The flow'r, which them adorned, is gone to ashes,

Never again let lass put garland on.

Instead of garland, wear sad cypress now,

And bitter elder, broken from the bough.

Ne ever sing the love-lays which he made:

Who ever made such lays of love as he?

Ne ever read the riddles, which he said

Unto yourselves, to make you merry glee.

Your merry glee is now laid all abed,

Your merry maker now, alas, is dead.

Death, the devourer of all the world's delight,

Hath robbed you and reft from me my joy:

Both you and me and all the world he quite

Hath robbed of joyance, and left sad annoy.

Joy of the world, and shepherds' pride was he,

Shepherds' hope never like again to see.

O Death, that hast us of such riches reft,

Tell us at least, what hast thou with it done?

What is become of him whose flow'r here left

Is but the shadow of his likeness gone:

Scarce like the shadow of that which he was,

Naught like, but that he like a shade did pass.

But that immortal spirit, which was decked

With all the dowries of celestial grace:

By sovereign choice from th'heavenly choirs select,

And lineally derived from angels' race,

Oh, what is now of it become, aread.

Ay me, can so divine a thing be dead?

Ah no: it is not dead, ne can it die,

But lives for aye, in blissful Paradise:

Where like a new-born babe it soft doth lie,

In bed of lilies wrapped in tender wise,

And compassed all about with roses sweet,

And dainty violets from head to feet.

There thousand birds all of celestial brood,

To him do sweetly carol day and night:

And with strange notes, of him well understood,

Lull him asleep in angel-like delight;

Whilst in sweet dream to him presented be

Immortal beauties, which no eye may see.

But he them sees and takes exceeding pleasure

Of their divine aspects, appearing plain,

And kindling love in him above all measure,

Sweet love still joyous, never feeling pain.

For what so goodly form he there doth see,

He may enjoy from jealous rancor free.

There liveth he in everlasting bliss,

Sweet spirit never fearing more to die:

Ne dreading harm from any foes of his,

Ne fearing savage beasts' more cruelty.

Whilst we here, wretches, wail his private lack,

And with vain vows do often call him back.

But live thou there still happy, happy spirit,

And give us leave thee here thus to lament:

Not thee that dost thy heaven’s joy inherit,

But our own selves that here in dole are drent.

Thus do we weep and wail, and wear our eyes,

Mourning in other’s, our own miseries.

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2.44: "To the Angel Spirit of the Most Excellent Sir Philip Sidney"

(1623)

(Variant printed in Samuel Daniel's 1623 Works)

To thee, pure spirit, to thee alone addressed

Is this joint work, by double interest thine,

Thine by his own, and what is done of mine

Inspired by thee, thy secret power impressed.

My Muse with thine, itself dared to combine

As mortal stuff with that which is divine:

Let thy fair beams give luster to the rest

That Israel's King may deign his own, transformed

In substance no, but superficial 'tire;

And English guised in some sort may aspire

To better grace thee what the vulgar formed:

His sacred tones, age after age admire;

Nations grow great in pride and pure desire

So to excel in holy rites performed.

Oh, had that soul which honor brought to rest

Too soon not left and reft the world of all

What man could show, which we perfection call,

This precious piece had sorted with the best.

But ah, wide festered wounds that never shall

Nor must be closed, unto fresh bleeding fall:

Ah, memory, what needs this new arrest?

Yet blessed grief, that sweetness can impart

Since thou art blest! Wrongly do I complain:

Whatever weights my heavy thoughts sustain

Dear feels my soul for thee. I know my part

Nor be my weakness to thy rites a stain,

Rites to aright, life-blood would not refrain:

Assist me, then, that life what thine did part.

Time may bring forth what time hath yet suppressed

In whom thy loss hath laid to utter waste;

The wrack of time, untimely all defaced,

Remaining as the tomb of life deceased,

Where, in my heart the highest room thou hast;

There, truly there, thy earthly being is placed,

Triumph of death: in life how more than blest.

Behold, oh, that thou were now to behold

This finished long perfection's part begun,

The rest but pieced, as left by thee undone.

Pardon blest soul, presumption overbold,

If love and zeal hath to this error run:

'Tis zealous love, love that hath never done,

Nor can enough, though justly here controlled.

But since it hath no other scope to go,

Nor other purpose but to honor thee,

That thine may shine, where all the Graces be;

And that my thoughts (like smallest streams that flow,

Pay to their sea, their tributary fee)

Do strive, yet have no means to quit nor free

That mighty debt of infinities I owe

To thy great worth which time to times enroll,

Wonder of men, sole born, sole of thy kind

Complete in all, but heavenly was thy mind,

For wisdom, goodness, sweetness, fairest soul:

Too good to wish, too fair for earth, refined

For heaven, where all true glory rests confined;

And where but there no life without control?

Oh, when from this account, this cast-up sum,

This reck'ning made the audit of my woe,

Sometime of rase my swelling passions know

How work my thoughts, my sense is stricken dumb

That would thee more than words could ever show,

Which all fall short. Who knew thee best do know

There lives no wit that may thy praise become.

And rest fair monuments of thy fair fame,

Though not complete. Nor can we reach, in thought,

What on that goodly piece time would have wrought

Had divers so spared that life (but life) to frame

The rest. Alas, such loss! The world hath naught

Can equal it, nor, oh, more grievance brought,

Yet what remains must ever crown thy name.

Receive these hymns, these obsequies receive,

(If any mark of thy secret spirit thou bear)

Made only thine, and no name else must wear.

I can no more: Dear Soul, I take my leave;

My sorrow strives to mount the highest sphere.

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2.45: "Psalm 51"

(1599)

O Lord, whose grace no limits comprehend;

Sweet Lord, whose mercies stand from measure free;

To me that grace, to me that mercy send,

And wipe, O Lord, my sins from sinful me.

Oh, cleanse, oh, wash, my foul iniquity;

Cleanse still my spots, still wash away my stainings,

Till stains and spots in me leave no remainings.

For I, alas, acknowledging do know

My filthy fault, my faulty filthiness

To my soul's eye incessantly doth show,

Which done to thee, to thee I do confess,

Just judge, true witness, that for righteousness

Thy doom may pass against my guilt awarded,

Thy evidence for truth may be regarded.

My mother, lo, when I began to be,

Conceiving me, with me did sin conceive:

And as with living heat she cherished me,

Corruption did like cherishing receive.

But, lo, thy love to purest good doth cleave,

And inward truth: which, hardly else discerned,

My truant soul in thy hid school hath learned.

Then as thyself to lepers hast assigned,

With hyssop, Lord, thy hyssop, purge me so:

And that shall cleanse the lepry of my mind.

Make over me thy mercy's streams to flow,

So shall my whiteness scorn the whitest snow.

To ear and heart send sounds and thoughts of gladness,

That bruised bones may dance away their sadness.

Thy ill-pleased eye from my misdeeds avert:

Cancel the registers my sins contains:

Create in me a pure, clean, spotless heart;

Inspire a sprite where love of right may reign

Ah, cast me not from thee; take not again

Thy breathing grace; again thy comfort send me,

And let the guard of thy free sprite attend me.

So I to them a guiding hand will be,

Whose faulty feet have wandered from thy way,

And turned from sin will make return to thee,

Whom turned from thee sin erst had led astray.

O God, God of my health, oh, do away

My bloody crime: so shall my tongue be raised

To praise thy truth, enough cannot be praised.

Unlock my lips, shut up with sinful shame:

Then shall my mouth, O Lord, thy honor sing.

For bleeding fuel for thy altar's flame,

To gain thy grace what boots it me to bring?

Burnt-off'rings are to thee no pleasant thing.

The sacrifice that God will hold respected,

Is the heart-broken soul, the sprite dejected.

Lastly, O Lord, how so I stand or fall,

Leave not thy loved Zion to embrace;

But with thy favor build up Salem's wall,

And still in peace, maintain that peaceful place.

Then shalt thou turn a well-accepting face

To sacred fires with offered gifts perfumed:

Till ev'n whole calves on altars be consumed

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2.46: "Psalm 55"

(1599)

My God, most glad to look, most prone to hear,
An open ear, oh, let my prayer find,
And from my plaint turn not thy face away.
Behold my gestures, hearken what I say,
While uttering moans with most tormented mind,
My body I no less torment and tear.
For, lo, their fearful threat'nings would mine ear,
Who griefs on griefs on me still heaping lay,
A mark to wrath and hate and wrong assigned;
Therefore, my heart hath all his force resigned
To trembling pants; death terrors on me pray;
I fear, nay, shake, nay, quiv'ring quake with fear.
Then say I, oh, might I but cut the wind,
Borne on the wing the fearful dove doth bear:
Stay would I not, till I in rest might stay.
Far hence, oh, far, then would I take my way
Unto the desert, and repose me there,
These storms of woe, these tempests left behind.
But swallow them, O Lord, in darkness blind,
Confound their counsels, lead their tongues astray,
That what they mean by words may not appear.
For mother Wrong within their town each where,
And daughter Strife their ensigns so display,
As if they only thither were confined.
These walk their city walls both night and day;
Oppressions, tumults, guiles of every kind
Are burgesses and dwell the middle near;

About their streets his masking robes doth wear

Mischief clothed in deceit, with treason lined,

Where only he, he only bears the sway.

But not my foe with me this prank did play,

For then I would have borne with patient cheer

An unkind part from whom I know unkind,

Nor he whose forehead Envy's mark had signed,

His trophies on my ruins sought to rear,

From whom to fly I might have made assay.

But this to thee, to thee impute I may,

My fellow, my companion, held most dear,

My soul, my other self, my inward friend:

Whom unto me, me unto whom did bind

Exchanged secrets, who together were

God's temple wont to visit, there to pray.

Oh, let a sudden death work their decay,

Who speaking fair such cankered malice mind,

Let them be buried breathing in their bier;

But purple morn, black ev'n, and midday clear

Shall see my praying voice to God inclined,

Rousing him up, and naught shall me dismay.

He ransomed me; he for my safety fined

In fight where many sought my soul to slay;

He, still himself to no succeeding heir

Leaving his empire shall no more forbear

But at my motion, all these atheists pay,

By whom, still one, such mischiefs are designed.

Who but such caitiffs would have undermined,

Nay, overthrown, from whom but kindness mere

They never found? Who would such trust betray?

What buttered words! Yet war their hearts bewray.

Their speech more sharp than sharpest sword or spear

Yet softer flows than balm from wounded rind.

But my o'erloaden soul, thyself upcheer,

Cast on God's shoulders what thee down doth weigh

Long borne by thee with bearing pained and pined:

To care for thee he shall be ever kind;

By him the just in safety held away

Changeless shall enter, live, and leave the year:

But, Lord, how long shall these men tarry here?

Fling them in pit of death where never shined

The light of life, and while I make my stay

On thee, let who their thirst with blood allay

Have their life-holding thread so weakly twined

That it, half-spun, death may in sunder shear.

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2.47: "Psalm 57"

(1599)

Thy mercy, Lord, Lord, now thy mercy show:
On thee I lie;
To thee I fly.
Hide me, hive me, as thine own,
Till these blasts be overblown,
Which now do fiercely blow.
To highest God I will erect my cry,
Who quickly shall
Dispatch this all.
He shall down from heaven send
From disgrace me to defend
His love and verity.
My soul encaged lies with lions' brood,
Villains whose hands
Are fiery brands,
Teeth more sharp than shaft or spear,
Tongues far better edge do bear
Than swords to shed my blood.
As high as highest heav'n can give thee place,
O Lord, ascend,
And thence extend
With most bright, most glorious show
Over all the earth below,
The sunbeams of thy face.
Me to entangle every way I go
Their trap and net
Is ready set.

Holes they dig but their own holes

Pitfalls make for their own souls:

So, Lord, oh, serve them so.

My heart prepared, prepared is my heart

To spread thy praise

With tuned lays:

Wake my tongue, my lute awake,

Thou my harp the consort make,

Myself will bear a part.

Myself when first the morning shall appear,

With voice and string

So will thee sing:

That this earthly globe, and all

Treading on this earthly ball,

My praising notes shall hear.

For god, my only God, thy gracious love

Is mounted far

Above each star,

Thy unchanged verity

Heav'nly wings do lift as high

As clouds have room to move.

As high as highest heav'n can give thee place,

O Lord, ascend

And thence extend

With most bright, most glorious show

Over all the earth below,

The sunbeams of thy face.

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2.48: "Psalm 84"

(1599) How lovely is thy dwelling,

Great god, to whom all greatness is belonging!

To view thy courts far, far from any telling

My soul doth long and pine with longing

Unto the God that liveth,

The God that all life giveth,

My heart and body both aspire,

Above delight, beyond desire.

Alas, the sparrow knoweth

The house where free and fearless she resideth;

Directly to the nest the swallow goeth,

Where with her sons she safe abideth.

Oh, altars thine, most mighty

In war, yea, most almighty:

Thy altars, Lord, ah, why should I

From altars thine excluded lie?

Oh, happy who remaineth

Thy household-man and still thy praise unfoldeth!

Oh, happy who himself on thee sustaineth,

Who to thy house his journey holdeth!

Me seems I see them going

Where mulberries are growing:

How wells they dig in thirsty plain,

And cisterns make for falling rain.

Me seems I see augmented

Still troop with troop, till all at length discover

Zion, where to their sight is represented

The Lord of hosts, the Zion lover.

O Lord, O God, most mighty

In war, yea, most almighty:

Hear what I beg; hearken, I say,

O Jacob's God, to what I pray.

Thou art the shield us shieldeth:

Then, Lord, behold the face of thine anointed

One day spent in thy courts more comfort yieldeth

Than thousands otherwise appointed.

I count it clearer pleasure

To spend my age's treasure

Waiting a porter at thy gates

Than dwell a lord with wicked mates.

Thou art the sun that shineth;

Thou art the buckler, Lord that us defendeth:

Glory and grace Jehovah's hand assigneth

And good without refusal sendeth

To him who truly treadeth

The path to pureness leadeth.

O Lord of might, thrice blessed he

Whose confidence is built on thee.

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2.49: "Psalm 102"

(1599)

O Lord, my praying hear;

Lord, let my cry come to thine ear.

Hide not thy face away,

But haste, and answer me,

In this my most, most miserable day,

Wherein I pray and cry to thee.

My days as smoke are past;

My bones as flaming fuel waste,

Mown down in me, alas.

With scythe of sharpest pain.

My heart is withered like the wounded grass;

My stomach doth all food disdain.

So lean my woes me leave,

That to my flesh my bones do cleave;

And so I bray and howl,

As use to howl and bray

The lonely pelican and desert owl,

Like whom I languish long the day.

I languish so the day,

The night in watch I waste away;

Right as the sparrow sits,

Bereft of spouse, or son,

Which irked alone with dolor's deadly fits

To company will not be won.

As day to day succeeds,

So shame on shame to me proceeds

From them that do me hate,

Who of my wrack so boast,

That wishing ill, they wish but my estate,

Yet think they wish of ills the most.

Therefore my bread is clay;

Therefore my tears my wine allay.

For how else should it be,

Sith thou still angry art,

And seem'st for naught to have advanced me,

But me advanced to subvert?

The sun of my life-days

Inclines to west with falling rays,

And I as hay am dried,

While yet in steadfast seat

Eternal thou eternally dost bide,

Thy memory no years can fret.

Oh, then at length arise;

On Zion cast thy mercy's eyes.

Now is the time that thou

To mercy shouldst incline

Concerning her: O Lord, the time is now

Thyself for mercy didst assign.

Thy servants wait the day

When she, who like a carcass lay

Stretched forth in ruin's bier,

Shall so arise and live,

The nations all Jehova's name shall fear,

All kings to thee shall glory give.

Because thou hast anew

Made Zion stand, restored to view

Thy glorious presence there,

Because thou hast, I say,

Beheld our woes and not refused to hear

What wretched we did plaining pray,

This of record shall bide

To this and every age beside.

And they commend thee shall

Whom thou anew shall make,

That from the prospect of thy heav'nly hall

Thy eye of earth survey did take,

Heark'ning to prisoners' groans,

And setting free condemned ones,

That they, when nations come,

And realms to serve the Lord,

In Zion and in Salem might become

Fit means his honor to record.

But what is this if I

In the mid way should fall and die?

My God, to thee I pray,

Who canst my prayer give.

Turn not to night the noontide of my day,

Since endless thou dost ageless live.

The earth, the heaven stands

Once founded, formed by thy hands:

They perish, thou shalt bide;

They old, as clothes shall wear,

Till changing still, full change shall them betide,

Unclothed of all the clothes they bear.

But thou art one, still one:

Time interest in thee hath none.

Then hope, who godly be,

Or come of godly race:

Endless your bliss, as never ending he,

His presence your unchanged place.

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2.50: "Psalm 150"

(1599)

Oh, laud the Lord, the God of hosts commend,

Exalt his pow'r, advance his holiness:

With all your might lift his almightiness;

Your greatest praise upon his greatness spend.

Make trumpet's noise in shrillest notes ascend;

Make lute and lyre his loved fame express;

Him let the pipe, him let the tabret bless,

Him organ's breath, that winds or waters lend

Let ringing timbrels so his honor sound,

Let sounding cymbals so his glory ring,

That in their tunes such melody be found

As fits the pomp of most triumphant king.

Conclude: by all that air or life enfold,

Let high Jehovah highly be extolled.

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2.51: Reading and Review Questions

1. In “Doleful Lay,” Mary Herbert Spenser names the speaker who is clearly a woman. How does she give Clorinda a distinctly and distinctively female-gendered voice?

2. How does Mary Herbert Spenser use nature imagery in “Doleful Lay?” To what degree, if any, is it idealized and/or allegorized?

3. Mary Herbert Spenser dedicates her translations of the Psalms to her brother with the elegy “To the Angel Spirit of the Most Excellent Sir Philip Sidney.” In this poem, she attributes the translations’ heavenly power to her brother, an expressed humility and subordination she repeats in various ways, including deploring her own weakness and presumption. To what degree, if any, is Mary Herbert Spenser in these ways fulfilling elegiac versus gender conventions? How does her representation of gender compare with Elizabeth I’s?

4. How, if at all, does Mary Herbert Spenser reveal her Protestant faith in her translations of the Psalms?

5. Considering the restrictions that her era placed upon females taking any public role in religious practices, to what degree, if at all, does Mary Herbert Spenser distinguish between private or personal versus public and universal expressions of faith in her translations of the Psalms? How, if at all, does her prowess and versatility in metrical verse play into this distinction?

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2.52: Christopher Marlowe

(1564-1593)

Christopher Marlowe was the son of a shoemaker. He attended King's School in Canterbury and then, by winning an Archbishop Parker scholarship, he studied at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. He earned his Bachelor of Arts degree which should have been followed three years later by a Master's degree. To earn a Master's, Marlowe was expected to take orders. That he didn't, and that the university only awarded Marlowe the Masters after receiving a letter from the Privy Council, speaks to mysteries and uncertainties in Marlowe's activities while at Cambridge. During the time when he was ostensibly studying for his Master's, Marlowe left Cambridge for extended lengths of time. His destinations and actions during these frequent absences remain unknown. However, the Privy Council reassured the university by letter in which it declared that Marlowe was working for England's benefit and for the Queen's good service. Some scholars believe that this service involved spying against expatriate Roman Catholics (and their conspiracies against Elizabeth) in Rheims. That Marlowe's work remains a mystery suggests that it was deliberately kept secret by the government.



Image 2.13 | Christopher Marlowe
Artist | Unknown
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His post-graduate public career began when he left Cambridge for London. There, he may have continued his work for the government, but he certainly began writing plays. His Tamburlaine the Great (1590) proved a great success and heralded the new age of great Elizabethan Theater, directly influencing its flowering. Marlowe was one of the first playwrights to use blank verse; Thomas Kyd (1558- 1594) imitated it in The Spanish Tragedy (c. 1585). Marlowe's style was astounding; his title characters and his plays' actions are larger than life—almost incomprehensively so. Edward II was a powerful monarch who was also flawed and ultimately deposed (though it is unclear whether or not Marlowe wrote a play called Edward II); the Jew of Malta was phenomenally wealthy yet morally bankrupt; Dr. Faustus is a demigod in his magical powers who heedlessly diminishes and damns himself. Faustus aspires to a dominion that stretches "as far as doth the mind of man" (I.i.61) but ultimately wishes to be changed to a dumb beast.

Marlowe's own character may have been as compelling and ambiguous as those in his plays. Suspicion surrounded him, and friends and acquaintances denounced him for atheism or leanings toward the Roman Catholic faith. In 1593, Thomas Kyd, with whom Marlowe at one time shared lodgings, testified that Marlowe read atheistical texts, upon which testimony Marlowe was arrested for heresy, or atheism (which was then a crime). He was not brought to trial, nor even imprisoned. Instead, he was released on the condition that he report to an officer of the court. Within days of his release, Marlowe was killed by Ingram Frizer (d. 1627). Apparently, the two fought over a lodging house bill, and Frizer fatally stabbed Marlowe in the forehead. Frizer served Sir Francis Walsingham (c. 1532-1590) who ran an intelligence service. Some scholars believe Frizer assassinated Marlowe for being a spy, or counter-spy. But no evidence has proven such conjectures.

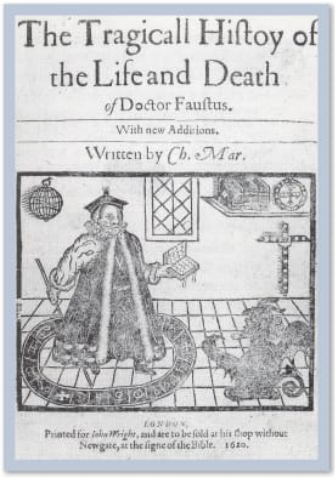


Image 2.14 | *The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus* Title Page
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We do know that Marlowe was an extraordinary artist and playwright, one who certainly influenced his contemporaries, including William Shakespeare—who also created a famously-divided character (like Dr. Faustus) in his Hamlet and an avaricious, vengeful Jew in his Shylock. And in his Sonnet 29, when Shakespeare acknowledges envy for "this man's art," it does not take much stretch of the imagination to wonder if he may have had Marlowe in mind.

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2.53: The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus

(1604)

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

THE POPE.

CARDINAL OF LORRAIN.

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

DUKE OF VANHOLT.

FAUSTUS.

VALDES, friend to FAUSTUS.

CORNELIUS, friend to FAUSTUS.

WAGNER, servant to FAUSTUS.

Clown.

ROBIN.

RALPH. Vintner.

Horse-courser.

A KNIGHT.

An Old Man. Scholars, Friars, and Attendants.

DUCHESS OF VANHOLT

LUCIFER.

BELZEBUB.

MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Good Angel.

Evil Angel.

The Seven Deadly Sins.

Devils.

Spirits in the shapes of ALEXANDER THE GREAT, of his Paramour and of HELEN.

Chorus.

[Enter CHORUS.]

CHORUS.

Not marching now in fields of Thrasymene,

Where Mars did mate the Carthaginians;

Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,

In courts of kings where state is overturn'd;

Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,

Intends our Muse to vaunt her heavenly verse:

Only this, gentlemen,—we must perform

The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad:

To patient judgments we appeal our plaud,

And speak for Faustus in his infancy.

Now is he born, his parents base of stock,

In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes:

Of riper years, to Wertenberg he went,

Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.

So soon he profits in divinity,

The fruitful plot of scholarism grac'd,

That shortly he was grac'd with doctor's name,

Excelling all whose sweet delight disputes

In heavenly matters of theology;

Till swoln with cunning, of a self-conceit,

His waxen wings did mount above his reach,

And, melting, heavens conspir'd his overthrow;

For, falling to a devilish exercise,

And glutted now with learning's golden gifts,

He surfeits upon cursed necromancy;

Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,

Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss:

And this the man that in his study sits.

[Exit.]

[FAUSTUS discovered in his study.]

FAUSTUS.

Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin

To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess:

Having commenc'd, be a divine in shew,

Yet level at the end of every art,

And live and die in Aristotle's works.

Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravish'd me!

Bene disserere est finis logices.

Is, to dispute well, logic's chiefest end?

Affords this art no greater miracle?

Then read no more; thou hast attain'd that end:

A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit:

Bid Economy farewell, and Galen come,

Seeing, Ubi desinit philosophus, ibi incipit medicus:

Be a physician, Faustus; heap up gold,

And be eterniz'd for some wondrous cure:

Summum bonum medicinae sanitas,

The end of physic is our body's health.

Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end?

Is not thy common talk found aphorisms?

Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,

Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,

And thousand desperate maladies been eas'd?

Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.

Couldst thou make men to live eternally,

Or, being dead, raise them to life again,

Then this profession were to be esteem'd.

Physic, farewell! Where is Justinian?

[Reads.]

Si una eademque res legatur duobus,

alter rem, alter valorem rei, &c.

A pretty case of paltry legacies!

[Reads.]

Exhoereditare filium non potest pater, nisi, &c.

Such is the subject of the institute,

And universal body of the law:

This study fits a mercenary drudge,

Who aims at nothing but external trash;

Too servile and illiberal for me.

When all is done, divinity is best:

Jerome's Bible, Faustus; view it well.

[Reads.]

Stipendium peccati mors est.

Ha!

Stipendium, &c.

The reward of sin is death: that's hard.

[Reads.]

Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas;

If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and

there's no truth in us. Why, then, belike we must sin, and so

consequently die:

Ay, we must die an everlasting death.

What doctrine call you this, Che sera, sera,

What will be, shall be? Divinity, adieu!

These metaphysics of magicians,

And necromantic books are heavenly;

Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters;

Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.

O, what a world of profit and delight,

Of power, of honour, of omnipotence,

Is promis'd to the studious artizan!

All things that move between the quiet poles

Shall be at my command: emperors and kings

Are but obeyed in their several provinces,

Nor can they raise the wind, or rend the clouds;

But his dominion that exceeds in this,

Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man;

A sound magician is a mighty god:

Here, Faustus, tire thy brains to gain a deity.

[Enter WAGNER.]

Wagner, commend me to my dearest friends,

The German Valdes and Cornelius;

Request them earnestly to visit me.

WAGNER.

I will, sir.

[Exit.]

FAUSTUS.

Their conference will be a greater help to me

Than all my labours, plod I ne'er so fast.

[Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL.]

GOOD ANGEL.

O, Faustus, lay that damned book aside,

And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy soul,

And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head!

Read, read the Scriptures:—that is blasphemy.

EVIL ANGEL.

Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art

Wherein all Nature's treasure is contain'd:

Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,

Lord and commander of these elements.

[Exeunt Angels.]

FAUSTUS.

How am I glutted with conceit of this!

Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,

Resolve me of all ambiguities,

Perform what desperate enterprise I will?

I'll have them fly to India for gold,

Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,

And search all corners of the new-found world

For pleasant fruits and princely delicates;

I'll have them read me strange philosophy,

And tell the secrets of all foreign kings;

I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,

And make swift Rhine circle fair Wertenberg;

I'll have them fill the public schools with silk,

Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad;

I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,

And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,

And reign sole king of all the provinces;

Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war,

Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge,

I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

[Enter VALDES and CORNELIUS.]

Come, German Valdes, and Cornelius,

And make me blest with your sage conference.

Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,

Know that your words have won me at the last

To practice magic and concealed arts:

Yet not your words only, but mine own fantasy,

That will receive no object; for my head

But ruminates on necromantic skill.

Philosophy is odious and obscure;

Both law and physic are for petty wits;

Divinity is basest of the three,

Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and vile:

'Tis magic, magic, that hath ravish'd me.

Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;

And I, that have with concise syllogisms

Gravell'd the pastors of the German church,

And made the flowering pride of Wertenberg

Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits

On sweet Musaeus when he came to hell,

Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,

Whose shadow made all Europe honour him.

VALDES.

Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience,

Shall make all nations to canonize us.

As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords,

So shall the spirits of every element

Be always serviceable to us three;

Like lions shall they guard us when we please;

Like Almain rutters with their horsemen's staves,

Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides;

Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,

Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows

Than have the white breasts of the queen of love:

From Venice shall they drag huge argosies,

And from America the golden fleece

That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury;

If learned Faustus will be resolute.

FAUSTUS.

Valdes, as resolute am I in this

As thou to live: therefore object it not.

CORNELIUS.

The miracles that magic will perform

Will make thee vow to study nothing else.

He that is grounded in astrology,

Enrich'd with tongues, well seen in minerals,

Hath all the principles magic doth require:

Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renowm'd,

And more frequented for this mystery

Than heretofore the Delphian oracle.

The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,

And fetch the treasure of all foreign wrecks,

Ay, all the wealth that our forefathers hid

Within the massy entrails of the earth:

Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want?

FAUSTUS.

Nothing, Cornelius. O, this cheers my soul!

Come, shew me some demonstrations magical,

That I may conjure in some lusty grove,

And have these joys in full possession.

VALDES.

Then haste thee to some solitary grove,

And bear wise Bacon's and Albertus' works,

The Hebrew Psalter, and New Testament;

And whatsoever else is requisite

We will inform thee ere our conference cease.

CORNELIUS.

Valdes, first let him know the words of art;

And then, all other ceremonies learn'd,

Faustus may try his cunning by himself.

VALDES.

First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments,

And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.

FAUSTUS.

Then come and dine with me, and, after meat,

We'll canvass every quiddity thereof;

For, ere I sleep, I'll try what I can do:

This night I'll conjure, though I die therefore.

[Exeunt.]

[Enter two SCHOLARS.]

FIRST SCHOLAR.

I wonder what's become of Faustus, that was wont

to make our schools ring with sic probo.

SECOND SCHOLAR.

That shall we know, for see, here comes his boy.

Enter WAGNER.

FIRST SCHOLAR.

How now, sirrah! where's thy master?

WAGNER.

God in heaven knows.

SECOND SCHOLAR.

Why, dost not thou know?

WAGNER.

Yes, I know; but that follows not.

FIRST SCHOLAR.

Go to, sirrah! leave your jesting, and tell us

where he is.

WAGNER.

That follows not necessary by force of argument, that you,

being licentiates, should stand upon: therefore acknowledge

your error, and be attentive.

SECOND SCHOLAR.

Why, didst thou not say thou knewest?

WAGNER.

Have you any witness on't?

FIRST SCHOLAR.

Yes, sirrah, I heard you.

WAGNER.

Ask my fellow if I be a thief.

SECOND SCHOLAR.

Well, you will not tell us?

WAGNER.

Yes, sir, I will tell you: yet, if you were not dunces,
you would never ask me such a question; for is not he corpus
naturale? and is not that mobile? then wherefore should you
ask me such a question? But that I am by nature phlegmatic,
slow to wrath, and prone to lechery (to love, I would say),
it were not for you to come within forty foot of the place
of execution, although I do not doubt to see you both hanged
the next sessions. Thus having triumphed over you, I will set
my countenance like a precisian, and begin to speak thus:—
Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner,
with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine, if it could speak,
would inform your worships: and so, the Lord bless you,
preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren, my dear brethren!
[Exit.]

FIRST SCHOLAR.

Nay, then, I fear he is fallen into that damned art
for which they two are infamous through the world.

SECOND SCHOLAR.

Were he a stranger, and not allied to me, yet should
I grieve for him. But, come, let us go and inform the Rector,
and see if he by his grave counsel can reclaim him.

FIRST SCHOLAR.

O, but I fear me nothing can reclaim him!

SECOND SCHOLAR.

Yet let us try what we can do.

[Exeunt.]

[Enter FAUSTUS to conjure.]

FAUSTUS.

Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth,

Longing to view Orion’s drizzling look,

Leaps from th’ antartic world unto the sky,

And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,

Faustus, begin thine incantations,

And try if devils will obey thy hest,

Seeing thou hast pray’d and sacrific’d to them.

Within this circle is Jehovah’s name,

Forward and backward anagrammatiz’d,

Th’ abbreviated names of holy saints,

Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,

And characters of signs and erring stars,

By which the spirits are enforc’d to rise:

Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute,

And try the uttermost magic can perform.—

Sint mihi dei Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex Jehovoe!

Ignei, aerii, aquatani spiritus, salvete! Orientis princeps

Belzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha, et Demogorgon, propitiamus

vos, ut appareat et surgat Mephistophilis, quod tumeraris:

per Jehovam, Gehennam, et consecratam aquam quam nunc spargo,

signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc

surgat nobis dicatus Mephistophilis!

[Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.]

I charge thee to return, and change thy shape;

Thou art too ugly to attend on me:

Go, and return an old Franciscan friar;

That holy shape becomes a devil best.

[Exit MEPHISTOPHILIS.]

I see there's virtue in my heavenly words:

Who would not be proficient in this art?

How pliant is this Mephistophilis,

Full of obedience and humility!

Such is the force of magic and my spells:

No, Faustus, thou art conjuror laureat,

That canst command great Mephistophilis:

Quin regis Mephistophilis fratris imagine.

[Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS like a Franciscan friar.]

MEPHIST.

Now, Faustus, what wouldst thou have me do?

FAUSTUS.

I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,

To do whatever Faustus shall command,

Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,

Or the ocean to overwhelm the world.

MEPHIST.

I am a servant to great Lucifer,

And may not follow thee without his leave:

No more than he commands must we perform.

FAUSTUS.

Did not he charge thee to appear to me?

MEPHIST.

No, I came hither of mine own accord.

FAUSTUS.

Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee? speak.

MEPHIST.

That was the cause, but yet per accidens;

For, when we hear one rack the name of God,

Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ,

We fly, in hope to get his glorious soul;

Nor will we come, unless he use such means

Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd.

Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring

Is stoutly to abjure the Trinity,

And pray devoutly to the prince of hell.

FAUSTUS.

So Faustus hath

Already done; and holds this principle,

There is no chief but only Belzebub;

To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.

This word "damnation" terrifies not him,

For he confounds hell in Elysium:

His ghost be with the old philosophers!

But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,

Tell me what is that Lucifer thy lord?

MEPHIST.

Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

FAUSTUS.

Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

MEPHIST.

Yes, Faustus, and most dearly lov'd of God.

FAUSTUS.

How comes it, then, that he is prince of devils?

MEPHIST.

O, by aspiring pride and insolence;

For which God threw him from the face of heaven.

FAUSTUS.

And what are you that live with Lucifer?

MEPHIST.

Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,

Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,

And are for ever damn'd with Lucifer.

FAUSTUS.

Where are you damn'd?

MEPHIST.

In hell.

FAUSTUS.

How comes it, then, that thou art out of hell?

MEPHIST.

Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it:

Think'st thou that I, who saw the face of God,

And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,

Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,

In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss?

O, Faustus, leave these frivolous demands,

Which strike a terror to my fainting soul!

FAUSTUS.

What, is great Mephistophilis so passionate

For being deprived of the joys of heaven?

Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,

And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.

Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer:

Seeing Faustus hath incurr'd eternal death

By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity,

Say, he surrenders up to him his soul,

So he will spare him four and twenty years,

Letting him live in all voluptuousness;

Having thee ever to attend on me,

To give me whatsoever I shall ask,

To tell me whatsoever I demand,

To slay mine enemies, and aid my friends,

And always be obedient to my will.

Go and return to mighty Lucifer,

And meet me in my study at midnight,

And then resolve me of thy master's mind.

MEPHIST.

I will, Faustus.

[Exit.]

FAUSTUS.

Had I as many souls as there be stars,

I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.

By him I'll be great emperor of the world,

And make a bridge thorough the moving air,

To pass the ocean with a band of men;

I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,

And make that country continent to Spain,

And both contributory to my crown:

The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,

Nor any potentate of Germany.

Now that I have obtain'd what I desir'd,

I'll live in speculation of this art,

Till Mephistophilis return again.

[Exit.]

[Enter WAGNER and CLOWN.]

WAGNER.

Sirrah boy, come hither.

CLOWN.

How, boy! swowns, boy! I hope you have seen many boys

with such pickadevaunts as I have: boy, quotha!

WAGNER.

Tell me, sirrah, hast thou any comings in?

CLOWN.

Ay, and goings out too; you may see else.

WAGNER.

Alas, poor slave! see how poverty jesteth in his nakedness!
the villain is bare and out of service, and so hungry, that I know
he would give his soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton,
though it were blood-raw.

CLOWN.

How! my soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though
'twere blood-raw! not so, good friend: by'r lady, I had need
have it well roasted, and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear.

WAGNER.

Well, wilt thou serve me, and I'll make thee go like
Qui mihi discipulus?

CLOWN.

How, in verse?

WAGNER.

No, sirrah; in beaten silk and staves-acre.

CLOWN.

How, how, knaves-acre! ay, I thought that was all the land
his father left him. Do you hear? I would be sorry to rob you of
your living.

WAGNER.

Sirrah, I say in staves-acre.

CLOWN.

Oho, oho, staves-acre! why, then, belike, if I were your
man, I should be full of vermin.

WAGNER.

So thou shalt, whether thou beest with me or no. But,
sirrah, leave your jesting, and bind yourself presently unto me
for seven years, or I'll turn all the lice about thee into
familiars, and they shall tear thee in pieces.

CLOWN.

Do you hear, sir? you may save that labour; they are too familiar with me already: swowns, they are as bold with my flesh as if they had paid for their meat and drink.

WAGNER.

Well, do you hear, sirrah? hold, take these guilders.

[Gives money.]

CLOWN.

Gridirons! what be they?

WAGNER.

Why, French crowns.

CLOWN.

Mass, but for the name of French crowns, a man were as good have as many English counters. And what should I do with these?

WAGNER.

Why, now, sirrah, thou art at an hour's warning, whensoever or wheresoever the devil shall fetch thee.

CLOWN.

No, no; here, take your gridirons again.

WAGNER.

Truly, I'll none of them.

CLOWN.

Truly, but you shall.

WAGNER.

Bear witness I gave them him.

CLOWN.

Bear witness I give them you again.

WAGNER.

Well, I will cause two devils presently to fetch thee away.—Baliol and Belcher!

CLOWN.

Let your Baliol and your Belcher come here, and I'll

knock them, they were never so knocked since they were devils:
say I should kill one of them, what would folks say? “Do ye see
yonder tall fellow in the round slop? he has killed the devil.”
So I should be called Kill-devil all the parish over.
[Enter two DEVILS; and the CLOWN runs up and down crying.]

WAGNER.

Baliol and Belcher,—spirits, away!
Exeunt DEVILS.

CLOWN.

What, are they gone? a vengeance on them! they have vile
long nails. There was a he-devil and a she-devil: I’ll tell you
how you shall know them; all he-devils has horns, and all
she-devils has clifts and cloven feet.

WAGNER.

Well, sirrah, follow me.

CLOWN.

But, do you hear? if I should serve you, would you teach
me to raise up Banios and Belcheos?

WAGNER.

I will teach thee to turn thyself to any thing, to a dog,
or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or any thing.

CLOWN.

How! a Christian fellow to a dog, or a cat, a mouse,
or a rat! no, no, sir; if you turn me into any thing, let it be
in the likeness of a little pretty frisking flea, that I may be
here and there and every where: O, I’ll tickle the pretty wenches’
plackets! I’ll be amongst them, i’faith.

WAGNER.

Well, sirrah, come.

CLOWN.

But, do you hear, Wagner?

WAGNER.

How!—Baliol and Belcher!

CLOWN.

O Lord! I pray, sir, let Banio and Belcher go sleep.

WAGNER.

Villain, call me Master Wagner, and let thy left eye be diametarily fixed upon my right heel, with quasi vestigiis nostris insistere.

[Exit.]

CLOWN.

God forgive me, he speaks Dutch fustian. Well, I'll follow him; I'll serve him, that's flat.

[Exit.]

[FAUSTUS discovered in his study.]

FAUSTUS.

Now, Faustus, must
Thou needs be damn'd, and canst thou not be sav'd:
What boots it, then, to think of God or heaven?
Away with such vain fancies, and despair;
Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub:
Now go not backward; no, Faustus, be resolute:
Why waver'st thou? O, something soundeth in mine ears,
"Abjure this magic, turn to God again!"
Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again.
To God? he loves thee not;
The god thou serv'st is thine own appetite,
Wherein is fix'd the love of Belzebub:
To him I'll build an altar and a church,
And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

[Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL.]

GOOD ANGEL.

Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

FAUSTUS.

Contrition, prayer, repentance—what of them?

GOOD ANGEL.

O, they are means to bring thee unto heaven!

EVIL ANGEL.

Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,

That make men foolish that do trust them most.

GOOD ANGEL.

Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and heavenly things.

EVIL ANGEL.

No, Faustus; think of honour and of wealth.

[Exeunt ANGELS.]

FAUSTUS.

Of wealth!

Why, the signiory of Embden shall be mine.

When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,

What god can hurt thee, Faustus? thou art safe

Cast no more doubts.—Come, Mephistophilis,

And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer;—

Is't not midnight?—come, Mephistophilis,

Veni, veni, Mephistophile!

[Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.]

Now tell me what says Lucifer, thy lord?

MEPHIST.

That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,

So he will buy my service with his soul.

FAUSTUS.

Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

MEPHIST.

But, Faustus, thou must bequeath it solemnly, A

nd write a deed of gift with thine own blood;

For that security craves great Lucifer.

If thou deny it, I will back to hell.

FAUSTUS.

Stay, Mephistophilis, and tell me, what good will my soul

do thy lord?

MEPHIST.

Enlarge his kingdom.

FAUSTUS.

Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?

MEPHIST.

Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

FAUSTUS.

Why, have you any pain that torture others!

MEPHIST.

As great as have the human souls of men.

But, tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?

And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee,

And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.

FAUSTUS.

Ay, Mephistophilis, I give it thee.

MEPHIST.

Then, Faustus, stab thine arm courageously,

And bind thy soul, that at some certain day

Great Lucifer may claim it as his own;

And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

FAUSTUS.

[Stabbing his arm] Lo, Mephistophilis, for love of thee,

I cut mine arm, and with my proper blood

Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's,

Chief lord and regent of perpetual night!

View here the blood that trickles from mine arm,

And let it be propitious for my wish.

MEPHIST.

But, Faustus, thou must

Write it in manner of a deed of gift.

FAUSTUS. Ay, so I will [Writes]. But, Mephistophilis,

My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

MEPHIST.

I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight.

[Exit.]

FAUSTUS.

What might the staying of my blood portend?

Is it unwilling I should write this bill?

Why streams it not, that I may write afresh?

FAUSTUS GIVES TO THEE HIS SOUL: ah, there it stay'd!

Why shouldst thou not? is not thy soul shine own?

Then write again, FAUSTUS GIVES TO THEE HIS SOUL.

[Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with a chafer of coals.]

MEPHIST.

Here's fire; come, Faustus, set it on.

FAUSTUS.

So, now the blood begins to clear again;

Now will I make an end immediately.

[Writes.]

MEPHIST.

O, what will not I do to obtain his soul?

[Aside.]

FAUSTUS.

Consummatum est; this bill is ended,

And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soul to Lucifer.

But what is this inscription on mine arm?

Homo, fuge: whither should I fly?

If unto God, he'll throw me down to hell.

My senses are deceiv'd; here's nothing writ:—

I see it plain; here in this place is writ,

Homo, fuge: yet shall not Faustus fly.

MEPHIST.

I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind.

[Aside, and then exit.]

[Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with DEVILS, who give crowns and rich apparel to FAUSTUS, dance, and then depart.]

FAUSTUS.

Speak, Mephistophilis, what means this show?

MEPHIST.

Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind withal,

And to shew thee what magic can perform.

FAUSTUS.

But may I raise up spirits when I please?

MEPHIST.

Ay, Faustus, and do greater things than these.

FAUSTUS.

Then there's enough for a thousand souls.

Here, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll,

A deed of gift of body and of soul:

But yet conditionally that thou perform

All articles prescrib'd between us both.

MEPHIST.

Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer

To effect all promises between us made!

FAUSTUS.

Then hear me read them. [Reads] On these conditions

Following. First, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and

Substance. Secondly, that Mephistophilis shall be his servant,

And at his command. Thirdly, that Mephistophilis do for him,

And bring him whatsoever he desires. Fourthly, that he shall

Be in his chamber or house invisible. Lastly, that he shall appear

To the said John Faustus, at all times, in what form or shape

Soever he please. I, John Faustus, of Wertenberg, Doctor, by

These presents, do give both body and soul to Lucifer Prince of

The East, and his minister Mephistophilis; and futhermore grant

Unto them, that, twenty-four years being expired, the articles

Above-written inviolate, full power to fetch or carry the said

John Faustus, body and soul, flesh, blood, or goods, into their

Habitation wheresoever. By me, John Faustus.

MEPHIST.

Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed?

FAUSTUS.

Ay, take it, and the devil give thee good on't!

MEPHIST.

Now, Faustus, ask what thou wilt.

FAUSTUS.

First will I question with thee about hell.

Tell me, where is the place that men call hell?

MEPHIST.

Under the heavens.

FAUSTUS.

Ay, but whereabout?

MEPHIST.

Within the bowels of these elements,

Where we are tortur'd and remain for ever:

Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd

In one self place; for where we are is hell,

And where hell is, there must we ever be:

And, to conclude, when all the world dissolves,

And every creature shall be purified,

All places shall be hell that are not heaven.

FAUSTUS.

Come, I think hell's a fable.

MEPHIST.

Ay, think so still, till experience change thy mind.

FAUSTUS.

Why, think'st thou, then, that Faustus shall be damn'd?

MEPHIST.

Ay, of necessity, for here's the scroll

Wherein thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.

FAUSTUS.

Ay, and body too: but what of that?

Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond to imagine

That, after this life, there is any pain?

Tush, these are trifles and mere old wives' tales.

MEPHIST.

But, Faustus, I am an instance to prove the contrary,

For I am damn'd, and am now in hell.

FAUSTUS.

How! now in hell!

Nay, an this be hell, I'll willingly be damn'd here:

What! walking, disputing, &c.

But, leaving off this, let me have a wife,

The fairest maid in Germany;

For I am wanton and lascivious,

And cannot live without a wife.

MEPHIST.

How! a wife!

I prithee, Faustus, talk not of a wife.

FAUSTUS.

Nay, sweet Mephistophilis, fetch me one, for I will have

one.

MEPHIST.

Well, thou wilt have one? Sit there till I come: I'll

fetch thee a wife in the devil's name.

[Exit.]

[Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with a DEVIL drest like a WOMAN, with fire-works.]

MEPHIST.

Tell me, Faustus, how dost thou like thy wife?

FAUSTUS.

A plague on her for a hot whore!

MEPHIST.

Tut, Faustus,

Marriage is but a ceremonial toy;

If thou lovest me, think no more of it.

I'll cull thee out the fairest courtezans,

And bring them every morning to thy bed:

She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have,

Be she as chaste as was Penelope,

As wise as Saba, or as beautiful

As was bright Lucifer before his fall.

Hold, take this book, peruse it thoroughly:

[Gives book.]

The iterating of these lines brings gold;

The framing of this circle on the ground

Brings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder, and lightning;

Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,

And men in armour shall appear to thee,

Ready to execute what thou desir'st.

FAUSTUS.

Thanks, Mephistophilis: yet fain would I have a book

wherein I might behold all spells and incantations, that I

might raise up spirits when I please.

MEPHIST.

Here they are in this book.

[Turns to them.]

FAUSTUS.

Now would I have a book where I might see all characters

and planets of the heavens, that I might know their motions and

dispositions.

MEPHIST.

Here they are too.

[Turns to them.]

FAUSTUS.

Nay, let me have one book more,—and then I have done,—

wherein I might see all plants, herbs, and trees, that grow upon

the earth.

MEPHIST.

Here they be.

FAUSTUS.

O, thou art deceived.

MEPHIST.

Tut, I warrant thee.

[Turns to them.]

FAUSTUS.

When I behold the heavens, then I repent,

And curse thee, wicked Mephistophilis,

Because thou hast depriv'd me of those joys.

MEPHIST.

Why, Faustus,

Thinkest thou heaven is such a glorious thing?

I tell thee, 'tis not half so fair as thou,

Or any man that breathes on earth.

FAUSTUS.

How prov'st thou that?

MEPHIST.

'Twas made for man, therefore is man more excellent.

FAUSTUS.

If it were made for man, 'twas made for me:

I will renounce this magic and repent.

[Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL.]

GOOD ANGEL.

Faustus, repent; yet God will pity thee.

EVIL ANGEL.

Thou art a spirit; God cannot pity thee.

FAUSTUS.

Who buzzeth in mine ears I am a spirit?

Be I a devil, yet God may pity me;

Ay, God will pity me, if I repent.

EVIL ANGEL.

Ay, but Faustus never shall repent.

[Exeunt ANGELS.]

FAUSTUS.

My heart's so harden'd, I cannot repent:

Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven,

But fearful echoes thunder in mine ears,

"Faustus, thou art damn'd!" then swords, and knives,

Poison, guns, halters, and envenom'd steel

Are laid before me to despatch myself;

And long ere this I should have slain myself,

Had not sweet pleasure conquer'd deep despair.

Have not I made blind Homer sing to me

Of Alexander's love and Oenon's death?

And hath not he, that built the walls of Thebes

With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,

Made music with my Mephistophilis?

Why should I die, then, or basely despair?

I am resolv'd; Faustus shall ne'er repent.—

Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again,

And argue of divine astrology.

Tell me, are there many heavens above the moon

Are all celestial bodies but one globe,

As is the substance of this centric earth?

MEPHIST.

As are the elements, such are the spheres,

Mutually folded in each other's orb,

And, Faustus,

All jointly move upon one axletree,

Whose terminine is term'd the world's wide pole;

Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter

Feign'd, but are erring stars.

FAUSTUS.

But, tell me, have they all one motion, both situ et

tempore?

MEPHIST.

All jointly move from east to west in twenty-four hours

upon the poles of the world; but differ in their motion upon

the poles of the zodiac.

FAUSTUS.

Tush,

These slender trifles Wagner can decide:

Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill?

Who knows not the double motion of the planets?

The first is finish'd in a natural day;

The second thus; as Saturn in thirty years; Jupiter in twelve;
Mars in four; the Sun, Venus, and Mercury in a year; the Moon in
twenty-eight days. Tush, these are freshmen's suppositions.
But, tell me, hath every sphere a dominion or intelligentia?

MEPHIST.

Ay.

FAUSTUS.

How many heavens or spheres are there?

MEPHIST.

Nine; the seven planets, the firmament, and the empyreal
heaven.

FAUSTUS.

Well, resolve me in this question; why have we not
conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at one time,
but in some years we have more, in some less?

MEPHIST.

Per inoequalem motum respectu totius.

FAUSTUS.

Well, I am answered. Tell me who made the world?

MEPHIST.

I will not.

FAUSTUS.

Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.

MEPHIST.

Move me not, for I will not tell thee.

FAUSTUS.

Villain, have I not bound thee to tell me any thing?

MEPHIST.

Ay, that is not against our kingdom; but this is. Think
thou on hell, Faustus, for thou art damned.

FAUSTUS.

Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world.

MEPHIST.

Remember this.

[Exit.]

FAUSTUS.

Ay, go, accursed spirit, to ugly hell!

'Tis thou hast damn'd distressed Faustus' soul.

Is't not too late?

[Re-enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL.]

EVIL ANGEL.

Too late.

GOOD ANGEL.

Never too late, if Faustus can repent.

EVIL ANGEL.

If thou repent, devils shall tear thee in pieces.

GOOD ANGEL.

Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin.

[Exeunt ANGELS.]

FAUSTUS.

Ah, Christ, my Saviour,

Seek to save distressed Faustus' soul!

[Enter LUCIFER, BELZEBUB, and MEPHISTOPHILIS.]

LUCIFER.

Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just:

There's none but I have interest in the same.

FAUSTUS.

O, who art thou that look'st so terrible?

LUCIFER.

I am Lucifer,

And this is my companion-prince in hell.

FAUSTUS.

O, Faustus, they are come to fetch away thy soul!

LUCIFER.

We come to tell thee thou dost injure us;

Thou talk'st of Christ, contrary to thy promise:

Thou shouldst not think of God: think of the devil,

And of his dam too.

FAUSTUS.

Nor will I henceforth: pardon me in this,

And Faustus vows never to look to heaven,

Never to name God, or to pray to him,

To burn his Scriptures, slay his ministers,

And make my spirits pull his churches down.

LUCIFER.

Do so, and we will highly gratify thee. Faustus, we are

come from hell to shew thee some pastime: sit down, and thou

shalt see all the Seven Deadly Sins appear in their proper shapes.

FAUSTUS.

That sight will be as pleasing unto me,

As Paradise was to Adam, the first day

Of his creation.

LUCIFER.

Talk not of Paradise nor creation; but mark this show:

talk of the devil, and nothing else.—Come away!

[Enter the SEVEN DEADLY SINS.]

Now, Faustus, examine them of their several names and dispositions.

FAUSTUS.

What art thou, the first?

PRIDE.

I am Pride. I disdain to have any parents. I am like to

Ovid's flea; I can creep into every corner of a wench; sometimes,

like a perriwig, I sit upon her brow; or, like a fan of feathers,

I kiss her lips; indeed, I do—what do I not? But, fie, what a scent is here! I'll not speak another word, except the ground were perfumed, and covered with cloth of arras.

FAUSTUS.

What art thou, the second?

COVETOUSNESS.

I am Covetousness, begotten of an old churl, in an old leathern bag: and, might I have my wish, I would desire that this house and all the people in it were turned to gold, that I might lock you up in my good chest: O, my sweet gold!

FAUSTUS.

What art thou, the third?

WRATH.

I am Wrath. I had neither father nor mother: I leapt out of a lion's mouth when I was scarce half-an-hour old; and ever since I have run up and down the world with this case of rapiers, wounding myself when I had nobody to fight withal. I was born in hell; and look to it, for some of you shall be my father.

FAUSTUS.

What art thou, the fourth?

ENVY.

I am Envy, begotten of a chimney-sweeper and an oyster-wife. I cannot read, and therefore wish all books were burnt. I am lean with seeing others eat. O, that there would come a famine through all the world, that all might die, and I live alone! then thou shouldst see how fat I would be. But must thou sit, and I stand? come down, with a vengeance!

FAUSTUS.

Away, envious rascal!—What art thou, the fifth?

GLUTTONY.

Who I, sir? I am Gluttony. My parents are all dead,
and the devil a penny they have left me, but a bare pension, and
that is thirty meals a-day and ten bevers,—a small trifle
to suffice nature. O, I come of a royal parentage! my grandfather
was a Gammon of Bacon, my grandmother a Hogshead of Claret-wine;
my godfathers were these, Peter Pickle-herring and Martin
Martlemas-beef; O, but my godmother, she was a jolly gentlewoman,
and well-beloved in every good town and city; her name was Mistress
Margery March-beer. Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all my progeny;
wilt thou bid me to supper?

FAUSTUS.

No, I'll see thee hanged: thou wilt eat up all my victuals.

GLUTTONY.

Then the devil choke thee!

FAUSTUS.

Choke thyself, glutton!—What art thou, the sixth?

SLOTH.

I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny bank, where I have
lain ever since; and you have done me great injury to bring me
from thence: let me be carried thither again by Gluttony and
Lechery. I'll not speak another word for a king's ransom.

FAUSTUS.

What are you, Mistress Minx, the seventh and last?

LECHERY.

Who I, sir? I am one that loves an inch of raw mutton
better than an ell of fried stock-fish; and the first letter
of my name begins with L.

FAUSTUS.

Away, to hell, to hell!

[Exeunt the SINS.]

LUCIFER.

Now, Faustus, how dost thou like this?

FAUSTUS.

O, this feeds my soul!

LUCIFER.

Tut, Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight.

FAUSTUS.

O, might I see hell, and return again,

How happy were I then!

LUCIFER.

Thou shalt; I will send for thee at midnight.

In meantime take this book; peruse it throughly,

And thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

FAUSTUS.

Great thanks, mighty Lucifer!

This will I keep as chary as my life.

LUCIFER.

Farewell, Faustus, and think on the devil.

FAUSTUS.

Farewell, great Lucifer.

[Exeunt LUCIFER and BELZEBUB.]

Come, Mephistophilis.

[Exeunt.]

[Enter CHORUS.]

CHORUS.

Learned Faustus,

To know the secrets of astronomy

Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,

Did mount himself to scale Olympus' top,

Being seated in a chariot burning bright,

Drawn by the strength of yoky dragons' necks.

He now is gone to prove cosmography,

And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome,

To see the Pope and manner of his court, \

And take some part of holy Peter's feast,

That to this day is highly solemniz'd.

[Exit.]

[Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS.]

FAUSTUS.

Having now, my good Mephistophilis,

Pass'd with delight the stately town of Trier,

Environ'd round with airy mountain-tops,

With walls of flint, and deep-entrenched lakes,

Not to be won by any conquering prince;

From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,

We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine,

Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines;

Then up to Naples, rich Campania,

Whose buildings fair and gorgeous to the eye,

The streets straight forth, and pav'd with finest brick,

Quarter the town in four equivalents:

There saw we learned Maro's golden tomb,

The way he cut, an English mile in length,

Thorough a rock of stone, in one night's space;

From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest,

In one of which a sumptuous temple stands,

That threats the stars with her aspiring top.

Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time:

But tell me now what resting-place is this?

Hast thou, as erst I did command,

Conducted me within the walls of Rome?

MEPHIST.

Faustus, I have; and, because we will not be unprovided,

I have taken up his Holiness' privy-chamber for our use.

FAUSTUS.

I hope his Holiness will bid us welcome.

MEPHIST.

Tut, 'tis no matter; man; we'll be bold with his good cheer.

And now, my Faustus, that thou mayst perceive

What Rome containeth to delight thee with,

Know that this city stands upon seven hills

That underprop the groundwork of the same:

Just through the midst runs flowing Tiber's stream

With winding banks that cut it in two parts;

Over the which four stately bridges lean,

That make safe passage to each part of Rome:

Upon the bridge call'd Ponte Angelo

Erected is a castle passing strong,

Within whose walls such store of ordnance are,

And double cannons fram'd of carved brass,

As match the days within one complete year;

Besides the gates, and high pyramides,

Which Julius Caesar brought from Africa.

FAUSTUS.

Now, by the kingdoms of infernal rule,

Of Styx, of Acheron, and the fiery lake

Of ever-burning Phlegethon, I swear

That I do long to see the monuments

And situation of bright-splendent Rome:

Come, therefore, let's away.

MEPHIST.

Nay, Faustus, stay: I know you'd fain see the Pope,

And take some part of holy Peter's feast,

Where thou shalt see a troop of bald-pate friars,

Whose summum bonum is in belly-cheer.

FAUSTUS.

Well, I'm content to compass then some sport,

And by their folly make us merriment.

Then charm me, that I

May be invisible, to do what I please,

Unseen of any whilst I stay in Rome.

[Mephistophilis charms him.]

MEPHIST.

So, Faustus; now

Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discern'd.

[Sound a Sonnet. Enter the POPE and the CARDINAL OF LORRAIN to the banquet, with FRIARS attending.]

POPE.

My Lord of Lorrain, will't please you draw near?

FAUSTUS.

Fall to, and the devil choke you, an you spare!

POPE.

How now! who's that which spake?—Friars, look about.

FIRST FRIAR.

Here's nobody, if it like your Holiness.

POPE.

My lord, here is a dainty dish was sent me from the Bishop of Milan.

FAUSTUS.

I thank you, sir. [Snatches the dish.]

POPE.

How now! who's that which snatched the meat from me? will no man look?—My lord, this dish was sent me from the Cardinal of Florence.

FAUSTUS.

You say true; I'll ha't.

[Snatches the dish.]

POPE.

What, again!—My lord, I'll drink to your grace.

FAUSTUS.

I'll pledge your grace.

[Snatches the cup.]

C. OF LOR.

My lord, it may be some ghost, newly crept out of

Purgatory, come to beg a pardon of your Holiness.

POPE.

It may be so.—Friars, prepare a dirge to lay the fury

of this ghost.—Once again, my lord, fall to.

[The POPE crosses himself.]

FAUSTUS.

What, are you crossing of yourself?

Well, use that trick no more, I would advise you.

[The POPE crosses himself again.]

Well, there's the second time. Aware the third;

I give you fair warning.

[The POPE crosses himself again, and FAUSTUS hits him a box

of the ear; and they all run away.]

Come on, Mephistophilis; what shall we do?

MEPHIST.

Nay, I know not: we shall be cursed with bell, book,

and candle.

FAUSTUS.

How! bell, book, and candle,—candle, book, and bell,—

Forward and backward, to curse Faustus to hell!

Anon you shall hear a hog grunt, a calf bleat, and an ass bray,

Because it is Saint Peter's holiday.

[Re-enter all the FRIARS to sing the Dirge.]

FIRST FRIAR.

Come, brethren, let's about our business with good devotion.

They sing.

Cursed be he that stole away his holiness' meat from the table! maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that struck his holiness a blown on the face!

maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that took Friar Sandelo a blow on the pate! maledicat

Dominus!

Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy dirge! maledicat

Dominus!

Cursed be he that took away his holiness' wine! maledicat

Dominus? ['?' sic]

Et omnes Sancti! Amen!

[MEPHISTOPHILIS and FAUSTUS beat the FRIARS, and fling

fire-works among them; and so exeunt.]

[Enter CHORUS.]

CHORUS.

When Faustus had with pleasure ta'en the view

Of rarest things, and royal courts of kings,

He stay'd his course, and so returned home;

Where such as bear his absence but with grief,

I mean his friends and near'st companions,

Did gratulate his safety with kind words,

And in their conference of what befell,

Touching his journey through the world and air,

They put forth questions of astrology,

Which Faustus answer'd with such learned skill

As they admir'd and wonder'd at his wit.

Now is his fame spread forth in every land:

Amongst the rest the Emperor is one,

Carolus the Fifth, at whose palace now

Faustus is feasted 'mongst his noblemen.

What there he did, in trial of his art,

I leave untold; your eyes shall see['t] perform'd.

[Exit.]

[Enter ROBIN the Ostler, with a book in his hand.]

ROBIN.

O, this is admirable! here I ha' stolen one of Doctor

Faustus' conjuring-books, and, i'faith, I mean to search some

circles for my own use. Now will I make all the maidens in our

parish dance at my pleasure, stark naked, before me; and so

by that means I shall see more than e'er I felt or saw yet.

[Enter RALPH, calling ROBIN.]

RALPH.

Robin, prithee, come away; there's a gentleman tarries

to have his horse, and he would have his things rubbed and made

clean: he keeps such a chafing with my mistress about it; and

she has sent me to look thee out; prithee, come away.

ROBIN.

Keep out, keep out, or else you are blown up, you are

dismembered, Ralph: keep out, for I am about a roaring piece

of work.

RALPH.

Come, what doest thou with that same book? thou canst

not read?

ROBIN.

Yes, my master and mistress shall find that I can read,

he for his forehead, she for her private study; she's born to

bear with me, or else my art fails.

RALPH.

Why, Robin, what book is that?

ROBIN.

What book! why, the most intolerable book for conjuring that e'er was invented by any brimstone devil.

RALPH.

Canst thou conjure with it?

ROBIN.

I can do all these things easily with it; first, I can make thee drunk with ippocras at any tabern in Europe for nothing; that's one of my conjuring works.

RALPH.

Our Master Parson says that's nothing.

ROBIN.

True, Ralph: and more, Ralph, if thou hast any mind to Nan Spit, our kitchen-maid, then turn her and wind her to thy own use, as often as thou wilt, and at midnight.

RALPH.

O, brave, Robin! shall I have Nan Spit, and to mine own use? On that condition I'll feed thy devil with horse-bread as long as he lives, of free cost.

ROBIN.

No more, sweet Ralph: let's go and make clean our boots, which lie foul upon our hands, and then to our conjuring in the devil's name.

[Exeunt.]

[Enter ROBIN and RALPH with a silver goblet.]

ROBIN.

Come, Ralph: did not I tell thee, we were for ever made by this Doctor Faustus' book? ecce, signum! here's a simple purchase for horse-keepers: our horses shall eat no hay as long as this lasts.

RALPH.

But, Robin, here comes the Vintner.

ROBIN.

Hush! I'll gull him supernaturally.

[Enter VINTNER.]

Drawer, I hope all is paid; God be with you!—Come, Ralph.

VINTNER.

Soft, sir; a word with you. I must yet have a goblet paid from you, ere you go.

ROBIN.

I a goblet, Ralph, I a goblet!—I scorn you; and you are but a, &c. I a goblet! search me.

VINTNER.

I mean so, sir, with your favour.

[Searches ROBIN.]

ROBIN.

How say you now?

VINTNER.

I must say somewhat to your fellow.—You, sir!

RALPH.

Me, sir! me, sir! search your fill. [VINTNER searches him.] Now, sir, you may be ashamed to burden honest men with a matter of truth.

VINTNER.

Well, tone of you hath this goblet about you.

ROBIN.

You lie, drawer, 'tis afore me [Aside].—Sirrah you, I'll teach you to impeach honest men;—stand by;—I'll scour you for a goblet;—stand aside you had best, I charge you in the name of Belzebub.—Look to the goblet, Ralph [Aside to RALPH].

VINTNER.

What mean you, sirrah?

ROBIN.

I'll tell you what I mean. [Reads from a book] Sanctobulorum

Periphrasticon—nay, I'll tickle you, Vintner.—Look to the goblet,

Ralph [Aside to RALPH].—[Reads] Polypragmos Belseborams framanto

pacostiphos tostu, Mephistophilis, &c.

[Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS, sets squibs at their backs, and then exit. They run about.]

VINTNER.

O, nomine Domini! what meanest thou, Robin? thou hast no

goblet.

RALPH.

Peccatum peccatorum!—Here's thy goblet, good Vintner.

[Gives the goblet to VINTNER, who exit.]

ROBIN.

Misericordia pro nobis! what shall I do? Good devil, forgive

me now, and I'll never rob thy library more.

[Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.]

MEPHIST.

Monarch of Hell, under whose black survey

Great potentates do kneel with awful fear,

Upon whose altars thousand souls do lie,

How am I vexed with these villains' charms?

From Constantinople am I hither come,

Only for pleasure of these damned slaves.

ROBIN.

How, from Constantinople! you have had a great journey:

will you take sixpence in your purse to pay for your supper, and

be gone?

MEPHIST.

Well, villains, for your presumption, I transform thee

into an ape, and thee into a dog; and so be gone!

[Exit.]

ROBIN.

How, into an ape! that's brave: I'll have fine sport with

the boys; I'll get nuts and apples enow.

RALPH.

And I must be a dog.

ROBIN.

I'faith, thy head will never be out of the pottage-pot.

[Exeunt.]

[Enter EMPEROR, FAUSTUS, and a KNIGHT, with ATTENDANTS.]

EMPEROR.

Master Doctor Faustus, I have heard strange report

of thy knowledge in the black art, how that none in my empire

nor in the whole world can compare with thee for the rare effects

of magic: they say thou hast a familiar spirit, by whom thou canst

accomplish what thou list. This, therefore, is my request, that

thou let me see some proof of thy skill, that mine eyes may be

witnesses to confirm what mine ears have heard reported: and here

I swear to thee, by the honour of mine imperial crown, that,

whatever thou doest, thou shalt be no ways prejudiced or endamaged.

KNIGHT.

I'faith, he looks much like a conjurer.

[Aside.]

FAUSTUS.

My gracious sovereign, though I must confess myself far

inferior to the report men have published, and nothing answerable

to the honour of your imperial majesty, yet, for that love and duty

binds me thereunto, I am content to do whatsoever your majesty

shall command me.

EMPEROR.

Then, Doctor Faustus, mark what I shall say.

As I was sometime solitary set

Within my closet, sundry thoughts arose

About the honour of mine ancestors,

How they had won by prowess such exploits,

Got such riches, subdu'd so many kingdoms,

As we that do succeed, or they that shall

Hereafter possess our throne, shall

(I fear me) ne'er attain to that degree

Of high renown and great authority:

Amongst which kings is Alexander the Great,

Chief spectacle of the world's pre-eminence,

The bright shining of whose glorious acts

Lightens the world with his reflecting beams,

As when I hear but motion made of him,

It grieves my soul I never saw the man:

If, therefore, thou, by cunning of thine art,

Canst raise this man from hollow vaults below,

Where lies entomb'd this famous conqueror,

And bring with him his beauteous paramour,

Both in their right shapes, gesture, and attire

They us'd to wear during their time of life,

Thou shalt both satisfy my just desire,

And give me cause to praise thee whilst I live.

FAUSTUS.

My gracious lord, I am ready to accomplish your request,

so far forth as by art and power of my spirit I am able to perform.

KNIGHT.

I'faith, that's just nothing at all.

[Aside.]

FAUSTUS.

But, if it like your grace, it is not in my ability

to present before your eyes the true substantial bodies of those

two deceased princes, which long since are consumed to dust.

KNIGHT.

Ay, marry, Master Doctor, now there's a sign of grace in you, when you will confess the truth. [Aside.]

FAUSTUS.

But such spirits as can lively resemble Alexander and

his paramour shall appear before your grace, in that manner that

they both lived in, in their most flourishing estate; which

I doubt not shall sufficiently content your imperial majesty.

EMPEROR.

Go to, Master Doctor; let me see them presently.

KNIGHT.

Do you hear, Master Doctor? you bring Alexander and his

paramour before the Emperor!

FAUSTUS.

How then, sir?

KNIGHT.

I'faith, that's as true as Diana turned me to a stag.

FAUSTUS.

No, sir; but, when Actaeon died, he left the horns for

you.—Mephistophilis, be gone.

[Exit MEPHISTOPHILIS.]

KNIGHT.

Nay, an you go to conjuring, I'll be gone.

[Exit.]

FAUSTUS.

I'll meet with you anon for interrupting me so.

—Here they are, my gracious lord.

[Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with SPIRITS in the shapes of ALEXANDER and his PARAMOUR.]

EMPEROR.

Master Doctor, I heard this lady, while she lived, had a

wart or mole in her neck: how shall I know whether it be so or no?

FAUSTUS.

Your highness may boldly go and see.

EMPEROR.

Sure, these are no spirits, but the true substantial

bodies of those two deceased princes.

Exeunt Spirits.

FAUSTUS.

Wilt please your highness now to send for the knight

that was so pleasant with me here of late?

EMPEROR.

One of you call him forth.

[Exit ATTENDANT.]

[Re-enter the KNIGHT with a pair of horns on his head.]

How now, sir knight! why, I had thought thou hadst been a bachelor,

but now I see thou hast a wife, that not only gives thee horns,

but makes thee wear them. Feel on thy head.

KNIGHT.

Thou damned wretch and execrable dog,

Bred in the concave of some monstrous rock,

How dar'st thou thus abuse a gentleman?

Villain, I say, undo what thou hast done!

FAUSTUS.

O, not so fast, sir! there's no haste: but, good, are

you remembered how you crossed me in my conference with the

Emperor? I think I have met with you for it.

EMPEROR.

Good Master Doctor, at my entreaty release him: he hath

done penance sufficient.

FAUSTUS.

My gracious lord, not so much for the injury he offered

me here in your presence, as to delight you with some mirth, hath

Faustus worthily requited this injurious knight; which being all

I desire, I am content to release him of his horns:—and,

sir knight, hereafter speak well of scholars.—Mephistophilis,

transform him straight. [MEPHISTOPHILIS removes the horns.]

—Now, my good lord, having done my duty, I humbly take my leave.

EMPEROR.

Farewell, Master Doctor: yet, ere you go,

Expect from me a bounteous reward.

[Exeunt EMPEROR, KNIGHT, and ATTENDANTS.]

FAUSTUS.

Now, Mephistophilis, the restless course

That time doth run with calm and silent foot,

Shortening my days and thread of vital life,

Calls for the payment of my latest years:

Therefore, sweet Mephistophilis, let us

Make haste to Wertenberg.

MEPHIST.

What, will you go on horse-back or on foot[?]

FAUSTUS.

Nay, till I'm past this fair and pleasant green,

I'll walk on foot.

[Enter a HORSE-COURSER.]

HORSE-COURSER.

I have been all this day seeking one Master Fustian:

mass, see where he is!—God save you, Master Doctor!

FAUSTUS.

What, horse-courser! you are well met.

HORSE-COURSER.

Do you hear, sir? I have brought you forty dollars

for your horse.

FAUSTUS.

I cannot sell him so: if thou likest him for fifty, take

him.

HORSE-COURSER.

Alas, sir, I have no more!—I pray you, speak for

me.

MEPHIST.

I pray you, let him have him: he is an honest fellow,

and he has a great charge, neither wife nor child.

FAUSTUS.

Well, come, give me your money [HORSE-COURSER gives

FAUSTUS the money]: my boy will deliver him to you. But I must

tell you one thing before you have him; ride him not into the

water, at any hand.

HORSE-COURSER.

Why, sir, will he not drink of all waters?

FAUSTUS.

O, yes, he will drink of all waters; but ride him not

into the water: ride him over hedge or ditch, or where thou wilt,

but not into the water.

HORSE-COURSER.

Well, sir.—Now am I made man for ever: I'll not

leave my horse for forty: if he had but the quality of

hey-ding-ding, hey-ding-ding, I'd make a brave living on him:

he has a buttock as slick as an eel [Aside].—Well, God b'wi'ye,

sir: your boy will deliver him me: but, hark you, sir; if my horse

be sick or ill at ease, if I bring his water to you, you'll tell

me what it is?

FAUSTUS.

Away, you villain! what, dost think I am a horse-doctor?

[Exit HORSE-COURSER.]

What art thou, Faustus, but a man condemn'd to die?

Thy fatal time doth draw to final end;

Despair doth drive distrust into my thoughts:

Confound these passions with a quiet sleep:

Tush, Christ did call the thief upon the Cross;

Then rest thee, Faustus, quiet in conceit.

[Sleeps in his chair.]

[Re-enter HORSE-COURSER, all wet, crying.]

HORSE-COURSER.

Alas, alas! Doctor Fustian, quoth a mass, Doctor

Lopus was never such a doctor: has given me a purgation, has

purged me of forty dollars; I shall never see them more. But yet,

like an ass as I was, I would not be ruled by him, for he bade me

I should ride him into no water: now I, thinking my horse had had

some rare quality that he would not have had me know of, I,

like a venturous youth, rid him into the deep pond at the town's

end. I was no sooner in the middle of the pond, but my horse

vanished away, and I sat upon a bottle of hay, never so near

drowning in my life. But I'll seek out my doctor, and have my

forty dollars again, or I'll make it the dearest horse!—O,

yonder is his snipper-snapper.—Do you hear? you, hey-pass,

where's your master?

MEPHIST.

Why, sir, what would you? you cannot speak with him.

HORSE-COURSER.

But I will speak with him.

MEPHIST.

Why, he's fast asleep: come some other time.

HORSE-COURSER.

I'll speak with him now, or I'll break his

glass-windows about his ears.

MEPHIST.

I tell thee, he has not slept this eight nights.

HORSE-COURSER.

An he have not slept this eight weeks, I'll

speak with him.

MEPHIST.

See, where he is, fast asleep.

HORSE-COURSER.

Ay, this is he.—God save you, Master Doctor,

Master Doctor, Master Doctor Fustian! forty dollars, forty dollars

for a bottle of hay!

MEPHIST.

Why, thou seest he hears thee not.

HORSE-COURSER.

So-ho, ho! so-ho, ho! [Hollows in his ear.] No,

will you not wake? I'll make you wake ere I go. [Pulls FAUSTUS

by the leg, and pulls it away.] Alas, I am undone! what shall

I do?

FAUSTUS.

O, my leg, my leg!—Help, Mephistophilis! call the

officers.—My leg, my leg!

MEPHIST.

Come, villain, to the constable.

HORSE-COURSER.

O Lord, sir, let me go, and I'll give you forty

dollars more!

MEPHIST.

Where be they?

HORSE-COURSER.

I have none about me: come to my ostry,

and I'll give them you.

MEPHIST.

Be gone quickly.

[HORSE-COURSER runs away.]

FAUSTUS.

What, is he gone? farewell he! Faustus has his leg again,

and the Horse-courser, I take it, a bottle of hay for his labour:

well, this trick shall cost him forty dollars more.

Enter WAGNER.

How now, Wagner! what's the news with thee?

WAGNER.

Sir, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your

company.

FAUSTUS.

The Duke of Vanholt! an honourable gentleman, to whom

I must be no niggard of my cunning.—Come, Mephistophilis,

let's away to him.

[Exeunt.]

[Enter the DUKE OF VANHOLT, the DUCHESS, and FAUSTUS.]

DUKE.

Believe me, Master Doctor, this merriment hath much pleased

me.

FAUSTUS.

My gracious lord, I am glad it contents you so well.

—But it may be, madam, you take no delight in this. I have heard

that great-bellied women do long for some dainties or other: what

is it, madam? tell me, and you shall have it.

DUCHESS.

Thanks, good Master Doctor: and, for I see your courteous

intent to pleasure me, I will not hide from you the thing my heart

desires; and, were it now summer, as it is January and the dead

time of the winter, I would desire no better meat than a dish

of ripe grapes.

FAUSTUS.

Alas, madam, that's nothing!—Mephistophilis, be gone.

[Exit MEPHISTOPHILIS.] Were it a greater thing than this, so it

would content you, you should have it.

[Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with grapes.]

Here they be, madam: wilt please you taste on them?

DUKE.

Believe me, Master Doctor, this makes me wonder above the

rest, that being in the dead time of winter and in the month of

January, how you should come by these grapes.

FAUSTUS.

If it like your grace, the year is divided into two

circles over the whole world, that, when it is here winter with

us, in the contrary circle it is summer with them, as in India,

Saba, and farther countries in the east; and by means of a

swift spirit that I have, I had them brought hither, as you see.

—How do you like them, madam? be they good?

DUCHESS.

Believe me, Master Doctor, they be the best grapes that

e'er I tasted in my life before.

FAUSTUS.

I am glad they content you so, madam.

DUKE.

Come, madam, let us in, where you must well reward this

learned man for the great kindness he hath shewed to you.

DUCHESS.

And so I will, my lord; and, whilst I live, rest

beholding for this courtesy.

FAUSTUS.

I humbly thank your grace.

DUKE.

Come, Master Doctor, follow us, and receive your reward.

[Exeunt.]

[Enter WAGNER.]

WAGNER.

I think my master means to die shortly,

For he hath given to me all his goods:

And yet, methinks, if that death were near,

He would not banquet, and carouse, and swill

Amongst the students, as even now he doth,

Who are at supper with such belly-cheer

As Wagner ne'er beheld in all his life.

See, where they come! belike the feast is ended.

[Exit.]

[Enter FAUSTUS with two or three SCHOLARS, and MEPHISTOPHILIS.]

FIRST SCHOLAR.

Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about

fair ladies, which was the beautifulest in all the world, we have

determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece was the admirablest

lady that ever lived: therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us

that favour, as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, whom

all the world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much

beholding unto you.

FAUSTUS.

Gentlemen,

For that I know your friendship is unfeign'd,

And Faustus' custom is not to deny

The just requests of those that wish him well,

You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,

No otherways for pomp and majesty

Than when Sir Paris cross'd the seas with her,

And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.

Be silent, then, for danger is in words.

[Music sounds, and HELEN passeth over the stage.]

SECOND SCHOLAR.

Too simple is my wit to tell her praise,

Whom all the world admires for majesty.

THIRD SCHOLAR.

No marvel though the angry Greeks pursu'd

With ten years' war the rape of such a queen,

Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare.

FIRST SCHOLAR.

Since we have seen the pride of Nature's works,

And only paragon of excellence,

Let us depart; and for this glorious deed

Happy and blest be Faustus evermore!

FAUSTUS.

Gentlemen, farewell: the same I wish to you.

[Exeunt SCHOLARS.]

[Enter an OLD MAN.]

OLD MAN.

Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail

To guide thy steps unto the way of life,

By which sweet path thou mayst attain the goal

That shall conduct thee to celestial rest!

Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears,

Tears falling from repentant heaviness

Of thy most vile and loathsome filthiness,

The stench whereof corrupts the inward soul

With such flagitious crimes of heinous sin

As no commiseration may expel,

But mercy, Faustus, of thy Saviour sweet,

Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt.

FAUSTUS.

Where art thou, Faustus? wretch, what hast thou done?

Damn'd art thou, Faustus, damn'd; despair and die!

Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice

Says, "Faustus, come; thine hour is almost come;"

And Faustus now will come to do thee right.

[MEPHISTOPHILIS gives him a dagger.]

OLD MAN.

Ah, stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps!

I see an angel hovers o'er thy head,

And, with a vial full of precious grace,

Offers to pour the same into thy soul:

Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.

FAUSTUS.

Ah, my sweet friend, I feel

Thy words to comfort my distressed soul!

Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.

OLD MAN.

I go, sweet Faustus; but with heavy cheer,

Fearing the ruin of thy hopeless soul.

[Exit.]

FAUSTUS.

Accursed Faustus, where is mercy now?

I do repent; and yet I do despair:

Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast:

What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

MEPHIST.

Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul

For disobedience to my sovereign lord:

Revolt, or I'll in piece-meal tear thy flesh.

FAUSTUS.

Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord

To pardon my unjust presumption,

And with my blood again I will confirm

My former vow I made to Lucifer.

MEPHIST.

Do it, then, quickly, with unfeigned heart,

Lest greater danger do attend thy drift.

FAUSTUS.

Torment, sweet friend, that base and crooked age,

That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,

With greatest torments that our hell affords.

MEPHIST.

His faith is great; I cannot touch his soul;

But what I may afflict his body with

I will attempt, which is but little worth.

FAUSTUS.

One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee,

To glut the longing of my heart's desire,—

That I might have unto my paramour

That heavenly Helen which I saw of late,

Whose sweet embracings may extinguish clean

Those thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,

And keep mine oath I made to Lucifer.

MEPHIST.

Faustus, this, or what else thou shalt desire,

Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

Re-enter HELEN.

FAUSTUS.

Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,

Kisses her.]

Her lips suck forth my soul: see, where it flies!—

Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.

Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,

And all is dross that is not Helena.

I will be Paris, and for love of thee,

Instead of Troy, shall Wertenberg be sack'd;

And I will combat with weak Menelaus,

And wear thy colours on my plumed crest;

Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,

And then return to Helen for a kiss.

O, thou art fairer than the evening air

Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;

Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter

When he appear'd to hapless Semele;

More lovely than the monarch of the sky

In wanton Arethusa's azur'd arms;

And none but thou shalt be my paramour!

[Exeunt.]

[Enter the OLD MAN.]

OLD MAN.

Accursed Faustus, miserable man,

That from thy soul exclud'st the grace of heaven,

And fly'st the throne of his tribunal-seat!

[Enter DEVILS.]

Satan begins to sift me with his pride:

As in this furnace God shall try my faith,

My faith, vile hell, shall triumph over thee.

Ambitious fiends, see how the heavens smile

At your repulse, and laugh your state to scorn!

Hence, hell! for hence I fly unto my God.

[Exeunt,—on one side, DEVILS, on the other, OLD MAN.]

[Enter FAUSTUS, with SCHOLARS.]

FAUSTUS.

Ah, gentlemen!

FIRST SCHOLAR.

What ails Faustus?

FAUSTUS.

Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee,

then had I lived still! but now I die eternally. Look, comes

he not? comes he not?

SECOND SCHOLAR.

What means Faustus?

THIRD SCHOLAR.

Belike he is grown into some sickness by being

over-solitary.

FIRST SCHOLAR.

If it be so, we'll have physicians to cure him.

—'Tis but a surfeit; never fear, man.

FAUSTUS.

A surfeit of deadly sin, that hath damned both body

and soul.

SECOND SCHOLAR.

Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven; remember God's

mercies are infinite.

FAUSTUS.

But Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardoned: the serpent

that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Ah, gentlemen,

hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches! Though

my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student

here these thirty years, O, would I had never seen Wertenberg,

never read book! and what wonders I have done, all Germany can

witness, yea, all the world; for which Faustus hath lost both

Germany and the world, yea, heaven itself, heaven, the seat of

God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy; and must remain in hell for ever, hell, ah, hell, for ever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell for ever?

THIRD SCHOLAR.

Yet, Faustus, call on God.

FAUSTUS.

On God, whom Faustus hath abjured! on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed! Ah, my God, I would weep! but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood, instead of tears! yea, life and soul! O, he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands; but see, they hold them, they hold them!

ALL.

Who, Faustus?

FAUSTUS.

Lucifer and Mephistophilis. Ah, gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning!

ALL.

God forbid!

FAUSTUS.

God forbade it, indeed; but Faustus hath done it: for vain pleasure of twenty-four years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood: the date is expired; the time will come, and he will fetch me.

FIRST SCHOLAR.

Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

FAUSTUS.

Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces, if I named God, to fetch both body and soul, if I once gave ear to divinity: and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

SECOND SCHOLAR.

O, what shall we do to save Faustus?

FAUSTUS.

Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

THIRD SCHOLAR.

God will strengthen me; I will stay with Faustus.

FIRST SCHOLAR.

Tempt not God, sweet friend; but let us into the next room, and there pray for him.

FAUSTUS.

Ay, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever ye hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

SECOND SCHOLAR.

Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

FAUSTUS.

Gentlemen, farewell: if I live till morning, I'll visit you; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

ALL.

Faustus, farewell.

[Exeunt SCHOLARS.—The clock strikes eleven.]

FAUSTUS.

Ah, Faustus,

Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,

And then thou must be damn'd perpetually!

Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,

That time may cease, and midnight never come;

Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make

Perpetual day; or let this hour be but

A year, a month, a week, a natural day,

That Faustus may repent and save his soul!

O lente, lente currite, noctis equi!

The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,

The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.

O, I'll leap up to my God!—Who pulls me down?—

See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!

One drop would save my soul, half a drop: ah, my Christ!—

Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!

Yet will I call on him: O, spare me, Lucifer!—

Where is it now? 'tis gone: and see, where God

Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!

Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,

And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!

No, no!

Then will I headlong run into the earth:

Earth, gape! O, no, it will not harbour me!

You stars that reign'd at my nativity,

Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,

Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist.

Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud[s],

That, when you vomit forth into the air,

My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,

So that my soul may but ascend to heaven!

[The clock strikes the half-hour.]

Ah, half the hour is past! 'twill all be past anon

O God,

If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,

Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath ransom'd me,

Impose some end to my incessant pain;

Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,

A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd!

O, no end is limited to damned souls!

Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?

Or why is this immortal that thou hast?

Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,

This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd

Unto some brutish beast! all beasts are happy,

For, when they die,

Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements;

But mine must live still to be plagu'd in hell.

Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me!

No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer

That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.

[The clock strikes twelve.]

O, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,

Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell!

[Thunder and lightning.]

O soul, be chang'd into little water-drops,

And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found!

[Enter DEVILS.]

My God, my god, look not so fierce on me!

Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while!

Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!

I'll burn my books!—Ah, Mephistophilis!

[Exeunt DEVILS with FAUSTUS.]

[Enter CHORUS.]

CHORUS.

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,

And burned is Apollo's laurel-bough,

That sometime grew within this learned man.

Faustus is gone: regard his hellish fall,

Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,

Only to wonder at unlawful things,

Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits

To practice more than heavenly power permits.

[Exit.]

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2.54: Reading and Review Questions

1. What is Faustus's true ambition? Why is it that he turns to magic and to Mephistophilis, against whom he has been particularly warned? What relationship, if any, does he seem to have with the Christian God? What is his attitude towards the Christian God? How does Faustus's character compare with the Redcrosse Knight's, for example?

2. How do Faustus's ambitions for his magic compare with what he achieves with his magic? If you see a discrepancy between the two, then what accounts for this discrepancy, do you think?

3. Why do you think that Faustus has several opportunities to repent? Why does he reaffirm his pact with Lucifer? What keeps him from repenting, even to the very end of the play?

4. The Old Man appears near the end of Faustus's term of contract. Who is the Old Man, do you think? Why does he appear so suddenly at this point in the play? What purpose, if any, does he serve? What might he represent?

5. How, if at all, does the character of Faustus and his actions reflect the religious conflicts and concerns that occurred during Marlowe's lifetime?

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2.55: 2.13.0 William Shakespeare

(1564-1616)

Shakespeare was born on April 23, and he died on April 23. He was born in Stratfordupon-Avon, and he died in Stratford-uponAvon. These facts frame many additional facts and many conjectures. He probably received an education in Latin studies at the town's grammar school, as his father was a municipal officer (mayor and justice of the peace) so could send his son to the school for free. At the age of eighteen, Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway (1556-1623), a woman who was eight years his senior and who lived in nearby Shottery. Their child Susanna (1583-1649) was born five months later. Two years after that, their twins Hamnet and Judith were born, with Hamnet dying at the age of eleven and Judith surviving to the age of seventy-seven. Anne outlived Shakespeare by seven years, receiving in his will his second-best bed and being buried next to him in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Stratford-upon-Avon.



Image 2.15 | William Shakespeare
Artist | John Taylor
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Seven years after the birth of the twins, Robert Greene (1558-1592) writes of Shakespeare as an actor and playwright in London, describing him in Greenes Groatsworth of Wit (1592) as "an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his Tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you: and being an absolute Johannes Factotum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country." Green was a member of the "University Wits," a group of Cambridge and Oxford young men—including Christopher Marlowe—that sought to bring their classical learning to the stage. Although Shakespeare attended neither Cambridge nor Oxford, his early plays echo Marlowe's blank verse; indeed, Shakespeare's Henry VI Parts I, II, and III, according to the Oxford University Press, may have been co-written by Marlowe, so Marlowe's influence may have been direct. Shakespeare also demonstrated classical learning on the stage with his Plautean Comedy of Errors (performed in 1594) and his Senecan tragedy Titus Andronicus (performed in 1594).

He dedicated two classically-themed poems to his patron Henry Wriothesley, third earl of Southampton. Both Venus and Adonis (1593) and The Rape of Lucrece (1594) were published as quarto pamphlets, with Venus and Adonis running through eighteen editions and The Rape of Lucrece, eight editions by 1655. In 1594, Shakespeare was a partner in the Lord Chamberlain's Men, a theater company from which he derived profits for such plays as Romeo and Juliet (performed around 1595-1596), The Merchant of Venice (performed around 15996-97), Henry IV Parts I and II (performed around 1597-1598), and Twelfth Night: Or, What You Will (performed around 1600-1602).

From 1595, he also probably worked on his sonnet sequence that was not published until 1609. These sonnets employ numerous conventions, such as the idealized and aloof woman. He also used the already-extant rhyme scheme of ABAB CDCD EFEF GG. Yet he used it so deftly and naturally that the form is now known as the Shakespearean sonnet. His sonnets reflect on the power of poetry and the matters of poetic art, such as romantic love, in language that compels belief in their truth and authenticity—even though their possibly autobiographical elements have not been proven. For example, they trace a friendship with a beautiful young man and a romance with a dark lady. The identity of either of these figures is unknown, though early conjectures identify the

young man as Shakespeare's patron Wriothesley and the dark lady as a sonnet convention along the lines of Petrarch's Laura. When published, the sequence was dedicated to an unknown Mr. W. H., described as the sonnets' only begetter.

In 1599, Shakespeare's company built the Globe Theater, with Shakespeare being one of six shareholders; the others included the great actor Richard Burbage (1567-1619) and John Heminges (1566-1630) who, with Henry Condell (1576-1627), edited the First Folio (1623) collection of Shakespeare's plays. In 1613, during a performance of Shakespeare's Henry VIII, the Globe was destroyed by fire but was rebuilt the next year. Upon the accession of James I (1603), the Lord Chamberlain's Men was renamed the King's Men, and Shakespeare began writing his greatest tragedies, including Othello (performed around 1604), King Lear (performed around 1605-1606), and Macbeth (performed around 1606). With his profits, Shakespeare built New Place, the second largest house in Stratford-upon-Avon.

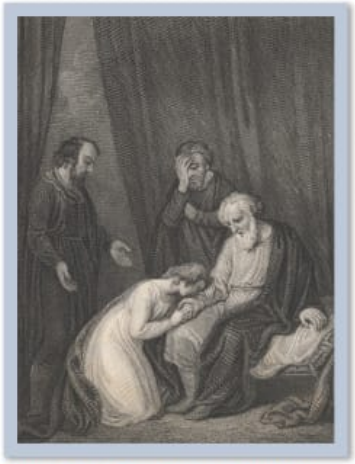


Image 2.16 | Cordelia and King Lear
Artist | William Shakespeare
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In 1606, the King's Men acquired a private theater, Blackfriars, along with its playwrights Francis Beaumont (1584-1616) and John Fletcher (1579-1625), whose style may have influenced Shakespeare's final romances, including Cymbeline (performed around 1609-1610), The Winter's Tale (performed around 1610-1611), and The Tempest (performed in 1611). Shakespeare collaborated with Fletcher on Henry VIII (performed around 1612-1613), The Two Noble Kinsmen (performed around 1612- 1613), and Cardenio (performed around 1612-1613). In 1613, Shakespeare retired to Stratford-upon-Avon. He died in 1616, a little over two months after his daughter Judith married Thomas Quiney (1589-1663).

Although these facts seem sparse, they are more in number than facts known about other playwrights of Shakespeare's time. Yet, they still offer too little knowledge to those around the world who have loved Shakespeare's works over the course of four hundred years—a man whose invented words enrich the English language; whose characters fill imaginations; and whose range of style, sheer beauty of expression, and depth and breadth of insight authenticate the most profound of human emotions.

The interpretation of Shakespeare over time provides a mirror to the history of interpretation itself. In 1693, Thomas Rymer attacked Othello as not a tragedy but a farce due to its offering, in his opinion, neither meaning nor moral. In 1699, James Drake similarly demonstrated the expectation for moral lessons in art when he admired the poetic justice of Hamlet (first performed around 1609). The eighteenth century evinced interest in the particularities of Shakespeare's characters; for example, in 1777, Maurice Morgann wrote an essay on the character of Falstaff describing him as not a coward but a sensible man.

Shakespeare's King Lear suggests a way to interpret or gain meaning from this play (and perhaps his others). This extraordinarily dynamic work, with wheels within wheels of meaning, depicts extreme betrayal, cruelty, and suffering of such intensity that an audience may wish to turn away from it. The character Edgar serves as a type of audience, as almost a pure observer of a painful scene between the mad King Lear and the blinded Duke of Gloucester, Edgar's own father. But Edgar will not turn away, saying in an aside—presumably to the actual audience— that he would not take this scene from report. And he offers a possible explanation for the purpose and effect of art when he describes himself as one who has gained compassion through suffering, as one who "by the art of known and feeling sorrows,/ Am pregnant to good pity" (220-21).

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2.56: Selected Sonnets

(1598)

2

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,

And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,

Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,

Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held;

Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,

Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,

To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,

Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.

How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,

If thou couldst answer 'This fair child of mine

Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,'

Proving his beauty by succession thine!

This were to be new made when thou art old,

And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

12

When I do count the clock that tells the time,

And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;

When I behold the violet past prime,

And sable curls, all silvered o'er with white;

When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,

Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,

And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,

Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,

Then of thy beauty do I question make,

That thou among the wastes of time must go,

Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake

And die as fast as they see others grow;

And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence

Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence

13

O! that you were your self; but, love you are

No longer yours, than you your self here live:

Against this coming end you should prepare,

And your sweet semblance to some other give:

So should that beauty which you hold in lease

Find no determination; then you were

Yourself again, after yourself's decease,

When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.

Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,

Which husbandry in honour might uphold,

Against the stormy gusts of winter's day

And barren rage of death's eternal cold?

O! none but unthrifts. Dear my love, you know,

You had a father: let your son say so.

15

When I consider every thing that grows

Holds in perfection but a little moment,

That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows

Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;

When I perceive that men as plants increase,

Cheered and checked even by the self-same sky,

Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,

And wear their brave state out of memory;

Then the conceit of this inconstant stay

Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,

Where wasteful Time debateth with decay

To change your day of youth to sullied night,

And all in war with Time for love of you,

As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

18

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

Thou art more lovely and more temperate:

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,

And summer's lease hath all too short a date:

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,

And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,

And every fair from fair sometime declines,

By chance, or nature's changing course untrimm'd:

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,

Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,

Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,

When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st,

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,

So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

22

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,

So long as youth and thou are of one date;

But when in thee time's furrows I behold,

Then look I death my days should expiate.

For all that beauty that doth cover thee,

Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,

Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me:

How can I then be elder than thou art?

O! therefore love, be of thyself so wary

As I, not for myself, but for thee will;

Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary

As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.

Presume not on th' heart when mine is slain,

Thou gav'st me thine not to give back again.

23

As an unperfect actor on the stage,

Who with his fear is put beside his part,

Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,

Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;

So I, for fear of trust, forget to say

The perfect ceremony of love's rite,

And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,

O'ercharg'd with burthen of mine own love's might.

O! let my looks be then the eloquence

And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,

Who plead for love, and look for recompense,

More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.

O! learn to read what silent love hath writ:

To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

29

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes

I all alone beweep my outcast state,

And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,

And look upon myself, and curse my fate,

Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,

Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,

Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,

With what I most enjoy contented least;

Yet in these thoughts my self almost despising,

Haply I think on thee,—and then my state,

Like to the lark at break of day arising

From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;

For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings

That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

40

Take all my loves, my love, yea take them all;

What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?

No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;

All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.

Then if for my love thou my love receivest,

I cannot blame thee, for my love thou usest;

But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest

By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.

I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,

Although thou steal thee all my poverty;

And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief

To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.

Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,

Kill me with spites, yet we must not be foes.

55

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments

Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;

But you shall shine more bright in these contents

Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.

When wasteful war shall statues overturn,

And broils root out the work of masonry,

Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn

The living record of your memory.

'Gainst death, and all-oblivious enmity

Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room

Even in the eyes of all posterity

That wear this world out to the ending doom.

So, till the judgment that yourself arise,

You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

71

No longer mourn for me when I am dead

Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell

Give warning to the world that I am fled

From this vile world with vilest worms to dwell:

Nay, if you read this line, remember not

The hand that writ it, for I love you so,

That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,

If thinking on me then should make you woe.

O! if,—I say you look upon this verse,

When I perhaps compounded am with clay,

Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;

But let your love even with my life decay;

Lest the wise world should look into your moan,

And mock you with me after I am gone.

78

So oft have I invoked thee for my Muse,

And found such fair assistance in my verse

As every alien pen hath got my use

And under thee their poesy disperse.

Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing

And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,

Have added feathers to the learned's wing

And given grace a double majesty.

Yet be most proud of that which I compile,

Whose influence is thine, and born of thee:

In others' works thou dost but mend the style,

And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;

But thou art all my art, and dost advance

As high as learning, my rude ignorance.

87

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,

And like enough thou know'st thy estimate,

The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing:

My bonds in thee are all determinate.

For how do I hold thee but by thy granting,

And for that riches where is my deserving?

The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,

And so my patent back again is swerving.

Thy self thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,

Or me to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking,

So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,

Comes home again, on better judgement making.

Thus have I had thee as a dream doth flatter,

In sleep a King, but waking no such matter.

96

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness;

Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport;

Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less:

Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.

As on the finger of a throned queen

The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,

So are those errors that in thee are seen

To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.

How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,

If like a lamb he could his looks translate!

How many gazers mightst thou lead away,

If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!

But do not so; I love thee in such sort,

As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

106

When in the chronicle of wasted time

I see descriptions of the fairest wights,

And beauty making beautiful old rime,

In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,

Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,

Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,

I see their antique pen would have express'd

Even such a beauty as you master now.

So all their praises are but prophecies

Of this our time, all you prefiguring;

And for they looked but with divining eyes,

They had not skill enough your worth to sing:

For we, which now behold these present days,

Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

127

In the old age black was not counted fair,

Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;

But now is black beauty's successive heir,

And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:

For since each hand hath put on Nature's power,

Fairing the foul with Art's false borrowed face,

Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,

But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.

Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,

Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem

At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,

Sland'ring creation with a false esteem:

Yet so they mourn becoming of their woe,

That every tongue says beauty should look so.

130

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;

Coral is far more red, than her lips red:

If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;

If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.

I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,

But no such roses see I in her cheeks;

And in some perfumes is there more delight

Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.

I love to hear her speak, yet well I know

That music hath a far more pleasing sound:

I grant I never saw a goddess go,—

My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:

And yet by heaven, I think my love as rare,

As any she belied with false compare.

135

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy 'Will,'

And 'Will' to boot, and 'Will' in over-plus;

More than enough am I that vex'd thee still,

To thy sweet will making addition thus.

Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,

Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?

Shall will in others seem right gracious,

And in my will no fair acceptance shine?

The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,

And in abundance addeth to his store;

So thou, being rich in 'Will,' add to thy 'Will'

One will of mine, to make thy large will more.

Let no unkind 'No' fair beseechers kill;

Think all but one, and me in that one 'Will.'

138

When my love swears that she is made of truth,

I do believe her though I know she lies,

That she might think me some untutor'd youth,

Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.

Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,

Although she knows my days are past the best,

Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue;

On both sides thus is simple truth suppressed.

But wherefore says she not she is unjust?

And wherefore say not I that I am old?

O! love's best habit is in seeming trust,

And age in love loves not to have years told:

Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,

And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

144

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,

Which like two spirits do suggest me still:

The better angel is a man right fair,

The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.

To win me soon to hell, my female evil,

Tempteth my better angel from my side,

And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,

Wooing his purity with her foul pride.

And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,

Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;

But being both from me, both to each friend,

I guess one angel in another's hell:

Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,

Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

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2.57: Much Ado About Nothing

Act I

Scene I. Before LEONATO'S House.

[Enter LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE and others, with a Messenger.]

LEONATO.

I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

MESSENGER.

He is very near by this: he was not three leagues off when I left him.

LEONATO.

How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

MESSENGER.

But few of any sort, and none of name.

LEONATO.

A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio.

MESSENGER.

Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro. He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion: he hath indeed better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

LEONATO.

He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

MESSENGER.

I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

LEONATO.

Did he break out into tears?

MESSENGER.

In great measure.

LEONATO.

A kind overflow of kindness. There are no faces truer than those that are so washed; how much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!

BEATRICE.

I pray you, is Signior Mountanto returned from the wars or no?

MESSENGER.

I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.

LEONATO.

What is he that you ask for, niece?

HERO.

My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

MESSENGER.

O! he is returned, and as pleasant as ever he was.

BEATRICE.

He set up his bills here in Messina and challenged Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

LEONATO.

Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

MESSENGER.

He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

BEATRICE.

You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it; he is a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an excellent stomach.

MESSENGER.

And a good soldier too, lady.

BEATRICE.

And a good soldier to a lady; but what is he to a lord?

MESSENGER.

A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

BEATRICE.

It is so indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man; but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

LEONATO.

You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her; they never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

BEATRICE.

Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one! so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is

all the wealth that he hath left to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

MESSENGER.

Is't possible?

BEATRICE.

Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

MESSENGER.

I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

BEATRICE.

No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

MESSENGER.

He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

BEATRICE.

O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! If he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere a' be cured.

MESSENGER.

I will hold friends with you, lady.

BEATRICE.

Do, good friend.

LEONATO.

You will never run mad, niece.

BEATRICE.

No, not till a hot January.

MESSENGER.

Don Pedro is approached.

[Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR, and Others.]

DON PEDRO.

Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

LEONATO.

Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace, for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides and happiness takes his leave.

DON PEDRO.

You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

LEONATO.

Her mother hath many times told me so.

BENEDICK.

Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

LEONATO.

Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

DON PEDRO.

You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly the lady fathers herself. Be happy, lady, for you are like an honourable father.

BENEDICK.

If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is. BEATRICE. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.

BENEDICK.

What! my dear Lady Disdain, are you yet living?

BEATRICE.

Is it possible Disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain if you come in her presence.

BENEDICK.

Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

BEATRICE.

A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that. I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

BENEDICK.

God keep your ladyship still in that mind; so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

BEATRICE.

Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

BENEDICK.

Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

BEATRICE.

A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

BENEDICK.

I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, i' God's name; I have done.

BEATRICE.

You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

DON PEDRO.

That is the sum of all, Leonato: Signior Claudio, and Signior Benedick, my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month, and he heartly prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

LEONATO.

If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. [To DON JOHN] Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

DON JOHN.

I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

LEONATO.

Please it your Grace lead on?

DON PEDRO.

Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[Exeunt all but BENEDICK and CLAUDIO.]

CLAUDIO.

Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

BENEDICK.

I noted her not; but I looked on her.

CLAUDIO.

Is she not a modest young lady?

BENEDICK.

Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

CLAUDIO.

No; I pray thee speak in sober judgment.

BENEDICK.

Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise; only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome, and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

CLAUDIO.

Thou thinkest I am in sport: I pray thee tell me truly how thou likest her.

BENEDICK.

Would you buy her, that you enquire after her?

CLAUDIO.

Can the world buy such a jewel?

BENEDICK.

Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow, or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

CLAUDIO.

In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

BENEDICK.

I can see yet without spectacles and I see no such matter: there's her cousin an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

CLAUDIO.

I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn to the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

BENEDICK.

Is't come to this, i' faith? Hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it and sigh away Sundays. Look! Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

[Re-enter DON PEDRO.]

DON PEDRO.

What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

BENEDICK.

I would your Grace would constrain me to tell.

DON PEDRO.

I charge thee on thy allegiance.

BENEDICK.

You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man; I would have you think so; but on my allegiance mark you this, on my allegiance: he is in love. With who? now that is your Grace's part. Mark how short his answer is: with Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

CLAUDIO.

If this were so, so were it uttered.

BENEDICK.

Like the old tale, my lord: 'it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but indeed, God forbid it should be so.'

CLAUDIO.

If my passion change not shortly. God forbid it should be otherwise.

DON PEDRO.

Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

CLAUDIO.

You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

DON PEDRO.

By my troth, I speak my thought.

CLAUDIO.

And in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

BENEDICK.

And by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

CLAUDIO.

That I love her, I feel.

DON PEDRO.

That she is worthy, I know.

BENEDICK.

That I neither feel how she should be loved nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

DON PEDRO.

Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

CLAUDIO.

And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.

BENEDICK.

That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks; but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is,—for the which I may go the finer,—I will live a bachelor.

DON PEDRO.

I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

BENEDICK.

With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

DON PEDRO.

Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

BENEDICK.

If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder and called Adam.

DON PEDRO.

Well, as time shall try: 'In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.'

BENEDICK.

The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns and set them in my forehead; and let me be vilely painted, and in such great letters as they write, 'Here is good horse to hire,' let them signify under my sign 'Here you may see Benedick the married man.'

CLAUDIO.

If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

DON PEDRO.

Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

BENEDICK.

I look for an earthquake too then.

DON PEDRO.

Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's: commend me to him and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for indeed he hath made great preparation.

BENEDICK.

I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you—

CLAUDIO.

To the tuition of God: from my house, if I had it,—

DON PEDRO.

The sixth of July: your loving friend, Benedick.

BENEDICK.

Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience: and so I leave you.

[Exit.]

CLAUDIO.

My liege, your highness now may do me good.

DON PEDRO.

My love is thine to teach: teach it but how,

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn

hard lesson that may do thee good.

CLAUDIO.

Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

DON PEDRO.

No child but Hero's he's his only heir.

Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

CLAUDIO.

O! my lord,

When you went onward on this ended action,

I looked upon her with a soldier's eye,

That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand

Than to drive liking to the name of love;

But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts

Have left their places vacant, in their rooms

Come thronging soft and delicate desires,

All prompting me how fair young Hero is,

Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

DON PEDRO.

Thou wilt be like a lover presently,

And tire the hearer with a book of words.

If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it,

And I will break with her, and with her father,

And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this end

That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

CLAUDIO.

How sweetly you do minister to love,

That know love's grief by his complexion!

But lest my liking might too sudden seem,

I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

DON PEDRO.

What need the bridge much broader than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity.

Look, what will serve is fit: 'tis once, thou lov'st,

And I will fit thee with the remedy.

I know we shall have revelling to-night:

I will assume thy part in some disguise,

And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;

And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,

And take her hearing prisoner with the force

And strong encounter of my amorous tale:

Then, after to her father will I break;

And the conclusion is, she shall be thine.

In practice let us put it presently.

[Exeunt.]

Scene II. A room in LEONATO'S house.

[Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, meeting.]

LEONATO.

How now, brother! Where is my cousin your son? Hath he provided this music?

ANTONIO.

He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamt not of.

LEONATO.

Are they good?

ANTONIO.

As the event stamps them: but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top and instantly break with you of it.

LEONATO.

Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

ANTONIO.

A good sharp fellow: I will send for him; and question him yourself.

LEONATO.

No, no; we will hold it as a dream till it appear itself: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it.

[Several persons cross the stage.]

Cousins, you know what you have to do. O!I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill. Good cousin, have a care this busy time.

[Exeunt.]

Scene III. Another room in LEONATO'S house.

[Enter DON JOHN and CONRADE.]

CONRADE.

What the good-year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

DON JOHN.

There is no measure in the occasion that breeds; therefore the sadness is without limit.

CONRADE.

You should hear reason.

DON JOHN.

And when I have heard it, what blessings brings it?

CONRADE.

If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance.

DON JOHN.

I wonder that thou, being,—as thou say'st thou art,—born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

CONRADE.

Yea; but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

DON JOHN.

I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meantime, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

CONRADE.

Can you make no use of your discontent?

DON JOHN.

I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here?

[Enter Borachio.]

What news, Borachio?

BORACHIO.

I came yonder from a great supper: the prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

DON JOHN.

Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?

BORACHIO.

Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

DON JOHN.

Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

BORACHIO.

Even he.

DON JOHN.

A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

BORACHIO.

Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

DON JOHN.

A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

BORACHIO.

Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arras, and there heard it agreed upon that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.

DON JOHN.

Come, come; let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

CONRADE.

To the death, my lord.

DON JOHN.

Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind! Shall we go to prove what's to be done?

BORACHIO.

We'll wait upon your lordship.

[Exeunt.]

Act II

Scene I. A hall in LEONATO'S house.

[Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, and Others.]

LEONATO.

Was not Count John here at supper?

ANTONIO.

I saw him not.

BEATRICE.

How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after.

HERO.

He is of a very melancholy disposition.

BEATRICE.

He were an excellent man that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

LEONATO.

Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face,—

BEATRICE.

With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world if he could get her good will.

LEONATO.

By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

ANTONIO.

In faith, she's too curst.

BEATRICE.

Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, 'God sends a curst cow short horns;' but to a cow too curst he sends none.

LEONATO.

So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns?

BEATRICE.

Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.

LEONATO.

You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

BEATRICE.

What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel and make him my waitinggentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward, and lead his apes into hell.

LEONATO.

Well then, go you into hell?

BEATRICE.

No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, 'Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids.' So deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

ANTONIO.

[To Hero.] Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father.

BEATRICE.

Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make curtsy, and say, 'Father, as it please you:'— but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsy, and say, 'Father, as it please me.'

LEONATO.

Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

BEATRICE.

Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-mastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kinred.

LEONATO.

Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

BEATRICE.

The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in everything, and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque- pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes Repentance, and with his bad legs, falls into the cinquepace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

LEONATO.

Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

BEATRICE.

I have a good eye, uncle: I can see a church by daylight.

LEONATO.

The revellers are entering, brother: make good room.

[Enter, DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHASAR, DON JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, and Others, masked.]

DON PEDRO.

Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

HERO.

So you walk softly and look sweetly and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially when I walk away.

DON PEDRO.

With me in your company?

HERO.

I may say so, when I please.

DON PEDRO.

And when please you to say so?

HERO.

When I like your favour; for God defend the lute should be like the case!

DON PEDRO.

My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

HERO.

Why, then, your visor should be thatch'd.

DON PEDRO.

Speak low, if you speak love.

[Takes her aside.]

BALTHAZAR.

Well, I would you did like me.

MARGARET.

So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

BALTHAZAR.

Which is one?

MARGARET.

I say my prayers aloud.

BALTHAZAR.

I love you the better; the hearers may cry Amen.

MARGARET.

God match me with a good dancer!

BALTHAZAR.

Amen.

MARGARET.

And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done! Answer, clerk.

BALTHAZAR.

No more words: the clerk is answered.

URSULA.

I know you well enough: you are Signior Antonio.

ANTONIO.

At a word, I am not.

URSULA.

I know you by the waggling of your head.

ANTONIO.

To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

URSULA.

You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man.

Here's his dry hand up and down: you are he, you are he.

ANTONIO.

At a word, I am not.

URSULA.

Come, come; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit?

Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

BEATRICE.

Will you not tell me who told you so?

BENEDICK.

No, you shall pardon me.

BEATRICE.

Nor will you not tell me who you are?

BENEDICK.

Not now.

BEATRICE.

That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the ‘Hundred Merry Tales.’

Well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

BENEDICK.

What’s he?

BEATRICE.

I am sure you know him well enough.

BENEDICK.

Not I, believe me.

BEATRICE.

Did he never make you laugh?

BENEDICK.

I pray you, what is he?

BEATRICE.

Why, he is the prince’s jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded me!

BENEDICK.

When I know the gentleman, I’ll tell him what you say.

BEATRICE.

Do, do: he’ll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure not marked or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there’s a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [Music within.] We must follow the leaders.

BENEDICK.

In every good thing.

BEATRICE.

Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[Dance. Then exeunt all but DON JOHN, BORACHIO, and CLAUDIO.]

DON JOHN.

Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her and but one visor remains.

BORACHIO.

And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

DON JOHN.

Are you not Signior Benedick?

CLAUDIO.

You know me well; I am he.

DON JOHN.

Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her; she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

CLAUDIO.

How know you he loves her?

DON JOHN.

I heard him swear his affection.

BORACHIO.

So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

DON JOHN.

Come, let us to the banquet.

[Exeunt DON JOHN and BORACHIO.]

CLAUDIO.

Thus answer I in name of Benedick,

But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.

'Tis certain so; the prince wooes for himself.

Friendship is constant in all other things

Save in the office and affairs of love:

herefore all hearts in love use their own tongues;

Let every eye negotiate for itself

And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch

Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

This is an accident of hourly proof,

Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero!

[Re-enter Benedick.]

BENEDICK.

Count Claudio?

CLAUDIO.

Yea, the same.

BENEDICK.

Come, will you go with me?

CLAUDIO.

Whither?

BENEDICK.

Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like a usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

CLAUDIO.

I wish him joy of her.

BENEDICK.

Why, that's spoken like an honest drovier: so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus? CLAUDIO. I pray you, leave me.

BENEDICK.

Ho! now you strike like the blind man: 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

CLAUDIO.

If it will not be, I'll leave you.

[Exit.]

BENEDICK.

Alas! poor hurt fowl. Now will he creep into sedges. But, that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool! Ha! it may be I go under that title because I am merry. Yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong; I am not so reputed: it is the base though bitter disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

[Re-enter Don Pedro.]

DON PEDRO.

Now, signior, where's the count? Did you see him?

BENEDICK.

Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren. I told him, and I think I told him true, that your Grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

DON PEDRO.

To be whipped! What's his fault?

BENEDICK.

The flat transgression of a school-boy, who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

DON PEDRO.

Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

BENEDICK.

Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's nest.

DON PEDRO.

I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

BENEDICK.

If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

DON PEDRO.

The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.

BENEDICK.

O! she misused me past the endurance of a block: an oak but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her: my very visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest with such impossible conveyance upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her, for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose because they would go thither; so indeed, all disquiet, horror and perturbation follow her.

[Re-enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, and LEONATO.]

DON PEDRO.

Look! here she comes.

BENEDICK.

Will your Grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the furthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the Great Cham's beard; do you any embassage to the Pygmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?

DON PEDRO.

None, but to desire your good company.

BENEDICK.

O God, sir, here's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my Lady Tongue.

[Exit.]

DON PEDRO.

Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

BEATRICE.

Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for a single one: marry, once before he won it of

me with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it.

DON PEDRO.

You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

BEATRICE.

So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

DON PEDRO.

Why, how now, count! wherefore are you sad?

CLAUDIO.

Not sad, my lord.

DON PEDRO.

How then? Sick?

CLAUDIO.

Neither, my lord.

BEATRICE.

The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

DON PEDRO.

I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and, his good will obtained; name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

LEONATO.

Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his Grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

BEATRICE.

Speak, Count, 'tis your cue.

CLAUDIO.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you and dote upon the exchange.

BEATRICE.

Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither. DON PEDRO. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

BEATRICE.

Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

CLAUDIO.

And so she doth, cousin.

BEATRICE.

Good Lord, for alliance! Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburnt. I may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband!

DON PEDRO.

Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

BEATRICE.

I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your Grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

DON PEDRO.

Will you have me, lady?

BEATRICE.

No, my lord, unless I might have another for working days: your Grace is too costly to wear every day. But, I beseech your Grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

DON PEDRO.

Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

BEATRICE.

No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born. Cousins, God give you joy!

LEONATO.

Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

BEATRICE.

I cry you mercy, uncle. By your Grace's pardon.

[Exit.]

DON PEDRO.

By my troth, a pleasant spirited lady.

LEONATO.

There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then, for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness and waked herself with laughing.

DON PEDRO.

She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

LEONATO.

O! by no means: she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

DON PEDRO.

She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

LEONATO.

O Lord! my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

DON PEDRO.

Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

CLAUDIO.

To-morrow, my lord. Time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

LEONATO.

Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

DON PEDRO.

Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will in the interim undertake one of Hercules' labours, which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

LEONATO.

My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

CLAUDIO.

And I, my lord.

DON PEDRO.

And you too, gentle Hero?

HERO.

I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

DON PEDRO.

And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick; and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer: his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift.

[Exeunt.]

Scene II. Another room in LEONATO'S house.

[Enter DON JOHN and BORACHIO.]

DON JOHN.

It is so; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

BORACHIO.

Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

DON JOHN.

Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

BORACHIO.

Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

DON JOHN.

Show me briefly how.

BORACHIO.

I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

DON JOHN.

I remember.

BORACHIO.

I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber window.

DON JOHN.

What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

BORACHIO.

The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio,— whose estimation do you mightily hold up,—to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

DON JOHN.

What proof shall I make of that?

BORACHIO.

Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill

LEONATO.

Look you for any other issue?

DON JOHN.

Only to despite them, I will endeavour anything.

BORACHIO.

Go then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone: tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as—in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,— that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances, which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamberwindow, hear me call Margaret Hero, hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding: for in the meantime I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

DON JOHN.

Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

BORACHIO.

Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me. DON JOHN. I will presently go learn their day of marriage.

[Exeunt.]

Scene III. LEONATO'S Garden.

[Enter Benedick.]

BENEDICK.

Boy!

[Enter a Boy.]

BOY.

Signior?

BENEDICK.

In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

BOY.

I am here already, sir.

BENEDICK.

I know that; but I would have thee hence, and here again. [Exit Boy.] I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile afoot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthography; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

[Withdraws.]

[Enter DON PEDRO, LEONATO, and CLAUDIO, followed by BALTHAZAR and Musicians.]

DON PEDRO.

Come, shall we hear this music?

CLAUDIO.

Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is, As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

DON PEDRO.

See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

CLAUDIO.

O! very well, my lord: the music ended, We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.

DON PEDRO.

Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

BALTHAZAR.

O! good my lord, tax not so bad a voice To slander music any more than once.

DON PEDRO.

It is the witness still of excellency, To put a strange face on his own perfection. I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

BALTHAZAR.

Because you talk of wooing, I will sing; Since many a wooer doth commence his suit To her he thinks not worthy; yet he wooes; Yet will he swear he loves.

DON PEDRO.

Nay, pray thee come; Or if thou wilt hold longer argument, Do it in notes.

BALTHAZAR.

Note this before my notes; There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

DON PEDRO.

Why these are very crotchets that he speaks; Notes, notes, forsooth, and nothing!

[Music.]

BENEDICK.

Now, divine air! now is his soul ravished! Is it not strange that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

[Balthasar sings.]

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,

Men were deceivers ever;

One foot in sea, and one on shore,

To one thing constant never.

Then sigh not so,

But let them go,

And be you blithe and bonny,

Converting all your sounds of woe

Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo

Of dumps so dull and heavy;

The fraud of men was ever so,

Since summer first was leavy.

Then sigh not so,

But let them go,

And be you blithe and bonny,

Converting all your sounds of woe

Into Hey nonny, nonny.

DON PEDRO.

By my troth, a good song.

BALTHAZAR.

And an ill singer, my lord.

DON PEDRO.

Ha, no, no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

BENEDICK.

[Aside.] An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him; and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief. I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

DON PEDRO.

Yea, marry; dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music, for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.

BALTHAZAR.

The best I can, my lord.

DON PEDRO.

Do so: farewell.

[Exeunt BALTHAZAR and Musicians.]

Come hither, Leonato: what was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

CLAUDIO.

O! ay:— [Aside to DON PEDRO] Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

LEONATO.

No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

BENEDICK.

[Aside.] Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

LEONATO.

By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it but that she loves him with an enraged affection: it is past the infinite of thought.

DON PEDRO.

May be she doth but counterfeit.

CLAUDIO.

Faith, like enough.

LEONATO.

O God! counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

DON PEDRO.

Why, what effects of passion shows she?

CLAUDIO.

[Aside.] Bait the hook well: this fish will bite.

LEONATO.

What effects, my lord? She will sit you; [To Claudio.] You heard my daughter tell you how.

CLAUDIO.

She did, indeed.

DON PEDRO.

How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

LEONATO.

I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

BENEDICK.

[Aside] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide itself in such reverence.

CLAUDIO.

[Aside.] He hath ta'en the infection: hold it up.

DON PEDRO.

Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

LEONATO.

No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

CLAUDIO.

Tis true, indeed;so your daughter says: ‘Shall I,’ says she, ‘that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?’

LEONATO.

This says she now when she is beginning to write to him; for she’ll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper: my daughter tells us all.

CLAUDIO.

Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

LEONATO.

O! when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?

CLAUDIO.

That.

LEONATO.

O! she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: ‘I measure him,’ says she, ‘by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.’

CLAUDIO.

Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses; ‘O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!’

LEONATO.

She doth indeed; my daughter says so; and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometimes afeard she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

DON PEDRO.

It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

CLAUDIO.

To what end? he would make but a sport of it and torment the poor lady worse.

DON PEDRO.

An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She’s an excellent sweet lady, and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

CLAUDIO.

And she is exceeding wise.

DON PEDRO.

In everything but in loving Benedick.

LEONATO.

O! my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry

for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

DON PEDRO.

I would she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have daffed all other respects and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what a' will say.

LEONATO.

Were it good, think you?

CLAUDIO.

Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known, and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

DON PEDRO.

She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man,—as you know all,—hath a contemptible spirit.

CLAUDIO.

He is a very proper man.

DON PEDRO.

He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

CLAUDIO.

Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

DON PEDRO.

He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.

CLAUDIO.

And I take him to be valiant.

DON PEDRO.

As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

LEONATO.

If he do fear God, a' must necessarily keep peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

DON PEDRO.

And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick and tell him of her love?

CLAUDIO.

\Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

LEONATO.

Nay, that's impossible: she may wear her heart out first.

DON PEDRO.

Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

LEONATO.

My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

CLAUDIO.

[Aside.] If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

DON PEDRO.

[Aside.] Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentle-woman carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter: that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[Exeunt DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO.]

BENEDICK.

[Advancing from the arbour.] This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her;they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry: I must not seem proud: happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair: 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous: 'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me: by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour? No; the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day! she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

[Enter BEATRICE.]

BEATRICE.

Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

BENEDICK.

Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

BEATRICE.

I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come.

BENEDICK.

You take pleasure then in the message?

BEATRICE.

Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signior: fare you well.

[Exit.]

BENEDICK.

Ha! ‘Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner,’ there’s a double meaning in that. ‘I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me,’ that’s as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture.

[Exit.]

Act III

Scene I. Leonato’s Garden

[Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.]

HERO.

Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour;

There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice

Proposing with the prince and Claudio:

Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursala

Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse

Is all of her; say that thou overheard’st us,

And bid her steal into the pleached bower,

Where honey-suckles, ripen’d by the sun,

Forbid the sun to enter; like favourites,

Made proud by princes, that advance their pride

Against that power that bred it. There will she hide her,

To listen our propose. This is thy office;

Bear thee well in it and leave us alone.

MARGARET.

I’ll make her come, I warrant you, presently.

[Exit.]

HERO.

Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,

As we do trace this alley up and down,

Our talk must only be of Benedick:

When I do name him, let it be thy part

To praise him more than ever man did merit.

My talk to thee must be how Benedick

Is sick in love with Beatrice: of this matter

Is little Cupid’s crafty arrow made,

That only wounds by hearsay.

[Enter BEATRICE, behind.]

Now begin; For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs

Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

URSULA.

The pleasant’st angling is to see the fish

Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,

And greedily devour the treacherous bait:

So angle we for Beatrice; who even now

Is couched in the woodbine coverture.

Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

HERO.

Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing

Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.

[They advance to the bower.]

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;

I know her spirits are as coy and wild

As haggards of the rock.

URSULA.

But are you sure

That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

HERO.

So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.

URSULA.

And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

HERO.

They did entreat me to acquaint her of it;

But I persuaded them, if they lov’d Benedick,

To wish him wrestle with affection,

And never to let Beatrice know of it.

URSULA.

Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman

Deserve as full as fortunate a bed

As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

HERO.

O god of love! I know he doth deserve

As much as may be yielded to a man;

But nature never fram'd a woman's heart

Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice;

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,

Misprising what they look on, and her wit

Values itself so highly, that to her

All matter else seems weak. She cannot love,

Nor take no shape nor project of affection,

She is so self-endear'd.

URSULA.

Sure I think so; And therefore certainly it were not good

She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

HERO.

Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,

How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,

But she would spell him backward: if fair-fac'd,

She would swear the gentleman should be her sister;

If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antick,

Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;

If low, an agate very vilely cut;

If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;

If silent, why, a block moved with none.

So turns she every man the wrong side out,

And never gives to truth and virtue that

Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

URSULA.

Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

HERO.

No; not to be so odd, and from all fashions,

As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable.

But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,

She would mock me into air: O! she would laugh me

Out of myself, press me to death with wit.

Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,

Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:

It were a better death than die with mocks,

Which is as bad as die with tickling.

URSULA.

Yet tell her of it: hear what she will say.

HERO.

No; rather I will go to Benedick,

And counsel him to fight against his passion.

And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders

To stain my cousin with. One doth not know

How much an ill word may empoison liking.

URSULA.

O! do not do your cousin such a wrong.

She cannot be so much without true judgment,—

Having so swift and excellent a wit

As she is priz'd to have,—as to refuse

So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

HERO.

He is the only man of Italy,

Always excepted my dear Claudio.

URSULA.

I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,

Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick,

For shape, for bearing, argument and valour,

Goes foremost in report through Italy.

HERO.

Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

URSULA.

His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.

When are you married, madam?

HERO.

Why, every day, to-morrow. Come, go in:

I'll show thee some attires, and have thy counsel

Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

URSULA.

She's lim'd, I warrant you: we have caught her, madam.

HERO.

If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[Exeunt HERO and URSULA.]

BEATRICE.

[Advancing.] What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?

Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!

No glory lives behind the back of such.

And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,

Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:

If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee

To bind our loves up in a holy band;

For others say thou dost deserve, and I

Believe it better than reportingly.

[Exit.]

Scene II. A Room in LEONATO'S House

[Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and LEONATO.]

DON PEDRO.

I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

CLAUDIO.

I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

DON PEDRO.

Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him. He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.

BENEDICK.

Gallants, I am not as I have been.

LEONATO.

So say I: methinks you are sadder.

CLAUDIO.

I hope he be in love.

DON PEDRO.

Hang him, truant! there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love. If he be sad, he wants money.

BENEDICK.

I have the tooth-ache.

DON PEDRO.

Draw it.

BENEDICK.

Hang it.

CLAUDIO.

You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

DON PEDRO.

What! sigh for the tooth-ache?

LEONATO.

Where is but a humour or a worm?

BENEDICK.

Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.

CLAUDIO.

Yet say I, he is in love.

DON PEDRO.

There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once, as a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

CLAUDIO.

If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: a' brushes his hat a mornings; what should that bode?

DON PEDRO.

Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

CLAUDIO.

No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

LEONATO.

Indeed he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

DON PEDRO.

Nay, a' rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?

CLAUDIO.

That's as much as to say the sweet youth's in love.

DON PEDRO.

The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

CLAUDIO.

And when was he wont to wash his face?

DON PEDRO.

Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

CLAUDIO.

Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lute-string, and new-governed by stops.

DON PEDRO.

Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, conclude he is in love. CLAUDIO. Nay, but I know who loves him.

DON PEDRO.

That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

CLAUDIO.

Yes, and his ill conditions; and in despite of all, dies for him. DON PEDRO. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

BENEDICK.

Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ache. Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[Exeunt BENEDICK and LEONATO.]

DON PEDRO.

For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

CLAUDIO.

'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice, and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

[Enter DON JOHN.]

DON JOHN.

My lord and brother, God save you!

DON PEDRO.

Good den, brother.

DON JOHN.

If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

DON PEDRO.

In private?

DON JOHN.

If it please you; yet Count Claudio may hear, for what I would speak of concerns him.

DON PEDRO.

What's the matter?

DON JOHN.

[To CLAUDIO.] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

DON PEDRO.

You know he does.

DON JOHN.

I know not that, when he knows what I know.

CLAUDIO.

If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

DON JOHN.

You may think I love you not: let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage; surely suit ill-spent and labour ill bestowed!

DON PEDRO.

Why, what's the matter?

DON JOHN.

I came hither to tell you; and circumstances shortened,—for she has been too long a talking of,—the lady is disloyal.

CLAUDIO.

Who, Hero?

DON JOHN.

Even she: Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

CLAUDIO.

Disloyal?

DON JOHN.

The word's too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

CLAUDIO.

May this be so?

DON PEDRO.

I will not think it.

DON JOHN.

If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.

CLAUDIO.

If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

DON PEDRO.

And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

DON JOHN.

I will disparage her no farther till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

DON PEDRO.

O day untowardly turned!

CLAUDIO.

O mischief strangely thwarting!

DON JOHN.

O plague right well prevented! So will you say when you have seen the sequel.

[Exeunt.]

Scene III. A Street

[Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES, with the Watch.]

DOGBERRY.

Are you good men and true?

VERGES.

Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

DOGBERRY.

Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

VERGES.

Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

DOGBERRY.

First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

FIRST WATCH.

Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

DOGBERRY.

Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

SECOND WATCH.

Both which, Master Constable,—

DOGBERRY.

You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lanthorn. This is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

SECOND WATCH.

How, if a' will not stand?

DOGBERRY.

Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

VERGES.

If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

DOGBERRY.

True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects. You shall also make no noise in the streets: for, for the watch to babble and to talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

SECOND WATCH.

We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

DOGBERRY.

Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the alehouses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

SECOND WATCH.

How if they will not?

DOGBERRY.

Why then, let them alone till they are sober: if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

SECOND WATCH.

Well, sir.

DOGBERRY.

If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty. SECOND WATCH. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

DOGBERRY.

Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled. The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is and steal out of your company.

VERGES.

You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

DOGBERRY.

Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

VERGES.

If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

SECOND WATCH.

How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?

DOGBERRY.

Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never

answer a calf when he bleats.

VERGES.

'Tis very true.

DOGBERRY.

This is the end of the charge. You constable, are to present the prince's own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

VERGES.

Nay, by'r lady, that I think, a' cannot.

DOGBERRY.

Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

VERGES.

By'r lady, I think it be so.

DOGBERRY.

Ha, ah, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night. Come, neighbour.

SECOND WATCH.

Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

DOGBERRY.

One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu; be vigitant, I beseech you.

[Exeunt DOGBERRY and VERGES.]

[Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.]

BORACHIO.

What, Conrade!

WATCH.

[Aside.] Peace! stir not.

BORACHIO.

Conrade, I say!

CONRADE.

Here, man. I am at thy elbow.

BORACHIO.

Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

CONRADE.

I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

BORACHIO.

Stand thee close then under this penthouse, for it drizzles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

WATCH.

[Aside.] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

BORACHIO.

Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

CONRADE.

Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

BORACHIO.

Thou shouldst rather ask if it were possible any villany should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

CONRADE.

I wonder at it.

BORACHIO.

That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

CONRADE.

Yes, it is apparel.

BORACHIO.

I mean, the fashion.

CONRADE.

Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

BORACHIO.

Tush! I may as well say the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

WATCH.

[Aside.] I know that Deformed; a' has been a vile thief this seven years; a' goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

BORACHIO.

Didst thou not hear somebody?

CONRADE.

No: 'twas the vane on the house.

BORACHIO.

Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometime fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting; sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church-window; sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club?

CONRADE.

All this I see, and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

BORACHIO.

Not so neither; but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamberwindow, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted and placed and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

CONRADE.

And thought they Margaret was Hero?

BORACHIO.

Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master, knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband.

FIRST WATCH.

We charge you in the prince's name, stand!

SECOND WATCH.

Call up the right Master Constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

FIRST WATCH.

And one Deformed is one of them: I know him, a' wears a lock.

CONRADE.

Masters, masters!

SECOND WATCH.

You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

CONRADE.

Masters,—

FIRST WATCH.

Never speak: we charge you let us obey you to go with us.

BORACHIO.

We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

CONRADE.

A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you.

[Exeunt.]

Scene IV. A Room in LEONATO'S House.

[Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.]

HERO.

Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

URSULA.

I will, lady.

HERO.

And bid her come hither.

URSULA.

Well.

[Exit.]

MARGARET.

Troth, I think your other rabato were better.

HERO.

No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

MARGARET.

By my troth's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.

HERO.

My cousin's a fool, and thou art another: I'll wear none but this.

MARGARET.

I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so.

HERO.

O! that exceeds, they say.

MARGARET.

By my troth's but a night-gown in respect of yours: cloth o' gold, and cuts, and laced with silver, set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts round, underborne with a blush tinsel; but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

HERO.

God give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy.

MARGARET.

'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

HERO.

Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

MARGARET.

Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, 'saving your reverence, a husband.' An bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody. Is there any harm in 'the heavier for a husband'? None, I think, an it be the right husband and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy: ask my Lady Beatrice else; here she comes.

[Enter BEATRICE.]

HERO.

Good morrow, coz.

BEATRICE.

Good morrow, sweet Hero.

HERO.

Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

BEATRICE.

I am out of all other tune, methinks.

MARGARET.

Clap's into 'Light o' love'; that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

BEATRICE.

Ye, light o' love with your heels! then, if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barnes.

MARGARET.

O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

BEATRICE.

'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill. Heigh-ho!

MARGARET.

For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

BEATRICE.

For the letter that begins them all, H.

MARGARET.

Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

BEATRICE.

What means the fool, trow?

MARGARET.

Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

HERO.

These gloves the Count sent me; they are an excellent perfume.

BEATRICE.

I am stuffed, cousin, I cannot smell.

MARGARET.

A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

BEATRICE.

O, God help me! God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?

MARGARET.

Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely!

BEATRICE.

It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am sick.

MARGARET.

Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.

HERO.

There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

BEATRICE.

Benedictus! why benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

MARGARET.

Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

BEATRICE.

What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

MARGARET.

Not a false gallop.

[Re-enter URSULA.]

URSULA.

Madam, withdraw: the prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

HERO.

Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [Exeunt.]

Scene V. Another Room in LEONATO'S House

[Enter LEONATO and DOGBERRY and VERGES.]

LEONATO.

What would you with me, honest neighbour?

DOGBERRY.

Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

LEONATO.

Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me.

DOGBERRY.

Marry, this it is, sir. VERGES. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

LEONATO.

What is it, my good friends?

DOGBERRY.

Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

VERGES.

Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man and no honester than I.

DOGBERRY.

Comparisons are odorous: palabras, neighbour Verges.

LEONATO.

Neighbours, you are tedious.

DOGBERRY.

It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

LEONATO.

All thy tediousness on me! ha?

DOGBERRY.

Yea, an't were a thousand pound more than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city, and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

VERGES.

And so am I.

LEONATO.

I would fain know what you have to say.

VERGES.

Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, ha' ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

DOGBERRY.

A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say, 'when the age is in, the wit is out.' God help us! it is a world to see! Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges: well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind. An honest soul, i' faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but God is to be worshipped: all men are not alike; alas! good neighbour.

LEONATO.

Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

DOGBERRY.

Gifts that God gives.

LEONATO.

I must leave you.

DOGBERRY.

One word, sir: our watch, sir, hath indeed comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

LEONATO.

Take their examination yourself, and bring it me: I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.

DOGBERRY.

It shall be suffigance.

LEONATO.

Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

[Enter a Messenger.]

MESSENGER.

My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

LEONATO.

I'll wait upon them: I am ready.

[Exeunt LEONATO and Messenger.]

DOGBERRY.

Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examination these men.

VERGES.

And we must do it wisely.

DOGBERRY.

We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that shall drive some of them to a non-come: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol.

[Exeunt.]

Act IV

Scene I. The Inside of a Church.

[Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO, FRIAR FRANCIS, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, BEATRICE, &c.]

LEONATO.

Come, Friar Francis, be brief: only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

FRIAR.

You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

CLAUDIO.

No.

LEONATO.

To be married to her, friar; you come to marry her.

FRIAR.

Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

HERO.

I do.

FRIAR.

If either of you know any inward impediment, why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

CLAUDIO.

Know you any, Hero?

HERO.

None, my lord.

FRIAR.

Know you any, count?

LEONATO.

I dare make his answer; none.

CLAUDIO.

O! what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!

BENEDICK.

How now! Interjections? Why then, some be of laughing, as ah! ha! he!

CLAUDIO.

Stand thee by, friar. Father, by your leave: Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid, your daughter?

LEONATO.

As freely, son, as God did give her me.

CLAUDIO.

And what have I to give you back whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

DON PEDRO.

Nothing, unless you render her again.

CLAUDIO.

Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.

There, Leonato, take her back again:

Give not this rotten orange to your friend;

She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.

Behold! how like a maid she blushes here.

O! what authority and show of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal.

Comes not that blood as modest evidence

To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,

All you that see her, that she were a maid,

By these exterior shows? But she is none:

She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

LEONATO.

What do you mean, my lord?

CLAUDIO.

Not to be married, Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

LEONATO.

Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,

Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,

And made defeat of her virginity,—

CLAUDIO.

I know what you would say: if I have known her,

You'll say she did embrace me as a husband,

And so extenuate the 'forehand sin: No, Leonato,

I never tempted her with word too large;

But, as a brother to his sister, show'd

Bashful sincerity and comely love.

HERO.

And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

CLAUDIO.

Out on thee! Seeming! I will write against it:

You seem to me as Dian in her orb,

As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;

But you are more intemperate in your blood

Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals

That rage in savage sensuality.

HERO.

Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

LEONATO.

Sweet prince, why speak not you?

DON PEDRO.

What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about

To link my dear friend to a common stale.

LEONATO.

Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

DON JOHN.

Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

BENEDICK.

This looks not like a nuptial.

HERO.

True! O God!

CLAUDIO.

Leonato, stand I here? Is this the prince?

Is this the prince's brother?

Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

LEONATO.

All this is so; but what of this, my lord?

CLAUDIO.

Let me but move one question to your daughter,

And by that fatherly and kindly power

That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

LEONATO.

I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

HERO.

O, God defend me! how am I beset!

What kind of catechizing call you this?

CLAUDIO.

To make you answer truly to your name.

HERO.

Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name

With any just reproach?

CLAUDIO.

Marry, that can Hero:

Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight

Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

HERO.

I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

DON PEDRO.

Why, then are you no maiden.

Leonato, I am sorry you must hear: upon my honour,

Myself, my brother, and this grieved count,

Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,

Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;

Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain,

Confess'd the vile encounters they have had

A thousand times in secret.

DON JOHN.

Fie, fie! they are not to be nam'd, my lord,

Not to be spoke of;

There is not chastity enough in language

Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,

I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

CLAUDIO.

O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,

If half thy outward graces had been plac'd

About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!

But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,

Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!

For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,

And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,

To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,

And never shall it more be gracious.

LEONATO.

Hath no man’s dagger here a point for me?

[HERO swoons.]

BEATRICE.

Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you down?

DON JOHN.

Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light,

Smother her spirits up.

[Exeunt DON PEDRO, DON JOHN and CLAUDIO.]

BENEDICK.

How doth the lady?

BEATRICE.

Dead, I think! help, uncle! Hero! why, Hero! Uncle! Signior Benedick! Friar!

LEONATO.

O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand:

Death is the fairest cover for her shame

That may be wish’d for.

BEATRICE.

How now, cousin Hero?

FRIAR.

Have comfort, lady.

LEONATO.

Dost thou look up?

FRIAR.

Yea; wherefore should she not?

LEONATO.

Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly thing

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny

The story that is printed in her blood?

Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes;

For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,

Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,

Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,

Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?

Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?

O! one too much by thee. Why had I one?

Why ever wast thou lovely in mine eyes?

Why had I not with charitable hand

Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,

Who smirched thus, and mir'd with infamy,

I might have said, 'No part of it is mine;

This shame derives itself from unknown loins?'

But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,

And mine that I was proud on, mine so much

That I myself was to myself not mine,

Valuing of her; why, she—O! she is fallen

Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea

Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,

And salt too little which may season give

To her foul-tainted flesh.

BENEDICK.

Sir, sir, be patient.

For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,

I know not what to say.

BEATRICE.

O! on my soul, my cousin is belied!

BENEDICK.

Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

BEATRICE.

No, truly, not; although, until last night I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

LEONATO.

Confirm'd, confirm'd! O! that is stronger made,

Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron.

Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie,

Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,

Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her! let her die.

FRIAR.

Hear me a little;

For I have only been silent so long,

And given way unto this course of fortune,

By noting of the lady: I have mark'd

A thousand blushing apparitions

To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames

In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;

And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,

To burn the errors that these princes hold

Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;

Trust not my reading nor my observations,

Which with experimental seal doth warrant

The tenure of my book; trust not my age,

My reverence, calling, nor divinity,

If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here

Under some biting error.

LEONATO.

Friar, it cannot be.

Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left

Is that she will not add to her damnation

A sin of perjury: she not denies it.

Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse

That which appears in proper nakedness?

FRIAR.

Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

HERO.

They know that do accuse me, I know none;

If I know more of any man alive

Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,

Let all my sins lack mercy! O, my father!

Prove you that any man with me convers'd

At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight

Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,

Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

FRIAR.

There is some strange misprision in the princes.

BENEDICK.

Two of them have the very bent of honour;

And if their wisdoms be misled in this,

The practice of it lives in John the bastard,

Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

LEONATO.

I know not. If they speak but truth of her,

These hands shall tear her;if they wrong her honour,

The proudest of them shall well hear of it.

Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,

Nor age so eat up my invention,

Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,

Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,

But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,

Both strength of limb and policy of mind,

Ability in means and choice of friends,

To quit me of them throughly.

FRIAR.

Pause awhile, And let my counsel sway you in this case.

Your daughter here the princes left for dead;

Let her awhile be secretly kept in,

And publish it that she is dead indeed:

Maintain a mourning ostentation;

And on your family's old monument

Hang mournful epitaphs and do all rites

That appertain unto a burial.

LEONATO.

What shall become of this? What will this do?

FRIAR.

Marry, this well carried shall on her behalf

Change slander to remorse; that is some good.

But not for that dream I on this strange course,

But on this travail look for greater birth.

She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,

Upon the instant that she was accus'd,

Shall be lamented, pitied and excus'd

Of every hearer; for it so falls out

That what we have we prize not to the worth

Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,

Why, then we rack the value, then we find

The virtue that possession would not show us

Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio:

When he shall hear she died upon his words,

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep

Into his study of imagination,

And every lovely organ of her life

Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,

More moving-delicate, and full of life

Into the eye and prospect of his soul,

Than when she liv'd indeed: then shall he mourn,—

If ever love had interest in his liver,—

And wish he had not so accused her,

No, though be thought his accusation true.

Let this be so, and doubt not but success

Will fashion the event in better shape

Than I can lay it down in likelihood.

But if all aim but this be levell'd false,

The supposition of the lady's death

Will quench the wonder of her infamy:

And if it sort not well, you may conceal her,—

As best befits her wounded reputation,—

In some reclusive and religious life,

Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

BENEDICK.

Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:

And though you know my inwardness and love

Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,

Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this

As secretly and justly as your soul

Should with your body.

LEONATO.

Being that I flow in grief, The smallest twine may lead me.

FRIAR.

'Tis well consented: presently away;

For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.

Come, lady, die to live: this wedding day

Perhaps is but prolong'd: have patience and endure.

[Exeunt FRIAR, HERO, and LEONATO.]

BENEDICK.

Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

BEATRICE.

Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

BENEDICK.

I will not desire that.

BEATRICE.

You have no reason; I do it freely.

BENEDICK.

Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

BEATRICE.

Ah! how much might the man deserve of me that would right her.

BENEDICK.

Is there any way to show such friendship?

BEATRICE.

A very even way, but no such friend.

BENEDICK.

May a man do it?

BEATRICE.

It is a man's office, but not yours.

BENEDICK.

I do love nothing in the world so well as you: is not that strange?

BEATRICE.

As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say

I loved nothing so well as you; but believe me not, and yet I lie not;

I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.

BENEDICK.

By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

BEATRICE.

Do not swear by it, and eat it.

BENEDICK.

I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

BEATRICE.

Will you not eat your word?

BENEDICK.

With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest I love thee.

BEATRICE.

Why then, God forgive me!

BENEDICK.

What offence, sweet Beatrice?

BEATRICE.

You have stayed me in a happy hour: I was about to protest I loved you.

BENEDICK.

And do it with all thy heart.

BEATRICE.

I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest.

BENEDICK.

Come, bid me do anything for thee.

BEATRICE.

Kill Claudio.

BENEDICK.

Ha! not for the wide world.

BEATRICE.

You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

BENEDICK.

Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

BEATRICE.

I am gone, though I am here: there is no love in you: nay, I pray you, let me go.

BENEDICK.

Beatrice,—

BEATRICE.

In faith, I will go.

BENEDICK. We'll be friends first.

BEATRICE.

You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

BENEDICK.

Is Claudio thine enemy?

BEATRICE.

Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O! that I were a man. What! bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

BENEDICK.

Hear me, Beatrice,—

BEATRICE.

Talk with a man out at a window! a proper saying!

BENEDICK.

Nay, but Beatrice,—

BEATRICE.

Sweet Hero! she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

BENEDICK.

Beat—-

BEATRICE.

Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly Count Comfect; a sweet gallant, surely! O! that I were a man for his sake, or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into cursies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

BENEDICK.

Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

BEATRICE.

Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

BENEDICK.

Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

BEATRICE.

Yea, as sure is I have a thought or a soul.

BENEDICK.

Enough! I am engaged, I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead; and so, farewell.

[Exeunt.]

Scene II. A Prison

[Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and SEXTON, in gowns; and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.]

DOGBERRY.

Is our whole dissembly appeared?

VERGES.

O! a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

SEXTON.

Which be the malefactors?

DOGBERRY.

Marry, that am I and my partner.

VERGES.

Nay, that's certain: we have the exhibition to examine.

SEXTON.

But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before Master constable.

DOGBERRY.

Yea, marry, let them come before me. What is your name, friend?

BORACHIO.

Borachio.

DOGBERRY.

Pray write down Borachio. Yours, sirrah?

CONRADE.

I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

DOGBERRY.

Write down Master gentleman Conrade. Masters, do you serve God?

BOTH.

Yea, sir, we hope.

DOGBERRY.

Write down that they hope they serve God: and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains! Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

CONRADE.

Marry, sir, we say we are none.

DOGBERRY.

A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear: sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

BORACHIO.

Sir, I say to you we are none.

DOGBERRY.

Well, stand aside. Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down, that they are none?

SEXTON.

Master constable, you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

DOGBERRY.

Yea, marry, that's the eftest way. Let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men. FIRST WATCH. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

DOGBERRY.

Write down Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

BORACHIO.

Master Constable,—

DOGBERRY.

Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

SEXTON.

What heard you him say else?

SECOND WATCH.

Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

DOGBERRY.

Flat burglary as ever was committed.

VERGES.

Yea, by the mass, that it is.

SEXTON.

What else, fellow?

FIRST WATCH.

And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

DOGBERRY.

O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

SEXTON.

What else?

SECOND WATCH.

This is all.

SEXTON.

And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away: Hero was in this manner accused, in this manner refused, and, upon the grief of this, suddenly died. Master Constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's: I will go before and show him their examination.

[Exit.]

DOGBERRY.

Come, let them be opinioned.

VERGES.

Let them be in the hands—

CONRADE.

Off, coxcomb!

DOGBERRY.

God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down the prince's officer coxcomb. Come, bind them. Thou naughty varlet!

CONRADE.

Away! you are an ass; you are an ass.

DOGBERRY.

Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? O that he were here to write me down an ass! but, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass. No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him. Bring him away. O that I had been writ down an ass!

[Exeunt.]

Act V

Scene I. Before LEONATO'S House.

[Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.]

ANTONIO.

If you go on thus, you will kill yourself

And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief

Against yourself.

LEONATO.

I pray thee, cease thy counsel,

Which falls into mine ears as profitless

As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;

Nor let no comforter delight mine ear

But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine:

Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,

Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,

And bid him speak to me of patience;

Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,

And let it answer every strain for strain,

As thus for thus and such a grief for such,

In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:

If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard;

Bid sorrow wag, cry 'hem' when he should groan,

Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk

With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,

And I of him will gather patience.

But there is no such man; for, brother, men

Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief

Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,

Their counsel turns to passion, which before

Would give preceptial medicine to rage,

Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,

Charm ache with air and agony with words.

No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience

To those that wring under the load of sorrow,

But no man's virtue nor sufficiency

To be so moral when he shall endure

The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel:

My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

ANTONIO.

Therein do men from children nothing differ.

LEONATO.

I pray thee peace! I will be flesh and blood;

For there was never yet philosopher

That could endure the toothache patiently,

However they have writ the style of gods

And made a push at chance and sufferance.

ANTONIO.

Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;

Make those that do offend you suffer too.

LEONATO.

There thou speak’st reason: nay, I will do so.

My soul doth tell me Hero is belied;

And that shall Claudio know; so shall the prince,

And all of them that thus dishonour her.

ANTONIO.

Here comes the prince and Claudio hastily.

[Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.]

DON PEDRO.

Good den, good den.

CLAUDIO.

Good day to both of you.

LEONATO.

Hear you, my lords,—

DON PEDRO.

We have some haste, Leonato.

LEONATO.

Some haste, my lord! well, fare you well, my lord:

Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one.

DON PEDRO.

Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

ANTONIO.

If he could right himself with quarrelling,

Some of us would lie low.

CLAUDIO.

Who wrongs him?

LEONATO.

Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler, thou.

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword; I fear thee not.

CLAUDIO.

Marry, beshrew my hand,

If it should give your age such cause of fear.

In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

LEONATO.

Tush, tush, man! never fleer and jest at me:

I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,

As, under privilege of age, to brag

What I have done being young, or what would do,

Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,

Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me

That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by,

And, with grey hairs and bruise of many days,

Do challenge thee to trial of a man.

I say thou hast belied mine innocent child:

Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,

And she lied buried with her ancestors;

O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,

Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villany!

CLAUDIO.

My villany?

LEONATO.

Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

DON PEDRO.

You say not right, old man,

LEONATO.

My lord, my lord,

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare,

Despite his nice fence and his active practice,

His May of youth and bloom of lustihood.

CLAUDIO.

Away! I will not have to do with you.

LEONATO.

Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast kill'd my child;

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

ANTONIO.

He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:

But that's no matter; let him kill one first:

Win me and wear me; let him answer me.

Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, come, follow me.

Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;

Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

LEONATO.

Brother,—

ANTONIO.

Content yourself. God knows I lov'd my niece;

And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,

That dare as well answer a man indeed

As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.

Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!

LEONATO.

Brother Antony,—

ANTONIO.

Hold your content. What, man! I know them, yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple,

Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,

That lie and cog and flout, deprave and slander,

Go antickly, show outward hideousness,

And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,

How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst;

And this is all!

LEONATO.

But, brother Antony,—

ANTONIO.

Come, 'tis no matter:

Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

DON PEDRO.

Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience. My heart is sorry for your daughter's death; But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing But what was true and very full of proof.

LEONATO.

My lord, my lord—

DON PEDRO.

I will not hear you.

LEONATO.

No? Come, brother, away. I will be heard.—

ANTONIO.

And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

[Exeunt LEONATO and ANTONIO.]

[Enter BENEDICK.]

DON PEDRO.

See, see; here comes the man we went to seek.

CLAUDIO.

Now, signior, what news?

BENEDICK.

Good day, my lord.

DON PEDRO.

Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray.

CLAUDIO.

We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

DON PEDRO.

Leonato and his brother. What think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.

BENEDICK.

In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.

CLAUDIO.

We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

BENEDICK.

It is in my scabbard; shall I draw it?

DON PEDRO.

Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

CLAUDIO.

Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

DON PEDRO.

As I am an honest man, he looks pale. Art thou sick, or angry?

CLAUDIO.

What, courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

BENEDICK.

Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. I pray you choose another subject.

CLAUDIO.

Nay then, give him another staff: this last was broke cross.

DON PEDRO.

By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed.

CLAUDIO.

If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

BENEDICK.

Shall I speak a word in your ear?

CLAUDIO.

God bless me from a challenge!

BENEDICK.

[Aside to CLAUDIO.]]

You are a villain, I jest not: I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

CLAUDIO.

Well I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

DON PEDRO.

What, a feast, a feast?

CLAUDIO.

I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's-head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

BENEDICK.

Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

DON PEDRO.

I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit.

'True,' says she, 'a fine little one.'

'No,' said I, 'a great wit.'

'Right,' said she, 'a great gross one.'

'Nay,' said I, 'a good wit.'

'Just,' said she, 'it hurts nobody.'

'Nay,' said I, 'the gentleman is wise.'

'Certain,' said she,a wise gentleman.'

'Nay,' said I, 'he hath the tongues.'

'That I believe' said she, 'for he swore a thing to me on Monday

night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning: there's a double tongue;

there's two tongues.'

Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues;

yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

CLAUDIO.

For the which she wept heartily and said she cared not.

DON PEDRO.

Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly. The old man's daughter told us all.

CLAUDIO.

All, all; and moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

DON PEDRO.

But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

CLAUDIO.

Yea, and text underneath, 'Here dwells Benedick the married man!'

BENEDICK.

Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour; you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company. Your brother the bastard is fled from Messina: you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lack-beard there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him.

[Exit.]

DON PEDRO.

He is in earnest.

CLAUDIO.

In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

DON PEDRO.

And hath challenged thee?

CLAUDIO.

Most sincerely.

DON PEDRO.

What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose and leaves off his wit!

CLAUDIO.

He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

DON PEDRO.

But, soft you; let me be: pluck up, my heart, and be sad! Did he not say my brother was fled?

[Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.]

DOGBERRY.

Come you, sir: if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance. Nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

DON PEDRO.

How now! two of my brother's men bound! Borachio, one!

CLAUDIO.

Hearken after their offence, my lord.

DON PEDRO.

Officers, what offence have these men done?

DOGBERRY.

Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and to conclude, they are lying knaves.

DON PEDRO.

First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

CLAUDIO.

Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

DON PEDRO.

Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What's your offence?

BORACHIO.

Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night overheard me confessing to this man how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the Lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her. My villany they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

DON PEDRO.

Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

CLAUDIO.

I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

DON PEDRO.

But did my brother set thee on to this?

BORACHIO.

Yea; and paid me richly for the practice of it.

DON PEDRO.

He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery: And fled he is upon this villany.

CLAUDIO.

Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

DOGBERRY.

Come, bring away the plaintiffs: by this time our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter. And masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

VERGES.

Here, here comes Master Signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

[Re-enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, and the Sexton.]

LEONATO.

Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes,

That, when I note another man like him,

I may avoid him. Which of these is he?

BORACHIO.

If you would know your wronger, look on me.

LEONATO.

Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast kill'd Mine innocent child?

BORACHIO.

Yea, even I alone.

LEONATO.

No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself:

Here stand a pair of honourable men;

A third is fled, that had a hand in it.

I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death:

Record it with your high and worthy deeds.

'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

CLAUDIO.

I know not how to pray your patience;

Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;

Impose me to what penance your invention

Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not

But in mistaking.

DON PEDRO.

By my soul, nor I:

And yet, to satisfy this good old man,

I would bend under any heavy weight

That he'll enjoin me to.

LEONATO.

I cannot bid you bid my daughter live;

That were impossible; but, I pray you both,

Possess the people in Messina here

How innocent she died; and if your love

Can labour aught in sad invention,

Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,

And sing it to her bones: sing it to-night.

To-morrow morning come you to my house,

And since you could not be my son-in-law,

Be yet my nephew. My brother hath a daughter,

Almost the copy of my child that's dead,

And she alone is heir to both of us:

Give her the right you should have given her cousin,

And so dies my revenge.

CLAUDIO.

O noble sir,

Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!

I do embrace your offer; and dispose

For henceforth of poor Claudio.

LEONATO.

To-morrow then I will expect your coming;

To-night I take my leave. This naughty man

Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,

Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,

Hir'd to it by your brother.

BORACHIO.

No, by my soul she was not;

Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me;

But always hath been just and virtuous

In anything that I do know by her.

DOGBERRY.

Moreover, sir,—which, indeed, is not under white and black,— this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment. And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say he wears a key in his ear and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in God's name, the which he hath used so long and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake. Pray you, examine him upon that point.

LEONATO.

I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

DOGBERRY.

Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverent youth, and I praise God for you.

LEONATO.

There's for thy pains.

DOGBERRY.

God save the foundation!

LEONATO.

Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

DOGBERRY.

I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which I beseech your worship to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship! I wish your worship well; God restore you to health! I humbly give you leave to depart, and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it! Come, neighbour.

[Exeunt DOGBERRY and VERGES.]

LEONATO.

Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

ANTONIO.

Farewell, my lords: we look for you to-morrow.

DON PEDRO.

We will not fail.

CLAUDIO.

To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[Exeunt DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.]

LEONATO.

[To the Watch.]

Bring you these fellows on. We'll talk with Margaret, How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[Exeunt.]

Scene 2. LEONATO'S Garden

[Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET, meeting.]

BENEDICK.

Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

MARGARET.

Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

BENEDICK.

In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

MARGARET.

To have no man come over me! why, shall I always keep below stairs?

BENEDICK.

Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.

MARGARET.

And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

BENEDICK.

A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice. I give thee the bucklers.

MARGARET.

Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

BENEDICK.

If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

MARGARET.

Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath legs.

BENEDICK.

And therefore will come.

[Exit MARGARET.]

The god of love,

That sits above,

And knows me, and knows me,

How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean, in singing: but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rime; I have tried: I can find out no rime to 'lady' but 'baby', an innocent rhyme; for 'scorn,' 'horn', a hard rime; for 'school', 'fool', a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: no, I was not born under a riming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

[Enter BEATRICE.]

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

BEATRICE.

Yea, signior; and depart when you bid me.

BENEDICK.

O, stay but till then!

BEATRICE.

'Then' is spoken; fare you well now: and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for; which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

BENEDICK.

Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

BEATRICE.

Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkissed.

BENEDICK.

Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

BEATRICE.

For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

BENEDICK.

'Suffer love,' a good epithet! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

BEATRICE.

In spite of your heart, I think. Alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

BENEDICK.

Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

BEATRICE.

It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

BENEDICK.

An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

BEATRICE.

And how long is that think you?

BENEDICK.

Question: why, an hour in clamour and a quarter in rheum: therefore is it most expedient for the wise,—if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary,—to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy. And now tell me, how doth your cousin?

BEATRICE.

Very ill.

BENEDICK.

And how do you?

BEATRICE.

Very ill too.

BENEDICK.

Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

[Enter URSULA.]

URSULA.

Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder's old coil at home: it is proved, my Lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?

BEATRICE.

Will you go hear this news, signior?

BENEDICK.

I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle's.

[Exeunt.]

Scene III. The Inside of a Church

[Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and Attendants, with music and tapers]

CLAUDIO.

Is this the monument of Leonato?

A LORD.

It is, my lord.

CLAUDIO.

[Reads from a scroll.]

Done to death by slanderous tongues

Was the Hero that here lies:

Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,

Gives her fame which never dies.

So the life that died with shame

Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,

Praising her when I am dumb.

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,

Those that slew thy virgin knight;

For the which, with songs of woe,

Round about her tomb they go.

Midnight, assist our moan;

Help us to sigh and groan,

Heavily, heavily:

Graves, yawn and yield your dead,

Till death be uttered,

Heavily, heavily.

CLAUDIO.

Now, unto thy bones good night! Yearly will I do this rite.

DON PEDRO.

Good morrow, masters: put your torches out.

The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,

Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about

Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.

Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well.

CLAUDIO.

Good morrow, masters: each his several way.

DON PEDRO.

Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds; And then to Leonato's we will go.

CLAUDIO.

And Hymen now with luckier issue speed's,

Than this for whom we rend'red up this woe!

[Exeunt.]

Scene IV. A Room in LEONATO'S House.

[Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, MARGARET, URSULA, FRIAR FRANCIS, and HERO.]

FRIAR.

Did I not tell you she was innocent?

LEONATO.

So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her

Upon the error that you heard debated:

But Margaret was in some fault for this,

Although against her will, as it appears

In the true course of all the question.

ANTONIO.

Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

BENEDICK.

And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd

To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

LEONATO.

Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,

Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,

And when I send for you, come hither mask'd:

The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour

To visit me.

[Exeunt Ladies.]

You know your office, brother;

You must be father to your brother's daughter,

And give her to young Claudio.

ANTONIO.

Which I will do with confirm’d countenance.

BENEDICK.

Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

FRIAR.

To do what, signior?

BENEDICK.

To bind me, or undo me; one of them.

Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,

Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

LEONATO.

That eye my daughter lent her: ’tis most true.

BENEDICK.

And I do with an eye of love requite her.

LEONATO.

The sight whereof I think, you had from me,

From Claudio, and the prince. But what’s your will?

BENEDICK.

Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:

But, for my will, my will is your good will

May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin’d

In the state of honourable marriage:

In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

LEONATO.

My heart is with your liking.

FRIAR.

And my help. Here comes the prince and Claudio.

[Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO, with Attendants.]

DON PEDRO.

Good morrow to this fair assembly.

LEONATO.

Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio:

We here attend you. Are you yet determin'd

To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

CLAUDIO.

I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.

LEONATO.

Call her forth, brother: here's the friar ready.

[Exit ANTONIO.]

DON PEDRO.

Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's the matter,

That you have such a February face,

So full of frost, of storm and cloudiness?

CLAUDIO.

I think he thinks upon the savage bull.

Tush! fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,

And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,

As once Europa did at lusty Jove,

When he would play the noble beast in love.

BENEDICK.

Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low:

And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,

And got a calf in that same noble feat,

Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

CLAUDIO.

For this I owe you: here comes other reckonings.

[Re-enter ANTONIO, with the ladies masked.]

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

ANTONIO.

This same is she, and I do give you her.

CLAUDIO.

Why then, she's mine. Sweet, let me see your face.

LEONATO.

No, that you shall not, till you take her hand

Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

CLAUDIO.

Give me your hand: before this holy friar,

I am your husband, if you like of me.

HERO.

And when I liv'd, I was your other wife:

[Unmasking.] And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

CLAUDIO.

Another Hero!

HERO.

Nothing certainer:

One Hero died defil'd, but I do live,

And surely as I live, I am a maid.

DON PEDRO.

The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

LEONATO.

She died, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.

FRIAR.

All this amazement can I qualify:

When after that the holy rites are ended,

I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:

Meantime, let wonder seem familiar,

And to the chapel let us presently.

BENEDICK.

Soft and fair, friar. Which is Beatrice?

BEATRICE.

[Unmasking.] I answer to that name. What is your will?

BENEDICK.

Do not you love me?

BEATRICE.

Why, no; no more than reason.

BENEDICK.

Why, then, your uncle and the prince and Claudio Have been deceived; for they swore you did.

BEATRICE.

Do not you love me?

BENEDICK.

Troth, no; no more than reason.

BEATRICE.

Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula, Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.

BENEDICK.

They swore that you were almost sick for me.

BEATRICE.

They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

BENEDICK.

Tis no such matter. Then you do not love me?

BEATRICE.

No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

LEONATO.

Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

CLAUDIO.

And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves her;

For here's a paper written in his hand,

A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,

Fashion'd to Beatrice.

HERO.

And here's another,

Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,

Containing her affection unto Benedick.

BENEDICK.

A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts. Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

BEATRICE.

I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion, and partly to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

BENEDICK.

Peace! I will stop your mouth. [Kisses her.]

DON PEDRO.

How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?

BENEDICK.

I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of witcrackers cannout flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram? No; if man will be beaten with brains, a' shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it, for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion. For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but, in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

CLAUDIO.

I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double-dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

BENEDICK.

Come, come, we are friends. Let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts and our wives' heels.

LEONATO.

We'll have dancing afterward.

BENEDICK.

First, of my word; therefore play, music! Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverent than one tipped with horn.

[Enter Messenger.]

MESSENGER.

My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight, And brought with armed men back to Messina.

BENEDICK.

Think not on him till to-morrow: I'll devise thee brave punishments for him. Strike up, pipers!

[Dance. Exeunt.]

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COR.

And so I am. I am.

LEAR.

Be your tears wet? yes, faith. I pray, weep not:

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.

I know you do not love me; for your sisters

Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:

You have some cause, they have not.

COR.

No cause, no cause.

LEAR.

Am I in France?

KENT.

In your own kingdom, sir.

LEAR.

Do not abuse me.

PHYS.

Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,

You see, is kill'd in him: and yet it is danger

To make him even o'er the time he has lost.

Desire him to go in; trouble him no more

Till further settling.

COR.

Will't please your highness walk?

LEAR.

You must bear with me:

Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and foolish.

[Exeunt Lear, Cordelia, Physician, and Attendants.]

GENT.

Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of Cornwall was so slain?

KENT.

Most certain, sir.

GENT.

Who is conductor of his people?

KENT.

As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloucester.

GENT.

They say Edgar, his banished son, is with the Earl of Kent

in Germany.

KENT.

Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look about; the powers of

the kingdom approach apace.

GENT.

The arbitrement is like to be bloody. Fare you well, sir.

[Exit.]

KENT.

My point and period will be throughly wrought,

Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought.

[Exit.]

Act V

Scene I. The Camp of the British Forces near Dover.

[Enter, with drum and colours, Edmund, Regan, Officers, Soldiers, and others.]

EDM.

Know of the duke if his last purpose hold,

Or whether since he is advis'd by aught

To change the course: he's full of alteration

And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure.

[To an Officer, who goes out.]

REG.

Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

EDM.

Tis to be doubted, madam.

REG.

Now, sweet lord,

You know the goodness I intend upon you:

Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,

Do you not love my sister?

EDM.

In honour'd love.

REG.

But have you never found my brother's way

To the forfended place?

EDM.

That thought abuses you.

REG.

I am doubtful that you have been conjunct

And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

EDM.

No, by mine honour, madam.

REG.

I never shall endure her: dear my lord,

Be not familiar with her.

EDM.

Fear me not:—

She and the duke her husband!

[Enter, with drum and colours, Albany, Goneril, and Soldiers.]

GON.

[Aside.] I had rather lose the battle than that sister

Should loosen him and me.

ALB.

Our very loving sister, well be-met.—

Sir, this I heard,—the king is come to his daughter,

With others whom the rigour of our state

Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,

I never yet was valiant: for this business,

It toucheth us, as France invades our land,

Not bolds the king, with others whom, I fear,

Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

EDM.

Sir, you speak nobly.

REG.

Why is this reason'd?

GON.

Combine together 'gainst the enemy;

For these domestic and particular broils

Are not the question here.

ALB.

Let's, then, determine

With the ancient of war on our proceeding.

EDM.

I shall attend you presently at your tent.

REG.

Sister, you'll go with us?

GON.

No.

REG.

'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.

GON.

[Aside.] O, ho, I know the riddle.—I will go.

[As they are going out, enter Edgar disguised.]

EDG.

If e’er your grace had speech with man so poor,

Hear me one word.

ALB.

I’ll overtake you.—Speak.

[Exeunt Edmund, Regan, Goneril, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.]

EDG.

Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.

If you have victory, let the trumpet sound

For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,

I can produce a champion that will prove

What is avouched there. If you miscarry,

Your business of the world hath so an end,

And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

ALB.

Stay till I have read the letter.

EDG.

I was forbid it.

When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,

And I’ll appear again.

ALB.

Why, fare thee well: I will o’erlook thy paper.

[Exit Edgar.]

[Re-enter Edmund.]

EDM.

The enemy’s in view; draw up your powers.

Here is the guess of their true strength and forces

By diligent discovery;—but your haste

Is now urg’d on you.

ALB.

We will greet the time.

[Exit.]

EDM.

To both these sisters have I sworn my love;

Each jealous of the other, as the stung

Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?

Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,

If both remain alive: to take the widow

Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;

And hardly shall I carry out my side,

Her husband being alive. Now, then, we'll use

His countenance for the battle; which being done,

Let her who would be rid of him devise

His speedy taking off. As for the mercy

Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,—

The battle done, and they within our power,

Shall never see his pardon: for my state

Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

[Exit.]

Scene II. A field between the two Camps.

[Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, Lear, Cordelia, and

their Forces, and exeunt.]

[Enter Edgar and Gloucester.]

EDG.

Here, father, take the shadow of this tree

For your good host; pray that the right may thrive:

If ever I return to you again,

I'll bring you comfort.

GLOU.

Grace go with you, sir!

[Exit Edgar].

[Alarum and retreat within. R-enter Edgar.]

EDG.

Away, old man,—give me thy hand,—away!

King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:

Give me thy hand; come on!

GLOU.

No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

EDG.

What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither;

Ripeness is all:—come on.

GLOU.

And that's true too.

[Exeunt.]

Scene III. The British Camp near Dover.

[Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, Edmund; Lear and

Cordelia prisoners; Officers, Soldiers, &c.]

EDM.

Some officers take them away: good guard

Until their greater pleasures first be known

That are to censure them.

COR.

We are not the first

Who with best meaning have incurr'd the worst.

For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;

Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.—

Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

LEAR.

No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:

We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:

When thou dost ask me blessing I'll kneel down

And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,

And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh

At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues

Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,—

Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;—

And take upon's the mystery of things,

As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,

In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones

That ebb and flow by the moon.

EDM.

Take them away.

LEAR.

Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,

The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?

He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven

And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;

The goodyears shall devour them, flesh and fell,

Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see 'em starve first.

Come.

[Exeunt Lear and Cordelia, guarded.]

EDM.

Come hither, captain; hark.

Take thou this note [giving a paper]; go follow them to prison:

One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost

As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way

To noble fortunes: know thou this,—that men

Are as the time is: to be tender-minded

Does not become a sword:—thy great employment

Will not bear question; either say thou'lt do't,

Or thrive by other means.

Capt.

I'll do't, my lord.

EDM.

About it; and write happy when thou hast done.

Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so

As I have set it down.

Capt.

I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;

If it be man's work, I'll do't.

[Exit.]

[Flourish. Enter Albany, Goneril, Regan, Officers, and Attendants.]

ALB.

Sir, you have show'd to-day your valiant strain,

And fortune led you well: you have the captives

Who were the opposites of this day's strife:

We do require them of you, so to use them

As we shall find their merits and our safety

May equally determine.

EDM.

Sir, I thought it fit

To send the old and miserable king

To some retention and appointed guard;

Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,

To pluck the common bosom on his side,

And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes

Which do command them. With him I sent the queen;

My reason all the same; and they are ready

To-morrow, or at further space, to appear

Where you shall hold your session. At this time

We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;

And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd

By those that feel their sharpness:—

The question of Cordelia and her father

Requires a fitter place.

ALB.

Sir, by your patience,

I hold you but a subject of this war,

Not as a brother.

REG.

That's as we list to grace him.

Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded

Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;

Bore the commission of my place and person;

The which immediacy may well stand up

And call itself your brother.

GON.

Not so hot:

In his own grace he doth exalt himself,

More than in your addition.

REG.

In my rights

By me invested, he compeers the best.

GON.

That were the most if he should husband you.

REG.

Jesters do oft prove prophets.

GON.

Holla, holla!

That eye that told you so look'd but asquint.

REG.

Lady, I am not well; else I should answer

From a full-flowing stomach.—General,

Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;

Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:

Witness the world that I create thee here

My lord and master.

GON.

Mean you to enjoy him?

ALB.

The let-alone lies not in your good will.

EDM.

Nor in thine, lord.

ALB.

Half-blooded fellow, yes.

REG.

[To Edmund.] Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.

ALB.

Stay yet; hear reason.—Edmund, I arrest thee

On capital treason; and, in thine arrest,

This gilded serpent [pointing to Goneril.],—For your claim, fair

sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife;

'Tis she is subcontracted to this lord,

And I, her husband, contradict your bans.

If you will marry, make your loves to me,—

My lady is bespoke.

GON.

An interlude!

ALB.

Thou art arm'd, Gloucester:—let the trumpet sound:

If none appear to prove upon thy person

Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,

There is my pledge [throwing down a glove]; I'll prove it on thy

heart,

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less

Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

REG.

Sick, O, sick!

GON.

[Aside.] If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine.

EDM.

There's my exchange [throwing down a glove]: what in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:

Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,

On him, on you, who not? I will maintain

My truth and honour firmly.

ALB.

A herald, ho!

EDM.

A herald, ho, a herald!

ALB.

Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,

All levied in my name, have in my name

Took their discharge.

REG.

My sickness grows upon me.

ALB.

She is not well. Convey her to my tent.

[Exit Regan, led.]

[Enter a Herald.]

Come hither, herald.—Let the trumpet sound,—

And read out this.

OFFICER.

Sound, trumpet!

[A trumpet sounds.]

HER.

[Reads.] 'If any man of quality or degree within the lists of

the army will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloucester,

that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound

of the trumpet. He is bold in his defence.'

EDM.

Sound!

[First trumpet.]

HER.

Again!

[Second trumpet.]

HER.

Again!

[Third trumpet. Trumpet answers within. Enter Edgar, armed,

preceded by a trumpet.]

ALB.

Ask him his purposes, why he appears

Upon this call o' the trumpet.

HER.

What are you?

Your name, your quality? and why you answer

This present summons?

EDG.

Know, my name is lost;

By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit.

Yet am I noble as the adversary

I come to cope.

ALB.

Which is that adversary?

EDG.

What's he that speaks for Edmund Earl of Gloucester?

EDM.

Himself:—what say'st thou to him?

EDG.

Draw thy sword,

That, if my speech offend a noble heart,

Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.

Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,

My oath, and my profession: I protest,—

Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,

Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,

Thy valour and thy heart,—thou art a traitor;

False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;

Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;

And, from the extremest upward of thy head

To the descent and dust beneath thy foot,

A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou 'No,'

This sword, this arm, and my best spirits are bent

To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,

Thou liest.

EDM.

In wisdom I should ask thy name;

But since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,

And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes,

What safe and nicely I might well delay

By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:

Back do I toss those treasons to thy head;

With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;

Which,—for they yet glance by and scarcely bruise,—

This sword of mine shall give them instant way,

Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak!

[Alarums. They fight. Edmund falls.]

ALB.

Save him, save him!

GON.

This is mere practice, Gloucester:

By the law of arms thou wast not bound to answer

An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,

But cozen'd and beguil'd.

ALB.

Shut your mouth, dame,

Or with this paper shall I stop it:—Hold, sir;

Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—

No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.

[Gives the letter to Edmund.]

GON.

Say if I do,—the laws are mine, not thine:

Who can arraign me for't?

ALB.

Most monstrous!

Know'st thou this paper?

GON.

Ask me not what I know.

[Exit.]

ALB.

Go after her: she's desperate; govern her.

[To an Officer, who goes out.]

EDM.

What, you have charg'd me with, that have I done;

And more, much more; the time will bring it out:

'Tis past, and so am I.—But what art thou

That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble,

I do forgive thee.

EDG.

Let's exchange charity.

I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;

If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.

My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices

Make instruments to plague us:

The dark and vicious place where thee he got

Cost him his eyes.

EDM.

Thou hast spoken right; 'tis true;

The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

ALB.

Methought thy very gait did prophesy

A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee:

Let sorrow split my heart if ever I

Did hate thee or thy father!

EDG.

Worthy prince, I know't.

ALB.

Where have you hid yourself?

How have you known the miseries of your father?

EDG.

By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief tale;—

And when 'tis told, O that my heart would burst!—

The bloody proclamation to escape,

That follow'd me so near,—O, our lives' sweetness!

That with the pain of death we'd hourly die

Rather than die at once!)—taught me to shift

Into a madman's rags; to assume a semblance

That very dogs disdain'd; and in this habit

Met I my father with his bleeding rings,

Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,

Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;

Never,—O fault!—reveal'd myself unto him

Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd;

Not sure, though hoping of this good success,

I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last

Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,—

Alack, too weak the conflict to support!—

'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,

Burst smilingly.

EDM.

This speech of yours hath mov'd me,

And shall perchance do good: but speak you on;

You look as you had something more to say.

ALB.

If there be more, more woeful, hold it in;

For I am almost ready to dissolve, Hearing of this.

EDG.

This would have seem'd a period

To such as love not sorrow; but another,

To amplify too much, would make much more,

And top extremity.

Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man

Who, having seen me in my worst estate,

Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding

Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms

He fastened on my neck, and bellow'd out

As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;

Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him

That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting

His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life

Began to crack: twice then the trumpets sounded,

And there I left him tranc'd.

ALB.

But who was this?

EDG.

Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise

Follow'd his enemy king and did him service

Improper for a slave.

[Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody knife.]

GENT.

Help, help! O, help!

EDG.

What kind of help?

ALB.

Speak, man.

EDG.

What means that bloody knife?

GENT.

'Tis hot, it smokes;

It came even from the heart of—O! she's dead!

ALB.

Who dead? speak, man.

GENT.

Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister

By her is poisoned; she hath confess'd it.

EDM.

I was contracted to them both: all three

Now marry in an instant.

EDG.

Here comes KENT.

ALB.

Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead:—

This judgement of the heavens, that makes us tremble

Touches us not with pity. [Exit Gentleman.]

[Enter KENT.]

O, is this he?

The time will not allow the compliment

That very manners urges.

KENT.

I am come

To bid my king and master aye good night:

Is he not here?

ALB.

Great thing of us forgot!

Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's Cordelia?

[The bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in.]

Seest thou this object, Kent?

KENT.

Alack, why thus?

EDM.

Yet Edmund was belov'd.

The one the other poisoned for my sake,

And after slew herself.

ALB.

Even so.—Cover their faces.

EDM.

I pant for life:—some good I mean to do,

Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—

Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ

Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia:—

Nay, send in time.

ALB.

Run, run, O, run!

EDG.

To who, my lord?—Who has the office? send

Thy token of reprieve.

EDM.

Well thought on: take my sword,

Give it the Captain.

ALB.

Haste thee for thy life.

[Exit Edgar.]

EDM.

He hath commission from thy wife and me

To hang Cordelia in the prison, and

To lay the blame upon her own despair,

That she fordid herself.

ALB.

The gods defend her!—Bear him hence awhile.

[Edmund is borne off.]

[Re-enter Lear, with Cordelia dead in his arms; Edgar, Officer, and others following.]

LEAR.

Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of stone.

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'ld use them so

That heaven's vault should crack.—She's gone for ever!—

I know when one is dead, and when one lives;

She's dead as earth.—Lend me a looking glass;

If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,

Why, then she lives.

KENT.

Is this the promis'd end?

EDG.

Or image of that horror?

ALB.

Fall, and cease!

LEAR.

This feather stirs; she lives!

If it be so, It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows

That ever I have felt.

KENT.

O my good master! [Kneeling.]

LEAR.

Pr'ythee, away!

EDG.

'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

LEAR.

A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!

I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!—

Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!

What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,

Gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman.—

I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee.

OFF.

'Tis true, my lords, he did.

LEAR.

Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion

I would have made them skip: I am old now,

And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?

Mine eyes are not o' the best:—I'll tell you straight.

KENT.

If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,

One of them we behold.

LEAR.

This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?

KENT.

The same,

Your servant Kent.—Where is your servant Caius?

LEAR.

He’s a good fellow, I can tell you that;

He’ll strike, and quickly too:—he’s dead and rotten.

KENT.

No, my good lord; I am the very man,—

LEAR.

I’ll see that straight.

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2.59: King Lear

Act I
Scene I. A Room of State in King Lear's Palace
[Enter KENT, GLOUCESTER, and EDMUND]

KENT.

I thought the King had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

GLOU.

It did always seem so to us; but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the Dukes he values most, for equalities are so weighed that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

KENT.

Is not this your son, my lord?

GLOU.

His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him that now I am braz'd to't.

KENT.

I cannot conceive you.

GLOU.

Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-wombed, and had indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

KENT.

I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

GLOU.

But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came something saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

EDM.

No, my lord.

GLOU.

My Lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

EDM.

My services to your lordship.

KENT.

I must love you, and sue to know you better.

EDM.

Sir, I shall study deserving.

GLOU.

He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again.—The king
is coming.
[Sennet within.]
[Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and ATTENDANTS.]

LEAR.

Attend the lords of France and Burgundy,
Gloucester.

GLOU.

I shall, my liege.
[Exeunt GLOUCESTER and EDMUND.]

LEAR.

Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.—
Give me the map there.—Know that we have divided
In three our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,—
Since now we will divest us both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,—
Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge.—Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

GON..

Sir, I love you more than words can wield the matter;
Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valu'd, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour;
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found;
A love that makes breath poor and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

COR.

[Aside.] What shall Cordelia speak? Love, and be silent.

LEAR.

Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

REG.

Sir, I am made of the selfsame metal that my sister is,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short,—that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys W
hich the most precious square of sense possesses,
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

COR.

[Aside.] Then poor Cordelia!
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More richer than my tongue.

LEAR.

To thee and thine hereditary ever
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure
Than that conferr'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least; to whose young love
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interess'd; what can you say to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

COR.

Nothing, my lord.

LEAR.

Nothing!

COR.

Nothing.

LEAR.

Nothing can come of nothing: speak again.

COR.

Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; no more nor less.

LEAR.

How, how, Cordelia! mend your speech a little,
Lest you may mar your fortunes.

COR.

Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty:
Sure I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

LEAR.

But goes thy heart with this?

COR.

Ay, good my lord.

LEAR.

So young, and so untender?

COR.

So young, my lord, and true.

LEAR.

Let it be so,—thy truth then be thy dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operation of the orbs,
From whom we do exist and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity, and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this for ever.
The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my sometime daughter.

KENT.

Good my liege,—

LEAR.

Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest

On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!—[To Cordelia.]
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—who stirs?
Call Burgundy!—Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly in my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
The name, and all the additions to a king;
The sway,
Revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours; which to confirm,
This coronet part betwixt you.
[Giving the crown.]

KENT.

Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers.—

LEAR.

The bow is bent and drawn; make from the shaft.

KENT.

Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man?
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's bound
When majesty falls to folly. Reverse thy state;
And in thy best consideration check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.

LEAR.

Kent, on thy life, no more.

KENT.

My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

LEAR.

Out of my sight!

KENT.

See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

LEAR.

Now, by Apollo,— KENT. Now by Apollo, king,
Thou swear’st thy gods in vain.

LEAR.

O vassal! miscreant!
[Laying his hand on his sword.]
ALB. and CORN.

Dear sir, forbear!

KENT.

Do;
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift,
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I’ll tell thee thou dost evil.

LEAR.

Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance, hear me!—
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,—
Which we durst never yet,—and with strain’d pride
To come between our sentence and our power,—
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,—
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world;
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banish’d trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away! by Jupiter,
This shall not be revok’d.

KENT.

Fare thee well, king: sith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—
[To CORDELIA.] The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
That justly think’st and hast most rightly said!
[To REGAN and GONERIL.]
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of love.—
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
He’ll shape his old course in a country new.
[Exit.]
[Flourish. Re-enter GLOUCESTER, with FRANCE, BURGUNDY, and ATTENDANTS.]

GLOU.

Here’s France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

LEAR.

My Lord of Burgundy,
We first address toward you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter: what in the least
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

BUR.

Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

LEAR.

Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands:
If aught within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

BUR.

I know no answer.

LEAR.

Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

BUR.

Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions.

LEAR.

Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—[To France] For you, great king,
I would not from your love make such a stray
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost to acknowledge hers.

FRANCE.

This is most strange,
That she, who even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour. Sure her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall'n into taint; which to believe of her
Must be a faith that reason without miracle

Should never plant in me.

COR.

I yet beseech your majesty,—
If for I want that glib and oily art
To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak,—that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour;
But even for want of that for which I am richer,—
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
As I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.

LEAR.

Better thou
Hadst not been born than not to have pleas'd me better.

FRANCE.

Is it but this,—a tardiness in nature
Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love's not love
When it is mingled with regards that stands
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

BUR.

Royal king,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

LEAR.

Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

BUR.

I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father
That you must lose a husband.

COR.

Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

FRANCE.

Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange that from their cold'st neglect

My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
Can buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou losest here, a better where to find.

LEAR.

Thou hast her, France: let her be thine; for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again.—Therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison.—
Come, noble Burgundy.
[Flourish. Exeunt LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GLOUCESTER, and ATTENDANTS.]

FRANCE.

Bid farewell to your sisters.

COR.

The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults as they are nam'd. Love well our father:
To your professed bosoms I commit him:
But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So, farewell to you both.

REG.

Prescribe not us our duties.

GON..

Let your study
Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

COR.

Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides:
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!

FRANCE.

Come, my fair Cordelia.
[Exeunt FRANCE and CORDELIA.]

GON..

Sister, it is not little I have to say of what most nearly
appertains to us both. I think our father will hence to-night.

REG.

That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

GON..

You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little: he always loved our sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off appears too grossly.

REG.

'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

GON..

The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-ingraffed condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

REG.

Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him as this of Kent's banishment.

GON..

There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you let us hit together: if our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

REG.

We shall further think of it.

GON..

We must do something, and i' th' heat.
[Exeunt.]
Scene II. A Hall in the Earl of Gloucester's Castle.
[Enter Edmund with a letter.]

EDM.

Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops
Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well then,

Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
As to the legitimate: fine word—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper.—
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!
[Enter Gloucester.]

GLOU.

Kent banish'd thus! and France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his pow'r!
Confin'd to exhibition! All this done
Upon the gad!—Edmund, how now! What news?

EDM.

So please your lordship, none. [Putting up the letter.]

GLOU.

Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

EDM.

I know no news, my lord.

GLOU.

What paper were you reading?

EDM.

Nothing, my lord.

GLOU.

No? What needed, then, that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see. Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

EDM.

I beseech you, sir, pardon me. It is a letter from my brother that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your o'erlooking.

GLOU.

Give me the letter, sir.

EDM.

I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

GLOU.

Let's see, let's see!

EDM.

I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

GLOU.

[Reads.] 'This policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother,
EDGAR.'
Hum! Conspiracy?—'Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half his revenue.'—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in? When came this to you? who brought it?

EDM.

It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

GLOU.

You know the character to be your brother's?

EDM.

If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

GLOU.

It is his.

EDM.

It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

GLOU.

Hath he never before sounded you in this business?

EDM.

Never, my lord: but I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declined, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

GLOU.

O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter! Abhorred villain!—Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain!—Where is he?

EDM.

I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

GLOU.

Think you so?

EDM.

If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

GLOU.

He cannot be such a monster.

EDM.

Nor is not, sure.

GLOU.

To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution.

EDM.

I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

GLOU.

These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked ’twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there’s son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there’s father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to our graves.—Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully.—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty!—’Tis strange.
[Exit.]

EDM.

This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune,—often the surfeit of our own behaviour,—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars; as if we were villains on necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers by spherical pre-dominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: an admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail, and my nativity was under ursa major; so that it follows I am rough and lecherous.—Tut! I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.
[Enter Edgar.]
Pat!—he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: my cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.

EDG.

How now, brother Edmund! what serious contemplation are you in?

EDM.

I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

EDG.

Do you busy yourself with that?

EDM.

I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily: as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

EDG.

How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

EDM.

Come, come! when saw you my father last?

EDG.

The night gone by.

EDM.

Spake you with him?

EDG.

Ay, two hours together.

EDM.

Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word or countenance?

EDG.

None at all.

EDM.

Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

EDG.

Some villain hath done me wrong.

EDM.

That's my fear. I pray you have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: pray you, go; there's my key.—If you do stir abroad, go armed.

EDG.

Armed, brother!

EDM.

Brother, I advise you to the best; I am no honest man
if there be any good meaning toward you: I have told you what I have seen and heard but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: pray you, away!

EDG.

Shall I hear from you anon?

EDM.

I do serve you in this business.
[Exit Edgar.]
A credulous father! and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet that I can fashion fit.
[Exit.]

Scene III. A Room in the Duke of Albany's Palace.

[Enter Goneril and Oswald.]

GON..

Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

OSW.

Ay, madam.

GON..

By day and night, he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds; I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle.—When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him; say I am sick.—
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

OSW.

He's coming, madam; I hear him.
[Horns within.]

GON..

Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:
If he distaste it, let him to our sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be overruled. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd
With checks as flatteries,—when they are seen abus'd.
Remember what I have said.

OSW.

Very well, madam.

GON..

And let his knights have colder looks among you;
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so;
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak.—I'll write straight to my sister
To hold my very course.—Prepare for dinner.
[Exeunt.]

Scene IV. A Hall in Albany's Palace.

[Enter Kent, disguised.]

KENT.

If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech defuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I rais'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.
[Horns within. Enter King Lear, Knights, and Attendants.]

LEAR.

Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go get it ready.
[Exit an Attendant.]
How now! what art thou?

KENT.

A man, sir.

LEAR.

What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

KENT.

I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise and says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

LEAR.

What art thou?

KENT.

A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

LEAR.

If thou be'st as poor for a subject as he's for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

KENT.

Service.

LEAR.

Who wouldst thou serve?

KENT.

You.

LEAR.

Dost thou know me, fellow?

KENT.

No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

LEAR.

What's that?

KENT.

Authority.

LEAR.

What services canst thou do?

KENT.

I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it and deliver a plain message bluntly. That which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of me is diligence.

LEAR.

How old art thou?

KENT.

Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old to dote on her for anything: I have years on my back forty-eight.

LEAR.

Follow me; thou shalt serve me. If I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—
Where's my knave? my fool?—Go you and call my fool hither.
[Exit an attendant.]
[Enter Oswald.]
You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

OSW.

So please you,—
[Exit.]

LEAR.

What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back.—
[Exit a KNIGHT.]
Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.
[Re-enter KNIGHT.]
How now! where's that mongrel?

KNIGHT.

He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

LEAR.

Why came not the slave back to me when I called him?

KNIGHT.

Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

LEAR.

He would not!

KNIGHT.

My lord, I know not what the matter is; but to my judgment your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the duke himself also and your daughter.

LEAR.

Ha! say'st thou so?

KNIGHT.

I beseech you pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wronged.

LEAR.

Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

KNIGHT.

Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

LEAR.

No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—
[Exit Attendant.]
Go you, call hither my FOOL.

[Exit another Attendant.]
[Re-enter Oswald.]
O, you, sir, you, come you hither, sir: who am I, sir?

OSW.

My lady's father.

LEAR.

My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

OSW.

I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

LEAR.

Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?
[Striking him.]

OSW.

I'll not be struck, my lord.

KENT.

Nor tripp'd neither, you base football player.
[Tripping up his heels.]

LEAR.

I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

KENT.

Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you differences: away, away!
If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away!
go to; have you wisdom? so.
[Pushes Oswald out.]

LEAR.

Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy
service.
[Giving Kent money.]
[Enter FOOL.]

FOOL.

Let me hire him too; here's my coxcomb.
[Giving Kent his cap.]

LEAR.

How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

FOOL.

Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

KENT.

Why, fool?

FOOL.

Why, for taking one's part that's out of favour. Nay, an thou
canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly:
there, take my coxcomb: why, this fellow hath banish'd two on's
daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if
thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now,
nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters!

LEAR.

Why, my boy?

FOOL.

If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself.
There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

LEAR.

Take heed, sirrah,—the whip.

FOOL.

Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipped out, when the lady brach may stand by the fire and stink.

LEAR.

A pestilent gall to me!

FOOL.

Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

LEAR.

Do.

FOOL.

Mark it, nuncle:—
Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

KENT.

This is nothing, FOOL.

FOOL.

Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer,—you gave me nothing for't.—Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

LEAR.

Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

FOOL.

[to Kent] Pr'ythee tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a FOOL.

LEAR.

A bitter fool!

FOOL.

Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one?

LEAR.

No, lad; teach me.

FOOL.

That lord that counsell'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,—
Do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

LEAR.

Dost thou call me fool, boy?

FOOL.

All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

KENT.

This is not altogether fool, my lord.

FOOL.

No, faith; lords and great men will not let me: if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't and loads too: they will not let me have all the fool to myself; they'll be snatching.—Nuncle, give me an egg, and I'll give thee two crowns.

LEAR.

What two crowns shall they be?

FOOL.

Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle and gav'st away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt: thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.
[Singing.]
Fools had ne'er less wit in a year;
For wise men are grown foppish,
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

LEAR.

When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

FOOL.

I have used it, nuncle, e'er since thou mad'st thy daughters thy mothers; for when thou gav'st them the rod, and puttest down thine own breeches,
[Singing.]
Then they for sudden joy did weep,
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep
And go the fools among.
Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

LEAR.

An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.

FOOL.

I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipped for speaking true; thou'lt have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle: thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the middle:—here comes one o' the parings.
[Enter Goneril.]

LEAR.

How now, daughter? What makes that frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown.

FOOL.

Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning. Now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue. So your face [To Goneril.] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,
He that keeps nor crust nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some.—
[Pointing to LEAR.] That's a shealed peascod.

GON..

Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

FOOL.

For you know, nuncle,
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long
That it had it head bit off by it young.
So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

LEAR.

Are you our daughter?

GON..

Come, sir,
I would you would make use of that good wisdom,
Whereof I know you are fraught; and put away
These dispositions, that of late transform you
From what you rightly are.

FOOL.

May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse?—Whoop, Jug! I love thee!

LEAR.

Doth any here know me?—This is not Lear;
Doth Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?
Either his notion weakens, his discernings
Are lethargied.—Ha! waking? 'Tis not so!—
Who is it that can tell me who I am?

FOOL.

LEAR

LEAR's shadow.

LEAR.

I would learn that; for, by the marks of sovereignty,
Knowledge, and reason,
I should be false persuaded I had daughters.

FOOL.

Which they will make an obedient father.

LEAR.

Your name, fair gentlewoman?

GON..

This admiration, sir, is much o' the favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are old and reverend, you should be wise.
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd, and bold
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust

Make it more like a tavern or a brothel
Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy: be, then, desir'd
By her that else will take the thing she begs
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
Which know themselves, and you.

LEAR.

Darkness and devils!—
Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee:
Yet have I left a daughter.
GON..

You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.
[Enter Albany.]

LEAR.

Woe that too late repents!—
[To Albany.] O, sir, are you come?
Is it your will? Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.—
Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child
Than the sea-monster!

ALB.

Pray, sir, be patient.

LEAR.

[to Goneril] Detested kite, thou liest!:
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name.—O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate that let thy folly in [Striking his head.]
And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people.

ALB.

My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.

LEAR.

It may be so, my lord.
Hear, nature, hear; dear goddess, hear
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful!

Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen, that it may live
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!—Away, away!
[Exit.]

ALB.

Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this?

GON..

Never afflict yourself to know more of it;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.
[Re-enter LEAR.]

LEAR.

What, fifty of my followers at a clap! Within a fortnight!

ALB.

What's the matter, sir?

LEAR.

I'll tell thee.—Life and death!—[To Goneril] I am asham'd
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus;
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs upon thee!
Th' untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out,
And cast you, with the waters that you lose, To temper clay. Ha!
Let it be so: I have another daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable:
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolvish visage. Thou shalt find
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever.
[Exeunt Lear, Kent, and Attendants.]

GON..

Do you mark that?

ALB.

I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,—

GON..

Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!
[To the Fool] You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

FOOL.

Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry,—take the fool with thee.—
A fox when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after.
[Exit.]

GON..

This man hath had good counsel.—A hundred knights!
'Tis politic and safe to let him keep
At point a hundred knights: yes, that on every dream,
Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say!—

ALB.

Well, you may fear too far.

GON..

Safer than trust too far:
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken: I know his heart.
What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister:
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd th' unfitness,—
[Re-enter Oswald.]
How now, Oswald!
What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

OSW.

Ay, madam.

GON..

Take you some company, and away to horse:
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own
As may compact it more. Get you gone;
And hasten your return.
[Exit Oswald.]
No, no, my lord!
This milky gentleness and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attask'd for want of wisdom
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

ALB.

How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell:
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

GON..

Nay then,—

ALB.

Well, well; the event.
[Exeunt.]
Scene V. Court before the Duke of Albany's Palace.
[Enter Lear, Kent, and FOOL.]

LEAR.

Go you before to Gloucester with these letters: acquaint my daughter no further with anything you know than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

KENT.

I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter.
[Exit.]

FOOL.

If a man's brains were in's heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

LEAR.

Ay, boy.

FOOL.

Then I pr'ythee be merry; thy wit shall not go slipshod.

LEAR.

Ha, ha, ha!

FOOL.

Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

LEAR.

What canst tell, boy?

FOOL.

She'll taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle on's face?

LEAR.

No.

FOOL.

Why, to keep one's eyes of either side's nose, that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

LEAR.

I did her wrong,—

FOOL.

Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

LEAR.

No.

FOOL.

Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

LEAR.

Why?

FOOL.

Why, to put's head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

LEAR.

I will forget my nature. So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

FOOL.

Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

LEAR.

Because they are not eight?

FOOL.

Yes indeed: thou wouldst make a good FOOL.

LEAR.

To tak't again perforce!—Monster ingratitude!

FOOL.

If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'ld have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

LEAR.

How's that?

FOOL.

Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

LEAR.

O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!
Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!—
[Enter Gentleman.]
How now? are the horses ready?

GENT.

Ready, my lord. LEAR. Come, boy.

FOOL.

She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.
[Exeunt.]

Act II

Scene I. A court within the Castle of the Earl of Gloucester.
[Enter Edmund and Curan, meeting.]

EDM.

Save thee, Curan.

CUR.

And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night.

EDM.

How comes that?

CUR.

Nay, I know not.—You have heard of the news abroad; I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

EDM.

Not I: pray you, what are they?

CUR.

Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the two dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

EDM.

Not a word.

CUR.

You may do, then, in time. Fare you well, sir.
[Exit.]

EDM.

The Duke be here to-night? The better! best!
This weaves itself perforce into my business.
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queasy question,
Which I must act:—briefness and fortune work!—
Brother, a word!—descend:—brother, I say!
[Enter Edgar.]
My father watches:—sir, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night.—
Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haste,
And Regan with him: have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.

EDG.

I am sure on't, not a word.

EDM.

I hear my father coming:—pardon me;
In cunning I must draw my sword upon you:—
Draw: seem to defend yourself: now quit you well.—
Yield:—come before my father.—Light, ho, here!
Fly, brother.—Torches, torches!—So farewell.
[Exit Edgar.]
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
Of my more fierce endeavour: [Wounds his arm.]
I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.—Father, father!
Stop, stop! No help?
[Enter Gloucester, and Servants with torches.]

GLOU.

Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

EDM.

Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand auspicious mistress,—

GLOU.

But where is he?

EDM.

Look, sir, I bleed.

GLOU.

Where is the villain, Edmund?

EDM.

Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could,—

GLOU.

Pursue him, ho!—Go after.
[Exeunt Servants.]
—By no means what?

EDM.

Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;
Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father;—sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm;
But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

GLOU.

Let him fly far;
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found—dispatch'd.—The noble duke my master,
My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He that conceals him, death.

EDM.

When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him: he replied,
'Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny
As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character, I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it.'

GLOU.

Strong and fast'ned villain!
Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.
[Trumpets within.]
Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes.—
All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not scape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom

May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.
[Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.]

CORN.

How now, my noble friend! since I came hither,—
Which I can call but now,—I have heard strange news.

REG.

If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?

GLOU.

O madam, my old heart is crack'd,—it's crack'd!

REG.

What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

GLOU.

O lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

REG.

Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?

GLOU.

I know not, madam:—
It is too bad, too bad.

EDM.

Yes, madam, he was of that consort.

REG.

No marvel then though he were ill affected:
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the expense and waste of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions
That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

CORN.

Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A childlike office.

EDM.

'Twas my duty, sir.

GLOU.

He did bewray his practice; and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

CORN.

Is he pursu'd?

GLOU.

Ay, my good lord.

CORN.

If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours:
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.

EDM.

I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

GLOU.

For him I thank your grace.

CORN.

You know not why we came to visit you,—

REG.

Thus out of season, threading dark-ey'd night:
Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some poise,
Wherein we must have use of your advice:—
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home; the several messengers
From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,
Which craves the instant use.

GLOU.

I serve you, madam: Your graces are right welcome.
[Exeunt.]

Scene II. Before Gloucester's Castle.

[Enter Kent and Oswald, severally.]

OSW.

Good dawning to thee, friend: art of this house?

KENT.

Ay.

OSW.

Where may we set our horses?

KENT.

I' the mire.

OSW.

Pr'ythee, if thou lov'st me, tell me.

KENT.

I love thee not.

OSW.

Why then, I care not for thee.

KENT.

If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

OSW.

Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

KENT.

Fellow, I know thee.

OSW.

What dost thou know me for?

KENT.

A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking, whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou denyest the least syllable of thy addition.

OSW.

Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that's neither known of thee nor knows thee?

KENT.

What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days ago since I beat thee and tripped up thy heels before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you: draw, you whoreson cullionly barbermonger, draw!
[Drawing his sword.]

OSW.

Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

KENT.

Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father: draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—
draw, you rascal; come your ways!

OSW.

Help, ho! murder! help!

KENT.

Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike!
[Beating him.]

OSW.

Help, ho! murder! murder!
[Enter Edmund, Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, and Servants.]

EDM.

How now! What's the matter?

KENT.

With you, goodman boy, an you please: come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

GLOU.

Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

CORN.

Keep peace, upon your lives;
He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?

REG.

The messengers from our sister and the king.

CORN.

What is your difference? speak.

OSW.

I am scarce in breath, my lord.

KENT.

No marvel, you have so bestirr'd your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee; a tailor made thee.

CORN.

Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

KENT.

Ay, a tailor, sir: a stonecutter or a painter could not have made him so ill, though he had been but two hours at the trade.

CORN.

Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

OSW.

This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spared at suit of his grey beard,—

KENT.

Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you'll give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar and daub the walls of a jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

CORN.

Peace, sirrah!
You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

KENT.

Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

CORN.

Why art thou angry?

KENT.

That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain
Which are too intrinse t' unloose; smooth every passion
That in the natures of their lords rebel;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
Knowing naught, like dogs, but following.—
A plague upon your epileptic visage!
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, an I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

CORN.

What, art thou mad, old fellow?

GLOU.

How fell you out?
Say that.

KENT.

No contraries hold more antipathy
Than I and such a knave.

CORN.

Why dost thou call him knave? What is his fault?

KENT.

His countenance likes me not.

CORN.

No more perchance does mine, or his, or hers.

KENT.

Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain:
I have seen better faces in my time
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

CORN.

This is some fellow
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he,—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth!
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know which in this plainness
Harbour more craft and more corrupter ends
Than twenty silly-ducking observants
That stretch their duties nicely.

KENT.

Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your great aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phoebus' front,—

CORN.

What mean'st by this?

KENT.

To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you in a plain accent was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I

should win your displeasure to entreat me to't.

CORN.

What was the offence you gave him?

OSW.

I never gave him any:
It pleas'd the king his master very late
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, compact, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthied him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

KENT.

None of these rogues and cowards
But Ajax is their FOOL.

CORN.

Fetch forth the stocks!—
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverent braggart,
We'll teach you,—

KENT.

Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

CORN.

Fetch forth the stocks!—As I have life and honour,
there shall he sit till noon.

REG.

Till noon! Till night, my lord; and all night too!

KENT.

Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

REG.

Sir, being his knave, I will.

CORN.

This is a fellow of the self-same colour

Our sister speaks of.—Come, bring away the stocks!
[Stocks brought out.]

GLOU.

Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction
Is such as basest and contemned'st wretches
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill
That he, so slightly valu'd in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

CORN.

I'll answer that.

REG.

My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—
[Kent is put in the stocks.]
Come, my good lord, away.
[Exeunt all but Gloucester and KENT.]

GLOU.

I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd; I'll entreat for thee.

KENT.

Pray do not, sir: I have watch'd, and travell'd hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!

GLOU.

The duke's to blame in this: 'twill be ill taken.
[Exit.]

KENT.

Good king, that must approve the common saw,—
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun!
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter.—Nothing almost sees miracles
But misery:—I know 'tis from Cordelia,
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course; and shall find time
From this enormous state,—seeking to give
Losses their remedies,—All weary and o'erwatch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.

Fortune, good night: smile once more, turn thy wheel!
[He sleeps.]
Scene III. The open Country.
[Enter Edgar.]

EDG.

I heard myself proclaim'd;
And by the happy hollow of a tree
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place
That guard and most unusual vigilance
Does not attend my taking. While I may scape,
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness outface
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygod! poor Tom!
That's something yet:—Edgar I nothing am.
[Exit.]
Scene IV. Before Gloucester's Castle; Kent in the stocks.
[Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.]

LEAR.

'Tis strange that they should so depart from home,
And not send back my messenger.

GENT.

As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

KENT.

Hail to thee, noble master!

LEAR.

Ha! Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

KENT.

No, my lord.

FOOL.

Ha, ha! he wears cruel garters. Horses are tied by the
head; dogs and bears by the neck, monkeys by the loins, and
men by the legs: when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he

wears wooden nether-stocks.

LEAR.

What's he that hath so much thy place mistook
To set thee here?

KENT.

It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

LEAR.

No.

KENT.

Yes.

LEAR.

No, I say.

KENT.

I say, yea.

LEAR.

By Jupiter, I swear no.

KENT.

By Juno, I swear ay.

LEAR.

They durst not do't.
They would not, could not do't; 'tis worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage:
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou mightst deserve or they impose this usage,
Coming from us.

KENT.

My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome I perceiv'd had poison'd mine,—

Being the very fellow which of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness,—
Having more man than wit about me, drew:
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries.
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

FOOL.

Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.
Fathers that wear rags
Do make their children blind;
But fathers that bear bags
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to th' poor.
But for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours for thy
daughters as thou canst tell in a year.

LEAR.

O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!
Hysterica passio,—down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

KENT.

With the earl, sir, here within.

LEAR.

Follow me not; Stay here.
[Exit.]

GENT.

Made you no more offence but what you speak of?

KENT.

None. How chance the king comes with so small a number?

FOOL.

An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

KENT.

Why, fool?

FOOL.

We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no
labouring in the winter. All that follow their noses are led by
their eyes but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty
but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold when a great
wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following
it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee
after.
When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I

would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.
That sir which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The knave turns fool that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

KENT.

Where learn'd you this, fool?

FOOL.

Not i' the stocks, FOOL.

[Re-enter Lear, with Gloucester.]

LEAR.

Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?
They have travell'd all the night? Mere fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer.

GLOU.

My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremovable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

LEAR.

Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—
Fiery? What quality? why, Gloucester, Gloucester,
I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.

GLOU.

Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

LEAR.

Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?

GLOU.

Ay, my good lord.

LEAR.

The King would speak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:
Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and blood!—
Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke that—
No, but not yet: may be he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office

Whereto our health is bound: we are not ourselves
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man.—Death on my state! Wherefore
[Looking on KENT.]
Should he sit here? This act persuades me
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth.
Go tell the duke and's wife I'd speak with them,
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum
Till it cry 'Sleep to death.'

GLOU.

I would have all well betwixt you.
[Exit.]

LEAR.

O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but down!

FOOL.

Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels when she
put 'em i' the paste alive; she knapped 'em o' the coxcombs with
a stick and cried 'Down, wantons, down!' 'Twas her brother that,
in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.
[Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, and Servants.]

LEAR.

Good-morrow to you both.

CORN.

Hail to your grace!
[Kent is set at liberty.]

REG.

I am glad to see your highness.

LEAR.

REGAN, I think you are; I know what reason
I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adultress.—[To Kent] O, are you free?
Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here,—
[Points to his heart.]
I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe
With how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!

REG.

I pray you, sir, take patience: I have hope
You less know how to value her desert
Than she to scant her duty.

LEAR.

Say, how is that?

REG.

I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

LEAR.

My curses on her!

REG.

O, sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be rul'd and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return;
Say you have wrong'd her, sir.

LEAR.

Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house:
'Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
[Kneeling.]
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.'

REG.

Good sir, no more! These are unsightly tricks:
Return you to my sister.

LEAR.

[Rising.] Never, Regan:
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:—
All the stor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!

CORN.

Fie, sir, fie!

LEAR.

You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride!

REG.

O the blest gods!
So will you wish on me when the rash mood is on.

LEAR.

No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse:
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce; but thine
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

REG.

Good sir, to the purpose.

LEAR.

Who put my man i' the stocks?
[Tucket within.]

CORN.

What trumpet's that?

REG.

I know't—my sister's: this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.
[Enter Oswald.]
Is your lady come?

LEAR.

This is a slave, whose easy-borrowed pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.—
Out, varlet, from my sight!

CORN.

What means your grace?

LEAR.

Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou didst not know on't.—Who comes here? O heavens!
[Enter Goneril.]

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—
[To Goneril.] Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?—
O Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

GON..

Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?
All's not offence that indiscretion finds
And dotage terms so.

LEAR.

O sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the stocks?

CORN.

I set him there, sir: but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.

LEAR.

You? did you?

REG.

I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

LEAR.

Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot.—Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom.
[Pointing to Oswald.]

GON..

At your choice, sir.

LEAR.

I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad:
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;

Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague sore, an embossed carbuncle
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I and my hundred knights.

REG.

Not altogether so:
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.

LEAR.

Is this well spoken?

REG.

I dare avouch it, sir: what, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How in one house
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

GON..

Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

REG.

Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack you,
We could control them. If you will come to me,—
For now I spy a danger,—I entreat you
To bring but five-and-twenty: to no more
Will I give place or notice.

LEAR.

I gave you all,—

REG.

And in good time you gave it.

LEAR.

Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number. What, must I come to you
With five-and-twenty, Regan? said you so?

REG.

And speak't again my lord; no more with me.

LEAR.

Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd When others are more wicked; not being the worst Stands in some rank of praise.— [To Goneril.] I'll go with thee: Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty, And thou art twice her love.

GON..

Hear, me, my lord:
What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

REG.

What need one?

LEAR.

O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need,—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stirs these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,
And let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall,—I will do such things,—
What they are yet, I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:—
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws
Or ere I'll weep.—O fool, I shall go mad!
[Exeunt Lear, Gloucester, Kent, and FOOL. Storm heard at a distance.]

CORN.

Let us withdraw; 'twill be a storm.

REG.

This house is little: the old man and his people
Cannot be well bestow'd.

GON..

'Tis his own blame; hath put himself from rest
And must needs taste his folly.

REG.

For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

GON..

So am I purpos'd.
Where is my lord of Gloucester?

CORN.

Followed the old man forth:—he is return'd.
[Re-enter Gloucester.]

GLOU.

The king is in high rage.

CORN.

Whither is he going?

GLOU.

He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.

CORN.

'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.

GON..

My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

GLOU.

Alack, the night comes on, and the high winds
Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

REG.

O, sir, to wilful men
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors:
He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

CORN.

Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night:
My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm.
[Exeunt.]

Act III

Scene I. A Heath.

[A storm with thunder and lightning. Enter Kent and a Gentleman, meeting.]

KENT.

Who's there, besides foul weather?

GENT.

One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

KENT.

I know you. Where's the king?

GENT.

Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease; tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury and make nothing of;
Strives in his little world of man to outscorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

KENT.

But who is with him?

GENT.

None but the fool, who labours to out-jest
His heart-struck injuries.

KENT.

Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have,—as who have not, that their great stars
Throne and set high?—servants, who seem no less,
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes;
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings;—
But, true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner.—Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;

And from some knowledge and assurance offer
This office to you.

GENT.

I will talk further with you.

KENT.

No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,—
As fear not but you shall,—show her this ring;
And she will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king.

GENT.

Give me your hand: have you no more to say?

KENT.

Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet,—
That, when we have found the king,—in which your pain
That way, I'll this,—he that first lights on him
Holla the other.
[Exeunt severally.]
Scene II. Another part of the heath. Storm continues.
[Enter Lear and FOOL.]

LEAR.

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!

FOOL.

O nuncle, court holy water in a dry house is better than this
rain water out o' door. Good nuncle, in; and ask thy daughters
blessing: here's a night pities nether wise men nor fools.

LEAR.

Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children;
You owe me no subscription: then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—
But yet I call you servile ministers,

That will with two pernicious daughters join
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this! O! O! 'tis foul!

FOOL.

He that has a house to put's head in has a good head-piece.
The codpiece that will house Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse:
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.
—for there was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.

LEAR.

No, I will be the pattern of all patience;
I will say nothing.
[Enter KENT.]

KENT.

Who's there?

FOOL.

Marry, here's grace and a codpiece; that's a wise man and a FOOL.

KENT.

Alas, sir, are you here? Things that love night
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves; since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
Th' affliction nor the fear.

LEAR.

Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes
Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue
That art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life: close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.

KENT.

Alack, bareheaded!

Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest:
Repose you there, whilst I to this hard house,—
More harder than the stones whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in,—return, and force
Their scanted courtesy.

LEAR.

My wits begin to turn.—
Come on, my boy. how dost, my boy? art cold?
I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.—
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

FOOL.

[Singing.]
He that has and a little tiny wit—
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
For the rain it raineth every day.

LEAR.

True, boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel.
[Exeunt Lear and KENT.]

FOOL.

This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.—
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:—
When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build;—
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion:
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.
This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time.
[Exit.]

Scene III. A Room in Gloucester's Castle.

[Enter Gloucester and Edmund.]

GLOU.

Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I
desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the
use of mine own house; charged me on pain of perpetual displeasure,

neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

EDM.

Most savage and unnatural!

GLOU.

Go to; say you nothing. There is division betwixt the dukes, and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous to be spoken;—I have locked the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there's part of a power already footed: we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him: go you and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you be careful.
[Exit.]

EDM.

This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke
Instantly know; and of that letter too:—
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses,—no less than all:
The younger rises when the old doth fall.
[Exit.]

Scene IV. A part of the Heath with a Hovel. Storm continues.
[Enter Lear, Kent, and FOOL.]

KENT.

Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure.

LEAR.

Let me alone.

KENT.

Good my lord, enter here.

LEAR.

Wilt break my heart?

KENT.

I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

LEAR.

Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;

But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free,
The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home:—
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.

KENT.

Good my lord, enter here.

LEAR.

Pr'ythee go in thyself; seek thine own ease:
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in.—
[To the FOOL.] In, boy; go first.—You houseless poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—
[Fool goes in.]
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them
And show the heavens more just.

EDG.

[Within.] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!
[The Fool runs out from the hovel.]

FOOL.

Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.
Help me, help me!

KENT.

Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

FOOL.

A spirit, a spirit: he says his name's poor Tom.

KENT.

What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw?
Come forth.
[Enter Edgar, disguised as a madman.]

EDG.

Away! the foul fiend follows me!—
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—
Hum! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

LEAR.

Didst thou give all to thy two daughters?
And art thou come to this?

EDG.

Who gives anything to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow and halters in his pew, set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor.—Bless thy five wits!—Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes:—there could I have him now,—and there,—and there again, and there.
[Storm continues.]

LEAR.

What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?—
Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give 'em all?

FOOL.

Nay, he reserv'd a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

LEAR.

Now all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters!

KENT.

He hath no daughters, sir.

LEAR.

Death, traitor! nothing could have subdu'd nature
To such a lowness but his unkind daughters.—
Is it the fashion that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

EDG.

Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill:—
Halloo, halloo, loo loo!

FOOL.

This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

EDG.

Take heed o' th' foul fiend: obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

LEAR.

What hast thou been?

EDG.

A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap; served the lust of my mistress' heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: wine loved I deeply, dice dearly; and in woman out-paramour'd the Turk; false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman: keep thy foot out of brothel, thy hand out of placket, thy pen from lender's book, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: says suum, mun, nonny. Dolphin my boy, boy, sessa! let him trot by.
[Storm still continues.]

LEAR.

Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume.—Ha! here's three on's are sophisticated! Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings!—Come, unbutton here.
[Tears off his clothes.]

FOOL.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart,—a small spark, all the rest on's body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

EDG.

This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the harelip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.
Swithold footed thrice the old;
He met the nightmare,
and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight
And her troth plight,
And aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

KENT.

How fares your grace?
[Enter Gloucester with a torch.]

LEAR.

What's he?

KENT.

Who's there? What is't you seek?

GLOU.

What are you there? Your names?

EDG.

Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the todpole, the wall-newt and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tithing to tithing, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapons to wear;—
But mice and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.
Beware my follower.—Peace, Smulkin; peace, thou fiend!

GLOU.

What, hath your grace no better company?

EDG.

The prince of darkness is a gentleman:
Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.

GLOU.

Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile
That it doth hate what gets it.

EDG.

Poor Tom's a-cold.

GLOU.

Go in with me: my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands;
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

LEAR.

First let me talk with this philosopher.—

What is the cause of thunder?

KENT.

Good my lord, take his offer; go into the house.

LEAR.

I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.—
What is your study?

EDG.

How to prevent the fiend and to kill vermin.

LEAR.

Let me ask you one word in private.

KENT.

Importune him once more to go, my lord; His wits begin to unsettle.

GLOU.

Canst thou blame him?
His daughters seek his death:—ah, that good Kent!—
He said it would be thus,—poor banish'd man!—
Thou say'st the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself: I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life
But lately, very late: I lov'd him, friend,—
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,
[Storm continues.]
The grief hath craz'd my wits.—What a night's this!—
I do beseech your grace,—

LEAR.

O, cry you mercy, sir.—
Noble philosopher, your company.

EDG.

Tom's a-cold.

GLOU.

In, fellow, there, into the hovel; keep thee warm.

LEAR.

Come, let's in all.

KENT.

This way, my lord.

LEAR.

With him;

I will keep still with my philosopher.

KENT.

Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.

GLOU.

Take him you on.

KENT.

Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

LEAR.

Come, good Athenian.

GLOU.

No words, no words: hush.

EDG.

Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was still—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.
[Exeunt.]

Scene V. A Room in Gloucester's Castle.

[Enter Cornwall and Edmund.]

CORN.

I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.

EDM.

How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

CORN.

I now perceive it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.

EDM.

How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not—or not I the detector!

CORN.

Go with me to the duchess.

EDM.

If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

CORN.

True or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

EDM.

[Aside.] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persever in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

CORN.

I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love.
[Exeunt.]

Scene VI. A Chamber in a Farmhouse adjoining the Castle.

[Enter Gloucester, Lear, Kent, Fool, and Edgar.]

GLOU.

Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

KENT.

All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience:—the gods reward your kindness!
[Exit Gloucester.]

EDG.

Frateretto calls me; and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness.—Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

FOOL.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman.

LEAR.

A king, a king!

FOOL.

No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

LEAR.

To have a thousand with red burning spits Come hissing in upon 'em,—

EDG.

The foul fiend bites my back.

FOOL.

He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health,
a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

LEAR.

It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.—
[To Edgar.] Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer—
[To the FOOL.] Thou, sapient sir, sit here. Now, you she-foxes!—

EDG.

Look, where he stands and glares!—Want'st thou eyes at trial,
madam?
Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me,—

FOOL.

Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee.

EDG.

The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale.
Hoppedance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not,
black angel; I have no food for thee.

KENT.

How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd;
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

LEAR.

I'll see their trial first.—Bring in their evidence.
[To Edgar.] Thou, robed man of justice, take thy place;—
[To the FOOL.] And thou, his yokefellow of equity,
Bench by his side:—[To KENT.] you are o' the commission,
Sit you too.

EDG.

Let us deal justly.
Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
Thy sheep be in the corn;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth
Thy sheep shall take no harm.
Purr! the cat is gray.

LEAR.

Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before
this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

FOOL.

Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

LEAR.

She cannot deny it.

FOOL.

Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

LEAR.

And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made on.—Stop her there!
Arms, arms! sword! fire!—Corruption in the place!—
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

EDG.

Bless thy five wits!

KENT.

O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

EDG.

[Aside.] My tears begin to take his part so much
They'll mar my counterfeiting.

LEAR.

The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.

EDG.

Tom will throw his head at them.—Avaunt, you curs!
Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,
Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail,—
Tom will make them weep and wail;
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.
Do de, de, de. Sessa! Come, march to wakes and fairs and market towns. Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

LEAR.

Then let them anatomize Regan; see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts?—[To Edgar.] You, sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your garments: you'll say they are Persian; but let them be changed.

KENT.

Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile.

LEAR.

Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains:
So, so. We'll go to supper i' the morning.

FOOL.

And I'll go to bed at noon.
[Re-enter Gloucester.]

GLOU.

Come hither, friend: where is the king my master?

KENT.

Here, sir; but trouble him not,—his wits are gone.

GLOU.

Good friend, I pr'ythee, take him in thy arms;
I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him;
There is a litter ready; lay him in't
And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master;
If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss: take up, take up;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

KENT.

Oppressed nature sleeps:—
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken sinews,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master;
[To the FOOL.] Thou must not stay behind.

GLOU.

Come, come, away!
[Exeunt Kent, Gloucester, and the Fool, bearing off LEAR.]

EDG.

When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers suffers most i' the mind,
Leaving free things and happy shows behind:
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that which makes me bend makes the king bow;
He childed as I fathered!—Tom, away!
Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy just proof repeals and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king!
Lurk, lurk.
[Exit.]

Scene VII. A Room in Gloucester's Castle.

[Enter Cornwall, Regan, Goneril, Edmund, and Servants.]

CORN.

Post speedily to my lord your husband, show him this letter:—
the army of France is landed.—Seek out the traitor Gloucester.
[Exeunt some of the Servants.]

REG.

Hang him instantly.

GON..

Pluck out his eyes.

CORN.

Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister
company: the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous
father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke where you
are going, to a most festinate preparation: we are bound to the
like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us.
Farewell, dear sister:—farewell, my lord of Gloucester.
[Enter Oswald.]
How now! Where's the king?

OSW.

My lord of Gloucester hath convey'd him hence:
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover: where they boast
To have well-armed friends.

CORN.

Get horses for your mistress.

GON..

Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

CORN.

EDMUND, farewell.
[Exeunt Goneril, Edmund, and Oswald.]
Go seek the traitor Gloucester,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.
[Exeunt other Servants.]
Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control.—Who's there? the traitor?
[Re-enter servants, with Gloucester.]

REG.

Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

CORN.

Bind fast his corky arms.

GLOU.

What mean your graces?—Good my friends, consider
You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

CORN.

Bind him, I say.
[Servants bind him.]

REG.

Hard, hard.—O filthy traitor!

GLOU.

Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none.

CORN.

To this chair bind him.—Villain, thou shalt find,—
[Regan plucks his beard.]

GLOU.

By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

REG.

So white, and such a traitor!

GLOU.

Naughty lady,
These hairs which thou dost ravish from my chin
Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your host:
With robber's hands my hospitable favours
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

CORN.

Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

REG.

Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

CORN.

And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?

REG.

To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?
Speak.

GLOU.

I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

CORN.

Cunning.

REG.

And false.

CORN.

Where hast thou sent the king?

GLOU.

To Dover.

REG.

Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at peril,—

CORN.

Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that.

GLOU.

I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

REG.

Wherefore to Dover, sir?

GLOU.

Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires; yet, poor old heart,
He holp the heavens to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou shouldst have said, 'Good porter, turn the key.'
All cruels else subscrib'd:—but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

CORN.

See't shalt thou never.—Fellows, hold the chair.
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.
[Gloucester is held down in his chair, while Cornwall plucks out one of his eyes and sets his foot on it.]

GLOU.

He that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help!—O cruel!—O ye gods!

REG.

One side will mock another; the other too!

CORN.

If you see vengeance,—

FIRST SERV.

Hold your hand, my lord:
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you
Than now to bid you hold.

REG.

How now, you dog!

FIRST SERV.

If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

CORN.

My villain! [Draws, and runs at him.]

FIRST SERV.

Nay, then, come on, and take the chance of anger.
[Draws. They fight. Cornwall is wounded.]

REG.

Give me thy sword [to another servant.]—A peasant stand up thus?
[Snatches a sword, comes behind, and stabs him.]

FIRST SERV.

O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on thim. O!
[Dies.]

CORN.

Lest it see more, prevent it.—Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now?
[Tears out Gloucester's other eye and throws it on the ground.]

GLOU.

All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature
To quit this horrid act.

REG.

Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.

GLOU.

O my follies! Then Edgar was abus'd.—
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

REG.

Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? How look you?

CORN.

I have receiv'd a hurt:—follow me, lady.—
Turn out that eyeless villain;—throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt: give me your arm.
[Exit Cornwall, led by Regan; Servants unbind Gloucester and lead him out.]

SECOND SERV.

I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.

THIRD SERV..

If she live long,
And in the end meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

SECOND SERV.

Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would: his roguish madness
Allows itself to anything.

THIRD SERV..

Go thou: I'll fetch some flax and whites of eggs
To apply to his bleeding face. Now heaven help him!
[Exeunt severally.]

Act IV

Scene I. The heath.
[Enter Edgar.]

EDG.

Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst

Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?
[Enter Gloucester, led by an Old Man.]
My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.
Old Man.
O my good lord,
I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant,
These fourscore years.

GLOU.

Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do me no good at all;
Thee they may hurt.
Old Man.
You cannot see your way.

GLOU.

I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw: full oft 'tis seen
Our means secure us, and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.—O dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes again!
Old Man.
How now! Who's there?

EDG.

[Aside.] O gods! Who is't can say 'I am at the worst?'
I am worse than e'er I was.
Old Man.
'Tis poor mad Tom.

EDG.

[Aside.] And worse I may be yet. The worst is not
So long as we can say 'This is the worst.'
Old Man.
Fellow, where goest?

GLOU.

Is it a beggar-man?
Old Man.
Madman and beggar too.

GLOU.

He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man a worm: my son
Came then into my mind, and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more since.
As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods,—
They kill us for their sport.

EDG.

[Aside.] How should this be?—
Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
Angering itself and others.—Bless thee, master!

GLOU.

Is that the naked fellow?
Old Man.
Ay, my lord.

GLOU.

Then pr'ythee get thee gone: if for my sake
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Which I'll entreat to lead me.
Old Man.
Alack, sir, he is mad.

GLOU.

'Tis the time's plague when madmen lead the blind.
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.
Old Man.
I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on't what will.
[Exit.]

GLOU.

Sirrah naked fellow,—

EDG.

Poor Tom's a-cold. [Aside.]
I cannot daub it further.

GLOU.

Come hither, fellow.

EDG.

[Aside.] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

GLOU.

Know'st thou the way to Dover?

EDG.

Both stile and gate, horseway and footpath. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits:—bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbididence, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder; Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and

mowing,—who since possesses chambermaids and waiting women. So, bless thee, master!

GLOU.

Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens' plagues
Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier;—heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he does not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover?

EDG.

Ay, master.

GLOU.

There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

EDG.

Give me thy arm:
Poor Tom shall lead thee.
[Exeunt.]

Scene II. Before the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter Goneril and Edmund; Oswald meeting them.]

GON..

Welcome, my lord: I marvel our mild husband
Not met us on the way.—Now, where's your master?

OSW.

Madam, within; but never man so chang'd.
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smil'd at it: I told him you were coming;
His answer was, 'The worse.' Of Gloucester's treachery
And of the loyal service of his son
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:—
What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

GON..

[To Edmund.] Then shall you go no further.
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs
Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his musters and conduct his powers:

I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us; ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. [Giving a favour.]
Wear this; spare speech;
Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air:—
Conceive, and fare thee well.

EDM.

Yours in the ranks of death!
[Exit Edmund.]

GON..

My most dear Gloucester.
O, the difference of man and man!
To thee a woman's services are due:
My fool usurps my body.

OSW.

Madam, here comes my lord.
[Exit.]
[Enter Albany.]

GON..

I have been worth the whistle.

ALB.

O Goneril!
You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face! I fear your disposition:
That nature which contemns it origin
Cannot be bordered certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither
And come to deadly use.

GON..

No more; the text is foolish.

ALB.

Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:
Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence even the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate, have you madded.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited!
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
It will come,

Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

GON..

Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st
Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
Whiles thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and criest
'Alack, why does he so?'

ALB.

See thyself, devil!
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.

GON..

O vain fool!

ALB.

Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame!
Be-monster not thy feature! Were't my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood.
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones:—howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

GON..

Marry, your manhood now!
[Enter a Messenger.]

ALB.

What news?

MESS..

O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's dead;
Slain by his servant, going to put out The other eye of Gloucester.

ALB.

Gloucester's eyes!

MESS..

A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead;
But not without that harmful stroke which since

Hath pluck'd him after.

ALB.

This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!—
But, O poor Gloucester!
Lost he his other eye?

MESS..

Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

GON..

[Aside.] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloucester with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: another way
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer.
[Exit.]

ALB.

Where was his son when they did take his eyes?

MESS..

Come with my lady hither.

ALB.

He is not here.

MESS..

No, my good lord; I met him back again.

ALB.

Knows he the wickedness?

MESS..

Ay, my good lord. 'Twas he inform'd against him;
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

ALB.

Gloucester, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend:
Tell me what more thou know'st.
[Exeunt.]

Scene III. The French camp near Dover.

[Enter Kent and a Gentleman.]

KENT.

Why the king of France is so suddenly gone back know you the reason?

GENT.

Something he left imperfect in the state, which since his coming forth is thought of, which imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger that his personal return was most required and necessary.

KENT.

Who hath he left behind him general?

GENT.

The Mareschal of France, Monsieur La Far.

KENT.

Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

GENT.

Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

KENT.

O, then it mov'd her.

GENT.

Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like, a better day: those happy smilets
That play'd on her ripe lip seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.

KENT.

Made she no verbal question?

GENT.

Faith, once or twice she heav'd the name of 'father'
Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cried 'Sisters, sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters!
Kent! father! sisters! What, i' the storm? i' the night?
Let pity not be believ'd!'—There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,

And clamour moisten'd: then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

KENT.

It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

GENT.

No.

KENT.

Was this before the king return'd?

GENT.

No, since.

KENT.

Well, sir, the poor distressed Lear's i' the town;
Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

GENT.

Why, good sir?

KENT.

A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own unkindness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting
His mind so venomously that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

GENT.

Alack, poor gentleman!

KENT.

Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?
GENT.

'Tis so; they are a-foot.
KENT.

Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you go
Along with me. [Exeunt.]

Scene IV. The French camp. A Tent.
[Enter Cordelia, Physician, and Soldiers.]
COR.

Alack, 'tis he: why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow weeds,
With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye.
[Exit an

OFFICER.

What can man's wisdom
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He that helps him take all my outward worth.

PHYS.

There is means, madam:
Our foster nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

COR.

All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant and remediate
In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.
[Enter a Messenger.]

MESS..

News, madam;
The British powers are marching hitherward.

COR.

'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning and important tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear and see him!
[Exeunt.]
Scene V. A Room in Gloucester's Castle.
[Enter Regan and Oswald.]

REG.

But are my brother's powers set forth?

OSW.

Ay, madam.

REG.

Himself in person there?

OSW.

Madam, with much ado. Your sister is the better soldier.

REG.

Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?

OSW.

No, madam.

REG.

What might import my sister's letter to him?

OSW.

I know not, lady.

REG.

Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloucester's eyes being out,
To let him live: where he arrives he moves
All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to despatch
His nighted life; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.

OSW.

I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

REG.

Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay with us;
The ways are dangerous.

OSW.

I may not, madam:
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

REG.

Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something,—I know not what:—I'll love thee much—
Let me unseal the letter.

OSW.

Madam, I had rather,—

REG.

I know your lady does not love her husband;
I am sure of that: and at her late being here
She gave strange eyeliads and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.

OSW.

I, madam?

REG.

I speak in understanding; you are, I know't:
Therefore I do advise you, take this note:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand
Than for your lady's.—You may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray desire her call her wisdom to her
So, fare you well. If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

OSW.

Would I could meet him, madam! I should show What party I do follow.

REG.

Fare thee well.
[Exeunt.]
Scene VI. The country near Dover.
[Enter Gloucester, and Edgar dressed like a peasant.]

GLOU.

When shall I come to the top of that same hill?

EDG.

You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.

GLOU.

Methinks the ground is even.

EDG.

Horrible steep. Hark, do you hear the sea?

GLOU.

No, truly.

EDG.

Why, then, your other senses grow imperfect By your eyes' anguish.

GLOU.

So may it be indeed:
Methinks thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

EDG.

You are much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd
But in my garments.

GLOU.

Methinks you're better spoken.

EDG.

Come on, sir; here's the place:—stand still.—How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire—dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock a buoy
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge
That on the unnumber'd idle pebble chafes
Cannot be heard so high.—I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

GLOU.

Set me where you stand.

EDG.

Give me your hand:—you are now within a foot
Of th' extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

GLOU.

Let go my hand.
Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies and gods
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

EDG.

Now fare ye well, good sir.
[Seems to go.]

GLOU.

With all my heart.

EDG.

[Aside.] Why I do trifle thus with his despair
Is done to cure it.

GLOU.

O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce, and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff and loathed part of nature should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well.

EDG.

Gone, sir:—farewell.—
[Gloucester leaps, and falls along.]
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life when life itself
Yields to the theft: had he been where he thought,
By this had thought been past.—Alive or dead?
Ho you, sir! friend! Hear you, sir?—speak!—
Thus might he pass indeed:—yet he revives.—
What are you, sir?

GLOU.

Away, and let me die.

EDG.

Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe;
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.
Ten masts at each make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:
Thy life is a miracle.—Speak yet again.

GLOU.

But have I fall'n, or no?

EDG.

From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.
Look up a-height;—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

GLOU.

Alack, I have no eyes.—
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage
And frustrate his proud will.

EDG.

Give me your arm:
Up:—so.—How is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.

GLOU.

Too well, too well.

EDG.

This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff what thing was that
Which parted from you?

GLOU.

A poor unfortunate beggar.

EDG.

As I stood here below, methought his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd and wav'd like the enridged sea:
It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibility, have preserv'd thee.

GLOU.

I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction till it do cry out itself,
'Enough, enough,' and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,
'The fiend, the fiend:'—he led me to that place.

EDG.

Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who comes here?
[Enter Lear, fantastically dressed up with flowers.]
The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

LEAR.

No, they cannot touch me for coining;
I am the king himself.

EDG.

O thou side-piercing sight!

LEAR.

Nature's above art in that respect.—There's your press money.
That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a
clothier's yard.—Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece
of toasted cheese will do't. There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it
on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills. O, well flown, bird!—i'
the clout, i' the clout: hewgh!—Give the word.

EDG.

Sweet marjoram.

LEAR.

Pass.

GLOU.

I know that voice.

LEAR.

Ha! Goneril with a white beard!—They flattered me like a dog; and told me I had white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there. To say ‘ay’ and ‘no’ to everything I said!—‘Ay’ and ‘no’, too, was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found ’em, there I smelt ’em out. Go to, they are not men o’ their words: they told me I was everything; ’tis a lie—I am not ague-proof.

GLOU.

The trick of that voice I do well remember:
Is’t not the king?

LEAR.

Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man’s life.—What was thy cause?—
Adultery?—
Thou shalt not die: die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to’t, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.
Let copulation thrive; for Gloucester’s bastard son
Was kinder to his father than my daughters
Got ’tween the lawful sheets.
To’t, luxury, pell-mell! for I lack soldiers.—
Behold yond simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presages snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure’s name;—
The fitchew nor the soiled horse goes to’t
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are centaurs, Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiend’s; there’s hell, there’s darkness,
There is the sulphurous pit; burning, scalding, stench,
consumption; fie, fie, fie! pah, pah!
Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: there’s money for thee.

GLOU.

O, let me kiss that hand!

LEAR.

Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

GLOU.

O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
Shall so wear out to naught.—Dost thou know me?

LEAR.

I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me?
No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I'll not love.—Read thou this
challenge; mark but the penning of it.

GLOU.

Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

EDG.

I would not take this from report;—it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

LEAR.

Read.

GLOU.

What, with the case of eyes?

LEAR.

O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money
in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a
light: yet you see how this world goes.

GLOU.

I see it feelingly.

LEAR.

What, art mad? A man may see how the world goes with no eyes.
Look with thine ears: see how yond justice rails upon yond simple
thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places; and, handy-dandy, which
is the justice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's
dog bark at a beggar?

GLOU.

Ay, sir.

LEAR.

And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold
the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office.—
Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pygmy's straw does pierce it.
None does offend, none.—I say none; I'll able 'em:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now:
Pull off my boots: harder, harder:—so.

EDG.

O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reason, in madness!

LEAR.

If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester:
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air
We wawl and cry.—I will preach to thee: mark.

GLOU.

Alack, alack the day!

LEAR.

When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools—This a good block:—
It were a delicate stratagem to shoe
A troop of horse with felt: I'll put't in proof;
And when I have stol'n upon these sons-in-law,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill! [Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants].

GENT.

O, here he is: lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your most dear daughter,—

LEAR.

No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well; You shall have ransom.
Let me have surgeons; I am cut to the brains.

GENT.

You shall have anything.

LEAR.

No seconds? all myself?
Why, this would make a man a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and for laying Autumn's dust.

GENT.

Good sir,—

LEAR.

I will die bravely, like a smug bridegroom. What!
I will be jovial: come, come, I am a king,
My masters, know you that.

GENT.

You are a royal one, and we obey you.

LEAR.

Then there's life in't. Nay, an you get it, you shall get it
by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa!
[Exit running. Attendants follow.]

GENT.

A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,
Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daughter
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

EDG.

Hail, gentle sir.

GENT.

Sir, speed you. What's your will?

EDG.

Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

GENT.

Most sure and vulgar: every one hears that
Which can distinguish sound.

EDG.

But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?

GENT.

Near and on speedy foot; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.

EDG.

I thank you sir: that's all.

GENT.

Though that the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is mov'd on.

EDG.

I thank you, sir. [Exit Gentleman.]

GLOU.

You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

EDG.

Well pray you, father.

GLOU.

Now, good sir, what are you?

EDG.

A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.

GLOU.

Hearty thanks:
The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!
[Enter Oswald.]

OSW.

A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember:—the sword is out
That must destroy thee.

GLOU.

Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it.
[Edgar interposes.]

OSW.

Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

EDG.

Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

OSW.

Let go, slave, or thou diest!

EDG.

Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor voke pass. An chud ha' bin zwaggered out of my life, 'twould not ha' bin zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, che vore ye, or ise try whether your costard or my bat be the harder: chill be plain with you.

OSW.

Out, dunghill!

EDG.

Chill pick your teeth, zir. Come! No matter vor your foins.
[They fight, and Edgar knocks him down.]

OSW.

Slave, thou hast slain me:—villain, take my purse:
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters which thou find'st about me
To Edmund Earl of Gloucester; seek him out
Upon the British party: O, untimely death!
[Dies.]

EDG.

I know thee well: a serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress
As badness would desire.

GLOU.

What, is he dead?

EDG.

Sit you down, father; rest you.—
Let's see these pockets; the letters that he speaks of
May be my friends.—He's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man. Let us see:—
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;
Their papers is more lawful.
[Reads.] 'Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done if he return the conqueror: then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.
Your (wife, so I would say) affectionate servant,
Goneril.'
O indistinguish'd space of woman's will!
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange my brother!—Here in the sands
Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers: and in the mature time
With this ungracious paper strike the sight

Of the death-practis'd duke: for him 'tis well
That of thy death and business I can tell.
[Exit Edgar, dragging out the body.]

GLOU.

The king is mad: how stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,
And woes by wrong imaginations lose
The knowledge of themselves.

EDG.

Give me your hand:
[A drum afar off.]
Far off methinks I hear the beaten drum:
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.
[Exeunt.]

Scene VII. A Tent in the French Camp.

[Lear on a bed, asleep, soft music playing; Physician, Gentleman, and others attending.]
[Enter Cordelia, and KENT.]

COR.

O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short
And every measure fail me.

KENT.

To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpaid.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more nor clipp'd, but so.

COR.

Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those worser hours:
I pr'ythee, put them off.

KENT.

Pardon, dear madam;
Yet to be known shortens my made intent:
My boon I make it that you know me not
Till time and I think meet.

COR.

Then be't so, my good lord. [To the Physician.] How, does the king?

PHYS.

Madam, sleeps still.

COR.

O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father!

PHYS.

So please your majesty
That we may wake the king: he hath slept long.

COR.

Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

GENT.

Ay, madam. In the heaviness of sleep
We put fresh garments on him.

PHYS.

Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

COR.

Very well.

PHYS.

Please you draw near.—Louder the music there!

COR.

O my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

KENT.

Kind and dear princess!

COR.

Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick cross lightning? to watch—,poor perdu!—
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

DOCT.

Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

COR.

How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

LEAR.

You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave:—
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

COR.

Sir, do you know me?

LEAR.

You are a spirit, I know: when did you die?

COR.

Still, still, far wide!

PHYS.

He's scarce awake: let him alone awhile.

LEAR.

Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair daylight,—
I am mightily abus'd.—I should e'en die with pity,
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—
I will not swear these are my hands:—let's see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd
Of my condition!

COR.

O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.—
No, sir, you must not kneel.

LEAR.

Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

CORDELIA, *weeping]*

And so I am; I am.

LEAR

Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray, weep not.
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me, for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.
You have some cause; they have not.

CORDELIA

No cause, no
cause.

LEAR

Am I in France?

KENT

In your own kingdom, sir.

LEAR

Do not abuse me.

DOCTOR

Be comforted, good madam. The great rage,
You see, is killed in him, and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in. Trouble him no more
Till further settling.

CORDELIA

Will 't please your Highness walk?

LEAR

You must bear with me.
Pray you now, forget, and forgive. I am old and
foolish.

They exit. Kent and GENTLEMAN remain.

GENTLEMAN

Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of Cornwall
was so slain?

KENT

Most certain, sir.

GENTLEMAN

Who is conductor of his people?

KENT

As 'tis said, the bastard son of GLOUCESTER.

GENTLEMAN

They say EDGAR, his banished son, is with
the Earl of Kent in Germany.

KENT

Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look about.
The powers of the kingdom approach apace.

GENTLEMAN

The arbitrament is like to be bloody. Fare
you well, sir.

He exits.

KENT

My point and period will be throughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought.

He exits.

ACT 5

Scene 1

[Enter, with Drum and Colors, EDMUND, REGAN, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

EDMUND, to a GENTLEMAN

Know of the Duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is advised by aught
To change the course. He's full of alteration
And self-reproving. Bring his constant pleasure.

[GENTLEMAN exits.]

REGAN

Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

EDMUND

'Tis to be doubted, madam.

REGAN

Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you;
Tell me but truly, but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

EDMUND

In honored love.

REGAN

But have you never found my brother's way
To the forfended place?

EDMUND

That thought abuses you.

REGAN

I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosomed with her as far as we call hers.

EDMUND

No, by mine honor, madam.

REGAN

I never shall endure her. Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

EDMUND

Fear me not.

She and the Duke, her husband. Enter, with Drum and Colors, Albany, GONERIL, Soldiers.

GONERIL, aside

I had rather lose the battle than that sister
Should loosen him and me.

ALBANY

Our very loving sister, well bemet.—
Sir, this I heard: the King is come to his daughter,
With others whom the rigor of our state
Forced to cry out. Where

I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant. For this business,
It touches us as France invades our land,
Not bolds the King, with others whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

EDMUND

Sir, you speak nobly.

REGAN

Why is this reasoned?

GONERIL

Combine together 'gainst the enemy,
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not the question here.

ALBANY

Let's then determine
With th' ancient of war on our proceeding.

EDMUND

I shall attend you presently at your tent.

REGAN

Sister, you'll go with us?

GONERIL

No.

REGAN

'Tis most convenient. Pray, go with us.

GONERIL, aside

Oho, I know the riddle.—I will go.

[They begin to exit. Enter EDGAR dressed as a peasant.]

EDGAR, to Albany

If e'er your Grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

ALBANY, to those exiting

I'll overtake you.—Speak.
Both the armies exit.

EDGAR, giving him a paper

Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it. Wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion that will prove
What is avouchèd there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you.

ALBANY

Stay till I have read the letter.

EDGAR

I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry
And I'll appear again.

He exits.

ALBANY

Why, fare thee well. I will o'erlook thy paper.

[Enter EDMUND.]

EDMUND

The enemy's in view. Draw up your powers.

[Giving him a paper.]

Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery. But your haste
Is now urged on you.

ALBANY

We will greet the time.

He exits.

EDMUND

To both these sisters have I sworn my love,
Each jealous of the other as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? One? Or neither? Neither can be enjoyed
If both remain alive. To take the widow
Exasperates, makes mad her sister GONERIL

And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now, then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle, which, being done,
Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to LEAR and to CORDELIA,
The battle done and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon, for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

[He exits.]

Scene 2

Alarum within. Enter, with Drum and Colors, LEAR, CORDELIA, and Soldiers, over the stage, and exit. Enter EDGAR and GLOUCESTER.

EDGAR

Here, father, take the shadow of this tree

For your good host. Pray that the right may thrive.
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

GLOUCESTER

Grace go with you, sir.

EDGAR exits.
Alarum and Retreat within.
Enter EDGAR.

EDGAR

Away, old man. Give me thy hand. Away.
King LEAR hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en.
Give me thy hand. Come on.

GLOUCESTER

No further, sir. A man may rot even here.

EDGAR

What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence even as their coming hither.
Ripeness is all. Come on.

GLOUCESTER

And that's true too.

They exit.

Scene 3

Enter in conquest, with Drum and Colors, EDMUND; LEAR and CORDELIA as prisoners; Soldiers, Captain.

EDMUND

Some officers take them away. Good guard
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

CORDELIA, *to LEAR*

We are not the first
Who with best meaning have incurred the worst.
For thee, oppressèd king, I am cast down.
Myself could else outfrown false Fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

LEAR

No, no, no, no. Come, let's away to prison.
We two alone will sing like birds i' th' cage.
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down
And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live,

And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news, and we'll talk with them too—
Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out—
And take upon 's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies. And we'll wear out,
In a walled prison, packs and sects of great ones
That ebb and flow by th' moon.

EDMUND

Take them away.

LEAR

Upon such sacrifices, my CORDELIA,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven
And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes.
The good years shall devour them, flesh and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep. We'll see 'em starved first.
Come.

LEAR and CORDELIA exit, with Soldiers.

EDMUND

Come hither, captain. Hark.

Take thou this note.

Go follow them to prison.
One step I have advanced thee. If thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes. Know thou this: that men
Are as the time is; to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword. Thy great employment
Will not bear question. Either say thou 'lt do 't,
Or thrive by other means.

CAPTAIN

I'll do 't, my lord.

EDMUND

About it, and write "happy" when th' hast done.
Mark, I say, instantly, and carry it so
As I have set it down.

CAPTAIN

I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats.
If it be man's work, I'll do 't.Captain exits.

Flourish. Enter Albany, GONERIL, REGAN, Soldiers and a Captain.

ALBANY, to EDMUND

Sir, you have showed today your valiant strain,
And Fortune led you well. You have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife.
I do require them of you, so to use them
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

EDMUND

Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention and appointed guard,
Whose age had charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side
And turn our impressed lances in our eyes,
Which do command them. With him I sent the Queen,
My reason all the same, and they are ready
Tomorrow, or at further space, t' appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time
We sweat and bleed. The friend hath lost his friend,
And the best quarrels in the heat are cursed
By those that feel their sharpness.
The question of CORDELIA and her father
Requires a fitter place.

ALBANY

Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

REGAN

That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers,
Bore the commission of my place and person,
The which immediacy may well stand up
And call itself your brother.

GONERIL

Not so hot.
In his own grace he doth exalt himself
More than in your addition.

REGAN

In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

GONERIL

That were the most if he should husband you.

REGAN

Jesters do oft prove prophets.

GONERIL

Holla, holla!
That eye that told you so looked but asquint.

REGAN

Lady, I am not well, else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach.

To EDMUND.

General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony.
Dispose of them, of me; the walls is thine.
Witness the world that I create thee here
My lord and master.

GONERIL

Mean you to enjoy him?

ALBANY

The let-alone lies not in your goodwill.

EDMUND

Nor in thine, lord.

ALBANY

Half-blooded fellow, yes.

REGAN, *to EDMUND*

Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.

ALBANY

Stay yet, hear reason.—EDMUND, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thine attaint,
This gilded serpent.—For your claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife.
'Tis she is subcontracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your banns.
If you will marry, make your loves to me.
My lady is bespoke.

GONERIL

An interlude!

ALBANY

Thou art armed, GLOUCESTER. Let the trumpet sound.
If none appear to prove upon thy person
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge.He

throws down a glove.
I'll make it on thy heart,

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaimed thee.

REGAN

Sick, O, sick!

GONERIL, *aside*

If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine.

EDMUND

There's my exchange.

He throws down a glove.

What in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies.
Call by the trumpet. He that dares approach,
On him, on you, who not, I will maintain
My truth and honor firmly.

ALBANY

A herald, ho!

EDMUND

A herald, ho, a herald!

ALBANY

Trust to thy single virtue, for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

REGAN

My sickness grows upon me.

ALBANY

She is not well. Convey her to my tent.

REGAN is helped to exit.

Enter a Herald.

Come hither, herald. Let the trumpet sound,
And read out this.

He hands the Herald a paper.

CAPTAIN

Sound, trumpet!

A trumpet sounds.

HERALD reads.

If any man of quality or degree, within the lists of the army, will maintain upon EDMUND, supposed Earl of GLOUCESTER, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet. He is bold in his defense.

First trumpet sounds.

HERALD

Again!

Second trumpet sounds.

HERALD

Again!

Third trumpet sounds.
Trumpet answers within.

Enter EDGAR armed.

ALBANY, to Herald

Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' th' trumpet.

HERALD

What are you?
Your name, your quality, and why you answer
This present summons?

EDGAR

Know my name is lost,
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit.
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope.

ALBANY

Which is that adversary?

EDGAR

What's he that speaks for EDMUND, Earl of GLOUCESTER?

EDMUND

Himself. What sayest thou to him?

EDGAR

Draw thy sword,
That if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice. Here is mine.

Behold, it is my privilege, the privilege of mine honors,
My oath, and my profession. I protest,
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,
Despite thy victor-sword and fire-new fortune,
Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a traitor,
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father,
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince,
And from th' extremest upward of thy head
To the descent and dust below thy foot,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou "no,"
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

EDMUND

In wisdom I should ask thy name,
But since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes,
What

safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn.
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head,
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart,
Which, for they yet glance by and scarcely bruise,
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest forever. Trumpets, speak!

He draws his sword.

Alarums. Fights. EDMUND falls, wounded.

ALBANY, to EDGAR

Save him, save him!

GONERIL

This is practice,

GLOUCESTER.

By th' law of war, thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite. Thou art not vanquished,
But cozened and beguiled.

ALBANY

Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stopple it.—Hold, sir.—
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil.
No tearing, lady. I perceive you know it.

GONERIL

Say if I do; the laws are mine, not thine.
Who can arraign me for 't?

ALBANY

Most monstrous! O!
Know'st thou this paper?

GONERIL

Ask me not what I know.

She exits.

ALBANY

Go after her, she's desperate. Govern her.

A Soldier exits.

EDMUND, to EDGAR

What you have charged me with, that have I done,
And more, much more. The time will bring it out.
'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou
That hast this fortune on me? If thou 'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.

EDGAR

Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art,

EDMUND;

If more, the more th' hast wronged me.
My name is EDGAR and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us.
The dark and vicious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes.

EDMUND

Th' hast spoken right. 'Tis true.
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.
ALBANY, to

EDGAR

Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness. I must embrace thee.
Let sorrow split my heart if ever I
Did hate thee or thy father!

EDGAR

Worthy prince, I know 't.

ALBANY

Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?

EDGAR

By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale,
And when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!
The bloody proclamation to escape
That followed me so near—O, our lives' sweetness,
That we the pain of death would hourly die
Rather than die at once!—taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags, t' assume a semblance
That very dogs disdained, and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begged for him, saved him from despair.
Never—O fault!—revealed myself unto him
Until some half hour past, when I was armed.
Not sure, though hoping of this good success,
I asked his blessing, and from first to last
Told him our pilgrimage. But his flawed heart
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

EDMUND

This speech of yours hath moved me,
And shall perchance do good. But speak you on.
You look as you had something more to say.

ALBANY

If there be more, more woeful, hold it in,
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

EDGAR

This would have seemed a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more
And top extremity. Whilst I
Was big in clamor, came there in a man
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunned my abhorred society; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endured, with his strong arms
He fastened on my neck and bellowed out
As he'd burst heaven, threw himon my father,
Told the most piteous tale of LEAR and him
That ever ear received, which, in recounting,
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack. Twice then the trumpets sounded,
And there I left him tranced.

ALBANY

But who was this?

EDGAR

KENT, sir, the banished Kent, who in disguise
Followed his enemy king and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a GENTLEMAN with a bloody knife.

GENTLEMAN

Help, help, O, help!

EDGAR

What kind of help?

ALBANY, to GENTLEMAN

Speak, man!

EDGAR

What means this bloody knife?

GENTLEMAN

'Tis hot, it smokes! It came even from the heart
Of—O, she's dead!

ALBANY

Who dead? Speak, man.

GENTLEMAN

Your lady, sir, your lady. And her sister
By her is poisoned. She confesses it.

EDMUND

I was contracted to them both. All three
Now marry in an instant.

EDGAR

Here comes Kent.

Enter Kent.

ALBANY, to the GENTLEMAN

Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead.

GENTLEMAN exits.

This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. O, is this he?

To KENT.

The time will not allow the compliment
Which very manners urges.

KENT

I am come

To bid my king and master aye goodnight.
Is he not here?

ALBANY

Great thing of us forgot!
Speak,

EDMUND,

where's the King? And where's CORDELIA?

GONERIL and REGAN's bodies brought out.

Seest thou this object, Kent?

KENT

Alack, why thus?

EDMUND

Yet EDMUND was beloved.
The one the other poisoned for my sake,
And after slew herself.

ALBANY

Even so.—Cover their faces.

EDMUND

I pant for life. Some good I mean to do
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send—
Be brief in it—to th' castle, for my writ
Is on the life of LEAR, and on CORDELIA.
Nay, send in time.

ALBANY

Run, run, O, run!

EDGAR

To who, my lord?

To EDMUND.

Who has the office?
Send
Thy token of reprieve.

EDMUND

Well thought on. Take my sword. Give it the
Captain.

EDGAR, to a Soldier

Haste thee for thy life.

The Soldier exits with EDMUND's sword.

EDMUND, to ALBANY

He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang CORDELIA in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.

ALBANY

The gods defend her!—Bear him hence awhile.

EDMUND is carried off.

Enter LEAR with CORDELIA in his arms, followed by a GENTLEMAN.

LEAR

Howl, howl, howl! O, you are men of stones!
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone forever.
I know when one is dead and when one lives.
She's dead as earth.—Lend me a looking glass.
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

KENT

Is this the promised end?

EDGAR

Or image of that horror?

ALBANY

Fall and cease.

LEAR

This feather stirs. She lives. If it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

KENT

O, my good master—

LEAR

Prithee, away.

EDGAR

'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

LEAR

A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have saved her. Now she's gone forever.—

CORDELIA, CORDELIA, stay a little. Ha!
What is 't thou sayst?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I killed the slave that was a-hanging thee.

GENTLEMAN

'Tis true, my lords, he did.

LEAR

Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made him skip. I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.

To KENT.

Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' th' best. I'll tell you straight.

KENT

If Fortune brag of two she loved and hated,
One of them we behold.

LEAR

This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?

KENT

The same,
Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?

LEAR

He's a good fellow, I can tell you that.
He'll strike and quickly too. He's dead and rotten.

KENT

No, my good lord, I am the very man—

LEAR

I'll see that straight.
KENT

That from your first of difference and decay
Have followed your sad steps.

LEAR

You are welcome hither.

KENT

Nor no man else. All's cheerless, dark, and deadly.
Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,
And desperately are dead.

LEAR

Ay, so I think.

ALBANY

He knows not what he says, and vain is it
That we present us to him.

EDGAR

Very bootless.

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER

EDMUND is dead, my lord.

ALBANY

That's but a trifle here.—
You lords and noble friends, know our intent:
What comfort to this great decay may come
Shall be applied. For us, we will resign,
During the life of this old Majesty,
To him our absolute power; you to your rights,
With boot and such addition as your Honors
Have more than merited. All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings. O, see, see!

LEAR

And my poor fool is hanged. No, no, no life?
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou 'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never.—
Pray you undo this button. Thank you, sir.
Do you see this? Look on her, look, her lips,
Look there, look there!

He dies.

EDGAR

He faints.

To LEAR.

My lord, my lord!

KENT

Break, heart, I prithee, break!

EDGAR

Look up, my lord.

KENT

Vex not his ghost. O, let him pass! He hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

EDGAR

He is gone indeed.

KENT

The wonder is he hath endured so long.
He but usurped his life.

ALBANY

Bear them from hence. Our present business
Is general woe.

To EDGAR and Kent.

Friends of my
soul, you twain
Rule in this realm, and the gored state sustain.

KENT

I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls me. I must not say no.

EDGAR

The weight of this sad time we must obey,
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most; we that are young
Shall never see so much nor live so long.
They exit with a dead march.

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3: THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY - THE AGE OF REVOLUTION (1603-1688)

Learning Objectives

After reading this chapter, you will be able to:

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

3.1: Introduction

3.2: Recommended Reading

3.3: John Donne (1572-1631)

3.3.1: The Good Morrow

3.3.2: The Sun Rising

3.3.3: The Indifferent

3.3.4: Break of Day

3.3.5: Love's Alchemy

3.3.6: The Flea

3.3.7: A Valediction- Forbidding Mourning

3.3.8: Holy Sonnet 3

3.3.9: Holy Sonnet 4

3.3.10: Holy Sonnet 5

3.3.11: Holy Sonnet 10

3.3.12: Devotions Upon Emergent Occasions- Meditation 17

3.3.13: Reading and Review Questions

3.4: Aemilia Lanyer (1569-1645)

3.4.1: Salve Deus Rex Judaeorum

3.4.2: Reading and Review Questions

3.5: Ben Jonson (1572-1637)

3.6: Robert Herrick (1591-1674)

3.7: Andrew Marvell (1621-1678)

3.8: Margaret Cavendish, the Duchess of Newcastle (1623-1673)

3.09: John Milton (1608-1674)

3.10: John Dryden (1631-1700)

3.11: Samuel Pepys (1633-1703)
3.12: Key Terms

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3.1: Introduction

Upon Elizabeth I's death, James IV of Scotland (1566-1624) became James I of England. Even though James I espoused the divine right of kings, his power was limited by Parliament, a powerful and persistent representative institution. Even under Henry VIII and Elizabeth I, Parliament was called to vote on the most arbitrary laws, including tax laws. The House of Commons, also, had and retained the power of the purse, even when the sovereign packed Commons with favorites. Consequently, Commons exercised a challenge to the sovereign's freedom of action. The Parliament kept their power in England: the sovereign could not make laws without votes of the House of Lords and Commons. To some extent, the Gunpowder Plot of 1605 demonstrated the importance and power of Parliament. The plot was to assassinate James I, who was brought up as a Protestant, by blowing up the House of Lords during the State Opening of Parliament.

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

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



Image 3.1 | The Execution of Charles I
Artist | Unknown
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Cromwell was a complex man: crafty, ruthless, and cruel; generous and noble. He was a Puritan of liberal policies. He often emerged from a bout of prayer convinced of God's will and his own. He made many mistakes and often hated what he did, including placing England under martial law. He raged against his generals who carried this law to extremes. He wanted a

Parliament, but he couldn't get it to accede to his wishes, so he dismissed it. In 1658, he died during thunder and rain: a good end for such a stormy character. Death came to his assistance, as he feared that he had done England wrong. His son Richard was incapable of ruling the country, so Cromwell's generals suggested bringing back the monarchy.

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

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

James II's first wife, the commoner Anne Hyde, died in 1671. James II came into power with the assumption that his successor would be Mary, who was Protestant. After his wife's death, however, James II married the Roman Catholic Mary of Modena, an Italian princess. Fear and resentment grew against James II. A revolt under Charles II's illegitimate son, James Scott, 1st Duke of Monmouth (1649-1685) was put down cruelly. James II refused to abide by the Test Act, appointing Roman Catholics to military command without requiring them first to take the Supremacy oath. When Parliament criticized this behavior, James II dismissed Parliament, ordering it never to meet again during his reign. In 1688, James II's wife gave birth to James Francis Edward (d. 1766), who would likely entail a Roman Catholic succession. A conspiracy arose that led to Mary's husband, William of Orange's, being invited to invade England and overthrow Charles II. After losing the support of his army and nobility, Charles II fled to France.

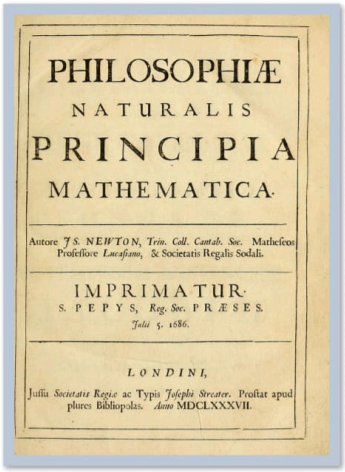

PHILOSOPHIÆ
NATURALIS
PRINCIPIA
MATHEMATICA
Autore *Is. NEWTON, Trin. Coll. Cantab. Soc.* Matheseos Professore *Lucasiano*, & Societatis Regalis Sodali.
IMPRIMATUR
S. PEPYS, *Reg. Soc.* PRÆSES.
Julii 5. 1686.
LONDINI,
Juſſu *Societatis Regiæ* ac Typis *Joſephi Streater*. Proſtat apud plures Bibliopolas. *Anno* MDCLXXXVII.

Image 3.2 | Title Page of *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica*, first edition (1687)
Author | Isaac Newton
Source | Wikimedia Commons
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One year previously, Sir Isaac Newton's (1632-1727) Philosophia Naturalis Principia Mathematica marked an intellectual revolution sparked by the Reformation and the Protestant affirmation of individual conscience over authority. This authority of the individual was further promoted by the disappearance of the old guild system—the guild being an association of merchants that straitjacketed industry—that led to economic individualism, with the individual demanding to be left alone in working out their economic salvation. This economic individualism, combined with the growing religious individualism,

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

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

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

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

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3.2: Recommended Reading

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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3.3: John Donne (1572-1631)



Image 3.3 | John Donne
Artist | Unknown
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John Donne was born into a family of devout Roman Catholics at a time when Roman Catholics were greatly persecuted in England. His mother, Elizabeth, came from a family related to Thomas More. One of Donne's uncles, who was a Jesuit, was imprisoned, sentenced to death, and exiled for heading a clandestine mission in England. Donne's brother Henry was arrested for harboring a priest; Henry died of the plague in Newgate Prison. In effect, Donne was a member of a minority group. His family was wealthy enough to afford Donne the Grand Tour, but he was hindered by his religious faith.

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

As a writer, Donne was both unique and original. He was a seeker, always accepting and rejecting ideas. He took a skeptical approach to reality, using awkward meter and a jumble of allusions and objects in his poems. Instead of perpetuating what he felt was the trite blandness of the typical Elizabethan metaphor in which a lady was described as a "fair flower," her lips like rubies and her hair like gold, Donne used striking images and the metaphysical conceit, that is, a less ornamental but still often extravagant metaphor which points out an unusual parallel between what are usually highly dissimilar elements. He forces his readers to accept his conceits by surprising them with their aptness or causing them to see new details in an accepted analogy. Donne's poems include a series of heterogeneous objects yoked masterfully, even violently, together. For he had an intellectual avidity, a hunger for the Absolute that would resolve all (often conflicting) particulars. For a time, love seemed to be that Absolute, that would make his "circle just" ("A Valediction Forbidding Mourning," 35).

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

Donne (re)pieced together a career by writing anti-Catholic treatises, all the while hoping for political preferment. He was befriended by Sir Robert Drury, whom he accompanied to the Continent and who allowed Donne's family a home on the Drury estate. He was offered a job as a benefice for the church, which he refused. Realizing that his only path to advancement lay in the Church of England, Donne converted to Anglicanism. Anne Donne died in 1617; Donne was ordained as a priest and became Dean of Saint Paul's Cathedral in 1621. He was a powerful preacher at a time when sermons were given extraordinary attention. Besides

sermons, Donne wrote translations, elegies, satires, and holy sonnets devoted to God, the great Absolute that translates “all our scattered leaves” into an open book, made perfect before God (Meditation 17).

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



Image 3.4 | John Donne in his Shroud
Artist | Martin Droeshout
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Donne's Works

3.04.01: The Good-Morrow

3.04.02: The Sun Rising

3.04.03: The Indifferent

3.04.04: Break of Day

3.04.05: Love's Alchemy

3.04.06: The Flea

3.04.07: A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning

3.04.08: Holy Sonnet 3

3.04.09: Holy Sonnet 4

3.04.10: Holy Sonnet 5

3.04.11: Holy Sonnet 10

3.04.12: *Devotions Upon Emergent Occasions: Meditation 17*

3.04.13: Reading and Review Questions

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3.3.1: The Good Morrow

(1633)

I WONDER by my troth, what thou and I

Did, till we loved? were we not wean'd till then?

But suck'd on country pleasures, childishly?

Or snorted we in the Seven Sleepers' den?

'Twas so; but this, all pleasures fancies be;

If ever any beauty I did see,

Which I desired, and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking souls,

Which watch not one another out of fear;

For love all love of other sights controls,

And makes one little room an everywhere.

Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone;

Let maps to other, worlds on worlds have shown;

Let us possess one world; each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,

And true plain hearts do in the faces rest;

Where can we find two better hemispheres

Without sharp north, without declining west?

Whatever dies, was not mix'd equally;

If our two loves be one, or thou and I

Love so alike that none can slacken, none can die.

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3.3.2: The Sun Rising

(1633)

BUSY old fool, unruly Sun,

Why dost thou thus,

Through windows, and through curtains, call on us?

Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run?

Saucy pedantic wretch, go chide

Late school-boys and sour prentices,

Go tell court-huntsmen that the king will ride,

Call country ants to harvest offices;

Love, all alike, no season knows nor clime,

Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of time.

Thy beams so reverend, and strong

Why shouldst thou think?

I could eclipse and cloud them with a wink,

But that I would not lose her sight so long.

If her eyes have not blinded thine,

Look, and to-morrow late tell me,

Whether both th' Indias of spice and mine

Be where thou left'st them, or lie here with me.

Ask for those kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,

And thou shalt hear, "All here in one bed lay."

She's all states, and all princes I;

Nothing else is;

Princes do but play us; compared to this,

All honour's mimic, all wealth alchemy.

Thou, Sun, art half as happy as we,

In that the world's contracted thus;

Thine age asks ease, and since thy duties be

To warm the world, that's done in warming us.

Shine here to us, and thou art everywhere;

This bed thy center is, these walls thy sphere.

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3.3.3: The Indifferent

(1633)

I CAN love both fair and brown;

Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want betrays;

Her who loves loneness best, and her who masks and plays;

Her whom the country form'd, and whom the town;

Her who believes, and her who tries;

Her who still weeps with spongy eyes,

And her who is dry cork, and never cries.

I can love her, and her, and you, and you;

I can love any, so she be not true.

Will no other vice content you?

Will it not serve your turn to do as did your mothers?

Or have you all old vices spent, and now would find out others?

Or doth a fear that men are true torment you?

O we are not, be not you so;

Let me—and do you—twenty know;

Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go.

Must I, who came to travel thorough you,

Grow your fix'd subject, because you are true?

Venus heard me sigh this song;

And by love's sweetest part, variety, she swore,

She heard not this till now; and that it should be so no more.

She went, examined, and return'd ere long,

And said, "Alas! some two or three

Poor heretics in love there be,

Which think to stablish dangerous constancy.

But I have told them, 'Since you will be true,

You shall be true to them who're false to you.'"

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3.3.4: Break of Day

(1633)

'TIS true, 'tis day; what though it be?

O, wilt thou therefore rise from me?

Why should we rise because 'tis light?

Did we lie down because 'twas night?

Love, which in spite of darkness brought us hither,

Should in despite of light keep us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye;

If it could speak as well as spy,

This were the worst that it could say,

That being well I fain would stay,

And that I loved my heart and honour so

That I would not from him, that had them, go

Must business thee from hence remove?

O! that's the worst disease of love,

The poor, the foul, the false, love can

Admit, but not the busied man.

He which hath business, and makes love, doth do

Such wrong, as when a married man doth woo.

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3.3.5: Love’s Alchemy

(1633)

Some that have deeper digg’d love’s mine than I,

Say, where his centric happiness doth lie.

I have loved, and got, and told,

But should I love, get, tell, till I were old,

I should not find that hidden mystery.

O! ’tis imposture all;

And as no chemic yet th’ elixir got,

But glorifies his pregnant pot,

If by the way to him befall

Some odoriferous thing, or medicinal,

So, lovers dream a rich and long delight,

But get a winter-seeming summer’s night.

Our ease, our thrift, our honour, and our day,

Shall we for this vain bubble’s shadow pay?

Ends love in this, that my man

Can be as happy as I can, if he can

Endure the short scorn of a bridegroom’s play?

That loving wretch that swears,

’Tis not the bodies marry, but the minds,

Which he in her angelic finds,

Would swear as justly, that he hears,

In that day’s rude hoarse minstrelsy, the spheres.

Hope not for mind in women; at their best,

Sweetness and wit they are, but mummy, possess’d.

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3.3.6: The Flea

(1633)

Mark but this flea, and mark in this,

How little that which thou deniest me is;

It suck’d me first, and now sucks thee,

And in this flea our two bloods mingled be.

Thou know’st that this cannot be said

A sin, nor shame, nor loss of maidenhead;

Yet this enjoys before it woo,

And pamper’d swells with one blood made of two;

And this, alas! is more than we would do.

O stay, three lives in one flea spare,

Where we almost, yea, more than married are.

This flea is you and I, and this

Our marriage bed, and marriage temple is.

Though parents grudge, and you, we’re met,

And cloister’d in these living walls of jet.

Though use make you apt to kill me,

Let not to that self-murder added be,

And sacrilege, three sins in killing three.

Cruel and sudden, hast thou since

Purpled thy nail in blood of innocence?

Wherein could this flea guilty be,

Except in that drop which it suck’d from thee?

Yet thou triumph’st, and say’st that thou

Find’st not thyself nor me the weaker now.

’Tis true; then learn how false fears be;

Just so much honour, when thou yield’st to me,

Will waste, as this flea’s death took life from thee.

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3.3.7: A Valediction- Forbidding Mourning

(1633)

As virtuous men pass mildly away,

And whisper to their souls to go,

Whilst some of their sad friends do say,

“Now his breath goes,” and some say, “No.”

So let us melt, and make no noise,

No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move;

’Twere profanation of our joys

To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th’ earth brings harms and fears;

Men reckon what it did, and meant;

But trepidation of the spheres,

Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers’ love

—Whose soul is sense—cannot admit

Of absence, ’cause it doth remove

The thing which elemented it.

But we by a love so much refined,

That ourselves know not what it is,

Inter-assurèd of the mind,

Care less, eyes, lips and hands to miss.

Our two souls therefore, which are one,

Though I must go, endure not yet

A breach, but an expansion,

Like gold to aery thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so

As stiff twin compasses are two;

Thy soul, the fix’d foot, makes no show

To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And though it in the centre sit,

Yet, when the other far doth roam,

It leans, and hearkens after it,

And grows erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,

Like th' other foot, obliquely run;

Thy firmness makes my circle just

And makes me end where I begun.

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3.3.8: Holy Sonnet 3

(1635)

O! might those sighs and tears return again

Into my breast and eyes, which I have spent,

That I might in this holy discontent

Mourn with some fruit, as I have mourn'd in vain.

In mine Idolatry what showers of rain

Mine eyes did waste? what griefs my heart did rent?

That sufferance was my sin, I now repent;

'Cause I did suffer, I must suffer pain.

Th' hydroptic drunkard, and night-scouting thief,

The itchy lecher, and self-tickling proud

Have the remembrance of past joys, for relief

Of coming ills. To poor me is allow'd

No ease; for long, yet vehement grief hath been

Th' effect and cause, the punishment and sin.

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3.3.9: Holy Sonnet 4

(1635)

O, my black soul, now thou art summoned

By sickness, Death’s herald and champion;

Thou’rt like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done

Treason, and durst not turn to whence he’s fled;

Or like a thief, which till death’s doom be read,

Wisheth himself deliver’d from prison,

But damn’d and haled to execution,

Wisheth that still he might be imprisoned.

Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lack;

But who shall give thee that grace to begin?

O, make thyself with holy mourning black,

And red with blushing, as thou art with sin;

Or wash thee in Christ’s blood, which hath this might,

That being red, it dyes red souls to white.

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3.3.10: Holy Sonnet 5

(1635)

I am a little world made cunningly

Of elements, and an angelic sprite;

But black sin hath betray'd to endless night

My world's both parts, and, O, both parts must die.

You which beyond that heaven which was most high

Have found new spheres, and of new land can write,

Pour new seas in mine eyes, that so I might

Drown my world with my weeping earnestly,

Or wash it if it must be drown'd no more.

But O, it must be burnt; alas! the fire

Of lust and envy burnt it heretofore,

And made it fouler; let their flames retire,

And burn me, O Lord, with a fiery zeal

Of Thee and Thy house, which doth in eating heal.

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3.3.11: Holy Sonnet 10

(1633)

Death be not proud, though some have callèd thee

Mighty and dreadfull, for, thou art not so,

For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow

Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill me.

From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures bee,

Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,

And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,

Rest of their bones, and soules deliverie.

Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,

And dost with poyson, warre, and sicknesse dwell,

And poppie, or charmes can make us sleepe as well,

And better than thy stroake; why swell'st thou then;

One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally,

And death shall be no more, death, thou shalt die.

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3.3.12: Devotions Upon Emergent Occasions- Meditation 17

(1624)

Nunc Lento Sonitu Dicunt, Morieris

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

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

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

The bell doth toll for him that thinks it doth; and though it intermit again, yet from that minute that this occasion wrought upon him, he is united to God. Who casts not up his eye to the sun when it rises? but who takes off his eye from a comet when that breaks out? Who bends not his ear to any bell which upon any occasion rings? but who can remove it from that bell which is passing a piece of himself out of this world?

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

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

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3.3.13: Reading and Review Questions

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

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3.4: Aemilia Lanyer (1569-1645)



Image 3.5 | Aemilia Lanyer
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Little is known about Aemilia Lanyer's childhood and early youth. She writes of having lived for a while in the household of Susan Bertie, Countess of Kent (b. 1554). As with most women of that time, Lanyer's career was expected to be marriage. And she was married to Alfonso Lanyer, a musician and soldier, but only after having had an affair with Henry Cary, 1st Baron Hunsdon (1526-1596), a member of Elizabeth I's court and patron of the arts. An ensuing pregnancy determined her future in her marriage to Alfonso Lanyer.

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

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

Lanyer's *Salve* fits with religious poetry, a genre deemed acceptable for women, but it takes a different focus and attitude than conventional religious poetry. She defends Eve; she animates the tears of the Daughters of Jerusalem; she gives an authentic voice to the Virgin Mary's sorrow. And she exculpates women from Christ's crucifixion. This focus may align with her intended audience, delineated in the verses dedicated to all virtuous ladies and gentlewomen, including Princess Elizabeth, Lady Arabella Stuart (1575-1615), and the Countesses of Cumberland (1560-1616) and of Kent (1582-1651). Lanyer exhorts her audience to speak well of all women and not to fall into the institutionalized—cultural and religious— misogyny of the age. This dedication and its implicit plea for patronage seems to be the first such written by a woman—the very word "patronage," suggests male claims. And in her poetry, Lanyer works within the gendered hierarchical frame of her era but reverses values when she upholds not only herself but also Eve, Pilate's wife, and other Biblical figures as true Christians and conveyers of Christ's message.

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

or pension. She died in 1645 and was buried at Clerkenwell.

Lanyer's Works

3.05.01: *Salve Deus Rex Judaeorum*

3.05.02: Reading and Review Questions

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3.4.1: Salve Deus Rex Judaeorum

(1611)

To the Queenes most Excellent Majestie.

Renowned Empresse, and great Britaines Queene,

Most gratious Mother of succeeding Kings;

Vouchsafe to view that which is seldome seene,

A Womans writing of diuinest things:

Reade it faire Queene, though it defectiue be,

Your Excellence can grace both It and Mee.

For you haue rifled Nature of her store,

And all the Goddesses haue dispossest

Of those rich gifts which they enioy'd before,

But now great Queene, in you they all doe rest.

If now they striued for the golden Ball,

Paris would giue it you before them all.

From Iuno you haue State and Dignities,

From warlike Pallas, Wisdome, Fortitude;

And from faire Venus all her excellencies,

With their best parts your Highnesse is indu'd:

How much are we to honor those that springs

From such rare beauty, in the blood of Kings?

The Muses doe attend vpon your Throne,

With all the Artists at your becke and call;

The Syluane Gods, and Satyres euery one,

Before your faire triumphant Chariot fall:

And shining Cynthia with her nymphs attend

To honour you, whose Honour hath no end.

From your bright spheare of greatnes where you sit,

Reflecting light to all those glorious stars

That wait vpon your Throane; To virtue yet

Vouchsafe that splendor which my meannesse bars:

Be like faire Phoebe, who doth loue to grace

The darkest night with her most beauteous face.

Apollo’s beames doe comfort euery creature,

And shines vpon the meanest things that be;

Since in Estate and Virtue none is greater,

I humbly wish that yours may light on me:

That so these rude vnpollisht lines of mine,

Graced by you, may seeme the more diuine.

Looke in this Mirrour of a worthy Mind,

Where some of your faire Virtues will appeare:

Though all it is impossible to find,

Vnlesse my Glasse were chrystall, or more cleare:

Which is dym steele, yet full of spotlesse truth,

And for one looke from your faire eyes it su’th.

Here may your sacred Maistie behold

That mightie Monarch both of heau’n and earth,

He that all Nations of the world controld,

Yet tooke our flesh in base and meanest berth:

Whose daies were spent in pouerty and sorrow,

And yet all Kings their wealth of him do borrow.

For he is Crowne and Crowner of all Kings,

The hopeful hauen of the meaner sort,

It is he that all our ioyfull tidings brings

Of happie raigne within his royall Court:

It is he that in extremity can giue

Comfort to them that haue no time to liue.

And since my wealth within his Region stands,

And that his Crosse my chiefest comfort is,

Yea in his kingdome onely rests my lands,

Of honour there I hope I shall not misse:

Though I on earth doe liue vnfortunate,

Yet there I may attaine a better state.

In the meane time, accept most gratious Queene

This holy worke, Virtue presents to you,

In poore apparell, shaming to be seene,

Or once t'appeare in your iudiciall view:

But that faire Virtue, though in meane attire,

All Princes of the world doe most desire.

And sith all royall virtues are in you,

The Naturall, the Morall, and Diuine,

I hope how plaine soeuer, beeing true,

You will accept euen of the meanest line

Faire Virtue yeelds; by whose rare gifts you are

So highly grac'd, t'exceed the fairest faire.

Behold, great Queene, faire Eues Apologie,

Which I haue writ in honour of your sexe,

And doe referre vnto your Maiestie,

To iudge if it agree not with the Text:

And if it doe, why are poore Women blam'd,

Or by more faultie Men so much defam'd?

And this great Lady I haue here attired,

In all her richest ornaments of Honour,

That you faire Queene, of all the world admired,

May take the more delight to looke vpon her:

For she must entertaine you to this Feast,

To which your Highnesse is the welcom'st guest.

For here I haue prepar'd my Paschal Lambe,

The figure of that liuing Sacrifice;

Who dying, all th'Infernall powres oercame,

That we with him t'Eternitie might rise:

This pretious Passeouer feed vpon, O Queene,

Let your faire Virtues in my Glasse be seene.

The Lady ELIZABETHS Grace

And she that is the patterne of all Beautie,

The very modell of your Maiestie,

Whose rarest parts enforceth Loue and Duty,

The perfect patterne of all Pietie:

O let my Booke by her faire eies be blest,

In whose pure thoughts all Innocency rests.

Then shall I think my Glasse a glorious Skie,

When two such glittring Suns at once appeare;

The one repleat with Sou'raigne Maiestie,

Both shining brighter than the clearest cleare:

And both reflecting comfort to my spirits,

To find their grace so much aboue my merits

Whose vntun'd voyce the dolefull notes doth sing

Of sad Affliction in an humble straine;

Much like vnto a Bird that wants a wing,

And cannot flie, but warbles forth her paine:

Or he that barred from the Suns bright light,

Wanting daies comfort, doth comend the night.

So I that liue clos'd vp in Sorrowes Cell,

Since greatElizaes fauour blest my youth;

And in the confines of all cares doe dwell,

Whose grieued eyes no pleasure euer view'th:

But in Christ's suffrings, such sweet taste they haue,

As makes me praise pale Sorrow and the Graue.

And this great Ladie whom I loue and honour,

And from my very tender yeeres haue knowne,

This holy habite still to take vpon her,

Still to remaine the same, and still her owne:

And what our fortunes doe enforce vs to,

She of Deuotion and meere Zeale doth do.

Which makes me thinke our heauy burden light,

When such a one as she will help to beare it:

Treading the paths that make our way go right,

What garment is so faire but she may weare it;

Especially for her that entertaines

A Glorious Queene, in whome all woorth remains.

Whose powre may raise my sad deiected Muse,

From this lowe Mansion of a troubled mind;

Whose princely fauour may such grace infuse,

That I may spread Her Virtues in like kind:

But in the triall of my slender skill,

I wanted knowledge to performe my will.

For euen as they that doe behold the Starres,

Not with the eie of Learning, but of Sight,

To find their motions, want of knowledge barres

Although they see them in their brightest light:

So, though I see the glory of her State,

Its she that must instruct and eleuate.

My weake distempred braine and feeble spirits,

Which all vnleaned haue aduentur'd, this

To write of Christ, and of his sacred merits,

Desiring that this Booke Her hands may kisse:

And though I be vnworthy of that grace,

Yet let her blessed thoghts this book imbrace.

And pardon me (faire Queene) though I presume,

To doe that which so many better can;

Not that I Learning to my selfe assume,

Or that I would compare with any man:

But as they are Scholers, and by Art do write,

So Nature yeelds my Soule a sad delight.

And since all Arts at first from Nature came,

That goodly Creature, Mother of Perfection,

Whom Ioues almighty hand at first did frame,

Taking both her and hers in his protection:

Why should not She now grace my barren Muse,

And in a Woman all defects excuse.

So peerelesse Princesse humbly I desire,

That your great wisedome would vouchsafe t'omit

All faults; and pardon if my spirits retire,

Leauing to ayme at what they cannot hit:

To write your worth, which no pen can expresse,

Were but t'ecclipse your Fame, and make it lesse.

To the Lady ELIZABETHS Grace.

Most gratious Ladie, faire ELIZABETH ,

Whose Name and Virtues puts vs still in mind,

Of her, of whom we are depriu'd by death;

The Phœnix of her age, whose worth did bind

All worthy minds so long as they haue breath,

In linkes of Admiration, loue and zeale,

To that deare Mother of our Common-weale.

Euen you faire Princesse next our famous Queene,

I doe inuite vnto this wholesome feast,

Whose goodly wisedome, though your yeares be greene,

By such good workes may daily be increast,

Though your faire eyes farre better Bookes haue seene;

Yet being the first fruits of a womans wit,

Vouchsafe you[r] fauour in accepting it.

To all vertuous Ladies in generall.

Each blessed Lady that in Virtue spends

Your pretious time to beautifie your soules;

Come wait on her whom winged Fame attends

And in hir hand the Booke where she inroules

Those high deserts that Maiestie commends:

Let this faire Queene not vnattended bee,

When in my Glasse she daines her selfe to see.

Put on your wedding garments euery one,

The Bridegroome stayes to entertaine you all;

Let Virtue be your guide, for she alone

Can leade you right that you can neuer fall;

And make no stay for feare he should be gone:

But fill your Lamps with oyle of burning zeale,

That to your Faith he may his Truth reueale.

Let all your roabes be purple scarlet white,

Those perfit colours purest Virtue wore,

Come dekt with Lillies that did so delight

To be preferr'd in Beauty, farre before

Wise Salomon in all his glory dight:

Whose royall roabes did no such pleasure yield,

As did the beauteous Lilly of the field.

Adorne your temples with faire

Daphnes crowne, The neuer changing

Laurel, alwaies greene; Let constant hope all worldly pleasures drowne,

In wise Mineruaes paths be alwaies seene;

Or with bright Cynthia, thogh faire Venus frown:

With Esop crosse the posts of euery doore,

Where Sinne would riot, making Virtue poore.

And let the Muses your companions be,

Those sacred sisters that on Pallas wait;

Whose Virtues with the purest minds agree,

Whose godly labours doe auoyd the baite

Of worldly pleasures, liuing alwaies free

From sword, from violence, and from ill report,

To those nine Worthies all faire mindes resort.

Annoynt your haire with Aarons pretious oyle,

And bring your palmes of vict'ry in your hands,

To ouercome all thoughts that would defile

The earthly circuit of your soules faire lands;

Let no dimme shadowes your cleare eyes beguile:

Sweet odours, mirrhe, gum, aloes, frankincense,

Present that King who di'd for your offence.

Behold, bright Titans shining chariot staies,

All deckt with flowers of the freshest hew,

Attended on by Age, Houres, Nights, and Daies,

Which alters not your beauty, but giues you

Much more, and crownes you with eternall praise:

This golden chariot wherein you must ride,

Let simple Doues, and subtill serpents guide.

Come swifter than the motion of the Sunne,

To be transfigur'd with our louing Lord,

Lest Glory end what Grace in you begun,

Of heau'nly riches make your greatest hoord,

In Christ all honour, wealth, and beautie's wonne:

By whose perfections you appeare more faire

Than Phœbus, if he seau'n times brighter were.

Gods holy Angels will direct your Doues,

And bring your Serpents to the fields of rest,

Where he doth stay that purchast all your loues

In bloody torments, when he di'd opprest,

There shall you find him in those pleasant groues

Of sweet Elizium, by the Well of Life,

Whose cristal springs do purge from worldly strife

Thus may you flie from dull and sensuall earth,

Whereof at first your bodies formed were,

That new regen'rate in a second berth,

Your blessed soules may liue without all feare,

Beeing immortall, subiect to no death:

But in the eie of heauen so highly placed,

That others by your virtues may be graced.

Where worthy Ladies I will leaue you all,

Desiring you to grace this little Booke;

Yet some of you me thinkes I heare to call

Me by my name, and bid me better looke,

Lest vnawares I in an error fall:

In generall tearmes, to place you with the rest,

Whom Fame commends to be the very best.

Tis true, I must confesse (O noble Fame)

There are a number honoured by thee,

Of which, some few thou didst recite by name,

And willd my Muse they should remembred bee;

Wishing some would their glorious Trophies frame:

Which if I should presume to vndertake,

My tired Hand for very feare would quake.

Onely by name I will bid some of those,

That in true Honors seate haue long bin placed,

Yea euen such as thou hast chiefly chose,

By whom my Muse may be the better graced;

Therefore, vnwilling longer time to lose,

I will inuite some Ladies that I know,

But chiefly those as thou hast graced so.

To the Ladie Lucie, Countesse of Bedford.

Me thinkes I see faire Virtue readie stand,

T’vnlocke the closet of your louely breast,

Holding the key of Knowledge in her hand,

Key of that Cabbine where your selfe doth rest,

To let him in, by whom her youth was blest:

The true-loue of your soule, your hearts delight,

Fairer than all the world in your cleare sight.

He that descended from celestiall glory,

To taste of our infirmities and sorrowes,

Whose heauenly wisdom read the earthly storie

Of fraile Humanity, which his godhead borrows[;]

Loe here he coms all stuck with pale deaths arrows:

In whose most pretious wounds your soule may reade

Saluation, while he (dying Lord) doth bleed.

You whose cleare Iudgement farre exceeds my skil,

Vouchsafe to entertaine this dying louer,

The Ocean of true grace, whose streames doe fill

All those with Ioy, that can his loue recouer;

About this blessed Arke bright Angels houer:

Where your faire soule may sure and safely rest,

When he is sweetly seated in your brest.

There may your thoughts as seruaunts to your heart,

Giue true attendance on this louely guest,

While he doth to that blessed bowre impart

Flowres of fresh comforts, decke that bed of rest,

With such rich beauties as may make it blest:

And you in whom all raritie is found,

May be with his eternall glory crownd.

To the Ladie ANNE, Countesse of Dorset.

To you I dedicate this worke of Grace,

This frame of Glory which I haue erected,

For your faire mind I hold the fittest place,

Where virtue should be setled & protected;

If highest thoughts true honor do imbrace,

And holy Wisdom is of them respected:

Then in this Mirrour let your faire eyes looke,

To view your virtues in this blessed Booke.

Blest by our Sauiors merits, not my skil,

Which I acknowledge to be very small;

Yet if the least part of his blessed

Will I haue perform'd, I count I haue done all:

One sparke of grace sufficient is to fill

Our Lampes with oyle, ready when he doth call

To enter with the Bridegroome to the feast,

Where he that is the greatest may be least.

Greatnesse is no sure frame to build vpon,

No worldly treasure can assure that place;

God makes both euen, the Cottage with the Throne,

All worldly honours there are counted base,

Those he holds deare, and reckneth as his owne,

Whose virtuous deeds by his [especiall] grace

Haue gain'd his loue, his kingdome, and his crowne,

Whom in the booke of Life he hath set downe.

Titles of honour which the world bestowes,

To none but to the virtous belong;

As beauteous bowres where true worth should repose,

And where his dwellings should be built most strong:

But when they are bestow'd vpon her foes,

Poore virtues friends indure the greatest wrong:

For they must suffer all indignity,

Vntill in heau'n they better graced be.

What difference was there when the world began,

Was it not Virtue that distinguisht all?

All sprang but from one woman and one man,

Then how doth Gentry come to rise and fall?

Or who is he that very rightly can

Distinguish of his birth, or tell at all,

In what meane state his Ancestors haue bin,

Before some one of worth did honour win?

Whose successors, although they beare his name,

Possessing not the riches of his minde,

How doe we know they spring out of the same

True stocke of honour, beeing not of that kind?

It is faire virtue gets immortall fame,

Tis that doth all loue and duty bind:

If he that much enjoyes, doth little good,

We may suppose he comes not of that blood.

Nor is he fit for honour, or command,

If base affections ouer-rules his mind;

Or that selfe-will doth carry such a hand,

As worldly pleasures haue the powre to blind

So as he cannot see, nor vnderstand

How to discharge that place to him assign'd:

Gods Stewards must for all the poore prouide,

If in Gods house they purpose to abide.

To the Ladie Margaret Countesse Dowager of Cumberland.

Right honourable and excellent Lady I may say with Saint Peter, Siluer nor gold haue I none, but such as I haue, that giue I you: for hauing neither rich pearles of India, no fine gold of Arabia, nor diamonds of inestimable value; neither those rich treasures, Arramaticall Gums, incense, and sweet odours, which were presented by those Kingly Philosophers to the babe Iesus, I present vnto you euen our Lord Iesus himselfe, whose infinit value is not to be comprehended within the weake imagination or wit of man: and as Saint Peter gaue health to the body, so I deliuer you the health of the soule; which is this most pretious pearle of all perfection, this rich diamond of deuotion, this perfect gold growing in the veines of that excellent earth of the most blessed Paradice, wherein our second Adam had his restlesse habitation. The sweet incense, balsums, odours, and gummes that flowes from that beautifull tree of Life, sprung from the roote of Iessie, which is so super-excellent, that it giueth grace to the meanest & most vnworthy hand that will vndertake to write thereof; neither can it receiue any blemish thereby: for as a right diamond can loose no whit of his beautie by the blacke foyle vnderneath it, neither by beeing placed in the darke, but retaines his naturall beauty and brightnesse shining in greater perfection than before, so this most pretious diamond, for beauty and riches exceeding all the most pretious diamonds and rich jewels of the world, can receiue no blemish, nor impeachment, by my vnworhty hand

writing; but wil with the Sunne retaine his owne brightnesse and most glorious lustre, though neuer so many blind eyes looke vpon him. Therefore good Madame, to the most perfect eyes of your vnderstanding, I deliuer the inestimable treasure of all elected soules, to bee perused at conuenient times; as also, the mirrour of your most worthy minde, which may remaine in the world many yeares longer than your Honour, or my selfe can liue, to be a light vnto those that come after, desiring to tread in the narrow path of virtue, that leads the way to heauen. In which way, I pray God send your Honour long to continue, that your light may so shine before men, that they may glorifie your father which is in Heauen: and that I and many others may follow you in the same tracke. So wishing you in this world all increase of health and honour, and in the world to come life euerlasting, I rest.

Salve Deus Rex Judaeorum.

Sith Cynthia is ascended to that rest

Of endlesse joy and true Eternitie,

That glorious place that cannot be exprest

By any wight clad in mortalitie,

In her almightie love so highly blest,

And crown'd with everlasting Sovraigntie;

Where Saints and Angells do attend her Throne,

And she gives glorie vnto God alone.

To thee great Countesse now I will applie

My Pen, to write thy never dying fame;

That when to Heav'n thy blessed Soul shall flie,

These lines on earth record thy reverend name:

And to this taske I meane my Muse to tie,

Though wanting skill I shall but purchase blame:

Pardon (deere Ladie) want of womens wit

To pen thy praise, when few can equall it.

And pardon (Madame) though I do not write

those praisefull lines of that delightfull place,

As you commaunded me in that faire night,

When shining Phœbe gave so great a grace,

Presenting Paradice to your sweet sight,

Vnfolding all the beauty of her face

With pleasant groues, hills, walks and stately trees,

Which pleasure with retired minds agrees,

Whose Eagles eyes behold the glorious Sunne

Of th'all-creating Providence, reflecting

His blessed beames on all by him, begunne;

Increasing, strengthning, guiding and directing

All worldly creatures their due course to runne,

Vnto His powrefull pleasure all subjecting:

And thou (deere Ladie) by his speciall grace,

In these his creatures dost behold his face.

Whose all-reviving beautie, yeelds such joyes

To thy sad Soule, plunged in waves of woe,

That worldly pleasures seemes to thee as toyes,

Onely thou seek'st Eternitie to know,

Respecting not the infinite annoyes

That Satan to thy well-staid mind can show;

Ne can he quench in thee, the Spirit of Grace,

Nor draw thee from beholding Heavens bright face.

Thy Mind so perfect by thy Maker fram'd,

No vaine delights can harbour in thy heart,

With his sweet loue, thou art so much inflam'd,

As of the world thou seem'st to have no part;

So, love him still, thou need'st not be asham'd,

Tis He that made thee, what thou wert, and art:

Tis He that dries all teares from Orphans eies,

And heares from heav'n the wofull widdows cries.

Tis He that doth behold thy inward cares,

And will regard the sorrowes of thy Soule;

Tis He that guides thy feet from Sathans snares,

And in his Wisedome, doth thy waies controule:

He through afflictions, still thy Minde prepares,

And all thy glorious Trialls will enroule:

That when darke daies of terror shall appeare,

Thou as the Sunne shalt shine; or much more cleare.

The Heav'ns shall perish as a garment olde,

Or as a vesture by the maker chang'd,

And shall depart, as when a skrowle is rolde;

Yet thou from him shalt neuer be estrang'd,

When He shall come in glory, that was solde

For all our sinnes; we happily are chang'd,

Who for our faults put on his righteousnesse,

Although full oft his Lawes we doe transgresse.

Long mai'st thou joy in this almightie love,

Long may thy Soule be pleasing in his sight,

Long mai'st thou have true comforts from above,

Long mai'st thou set on him thy whole delight,

And patiently endure when he doth proue,

Knowing that He will surely do thee right:

Thy patience, faith, long suffring, and thy love,

He will reward with comforts from above.

With Majestie and Honour is He clad,

And deck'd with lights as with a garment faire;

He joyes the Meeke, and makes the Mightie sad,

Pulls downe the Prowd, and doth the Humble reare:

Who sees this Bridegroome, never can be sad;

None lives that can his wondrous workes declare:

Yea, looke how farre the East is from the West,

So farre he sets our sinnes that have transgrest.

He rides vpon the wings of all the windes,

And spreads the heav'ns with his all powrefull hand;

Oh! who can loose when the Almightie bindes?

Or in his angry presence dares to stand?

He searcheth out the secrets of all mindes;

All those that feare him shall possesse the Land:

He is exceeding glorious to behold,

Auntient of Times; so faire and yet so old.

He of the watry Cloudes his Chariot frames,

And makes his blessed Angels powrefull Spirits,

His Ministers are fearefull fiery flames,

Rewarding all according to their merits;

The Righteous for an heritage he claimes,

And registers the wrongs of humble spirits:

Hills melt like wax, in presence of the Lord,

So do all sinners, in his sight abhorr'd.

He in the waters laies his chamber beames,

And cloudes of darkenesse compasse him about,

Consuming fire shall goe before in streames,

And burne vp all his en'mies round about:

Yet on these Iudgements [w]orldlings never dreames,

Nor of these daungers never stand in doubt:

While he shall rest within his holy Hill,

That lives and dies according to his Will.

But woe to them that double-hearted bee,

Who with their tongues the righteous Soules doe slay;

Bending their bowes to shoot at all they see,

With vpright hearts their Maker to obay;

And secretly doe let their arrowes flee,

To wound true hearted people any way:

The Lord wil roote them out that speake prowd things,

Deceitfull tongues are but false Slanders wings.

Froward are the vngodly from their berth,

No sooner borne, but they doe goe astray;

The Lord will roote them out from off the earth,

And give them to their en'mies for a pray,

As venemous as Serpents is their breath,

With poysned lies to hurt in what they may

The Innocent: who as a Dove shall flie

Vnto the Lord, that he his cause may trie.

The righteous Lord doth righteousnesse alow,

His countenance will behold the thing that's just;

Vnto the Meane he makes the Mightie bow,

And raiseth vp the Poore out of the dust:

Yet makes no count to vs, nor when, nor how,

But powres his grace on all, that puts their trust

In him: that never will their hopes betray,

Nor lets them perish that for mercie pray.

He shall within his Tabernacle dwell,

Whose life is vncorrupt before the Lord,

Who no vntrueths of Innocents doth tell,

Nor wrongs his neighbour, nor in deed, nor word,

Nor in his malice seems to swell,

Nor whets his tongue more sharper than a sword,

To wound the reputation of the Iust;

Nor seekes to lay their glorie in the Dust.

That great Iehova King of heav'n and earth,

Will raine downe fire and brimstone from above,

Vpon the wicked monsters in their berth

That storme and rage at those whom he doth love:

Snares, stormes, and tempests he will raine, and death,

Because he will himselfe almightie prove:

And this shall be their portion they shall drinke,

That thinkes the Lord is blind when he doth winke.

Pardon (good Madame) though I have digrest

From what I doe intend to write of thee,

To set his glorie forth whom thou lov'st best,

Whose wondrous works no mortall eie can see;

His speciall care on those whom he hath blest

From wicked worldlings, how he sets them free:

And how such people he doth overthrow

In all their waies, that they his powre may know.

The meditation of this Monarchs love,

Drawes thee from caring what this world can yield;

Of joyes and griefes both equall thou dost prove,

They have no force, to force thee from the field:

Thy constant faith like to the

Turtle Dove Continues combat, and will never yield

To base affliction; or prowd pomps desire,

That sets the weakest mindes so much on fire

Thou from the Court to the Countrie art retir'd,

Leaving the world, before the world leaves thee:

That great Enchantresse of weak mindes admir'd,

Whose all-bewitching charmes so pleasing be

To worldly wantons; and too much desir'd

Of those that care not for Eternitie:

But yeeld themselves as preys to Lust and Sinne,

Loosing their hopes of Heav'n Hell paines to winne.

But thou, the wonder of our wanton age

Leav'st all delights to serve a heav'nly King:

Who is more wise? or who can be more sage,

Than she that doth Affection subject bring;

Not forcing for the world, or Satans rage,

But shrowding vnder the Almighties wing;

Spending her yeares, moneths, daies, minutes, howres,

In doing service to the heav'nly powres.

Thou faire example, live without compare,

With Honours triumphs seated in thy breast;

Pale Envy never can thy name empaire,

When in thy heart thou harbour'st such a guest:

Malice must live for ever in dispaire;

There’s no revenge where Virtue still doth rest:

All hearts must needs do homage vnto thee,

In whom all eies such rare perfection see.

That outward Beautie which the world commends,

Is not the subject I will write vpon,

Whose date expir’d, that tyrant Time soone ends,

Those gawdie colours soone are spent and gone:

But those faire Virtues which on thee attends

Are alwaies fresh, they never are but one:

They make thy Beautie fairer to behold,

Than was that Queene for whom proud Troy was sold.

As for those matchlesse colours Red and White,

Or perfit features in a fading face,

Or due proportion pleasing to the sight;

All these doe draw but dangers and disgrace:

A mind enrich’d with Virtue, shines more bright,

Addes everlasting Beauty, gives true grace,

Frames an immortall Goddesse on the earth,

Who though she dies, yet Fame gives her new berth.

That pride of Nature which adornes the faire,

Like blasing Comets to allure all eies,

Is but the thred, that weaves their web of Care,

Who glories most, where most their danger lies;

For greatest perills do attend the faire,

When men do seeke, attempt, plot and devise,

How they may overthrow the chastest Dame,

Whose Beautie is the White whereat they aime.

Twas Beautie bred in Troy the ten yeares strife,

And carried Hellen from her lawfull Lord;

Twas Beautie made chaste Lucrece loose her life,

For which prowd Tarquins fact was so abhorr'd:

Beautie the cause Antonius wrong'd his wife,

Which could not be decided but by sword:

Great Cleopatraes Beautie and defects

Did worke Octaviaes wrongs, and his neglects.

What fruit did yeeld that faire forbidden tree,

But blood, dishonour, infamie, and shame?

Pore blinded Queene, could'st thou no better see,

But entertaine disgrace, instead of fame?

Doe these designes with Maiestie agree?

To staine thy blood, and blot thy royall name.

That heart that gave consent vnto this ill,

Did give consent that thou thy selfe should'st kill.

Faire Rosamund, the wonder of her time,

Had bin much fairer, had shee not bin faire;

Beautie betraid her thoughts, aloft to clime,

To build strong castles in vncertaine aire,

Where th'infection of a wanton crime

Did worke her falle, first poyson, then despaire,

With double death did kill her periur'd soule,

When heauenly Iustice did her sinne controule.

Holy Matilda in a haplesse houre

Was borne to sorrow and to discontent,

Beauty the cause that turn'd her Sweet to Sowre,

While Chastity sought Folly to preuent.

Lustfull King Iohn refus'd, did vse his powre,

By Fire and Sword, to compasse his content:

But Friends disgrace, nor Fathers banishment,

Nor Death it selfe, could purchase her consent.

Here Beauty in the height of all perfection,

Crown'd this faire Creatures euerlasting fame,

Whose noble minde did scorne the base subiection

Of Feares, or Fauours, to impaire her Name:

By heauenly grace, she had such true direction,

To die with Honour, not to liue in Shame;

And drinke that poyson with a cheerefull heart,

That could all Heavenly grace to her impart.

This Grace great Lady, doth possesse thy Soule,

And makes thee pleasing in thy Makers sight;

This Grace doth all imperfect Thoughts controule,

Directing thee to serue thy God aright;

Still reckoning him, the Husband of thy Soule,

Which is most pretious in his glorious sight:

Because the Worlds delights shee doth denie

For him, who for her sake vouchsaf'd to die.

And dying made her Dowager of all;

Nay more, Co-heire of that eternall blisse

That Angels lost, and We by Adams fall;

Meere Cast-awaies, rais'd by a Iudas kisse,

Christs bloody sweat, the Vinegar and Gall,

The Speare, Sponge, Nailes, his buffeting with Fists,

His bitter Passion, Agony, and Death,

Did gaine vs Heauen when He did loose his breath.

These high deserts inuites my lowely

Muse To write of Him, and pardon craue of thee,

For Time so spent, I need make no excuse,

Knowing it doth with thy faire Minde agree

So well, as thou no Labour wilt refuse,

That to thy holy Loue may pleasing be:

His Death and Passion I desire to write,

And thee to read, the blessed Soules delight.

But my deare Muse, now whither wouldst thou flie,

Aboue the pitch of thy appointed straine?

With Icarus, thou seekest now to trie,

Not waxen wings, but thy poore barren Braine,

Which farre too weake, these siely lines descrie;

Yet cannot this thy forward Mind restraine,

But thy poore Infant Verse must soare aloft,

Not fearing threatning dangers, happening oft.

Thinke when the eye of Wisdom shall discover

Thy weakling Muse to flie, that scarce could creepe,

And in the Ayre aboue the Clowdes to hover,

When better 'twere mued vp, and fast asleepe;

They'l thinke with Phaeton, thou canst ne'er recover,

But helplesse with that poore yong Lad to weepe:

The little World of thy weake Wit on fire,

Where thou wilt perish in thine owne desire.

But yet the Weaker thou dost seeme to be

In Sexe, or Sence, the more his Glory shines,

That doth infuze such powrefull Grace in thee,

To shew thy Love in these few humble Lines;

The Widowes Myte, with this may well agree,

Her litlle All more worth than golden mynes,

Beeing more deerer to our loving Lord,

Than all the wealth that Kingdoms could afford.

Therefore I humbly for his Grace will pray,

That he will give me Power and Strength to Write,

That what I haue begun, so end I may,

As his great Glory may appeare more bright;

Yea in these Lines I may no further stray,

Than his most holy Spirit shall giue me Light:

That blindest Weakenesse be not over-bold,

The manner of his Passion to vnfold.

In other Phrases than may well agree

With his pure Doctrine, and most holy Writ,

That Heavens cleare eye, and all the World may see,

I seeke his Glory, rather than to get

The Vulgars breath, the seed of Vanitie,

Nor Fames lowd Trumpet care I to admit;

But rather strive in plainest Words to showe,

The Matter which I seeke to vndergoe.

A Matter farre beyond my barren skill,

To shew with any Life this map of Death,

This Storie, that whole Worlds with Bookes would fill,

In these few Lines, will put me out of breath,

To run so swiftly vp this mightie Hill,

I may behold it with the eye of Faith;

But to present this pure vnspotted Lambe,

I must confesse, I farre vnworthy am.

Yet if he pleaseth t'illuminate my Spirit,

And giue me Wisdom from his holy Hill,

That I may Write part of his glorious Merit,

If he vouchsafe to guide my Hand and Quill,

To shew his Death, by which we doe inherit

Those endlesse Ioyes that all our hearts do fill;

Then will I tell of that sad blacke fac'd Night,

Whose mourning Mantle covered Heavenly Light.

That very Night our Saviour was betrayd,

Oh night! exceeding all the nights of sorrow,

When our most blessed Lord, although dismayd,

Yet would not he one Minutes respite borrow,

But to Mount Oliues went, though sore afraid,

To welcome Night, and entertaine the Morrow;

And as he oft vnto that place did goe,

So did he now, to meet his long nurst woe.

He told his deere Disciples, that they all

Should be offended by him that selfe night;

His Griefe was great, and theirs could not be small,

To part from him who was their sole Delight;

Saint Peter thought his Faith could neuer fall,

No mote could happen in so clear a sight:

Which made him say, Though all men were offended,

Yet would he never, though his life were ended.

But his deare Lord made answere, That before

The Cocke did crowe, he should deny him thrice;

This could not choose but grieue him very sore,

That his hot Loue should prooue more cold than Ice,

Denying him he did so much adore;

No imperfection in himselfe he spies,

But saith againe, with him hee'l surely die,

Rather than his deare Master once denie.

And all the rest (did likewise say the same)

Of his Disciples, at that instant time;

But yet poore Peter, he was most too blame,

That thought aboue them all; by Faith to clime;

His forward speech inflicted sinne and shame,

When Wisdoms eye did looke and checke his crime:

Who did foresee, and told him it before,

Yet would he needs auerre it more and more.

Now went our Lord vnto that holy place,

Sweet Gethsemaine hallowed by his presence,

That blessed Garden, which did now embrace

His holy corps, yet could make no defence

Against those Vipers, obiects of disgrace,

Which sought that pure eternall Loue to quench:

Here his Disciples willed he to stay,

Whilst he went further, where he meant to pray.

None were admitted with their Lord to goe,

But Peter, and the sonnes of Zebed'us,

To them good Iesus opened all his woe,

He gaue them leaue his sorrows to discusse,

His deepest griefes, he did not scorne to showe

These three deere friends, so much he did intrust:

Beeing sorrowfull, and ouercharg'd with griefe,

He told them, yet look'd for no reliefe.

Sweet Lord, how couldst thou thus to flesh and blood

Communicate thy griefe? tell of thy woes?

Thou knew'st they had no powre to doe thee good,

But were the cause thou must endure these blowes,

Beeing the Scorpions bred in Adams mud,

Whose poys'ned sinnes did worke among thy foes,

To re-ore-charge thy ouer-burd'ned soule,

Although the sorrowes now they doe condole.

Yet didst thou tell them of thy troubled state,

Of thy Soules heauinesse vnto the death,

So full of Loue, so free wert thou from hate,

To bid them stay, whose sinnes did stop thy breath.

When thou wert entring at so straite a gate,

Yea entring euen into the doore of Death,

Thou bidst them tarry there, and watch with thee,

Who from thy pretious blood-shed were not free.

Bidding them tarry, thou didst further goe,

To meet affliction in such gracefull sort,

As might mooue pitie both in friend and foe,

Thy sorrowes such, as none could them comport,

Such great Indurements who did euer know,

When to th'Almighty thou didst make resort?

And falling on thy face didst humbly pray,

If 'twere his Will that Cup might passe away.

Saying, Nor my will but thy will Lord be done.

When as thou prayedst an Angel did appeare

From Heauen, to comfort thee Gods onely Sonne,

That thou thy Suffrings might'st the better beare,

Beeing in an agony, thy glasse neere run.

Thou prayedst more earnestly, in so great feare,

That pretious sweat came trickling to the ground,

Like drops of blood thy sences to confound.

Loe here his Will, not thy will, Lord, was done,

And thou content to vndergoe all paines;

Sweet Lambe of God, his deare beloved Sonne,

By this great purchase, what to thee remaines?

Of Heaven and Earth thou hast a Kingdom wonne,

Thy Glory beeing equall with thy Gaines,

In ratifying Gods promise on th'earth,

Made many hundred yeares before thy berth.

But now returning to thy sleeping Friends,

That could not watch one houre for love of thee,

Even those three Friends, which on thy Grace depends,

Yet shut, those Eies that should their Maker see;

What colour, what excuse, or what amends

From thy Displeasure now can set them free?

Yet thy pure Pietie bids them Watch and Pray,

Lest in Temptation they be led away.

Although the Spirit was willing to obay,

Yet what great weaknesse in the Flesh was found!

They slept in Ease, whilst thou in Paine didst pray;

Loe, they in Sleepe, and thou in Sorow drown'd:

Yet Gods right Hand was vnto thee a stay,

When horror, griefe, and sorow did abound:

His Angel did appeare from Heaven to thee,

To yeeld thee comfort in Extremitie.

But what could comfort them thy troubled Minde,

When Heaven and Earth were both against thee bent?

And thou no hope, no ease, no rest could'st finde,

But must restore that Life, which was but lent;

Was ever Creature in the World so kinde,

But he that from Eternitie was sent?

To satisfie for many Worlds of Sinne,

Whose matchlesse Torments did but then begin.

If one Mans sinne doth challenge Death and Hell,

With all the Torments that belong thereto:

If for one sinne such Plagues on David fell,

As grieved him, and did his Seed vndoe:

If Salomon, for that he did not well,

Falling from Grace, did loose his Kingdome too:

Ten Tribes beeing taken from his wilfull Sonne,

And Sinne the Cause that they were all vndone.

What could thy Innocency now expect,

When all the Sinnes that ever were committed,

Were laid to thee, whom no man could detect?

Yet farre thou wert of Man from beeing pittied,

The Iudge so iust could yeeld thee no respect,

Nor would one jot of penance be remitted;

But greater horror to thy Soule must rise,

Than Heart can thinke, or any Wit devise.

Now drawes the houre of thy affliction neere,

And vgly Death presents himselfe before thee;

Thou now must leaue those Friends thou held'st so deere,

Yea those Disciples, who did most adore thee;

Yet in thy countenance doth no Wrath appeare,

Although betrayd to those that did abhorre thee:

Thou did'st vouchsafe to visit them againe,

Who had no apprehension of thy paine.

Their eyes were heavie, and their hearts asleepe,

Nor knew they well what answere then to make thee;

Yet thou as Watchman, had'st a care to keepe

Those few from sinne, that shortly would forsake thee;

But now thou bidst them henceforth Rest and Sleepe,

Thy houre is come, and they at hand to take thee:

The Sonne of God to Sinners made a pray,

Oh hatefull houre! oh blest! oh cursed day!

Loe here thy great Humility was found,

Beeing King of Heauen, and Monarch of the Earth,

Yet well content to haue thy Glory drownd,

By beeing counted of so meane a berth;

Grace, Loue, and Mercy did so much abound,

Thou entertaindst the Crosse, euen to the death:

And nam'dst thy selfe, the sonne of Man to be,

To purge our pride by thy Humilitie.

But now thy friends whom thou didst call to goe,

Heauy Spectators of thy haplesse case,

See thy Betrayer, whom too well they knowe,

One of the twelue, now object of disgrace,

A trothlesse traytor, and a mortall foe,

With fained kindnesse seekes thee to imbrace;

And giues a kisse, whereby he may deceiue thee,

That in the hands of Sinners he might leaue thee.

Now muster forth with Swords, with Staues, with Bils,

High Priests and Scribes, and Elders of the Land,

Seeking by force to haue their wicked Wils,

Which thou didst neuer purpose to withstand;

Now thou mak'st haste vnto the worst of Ils,

And who they seeke, thou gently doest demand;

This didst thou Lord, t'amaze these Fooles the more,

T'inquire of that, thou knew'st so well before.

When loe these Monsters did not shame to tell,

His name, they sought, and found, yet could not know

Iesus of Nazareth, at whose feet they fell,

When Heauenly Wisdome did descend so lowe

To speake to them: they knew they did not well,

Their great amazement made them backeward goe:

Nay, though he said vnto them, I am he,

They could not know him, whom their eyes did see.

How blinde were they could not discerne the Light!

How dull! if not to vnderstand the truth,

How weake! if meekenesse overcame their might;

How stony hearted, if not mov'd to ruth:

How void of Pitie, and how full of Spight,

Gainst him that was the Lord of Light and Truth:

Here insolent Boldnesse checkt by Love and Grace,

Retires, and falls before our Makers face.

For when he spake to this accursed crew,

And mildely made them know that it was he:

Presents himselfe, that they might take a view;

And what they doubted they might cleerely see;

Nay more, to re-assure that it was true,

He said: I say vnto you, I am hee.

If him they sought, he's willing to obay,

Onely desires the rest might goe their way.

Thus with a heart prepared to endure

The greatest wrongs Impietie could devise,

He was content to stoope vnto their Lure,

Although his Greatnesse might doe otherwise:

Here Grace was seised on with hands impure,

And Virtue now must be supprest by Vice,

Pure Innocencie made a prey to Sinne,

Thus did his Torments and our Ioyes beginne.

Here faire Obedience shined in his breast,

And did suppresse all feare of future paine;

Love was his Leader vnto this vnrest,

Whil'st Righteousnesse doth carry vp his Traine;

Mercy made way to make vs highly blest,

When Patience beat downe Sorrow, Feare and Paine:

Iustice sate looking with an angry brow,

On blessed misery appeering now.

More glorious than all the Conquerors

That euer liu'd within this Earthly round,

More powrefull than all Kings, or Gouernours

That euer yet within this World were found;

More valiant than the greatest Souldiers

That euer fought, to haue their glory crown'd:

For which of them, that euer yet tooke breath,

Sought t'indure the doome of Heauen and Earth?

But our sweet Sauoiur whom these Iewes did name;

Yet could their learned Ignorance apprehend

No light of grace, to free themselues from blame:

Zeale, Lawes, Religion, now they doe pretend

Against the truth, vntruths they seeke to frame:

Now al their powres, their wits, their strengths, they bend

Against one siely, weake, vnarmed man,

Who no resistance makes, though much he can,

To free himselfe from these vnlearned men,

Who call'd him Sauiour in his blessed name;

Yet farre from knowing him their Sauoir then,

That came to saue both them and theirs from blame;

Though they retire and fall, they come agen

To make a surer purchase of their shame:

With lights and torches now they find the way,

To take the Shepheard whilst the sheep doe stray.

Why should vnlawfull actions vse the Light?

Inniquitie in Darknesse seekes to dwell:

Sinne rides his circuit in the dead of Night,

Teaching all soules the ready waies to hell;

Sathan comes arm'd with all the powres of Spight,

Heartens his Champions, makes them rude and fell;

Like rau'ning wolues, to shed his guiltlesse blood,

Who thought no harme, but di'd to doe them good.

Here Falshood beares the shew of formall Right,

Base Treacherie hath gote a guard of men;

Tyranny attends, with all his strength and might,

To leade this siely Lamb to Lyons denne;

Yet he vnmoou'd in this most wretched plight,

Goes on to meete them, knowes the houre, and when:

The powre of darkenesse must expresse Gods ire,

Therefore to saue these few was his desire.

These few that wait on Pouerty and Shame,

And offer to be sharers in his Ils;

These few that will be spreaders of his Fame,

He will not leaue to Tyrants wicked wils;

But still desires to free them from all blame,

Yet Feare goes forward, Anger Patience kils:

A Saint is mooued to reuenge a wrong,

And Mildnesse doth what doth to Wrath belong.

For Peter grieu'd at what might then befall,

Yet knew not what to doe, nor what to thinke,

Thought something must be done; now, if at all,

To free his Master, that he might not drinke

This poys'ned draught, farre bitterer than gall,

For now he sees him at the very brinke

Of griesly Death, who gins to shew his face,

Clad in all colours of a deepe disgrace.

And now those hands, that neuer vs'd to fight,

Or drawe a weapon in his owne defence,

Too forward is, to doe his Master right,

Since of his wrongs, hee feeles to true a sence:

But ah poore Peter now thou wantest might,

And hee's resolu'd, with them he will goe hence:

To draw thy sword in such a helplesse cause,

Offends thy Lord, and is against the Lawes.

So much he hates Revenge, so farre from Hate,

That he vouchsafes to heale, whom thou dost wound;

His paths are Peace, with none he holdes Debate,

His Patience stands vpon so sure a ground,

To counsell thee, although it comes too late:

Nay, to his foes, his mercies so abound,

That he in pitty doth thy will restraine,

And heales the hurt, and takes away the paine.

For willingly he will endure this wrong,

Although his pray'rs might have obtain'd such grace,

As to dissolve their plots though ne'er so strong,

And bring these wicked Actors in worse case

Than Ægypts King on whom Gods plagues did throng,

But that foregoing Scriptures must take place:

If God by prayers had an army sent

Of powrefull Angels, who could them prevent?

Yet mighty IE S V S meekely ask'd,

Why they With Swords and Staves doe come as to a Thiefe?

Hee teaching in the Temple day by day

None did offend, or give him cause of griefe.

Now all are forward, glad is he that may

Give most offence, and yeeld him least reliefe:

His hatefull foes are ready now to take him,

And all his deere Disciples do forsake him.

Those deare Disciples that he most did love,

And were attendant at his becke and call,

When triall of affliction came to prove,

They first left him, who now must leave them all:

For they were earth, and he came from above,

Which made them apt to flie, and fit to fall:

Though they protest they never will forsake him,

They do like men, when dangers overtake them.

And he alone is bound to loose vs all,

Whom with vnhallowed hands they led along,

To wicked Caiphas in the Iudgement Hall,

Who studies onely hope to doe him wrong;

High Priests and Elders, People great and small,

With all reprochfull words about him throng:

False Witnesses are now call'd in apace,

Whose trothlesse tongues must make pale death imbrace

The beauty of the World, Heauens chiefest Glory;

The mirrour of Martyrs, Crowne of holy Saints;

Loue of th'Almighty, blessed Angels story;

Water of Life, which none that drinks it, faints;

Guide of the Iust, where all our Light we borrow;

Mercy of Mercies; Hearer of Complaints;

Triumpher ouer Death; Ransomer of Sinne;

Falsly accused: now his paines begin.

Their tongues doe serue him as a Passing bell,

For what they say is certainly beleeued;

So sound a tale vnto the Iudge they tell,

That he of Life must shortly be bereaued;

Their share of Heauen, they doe not care to sell,

So his afflicted Heart be throughly grieued:

They tell his Words, though farre from his intent,

And what his Speeches were, not what he meant.

That he Gods holy Temple could destroy,

And in three daies could build it vp againe;

This seem'd to them a vaine and idle toy,

It would not sinke into their sinful braine:

Christs blessed body, al true Christians joy,

Should die, and in three dayes reuiue againe:

This did the Lord of Heauen and earth endure,

Vniustly to be charg'd by tongues impure.

And now they all doe giue attentiue eare,

To heare the answere, which he will not make;

The people wonder how he can forbeare,

And these great wrongs so patiently can take;

But yet he answers not, nor doth he care,

Much more he will endure for our sake:

Nor can their wisdoms any way discouer,

Who he should be that proou'd so true a Louer.

To entertaine the sharpest pangs of death,

And fight a combate in the depth of hell,

For wretched Worldlings made of dust and earth,

Whose hard'ned hearts, with pride and mallice swell;

In midst of bloody sweat, and dying breath,

He had compassion on these tyrants fell:

And purchast them a place in Heau'n for euer,

When they his Soule and Body sought to seuer.

Sinnes vgly mists, so blinded had their eyes,

That at Noone dayes they could discerne no Light:

These were those fooles, that thought themselues so wise.

The Iewish wolues, that did our Sauiour bite;

For now they vse all meanes they can deuise,

To beate downe truth, and goe against all right:

Yea now they take Gods holy name in vaine,

To know the truth, which truth they doe prophane.

The chiefest Hel-hounds of this hatefull crew,

Rose vp to aske what answere he could make,

Against those false accusers in his view;

That by his speech, they might aduantage take:

He held his peace, yet knew they said not true,

No answere would his holy wisdome make,

Till he was charged in his glorious name,

Whose pleasure 'twas he should endure this shame.

Then with so mild a Maiestie he spake,

As they might easly know from whence he came,

His harmlesse tongue doth no exceptions take,

Nor Priests, nor People, meanes he now to blame;

But answers Folly, for true Wisdomes sake,

Beeing charged deeply by his powrefull name,

To tell if Christ the Sonne of God he be,

Who for our sinnes must die, to set vs free.

To thee O Caiphas doth he answere giue,

That thou hast said, what thou desir'st to know,

And yet thy malice will not let him liue,

So much thou art vnto thy selfe a foe;

He speaketh truth, but thou wilt not beleeue,

Nor canst thou apprehend it to be so:

Though he expresse his Glory vnto thee,

Thy Owly eies are blind, and cannot see.

Thou rend'st thy cloathes in stead of thy false heart,

And on the guiltlesse lai'st thy guilty crime;

For thou blasphem'st, and he must feele the smart:

To sentence death, thou think'st it now high time;

No witnesse now thou need'st, for this fowle part,

Thou to the height of wickednesse canst clime:

And giue occasion to the ruder sort,

To make afflictions, sorrows, follies sport.

Now when the dawne of day gins to appeare,

And all your wicked counsels haue an end,

To end his Life, that holds you all so deere,

For to that purpose did your studies bend;

Proud Pontius Pilate must the matter heare,

To your vntroths his eares he now must lend:

Sweet Iesus bound, to him you led away,

Of his most pretious blood to make your pray.

Which, when that wicked Caytife did perceiue,

By whose lewd meanes he came to this distresse;

He brought the price of blood he did receiue,

Thinking thereby to make his fault seeme lesse,

And with these Priests and Elders did it leaue,

Confest his fault, wherein he did transgresse:

But when he saw Repentance vnrespected,

He hang'd himselfe; of God and Man reiected.

By this Example, what can be expected

From wicked Man, which on the Earth doth liue?

But faithlesse dealing, feare of God neglected;

Who for their priuate gaine cares not to sell

The Innocent Blood of Gods most deere elected,

As did that caytife wretch, now damn'd in Hell:

If in Christs Schoole, he tooke so great a fall,

What will they doe, that come there not at all.

Now Pontius Pilate is to judge the

Cause Of faultlesse Iesus, who before him stands;

Who neither hath offended Prince, nor Lawes,

Although he now be brought in woefull bands:

O noble Gouernour, make thou yet a pause,

Doe not in innocent blood imbrue thy hands;

But heare the words of thy most worthy wife,

Who sends to thee, to beg her Sauiours life.

Let barb'rous crueltie farre depart from thee,

And in true Iustice take afflictions part;

Open thine eies, that thou the truth mai'st see,

Doe not the thing that goes against thy heart;

Condemne not him that must thy Sauiour be;

But view his holy Life, his good desert:

Let not vs Women glory in Mens fall,

Who had power giuen to ouer-rule vs all.

Till now your indiscretion sets vs free,

And makes our former fault much lesse appeare;

Our Mother Eue, who tasted of the Tree,

Giuing to Adam what she held most deare,

Was simply good, and had no powre to see,

The after-comming harme did not appeare:

The subtile Serpent that our Sex betraide,

Before our fall so sure a plot had laide.

That vndiscerning Ignorance perceau'd

No guile, or craft that was by him intended;

For, had she knowne of what we were bereauid,

To his request she had not condiscended.

But she (poore soule) by cunning was deceau'd,

No hurt therein her harmlesse Heart intended:

For she alleadg'd Gods word, which he denies

That they should die, but euen as Gods, be wise.

But surely Adam cannot be excus'd,

Her fault, though great, yet he was most too blame;

What Weaknesse offred Strength might haue refus'd,

Being Lord of all the greater was his shame:

Although the Serpents craft had her abus'd,

Gods holy word ought all his actions frame:

For he was Lord and King of al the earth,

Before poore Eue had either life or breath.

Who being fram'd by Gods eternall hand,

The perfect'st man that euer breath'd on earth,

And from Gods mouth receiu'd that strait command,

The breach whereof he knew was present death:

Yea hauing powre to rule both Sea and Land,

Yet with one Apple wonne to loose that breath,

Which God hath breathed in his beauteous face,

Bringing vs all in danger and disgrace.

And then to lay the fault on Patience backe,

That we (poore women) must endure it all;

We know right well he did discretion lacke,

Beeing not perswaded thereunto at all;

If Eue did erre, it was for knowledge sake,

The fruit beeing faire perswaded him to fall:

No subtill Serpents falshood did betray him,

If he would eate it, who had powre to stay him?

Not Eue, whose fault was onely too much loue,

Which made her giue this present to her Deare,

That which shee tasted, he likewise might proue,

Whereby his knowledge might become more cleare;

He neuer sought her weakenesse to reproue,

With those sharpe words wich he of God did heare:

Yet Men will boast of Knowledge, which he tooke

From Eues faire hand, as from a learned Booke.

If any Euill did in her remaine,

Beeing made of him, he was the ground of all;

If one of many Worlds could lay a staine

Vpon our Sexe, and worke so great a fall

To wretched Man, by Satans subtill traine;

What will so fowle a fault amongst you all?

Her weakenesse did the Serpents word obay,

But you in malice Gods deare Sonne betray.

Whom, if vniustly you condemne to die,

Her sinne was small, to what you doe commit;

All mortall sinnes that doe for vengeance crie,

Are not to be compared vnto it:

If many worlds would altogether trie,

By all their sinnes the wrath of God to get;

This sinne of yours, surmounts them all as farre

As doth the Sunne, another little starre.

Then let us haue our Libertie againe,

And challendge to your selues no Sou'raigntie;

You came not in the world without our paine,

Make that a barre against your crueltie;

Your fault beeing greater, why should you disdaine

Our beeing your equals, free from tyranny?

If one weake woman simply did offend,

This sinne of yours hath no excuse, nor end.

To which (poore soules) we neuer gaue consent,

Witnesse thy wife (O Pilate) speakes for all;

Who did but dreame, and yet a message sent,

That thou should'st haue nothing to doe at all

With that iust man, which, if thy heart relent,

Why wilt thou be a reprobate with Saul?

To seeke the death of him that is so good,

For thy soules health to shed his dearest blood.

Yea, so thou mai'st these sinful people please,

Thou art content against all truth and right,

To seale this act, that may procure thine ease

With blood, and wrong, with tyrannie, and might;

The multitude thou seekest to appease,

By base deiection of this heauenly Light:

Demanding which of these that thou shouldst loose,

Whether the Thiefe, or Christ King of the Jewes.

Base Barrabas the Thiefe they all desire

And thou more base than he, perform'st their will;

Yet when thy thoughts backe to themselues retire,

Thou art vnwilling to commit this ill:

Oh that thou couldst vnto such grace aspire,

That thy polluted lips might neuer kill

That Honour, which right Iudgement euer graceth,

To purchase shame, which all true worth defaceth.

Art thou a Iudge, and askest,

What to doe With One, in whom no fault there can be found?

The death of Christ wilt thou consent vnto

Finding no cause, no reason, nor no ground?

Shall he be scour'd and crucified too?

And must his miseries by thy meanes abound?

Yet not asham'd to aske what he hath done,

When thine owne conscience seeks this sin to shunne.

Three times thou askest, What euill hath he done?

And saist, thou find'st in him no cause of death,

Yet wilt thou chasten Gods beloued Sonne.

Although to thee no word of ill he saith:

For wrath must end, what Malice hath begunne,

And thou must yeeld to stop his guiltlesse breath:

This rude tumultous rout doth presse so sore,

That thou condemnest him thou should'st adore.

Yet Pilate, this can yeeld thee no content,

To exercise thine owne authoritie,

But vnto Herod he must needs be sent,

To reconcile thy selfe by tyrannie,

Was this the greatest good in Iustice meant

When thou perceiu'st no fault in him to be?

If thou must make thy peace by Virtues fall,

Much better 'twere not to be friends at all.

Yet neither thy sterne browe, nor his great place,

Can draw an answer from the Holy One:

His false accusers, nor his great disgrace,

Nor Herods scoffes, to him they are all one:

He neither cares, nor feares his owne ill case,

Though being despis'd and mockt of euery one:

King Herods gladnesse giues him little ease,

Neither his anger seekes he to appease.

Yet this is strange, that base Impietie

Should yeeld those robes of honour which were due;

Pure white, to shew his great Integritie,

His Innocency, that all the world might view,

Perfections height in lowest penurie,

Such glorious pouerty as they neuer knew:

Purple and Scarlet well might him beseeme,

Whose pretious blood must all the world redeeme.

And that Imperiall Crowne of Thornes he wore,

Was much more pretious than the Diademe

Of any king that euer liu'd before,

Or since his time, their honour's but a dreame,

To his eternall glorie, being so poore,

To make a purchase of that heauenly Realme,

Where God with all his Angells liues in peace,

No griefes, nor sorrowes, but all joyes increase.

Those royall robes, which they in scorne did giue,

To make him odious to the common sort,

Yeeld light of grace to those whose soules shall liue

Within the harbour of this heauenly port;

Much doe they joy, and much more do they grieue,

His death, their life, should make his foes such sport:

With sharpest thornes to pricke his blessed face,

Our joyfull sorrow, and his greater grace.

Three feares at once possessed Pilates heart;

The first, Christs Innocencie, which so plaine appeares:

The next, that he which now must feele this smart,

If Gods deare Sonne, for any thing he heares:

.But that which proou'd the deepest wounding dart,

Is peoples threatnings, which he so much feares:

That he to Cæ,sar could not be a friend,

Vnlesse he sent sweet I E S V S to his end.

Now Pilate thou art proou'd a painted wall,

A golden Sepucher with rotten bones;

From right to wrong, from equitie to fall:

If none vpbraid thee, yet the very stones

Will rise against thee, and in question call

His blood, his teares, his sighes, his bitter groanes:

All these will witnesse at the latter day,

When water cannot wash thy sinne away.

Canst thou be innocent, that gainst all right,

Wilt yeeld to what thy conscience doth withstand?

Beeing a man of knowledge, powre, and might,

To let the wicked carrie such a hand,

Before thy face to blindfold Heau'ns bright light,

And thou to yeeld to what they did demand?

Washing thy hands, thy conscience cannot cleare,

But to all worlds this staine must needs appeare.

For loe, the Guiltie doth accuse the Iust,

And faultie Iudge condemnes the Innocent;

And wilfull Iewes to exercise their lust,

With whips and taunts against their Lord are bent;

He basely vs'd, blasphemed, scorn'd and curst,

Our heauenly King to death for vs they sent:

Reproches, slanders, spittings in his face,

Spight doing all her worst in his disgrace.

And now this long expected houre drawes neere,

When blessed Saints with Angels doe condole;

His holy march, soft pace, and heauy cheere,

In humble sort yeeld his glorious soule,

By his deserts the fowlest sinnes to cleare;

And in th'eternall booke of heauen to enroule

A satisfaction till the generall doome,

Of all sinnes past, and all that are to come.

They that had seene this pitifull Procession,

From Pilates Palace to Mount Caluarie,

Might thinke he answer'd for some great transgression,

Beeing in odious sort condemn'd to die;

He plainely shewed that his owne profession

Was virtue, patience, grace, loue, piety;

And how by suffering he could conquer more

Than all the Kings that euer liu'd before.

First went the Crier with open mouth proclayming

The heauy sentence of Iniquitie,

The Hangman next, by his base office clayming

His right in Hell, where sinners neuer die,

Carrying the nayles, the people still blaspheming

Their maker, vsing all impiety;

The Thieues attending him on either side,

The Serjeants watching while the women cri'd.

Thrice happy women that obtaind such grace

From him whose worth the world could not containe;

Immediately to turne about his face,

As not remembring his great griefe and paine,

To comfort you, whose teares powr'd forth apace

On Flora's bankes, like shewers of April raine:

Your cries inforced mercie, grace, and loue

From him, whom greatest Princes could not mooue

To speake on[e] word, nor once to lift his eyes

Vnto proud Pilate, no nor Herod, king,

By all the Questions that they could deuise,

Could make him answer to no manner of thing;

Yet these poore women, by their piteous cries

Did mooue their Lord, their Louer, and their King,

To take compassion, turne about, and speake

To them whose hearts were ready now to breake.

Most blessed Daughters of Ierusalem,

Who found such fauor in your Sauiours sight,

To turne his face when you did pitie him;

Your tearefull eyes beheld his eyes more bright;

Your Faith and Loue vnto such grace did clime,

To haue reflection from this Heau'nly light:

Your Eagles eies did gaze against this Sunne,

Your hearts did thinke, he dead, the world were done.

When spitefull men with torments did oppresse

Th'afflicted body of this innocent Doue,

Poore women seeing how much they did transgresse,

By teares, by sighs, by cries, intreate, nay proue,

What may be done among the thickest presse,

They labour still these tyrants hearts to moue:

In pitie and compassion to forbeare

Their whipping, spurning, tearing of his haire,

But all in vaine, their malice hath no end,

Their hearts more hard than flint, or marble stone;

Now to his griefe, his greatnesse they attend,

When he (God knowes) had rather be alone;

They are his guard, yet seeke all meanes t'offend;

Well may he grieue, well may he sigh and groane;

Vnder the burden of a heauy crosse

He faintly goes to make their gaine his losse.

His wofull Mother waiting on her Sonne,

All comfortelesse in depth of sorrow drownd;

Her griefes extreame, although but new begunne,

To see his bleeding Body oft she swouned:

How could she choose but thinke her selfe vndone,

He dying, with whose glory she was crowned?

None euer lost so great a losse as shee,

Being Sonne, and Father of Eternitie.

Her teares did wash away his pretious blood,

That sinners might not tread in vnder feet

To worship him, and that it did her good

Vpon her knees, although in open street,

Knowing he was the Iessie floure and bud,

That must be gath'red when it smell'd most sweet:

Her Sonne, her Husband, Father, Saviour, King,

Whose death killd Death, and tooke away his sting.

Most blessed Virgin, in whose faultlesse fruit,

All Nations of the earth must needes reioyce,

No Creature hauing sence though ne'r so brute,

But ioyes and trembles when they heare his voyce;

His wisedome strikes the wisest persons mute,

Faire chosen vessell, happy in his choyce:

Deere mother of our Lord, whose reuerend name,

All people Blessed call, and spread thy fame.

For the Almightie magnified thee,

And looked downe vpon thy meane estate;

Thy lowly mind, and vnstain'd Chastitie,

Did pleade for Loue at great Iehouaes gate,

Who sending swift-wing'd Gabriel vnto thee,

His holy will and pleasure to relate;

To thee most beauteous Queene of Woman-kind,

The Angell did vnfold his Makers mind.

He thus beganne, Haile Mary full of grace,

Thou freely art beloued of the Lord,

He is with thee, behold thy happy case;

What endlesse comfort did these words afford

To thee that saw'st an Angell in the place

Proclaime thy Virtues worth, and to record

Thee blessed among women: that thy praise

Should last so many worlds beyond thy daies.

Loe, this high message to thy troubled spirit,

He doth deliuer in the plainest sence;

Sayes, Thou shouldst beare a Sonne that shal inherit

His Father Davids throne, free from offence,

Call's him that Holy thing, by whose pure merit

We must be sau'd, tels what he is, of whence;

His worth, his greatnesse, what his name must be,

Who should be call'd the Sonne of the most High.

He cheeres thy troubled soule, bids thee not feare;

When thy pure thoughts could hardly apprehend

This salutation, when he did appeare;

Nor couldst thou judge, whereto those words did tend;

His pure aspect did mooue thy modest cheere

To muse, yet joy that God vouchsaf'd to send

His glorious Angel; who did thee assure

To beare a child, although a Virgin pure.

Nay more, thy Sonne should Rule and Raigne for euer;

Yea, of his Kingdom there should be no end;

Ouer the house of Iacob, Heauens great Giuer

Would giue him powre, and to that end did send

His faithfull seruant Gabriel to deliuer

To thy chast cares no word that might offend:

But that this blessed Infant borne of thee,

Thy Sonne, The onely Sonne of God should be.

When on the knees of thy submissiue heart

Thou humbly didst demand, How that should be?

Thy virgin thoughts did thinke, none could impart

This great good hap, and blessing vnto thee;

Farre from the desire of any man thou art,

Knowing not one, thou art from all men free:

When he, to answere this thy chaste desire,

Giues thee more cause to wonder and admire.

That thou a blessed Virgin shouldst remaine,

Yea that the holy Ghost should come on thee

A maiden Mother, subiect to no paine,

For highest powre should ouershadow thee:

Could thy faire eyes from teares of joy refraine,

When God look'd downe vpon thy poore degree?

Making thee Seruant, Mother, Wife, and Nurse

To Heauens bright King, that freed vs from the curse.

Thus being crown'd with glory from aboue,

Grace and Perfection, resting in thy breast,

Thy humble answer doth approoue thy Loue,

And all these sayings in thy heart doe rest:

Thy Child a Lambe, and thou a Turtle doue,

Aboue all other women highly blest;

To find such fauour in his glorious sight,

In whom thy heart and soule doe most delight.

What wonder in the world more strange could seeme,

Than that a Virgin could conceiue and beare

Within her wombe a Sonne, That should redeeme

All Nations on the earth, and should repaire

Our old decaies: who in such high esteeme,

Should prize all mortals, liuing in his feare;

As not to shun Death, Pouertie, and Shame,

To saue their soules, and spread his glorious Name.

And partly to fulfil his Fathers pleasure,

Whose powrefull hand allowes it not so strange,

If he vouchsafe the riches of his treasure,

Pure Righteousnesse to take such il exchange;

On all Iniquitie to make a seisure,

Giuing his snow-white Weed for ours in change;

Our mortall garments in a scarlet Die,

Too base a roabe for Immortalitie.

Most happy news, that euer yet was brought,

When Pouerty and Riches met together,

The wealth of Heauen, in our fraile clothing wrought

Saluation by his happy comming hither:

Mighty Messias, who so deerely bought

Vs Slaues to sinne, farre lighter than a feather:

Toss'd to and fro with euery wicked wind,

The world, the flesh, or Deuill giues to blind.

Who on his shoulders our blacke sinnes doth beare

To that most blessed, yet accursed Crosse;

Where fastning them, he rids vs of our feare,

Yea for our gaine he is content with losse,

Our ragged clothing scornes he not to weare,

Though foule, rent, torne, disgracefull rough and grosse,

Spunne by that monster Sinne, and weav'd by Shame,

Which grace it selfe, disgrac'd with impure blame.

How can'st thou choose (faire Virgin) then but mourne,

When this sweet of-spring of thy body dies,

When thy faire eies beholds his bodie torne,

The peoples fury, heares the womens cries;

His holy name prophan'd, He made a scorne,

Abusde with all their hatefull slaunderous lies:

Bleeding and fainting in such wondrous sort,

As scarce his feeble limbes can him support.

Now Simon of Cyrene passeth them by,

Whom they compell sweet I E S V S Crosse to beare

To Golgotha, there doe they meane to trie

All cruell meanes to worke in him dispaire:

That odious place, where dead mens skulls did lie,

There must our Lord for present death prepare:

His sacred blood must grace that loathsome field,

To purge more filth, than that foule place could yield.

For now arriu'd vnto this hatefull place,

In which his Crosse erected needes must bee,

False hearts, and willing hands come on apace,

All prest to ill, and all desire to see:

Gracelesse themselues, still seeking to disgrace;

Bidding him, If the Sonne of God he bee,

To saue himselfe, if he could others saue,

With all th'opprobrious words that might depraue.

His harmlesse hands vnto the Crosse they nailde,

And feet that neuer trode in sinners trace,

Betweene two thieues, vnpitied, vnbewailde,

Saue of some few possessors of his grace,

With sharpest pangs and terrors thus appailde,

Sterne Death makes way, that Life might giue him place:

His eyes with teares, his body full of wounds,

Death last of paines his sorrows all confounds.

His joynts dis-joynted, and his legges hang downe,

His alablaster breast, his bloody side,

His members torne, and on his head a Crowne

Of sharpest Thorns, to satisfie for pride:

Anguish and Paine doe all his Sences drowne,

While they his holy garments do diuide:

His bowels drie, his heart full fraught with griefe,

Crying to him that yeelds him no reliefe.

This with the eie of Faith thou maist behold,

Deere Spouse of Christ, and more than I can write;

And here both Griefe and Ioy thou maist vnfold,

To view thy Loue in this most heauy plight,

Bowing his head, his bloodlesse body cold;

Those eies waxe dimme that gaue vs all our light,

His count'nance pale, yet still continues sweet,

His blessed blood watring his pierced feet.

O glorious miracle without compare!

Last, but not least which was by him effected;

Vniting death, life, misery, joy and care,

By his sharpe passion in his deere elected:

Who doth the Badges of like Liueries weare,

Shall find how deere they are of him respected.

No joy, griefe, paine, life, death, was like to his,

Whose infinite dolours wrought eternall blisse.

What creature on the earth did then remaine,

On whom the horror of this shamefull deed

Did not inflict some violent touch, or straine,

To see the Lord of all the world to bleed?

His dying breath did rend huge rockes in twaine,

The heauens betooke them to their mourning weed:

The Sunne grew darke, and scorn'd to giue them light,

Who durst ecclipse a glory farre more bright.

The Moone and Starres did hide themselues for shame,

The earth did [t]remble in her loyall feare,

The Temple vaile did rent to spread his fame,

The Monuments did open euery where;

Dead Saints did rise forth of their graues, and came

To diuers people that remained there

Within that holy City; whose offence,

Did put their Maker to this large expence.

Things reasonable, and reasonlesse possest

The terrible impression of this fact;

For his oppression made them all opprest,

When with his blood he seal'd so faire an act,

In restlesse miserie to procure our rest;

His glorious deedes that dreadfull prison sackt:

When Death, Hell, Diuells, vsing all their powre,

Were ouercome in that most blessed houre.

Being dead, he killed Death, and did suruiue

That prowd insulting Tyrant: in whose place

He sends bright Immortalitie to reuiue

Those whom his yron armes did long embrace;

Who from their loathsome graues brings them aliue

In glory to behold their Sauiours face:

Who tooke the keys of all Deaths powre away,

Opening to those that would his name obay.

O wonder, more than man can comprehend,

Our Ioy and Griefe both at one instant fram'd,

Compounded: Contrarieties contend

Each to exceed, yet neither to be blam'd.

Our Griefe to see our Sauiours wretched end,

Our Ioy to know both Death and Hell he tam'd:

That we may say, O Death, where is thy sting?

Hell, yeeld thy victory to thy conq'ring King.

Can stony hearts refraine from shedding teares,

To view the life and death of this sweet Saint?

His austere course in yong and tender yeares,

When great indurements could not make him faint:

His wants, his paines, his torments, and his feares,

All which he vndertooke without constraint,

To shew that infinite Goodnesse must restore,

What infinite Iustice looked for, and more.

Yet, had he beene but of a meane degree,

His suffrings had beene small to what they were;

Meane minds will shew of what meane mouldes they bee;

Small griefes seeme great, yet Vse doth make them beare:

B[u]t ah! tis hard to stirre a sturdy tree;

Great dangers hardly puts great minds in feare:

They will conceale their griefes which mightie grow

In their stout hearts vntill they ouerflow.

If then an earthly Prince may ill endure

The least of those afflictions which he bare,

How could this all-commaunding King procure

Such grieuous torments with his mind to square,

Legions of Angells being at his Lure?

He might haue liu'd in pleasure without care:

None can conceiue the bitter paines he felt,

When God and man must suffer without guilt.

Take all the Suffrings Thoughts can thinke vpon,

In eu'ry man that this huge world hath bred;

Let all those Paines and Suffrings meet in one,

Yet are they not a Mite to that he did

Endure for vs: Oh let vs thinke thereon,

That God should haue his pretious blood so shed:

His Greatnesse clothed in our fraile attire,

And pay so deare a ransome for the hire.

Loe, here was glorie, miserie, life and death,

An vnion of contraries did accord;

Gladnesse and sadnesse here had one berth,

This wonder wrought the Passion of our Lord,

He suffring for all the sinnes of all th'earth,

No satisfaction could the world afford:

But this rich Iewell, which from God was sent,

To call all those that would in time repent.

Which I present (deare Lady) to your view,

Vpon the Crosse depriu'd of life or breath,

To judge if euer Louer were so true,

To yeeld himselfe vnto such shamefull death:

Now blessed Ioseph doth both beg and sue,

To haue his body who possest his faith,

And thinkes, if he this small request obtaines,

He wins more wealth than in the world remaines.

Thus honourable Ioseph is possest,

Of what his heart and soule so much desired,

And now he goes to giue that body rest,

That all his life, with griefes and paines was tired;

He finds a Tombe, a Tombe most rarely blest,

In which was neuer creature yet interred;

There this most pretious body he incloses,

Inbalmd and deckt with Lillies and with Roses.

Loe here the Beautie of Heau'n and Earth is laid,

The purest coulers vnderneath the Sunne,

But in this place he cannot long be staid,

Glory must end what horror hath begun;

For he the furie of the Heauens obay'd,

And now he must possesse what he hath wonne:

The Maries doe with pretious balmes attend,

But beeing come, they find it to no end.

For he is rize from Death t'Eternall Life,

And now those pretious oyntments he desires

Are brought vnto him, by his faithfull Wife

The holy Church; who in those rich attires,

Of Patience, Loue, Long suffring, Voide of strife,

Humbly presents those oyntments he requires:

The oyles of Mercie, Charitie, and Faith,

Shee onely giues that which no other hath.

These pretious balmes doe heale his grieuous wounds,

And water of Compunction washeth cleane

The soares of sinnes, which in our Soules abounds;

So faire, no skarre is euer seene;

Yet all the glory vnto Christ redounds,

His pretious blood is that which must redeeme;

Those well may make vs louely in his sight,

But cannot saue without his powrefull might.

This is that Bridegroome that appeares so faire,

So sweet, so louely in his Spouses sight,

That vnto Snowe we may his face compare,

His cheekes like skarlet, and his eyes so bright

As purest Doues that in the riuers are,

Washed with milke, to giue the more delight;

His head is likened to the finest gold,

His curled lockes so beauteous to behold;

Blacke as a Raven in her blackest hew;

His lips like skarlet threeds, yet much more sweet

Than is the sweetest hony dropping dew,

Or hony combes, where all the Bees do meet;

Yea, he is constant, and his words are true,

His cheekes are beds of spices, flowers sweet;

His lips like Lillies, dropping downe pure mirthe,

Whose loue, before all worlds we doe preferre.

Ah! giue me leaue (good Lady) now to leaue

This taske of Beauty which I tooke in hand,

I cannot wade so deepe, I may deceaue

My selfe, before I can attaine the land;

Therefore (good Madame) in your heart

I leaue His perfect picture, where it still shall stand,

Deepely engraued in that holy shrine,

Enuironed with Loue and Thoughts diuine.

There may you see him as a God in glory,

And as a man in miserable case;

There may you reade his true and perfect storie,

His bleeding body there you may embrace,

And kisse his dying cheekes with teares of sorrow,

With ioyfull griefe, you may intreat for grace;

And all your prayers, and your almes-deeds

May bring to stop his cruell wounds that bleeds.

Oft times hath he made triall of your loue,

And in your Faith hath tooke no small delight,

By Crosses and Afflictions he doth proue,

Yet still your heart remaineth firme and right;

Your loue so strong, as nothing can remoue,

Your thoughts beeing placed on him both day and night,

Your constant soule doth lodge beweene her brests,

This Sweet of sweets, in which all glory rests.

Sometime h'appeares to thee in Shepheards weed,

And so presents himselfe before thine eyes,

A good old man, that goes his flocke to feed;

Thy colour changes, and thy heart doth rise;

Thou call'st, he comes, thou find'st tis he indeed,

Thy Soule conceaues that he is truely wise:

Nay more, desires that he may be the Booke,

Whereon thine eyes continually may looke.

Sometime imprison'd, naked, poore, and bare,

Full of diseases, impotent, and lame,

Blind, deafe, and dumbe, he comes vnto his faire,

To see if yet shee will remaine the same;

Nay sicke and wounded, now thou do'st prepare

To cherish him in thy deare Louers name:

Yea thou bestow'st all paines, all cost, all care,

That may relieue him, and his health repaire.

These workes of mercy are so sweet, so deare

To him that is the Lord of Life and Loue,

That all thy prayers he vouchsafes to heare,

And sends his holy Spirit from aboue;

Thy eyes are op'ned, and thou seest so cleare,

No worldly thing can thy faire mind remoue;

Thy faith, thy prayers, and his speciall grace

Doth open Heau'n, where thou behold'st his face.

These are those Keyes Saint Peter did possesse,

Which with a Spirituall powre are giu'n to thee,

To heale the soules of those that doe transgresse,

By thy faire virtues; which, if once they see,

Vnto the like they doe their minds addresse,

Such as thou art, such they desire to be:

If they be blind, thou giu'st to them their sight;

If deafe or lame, they heare, and goe vpright.

Yea, if possest with any euill spirits,

Such powre thy faire examples haue obtain'd

To cast them out, applying Christs pure merits,

By which they are bound, and of all hurt restrain'd:

If strangely taken, wanting sence or wits,

Thy faith appli'd vnto their soules so pain'd,

Healeth all griefes, and makes them grow so strong,

As no defects can hang vpon them long.

Thou beeing thus rich, no riches do'st respect,

Nor do'st thou care for any outward showe;

The proud that faire Virtues rules neglect,

Desiring place, thou fittest them belowe:

All wealth and honour thou do'st quite reiect,

If thou perceiu'st that once it prooues a foe

To virtue, learning, and the powres diuine,

Thou mai'st conuert, but neuer wilt incline

To fowle disorder, or licentiousnesse,

But in thy modest vaile do'st sweetly couer

The staines of other sinnes, to make themselues,

That by this meanes thou mai'st in time recouer

Those weake lost sheepe that did so long transgresse,

Presenting them vnto thy deerest Louer;

That when he brings them back vnto his fold,

In their conuersation then he may behold

Thy beauty shining brighter than the Sunne,

Thine honour more than euer Monarke gaind,

Thy wealth exceeding his that Kingdomes wonne,

Thy Loue vnto his Spouse, thy Faith vnfaind,

Thy Constancy in what thou hast begun,

Till thou his heauenly Kingdom haue obtaind;

Respecting worldly wealth to be but drosse,

Which, if abuz'd, doth prooue the owners losse.

Great Cleopatra's loue to Anthony,

Can no way be compared vnto thine;

Shee left her Loue in his extremitie,

When greatest need should cause her to combine

Her force with his, to get the Victory:

Her Loue was earthly, and thy Loue Diuine;

Her Loue was onely to support her pride,

Humilitie thy Loue and Thee doth guide.

That glorious part of Death, which last she plai'd,

T'appease the ghost of her deceased Loue,

Had neuer needed, if shee could haue stai'd

When his extreames made triall, and did proue

Her leaden loue vnconstant, and afraid:

Their wicked warres the wrath of God might moue

To take reuenge for chast Octavia's wrongs,

Because shee enjoyes what vnto her belongs.

No Cleopatra, though thou wert as faire

As any Creature in Antonius eyes;

Yea though thou wert as rich, as wise, as rare,

As any Pen could write, or Wit deuise;

Yet with this Lady canst thou not compare,

Whose inward virtues all thy worth denies:

Yet thou a blacke Egyptian do'st appeare;

Thou false, shee true; and to her Loue more deere.

Shee sacrificeth to her deerest Loue,

With flowres of Faith, and garlands of Good deeds;

Shee flies not from him when afflictions proue,

Shee beares his crosse, and stops his wounds that bleeds;

Shee loues and liues chaste as the Turtle doue,

Shee attends vpon him, and his flocke shee feeds;

Yea for one touch of death which thou did'st trie,

A thousand deaths shee euery day doth die.

Her virtuo[u]s life exceeds thy worthy death,

Yea, she hath richer ornaments of state,

Shining more glorious than in dying breath

Thou didst; when either pride, or cruell fate,

Did worke thee to preuent a double death;

To stay the malice, scorne and cruell hate

Of Rome; that joy'd to see thy pride pull'd downe,

Whose Beauty wrought the hazard of her Crowne.

Good Madame, though your modestie be such,

Not to acknowledge what we know and find;

And that you think these prayses ouermuch,

Which doe expresse the beautie of your mind;

Yet pardon me although I giue a touch

Vnto their eyes, that else would be so blind,

As not to see thy store, and their owne wants,

From whose faire seeds of Virtue spring these plants.

And knowe, when first into this world I came,

This charge was giu'n me by th'Eternall powres,

Th'euerlasting Trophie of thy fame,

To build and decke it with the sweetest flowres

That virtue yeelds; Then Madame, doe not blame

Me, when I shew the World but what is yours,

Ad decke you with that crowne which is your due,

That of Heau'ns beauty Earth may take a view.

Though famous women elder times haue knowne,

Whose glorious actions did appeare so bright,

That powrefull men by them were ouerthrowne,

And all their armies ouercome in fight;

The Scythian women by their powre alone,

Put king Darius vnto shamefull flight:

All Asia yeelded to their conq'ring hand,

Great Alexander could not their powre withstand.

Whose worth, though writ in lines of blood and fire,

Is not to be compared vnto thine;

Their powre was small to ouercome Desire,

Or to direct their wayes by Virtues line:

Were they aliue, they would thy Life admire,

And vnto thee their honours would resigne:

For thou a greater conquest do'st obtaine,

Than they who haue so many thousands slaine.

Wise Deborah that judged Israel,

Nor valiant Iudeth cannot equall thee,

Vnto the first, God did his will reueale,

And gaue her powre to set his people free;

Yea Iudeth had the powre likewise to queale

Proud Holifernes, that the just might see

What small defence vaine pride and greatnesse hath

Against the weapons of Gods word and faith.

But thou farre greater warre do’st still maintaine,

Against that many headed monster Sinne,

Whose mortall sting hath many thousand slaine,

And euery day fresh combates doe begin;

Yet cannot all his venome lay one staine

Vpon thy Soule, thou do’st the conquest winne,

Though all the world he daily doth deuoure,

Yet ouer thee he neuer could get powre.

For that one worthy deed by Deb’rah done,

Thou hast performed many in thy time;

For that one Conquest that faire Iudeth wonne,

By which she did the steps of honour clime,

Thou hast the Conquest of all Conquests wonne,

When to thy Conscience Hell can lay no crime:

For that one head that Iudeth bare away,

Thou tak’st from Sinne a hundred heads a day.

Though virtuous Hester fasted three dayes space,

And spent her time in prayers all that while,

That by Gods powre shee might obtaine such grace,

That shee and hers might not become a spoyle

To wicked Hamon, in whose crabbed face

Was seene the map of malice, enuie, guile;

Her glorious garments though shee put apart,

So to present a pure and single heart

To God, in Sack-cloth, ashes, and with teares;

Yet must faire Hester needs giue place to thee,

Who hath continu'd dayes, weekes, months, and yeares,

In Gods true seruice, yet thy heart beeing free

From doubt of death, or any other feares:

Fasting from sinne, thou pray'st thine eyes may see

Him that hath possession of thine heart,

From whose sweet loue thy Soule can neuer part.

His loue, not Feare, makes thee to fast and pray,

No kinsmans counsell needs thee to aduise;

The sack-cloth thou do'st weare both night and day

Is worldly troubles, which thy rest denies;

The ashes are the Vanities that play

Ouer thy head, and steale before thine eyes;

Which thou shak'st off when mourning time is past,

That royall roabes thou may'st put on at last.

Ioachims wife, that faire and constant Dame,

Who rather chose a cruel death to die,

Than yeeld to those two Elders voide of shame,

When both at once her chastitie did trie,

Whose Innocencie bare away the blame,

Vntill th'Almighty Lord had heard her crie;

And rais'd the spirit of a Child to speake,

Making the powrefull judged of the weake.

Although her virtue doe deserue to be

Writ by that hand that neuer purchas'd blame;

In holy Writ, where all the world may see

Her perfit life, and euer honoured name:

Yet was she not to be compar'd to thee,

Whose many virtues doe increase thy fame:

For shee oppos'd against old doting Lust,

Who with life danger she did feare to trust.

But your chaste breast guarded with strength of mind,

Hates the imbracements of vnchaste desires;

You louing God, liue in your selfe confind

From vnpure Loue, your purest thoughts retires,

Your perfit sight could neuer be so blind,

To entertaine the old or yong desires

Of idle louers; which the world presents,

Whose base abuses worthy minds preuents.

Euen as the constant Lawrell, alwayes greene,

No parching heate of Summer can deface,

Nor pinching Winter euer yet was seene,

Whose nipping frosts could wither, or disgrace:

So you (deere Ladie) still remaine as Queene,

Subduing all affections that are base,

Vnalterable by the change of times,

Not following, but lamenting others crimes,

No feare of death, or dread of open shame,

Hinders your perfect heart to giue consent;

Nor loathsome age, whom Time could neuer tame

From ill designes, whereto their youth was bent;

But loue of God, care to preserue your fame,

And spend that pretious time that God hath sent,

In all good exercises of the minde,

Whereto your noble nature is inclin'd.

That Ethyopian Queene did gaine great fame,

Who from the Southerne world, did come to see

Great Salomon; the glory of whose name

Had spread it selfe ore all the earth, to be

So great, that all the Princes thither came,

To be spectators of his royaltie:

And this faire Queene of Sheba came from farre,

To reuerence this new appearing starre.

From th'vtmost part of all the Earth shee came,

To heare the Wisdom of this worthy King;

To trie if Wonder did agree with Fame,

And many faire rich presents did she bring:

Yea many strange hard questions did shee frame,

All which were answer'd by this famous King:

Nothing was hid that in her heart did rest,

And all to prooue this King so highly blest.

Here Maiestie with Maiestie did meete;

Wisdome to Wisdome yeelded true content,

One Beauty did another Beauty greet,

Bounty to Bountie neuer could repent;

Here all distaste is troden vnder feet,

No losse of time, where time was so well spent

In virtuous exercises of the minde,

In which this Queene did much contentment finde.

Spirits affect where they doe sympathize,

Wisdome desires Wisdome to embrace,

Virtue couets her like, and doth deuize

How she her friends may entertaine with grace;

Beauty sometime is pleas'd to feed her eyes,

With viewing Beautie in anothers face:

Both good and bad in this point doe agree,

That each desireth with his like to be.

And this Desire did worke a strange effect,

To drawe a Queene forth of her natiue Land,

Not yeelding to the nicenesse and respect

Of woman-kind; shee past both sea and land,

All feare of dangers shee did quite neglect,

Onely to see, to heare, and vnderstand

That beauty, wisedome, maiestie, and glorie,

That in her heart imprest his perfect storie.

Yet this faire map of maiestie and might,

Was but a figure of thy deerest Loue,

Borne t'expresse that true and heauenly light,

That doth all other joyes imperfect proue;

If this faire Earthly starre did shine so bright,

What doth that glorious Sonne that is aboue?

Who weares th'imperiall crowne of heauen and earth,

And made all Christians blessed in his berth.

If that small sparke could yeeld so great a fire,

As to inflame the hearts of many Kings

To come to see, to heare, and to admire

His wisdome, tending but to worldly things;

Then much more reason haue we to desire

That heau'nly wisedome, which saluation brings;

The Sonne of righteousnesse, that giues true joyes,

When all they sought for, were but Earthly toyes.

No trauels ought th'affected soule to shunne,

That this faire heauenly Light desires to see:

This King of kings to whom we all should runne,

To view his Glory and his Majestie;

He without whom we had all beene vndone,

He that from Sinne and Death hath set vs free,

And ouercome Satan, the world, and sinne,

That by his merits we those joyes might winne.

Prepar'd by him, whose euerlasting throne

Is plac'd in heauen, aboue the starrie skies,

Where he that sate, was like the Iasper stone,

Who rightly knowes him shall be truely wise,

A Rainebow round about his glorious throne;

Nay more, those winged beasts so full of eies,

That neuer cease to glorifie his Name,

Who was, and will be, and is now the same.

This is that great almightie Lord that made

Both heauen and earth, and liues for euermore;

By him the worlds foundation first was laid:

He fram'd the things that neuer were before:

The Sea within his bounds by him is staid,

He judgeth all alike, both rich and poore:

All might, all majestie, all loue, all lawe

Remaines in him that keepes all worlds in awe.

From his eternall throne the lightning came,

Thundrings and Voyces did from thence proceede;

And all the creatures glorifi'd his name,

In heauen, in earth, and seas, they all agreed,

When loe that spotlesse Lambe so voyd of blame,

That for vs di'd, whose sinnes did make him bleed:

That true Physition that so many heales,

Opened the Booke, and did vndoe the Seales.

He onely worthy to vndoe the Booke

Of our charg'd soules, full of iniquitie,

Where with the eyes of mercy he doth looke

Vpon our weaknesse and infirmitie;

This is that corner stone that was forsooke,

Who leaues it, trusts but to vncertaintie:

This is Gods Sonne, in whom he is well pleased,

His deere beloued, that his wrath appeased.

He that had powre to open all the Seales,

And summon vp our sinnes of blood and wrong,

He vnto whom the righteous soules appeales,

That haue bin martyrd, and doe thinke it long,

To whom in mercie he his will reueales,

That they should rest a little in their wrong,

Vntill their fellow seruants should be killed,

Euen as they were, and that they were fulfilled.

Pure thoughted Lady, blessed be thy choyce

Of this Almightie, euerlasting King;

In thee his Saints and Angels doe reioyce,

And to their Heau'nly Lord doe daily sing

Thy perfect praises in their lowdest voyce;

And all their harpes and golden vials bring

Full of sweet odours, euen thy holy prayers

Vnto that spotlesse Lambe, that all repaires.

Of whom that Heathen queene obtain'd such grace,

By honouring but the shadow of his Loue,

That great Iudiciall day to haue a place,

Condemning those that doe vnfaithfull proue;

Among the haplesse, happie is her case,

That her deere Sauiour spake for her behoue;

And that her memorable Act should be

Writ by the hand of true Eternitie.

Yet this rare Phœnix of that worne-out age,

This great maiesticke Queene comes short of thee,

Who to an earthly Prince did then ingage

Her hearts desires, her loue, her libertie,

Acting her glorious part vpon a Stage

Of weaknesse, frailtie, and infirmity:

Giuing all honour to a Creature, due

To her Creator, whom shee neuer knew.

But loe, a greater thou hast sought and found

Than Salomon in all his royaltie:

And vnto him thy faith most firmely bound

To serue and honour him continually;

That glorious God, whose terror doth confound

All sinfull workers of iniquitie:

Him hast thou truely serued all thy life,

And for his loue, liu'd with the world at strife.

To this great Lord, thou onely art affected,

Yet came he not in pompe or royaltie,

But in an humble habit, base, deiected;

A King, a God, clad in mortalitie,

He hath thy loue, thou art by him directed,

His perfect path was faire humilitie:

Who being Monarke of heau'n, earth, and seas,

Indur'd all wrongs, yet no man did displease.

Then how much more art thou to be commended,

That seek'st thy loue in lowly shepheards weed?

A seeming Trades-mans sonne, of none attended,

Saue of a few in pouertie and need;

Poore Fishermen that on his loue attended,

His loue that makes so many thousands bleed:

Thus did he come, to trie our faiths the more,

Possessing worlds, yet seeming extreame poore.

The Pilgrimes trauels, and the Shepheards cares,

He tooke vpon him to enlarge our soules,

What pride hath lost, humilitie repaires,

For by his glorious death he vs in roules

In deepe Characters, writ with blood and teares,

Vpon those blessed Euerlasting scroules;

His hands, his feete, his body, and his face,

Whence freely flow'd the riuers of his grace.

Sweet holy riuers, pure celestiall springs,

Proceeding from the fountaine of our life;

Swift sugred currents that saluation brings,

Cleare christall streames, purging all sinne and strife,

Faire floods, where souls do bathe their snow-white wings,

Before they flie to true eter[nall] life:

Sweet Nectar and Ambrosia, food of Saints,

Which, whoso tasteth, neuer after faints.

This hony dropping dew of holy loue,

Sweet milke, wherewith we weaklings are restored,

Who drinkes thereof, a world can neuer moue,

All earthly pleasures are of them abhorred;

This loue made Martyrs many deaths to proue,

To taste his sweetnesse, whom they so adored:

Sweetnesse that makes our flesh a burthen to vs,

Knowing it serues but onely to vndoe vs.

His sweetnesse sweet'ned all the sowre of death,

To faithfull Stephen his appointed Saint;

Who by the riuer stones did loose his breath,

When paines nor terrors could not make him faint:

So was this blessed Martyr turn'd to earth,

To glorifie his soule by deaths attaint:

This holy Saint was humbled and cast downe,

To winne in heauen an euerlasting crowne.

Whose face repleat with Maiestie and Sweetnesse,

Did as an Angel vnto them appeare,

That sate in Counsell hearing his discreetenesse,

Seeing no change, or any signe of [feare;]

But with a constant browe did there confesse

Christs high deserts, which were to him so deare:

Yea when these Tyrants stormes did most oppresse,

Christ did appeare to make his griefe the lesse.

For beeing filled with the holy Ghost,

Vp vnto Heau'n he look'd with stedfast eies,

Where God appeared with his heauenly hoste

In glory to this Saint before he dies;

Although he could no Earthly pleasures boast,

At Gods right hand sweet I E S V S he espies;

Bids them behold Heauens open, he doth see

The Sonne of Man at Gods right hand to be.

Whose sweetnesse sweet'ned that short sowre of Life,

Making all bitternesse delight his taste,

Yeelding sweet quietnesse in bitter strife,

And most contentment when he di'd disgrac'd;

Heaping vp joyes where sorrows were most rife;

Such sweetnesse could not choose but be imbrac'd:

The food of Soules, the Spirits onely treasure,

The Paradise of our celestiall pleasure.

This lambe of God, who di'd, and was aliue,

Presenting vs the bread of life Eternall,

His bruised body powrefull to reuiue

Our sinking soules, out of the pit infernall;

For by this blessed food he did contriue

A worke of grace, by this his gift externall,

With heau'nly Manna, food of his elected,

To feed their soules, of whom he is respected.

This wheate of Heauen the blessed Angells bread,

Wherewith he feedes his deere adopted Heires;

Sweet foode of life that doth reuiue the dead,

And from the liuing takes away all cares;

To taste this sweet Saint Laurence did not dread,

The broyling gridyorne cool'd with holy teares:

Yeelding his naked body to the fire,

To taste this sweetnesse, such was his desire.

Nay, what great sweetnesse did th'Apostles taste,

Condemn'd by Counsell, when they did returne;

Rejoycing that for him they di'd disgrac'd,

Whose sweetnes made their hearts and soules so burne

With holy zeale and loue most pure and chaste;

For him they sought from whome they might not turne:

Whose loue made Andrew goe most joyfully,

Vnto the Crosse, on which he meant to die.

The Princes of th'Apostles were so filled

With the delicious sweetnes of his grace,

That willingly they yeelded to be killed,

Receiuing deaths that were most vile and base,

For his names sake; that all might be fulfilled.

They with great joy all torments did imbrace:

The vgli'st face that Death could euer yeeld,

Could neuer feare these Champions from the field.

They still continued in their glorious fight,

Against the enemies of flesh and blood;

And in Gods law did set their whole delight,

Suppressing euill, and erecting good:

Not sparing Kings in what they did not right;

Their noble Actes they seal'd with deerest blood:

One chose the Gallowes, that vnseemely death,

The other by the Sword did loose his breath.

His Head did pay the dearest rate of sin,

Yeelding it joyfully vnto the Sword,

To be cut off as he had neuer bin,

For speaking truth according to Gods word,

Telling king Herod of incestuous sin,

That hatefull crime of God and man abhorr'd:

His brothers wife, that prowd licentious Dame,

Cut off his Head to take away his shame.

Loe Madame, heere you take a view of those,

Whose worthy steps you doe desire to tread,

Deckt in those colours which our Sauiour chose;

The purest colours both of White and Red,

Their freshest beauties would I faine disclose,

By which our Sauiour most was honoured:

But my weake Muse desireth now to rest,

Folding vp all their Beauties in your breast.

Whose excellence hath rais'd my sprites to write,

Of what my thoughts could hardly apprehend;

Your rarest Virtues did my soule delight,

Great Ladie of my heart: I must commend

You that appeare so faire in all mens sight:

On your Deserts my Muses doe attend;

You are the Articke Starre that guides my hand,

All what I am, I rest at your command.

F I N I S.

The Description of Cooke-ham.

Farewell (sweet Cooke-ham) where I first obtain'd

Grace from that Grace where perfit Grace remain'd;

And where the Muses gaue their full consent,

I should haue powre the virtuous to content:

Where princely Palate will'd me to indite,

The sacred Storie of the Soules delight.

Farewell (sweet Place) where Virtue then did rest,

And all delights did harbour in her breast:

Neuer shall my sad eies againe behold

Those pleasures which my thoughts did then vnfold:

Yet you (great Lady) Mistris of that Place,

From whose desires did spring this worke of Grace;

Vouchsafe to thinke vpon those pleasures past,

As fleeting worldly Ioyes that could not last:

Or, as dimme shadowes of celestiall pleasures,

Which are desir'd aboue all earthly treasures.

Oh how (me thought) against you thither came,

Each part did seeme some new delight to frame!

The House receiu'd all ornaments to grace it,

And would indure no foulenesse to deface it.

The Walkes put on their summer Liueries,

And all things else did hold like similies:

The Trees with leaues, with fruits, with flowers clad,

Embrac'd each other, seeming to be glad,

Turning themselues to beauteous Canopies,

To shade the bright Sunne from your brighter eies:

The cristall Streames with siluer spangles graced,

While by the glorious Sunne they were embraced:

The little Birds in chirping notes did sing,

To entetaine both You and that sweet Spring.

And Philomela with her sundry layes,

Both You and that delightfull Place did praise.

Oh how me thought each plant, each floure, each tree

Set forth their beauties then to welcome thee!

The very Hills right humbly did descend,

When you to tread vpon them did intend.

And as you set your feete, they still did rise,

Glad that they could receiue so rich a prise.

The gentle Windes did take delight to bee

Among those woods that were so grac'd by thee.

And in sad murmure vtterd pleasing sound,

That Pleasure in that place might more abound:

The swelling Bankes deliuer'd all their pride,

When such a Phoenix once they had espide.

Each Arbor, Banke, each Seate, each stately Tree,

Thought themselues honor'd i[n] supporting thee,

The pretty Birds would oft come to attend thee,

Yet flie away for feare they should offend thee:

The little creatures in the Burrough by

Would come abroad to sport them in your eye;

Yet fearefull of the Bowe in your faire Hand,

Would runne away when you did make a stand.

Now let me come vnto that stately Tree,

Wherein such goodly Prospects you did see;

That Oake that did in height his fellowes passe,

As much as lofty trees, low growing grasse:

Much like a comely Cedar streight and tall,

Whose beauteous stature farre exceeded all:

How often did you visite this faire tree,

Which seeming joyfull in receiuing thee,

Would like a Palme tree spread his armes abroad,

Desirous that you there should make abode:

Whose faire greene leaues much like a comely vaile,

Defended Phebus when he would assaile:

Whose pleasing boughes did yeeld a coole fresh ayre,

Ioying his happinesse when you were there.

Where beeing seated, you might plainely see,

Hills, vales, and woods, as if on bended knee

They had appeard, your honour to salute,

Or to preferre some strange vnlook'd for sute:

All interlac'd with brookes and christall springs,

A Prospect fit to please the eyes of Kings:

And thirteene shires appear'd all in your sight,

Europe could not affoard much more delight.

What was there then but gaue you all content,

While you the time in meditation spent,

Of their Creators powre, which there you saw,

In all his Creatures held a perfit Law;

And in their beauties did you plaine descrie,

His beauty, wisdome, grace, loue, maiestie.

In these sweet woods how often did you walke,

With Christ and his Apostles there to talke;

Placing his holy Writ in some faire tree,

To meditate what you therein did see:

With Moyses you did mount his holy Hill,

To knowe his pleasure, and performe his Will.

With louely Dauid you did often sing,

His holy Hymnes to Heauens Eternall King.

And in sweet musicke did your soule delight,

To sound his prayses, morning, noone, and night.

With blessed Ioseph you did often feed

Your pined brethren, when they stood in need.

And that sweet Lady sprung from Cliffords race,

Of noble Bedfords blood, faire streame of Grace;

To honourable Dorset now espows'd,

In whose faire breast true virtue then was hous'd:

Oh what delight did my weake spirits find

In those pure parts of her well framed mind:

And yet it grieues me that I cannot be

Neere vnto her, whose virtues did agree

With those faire ornaments of outward beauty,

Which did enforce from all both loue and dutie.

Vnconstant Fortune, thou art most too blame,

Who casts vs downe into so lowe a frame:

Where our great friends we cannot dayly see,

So great a diffrence is there in degree.

Many are placed in those Orbes of state,

Partners in honour, so ordain'd by Fate;

Neerer in show, yet farther off in loue,

In which, the lowest alwayes are aboue.

But whither am I carried in conceit?

My Wit too weake to conster of the great.

Why not? although we are but borne of earth,

We may behold the Heauens, despising death;

And louing heauen that is so farre aboue,

May in the end vouchsafe vs entire loue.

Therefore sweet Memorie, doe thou retaine

Those pleasures past, which will not turne againe:

Remember beauteous Dorsets former sports,

So farre from beeing toucht by ill reports;

Wherein my selfe did alwaies beare a part,

While reuerend Loue presented my true heart:

Those recreations let me beare in mind,

Which her sweet youth and noble thoughts did finde:

Whereof depriu'd, I euermore must grieue,

Hating blind Fortune, carelesse to releiue.

And you sweet Cooke-ham, whom these Ladies leaue,

I now must tell the griefe you did conceaue

At their departure; when they went away,

How euery thing retaind a sad dismay:

Nay long before, when one an inkeling came,

Me thought each thing did vnto sorrow frame:

The trees that were so glorious in our view,

Forsooke both flowres and fruit, when once they knew

Of your depart, their very leaues did wither,

Changing their colours as they grewe together.

But when they saw this had no powre to stay you,

They often wept, though speechlesse, could not pray you;

Letting their teares in your faire bosoms fall,

As if they said, Why will ye leaue vs all?

This being vaine, they cast their leaues away,

Hoping that pitie would haue made you stay:

Their frozen tops, like Ages hoarie haires,

Showes their disasters, languishing in feares:

A swarthy riueld ryne all ouer spread,

Their dying bodies halfe aliue, halfe dead.

But your occasions call'd you so away,

That nothing there had power to make you stay:

Yet did I see a noble gratefull minde,

Requiting each according to their kind;

Forgetting not to turne and take your leaue

Of these sad creatures, powrelesse to receiue

Your fauour, when with griefe you did depart,

Placing their former pleasures in your heart;

Giuing great charge to noble Memory,

There to preserue their loue continually:

But specially the loue of that faire tree,

That first and last you did vouchsafe to see:

In which it pleas'd you oft to take the ayre,

With noble Dorset, then a virgin faire:

Where many a learned Booke was read and skand

To this faire tree, taking me by the hand,

You did repeat the pleasures which had past,

Seeming to grieue they could no longer last.

And with a chaste, yet louing kisse tooke leaue,

Of which sweet kisse I did it soone bereaue:

Scorning a sencelesse creature should possesse

So rare a fauour, so great happinesse.

No other kisse it could receiue from me,

For feare to giue backe what it tooke of thee:

So I ingratefull Creature did deceiue it,

Of that which you vouchsaft in loue to leaue it.

And though it oft had giu'n me much content,

Yet this great wrong I neuer could repent:

But of the happiest made it most forlorne,

To shew that nothing's free from Fortune's scorne,

While all the rest with this most beauteous tree,

Made their sad consort Sorrowes harmony.

The Floures that o[n] the banks and walkes did grow,

Crept in the ground, the Grasse did weepe for woe.

The Windes and Waters seem'd to chide together,

Because you went away they knew not whither:

And those sweet Brookes that ranne so faire and cleare,

With griefe and trouble wrinckled did appeare.

Those pretty Birds that wonted were to sing,

Now neither sing, nor chirp, nor vse their wing;

But with their tender feet on some bare spray,

Warble forth sorrow, and their owne dismay.

Faire Philomela leaues her mournefull Ditty,

Drownd in dead sleepe, yet can procure no pittie:

Each arbour, banke, each seate, each stately tree,

Lookes bare and desolate now for want of thee;

Turning greene tresses into frostie gray,

While in cold griefe they wither all away.

The Sunne grew weake, his beames no comfort gaue,

While all greene things did make the earth their graue:

Each brier, each bramble, when you went away,

Caught fast your clothes, thinking to make you stay:

Delightfull Eccho wonted to reply

To our last words, did now for sorrow die:

The house cast off each garment that might grace it,

Putting on Dust and Cobwebs to deface it.

All desolation then there did appeare,

When you were going whom they held so deare.

This last farewell to Cooke-ham here I giue,

When I am dead thy name in this may liue,

Wherein I haue perform'd her noble hest,

Whose virtues lodge in my vnworthy breast,

And euer shall, so long as life remaines,

Tying my heart to her by those rich chaines.

F I N I S.

To the doubtfull Reader.

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

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3.4.2: Reading and Review Questions

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

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3.5: Ben Jonson (1572-1637)

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

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



Image 3.6 | Ben Jonson
Artist | Abraham van Blijenberch
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That same year, Jonson was arrested and tried for manslaughter. He pled guilty for having argued with and then having killed the actor Gabriel Spenser (1578-1598) in a duel. Jonson was branded with a hot iron and his goods were confiscated. He continued to write for the theater, though, including for Shakespeare's Globe. He also wrote poetry, odes, and satires. For his art and livelihood, Jonson actively sought and won support from patrons that included Sir Robert Thownshend (1512-1556), a wealthy Parliamentarian, and Esme Stuart, 7th Seigneur d'Aubigny (1542- 1583), who was a cousin of James I. With Inigo Jones (1573-1652), James I's architect, Jonson wrote several elaborate court masques. He eventually was awarded pensions from William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke (1580-1630), and James I.

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

3.6.1: The Alchemist

(1610)



Image 3.7 | Abel Drugger, from Ben Jonson's *The Alchemist*
Artist | J. Thornthwaite
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Letters

TO THE LADY MOST DESERVING HER NAME AND BLOOD:

LADY MARY WROTH.

Madam,

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

Your ladyship's true honourer,

BEN JONSON.

TO THE READER.

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

that there is a great difference between those, that, to gain the opinion of copy, utter all they can, however unfitly; and those that use election and a mean. For it is only the disease of the unskilful, to think rude things greater than polished; or scattered more numerous than composed.

Dramatis Personae

SUBTLE, the Alchemist.

FACE, the Housekeeper.

DOL COMMON, their Colleague.

DAPPER, a Lawyer's Clerk.

DRUGGER, a Tobacco Man.

LOVEWIT, Master of the House.

SIR EPICURE MAMMON, a Knight.

PERTINAX SURLY, a Gamester.

TRIBULATION WHOLESOME, a Pastor of Amsterdam.

ANANIAS, a Deacon there.

KASTRIL, the angry Boy.

DAME PLIANT, his Sister, a Widow.

Neighbours.

Officers, Attendants, etc.

SCENE, — LONDON.

Argument

T he sickness hot, a master quit, for fear,

H is house in town, and left one servant there;

E ase him corrupted, and gave means to know

A Cheater, and his punk; who now brought low,

L eaving their narrow practice, were become

C ozeners at large; and only wanting some

H ouse to set up, with him they here contract,

E ach for a share, and all begin to act.

M uch company they draw, and much abuse,

I n casting figures, telling fortunes, news,

S elling of flies, flat bawdry with the stone,

T ill it, and they, and all in fume are gone.

Prologue

Fortune, that favours fools, these two short hours,

We wish away, both for your sakes and ours,

Judging spectators; and desire, in place,

To the author justice, to ourselves but grace.

Our scene is London, 'cause we would make known,

No country's mirth is better than our own:

No clime breeds better matter for your whore,

Bawd, squire, impostor, many persons more,

Whose manners, now call'd humours, feed the stage;

And which have still been subject for the rage

Or spleen of comic writers. Though this pen

Did never aim to grieve, but better men;

Howe'er the age he lives in doth endure

The vices that she breeds, above their cure.

But when the wholesome remedies are sweet,

And in their working gain and profit meet,

He hopes to find no spirit so much diseased,

But will with such fair correctives be pleased:

For here he doth not fear who can apply.

If there be any that will sit so nigh

Unto the stream, to look what it doth run,

They shall find things, they'd think or wish were done;

They are so natural follies, but so shewn,

As even the doers may see, and yet not own.

Act 1

SCENE 1.1.

A ROOM IN LOVEWIT'S HOUSE.

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

FACE.

Believe 't, I will.

SUB.

Thy worst. I fart at thee.

DOL.

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

FACE.

Sirrah, I'll strip you —

SUB.

What to do? lick figs Out at my —

FACE.

Rogue, rogue! — out of all your sleights.

DOL.

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

SUB.

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

DOL.

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

FACE.

Sirrah —

SUB.

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

FACE.

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

SUB.

Yes, faith; yes, faith.

FACE.

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

SUB.

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

FACE.

Speak lower, rogue.

SUB.

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

FACE.

Will you be so loud? SUB. Since, by my means, translated suburb-captain.

FACE.

By your means, doctor dog!

SUB.

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

FACE.

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

SUB.

I do not hear well.

FACE.

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

SUB.

I wish you could advance your voice a little.

FACE.

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

SUB.

So, sir!

FACE.

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

SUB.

Your master's house!

FACE.

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

SUB.

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

FACE.

You might talk softlier, rascal.

SUB.

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

FACE.

The place has made you valiant.

SUB.

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

DOL.

Gentlemen, what mean you? Will you mar all?

SUB.

Slave, thou hadst had no name —

DOL.

Will you undo yourselves with civil war?

SUB.

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

DOL.

Do you know who hears you, sovereign?

FACE.

Sirrah —

DOL.

Nay, general, I thought you were civil.

FACE.

I shall turn desperate, if you grow thus loud.

SUB.

And hang thyself, I care not.

FACE.

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

DOL.

O, this will o'erthrow all.

FACE.

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

DOL.

Are you sound? Have you your senses, masters?

FACE.

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

SUB.

Away, you trencher-rascal!

FACE.

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

DOL.

Will you be Your own destructions, gentlemen?

FACE.

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

SUB.

Cheater!

FACE.

Bawd! SUB. Cow-herd!

FACE.

Conjurer!

SUB.

Cut-purse!

FACE.

Witch!

DOL.

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

FACE.

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

DOL [SNATCHES FACE'S SWORD].

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

FACE.

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

SUB.

Why, so it does.

DOL.

How does it? do not we Sustain our parts?

SUB.

Yes, but they are not equal.

DOL.

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

SUB.

Ay, they MAY.

DOL.

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

[SEIZES SUB. BY THE THROAT.]

SUB.

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

DOL.

Because o' your fermentation and cibation?

SUB.

Not I, by heaven —

DOL.

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

SUB.

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

DOL.

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

SUB.

What should I swear?

DOL.

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

SUB.

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

DOL.

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

FACE.

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

SUB.

Agreed.

DOL.

Yes, and work close and friendly.

SUB.

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

[THEY SHAKE HANDS.]

DOL.

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

SUB.

Royal Dol! Spoken like Claridiana, and thyself.

FACE.

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

[BELL RINGS WITHOUT.]

SUB.

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

FACE.

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

[RE-ENTER DOL.]

SUB.

Who is it, Dol?

DOL.

A fine young quodling.

FACE.

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

DOL.

O, let him in.

SUB.

Stay. Who shall do't?

FACE.

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

DOL.

And what shall I do?

FACE.

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

SUB.

Enough.

[EXIT.]

FACE [ALOUD AND RETIRING].

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

DAP [WITHIN].

Captain, I am here.

FACE.

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

[ENTER DAPPER.]

Good faith, sir, I was going away.

DAP.

In truth I am very sorry, captain.

FACE.

But I thought Sure I should meet you.

DAP.

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

FACE.

This is his worship.

DAP.

Is he a doctor?

FACE.

Yes.

DAP.

And have you broke with him, captain?

FACE.

Ay.

DAP.

And how?

FACE.

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

DAP.

Not so, good captain.

FACE.

Would I were fairly rid of it, believe me.

DAP.

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

FACE.

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

DAP.

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

FACE.

It was a clerk, sir.

DAP.

A clerk!

FACE.

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

DAP.

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

FACE.

You did so.

DAP.

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

FACE.

What's that?

DAP.

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

FACE.

I'll tell the doctor so.

DAP.

Do, good sweet captain.

FACE.

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

SUB.

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

FACE.

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

SUB.

Pray you, forbear —

FACE.

He has Four angels here.

SUB.

You do me wrong, good sir.

FACE.

Doctor, wherein? to tempt you with these spirits?

SUB.

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

FACE.

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

DAP.

Nay, good captain.

FACE.

That know no difference of men.

SUB.

Good words, sir.

FACE.

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

DAP.

Captain!

FACE.

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

DAP.

Nay, dear captain —

FACE.

Did you not tell me so?

DAP.

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

FACE.

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

[GOING.]

SUB.

Pray you let me speak with you.

DAP.

His worship calls you, captain.

FACE.

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

DAP.

Nay, good sir; he did call you.

FACE.

Will he take then?

SUB.

First, hear me —

FACE.

Not a syllable, 'less you take.

SUB.

Pray you, sir —

FACE.

Upon no terms but an assumpsit.

SUB.

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

FACE.

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

SUB.

Why, sir — [OFFERING TO WHISPER FACE.]

FACE.

No whispering.

SUB.

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

FACE.

Wherein? for what?

SUB.

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

FACE.

How!

SUB.

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

FACE.

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

DAP.

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

SUB.

I told you so.

FACE [TAKING DAP. ASIDE].

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

DAP.

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

FACE.

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

DAP.

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

FACE.

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

DAP.

No, sir, I mean To add consideration.

FACE.

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

SUB.

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

FACE.

Indeed!

SUB.

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

FACE.

Speak you this from art?

SUB.

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

FACE.

What! is he?

SUB.

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

FACE.

What?

SUB.

Do not you tell him.

FACE.

Will he win at cards too?

SUB.

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

FACE.

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

SUB.

He hears you, man —

DAP.

Sir, I'll not be ingrateful.

FACE.

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

SUB.

Why, as you please; my venture follows yours.

FACE.

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

DAP.

Believe it, and I will, sir.

FACE.

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

DAP.

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

FACE.

Nothing!

DAP.

A little, sir.

FACE.

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

DAP.

At mine, sir! No.

FACE.

The doctor Swears that you are —

SUB.

Nay, captain, you'll tell all now.

FACE.

Allied to the queen of Fairy.

DAP.

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

FACE.

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

DAP.

Who says so?

FACE.

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

DAP.

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

FACE.

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

DAP.

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

SUB.

No, no, he did but jest.

FACE.

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

DAP.

I thank his worship.

FACE.

So! Another angel.

DAP.

Must I?

FACE.

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

DAP.

Shall I not have it with me?

SUB.

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

FACE.

Not, if she danced, to-night.

SUB.

And she must bless it.

FACE.

Did you never see Her royal grace yet?

DAP.

Whom?

FACE.

Your aunt of Fairy?

SUB.

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

FACE.

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

DAP.

How will't be done, then?

FACE.

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

DAP.

"Captain, I'll see her grace."

FACE.

Enough.

[KNOCKING WITHIN.]

SUB.

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

[EXIT.]

FACE.

Can you remember this?

DAP.

I warrant you.

FACE.

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

[EXEUNT FACE AND DAPPER.]

SUB [WITHIN].

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

DRUG.

Yes, sir.

SUB.

A seller of tobacco?

DRUG.

Yes, sir.

SUB.

Umph! Free of the grocers?

DRUG.

Ay, an't please you.

SUB.

Well — Your business, Abel?

DRUG.

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

SUB.

I do, If I do see them —

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

FACE.

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

DRUG.

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

FACE.

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

SUB.

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

FACE.

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

SUB.

And in right way toward riches —

FACE.

Sir!

SUB.

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

FACE.

What, and so little beard?

SUB.

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

FACE.

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

SUB.

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

FACE.

Which finger's that?

SUB.

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

DRUG.

Yes, indeed, sir.

SUB.

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

FACE.

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

SUB.

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

DRUG.

Yes, sir.

SUB.

And those are your two sides?

DRUG.

Ay, sir.

SUB.

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

DRUG.

Yes, sir.

SUB.

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

FACE.

That's a secret, Nab!

SUB.

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

DRUG.

Sir, I have. At home, already —

SUB.

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

FACE.

Why, how now, Abel! is this true?

DRUG [ASIDE TO FACE].

Good captain, What must I give?

FACE.

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

DRUG.

I would gi' him a crown.

FACE.

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

DRUG.

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

FACE.

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

DRUG.

I would entreat Another favour of his worship.

FACE.

What is't, Nab?

DRUG.

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

FACE.

That he shall, Nab: Leave it, it shall be done, 'gainst afternoon. SUB. And a direction for his shelves.

FACE.

Now, Nab, Art thou well pleased, Nab?

DRUG.

'Thank, sir, both your worships.

FACE.

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

SUB.

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

DOL.

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

SUB.

Heart, I cannot speak with them.

DOL.

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

—

SUB.

Where?

DOL.

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

SUB.

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

DOL.

Why, what's the matter?

SUB.

O, I did look for him With the sun's rising: 'marvel he could sleep, This is the day I am to perfect for him The magisterium, our great work, the stone; And yield it, made, into his hands: of which He has, this month, talked as he were possess'd. And now he's dealing pieces on't away. — Methinks I see him entering ordinaries, Dispensing for the pox, and plaguy houses, Reaching his dose, walking Moorfields for lepers, And offering citizens' wives pomander-bracelets, As his preservative, made of the elixir; Searching the spittal, to make old bawds young; And the highways, for beggars, to make rich. I see no end of his labours. He will make Nature asham'd of her long sleep: when art, Who's but a step-dame, shall do more than she, In her best love to mankind, ever could: If his dream lasts, he'll turn the age to gold.

[EXEUNT.]

Act 2

SCENE 2.1.

AN OUTER ROOM IN LOVEWIT'S HOUSE.

ENTER SIR EPICURE MAMMON AND SURLY.

MAM.

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

FACE [WITHIN].

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

MAM.

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

SUR.

What, and turn that too?

MAM.

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

SUR.

No, faith.

MAM.

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

SUR.

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

MAM.

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

SUR.

No doubt; he's that already.

MAM.

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

SUR.

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

MAM.

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

SUR.

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

MAM.

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

SUR.

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

MAM.

You are incredulous.

SUR.

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

MAM.

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

SUR.

How!

MAM.

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

SUR.

Did Adam write, sir, in High Dutch?

MAM.

He did; Which proves it was the primitive tongue.

SUR.

What paper?

MAM.

On cedar board.

SUR.

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

MAM.

'Tis like your Irish wood, 'Gainst cob-webs. I have a piece of Jason's fleece, too, Which was no other than a book of alchemy, Writ in large sheep-skin, a good fat ram-vellum. Such was Pythagoras' thigh, Pandora's tub, And, all that fable of Medea's charms, The manner of our work; the bulls, our furnace, Still breathing fire; our argent-vive, the dragon: The dragon's teeth, mercury sublimate, That keeps the whiteness, hardness, and the biting; And they are gathered into Jason's helm, The alembic, and then sow'd in Mars his field, And thence sublimed so often, till they're fixed. Both this, the Hesperian garden, Cadmus' story, Jove's shower, the boon of Midas, Argus' eyes, Boccace his Demogorgon, thousands more, All abstract riddles of our stone. [ENTER FACE, AS A SERVANT.] — How now! Do we succeed? Is our day come? and holds it?

FACE.

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

MAM.

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

FACE.

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

MAM.

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

FACE.

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

MAM.

That's true.

FACE.

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

MAM.

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

FACE.

I have blown, sir, Hard for your worship; thrown by many a coal, When 'twas not beech; weigh'd those I put in, just, To keep your heat still even; these blear'd eyes Have wak'd to read your several colours, sir, Of the pale citron, the green lion, the crow, The peacock's tail, the plumed swan.

MAM.

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

FACE.

Yes, sir.

MAM.

Where's master?

FACE.

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

MAM.

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

FACE.

Good, sir.

MAM.

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

FACE.

Yes, sir.

MAM.

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

FACE.

Both blood and spirit, sir.

MAM.

I will have all my beds blown up, not stuft; Down is too hard: and then, mine oval room Fill'd with such pictures as Tiberius took From Elephantis, and dull Aretine But coldly imitated. Then, my glasses Cut in more subtle angles, to disperse And multiply the figures, as I walk Naked between my succubae. My mists I'll have of perfume, vapour'd 'bout the room, To lose ourselves in; and my baths, like pits To fall into; from whence we will come forth, And roll us dry in gossamer and roses. — Is it arrived at ruby? — Where I spy A wealthy citizen, or [a] rich lawyer, Have a sublimed pure wife, unto that fellow I'll send a thousand pound to be my cuckold.

FACE.

And I shall carry it?

MAM.

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

FACE.

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

[EXIT.]

MAM.

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

SUR.

And do you think to have the stone with this?

MAM.

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

SUR.

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

MAM.

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

SUB.

Gentle son, good morrow, And to your friend there. What is he, is with you? MAM. An heretic, that I did bring along, In hope, sir, to convert him.

SUB.

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

MAM.

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

SUR.

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

SUB.

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

FACE [WITHIN].

Anon, sir.

SUB.

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

FACE [WITHIN].

Yes, sir.

SUB.

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

FACE [WITHIN].

Which? on D, sir?

SUB.

Ay; What's the complexion?

FACE [WITHIN].

Whitish.

SUB.

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

FACE [WITHIN].

I will, sir.

SUR.

What a brave language here is! next to canting.

SUB.

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

MAM.

But 'tis for me?

SUB.

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

MAM.

O but —

SUB.

Why, this is covetise!

MAM.

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

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

SUB.

How now!

FACE.

Sir, please you, Shall I not change the filter? SUB. Marry, yes; And bring me the complexion of glass B.

[EXIT FACE.]

MAM.

Have you another?

SUB.

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

MAM.

Of white oil?

SUB.

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

MAM.

By pouring on your rectified water?

SUB.

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

FACE.

The ground black, sir.

MAM.

That's your crow's head?

SUR.

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

SUB.

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

SUR [ASIDE].

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

SUB.

Are you sure you loosed them In their own menstrue?

FACE.

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

SUB.

The process then was right.

FACE.

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

SUB.

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

SUR [ASIDE].

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

SUB.

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

FACE.

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

MAM.

He says right.

SUR [ASIDE].

Ay, are you bolted?

FACE.

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

MAM.

Is't no more?

FACE.

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

MAM.

Away, here's money. What will serve?

FACE.

Ask him, sir.

MAM.

How much?

SUB.

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

SUR.

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

MAM.

There 'tis. [GIVES FACE THE MONEY.]

SUB.

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

FACE.

Yes, sir. SUB. And the philosopher's vinegar?

FACE.

Ay. [EXIT.] SUR. We shall have a sallad!

MAM.

When do you make projection?

SUB.

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

MAM.

Not those of iron?

SUB.

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

SUR.

I believe you in that.

MAM.

Then I may send my spits?

SUB.

Yes, and your racks.

SUR.

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

SUB.

If he please.

SUR.

— To be an ass.

SUB.

How, sir!

MAM.

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

SUR.

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

SUB.

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

SUR.

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

SUB.

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

SUR.

If I should?

SUB.

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

SUR.

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

SUB.

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

MAM.

And that Our art doth further.

SUB.

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

SUR.

Ay, what is that?

SUB.

Marry, we say —

MAM.

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

SUB.

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

MAM.

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

SUR.

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

SUB.

Sir?

SUR.

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

SUB.

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

MAM.

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

SUB.

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

MAM.

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

DOL

[APPEARS AT THE DOOR]. — Who is this?

SUB.

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

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

FACE.

Sir.

SUB.

You very knave! do you use me thus?

FACE.

Wherein, sir?

SUB.

Go in and see, you traitor. Go!

[EXIT FACE.]

MAM.

Who is it, sir? SUB. Nothing, sir; nothing.

MAM.

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

SUB.

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

FACE.

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

SUB.

Would she, sir! Follow me.

[EXIT.]

MAM [STOPPING HIM].

Stay, Lungs.

FACE.

I dare not, sir.

MAM.

Stay, man; what is she?

FACE.

A lord's sister, sir.

MAM.

How! pray thee, stay.

FACE.

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

MAM.

I warrant thee. — Why sent hither?

FACE.

Sir, to be cured.

SUB [WITHIN].

Why, rascal!

FACE.

Lo you! — Here, sir!

[EXIT.]

MAM.

'Fore God, a Bradamante, a brave piece. SUR. Heart, this is a bawdy-house! I will be burnt else.

MAM.

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

FACE.

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

MAM.

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

FACE.

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

MAM.

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

FACE.

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

SUR.

Be not gull'd, sir Mammon.

MAM.

Wherein? pray ye, be patient.

SUR.

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

MAM.

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

FACE.

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

MAM.

Stay, knave.

FACE.

He is extreme angry that you saw her, sir.

MAM.

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

FACE.

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

MAM.

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

SUB [WITHIN].

Ulen!

FACE.

I'll come to you again, sir.

[EXIT.]

MAM.

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

SUR.

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

MAM.

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

SUR.

And yet you never saw her Till now!

MAM.

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

SUR.

What call you her brother?

MAM.

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

SUR.

A very treacherous memory!

MAM.

On my faith —

SUR.

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

MAM.

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

SUR.

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

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

FACE.

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

SUR.

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

FACE.

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

SUR.

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

[EXIT.]

MAM.

I follow you, straight.

FACE.

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

MAM.

But wilt thou Ulen, Be constant to thy promise?

FACE.

As my life, sir.

MAM.

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

FACE.

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

MAM.

Wilt thou do this?

FACE.

Will I, sir!

MAM.

Lungs, my Lungs! I love thee.

FACE.

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

MAM.

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

FACE.

Your jack, and all, sir.

MAM.

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

FACE.

Not I, sir!

MAM.

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

FACE.

Away, sir.

MAM.

A count, nay, a count palatine —

FACE.

Good, sir, go.

MAM.

Shall not advance thee better: no, nor faster.

[EXIT.]

[RE-ENTER SUBTLE AND DOL.]

SUB.

Has he bit? has he bit?

FACE.

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

SUB.

And shall we twitch him?

FACE.

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

SUB.

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

DOL.

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

FACE.

Well said, sanguine!

SUB.

But will he send his andirons?

FACE.

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

SUB.

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

FACE.

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

SUB.

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

DOL.

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

SUB.

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

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

FACE.

Sir!

SUB.

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

FACE.

Yes, sir. And save the ground?

SUB.

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

ANA.

A faithful brother, if it please you.

SUB.

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

ANA.

I understand no heathen language, truly.

SUB.

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

ANA.

Heathen Greek, I take it.

SUB.

How! heathen Greek?

ANA.

All's heathen but the Hebrew.

SUB.

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

FACE.

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

SUB.

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

FACE.

After mortification.

SUB.

What's cohobation?

FACE.

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

SUB.

What's the proper passion of metals?

FACE.

Malleation.

SUB.

What's your ultimum supplicium auri?

FACE.

Antimonium.

SUB.

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

FACE.

A very fugitive, he will be gone, sir.

SUB.

How know you him?

FACE.

By his viscosity, His oleosity, and his suscitability.

SUB.

How do you sublime him?

FACE.

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

SUB.

Your magisterium now, What's that?

FACE.

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

SUB.

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

FACE.

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

SUB.

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

ANA.

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

SUB.

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

ANA.

From Tribulation Wholesome, Our very zealous pastor.

SUB.

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

ANA.

Of what kind, sir?

SUB.

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

ANA.

Were the orphans' parents Sincere professors?

SUB.

Why do you ask?

ANA.

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

SUB.

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

ANA.

No, surely.

SUB.

No! how so?

ANA.

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

SUB.

How!

ANA.

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

SUB.

What's your name?

ANA.

My name is Ananias.

SUB.

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

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

FACE.

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

SUB.

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

FACE.

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

DRUG.

A sign, sir.

FACE.

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

SUB.

I was devising now.

FACE.

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

SUB.

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

FACE.

Nab!

SUB.

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

FACE.

Abel, thou art made.

DRUG.

Sir, I do thank his worship.

FACE.

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

DRUG.

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

FACE.

Out with it, Nab.

DRUG.

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

FACE.

Good! a bona roba?

DRUG.

But nineteen, at the most.

FACE.

Very good, Abel.

DRUG.

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

FACE.

No matter, Abel.

DRUG.

And I do now and then give her a fucus —

FACE.

What! dost thou deal, Nab?

SUB.

I did tell you, captain.

DRUG.

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

FACE.

Good (his match too!) — On, Nab.

DRUG.

And she does strangely long to know her fortune.

FACE.

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

DRUG.

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

FACE.

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

DRUG.

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

FACE.

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

DRUG.

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

FACE.

How! to quarrel?

DRUG.

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

FACE.

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

SUB.

O, good captain!

FACE.

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

DRUG.

I'll try my power, sir.

FACE.

And thy will too, Nab.

SUB.

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

FACE.

He'll send you a pound, doctor.

SUB.

O no.

FACE.

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

SUB.

And shall, sir. This works.

FACE.

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

SUB.

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

FACE.

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

SUB.

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

FACE.

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

SUB.

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

FACE.

'Pray God I have not staid too long.

SUB.

I fear it.

[EXEUNT.]

Act 3

SCENE 3.1.

THE LANE BEFORE LOVEWIT'S HOUSE.

ENTER TRIBULATION WHOLESOME AND ANANIAS.

TRI.

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

ANA.

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

TRI.

I think him a profane person indeed.

ANA.

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

TRI.

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

ANA.

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

TRI.

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

ANA.

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

TRI.

Let us call on him then.

ANA.

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

[THE DOOR IS OPENED, AND THEY ENTER.]

SCENE 3.2.

A ROOM IN LOVEWIT'S HOUSE.

ENTER SUBTLE, FOLLOWED BY TRIBULATION AND ANANIAS.

SUB.

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

TRI.

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

SUB.

Why, this doth qualify!

TRI.

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

SUB.

This qualifies more!

TRI.

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

SUB.

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

TRI.

Ay, it is very pregnant.

SUB.

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

ANA.

Christ-tide, I pray you.

SUB.

Yet, Ananias!

ANA.

I have done.

SUB.

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

TRI.

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

SUB.

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

ANA.

Bells are profane; a tune may be religious.

SUB.

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

TRI.

I pray you, sir.

SUB.

All shall perish. I have spoken it.

TRI.

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

SUB.

No, nor your holy vizard, to win widows To give you legacies; or make zealous wives To rob their husbands for the common cause: Nor take the start of bonds broke but one day, And say, they were forfeited by providence. Nor shall you need o'er night to eat huge meals, To celebrate your next day's fast the better; The whilst the brethren and the sisters humbled, Abate the stiffness of the flesh. Nor cast Before your hungry hearers scrupulous bones; As whether a Christian may hawk or hunt, Or whether matrons of the holy assembly May lay their hair out, or wear doublets, Or have that idol starch about their linen.

ANA.

It is indeed an idol.

TRI.

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

SUB.

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

TRI.

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

SUB.

O, but the stone, all's idle to it! nothing! The art of angels' nature's miracle, The divine secret that doth fly in clouds From east to west: and whose tradition Is not from men, but spirits.

ANA.

I hate traditions; I do not trust them —

TRI.

Peace!

ANA.

They are popish all. I will not peace: I will not —

TRI.

Ananias!

ANA.

Please the profane, to grieve the godly; I may not.

SUB.

Well, Ananias, thou shalt overcome.

TRI.

It is an ignorant zeal that haunts him, sir; But truly, else, a very faithful brother, A botcher, and a man, by revelation, That hath a competent knowledge of the truth.

SUB.

Has he a competent sum there in the bag To buy the goods within? I am made guardian, And must, for charity, and conscience sake, Now see the most be made for my poor orphan; Though I desire the brethren too good gainers: There they are within. When you have view'd and bought 'em, And ta'en the inventory of what they are, They are ready for projection; there's no more To do: cast on the med'cine, so much silver As there is tin there, so much gold as brass, I'll give't you in by weight.

TRI.

But how long time, Sir, must the saints expect yet?

SUB.

Let me see, How's the moon now? Eight, nine, ten days hence, He will be silver potate; then three days Before he citronise: Some fifteen days, The magisterium will be perfected.

ANA.

About the second day of the third week, In the ninth month?

SUB.

Yes, my good Ananias.

TRI.

What will the orphan's goods arise to, think you?

SUB.

Some hundred marks, as much as fill'd three cars, Unladed now: you'll make six millions of them. — But I must have more coals laid in.

TRI.

How?

SUB.

Another load, And then we have finish'd. We must now increase Our fire to ignis ardens; we are past Fimus equinus, balnei, cineris, And all those lenter heats. If the holy purse Should with this draught fall low, and that the saints Do need a present sum, I have a trick To melt the pewter, you shall buy now, instantly, And with a tincture make you as good Dutch dollars As any are in Holland.

TRI.

Can you so?

SUB.

Ay, and shall 'bide the third examination.

ANA.

It will be joyful tidings to the brethren.

SUB.

But you must carry it secret.

TRI.

Ay; but stay, This act of coining, is it lawful?

ANA.

Lawful! We know no magistrate; or, if we did, This is foreign coin.

SUB.

It is no coining, sir. It is but casting.

TRI.

Ha! you distinguish well: Casting of money may be lawful.

ANA.

'Tis, sir.

TRI.

Truly, I take it so.

SUB.

There is no scruple, Sir, to be made of it; believe Ananias: This case of conscience he is studied in.

TRI.

I'll make a question of it to the brethren.

ANA.

The brethren shall approve it lawful, doubt not. Where shall it be done?

[KNOCKING WITHOUT.]

SUB.

For that we'll talk anon. There's some to speak with me. Go in, I pray you, And view the parcels. That's the inventory. I'll come to you straight. [EXEUNT TRIB. AND ANA.] Who is it? — Face! appear. [ENTER FACE IN HIS UNIFORM.] How now! good prize?

FACE.

Good pox! yond' costive cheater Never came on.

SUB.

How then?

FACE.

I have walk'd the round Till now, and no such thing.

SUB.

And have you quit him?

FACE.

Quit him! an hell would quit him too, he were happy. 'Slight! would you have me stalk like a mill-jade, All day, for one that will not yield us grains? I know him of old.

SUB.

O, but to have gull'd him, Had been a mastery.

FACE.

Let him go, black boy! And turn thee, that some fresh news may possess thee. A noble count, a don of Spain, my dear Delicious compeer, and my party-bawd, Who is come hither private for his conscience, And brought munition with him, six great slops, Bigger than three Dutch hoys, beside round trunks, Furnished with pistolets, and pieces of eight, Will straight be here, my rogue, to have thy bath, (That is the colour,) and to make his battery Upon our Dol, our castle, our cinque-port, Our Dover pier, our what thou wilt. Where is she? She must prepare perfumes, delicate linen, The bath in chief, a banquet, and her wit, For she must milk his epididimis. Where is the doxy?

SUB.

I'll send her to thee: And but despatch my brace of little John Leydens, And come again my self.

FACE.

Are they within then?

SUB.

Numbering the sum.

FACE.

How much?

SUB.

A hundred marks, boy.

[EXIT.]

FACE.

Why, this is a lucky day. Ten pounds of Mammon! Three of my clerk! A portague of my grocer! This of the brethren! beside reversions, And states to come in the widow, and my count! My share to-day will not be bought for forty —

[ENTER DOL.]

DOL.

What?

FACE.

Pounds, dainty Dorothy! art thou so near?

DOL.

Yes; say, lord general, how fares our camp?

FACE.

As with the few that had entrench'd themselves Safe, by their discipline, against a world, Dol, And laugh'd within those trenches, and grew fat With thinking on the booties, Dol, brought in Daily by their small parties. This dear hour, A doughty don is taken with my Dol; And thou mayst make his ransom what thou wilt, My Dousabel; he shall be brought here fetter'd With thy fair looks, before he sees thee; and thrown In a down-bed, as dark as any dungeon; Where thou shalt keep him waking with thy drum; Thy drum, my Dol, thy drum; till he be tame As the poor black-birds were in the great frost, Or bees are with a bason; and so hive him In the swan-skin coverlid, and cambric sheets, Till he work honey and wax, my little God's-gift.

DOL.

What is he, general?

FACE.

An adalantado, A grandee, girl. Was not my Dapper here yet?

DOL.

No.

FACE.

Nor my Drugger?

DOL.

Neither.

FACE.

A pox on 'em, They are so long a furnishing! such stinkards Would not be seen upon these festival days. — [RE-ENTER SUBTLE.] How now! have you done?

SUB.

Done. They are gone: the sum Is here in bank, my Face. I would we knew Another chapman now would buy 'em outright.

FACE.

'Slid, Nab shall do't against he have the widow, To furnish household.

SUB.

Excellent, well thought on: Pray God he come!

FACE.

I pray he keep away Till our new business be o'erpast.

SUB.

But, Face, How cam'st thou by this secret don?

FACE.

A spirit Brought me th' intelligence in a paper here, As I was conjuring yonder in my circle For Surly; I have my flies abroad. Your bath Is famous, Subtle, by my means. Sweet Dol, You must go tune your virginal, no losing O' the least time: and, do you hear? good action. Firk, like a flounder; kiss, like a scallop, close; And tickle him with thy mother tongue. His great Verdugoship has not a jot of language; So much the easier to be cozen'd, my Dolly. He will come here in a hired coach, obscure, And our own coachman, whom I have sent as guide, No creature else. [KNOCKING WITHOUT.] Who's that?

[EXIT DOL.]

SUB.

It is not he?

FACE.

O no, not yet this hour.

[RE-ENTER DOL.]

SUB.

Who is't?

DOL.

Dapper, Your clerk.

FACE.

God's will then, queen of Fairy, On with your tire; [EXIT DOL.] and, doctor, with your robes. Let's dispatch him for God's sake.

SUB.

'Twill be long.

FACE.

I warrant you, take but the cues I give you, It shall be brief enough. [GOES TO THE WINDOW.] 'Slight, here are more! Abel, and I think the angry boy, the heir, That fain would quarrel.

SUB.

And the widow?

FACE.

No, Not that I see. Away! [EXIT SUB.] [ENTER DAPPER.] O sir, you are welcome. The doctor is within a moving for you; I have had the most ado to win him to it! — He swears you'll be the darling of the dice: He never heard her highness dote till now. Your aunt has given you the most gracious words That can be thought on.

DAP.

Shall I see her grace?

FACE.

See her, and kiss her too. — [ENTER ABEL, FOLLOWED BY KASTRIL.] What, honest Nab! Hast brought the damask?

NAB.

No, sir; here's tobacco.

FACE.

'Tis well done, Nab; thou'lt bring the damask too?

DRUG.

Yes: here's the gentleman, captain, master Kastril, I have brought to see the doctor.

FACE.

Where's the widow?

DRUG.

Sir, as he likes, his sister, he says, shall come.

FACE.

O, is it so? good time. Is your name Kastril, sir?

KAS.

Ay, and the best of the Kastrils, I'd be sorry else, By fifteen hundred a year. Where is the doctor? My mad tobacco-boy, here, tells me of one That can do things: has he any skill?

FACE.

Wherein, sir?

KAS.

To carry a business, manage a quarrel fairly, Upon fit terms.

FACE.

It seems, sir, you are but young About the town, that can make that a question.

KAS.

Sir, not so young, but I have heard some speech Of the angry boys, and seen them take tobacco; And in his shop; and I can take it too. And I would fain be one of 'em, and go down And practise in the country.

FACE.

Sir, for the duello, The doctor, I assure you, shall inform you, To the least shadow of a hair; and shew you An instrument he has of his own making, Wherewith no sooner shall you make report Of any quarrel, but he will take the height on't Most instantly, and tell in what degree Of safety it lies in, or mortality. And how it may be borne, whether in a right line, Or a half circle; or may else be cast Into an angle blunt, if not acute: And this he will demonstrate. And then, rules To give and take the lie by.

KAS.

How! to take it?

FACE.

Yes, in oblique he'll shew you, or in circle; But never in diameter. The whole town Study his theorems, and dispute them ordinarily At the eating academies.

KAS.

But does he teach Living by the wits too?

FACE.

Anything whatever. You cannot think that subtlety, but he reads it. He made me a captain. I was a stark pimp, Just of your standing, 'fore I met with him; It is not two months since. I'll tell you his method: First, he will enter you at some ordinary.

KAS.

No, I'll not come there: you shall pardon me.

FACE.

For why, sir?

KAS.

There's gaming there, and tricks.

FACE.

Why, would you be A gallant, and not game?

KAS.

Ay, 'twill spend a man.

FACE.

Spend you! it will repair you when you are spent: How do they live by their wits there, that have vented Six times your fortunes?

KAS.

What, three thousand a-year!

FACE.

Ay, forty thousand.

KAS.

Are there such?

FACE.

Ay, sir, And gallants yet. Here's a young gentleman Is born to nothing, — [POINTS TO DAPPER.] forty marks a year, Which I count nothing: — he is to be initiated, And have a fly of the doctor. He will win you, By unresistible luck, within this fortnight, Enough to buy a barony. They will set him Upmost, at the groom porter's, all the Christmas: And for the whole year through, at every place, Where there is play, present him with the chair; The best attendance, the best drink; sometimes Two glasses of Canary, and pay nothing; The purest linen, and the sharpest knife, The partridge next his trencher: and somewhere The dainty bed, in private, with the dainty. You shall have your ordinaries bid for him, As play-houses for a poet; and the master Pray him aloud to name what dish he affects, Which must be butter'd shrimps: and those that drink To no mouth else, will drink to his, as being The goodly president mouth of all the board.

KAS.

Do you not gull one?

FACE.

'Ods my life! do you think it? You shall have a cast commander, (can but get In credit with a glover, or a spurrier, For some two pair of either's ware aforehand,) Will, by most swift posts, dealing [but] with him, Arrive at competent means to keep himself, His punk and naked boy, in excellent fashion, And be admired for't.

KAS.

Will the doctor teach this?

FACE.

He will do more, sir: when your land is gone, As men of spirit hate to keep earth long, In a vacation, when small money is stirring, And ordinaries suspended till the term, He'll shew a perspective, where on one side You shall behold the faces and the persons Of all sufficient young heirs in town, Whose bonds are current for commodity; On th' other side, the merchants' forms, and others, That without help of any second broker, Who would expect a share, will trust such parcels: In the third square, the very street and sign Where the commodity dwells, and does but wait To be deliver'd, be it pepper, soap, Hops, or tobacco, oatmeal, woad, or cheeses. All which you may so handle, to enjoy To your own use, and never stand obliged.

KAS.

I'faith! is he such a fellow?

FACE.

Why, Nab here knows him. And then for making matches for rich widows, Young gentlewomen, heirs, the fortunat'st man! He's sent to, far and near, all over England, To have his counsel, and to know their fortunes.

KAS.

God's will, my suster shall see him.

FACE.

I'll tell you, sir, What he did tell me of Nab. It's a strange thing: — By the way, you must eat no cheese, Nab, it breeds melancholy, And that same melancholy breeds worms; but pass it: — He told me, honest Nab here was ne'er at tavern But once in's life!

DRUG.

Truth, and no more I was not.

FACE.

And then he was so sick —

DRUG.

Could he tell you that too?

FACE.

How should I know it?

DRUG.

In troth we had been a shooting, And had a piece of fat ram-mutton to supper, That lay so heavy o' my stomach —

FACE.

And he has no head To bear any wine; for what with the noise of the fidlers, And care of his shop, for he dares keep no servants —

DRUG.

My head did so ach —

FACE.

And he was fain to be brought home, The doctor told me: and then a good old woman —

DRUG.

Yes, faith, she dwells in Sea-coal-lane, — did cure me, With sodden ale, and pellitory of the wall; Cost me but two-pence. I had another sickness Was worse than that.

FACE.

Ay, that was with the grief Thou took'st for being cess'd at eighteen-pence, For the water-work.

DRUG.

In truth, and it was like T' have cost me almost my life.

FACE.

Thy hair went off?

DRUG.

Yes, sir; 'twas done for spight.

FACE.

Nay, so says the doctor.

KAS.

Pray thee, tobacco-boy, go fetch my suster; I'll see this learned boy before I go; And so shall she.

FACE.

Sir, he is busy now: But if you have a sister to fetch hither, Perhaps your own pains may command her sooner; And he by that time will be free.

KAS.

I go.

[EXIT.]

FACE.

Drugger, she's thine: the damask! — [EXIT ABEL.] Subtle and I Must wrestle for her. [ASIDE.] — Come on, master Dapper, You see how I turn clients here away, To give your cause dispatch; have you perform'd The ceremonies were enjoin'd you?

DAP.

Yes, of the vinegar, And the clean shirt.

FACE.

'Tis well: that shirt may do you More worship than you think. Your aunt's a-fire, But that she will not shew it, t' have a sight of you. Have you provided for her grace's servants?

DAP.

Yes, here are six score Edward shillings.

FACE.

Good!

DAP.

And an old Harry's sovereign.

FACE.

Very good!

DAP.

And three James shillings, and an Elizabeth groat, Just twenty nobles.

FACE.

O, you are too just. I would you had had the other noble in Maries.

DAP.

I have some Philip and Maries.

FACE.

Ay, those same Are best of all: where are they? Hark, the doctor.

[ENTER SUBTLE, DISGUISED LIKE A PRIEST OF FAIRY, WITH A STRIPE OF CLOTH.]

SUB [IN A FEIGNED VOICE].

Is yet her grace's cousin come?

FACE.

He is come.

SUB.

And is he fasting?

FACE.

Yes.

SUB.

And hath cried hum?

FACE.

Thrice, you must answer.

DAP.

Thrice.

SUB.

And as oft buz?

FACE.

If you have, say.

DAP.

I have.

SUB.

Then, to her cuz, Hoping that he hath vinegar'd his senses, As he was bid, the Fairy queen dispenses, By me, this robe, the petticoat of fortune; Which that he straight put on, she doth importune. And though to fortune near be her petticoat, Yet nearer is her smock, the queen doth note: And therefore, ev'n of that a piece she hath sent Which, being a child, to wrap him in was rent; And prays him for a scarf he now will wear it, With as much love as then her grace did tear it, About his eyes, [THEY BLIND HIM WITH THE RAG,] to shew he is fortunate. And, trusting unto her to make his state, He'll throw away all worldly pelf about him; Which that he will perform, she doth not doubt him.

FACE.

She need not doubt him, sir. Alas, he has nothing, But what he will part withal as willingly, Upon her grace's word — throw away your purse — As she would ask it; — handkerchiefs and all — [HE THROWS AWAY, AS THEY BID HIM.] She cannot bid that thing, but he'll obey. — If you have a ring about you, cast it off, Or a silver seal at your wrist; her grace will send Her fairies here to search you, therefore deal Directly with her highness: if they find That you conceal a mite, you are undone.

DAP.

Truly, there's all.

FACE.

All what?

DAP.

My money; truly.

FACE.

Keep nothing that is transitory about you. [ASIDE TO SUBTLE.] Bid Dol play music. — [DOL PLAYS ON THE CITTERN WITHIN.] Look, the elves are come. To pinch you, if you tell not truth. Advise you.

[THEY PINCH HIM.]

DAP.

O! I have a paper with a spur-ryal in't.

FACE.

Ti, ti. They knew't, they say.

SUB.

Ti, ti, ti, ti. He has more yet.

FACE.

Ti, ti-ti-ti. [ASIDE TO SUB.] In the other pocket.

SUB.

Titi, titi, titi, titi, titi. They must pinch him or he will never confess, they say.

[THEY PINCH HIM AGAIN.]

DAP.

O, O!

FACE.

Nay, pray you, hold: he is her grace's nephew, Ti, ti, ti? What care you? good faith, you shall care. — Deal plainly, sir, and shame the fairies. Shew You are innocent.

DAP.

By this good light, I have nothing.

SUB.

Ti, ti, ti, ti, to, ta. He does equivocate she says: Ti, ti do ti, ti ti do, ti da; and swears by the LIGHT when he is blinded.

DAP.

By this good DARK, I have nothing but a half-crown Of gold about my wrist, that my love gave me; And a leaden heart I wore since she forsook me.

FACE.

I thought 'twas something. And would you incur Your aunt's displeasure for these trifles? Come, I had rather you had thrown away twenty half-crowns. [TAKES IT OFF.] You may wear your leaden heart still. — [ENTER DOL HASTILY.] How now!

SUB.

What news, Dol?

DOL.

Yonder's your knight, sir Mammon.

FACE.

'Ods lid, we never thought of him till now! Where is he?

DOL.

Here hard by: he is at the door.

SUB.

And you are not ready now! Dol, get his suit. [EXIT DOL.] He must not be sent back.

FACE.

O, by no means. What shall we do with this same puffin here, Now he's on the spit? SUB. Why, lay him back awhile, With some device. [RE-ENTER DOL, WITH FACE'S CLOTHES.] — Ti, ti, ti, ti, ti, ti, Would her grace speak with me? I come. — Help, Dol!

[KNOCKING WITHOUT.]

FACE [SPEAKS THROUGH THE KEYHOLE].

Who's there? sir Epicure, My master's in the way. Please you to walk Three or four turns, but till his back be turned, And I am for you. — Quickly, Dol!

SUB.

Her grace Commends her kindly to you, master Dapper.

DAP.

I long to see her grace.

SUB.

She now is set At dinner in her bed, and she has sent you From her own private trencher, a dead mouse, And a piece of gingerbread, to be merry withal, And stay your stomach, lest you faint with fasting: Yet if you could hold out till she saw you, she says, It would be better for you.

FACE.

Sir, he shall Hold out, an 'twere this two hours, for her highness; I can assure you that. We will not lose All we have done. —

SUB.

He must not see, nor speak To any body, till then.

FACE.

For that we'll put, sir, A stay in's mouth.

SUB.

Of what?

FACE.

Of gingerbread. Make you it fit. He that hath pleas'd her grace Thus far, shall not now crincle for a little. — Gape, sir, and let him fit you.

[THEY THRUST A GAG OF GINGERBREAD IN HIS MOUTH.]

SUB.

Where shall we now Bestow him?

DOL.

In the privy.

SUB.

Come along, sir, I now must shew you Fortune's privy lodgings.

FACE.

Are they perfumed, and his bath ready?

SUB.

All: Only the fumigation's somewhat strong.

FACE [SPEAKING THROUGH THE KEYHOLE].

Sir Epicure, I am yours, sir, by and by.

[EXEUNT WITH DAPPER.]

Act 4

SCENE 4.1.

A ROOM IN LOVEWIT'S HOUSE.

ENTER FACE AND MAMMON.

FACE.

O sir, you're come in the only finest time. —

MAM.

Where's master?

FACE.

Now preparing for projection, sir. Your stuff will be all changed shortly.

MAM.

Into gold?

FACE.

To gold and silver, sir.

MAM.

Silver I care not for.

FACE.

Yes, sir, a little to give beggars.

MAM.

Where's the lady?

FACE.

At hand here. I have told her such brave things of you, Touching your bounty, and your noble spirit —

MAM.

Hast thou?

FACE.

As she is almost in her fit to see you. But, good sir, no divinity in your conference, For fear of putting her in rage. —

MAM.

I warrant thee.

FACE.

Six men [sir] will not hold her down: and then, If the old man should hear or see you —

MAM.

Fear not.

FACE.

The very house, sir, would run mad. You know it, How scrupulous he is, and violent, 'Gainst the least act of sin. Physic, or mathematics, Poetry, state, or bawdry, as I told you, She will endure, and never startle; but No word of controversy.

MAM.

I am school'd, good Ulen.

FACE.

And you must praise her house, remember that, And her nobility.

MAM.

Let me alone: No herald, no, nor antiquary, Lungs, Shall do it better. Go.

FACE [ASIDE].

Why, this is yet A kind of modern happiness, to have Dol Common for a great lady.

[EXIT.]

MAM.

Now, Epicure, Heighten thyself, talk to her all in gold; Rain her as many showers as Jove did drops Unto his Danae; shew the god a miser, Compared with Mammon. What! the stone will do't.

She shall feel gold, taste gold, hear gold, sleep gold; Nay, we will concumbere gold: I will be puissant, And mighty in my talk to her. — [RE-ENTER FACE, WITH DOL RICHLY DRESSED.] Here she comes.

FACE.

To him, Dol, suckle him. — This is the noble knight, I told your ladyship —

MAM.

Madam, with your pardon, I kiss your vesture.

DOL.

Sir, I were uncivil If I would suffer that; my lip to you, sir.

MAM.

I hope my lord your brother be in health, lady.

DOL.

My lord, my brother is, though I no lady, sir.

FACE [ASIDE].

Well said, my Guinea bird.

MAM.

Right noble madam —

FACE [ASIDE].

O, we shall have most fierce idolatry.

MAM.

'Tis your prerogative.

DOL.

Rather your courtesy.

MAM.

Were there nought else to enlarge your virtues to me, These answers speak your breeding and your blood.

DOL.

Blood we boast none, sir, a poor baron's daughter.

MAM.

Poor! and gat you? profane not. Had your father Slept all the happy remnant of his life After that act, lien but there still, and panted, He had done enough to make himself, his issue, And his posterity noble.

DOL.

Sir, although We may be said to want the gilt and trappings, The dress of honour, yet we strive to keep The seeds and the materials.

MAM.

I do see The old ingredient, virtue, was not lost, Nor the drug money used to make your compound. There is a strange nobility in your eye, This lip, that chin! methinks you do resemble One of the Austriac princes.

FACE.

Very like! [ASIDE.] Her father was an Irish costermonger.

MAM.

The house of Valois just had such a nose, And such a forehead yet the Medici Of Florence boast.

DOL.

Troth, and I have been liken'd To all these princes.

FACE [ASIDE].

I'll be sworn, I heard it.

MAM.

I know not how! it is not any one, But e'en the very choice of all their features.

FACE [ASIDE].

I'll in, and laugh. [EXIT.]

MAM.

A certain touch, or air, That sparkles a divinity, beyond An earthly beauty!

DOL.

O, you play the courtier.

MAM.

Good lady, give me leave —

DOL.

In faith, I may not, To mock me, sir.

MAM.

To burn in this sweet flame; The phoenix never knew a nobler death.

DOL.

Nay, now you court the courtier, and destroy What you would build. This art, sir, in your words, Calls your whole faith in question.

MAM.

By my soul —

DOL.

Nay, oaths are made of the same air, sir.

MAM.

Nature Never bestow'd upon mortality A more unblamed, a more harmonious feature; She play'd the step-dame in all faces else: Sweet Madam, let me be particular —

DOL.

Particular, sir! I pray you know your distance.

MAM.

In no ill sense, sweet lady; but to ask How your fair graces pass the hours? I see You are lodged here, in the house of a rare man, An excellent artist; but what's that to you?

DOL.

Yes, sir; I study here the mathematics, And distillation.

MAM.

O, I cry your pardon. He's a divine instructor! can extract The souls of all things by his art; call all The virtues, and the miracles of the sun, Into a temperate furnace; teach dull nature What her own forces are. A man, the emperor Has courted above Kelly; sent his medals And chains, to invite him.

DOL.

Ay, and for his physic, sir —

MAM.

Above the art of Aesculapius, That drew the envy of the thunderer! I know all this, and more.

DOL.

Troth, I am taken, sir, Whole with these studies, that contemplate nature.

MAM.

It is a noble humour; but this form Was not intended to so dark a use. Had you been crooked, foul, of some coarse mould A cloister had done well; but such a feature That might stand up the glory of a kingdom, To live recluse! is a mere soloecism, Though in a nunnery. It must not be. I muse, my lord your brother will permit it: You should spend half my land first, were I he. Does not this diamond better on my finger, Than in the quarry?

DOL.

Yes.

MAM.

Why, you are like it. You were created, lady, for the light. Here, you shall wear it; take it, the first pledge Of what I speak, to bind you to believe me.

DOL.

In chains of adamant?

MAM.

Yes, the strongest bands. And take a secret too — here, by your side, Doth stand this hour, the happiest man in Europe.

DOL.

You are contended, sir!

MAM.

Nay, in true being, The envy of princes and the fear of states.

DOL.

Say you so, sir Epicure?

MAM.

Yes, and thou shalt prove it, Daughter of honour. I have cast mine eye Upon thy form, and I will rear this beauty Above all styles.

DOL.

You mean no treason, sir?

MAM.

No, I will take away that jealousy. I am the lord of the philosopher's stone, And thou the lady.

DOL.

How, sir! have you that?

MAM.

I am the master of the mystery. This day the good old wretch here o' the house Has made it for us: now he's at projection. Think therefore thy first wish now, let me hear it; And it shall rain into thy lap, no shower, But floods of gold, whole cataracts, a deluge, To get a nation on thee.

DOL.

You are pleased, sir, To work on the ambition of our sex.

MAM.

I am pleased the glory of her sex should know, This nook, here, of the Friars is no climate For her to live obscurely in, to learn Physic and surgery, for the constable's wife Of some odd hundred in Essex; but come forth, And taste the air of palaces; eat, drink The toils of empirics, and their boasted practice; Tincture of pearl, and coral, gold, and amber; Be seen at feasts and triumphs; have it ask'd, What miracle she is; set all the eyes Of court a-fire, like a burning glass, And work them into cinders, when the jewels Of twenty states adorn thee, and the light Strikes out the stars! that when thy name is mention'd, Queens may look pale; and we but shewing our love, Nero's Poppaea may be lost in story! Thus will we have it.

DOL.

I could well consent, sir. But, in a monarchy, how will this be? The prince will soon take notice, and both seize You and your stone, it being a wealth unfit For any private subject.

MAM.

If he knew it.

DOL.

Yourself do boast it, sir.

MAM.

To thee, my life.

DOL.

O, but beware, sir! You may come to end The remnants of your days in a loth'd prison, By speaking of it.

MAM.

'Tis no idle fear. We'll therefore go withal, my girl, and live In a free state, where we will eat our mullets, Soused in high-country wines, sup pheasants' eggs, And have our cockles boil'd in silver shells; Our shrimps to swim again, as when they liv'd, In a rare butter made of dolphins' milk, Whose cream does look like opals; and with these Delicate meats set ourselves high for pleasure, And take us down again, and then renew Our youth and strength with drinking the elixir, And so enjoy a perpetuity Of life and lust! And thou shalt have thy wardrobe Richer than nature's, still to change thy self, And vary oftener, for thy pride, than she, Or art, her wise and almost-equal servant.

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

FACE.

Sir, you are too loud. I hear you every word Into the laboratory. Some fitter place; The garden, or great chamber above. How like you her?

MAM.

Excellent! Lungs. There's for thee.

[GIVES HIM MONEY.]

FACE.

But do you hear? Good sir, beware, no mention of the rabbins.

MAM.

We think not on 'em.

[EXEUNT MAM. AND DOL.]

FACE.

O, it is well, sir. — Subtle! [ENTER SUBTLE.] Dost thou not laugh?

SUB.

Yes; are they gone?

FACE.

All’s clear.

SUB.

The widow is come.

FACE.

And your quarrelling disciple?

SUB.

Ay.

FACE.

I must to my captainship again then.

SUB.

Stay, bring them in first.

FACE.

So I meant. What is she? A bonnibel?

SUB.

I know not.

FACE.

We’ll draw lots: You’ll stand to that?

SUB.

What else?

FACE.

O, for a suit, To fall now like a curtain, flap!

SUB.

To the door, man.

FACE.

You’ll have the first kiss, ’cause I am not ready.

[EXIT.]

SUB.

Yes, and perhaps hit you through both the nostrils.

FACE [WITHIN].

Who would you speak with?

KAS [WITHIN].

Where's the captain?

FACE [WITHIN].

Gone, sir, About some business.

KAS [WITHIN].

Gone!

FACE [WITHIN].

He'll return straight. But master doctor, his lieutenant, is here.

[ENTER KASTRIL, FOLLOWED BY DAME PLIANT.]

SUB. Come near, my worshipful boy, my terrae fili, That is, my boy of land; make thy approaches: Welcome; I know thy lusts, and thy desires, And I will serve and satisfy them. Begin, Charge me from thence, or thence, or in this line; Here is my centre: ground thy quarrel.

KAS.

You lie.

SUB.

How, child of wrath and anger! the loud lie? For what, my sudden boy?

KAS.

Nay, that look you to, I am afore-hand.

SUB.

O, this is no true grammar, And as ill logic! You must render causes, child, Your first and second intentions, know your canons And your divisions, moods, degrees, and differences, Your predicaments, substance, and accident, Series, extern and intern, with their causes, Efficient, material, formal, final, And have your elements perfect.

KAS [ASIDE].

What is this? The angry tongue he talks in?

SUB.

That false precept, Of being afore-hand, has deceived a number, And made them enter quarrels, often-times, Before they were aware; and afterward, Against their wills.

KAS.

How must I do then, sir?

SUB.

I cry this lady mercy: she should first Have been saluted. [KISSES HER.] I do call you lady, Because you are to be one, ere't be long, My soft and buxom widow.

KAS.

Is she, i'faith?

SUB.

Yes, or my art is an egregious liar.

KAS.

How know you?

SUB.

By inspection on her forehead, And subtlety of her lip, which must be tasted Often to make a judgment. [KISSES HER AGAIN.] 'Slight, she melts Like a myrobolane: — here is yet a line, In rivo frontis, tells me he is no knight.

DAME P.

What is he then, sir?

SUB.

Let me see your hand. O, your linea fortunae makes it plain; And stella here in monte Veneris. But, most of all, junctura annularis. He is a soldier, or a man of art, lady, But shall have some great honour shortly.

DAME P.

Brother, He's a rare man, believe me!

[RE-ENTER FACE, IN HIS UNIFORM.]

KAS.

Hold your peace. Here comes the t'other rare man. — 'Save you, captain.

FACE.

Good master Kastril! Is this your sister?

KAS.

Ay, sir. Please you to kuss her, and be proud to know her.

FACE.

I shall be proud to know you, lady.

[KISSES HER.]

DAME P.

Brother, He calls me lady too.

KAS.

Ay, peace: I heard it.

[TAKES HER ASIDE.]

FACE.

The count is come.

SUB.

Where is he?

FACE.

At the door.

SUB.

Why, you must entertain him.

FACE.

What will you do With these the while?

SUB.

Why, have them up, and shew them Some fustian book, or the dark glass.

FACE.

'Fore God, She is a delicate dab-chick! I must have her.

[EXIT.]

SUB.

Must you! ay, if your fortune will, you must. — Come, sir, the captain will come to us presently: I'll have you to my chamber of demonstrations, Where I will shew you both the grammar and logic, And rhetoric of quarrelling; my whole method Drawn out in tables; and my instrument, That hath the several scales upon't, shall make you Able to quarrel at a straw's-breadth by moon-light. And, lady, I'll have you look in a glass, Some half an hour, but to clear your eye-sight, Against you see your fortune; which is greater, Than I may judge upon the sudden, trust me.

[EXIT, FOLLOWED BY KAST. AND DAME P.]

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

FACE.

Where are you, doctor?

SUB [WITHIN].

I'll come to you presently.

FACE.

I will have this same widow, now I have seen her, On any composition.

[RE-ENTER SUBTLE.]

SUB.

What do you say?

FACE.

Have you disposed of them?

SUB.

I have sent them up.

FACE.

Subtle, in troth, I needs must have this widow.

SUB.

Is that the matter?

FACE.

Nay, but hear me.

SUB.

Go to. If you rebel once, Dol shall know it all: Therefore be quiet, and obey your chance.

FACE.

Nay, thou art so violent now — Do but conceive, Thou art old, and canst not serve —

SUB.

Who cannot? I? 'Slight, I will serve her with thee, for a —

FACE.

Nay, But understand: I'll give you composition.

SUB.

I will not treat with thee; what! sell my fortune? 'Tis better than my birth-right. Do not murmur: Win her, and carry her. If you grumble, Dol Knows it directly.

FACE.

Well, sir, I am silent. Will you go help to fetch in Don in state?

[EXIT.]

SUB.

I follow you, sir. We must keep Face in awe, Or he will over-look us like a tyrant. [RE-ENTER FACE, INTRODUCING SURLY DISGUISED AS A SPANIARD.] Brain of a tailor! who comes here? Don John!

SUR.

Senores, beso las manos a vuestras mercedes.

SUB.

Would you had stoop'd a little, and kist our anos!

FACE.

Peace, Subtle.

SUB.

Stab me; I shall never hold, man. He looks in that deep ruff like a head in a platter, Serv'd in by a short cloke upon two trestles.

FACE.

Or, what do you say to a collar of brawn, cut down Beneath the souse, and wriggled with a knife?

SUB.

'Slud, he does look too fat to be a Spaniard.

FACE.

Perhaps some Fleming or some Hollander got him In d'Alva's time; count Egmont's bastard.

SUB.

Don, Your scurvy, yellow, Madrid face is welcome.

SUR.

Gratia.

SUB.

He speaks out of a fortification. Pray God he have no squibs in those deep sets.

SUR.

Por dios, senores, muy linda casa!

SUB.

What says he?

FACE.

Praises the house, I think; I know no more but's action.

SUB.

Yes, the casa, My precious Diego, will prove fair enough To cozen you in. Do you mark? you shall Be cozen'd, Diego.

FACE.

Cozen'd, do you see, My worthy Donzel, cozen'd.

SUR.

Entiendo.

SUB.

Do you intend it? so do we, dear Don. Have you brought pistolets, or portagues, My solemn Don? — Dost thou feel any?

FACE [FEELS HIS POCKETS]. Full.

SUB.

You shall be emptied, Don, pumped and drawn Dry, as they say.

FACE.

Milked, in troth, sweet Don.

SUB.

See all the monsters; the great lion of all, Don.

SUR.

Con licencia, se puede ver a esta senora?

SUB.

What talks he now?

FACE.

Of the sennora.

SUB.

O, Don, This is the lioness, which you shall see Also, my Don.

FACE.

'Slid, Subtle, how shall we do?

SUB.

For what?

FACE.

Why Dol's employ'd, you know.

SUB.

That's true. 'Fore heaven, I know not: he must stay, that's all.

FACE.

Stay! that he must not by no means.

SUB.

No! why?

FACE.

Unless you'll mar all. 'Slight, he will suspect it: And then he will not pay, not half so well. This is a travelled punk-master, and does know All the delays; a notable hot rascal, And looks already rampant.

SUB.

'Sdeath, and Mammon Must not be troubled.

FACE.

Mammon! in no case.

SUB.

What shall we do then?

FACE.

Think: you must be sudden.

SUR.

Entiendo que la senora es tan hermosa, que codicio tan verla, como la bien aventuranza de mi vida.

FACE.

Mi vida! 'Slid, Subtle, he puts me in mind of the widow. What dost thou say to draw her to it, ha! And tell her 'tis her fortune? all our venture Now lies upon't. It is but one man more, Which of us chance to have her: and beside, There is no maidenhead to be fear'd or lost. What dost thou think on't, Subtle?

SUB.

Who. I? why —

FACE.

The credit of our house too is engaged.

SUB.

You made me an offer for my share erewhile. What wilt thou give me, i'faith?

FACE.

O, by that light I'll not buy now: You know your doom to me. E'en take your lot, obey your chance, sir; win her, And wear her out, for me.

SUB.

'Slight, I'll not work her then.

FACE.

It is the common cause; therefore bethink you. Dol else must know it, as you said.

SUB.

I care not.

SUR.

Senores, porque se tarda tanto?

SUB.

Faith, I am not fit, I am old.

FACE.

That's now no reason, sir.

SUR.

Puede ser de hazer burla de mi amor?

FACE.

You hear the Don too? by this air, I call, And loose the hinges: Dol!

SUB.

A plague of hell —

FACE.

Will you then do?

SUB.

You are a terrible rogue! I'll think of this: will you, sir, call the widow?

FACE.

Yes, and I'll take her too with all her faults, Now I do think on't better.

SUB.

With all my heart, sir; Am I discharged o' the lot?

FACE.

As you please.

SUB.

Hands.

[THEY TAKE HANDS.]

FACE.

Remember now, that upon any change, You never claim her.

SUB.

Much good joy, and health to you, sir, Marry a whore! fate, let me wed a witch first.

SUR.

Por estas honradas barbas —

SUB.

He swears by his beard. Dispatch, and call the brother too.

[EXIT FACE.]

SUR.

Tengo duda, senores, que no me hagan alguna traycion.

SUB.

How, issue on? yes, praesto, sennor. Please you Enthratha the chambrata, worthy don: Where if you please the fates, in your bathada, You shall be soked, and stroked, and tubb'd and rubb'd, And scrubb'd, and fubb'd, dear don, before you go. You shall in faith, my scurvy baboon don, Be curried, claw'd, and flaw'd, and taw'd, indeed. I will the heartlier go about it now, And make the widow a punk so much the sooner, To be revenged on this impetuous Face: The quickly doing of it is the grace.

[EXEUNT SUB. AND SURLY.]

SCENE 4.2.

ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME.

ENTER FACE, KASTRIL, AND DAME PLIANT.

FACE.

Come, lady: I knew the Doctor would not leave, Till he had found the very nick of her fortune.

KAS.

To be a countess, say you, a Spanish countess, sir?

DAME P.

Why, is that better than an English countess?

FACE.

Better! 'Slight, make you that a question, lady?

KAS.

Nay, she is a fool, captain, you must pardon her.

FACE.

Ask from your courtier, to your inns-of-court-man, To your mere milliner; they will tell you all, Your Spanish gennet is the best horse; your Spanish Stoup is the best garb; your Spanish beard Is the best cut; your Spanish ruffs are the best Wear; your Spanish pavin the best dance; Your Spanish titillation in a glove The best perfume: and for your Spanish pike, And Spanish blade, let your poor captain speak — Here comes the doctor.

[ENTER SUBTLE, WITH A PAPER.]

SUB.

My most honour'd lady, For so I am now to style you, having found By this my scheme, you are to undergo An honourable fortune, very shortly. What will you say now, if some —

FACE.

I have told her all, sir, And her right worshipful brother here, that she shall be A countess; do not delay them, sir; a Spanish countess.

SUB.

Still, my scarce-worshipful captain, you can keep No secret! Well, since he has told you, madam, Do you forgive him, and I do.

KAS.

She shall do that, sir; I'll look to it, 'tis my charge.

SUB.

Well then: nought rests But that she fit her love now to her fortune.

DAME P.

Truly I shall never brook a Spaniard.

SUB.

No!

DAME P.

Never since eighty-eight could I abide them, And that was some three year afore I was born, in truth.

SUB.

Come, you must love him, or be miserable, Choose which you will.

FACE.

By this good rush, persuade her, She will cry strawberries else within this twelvemonth.

SUB.

Nay, shads and mackerel, which is worse.

FACE.

Indeed, sir!

KAS.

Od's lid, you shall love him, or I'll kick you.

DAME P.

Why, I'll do as you will have me, brother.

KAS.

Do, Or by this hand I'll maul you.

FACE.

Nay, good sir, Be not so fierce.

SUB.

No, my enraged child; She will be ruled. What, when she comes to taste The pleasures of a countess! to be courted —

FACE.

And kiss'd, and ruffled!

SUB.

Ay, behind the hangings.

FACE.

And then come forth in pomp!

SUB.

And know her state!

FACE.

Of keeping all the idolaters of the chamber Barer to her, than at their prayers!

SUB.

Is serv'd Upon the knee!

FACE.

And has her pages, ushers, Footmen, and coaches —

SUB.

Her six mares —

FACE.

Nay, eight!

SUB.

To hurry her through London, to the Exchange, Bethlem, the china-houses —

FACE.

Yes, and have The citizens gape at her, and praise her tires, And my lord's gooseturd bands, that ride with her!

KAS.

Most brave! By this hand, you are not my suster, If you refuse.

DAME P.

I will not refuse, brother.

[ENTER SURLY.]

SUR.

Que es esto, senores, que no venga? Esta tardanza me mata!

FACE.

It is the count come: The doctor knew he would be here, by his art.

SUB.

En gallanta madama, Don! gallantissima!

SUR.

Por todos los dioses, la mas acabada hermosura, que he visto en mi vida!

FACE.

Is’t not a gallant language that they speak?

KAS.

An admirable language! Is’t not French?

FACE.

No, Spanish, sir.

KAS.

It goes like law-French, And that, they say, is the courtliest language.

FACE.

List, sir.

SUR.

El sol ha perdido su lumbre, con el esplandor que trae esta dama! Valgame dios!

FACE.

He admires your sister.

KAS.

Must not she make curt’sy?

SUB.

Ods will, she must go to him, man, and kiss him! It is the Spanish fashion, for the women To make first court.

FACE.

’Tis true he tells you, sir: His art knows all.

SUR.

Porque no se acude?

KAS.

He speaks to her, I think.

FACE.

That he does, sir.

SUR.

Por el amor de dios, que es esto que se tarda?

KAS.

Nay, see: she will not understand him! gull, Noddy.

DAME P.

What say you, brother?

KAS.

Ass, my suster. Go kuss him, as the cunning man would have you; I'll thrust a pin in your buttocks else.

FACE.

O no, sir.

SUR.

Senora mia, mi persona esta muy indigna de allegar a tanta hermosura.

FACE.

Does he not use her bravely?

KAS.

Bravely, i'faith!

FACE.

Nay, he will use her better.

KAS.

Do you think so?

SUR.

Senora, si sera servida, entremonos.

[EXIT WITH DAME PLIANT.]

KAS.

Where does he carry her?

FACE.

Into the garden, sir; Take you no thought: I must interpret for her.

SUB.

Give Dol the word. [ASIDE TO FACE, WHO GOES OUT.] — Come, my fierce child, advance, We'll to our quarrelling lesson again.

KAS.

Agreed. I love a Spanish boy with all my heart.

SUB.

Nay, and by this means, sir, you shall be brother To a great count.

KAS.

Ay, I knew that at first, This match will advance the house of the Kastrils.

SUB.

'Pray God your sister prove but pliant!

KAS.

Why, Her name is so, by her other husband.

SUB.

How!

KAS.

The widow Pliant. Knew you not that?

SUB.

No, faith, sir; Yet, by erection of her figure, I guest it. Come, let's go practise.

KAS.

Yes, but do you think, doctor, I e'er shall quarrel well?

SUB.

I warrant you.

[EXEUNT.]

SCENE 4.3.

ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME.

ENTER DOL IN HER FIT OF RAVING, FOLLOWED BY MAMMON.

DOL.

"For after Alexander's death" —

MAM.

Good lady —

DOL.

"That Perdiccas and Antigonus, were slain, The two that stood, Seleuc', and Ptolomee" —

MAM.

Madam —

DOL.

"Made up the two legs, and the fourth beast, That was Gog-north, and Egypt-south: which after Was call'd Gog-iron-leg and South-iron-leg" —

MAM.

Lady —

DOL.

“And then Gog-horned. So was Egypt, too: Then Egypt-clay-leg, and Gog-clay-leg” —

MAM.

Sweet madam —

DOL.

“And last Gog-dust, and Egypt-dust, which fall In the last link of the fourth chain. And these Be stars in story, which none see, or look at” —

MAM.

What shall I do?

DOL.

“For,” as he says, “except We call the rabbins, and the heathen Greeks” —

MAM.

Dear lady —

DOL.

“To come from Salem, and from Athens, And teach the people of Great Britain” —

[ENTER FACE, HASTILY, IN HIS SERVANT’S DRESS.]

FACE.

What’s the matter, sir?

DOL.

“To speak the tongue of Eber, and Javan” —

MAM.

O, She’s in her fit.

DOL.

“We shall know nothing” —

FACE.

Death, sir, We are undone!

DOL.

“Where then a learned linguist Shall see the ancient used communion Of vowels and consonants” —

FACE.

My master will hear!

DOL.

“A wisdom, which Pythagoras held most high” —

MAM.

Sweet honourable lady!

DOL.

“To comprise All sounds of voices, in few marks of letters” —

FACE.

Nay, you must never hope to lay her now.

[THEY ALL SPEAK TOGETHER.]

DOL.

“And so we may arrive by Talmud skill, And profane Greek, to raise the building up Of Helen’s house against the Ismaelite, King of Thogarma, and his habergions Brimstony, blue, and fiery; and the force Of king Abaddon, and the beast of Cittim: Which rabbi David Kimchi, Onkelos, And Aben Ezra do interpret Rome.”

FACE.

How did you put her into’t?

MAM.

Alas, I talk’d Of a fifth monarchy I would erect, With the philosopher’s stone, by chance, and she Falls on the other four straight.

FACE.

Out of Broughton! I told you so. ’Slid, stop her mouth.

MAM.

Is’t best?

FACE.

She’ll never leave else. If the old man hear her, We are but faeces, ashes.

SUB [WITHIN].

What’s to do there?

FACE.

O, we are lost! Now she hears him, she is quiet.

[ENTER SUBTLE, THEY RUN DIFFERENT WAYS.]

MAM.

Where shall I hide me!

SUB.

How! what sight is here? Close deeds of darkness, and that shun the light! Bring him again. Who is he? What, my son! O, I have lived too long.

MAM.

Nay, good, dear father, There was no unchaste purpose.

SUB.

Not? and flee me When I come in?

MAM.

That was my error.

SUB.

Error? Guilt, guilt, my son: give it the right name. No marvel, If I found check in our great work within, When such affairs as these were managing!

MAM.

Why, have you so?

SUB.

It has stood still this half hour: And all the rest of our less works gone back. Where is the instrument of wickedness, My lewd false drudge?

MAM.

Nay, good sir, blame not him; Believe me, 'twas against his will or knowledge: I saw her by chance.

SUB.

Will you commit more sin, To excuse a varlet?

MAM.

By my hope, 'tis true, sir.

SUB.

Nay, then I wonder less, if you, for whom The blessing was prepared, would so tempt heaven, And lose your fortunes.

MAM.

Why, sir?

SUB.

This will retard The work a month at least.

MAM.

Why, if it do, What remedy? But think it not, good father: Our purposes were honest.

SUB.

As they were, So the reward will prove. [A LOUD EXPLOSION WITHIN.] — How now! ah me! God, and all saints be good to us. — [RE-ENTER FACE.] What's that?

FACE.

O, sir, we are defeated! all the works Are flown in fumo, every glass is burst; Furnace, and all rent down, as if a bolt Of thunder had been driven through the house. Retorts, receivers, pelicans, bolt-heads, All struck in shivers! [SUBTLE FALLS DOWN AS IN A

SWOON.] Help, good sir! alas, Coldness and death invades him. Nay, sir Mammon, Do the fair offices of a man! you stand, As you were readier to depart than he. [KNOCKING WITHIN.] Who's there? my lord her brother is come.

MAM.

Ha, Lungs!

FACE.

His coach is at the door. Avoid his sight, For he's as furious as his sister's mad.

MAM.

Alas!

FACE.

My brain is quite undone with the fume, sir, I ne'er must hope to be mine own man again.

MAM.

Is all lost, Lungs? will nothing be preserv'd Of all our cost?

FACE.

Faith, very little, sir; A peck of coals or so, which is cold comfort, sir.

MAM.

O, my voluptuous mind! I am justly punish'd.

FACE.

And so am I, sir.

MAM.

Cast from all my hopes —

FACE.

Nay, certainties, sir.

MAM.

By mine own base affections.

SUB [SEEMING TO COME TO HIMSELF].

O, the curst fruits of vice and lust!

MAM.

Good father, It was my sin. Forgive it.

SUB.

Hangs my roof Over us still, and will not fall, O justice, Upon us, for this wicked man!

FACE.

Nay, look, sir, You grieve him now with staying in his sight: Good sir, the nobleman will come too, and take you, And that may breed a tragedy.

MAM.

I'll go.

FACE.

Ay, and repent at home, sir. It may be, For some good penance you may have it yet; A hundred pound to the box at Bethlem —

MAM.

Yes.

FACE.

For the restoring such as — have their wits.

MAM.

I'll do't.

FACE.

I'll send one to you to receive it.

MAM.

Do. Is no projection left?

FACE.

All flown, or stinks, sir.

MAM.

Will nought be sav'd that's good for med'cine, think'st thou?

FACE.

I cannot tell, sir. There will be perhaps, Something about the scraping of the shards, Will cure the itch, — though not your itch of mind, sir. [ASIDE.] It shall be saved for you, and sent home. Good sir, This way, for fear the lord should meet you.

[EXIT MAMMON.]

SUB [RAISING HIS HEAD].

Face!

FACE.

Ay.

SUB.

Is he gone?

FACE.

Yes, and as heavily As all the gold he hoped for were in's blood. Let us be light though.

SUB [LEAPING UP].

Ay, as balls, and bound And hit our heads against the roof for joy: There's so much of our care now cast away.

FACE.

Now to our don.

SUB.

Yes, your young widow by this time Is made a countess, Face; she has been in travail Of a young heir for you.

FACE.

Good sir.

SUB.

Off with your case, And greet her kindly, as a bridegroom should, After these common hazards.

FACE.

Very well, sir. Will you go fetch Don Diego off, the while?

SUB.

And fetch him over too, if you'll be pleased, sir: Would Dol were in her place, to pick his pockets now!

FACE.

Why, you can do't as well, if you would set to't. I pray you prove your virtue.

SUB.

For your sake sir.

[EXEUNT.]

SCENE 4.4.

ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME.

[ENTER SURLY AND DAME PLIANT.]

SUR.

Lady, you see into what hands you are fall'n; 'Mongst what a nest of villains! and how near Your honour was t' have catch'd a certain clap, Through your credulity, had I but been So punctually forward, as place, time, And other circumstances would have made a man; For you're a handsome woman: would you were wise too! I am a gentleman come here disguised, Only to find the knaveries of this citadel; And where I might have wrong'd your honour, and have not, I claim some interest in your love. You are, They say, a widow, rich: and I'm a batchelor, Worth nought: your fortunes may make me a man, As mine have preserv'd you a woman. Think upon it, And whether I have deserv'd you or no.

DAME P.

I will, sir.

SUR.

And for these household-rogues, let me alone To treat with them.

[ENTER SUBTLE.]

SUB.

How doth my noble Diego, And my dear madam countess? hath the count Been courteous, lady? liberal, and open? Donzel, methinks you look melancholic, After your coitum, and scurvy: truly, I do not like the dulness of your eye; It hath a heavy cast, 'tis upsee Dutch, And says you are a lumpish whore-master. Be lighter, and I will make your pockets so. [ATTEMPTS TO PICK THEM.]

SUR [THROWS OPEN HIS CLOAK].

Will you, don bawd and pickpurse? [STRIKES HIM DOWN.] how now! reel you? Stand up, sir, you shall find, since I am so heavy, I'll give you equal weight.

SUB.

Help! murder!

SUR.

No, sir, There's no such thing intended: a good cart, And a clean whip shall ease you of that fear. I am the Spanish don "that should be cozen'd, Do you see, cozen'd?" Where's your Captain Face, That parcel broker, and whole-bawd, all rascal!

[ENTER FACE, IN HIS UNIFORM.]

FACE.

How, Surly!

SUR.

O, make your approach, good captain. I have found from whence your copper rings and spoons Come, now, wherewith you cheat abroad in taverns. 'Twas here you learned t' anoint your boot with brimstone, Then rub men's gold on't for a kind of touch, And say 'twas naught, when you had changed the colour, That you might have't for nothing. And this doctor, Your sooty, smoky-bearded compeer, he Will close you so much gold, in a bolt's-head, And, on a turn, convey in the stead another With sublimed mercury, that shall burst in the heat, And fly out all in fumo! Then weeps Mammon; Then swoons his worship. [FACE SLIPS OUT.] Or, he is the Faustus, That casteth figures and can conjure, cures Plagues, piles, and pox, by the ephemerides, And holds intelligence with all the bawds And midwives of three shires: while you send in — Captain! — what! is he gone? — damsels with child, Wives that are barren, or the waiting-maid With the green sickness. [SEIZES SUBTLE AS HE IS RETIRING.] — Nay, sir, you must tarry, Though he be scaped; and answer by the ears, sir.

[RE-ENTER FACE, WITH KASTRIL.]

FACE.

Why, now's the time, if ever you will quarrel Well, as they say, and be a true-born child: The doctor and your sister both are abused.

KAS.

Where is he? which is he? he is a slave, Whate'er he is, and the son of a whore. — Are you The man, sir, I would know?

SUR.

I should be loth, sir, To confess so much.

KAS.

Then you lie in your throat.

SUR.

How! FACE [TO KASTRIL]. A very errant rogue, sir, and a cheater, Employ'd here by another conjurer That does not love the doctor,

and would cross him, If he knew how.

SUR.

Sir, you are abused.

KAS.

You lie: And 'tis no matter.

FACE.

Well said, sir! He is The impudent'st rascal —

SUR.

You are indeed: Will you hear me, sir?

FACE.

By no means: bid him be gone.

KAS.

Begone, sir, quickly.

SUR.

This 's strange! — Lady, do you inform your brother.

FACE.

There is not such a foist in all the town, The doctor had him presently; and finds yet, The Spanish count will come here. [ASIDE.] — Bear up, Subtle.

SUB.

Yes, sir, he must appear within this hour.

FACE.

And yet this rogue would come in a disguise, By the temptation of another spirit, To trouble our art, though he could not hurt it!

KAS.

Ay, I know — Away, [TO HIS SISTER.] you talk like a foolish mauther.

SUR.

Sir, all is truth she says.

FACE.

Do not believe him, sir. He is the lying'st swabber! Come your ways, sir.

SUR.

You are valiant out of company!

KAS.

Yes, how then, sir?

[ENTER DRUGGER, WITH A PIECE OF DAMASK.]

FACE.

Nay, here's an honest fellow, too, that knows him, And all his tricks. Make good what I say, Abel, This cheater would have cozen'd thee o' the widow. — [ASIDE TO DRUG.] He owes this honest Drugger here, seven pound, He has had on him, in two-penny'orths of tobacco.

DRUG.

Yes, sir. And he has damn'd himself three terms to pay me.

FACE.

And what does he owe for lotium?

DRUG.

Thirty shillings, sir; And for six syringes.

SUR.

Hydra of villainy!

FACE.

Nay, sir, you must quarrel him out o' the house.

KAS.

I will: - Sir, if you get not out of doors, you lie; And you are a pimp.

SUR.

Why, this is madness, sir, Not valour in you; I must laugh at this.

KAS.

It is my humour: you are a pimp and a trig, And an Amadis de Gaul, or a Don Quixote.

DRUG.

Or a knight o' the curious coxcomb, do you see?

[ENTER ANANIAS.]

ANA.

Peace to the household!

KAS.

I'll keep peace for no man.

ANA.

Casting of dollars is concluded lawful.

KAS.

Is he the constable?

SUB.

Peace, Ananias.

FACE.

No, sir.

KAS.

Then you are an otter, and a shad, a whit, A very tim.

SUR.

You'll hear me, sir?

KAS.

I will not.

ANA.

What is the motive?

SUB.

Zeal in the young gentleman, Against his Spanish slops.

ANA.

They are profane, Lewd, superstitious, and idolatrous breeches.

SUR.

New rascals!

KAS.

Will you begone, sir?

ANA.

Avoid, Sathan! Thou art not of the light: That ruff of pride About thy neck, betrays thee; and is the same With that which the unclean birds, in seventy-seven, Were seen to prank it with on divers coasts: Thou look'st like antichrist, in that lewd hat.

SUR.

I must give way.

KAS.

Be gone, sir.

SUR.

But I'll take A course with you —

ANA.

Depart, proud Spanish fiend! SUR. Captain and doctor.

ANA.

Child of perdition!

KAS.

Hence, sir! — [EXIT SURLY.] Did I not quarrel bravely?

FACE.

Yes, indeed, sir.

KAS.

Nay, an I give my mind to't, I shall do't.

FACE.

O, you must follow, sir, and threaten him tame: He'll turn again else.

KAS. I'll re-turn him then.

[EXIT.]

[SUBTLE TAKES ANANIAS ASIDE.]

FACE.

Drugger, this rogue prevented us for thee: We had determin'd that thou should'st have come In a Spanish suit, and have carried her so; and he, A brokerly slave! goes, puts it on himself. Hast brought the damask?

DRUG.

Yes, sir.

FACE.

Thou must borrow A Spanish suit. Hast thou no credit with the players?

DRUG.

Yes, sir; did you never see me play the Fool?

FACE.

I know not, Nab: — Thou shalt, if I can help it. — [ASIDE.] Hieronimo's old cloak, ruff, and hat will serve; I'll tell thee more when thou bring'st 'em. [EXIT DRUGGER.]

ANA.

Sir, I know The Spaniard hates the brethren, and hath spies Upon their actions: and that this was one I make no scruple. — But the holy synod Have been in prayer and meditation for it; And 'tis revealed no less to them than me, That casting of money is most lawful.

SUB.

True. But here I cannot do it: if the house Shou'd chance to be suspected, all would out, And we be locked up in the Tower for ever, To make gold there for the state, never come out; And then are you defeated.

ANA.

I will tell This to the elders and the weaker brethren, That the whole company of the separation May join in humble prayer again.

SUB.

And fasting.

ANA.

Yea, for some fitter place. The peace of mind Rest with these walls!

[EXIT.]

SUB.

Thanks, courteous Ananias.

FACE.

What did he come for?

SUB.

About casting dollars, Presently out of hand. And so I told him, A Spanish minister came here to spy, Against the faithful —

FACE.

I conceive. Come, Subtle, Thou art so down upon the least disaster! How wouldst thou ha' done, if I had not help't thee out?

SUB.

I thank thee, Face, for the angry boy, i'faith.

FACE.

Who would have look'd it should have been that rascal, Surly? he had dyed his beard and all. Well, sir. Here's damask come to make you a suit.

SUB.

Where's Drugger?

FACE.

He is gone to borrow me a Spanish habit; I'll be the count, now.

SUB.

But where's the widow?

FACE.

Within, with my lord's sister; madam Dol Is entertaining her.

SUB.

By your favour, Face, Now she is honest, I will stand again.

FACE.

You will not offer it.

SUB.

Why?

FACE.

Stand to your word, Or — here comes Dol, she knows —

SUB.

You are tyrannous still.

[ENTER DOL, HASTILY.]

FACE.

Strict for my right. — How now, Dol! Hast [thou] told her, The Spanish count will come?

DOL.

Yes; but another is come, You little look'd for!

FACE.

Who's that?

DOL.

Your master; The master of the house.

SUB.

How, Dol!

FACE.

She lies, This is some trick. Come, leave your quiblins, Dorothy.

DOL.

Look out, and see.

[FACE GOES TO THE WINDOW.]

SUB.

Art thou in earnest?

DOL.

'Slight, Forty of the neighbours are about him, talking.

FACE.

'Tis he, by this good day.

DOL.

'Twill prove ill day For some on us.

FACE.

We are undone, and taken.

DOL.

Lost, I'm afraid.

SUB.

You said he would not come, While there died one a week within the liberties.

FACE.

No: 'twas within the walls.

SUB.

Was't so! cry you mercy. I thought the liberties. What shall we do now, Face?

FACE.

Be silent: not a word, if he call or knock. I'll into mine old shape again and meet him, Of Jeremy, the butler. In the mean time, Do you two pack up all the goods and purchase, That we can carry in the two trunks. I'll keep him Off for to-day, if I cannot longer: and then At night, I'll ship you both away to Ratcliff, Where we will meet to-morrow, and there we'll share. Let Mammon's brass and pewter keep the cellar; We'll have another time for that. But, Dol, 'Prythee go heat a little water quickly; Subtle must shave me: all my captain's beard Must off, to make me appear smooth Jeremy. You'll do it?

SUB.

Yes, I'll shave you, as well as I can.

FACE.

And not cut my throat, but trim me?

SUB.

You shall see, sir.

[EXEUNT.]

Act 5.

SCENE 5.1.

BEFORE LOVEWIT'S DOOR.

ENTER LOVEWIT, WITH SEVERAL OF THE NEIGHBOURS.

LOVE.

Has there been such resort, say you?

1 NEI.

Daily, sir.

2 NEI.

And nightly, too.

3 NEI.

Ay, some as brave as lords.

4 NEI.

Ladies and gentlewomen.

5 NEI.

Citizens' wives.

1 NEI.

And knights.

6 NEI.

In coaches.

2 NEI.

Yes, and oyster women.

1 NEI.

Beside other gallants.

3 NEI.

Sailors' wives.

4 NEI.

Tobacco men.

5 NEI.

Another Pimlico!

LOVE.

What should my knave advance, To draw this company? he hung out no banners Of a strange calf with five legs to be seen, Or a huge lobster with six claws?

6 NEI.

No, sir.

3 NEI.

We had gone in then, sir.

LOVE.

He has no gift Of teaching in the nose that e'er I knew of. You saw no bills set up that promised cure Of agues, or the tooth-ach?

2 NEI.

No such thing, sir!

LOVE.

Nor heard a drum struck for baboons or puppets?

5 NEI.

Neither, sir.

LOVE.

What device should he bring forth now? I love a teeming wit as I love my nourishment: 'Pray God he have not kept such open house, That he hath sold my hangings, and my bedding! I left him nothing else. If he have eat them, A plague o' the moth, say I! Sure he has got Some bawdy pictures to call all this ging! The friar and the nun; or the new motion Of the knight's courser covering the parson's mare; Or 't may be, he has the fleas that run at tilt Upon a table, or some dog to dance. When saw you him?

1 NEI.

Who, sir, Jeremy?

2 NEI.

Jeremy butler? We saw him not this month.

LOVE.

How!

4 NEI.

Not these five weeks, sir.

6 NEI.

These six weeks at the least.

LOVE.

You amaze me, neighbours!

5 NEI.

Sure, if your worship know not where he is, He's slipt away.

6 NEI.

Pray God, he be not made away.

LOVE.

Ha! it's no time to question, then.

[KNOCKS AT THE DOOR.]

6 NEI.

About Some three weeks since, I heard a doleful cry, As I sat up a mending my wife's stockings.

LOVE.

'Tis strange that none will answer! Didst thou hear A cry, sayst thou?

6 NEI.

Yes, sir, like unto a man That had been strangled an hour, and could not speak.

2 NEI.

I heard it too, just this day three weeks, at two o'clock Next morning.

LOVE.

These be miracles, or you make them so! A man an hour strangled, and could not speak, And both you heard him cry?

3 NEI.

Yes, downward, sir. Love, Thou art a wise fellow. Give me thy hand, I pray thee. What trade art thou on?

3 NEI.

A smith, an't please your worship.

LOVE.

A smith! then lend me thy help to get this door open.

3 NEI.

That I will presently, sir, but fetch my tools —

[EXIT.]

1 NEI.

Sir, best to knock again, afore you break it.

LOVE [KNOCKS AGAIN].

I will.

[ENTER FACE, IN HIS BUTLER'S LIVERY.]

FACE.

What mean you, sir?

1, 2, 4 NEI.

O, here's Jeremy!

FACE.

Good sir, come from the door.

LOVE.

Why, what's the matter?

FACE.

Yet farther, you are too near yet.

LOVE.

In the name of wonder, What means the fellow!

FACE.

The house, sir, has been visited.

LOVE.

What, with the plague? stand thou then farther.

FACE.

No, sir, I had it not.

LOVE.

Who had it then? I left None else but thee in the house.

FACE.

Yes, sir, my fellow, The cat that kept the buttery, had it on her A week before I spied it; but I got her Convey'd away in the night: and so I shut The house up for a month —

LOVE.

How!

FACE.

Purposing then, sir, To have burnt rose-vinegar, treacle, and tar, And have made it sweet, that you shou'd ne'er have known it; Because I knew the news would but afflict you, sir.

LOVE.

Breathe less, and farther off! Why this is stranger: The neighbours tell me all here that the doors Have still been open —

FACE.

How, sir!

LOVE.

Gallants, men and women, And of all sorts, tag-rag, been seen to flock here In threaves, these ten weeks, as to a second Hogsden, In days of Pimlico and Eyebright.

FACE.

Sir, Their wisdoms will not say so.

LOVE.

To-day they speak Of coaches and gallants; one in a French hood Went in, they tell me; and another was seen In a velvet gown at the window: divers more Pass in and out.

FACE.

They did pass through the doors then, Or walls, I assure their eye-sights, and their spectacles; For here, sir, are the keys, and here have been, In this my pocket, now above twenty days: And for before, I kept the fort alone there. But that 'tis yet not deep in the afternoon, I should believe my neighbours had seen double Through the black pot, and made these apparitions! For, on my faith

to your worship, for these three weeks And upwards the door has not been open'd.

LOVE.

Strange!

1 NEI.

Good faith, I think I saw a coach.

2 NEI.

And I too, I'd have been sworn.

LOVE.

Do you but think it now? And but one coach?

4 NEI.

We cannot tell, sir: Jeremy Is a very honest fellow.

FACE.

Did you see me at all?

1 NEI.

No; that we are sure on.

2 NEI.

I'll be sworn o' that.

LOVE.

Fine rogues to have your testimonies built on!

[RE-ENTER THIRD NEIGHBOUR, WITH HIS TOOLS.]

3 NEI.

Is Jeremy come!

1 NEI.

O yes; you may leave your tools; We were deceived, he says.

2 NEI.

He has had the keys; And the door has been shut these three weeks.

3 NEI.

Like enough.

LOVE.

Peace, and get hence, you changelings.

[ENTER SURLY AND MAMMON.]

FACE [ASIDE].

Surly come! And Mammon made acquainted! they'll tell all. How shall I beat them off? what shall I do? Nothing's more wretched than a guilty conscience.

SUR.

No, sir, he was a great physician. This, It was no bawdy-house, but a mere chancel! You knew the lord and his sister.

MAM.

Nay, good Surly. —

SUR.

The happy word, BE RICH —

MAM.

Play not the tyrant. —

SUR.

"Should be to-day pronounced to all your friends." And where be your andirons now? and your brass pots, That should have been golden flagons, and great wedges?

MAM.

Let me but breathe. What, they have shut their doors, Methinks!

SUR.

Ay, now 'tis holiday with them.

MAM.

Rogues, [HE AND SURLY KNOCK.] Cozeners, impostors, bawds!

FACE.

What mean you, sir?

MAM.

To enter if we can.

FACE.

Another man's house! Here is the owner, sir: turn you to him, And speak your business.

MAM.

Are you, sir, the owner?

LOVE.

Yes, sir.

MAM.

And are those knaves within your cheaters!

LOVE.

What knaves, what cheaters?

MAM.

Subtle and his Lungs.

FACE.

The gentleman is distracted, sir! No lungs, Nor lights have been seen here these three weeks, sir, Within these doors, upon my word.

SUR.

Your word, Groom arrogant!

FACE.

Yes, sir, I am the housekeeper, And know the keys have not been out of my hands.

SUR.

This is a new Face.

FACE.

You do mistake the house, sir: What sign was't at?

SUR.

You rascal! this is one Of the confederacy. Come, let's get officers, And force the door.

LOVE.

'Pray you stay, gentlemen.

SUR.

No, sir, we'll come with warrant.

MAM.

Ay, and then We shall have your doors open.

[EXEUNT MAM. AND SUR.]

LOVE.

What means this?

FACE.

I cannot tell, sir.

1 NEI.

These are two of the gallants That we do think we saw.

FACE.

Two of the fools! Your talk as idly as they. Good faith, sir, I think the moon has crazed 'em all. — [ASIDE.] O me, [ENTER KASTRIL.] The angry boy come too! He'll make a noise, And ne'er away till he have betray'd us all.

KAS [KNOCKING].

What rogues, bawds, slaves, you'll open the door, anon! Punk, cockatrice, my suster! By this light I'll fetch the marshal to you. You are a whore To keep your castle —

FACE.

Who would you speak with, sir?

KAS.

The bawdy doctor, and the cozening captain, And puss my suster.

LOVE.

This is something, sure.

FACE.

Upon my trust, the doors were never open, sir.

KAS.

I have heard all their tricks told me twice over, By the fat knight and the lean gentleman.

LOVE.

Here comes another.

[ENTER ANANIAS AND TRIBULATION.]

FACE.

Ananias too! And his pastor!

TRI [BEATING AT THE DOOR].

The doors are shut against us.

ANA.

Come forth, you seed of sulphur, sons of fire! Your stench it is broke forth; abomination Is in the house.

KAS.

Ay, my suster's there.

ANA.

The place, It is become a cage of unclean birds.

KAS.

Yes, I will fetch the scavenger, and the constable.

TRI.

You shall do well.

ANA.

We'll join to weed them out.

KAS.

You will not come then, punk devise, my sister!

ANA.

Call her not sister; she's a harlot verily.

KAS.

I'll raise the street.

LOVE.

Good gentlemen, a word.

ANA.

Satan avoid, and hinder not our zeal!

[EXEUNT ANA., TRIB., AND KAST.]

LOVE.

The world's turn'd Bethlem.

FACE.

These are all broke loose, Out of St. Katherine's, where they use to keep The better sort of mad-folks.

1 NEI.

All these persons We saw go in and out here.

2 NEI.

Yes, indeed, sir.

3 NEI.

These were the parties.

FACE.

Peace, you drunkards! Sir, I wonder at it: please you to give me leave To touch the door, I'll try an the lock be chang'd.

LOVE.

It mazes me!

FACE [GOES TO THE DOOR].

Good faith, sir, I believe There's no such thing: 'tis all deceptio visus. — [ASIDE.] Would I could get him away. DAP [WITHIN]. Master captain! master doctor!

LOVE.

Who's that?

FACE.

Our clerk within, that I forgot! [ASIDE.] I know not, sir.

DAP [WITHIN].

For God's sake, when will her grace be at leisure?

FACE.

Ha! Illusions, some spirit o' the air — [ASIDE.] His gag is melted, And now he sets out the throat.

DAP [WITHIN].

I am almost stifled —

FACE [ASIDE].

Would you were altogether.

LOVE.

'Tis in the house. Ha! list.

FACE.

Believe it, sir, in the air.

LOVE.

Peace, you.

DAP [WITHIN].

Mine aunt's grace does not use me well.

SUB [WITHIN].

You fool, Peace, you'll mar all.

FACE [SPEAKS THROUGH THE KEYHOLE, WHILE LOVEWIT ADVANCES TO THE DOOR UNOBSERVED].

Or you will else, you rogue.

LOVE.

O, is it so? Then you converse with spirits! — Come, sir. No more of your tricks, good Jeremy. The truth, the shortest way.

FACE.

Dismiss this rabble, sir. — [ASIDE.] What shall I do? I am catch'd.

LOVE.

Good neighbours, I thank you all. You may depart. [EXEUNT NEIGHBOURS.] — Come, sir, You know that I am an indulgent master; And therefore conceal nothing. What's your medicine, To draw so many several sorts of wild fowl?

FACE.

Sir, you were wont to affect mirth and wit — But here's no place to talk on't in the street. Give me but leave to make the best of my fortune, And only pardon me the abuse of your house: It's all I beg. I'll help you to a widow, In recompence, that you shall give me thanks for, Will make you seven years younger, and a rich one. 'Tis but your putting on a Spanish cloak: I have her within. You need not fear the house; It was not visited.

LOVE.

But by me, who came Sooner than you expected.

FACE.

It is true, sir. 'Pray you forgive me.

LOVE.

Well: let's see your widow.

[EXEUNT.]

SCENE 5.2.

A ROOM IN THE SAME.

ENTER SUBTLE, LEADING IN DAPPER, WITH HIS EYES BOUND AS BEFORE.

SUB.

How! you have eaten your gag?

DAP.

Yes faith, it crumbled Away in my mouth.

SUB.

You have spoil'd all then.

DAP.

No! I hope my aunt of Fairy will forgive me.

SUB.

Your aunt's a gracious lady; but in troth You were to blame.

DAP.

The fume did overcome me, And I did do't to stay my stomach. 'Pray you So satisfy her grace. [ENTER FACE, IN HIS UNIFORM.] Here comes the captain.

FACE.

How now! is his mouth down?

SUB.

Ay, he has spoken!

FACE.

A pox, I heard him, and you too. — He's undone then. — I have been fain to say, the house is haunted With spirits, to keep churl

back. SUB. And hast thou done it?

FACE.

Sure, for this night.

SUB.

Why, then triumph and sing Of Face so famous, the precious king Of present wits.

FACE.

Did you not hear the coil About the door?

SUB.

Yes, and I dwindled with it.

FACE.

Show him his aunt, and let him be dispatch'd: I'll send her to you.

[EXIT FACE.]

SUB.

Well, sir, your aunt her grace Will give you audience presently, on my suit, And the captain's word that you did not eat your gag In any contempt of her highness.

[UNBINDS HIS EYES.]

DAP.

Not I, in troth, sir.

[ENTER DOL, LIKE THE QUEEN OF FAIRY.]

SUB.

Here she is come. Down o' your knees and wriggle: She has a stately presence. [DAPPER KNEELS, AND SHUFFLES TOWARDS HER.] Good! Yet nearer, And bid, God save you!

DAP.

Madam!

SUB.

And your aunt.

DAP.

And my most gracious aunt, God save your grace.

DOL.

Nephew, we thought to have been angry with you; But that sweet face of yours hath turn'd the tide, And made it flow with joy, that ebb'd of love. Arise, and touch our velvet gown.

SUB.

The skirts, And kiss 'em. So!

DOL.

Let me now stroak that head. "Much, nephew, shalt thou win, much shalt thou spend, Much shalt thou give away, much shalt thou lend."

SUB [ASIDE].

Ay, much! indeed. — Why do you not thank her grace?

DAP.

I cannot speak for joy.

SUB.

See, the kind wretch! Your grace's kinsman right.

DOL.

Give me the bird. Here is your fly in a purse, about your neck, cousin; Wear it, and feed it about this day sev'n-night, On your right wrist —

SUB.

Open a vein with a pin, And let it suck but once a week; till then, You must not look on't.

DOL.

No: and kinsman, Bear yourself worthy of the blood you come on.

SUB.

Her grace would have you eat no more Woolsack pies, Nor Dagger frumety.

DOL.

Nor break his fast In Heaven and Hell.

SUB.

She's with you every where! Nor play with costarmongers, at mum-chance, traytrip, God make you rich; (when as your aunt has done it); But keep The gallant'st company, and the best games —

DAP.

Yes, sir.

SUB.

Gleek and primero; and what you get, be true to us.

DAP.

By this hand, I will.

SUB.

You may bring's a thousand pound Before to-morrow night, if but three thousand Be stirring, an you will.

DAP.

I swear I will then.

SUB.

Your fly will learn you all games.

FACE [WITHIN].

Have you done there?

SUB.

Your grace will command him no more duties?

DOL.

No: But come, and see me often. I may chance To leave him three or four hundred chests of treasure, And some twelve thousand acres of fairy land, If he game well and comely with good gamesters.

SUB.

There's a kind aunt! kiss her departing part. — But you must sell your forty mark a year, now.

DAP.

Ay, sir, I mean.

SUB.

Or, give't away; pox on't!

DAP.

I'll give't mine aunt. I'll go and fetch the writings.

[EXIT.]

SUB.

'Tis well — away!

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

FACE.

Where's Subtle? SUB. Here: what news?

FACE.

Drugger is at the door, go take his suit, And bid him fetch a parson, presently; Say, he shall marry the widow. Thou shalt spend A hundred pound by the service! [EXIT SUBTLE.] Now, queen Dol, Have you pack'd up all?

DOL.

Yes.

FACE.

And how do you like The lady Pliant?

DOL.

A good dull innocent.

[RE-ENTER SUBTLE.]

SUB.

Here's your Hieronimo's cloak and hat.

FACE.

Give me them.

SUB.

And the ruff too?

FACE.

Yes; I'll come to you presently.

[EXIT.]

SUB.

Now he is gone about his project, Dol, I told you of, for the widow.

DOL.

'Tis direct Against our articles.

SUB.

Well, we will fit him, wench. Hast thou gull'd her of her jewels or her bracelets?

DOL.

No; but I will do't.

SUB.

Soon at night, my Dolly, When we are shipp'd, and all our goods aboard, Eastward for Ratcliff, we will turn our course To Brainford, westward, if thou sayst the word, And take our leaves of this o'er-weening rascal, This peremptory Face.

DOL.

Content, I'm weary of him.

SUB.

Thou'st cause, when the slave will run a wiving, Dol, Against the instrument that was drawn between us.

DOL.

I'll pluck his bird as bare as I can.

SUB.

Yes, tell her, She must by any means address some present To the cunning man, make him amends for wronging His art with her suspicion; send a ring, Or chain of pearl; she will be tortured else Extremely in her sleep, say, and have strange things Come to

her. Wilt thou?

DOL.

Yes.

SUB.

My fine flitter-mouse, My bird o' the night! we'll tickle it at the Pigeons, When we have all, and may unlock the trunks, And say, this's mine, and thine; and thine, and mine.

[THEY KISS.]

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

FACE.

What now! a billing?

SUB.

Yes, a little exalted In the good passage of our stock-affairs.

FACE.

Drugger has brought his parson; take him in, Subtle, And send Nab back again to wash his face.

SUB.

I will: and shave himself?

[EXIT.]

FACE.

If you can get him.

DOL.

You are hot upon it, Face, whate'er it is!

FACE.

A trick that Dol shall spend ten pound a month by. [RE-ENTER SUBTLE.] Is he gone? SUB. The chaplain waits you in the hall, sir.

FACE.

I'll go bestow him.

[EXIT.]

DOL.

He'll now marry her, instantly.

SUB.

He cannot yet, he is not ready. Dear Dol, Cozen her of all thou canst. To deceive him Is no deceit, but justice, that would break Such an inextricable tie as ours was.

DOL.

Let me alone to fit him.

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

FACE.

Come, my venturers, You have pack'd up all? where be the trunks? bring forth.

SUB.

Here.

FACE.

Let us see them. Where's the money?

SUB.

Here, In this.

FACE.

Mammon's ten pound; eight score before: The brethren's money, this. Drugger's and Dapper's. What paper's that?

DOL.

The jewel of the waiting maid's, That stole it from her lady, to know certain —

FACE.

If she should have precedence of her mistress?

DOL.

Yes.

FACE.

What box is that?

SUB.

The fish-wives' rings, I think, And the ale-wives' single money. Is't not, Dol?

DOL.

Yes; and the whistle that the sailor's wife Brought you to know an her husband were with Ward.

FACE.

We'll wet it to-morrow; and our silver-beakers And tavern cups. Where be the French petticoats, And girdles and hangers?

SUB.

Here, in the trunk, And the bolts of lawn.

FACE.

Is Drugger's damask there, And the tobacco?

SUB.

Yes.

FACE.

Give me the keys.

DOL.

Why you the keys?

SUB.

No matter, Dol; because We shall not open them before he comes.

FACE.

'Tis true, you shall not open them, indeed; Nor have them forth, do you see? Not forth, Dol.

DOL.

No!

FACE.

No, my smock rampant. The right is, my master Knows all, has pardon'd me, and he will keep them; Doctor, 'tis true — you look — for all your figures: I sent for him, indeed. Wherefore, good partners, Both he and she be satisfied; for here Determines the indenture tripartite 'Twixt Subtle, Dol, and Face. All I can do Is to help you over the wall, o' the back-side, Or lend you a sheet to save your velvet gown, Dol. Here will be officers presently, bethink you Of some course suddenly to 'scape the dock: For thither you will come else. [LOUD KNOCKING.] Hark you, thunder.

SUB.

You are a precious fiend!

OFFI [WITHOUT].

Open the door.

FACE.

Dol, I am sorry for thee i'faith; but hear'st thou? It shall go hard but I will place thee somewhere: Thou shalt have my letter to mistress Amo —

DOL.

Hang you!

FACE.

Or madam Caesarean.

DOL.

Pox upon you, rogue, Would I had but time to beat thee!

FACE.

Subtle, Let's know where you set up next; I will send you A customer now and then, for old acquaintance: What new course have you?

SUB.

Rogue, I'll hang myself; That I may walk a greater devil than thou, And haunt thee in the flock-bed and the buttery.

[EXEUNT.]

SCENE 5.3.

AN OUTER ROOM IN THE SAME.

ENTER LOVEWIT IN THE SPANISH DRESS, WITH THE PARSON. LOUD KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

LOVE.

What do you mean, my masters?

MAM [WITHOUT].

Open your door, Cheaters, bawds, conjurers.

OFFI [WITHOUT].

Or we will break it open.

LOVE.

What warrant have you?

OFFI [WITHOUT].

Warrant enough, sir, doubt not, If you'll not open it.

LOVE.

Is there an officer, there?

OFFI [WITHOUT].

Yes, two or three for failing.

LOVE.

Have but patience, And I will open it straight.

[ENTER FACE, AS BUTLER.]

FACE.

Sir, have you done? Is it a marriage? perfect?

LOVE.

Yes, my brain.

FACE.

Off with your ruff and cloak then; be yourself, sir.

SUR [WITHOUT].

Down with the door.

KAS [WITHOUT].

'Slight, ding it open.

LOVE [OPENING THE DOOR].

Hold, Hold, gentlemen, what means this violence?

[MAMMON, SURLY, KASTRIL, ANANIAS, TRIBULATION, AND OFFICERS, RUSH IN.]

MAM.

Where is this collier?

SUR.

And my captain Face?

MAM.

These day owls.

SUR.

That are birding in men's purses.

MAM.

Madam suppository.

KAS.

Doxy, my suster.

ANA.

Locusts Of the foul pit.

TRI.

Profane as Bel and the dragon.

ANA.

Worse than the grasshoppers, or the lice of Egypt.

LOVE.

Good gentlemen, hear me. Are you officers, And cannot stay this violence?

1 OFFI.

Keep the peace.

LOVE.

Gentlemen, what is the matter? whom do you seek?

MAM.

The chemical cozener.

SUR.

And the captain pander.

KAS.

The nun my suster.

MAM.

Madam Rabbi.

ANA.

Scorpions, And caterpillars.

LOVE.

Fewer at once, I pray you.

2 OFFI.

One after another, gentlemen, I charge you, By virtue of my staff.

ANA.

They are the vessels Of pride, lust, and the cart.

LOVE.

Good zeal, lie still A little while.

TRI.

Peace, deacon Ananias.

LOVE.

The house is mine here, and the doors are open; If there be any such persons as you seek for, Use your authority, search on o' God's name. I am but newly come to town, and finding This tumult 'bout my door, to tell you true, It somewhat mazed me; till my man, here, fearing My more displeasure, told me he had done Somewhat an insolent part, let out my house (Belike, presuming on my known aversion From any air o' the town while there was sickness,) To a doctor and a captain: who, what they are Or where they be, he knows not.

MAM.

Are they gone?

LOVE.

You may go in and search, sir. [MAMMON, ANA., AND TRIB. GO IN.] Here, I find The empty walls worse than I left them, smoak'd, A few crack'd pots, and glasses, and a furnace: The ceiling fill'd with poesies of the candle, And madam with a dildo writ o' the walls: Only one gentlewoman, I met here, That is within, that said she was a widow —

KAS.

Ay, that's my suster; I'll go thump her. Where is she?

[GOES IN.]

LOVE.

And should have married a Spanish count, but he, When he came to't, neglected her so grossly, That I, a widower, am gone

through with her.

SUR.

How! have I lost her then?

LOVE.

Were you the don, sir? Good faith, now, she does blame you extremely, and says You swore, and told her you had taken the pains To dye your beard, and umber o'er your face, Borrowed a suit, and ruff, all for her love; And then did nothing. What an oversight, And want of putting forward, sir, was this! Well fare an old harquebuzier, yet, Could prime his powder, and give fire, and hit, All in a twinkling!

[RE-ENTER MAMMON.]

MAM.

The whole nest are fled!

LOVE.

What sort of birds were they?

MAM.

A kind of choughs, Or thievish daws, sir, that have pick'd my purse Of eight score and ten pounds within these five weeks, Beside my first materials; and my goods, That lie in the cellar, which I am glad they have left, I may have home yet.

LOVE.

Think you so, sir?

MAM.

Ay.

LOVE.

By order of law, sir, but not otherwise.

MAM.

Not mine own stuff!

LOVE.

Sir, I can take no knowledge That they are yours, but by public means. If you can bring certificate that you were gull'd of them, Or any formal writ out of a court, That you did cozen your self, I will not hold them.

MAM.

I'll rather lose them.

LOVE.

That you shall not, sir, By me, in troth: upon these terms, they are yours. What! should they have been, sir, turn'd into gold, all?

MAM.

No, I cannot tell — It may be they should. — What then?

LOVE.

What a great loss in hope have you sustain'd!

MAM.

Not I, the commonwealth has.

FACE.

Ay, he would have built The city new; and made a ditch about it Of silver, should have run with cream from Hogsden; That every Sunday, in Moorfields, the younkers, And tits and tom-boys should have fed on, gratis.

MAM.

I will go mount a turnip-cart, and preach The end of the world, within these two months. Surly, What! in a dream?

SUR.

Must I needs cheat myself, With that same foolish vice of honesty! Come, let us go and hearken out the rogues: That Face I'll mark for mine, if e'er I meet him.

FACE.

If I can hear of him, sir, I'll bring you word, Unto your lodging; for in troth, they were strangers To me, I thought them honest as my self, sir.

[EXEUNT MAM. AND SUR.]

[RE-ENTER ANANIAS AND TRIBULATION.]

TRI.

'Tis well, the saints shall not lose all yet. Go, And get some carts —

LOVE.

For what, my zealous friends?

ANA.

To bear away the portion of the righteous Out of this den of thieves.

LOVE.

What is that portion?

ANA.

The goods sometimes the orphan's, that the brethren Bought with their silver pence.

LOVE.

What, those in the cellar, The knight sir Mammon claims?

ANA.

I do defy The wicked Mammon, so do all the brethren, Thou profane man! I ask thee with what conscience Thou canst advance that idol against us, That have the seal? were not the shillings number'd, That made the pounds; were not the pounds told out, Upon the second day of the fourth week, In the eighth month, upon the table dormant, The year of the last patience of the saints, Six hundred and ten?

LOVE.

Mine earnest vehement botcher, And deacon also, I cannot dispute with you: But if you get you not away the sooner, I shall confute you with a cudgel.

ANA.

Sir!

TRI.

Be patient, Ananias.

ANA.

I am strong, And will stand up, well girt, against an host That threaten Gad in exile.

LOVE.

I shall send you To Amsterdam, to your cellar.

ANA.

I will pray there, Against thy house: may dogs defile thy walls, And wasps and hornets breed beneath thy roof, This seat of falsehood, and this cave of cozenage!

[EXEUNT ANA. AND TRIB.]

[ENTER DRUGGER.]

LOVE.

Another too?

DRUG.

Not I, sir, I am no brother.

LOVE [BEATS HIM].

Away, you Harry Nicholas! do you talk?

[EXIT DRUG.]

FACE.

No, this was Abel Drugger. Good sir, go, [TO THE PARSON.] And satisfy him; tell him all is done: He staid too long a washing of his face. The doctor, he shall hear of him at West-chester; And of the captain, tell him, at Yarmouth, or Some good port-town else, lying for a wind. [EXIT PARSON.] If you can get off the angry child, now, sir —

[ENTER KASTRIL, DRAGGING IN HIS SISTER.]

KAS.

Come on, you ewe, you have match'd most sweetly, have you not? Did not I say, I would never have you tupp'd But by a dubb'd boy, to make you a lady-tom? 'Slight, you are a mammet! O, I could touse you, now. Death, mun' you marry, with a pox!

LOVE.

You lie, boy; As sound as you; and I'm aforehand with you.

KAS.

Anon!

LOVE.

Come, will you quarrel? I will feize you, sirrah; Why do you not buckle to your tools?

KAS.

Od's light, This is a fine old boy as e'er I saw!

LOVE.

What, do you change your copy now? proceed; Here stands my dove: stoop at her, if you dare.

KAS.

'Slight, I must love him! I cannot choose, i'faith, An I should be hang'd for't! Suster, I protest, I honour thee for this match.

LOVE.

O, do you so, sir?

KAS.

Yes, an thou canst take tobacco and drink, old boy, I'll give her five hundred pound more to her marriage, Than her own state.

LOVE.

Fill a pipe full, Jeremy.

FACE.

Yes; but go in and take it, sir.

LOVE.

We will — I will be ruled by thee in any thing, Jeremy.

KAS.

'Slight, thou art not hide-bound, thou art a jovy boy! Come, let us in, I pray thee, and take our whiffs.

LOVE.

Whiff in with your sister, brother boy. [EXEUNT KAS. AND DAME P.] That master That had received such happiness by a servant, In such a widow, and with so much wealth, Were very ungrateful, if he would not be A little indulgent to that servant's wit, And help his fortune, though with some small strain Of his own candour. [ADVANCING.] — "Therefore, gentlemen, And kind spectators, if I have outstript An old man's gravity, or strict canon, think What a young wife and a good brain may do; Stretch age's truth sometimes, and crack it too. Speak for thy self, knave."

FACE.

"So I will, sir." [ADVANCING TO THE FRONT OF THE STAGE.] "Gentlemen, My part a little fell in this last scene, Yet 'twas decorum. And though I am clean Got off from Subtle, Surly, Mammon, Dol, Hot Ananias, Dapper, Drugger, all With whom I traded: yet I put my self On you, that are my country: and this pelf Which I have got, if you do quit me, rests To feast you often, and invite new guests."

[EXEUNT.]

To the Memory of My Beloved the Author, Mr. William Shakespeare

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,

Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;

While I confess thy writings to be such

As neither man nor muse can praise too much;

'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways

Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;

For seeliest ignorance on these may light,

Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;

Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance

The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;

Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,

And think to ruin, where it seem'd to raise.

These are, as some infamous bawd or whore

Should praise a matron; what could hurt her more?

But thou art proof against them, and indeed,

Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.

I therefore will begin. Soul of the age!

The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!

My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by

Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie

A little further, to make thee a room:

Thou art a monument without a tomb,

And art alive still while thy book doth live

And we have wits to read and praise to give.

That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,

I mean with great, but disproportion'd Muses,

For if I thought my judgment were of years,

I should commit thee surely with thy peers,

And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,

Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.

And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,

From thence to honour thee, I would not seek

For names; but call forth thund'ring Aeschylus,

Euripides and Sophocles to us;

Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,

To life again, to hear thy buskin tread,

And shake a stage; or, when thy socks were on,

Leave thee alone for the comparison

Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome

Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.

Tri'umph, my Britain, thou hast one to show

To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.

He was not of an age but for all time!

And all the Muses still were in their prime,

When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm

Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!

Nature herself was proud of his designs

And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines,

Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,

As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.

The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,

Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please,

But antiquated and deserted lie,

As they were not of Nature's family.

Yet must I not give Nature all: thy art,

My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.

For though the poet's matter nature be,

His art doth give the fashion; and, that he

Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,

(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat

Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same

(And himself with it) that he thinks to frame,

Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn;

For a good poet's made, as well as born;

And such wert thou. Look how the father's face

Lives in his issue, even so the race

Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines

In his well-turned, and true-filed lines;

In each of which he seems to shake a lance,

As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.

Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were

To see thee in our waters yet appear,

And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,

That so did take Eliza and our James!

But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere

Advanc'd, and made a constellation there!

Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage

Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage;

Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,

And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

3.6.2: Reading and Review Questions

1. Aristotle wrote that the most realistic representation—even of painful objects like low animals and dead bodies—gives pleasure. How realistically does Jonson imitate life, do you think? Do his realistic representations give pleasure, and how? Does he represent mainly positive objects or painful objects, and why?
2. What moral purpose, if any, do you discern in *The Alchemist*? What ethical models, if any, does it offer? How does this play's morality compare with *King Lear*'s?
3. How satisfying is the final triumph of Lovewit, and why? What apologies and/or rationale does Lovewit offer to persuade the audience into applauding his triumph, and why?
4. How does the transformative art of alchemy serve as an image for social mobility, an art which Jonson himself practiced? How does Jonson's presentation of the uses and abuses of art compare with Chaucer's, Spenser's, or Sydney's?
5. How realistic, or rounded, are Jonson's characters as compared to those of Shakespeare, for instance? How do Subtle's and Face's impersonations of the Alchemist shape your sense of their respective characters? How psychologically valid do you find them, and why? How realistically do his characters relate to one another, and upon what grounds?

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3.6: Robert Herrick (1591-1674)

Robert Herrick's father, Nicholas Herrick, was a wealthy goldsmith who apparently committed suicide before Robert Herrick reached the age of two. In 1607, Herrick served as apprentice to his uncle, Sir William Herrick, who was jeweler to the king, but did not aspire to follow in his uncle's footsteps. Instead, Herrick studied at St. John's College, Cambridge and at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, both noted for their religious atmosphere. And by 1627, he took religious orders and served as chaplain to George Villiers, 1st Duke of Buckingham (1592- 1628) during his ill-fated expedition to La Rochelle in aid of the Huguenots.

In 1630, Herrick was made a vicar of Dean Prior, an Anglican country parsonage in Devonshire. Due to his Royalist sympathies, Herrick lost that position in 1647 during the Civil War. Until the Restoration of Charles II, Herrick lived in Westminster, completing his collected poems, *Hesperides; or the Works Both Human and Divine of Robert Herrick, Esq.* (1648). After the Restoration, he regained his position as vicar, holding it until his death.

Considered one of the Cavalier Poets—who opposed the uniqueness, nonconformity, and scientific bent of the metaphysical poets—Herrick was a self-professed son of Ben (Jonson). As such, he was learned in the classics, particularly classic Roman poetry by Horace (65 – 8 BCE), Martial (c. 38 – c. 102 CE), and Ovid (43 BC – c. 17 CE), among others. Alongside his Christian orthodoxy stood Herrick's love of mythology and pagan rituals. His poetry is notable for its variety in form and style, for its interest in innovation and experimentation, and for the exceptional musicality of his lyrics. Even as his "To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time" insists on death's ending all our tomorrows, its rhythm and beauty make the flower that keeps us smiling.



Image 3.8 | Robert Herrick
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3.7.1: "The Argument of his Book"

(1648)

I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,

Of April, May, of June, and July flowers.

I sing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,

Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal-cakes.

I write of youth, of love, and have access

By these to sing of cleanly wantonness.

I sing of dews, of rains, and piece by piece

Of balm, of oil, of spice, and ambergris.

I sing of Time’s trans-shifting; and I write

How roses first came red, and lilies white.

I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing

The court of Mab, and of the fairy king.

I write of Hell; I sing (and ever shall)

Of Heaven, and hope to have it after all.

3.7.2: “His Prayer for Absolution”

(1648)

For those my unbaptized rhymes,

Writ in my wild unhallowed times,

For every sentence, clause, and word,

That’s not inlaid with Thee, my Lord,

Forgive me, God, and blot each line

Out of my book, that is not Thine.

But if, ’mongst all, Thou find’st here one

Worthy thy benediction,

That one of all the rest shall be

The glory of my work, and me.

3.7.3: “The Bad Season Makes the Poet Sad”

(1648)

Dull to myself, and almost dead to these

My many fresh and fragrant mistresses;

Lost to all music now, since everything

Puts on the semblance here of sorrowing.

Sick is the land to th’ heart, and doth endure

More dangerous faintings by her desp’rate cure.

But if that golden age would come again

And Charles here rule, as he before did reign;

If smooth and unperplex'd the seasons were

As when the sweet Maria lived here;

I should delight to have my curls half drown'd

In Tyrian dews, and head with roses crown'd.

And once more yet (ere I am laid out dead)

Knock at a star with my exalted head.

3.7.4: "Corinna's going a Maying"

(1648)

Get up, get up for shame, the Blooming Morne

Upon her wings presents the god unshorne.

See how Aurora throwes her faire

Fresh-quilted colours through the aire:

Get up, sweet-Slug-a-bed, and see

The Dew-bespangling Herbe and Tree.

Each Flower has wept, and bow'd toward the East,

Above an houre since; yet you not drest,

Nay! not so much as out of bed?

When all the Birds have Mattens seyd,

And sung their thankful Hymnes: 'tis sin,

Nay, profanation to keep in,

When as a thousand Virgins on this day,

Spring, sooner than the Lark, to fetch in May.

Rise; and put on your Foliage, and be seene

To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh and greene;

And sweet as Flora. Take no care

For Jewels for your Gowne, or Haire:

Feare not; the leaves will strew

Gemms in abundance upon you:

Besides, the childhood of the Day has kept,

Against you come, some Orient Pearls unwept:

Come, and receive them while the light

Hangs on the Dew-locks of the night:

And Titan on the Eastern hill

Retires himselfe, or else stands still

Till you come forth. Wash, dresse, be briefe in praying:

Few Beads are best, when once we goe a Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and comming, marke

How each field turns a street; each street a Parke

Made green, and trimm'd with trees: see how

Devotion gives each House a Bough,

Or Branch: Each Porch, each doore, ere this,

An Arke a Tabernacle is

Made up of white-thorn neatly enterwove;

As if here were those cooler shades of love.

Can such delights be in the street,

And open fields, and we not see't?

Come, we'll abroad; and let's obay

The Proclamation made for May:

And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;

But my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying.

There's not a budding Boy, or Girle, this day,

But is got up, and gone to bring in May.

A deale of Youth, ere this, is come

Back, and with White-thorn laden home.

Some have dispatcht their Cakes and Creame,

Before that we have left to dreame:

And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted Troth,

And chose their Priest, ere we can cast off sloth:

Many a green-gown has been given;

Many a kisse, both odde and even:

Many a glance too has been sent

From out the eye, Loves Firmament:

Many a jest told of the Keyes betraying

This night, and Locks pickt, yet w'are not a Maying.

Come, let us goe, while we are in our prime;

And take the harmlesse follie of the time.

We shall grow old apace, and die

Before we know our liberty.

Our life is short; and our dayes run

As fast away as do's the Sunne:

And as a vapour, or a drop of raine

Once lost, can ne'r be found againe:

So when or you or I are made

A fable, song, or fleeting shade;

All love, all liking, all delight

Lies drown'd with us in endlesse night.

Then while time serves, and we are but decaying;

Come, my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying.

3.7.5: "The Night Piece, to Julia"

(1648)

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,

The shooting stars attend thee;

And the elves also,

Whose little eyes glow

Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-th'-Wisp mis-light thee,

Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee;

But on, on thy way,

Not making a stay,

Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;

What though the moon does slumber?

The stars of the night

Will lend thee their light,

Like tapers clear without number.

Then Julia let me woo thee,

Thus, thus to come unto me;

And when I shall meet

Thy silv'ry feet,

My soul I'll pour into thee.

3.7.6: "Upon Julia's Breasts"

(1648)

Display thy breasts, my Julia, there let me

Behold that circummortal purity;

Between whose glories, there my lips I'll lay,

Ravished in that fair Via Lactea.

3.7.7: "Upon Julia's Clothes"

(1648)

Whenas in silks my Julia goes,

Then, then (methinks) how sweetly flows

That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes, and see

That brave vibration each way free,

O how that glittering taketh me!

3.7.8: "Delight in Disorder"

(1648)

A sweet disorder in the dress

Kindles in clothes a wantonness;

A lawn about the shoulders thrown

Into a fine distraction;

An erring lace, which here and there

Enthrals the crimson stomacher;

A cuff neglectful, and thereby

Ribands to flow confusedly;

A winning wave, deserving note,

In the tempestuous petticoat;

A careless shoe-string, in whose tie

I see a wild civility:

Do more bewitch me, than when art

Is too precise in every part.

3.7.9: “To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time”

(1648)

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,

Old Time is still a-flying;

And this same flower that smiles today

Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,

The higher he’s a-getting,

The sooner will his race be run,

And nearer he’s to setting.

That age is best which is the first,

When youth and blood are warmer;

But being spent, the worse, and worst

Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,

And while ye may, go marry;

For having lost but once your prime,

You may forever tarry.

3.7.10: “Discontents in Devon”

(1648)

More discontents I never had

Since I was born, than here;

Where I have been, and still am, sad,

In this dull Devonshire.

Yet justly too I must confess,

I ne'er invented such

Ennobled numbers for the press,

Than where I loath'd so much.

3.7.11: "His Return to London"

(1648)

From the dull confines of the drooping west

To see the day spring from the pregnant east,

Ravish'd in spirit, I come, nay more, I fly

To thee, blest place of my nativity!

Thus, thus with hallow'd foot I touch the ground,

With thousand blessings by thy fortune crown'd.

O fruitful genius! that bestowest here

An everlasting plenty, year by year.

O place! O people! Manners! fram'd to please

All nations, customs, kindreds, languages!

I am a free-born Roman; suffer then

That I amongst you live a citizen.

London my home is, though by hard fate sent

Into a long and irksome banishment;

Yet since call'd back, henceforward let me be,

O native country, repossess'd by thee!

For, rather than I'll to the west return,

I'll beg of thee first here to have mine urn.

Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall;

Give thou my sacred relics burial.

3.7.12: “His Prayer to Ben Jonson”

(1648)

When I a verse shall make,

Know I have pray’d thee,

For old religion’s sake,

Saint Ben to aid me.

Make the way smooth for me,

When I, thy Herrick,

Honouring thee, on my knee

Offer my lyric.

Candles I’ll give to thee,

And a new altar,

And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be

Writ in my psalter.

3.7.13: “An Ode to Ben Jonson”

(1648)

Ah Ben!

Say how, or when

Shall we thy guests

Meet at those lyric feasts

Made at the Sun,

The Dog, the Triple Tun?

Where we such clusters had

As made us nobly wild, not mad;

And yet each verse of thine

Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine.

My Ben

Or come again,

Or send to us

Thy wit’s great overplus;

But teach us yet

Wisely to husband it;

Lest we that talent spend,

And having once brought to an end

That precious stock, the store

Of such a wit the world should have no more.

3.7.14: “Upon Ben Jonson” (1648)

Here lies Jonson with the rest

Of the poets; but the best.

Reader, would’st thou more have known?

Ask his story, not this stone.

That will speak what this can’t tell

Of his glory. So farewell.

3.7.15: Reading and Review Questions

1. In the Argument of his Book, Herrick lists the topics of his poetry, topics ranging from the pastoral to the supernatural, from Hell to Heaven. He declares that he wants “all,” including Heaven. What do you make of this omnivorous desire? How does this omnivorous desire for “all” and “everything” compare with Donne’s?
2. Who do you think are Herrick’s intended readers? How do you know? What is Herrick’s attitude towards his readers? How do you know?
3. How does Herrick present English village life in his poetry? What does village life represent to him? How does he use the pastoral form in his work, and to what end?
4. What do you make of Herrick’s blending of the sacred and secular in such poems as “Corinna’s going a Maying?” What is Herrick’s purpose in doing so, do you think?
5. Considering the fact that Herrick was a vicar and bachelor, what do you make of his poems dedicated to women, of the sensual details in his poems? What is Herrick’s attitude towards art in general and to his art in particular? How do you know? How does this attitude compare with Sydney’s or Spenser’s?

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3.7: Andrew Marvell (1621-1678)

Andrew Marvell's father, the Reverend Andrew Marvell, died from drowning after a boating accident, thereby possibly curtailing Marvell's academic career and possibly leading to his taking religious orders. Marvell probably studied at the Hull Grammar School; at the age of twelve, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he earned his B.A. in four years, then began studying for a Master of Art (which he did not complete).

He may have traveled the Continent during the Civil War. He secured a position as tutor to the daughter of Lord Thomas Fairfax (1612-1671), a Parliamentarian general. Marvell's Parliamentarian sympathies may have won him his subsequent positions, as tutor to William Dutton, the ward of Oliver Cromwell; as Latin Secretary, assisting John Milton in translations and diplomatic correspondence; and as Minister of Parliament, a position Marvell held until his death but that began before the Restoration. As a politician, Marvell seems to have promoted the interests of religious and political dissenters, though he did not actively oppose the Restoration. He may have saved Milton's life after the Restoration, a time of reprisal when many "rebels" were executed. His poem "On Mr. Milton's *Paradise Lost*," praises Milton's genius at a time when Milton was exiled for his political activities.



Image 3.9 | Andrew Marvell
Artist | Godfrey Kneller
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Scholars have sometimes divided Marvell's work into pre- and post-Restoration, with most of his poetry being placed pre- and most of his prose, particularly his political writing, being placed post-Restoration. All of his writing is characterized by its intellect, wit, and often abstruse logic. John Dryden noted Marvell's tendency towards the abstract, especially when dealing with emotional subjects. In the twentieth century, T. S. Eliot (1888-1965) linked Marvell with the metaphysical poets in their uniting reason and emotion. Like that of other metaphysical poets, such as John Donne's, Marvell's poetry uses puns, paradoxes, and incongruous images. What seems unique to Marvell is his willingness to maintain ambiguity, to give all sides of a subject their due, to complicate rather than simplify. In "To His Coy Mistress," he can adore his mistress's eyes, forehead, and "the rest" (16) yet still roll all her sweetness and strength into "one ball" (42).

3.8.1: "A Dialogue, Between The Resolved Soul, and Created Pleasure"

(1681)

Courage my Soul, now learn to wield

The weight of thine immortal Shield.

Close on thy Head thy Helmet bright.

Ballance thy Sword against the Fight.

See where an Army, strong as fair,

With silken Banners spreads the air.

Now, if thou bee'st that thing Divine,

In this day's Combat let it shine:

And shew that Nature wants an Art

To conquer one resolved Heart.

Pleasure.

Welcome the Creations Guest,

Lord of Earth, and Heavens Heir.

Lay aside that Warlike Crest,

And of Nature's banquet share:

Where the Souls of fruits and flow'rs

Stand prepar'd to heighten yours.

Soul.

I sup above, and cannot stay

To bait so long upon the way.

Pleasure.

On these downy Pillows lye,

Whose soft Plumes will thither fly:

On these Roses strow'd so plain

Lest one Leaf thy Side should strain.

Soul.

My gentler Rest is on a Thought,

Conscious of doing what I ought.

Pleasure.

If thou bee'st with Perfumes pleas'd,

Such as oft the Gods appeas'd,

Thou in fragrant Clouds shalt show

Like another God below.

Soul.

A Soul that knowes not to presume

Is Heaven's and its own perfume.

Pleasure.

Every thing does seem to vie

Which should first attract thine Eye:

But since none deserves that grace,

In this Crystal view thy face.

Soul.

When the Creator's skill is priz'd,

The rest is all but Earth disguis'd.

Pleasure.

Heark how Musick then prepares

For thy Stay these charming Aires;

Which the posting Winds recall,

And suspend the Rivers Fall.

Soul.

Had I but any time to lose,

On this I would it all dispose.

Cease Tempter. None can chain a mind

Whom this sweet Chordage cannot bind.

Chorus.

Earth cannot shew so brave a Sight

As when a single Soul does fence

The Batteries of alluring Sense,

And Heaven views it with delight.

Then persevere: for still new Charges sound:

And if thou overcom'st thou shalt be crown'd.

Pleasure.

All this fair, and cost, and sweet,

Which scatteringly doth shine,

Shall within one Beauty meet,

And she be only thine.

Soul.

If things of Sight such Heavens be,

What Heavens are those we cannot see?

Pleasure.

Where so e’re thy Foot shall go

The minted Gold shall lie;

Till thou purchase all below,

And want new Worlds to buy.

Soul.

Wer’t not a price who’ld value Gold?

And that’s worth nought that can be sold.

Pleasure.

Wilt thou all the Glory have

That War or Peace commend?

Half the World shall be thy Slave

The other half thy Friend.

Soul.

What Friends, if to my self untrue?

What Slaves, unless I captive you?

Pleasure.

Thou shalt know each hidden Cause;

And see the future Time:

Try what depth the Centre draws;

And then to Heaven climb.

Soul.

None thither mounts by the degree

Of Knowledge, but Humility.

Chorus.

Triumph, triumph, victorious Soul;

The World has not one Pleasure more:

The rest does lie beyond the Pole,

And is thine everlasting Store.

3.8.2 “On a Drop of Dew”

(1681)

See how the Orient Dew,

Shed from the Bosom of the Morn

Into the blowing Roses,

Yet careless of its Mansion new;

For the clear Region where ’twas born

Round in its self incloses:

And in its little Globes Extent,

Frames as it can its native Element.

How it the purple flow’r does slight,

Scarce touching where it lyes,

But gazing back upon the Skies,

Shines with a mournful Light;

Like its own Tear,

Because so long divided from the Sphear.

Restless it roules and unsecure,

Trembling lest it grow impure:

Till the warm Sun pitty it’s Pain,

And to the Skies exhale it back again.

So the Soul, that Drop, that Ray

Of the clear Fountain of Eternal Day,

Could it within the humane flow’r be seen,

Remembring still its former height,

Shuns the sweat leaves and blossoms green;

And, recollecting its own Light,

Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express

The greater Heaven in an Heaven less.

In how coy a Figure wound,

Every way it turns away:

So the World excluding round,

Yet receiving in the Day.

Dark beneath, but bright above:

Here disdaining, there in Love.

How loose and easie hence to go:

How girt and ready to ascend.

Moving but on a point below,

It all about does upwards bend.

Such did the Manna's sacred Dew destil;

White, and intire, though congeal'd and chill.

Congeal'd on Earth: but does, dissolving, run

Into the Glories of th' Almighty Sun.

3.8.3: "The Coronet"

(1681)

When for the Thorns with which I long, too

With many a piercing wound, (long,

My Saviours head have crown'd,

I seek with Garlands to redress that Wrong:

Through every Garden, every Mead,

I gather flow'rs (my fruits are only flow'rs)

Dismantling all the fragrant Towers

That once adorn'd my Shepherdesses head.

And now when I have summ'd up all my store,

Thinking (so I my self deceive)

So rich a Chaplet thence to weave

As never yet the king of Glory wore:

Alas I find the Serpent old

That, twining in his speckled breast,

About the flow'rs disguis'd does fold,

With wreaths of Fame and Interest.

Ah, foolish Man, that would'st debase with them,

And mortal Glory, Heavens Diadem!

But thou who only could'st the Serpent tame,

Either his slipp'ry knots at once untie,

And disintangle all his winding Snare:

Or shatter too with him my curious frame:

And let these wither, so that he may die,

Though set with Skill and chosen out with Care.

That they, while Thou on both their Spoils dost tread,

May crown thy Feet, that could not crown thy Head.

3.8.4: "To his Coy Mistress"

(1681)

Had we but World enough, and Time,

This coyness Lady were no crime.

We would sit down, and think which way

To walk, and pass our long Loves Day.

Thou by the Indian Ganges side

Should'st Rubies find: I by the Tide

Of Humber would complain. I would

Love you ten years before the Flood:

And you should if you please refuse

Till the Conversion of the Jews.

My vegetable Love should grow

Vaster then Empires, and more slow.

An hundred years should go to praise

Thine Eyes, and on thy Forehead Gaze.

Two hundred to adore each Breast:

But thirty thousand to the rest.

An Age at least to every part,

And the last Age should show your Heart.

For Lady you deserve this State;

Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I alwaies hear

Times winged Charriot hurrying near:

And yonder all before us lye

Desarts of vast Eternity.

Thy Beauty shall no more be found;

Nor, in thy marble Vault, shall sound

My ecchoing Song: then Worms shall try

That long preserv'd Virginity:

And your quaint Honour turn to durst:

And into ashes all my Lust.

The Grave's a fine and private place,

But none I think do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hew

Sits on thy skin like morning grew,

And while thy willing Soul transpires

At every pore with instant Fires,

Now let us sport us while we may;

And now, like am'rous birds of prey,

Rather at once our Time dev out,

Than languish in his slow chapt pow'r.

Let us roll all our Strength, and all

Our sweetness, up into one Ball

And tear our Pleasures with rough strife,

Thorough the Iron gates of Life.

Thus, though we cannot make our Sun

Stand still, yet we will make him run.

3.8.5: "The Garden"

(1681)

I.

HOW vainly men themselves amaze

To win the Palm, the Oke, or Bayes;

And their uncessant Labours see

Crown'd from some single Herb or Tree,

Whose short and narrow verged Shade

Does prudently their Toyles upbraid;

While all Flow'rs and all Trees do close

To weave the Garlands of repose.

II.

Fair quiet, have I found thee here,

And Innocence thy Sister dear!

Mistaken long, I sought you then

In busie Companies of Men.

Your sacred Plants, if here below,

Only among the Plants will grow.

Society is all but rude,

To this delicious Solitude.

III.

No white nor red was ever seen

So am'rous as this lovely green.

Fond Lovers, cruel as their Flame,

Cut in these Trees their Mistress name.

Little, Alas, they know, or heed,

How far these Beauties Hers exceed!

Fair Trees! where s'eer you barkes I wound,

No Name shall but your own be found.

IV.

When we have run our Passions heat,

Love hither makes his best retreat.

The Gods, that mortal Beauty chase,

Still in a Tree did end their race.

Apollo hunted Daphne so,

Only that She might Laurel grow.

And Pan did after Syrinx speed,

Not as a Nymph, but for a Reed.

V.

What wond'rous Life in this I lead!

Ripe Apples drop about my head;

The Luscious Clusters of the Vine

Upon my Mouth do crush their Wine;

The Nectaren, and curious Peach,

Into my hands themselves do reach;

Stumbling on Melons, as I pass,

Insnar'd with Flow'rs, I fall on Grass.

VI.

Mean while the Mind, from pleasure less,

Withdraws into its happiness:

The Mind, that Ocean where each kind

Does streight its own resemblance find;

Yet it creates, transcending these,

Far other Worlds, and other Seas;

Annihilating all that's made

To a green Thought in a green Shade.

VII.

Here at the Fountains sliding foot,

Or at some Fruit-trees mossy root,

Casting the Bodies Vest aside,

My Soul into the boughs does glide:

There like a Bird it sits, and sings,

Then whets, and combs its silver Wings;

And, till prepar'd for longer flight,

Waves in its Plumes the various Light.

VIII.

Such was that happy Garden-state,

While Man there walk'd without a Mate:

After a Place so pure, and sweet,

What other Help could yet be meet!

But 'twas beyond a Mortal's share

To wander solitary there:

Two Paradises 'twere in one

To live in Paradise alone.

IX.

How well the skilful Gardner drew

Of flow'rs and herbes this Dial new;

Where from above the milder Sun

Does through a fragrant Zodiack run;

And, as it works, th' industrious Bee

Computes its time as well as we.

How could such sweet and wholsome Hours

Be reckon'd but with herbs and flow'rs!

3.8.6: "On Mr. Milton's Paradise Lost"

(1681)

When I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,

In slender Book his vast Design unfold,

Messiah Crown'd, Gods Reconcil'd Decree,

Rebelling Angels, the Forbidden Tree,

Heav'n, Hell, Earth, Chaos, All; the Argument

Held me a while misdoubting his Intent,

That he would ruine (for I saw him strong)

The sacred Truths to Fable and old Song,

(So Sampson groap'd the Temples Posts in spight)

The World o'rewhelming to revenge his Sight.

Yet as I read, soon growing less severe,

I lik'd his Project, the success did fear;

Through that wide Field how he his way should find

O're which lame Faith leads Understanding blind;

Lest he perplext the things he would explain,

And what was easie he should render vain.

Or if a Work so infinite he spann'd,

Jealous I was that some less skilful hand

(Such as disquiet always what is well,

And by ill imitating would excell)

Might hence presume the whole Creations day

To change in Scenes, and show it in a Play.

Pardon me, mighty Poet, nor despise

My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.

But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare

Within thy Labours to pretend a Share.

Thou hast not miss'd one thought that could be fit,

And all that was improper dost omit:

So that no room is here for Writers left,

But to detect their Ignorance or Theft.

That Majesty which through thy Work doth Reign

Draws the Devout, deterring the Profane.

And things divine thou treats of in such state

As them preserves, and Thee inviolate.

At once delight and horrour on us seize,

Thou singst with so much gravity and ease;

And above humane flight dost soar aloft,

With Plume so strong, so equal, and so soft.

The Bird nam'd from that Paradise you sing

So never Flags, but alwaies keeps on Wing.

Where couldst thou Words of such a compass find?

Whence furnish such a vast expense of Mind?

Just Heav'n Thee, like Tiresias, to requite,

Rewards with Prophesie thy loss of Sight.

Well might thou scorn thy Readers to allure

With tinkling Rhime, of thy own Sense secure;

While the Town-Bays writes all the while and spells,

And like a Pack-Horse tires without his Bells.

Their Fancies like our bushy Points appear,

The Poets tag them; we for fashion wear.

I too transported by the Mode offend,

And while I meant to Praise thee, must Commend.

Thy verse created like thy Theme sublime,

In Number, Weight, and Measure, needs not Rhime.

3.8.7: Reading and Review Questions

1. How consistent are the speakers in Marvell's poems, in terms of their positions on gender, politics, religion, etc.?
2. To what end, do you think, does Marvell yoke dissimilar images together in metaphysical conceits? Does Marvell's poetry resolve incongruities? How do his resolutions compare with Donne's?
3. What relationship, if any, do Marvell's poems suggest between the ideal and the real?
4. How does Marvell use nature in his poetry, and to what end?
5. Some scholars have described Marvell's poems as puzzles, as exercises in deduction. How do Marvell's poems demonstrate logic, do you think, and to what end?

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3.8: Margaret Cavendish, the Duchess of Newcastle (1623-1673)

Frank in her pursuit of fame, Margaret Cavendish published an astonishing number of works in a diverse array of genres—including letters, essays, autobiography, utopian romance, natural philosophy (science), and drama. All of her work is marked by experimentation and her self-consciousness as a female author. They also display the "doubleness" female authors often worked through when modeling their work on male authors—like John Donne and John Milton—and on male-dominated traditions—like the lyric—while at the same time subverting and rebelling against them. She challenged culturally-imposed limits on her desire to pursue pleasure, mirth, and fame; she elevated the goddess Natura as the world's true and benevolent guide, implicitly criticizing male abuse of the world God placed under their care; she identified with nature and animals, especially in their vulnerability to aggressive—even violent—male mistreatment. As she declares in "The Hunting of the Hare:" "Man doth think himselfe so gentle, mild,/ When he of Creatures is most cruell wild" (101-102).

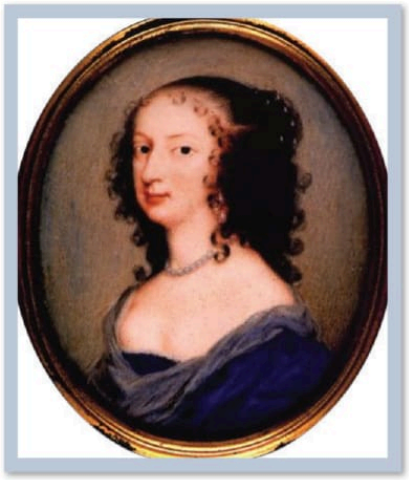


Image 3.10 | Margaret Cavendish
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Her contemporaries took a double view of Cavendish herself, with some viewing her as eccentric and egotistical—then considered a deplorable characteristic in a female—and others admiring her abilities. For a woman of her position, born to wealthy Royalist parents, Cavendish followed somewhat conventional expectations by becoming a maid of honor to Queen Henrietta Maria (1609-1669), remaining loyal to her when she was exiled to Paris. She also did what was expected when, in Paris, she met and married William Cavendish (1592-1676), a Royalist general and exile with Charles II, a writer and patron of the arts who was thirty years her senior, and a Duke who recovered his property and title after the Restoration. But through this conformity Cavendish reached comparative freedom, as her husband wholeheartedly encouraged and financially supported Cavendish's writing and philosophical education, even when it entailed a visit to the Royal Society and acquaintanceship with such philosophers as Thomas Hobbes (1588-1679) and Rene Descartes (1596-1650).

3.9.1: "The Hunting of the Hare"

(1653)

Betwixt two *Ridges* of *land*, lay *Wat*,

Pressing his *Body* close to *Earth* lay squat.

His *Nose* upon his two *Fore-feet* close lies,

Glaring obliquely with his *great gray Fyes*.

His *Head* he alwaies sets against the *Wind*;

If turne his *Taile* his *Haires* blow up behind:

Which *he* too cold will grow, but *he* is wise,

And keepes his *Coat* still downe, so warm *he* lies.

Thus resting all the *day*, till *Sun* doth set,

Then riseth up, his *Reliefe* for to get.

Walking about until the *Sun* doth rise,

Then back returnes, downe in his *Forme he* lyes.

At last, *Poore Wat* was found, as *he* there lay,

By *Hunts-men*, with their *Dogs* which came that way.

Seeing, gets up, and fast begins to run,

Hoping some waies the *Dogs* to shun.

But they by *Nature* have so quick a Sent,

That by their *Nose* they trace what way he went.

And with their deep, wide *Mouths* set forth a *Cry*,

Which answer'd was by *Ecchoes* in the *Skie*.

Then *Wat* was struck with *Terrour*, and with *Feare*,

Thinkes every *Shadow* still the *Dogs* they were.

And running out some distance from the *noise*,

To hide himselfe, his *Thoughts* he new imploies.

Under a *Clod* of *Earth* in *Sand-pit* wide,

Poore *Wat* fat close, hoping himselfe to hide.

There long he not sat, but strait his *Eares*

The *Winding*, and crying *Dogs* he heares:

Starting with *Feare*, up leapes, then doth he run,

And with such speed, the *Ground* scarce treades upon.

Into a great thick *Wood* strait way gets,

Where underneath a *broken Bough he* sits.

At every *Lease* that with the *wind* did shake,

Did bring such, made his *Heart* to ake.

That *Place he* left, to *Champian Plaines he* went,

Winding about, for to deceive their *Sent*.

And while they were, to sind his *Track*,

Poore Wat, being weary, his swift pace did slack.

On his two *hinder legs* for ease did sit,

His *Fore-feet* rub'd his *Face* from *Dust*, and *Sweat*.

Licking his *Feet, he* wip'd his *Eares* so cleane,

That none could tell that *Wat* had hunted been.

But casting round about his *faire great Eyes*,

The *Hounds* in full *Careere he* him 'spies:

To *Wat* it was so terrible a *Sight*,

Feare gave him *Wings*, and made his *Body* light.

Though weary was before, by running long,

Yet now his *Breath* he never felt more strong.

Like those that *dying* are, think *Health* returnes,

When tis but a *faint Blast*, which *Life* out burnes.

For *Spirits* seek to guard the *Heart* about,

Striving with *Death*, but *Death* doth quench them out.

Thus they so fast came on, with such loud *Cries*,

That *he* no hopes hath left, nor *help* espies.

With that the *Winds* did pity poore *Wats* case,

And with their *Breath* the *Sent* blew from the *Place*.

Then every *Nose* is busily imployed,

And every *Nostrill* is set open, wide:

And every *Head* doth seek a severall way,

To find what, or *Track*, the *Sent* on lay.

Thus quick Industry, that is not slack,

Is like to Witchery, brings lost things back.

For though the *Wind* had the *Sent* up close,

A *Busie Dog* thrust in his *Nose*:

And drew it out, with it did foremost run,

Then *Hornes* blew loud, for th' *rest* to follow on.

The *great slow-Hounds*, their throats did set a *Base*,

The *Fleet swift Hounds*, as *Tenours* next in place;

The little *Beagles* they a *Trebble* sing,

And through the *Aire* their *Voice* a round did ring?

Which made a *Consort*, as they ran along;

If they but *words* could speak, might sing a *Song*,

The *Hornes* kept time, the *Hunters* shout for *Joy*,

And valiant seeme, *poore Wat* for to destroy:

Spurring their *Horses* to a full *Careere*,

Swim Rivers deep, leap Ditches without feare;

Indanger *Life*, and *Limbes*, so fast will ride,

Onely to see how patiently *Wat* died.

For why, the *Dogs* so neere his *Heeles* did get,

That they their sharp *Teeth* in his *Breech* did set.

Then tumbling downe, did fall with *weeping Eyes*,

Gives up his *Ghost*, and thus poore *Wat he* dies.

Men hooping loud, such *Acclamations* make,

As if the *Devill* they did *Prisoner* take.

When they do but a *shiftlesse Creature* kill;

To hunt, there needs no *Valiant Souldiers* skill.

But *Man* doth think that *Exercise*, and *Toile*,

To keep their *Health*, is best, which makes most spoile.

Thinking that *Food*, and *Nourishment* so good,

And *Appetite*, that feeds on *Flesh*, and *Blood*.

When they do *Lions, Wolves, Beares, Tigers* see,

To kill poore *Sheep*, strait say, they cruell be.

But for themselves all *Creatures* think too few,

For *Luxury*, wish *God* would make them new.

As if that *God* made *Creatures* for *Mans meat*,

To give them *Life*, and *Sense*, for *Man* to eat;

Or else for *Sport*, or *Recreations* sake,

Destroy those *Lifes* that *God* saw good to make:

Making their *Stomacks, Graves*, which full they fill

With *Murther'd Bodies*, that in sport they kill.

Yet *Man* doth think himselfe so gentle, mild,

When *he* of *Creatures* is most cruell wild.

And is so *Proud*, thinks onely he shall live,

That *God* a *God*-like *Nature* did him give.

And that all *Creatures* for his sake alone,

Was made for him, to *Tyramize* upon.

3.9.2: "A True Relation of the Birth, Breeding and Life of Margaret Cavendish, Written by Herself"

(1656)

My father was a gentleman, which title is grounded and given by merit, not by princes; and it is the act of time, not favour: and though my father was not a peer of the realm, yet there were few peers who had much greater estates, or lived more noble therewith. Yet at that time great titles were to be sold, and not at so high rates, but that his estate might have easily purchased, and was pressed for to take; but my father did not esteem titles, unless they were gained by heroic actions, and the kingdom being in a happy peace with all other nations, and in itself being governed by a wise king, King James, there was no employments for heroic spirits; and towards the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, as soon as he came to man's estate, he unfortunately killed one Mr. Brooks in a single duel. For my father by the laws of honour could do no less than call him to the field to question him for an injury he did him, where their swords were to dispute, and one or both of their lives to decide the argument, wherein my father had the better; and though my father by honour challenged him, with valour fought him, and in justice killed him, yet he suffered more than any person of quality usually doth in cases of honour; for though the laws be rigorous, yet the present princes most commonly are gracious in those misfortunes, especially to the injured: but my father found it not, for his exile was from the time of his misfortunes to Queen Elizabeth's death. For the Lord Cobham being then a great man with Queen Elizabeth, and this gentleman, Mr. Brooks, a kind of a favourite, and as I take it brother to the then Lord Cobham, which made Queen Elizabeth so severe, not to pardon him. But King James of blessed memory graciously gave him his pardon, and leave to return home to his native country, wherein he lived happily, and died peaceably, leaving a wife and eight children, three sons, and five daughters, I being the youngest child he had, and an infant when he died.

As for my breeding, it was according to my birth, and the nature of my sex; for my birth was not lost in my breeding. For as my sisters was or had been bred, so was I in plenty, or rather with superfluity. Likewise we were bred virtuously, modestly, civilly, honourably, and on honest principles. As for plenty, we had not only for necessity, conveniency, and decency, but for delight and pleasure to a superfluity; it is true we did not riot, but we lived orderly; for riot, even in kings' courts and princes' palaces, brings ruin without content or pleasure, when order in less fortunes shall live more plentifully and deliciously than princes that lives in a hurly-burly, as I may term it, in which they are seldom well served. For disorder obstructs; besides, it doth disgust life, distract the appetites, and yield no true relish to the senses; for pleasure, delight, peace, and felicity live in method and temperance.

As for our garments, my mother did not only delight to see us neat and cleanly, fine and gay, but rich and costly; maintaining us to the height of her estate, but not beyond it. For we were so far from being in debt, before these wars, as we were rather beforehand with the world; buying all with ready money, not on the score. For although after my father's death the estate was divided between my mother and her sons, paying such a sum of money for portions to her daughters, either at the day of their marriage, or when they should come to age; yet by reason she and her children agreed with a mutual consent, all their affairs were managed so well, as she lived not in a much lower condition than when my father lived. 'Tis true, my mother might have increased her daughters' portions by a thrifty sparing, yet she chose to bestow it on our breeding, honest pleasures, and harmless delights, out of an opinion, that if she bred us with needy necessity, it might chance to create in us sharking qualities, mean thoughts, and base actions, which she knew my father, as well as herself, did abhor. Likewise we were bred tenderly, for my mother naturally did strive, to please and delight her children, not to cross or torment them, terrifying them with threats, or lashing them with slavish whips; but instead of threats, reason was used to persuade us, and instead of lashes, the deformities of vice was discovered, and the graces and virtues were presented unto us. Also we were bred with respectful attendance, every one being severally waited

upon, and all her servants in general used the same respect to her children (even those that were very young) as they did to herself; for she suffered not her servants, either to be rude before us, or to domineer over us, which all vulgar servants are apt, and ofttimes which some have leave to do. Likewise she never suffered the vulgar serving-men to be in the nursery among the nursemaids, lest their rude lovemaking might do unseemly actions, or speak unhandsome words in the presence of her children, knowing that youth is apt to take infection by ill examples, having not the reason of distinguishing good from bad. Neither were we suffered to have any familiarity with the vulgar servants, or conversation: yet caused us to demean ourselves with an humble civility towards them, as they with a dutiful respect to us. Not because they were servants were we so reserved; for many noble persons are forced to serve through necessity; but by reason the vulgar sort of servants are as ill-bred as meanly born, giving children ill examples and worse counsel.

As for tutors, although we had for all sorts of virtues, as singing, dancing, playing on music, reading, writing, working, and the like, yet we were not kept strictly thereto, they were rather for formality than benefit; for my mother cared not so much for our dancing and fiddling, singing and prating of several languages, as that we should be bred virtuously, modestly, civilly, honourably, and on honest principles.

As for my brothers, of which I had three, I know not how they were bred. First, they were bred when I was not capable to observe, or before I was born; likewise the breeding of men were after different manner of ways from those of women. But this I know, that they loved virtue, endeavoured merit, practised justice, and spoke truth; they were constantly loyal, and truly valiant. ...

As for the pastime of my sisters when they were in the country, it was to read, work, walk, and discourse with each other. ... But to rehearse their recreations. Their customs were in winter time to go sometimes to plays, or to ride in their coaches about the streets to see the concourse and recourse of people: and in the spring time to visit the Spring Garden, Hyde Park, and the like places; and sometimes they would have music, and sup in barges upon the water. ...

But sometime after this war began, I knew not how they lived. For though most of them were in Oxford, wherein the King was, yet after the Queen went from Oxford, and so out of England, I was parted from them. For when the Queen was in Oxford I had a great desire to be one of her maids of honour, hearing the Queen had not the same number she was used to have. Whereupon I wooed and won my mother to let me go; for my mother, being fond of all her children, was desirous to please them, which made her consent to my request. But my brothers and sisters seemed not very well pleased, by reason I had never been from home, nor seldom out of their sight; for though they knew I would not behave myself to their or my own dishonour, yet they thought I might to my disadvantage, being inexperienced in the world. Which indeed I did, for I was so bashful when I was out of my mother's, brothers', and sisters' sight, whose presence used to give me confidence — thinking I could not do amiss whilst any one of them were by, for I knew they would gently reform me if I did; besides, I was ambitious they should approve of my actions and behaviour — that when I was gone from them, I was like one that had no foundation to stand, or guide to direct me, which made me afraid, lest I should wander with ignorance out of the ways of honour, so that I knew not how to behave myself. Besides, I had heard that the world was apt to lay aspersions even on the innocent, for which I durst neither look up with my eyes, nor speak, nor be any way sociable, insomuch as I was thought a natural fool. Indeed I had not much wit, yet I was not an idiot, my wit was according to my years; and though I might have learnt more wit, and advanced my understanding by living in a Court, yet being dull, fearful, and bashful, I neither heeded what was said or practised, but just what belonged to my loyal duty, and my own honest reputation. And, indeed, I was so afraid to dishonour my friends and family by my indiscreet actions, that I rather chose to be accounted a fool than to be thought rude or wanton. In truth, my bashfulness and fears made me repent my going from home to see the world abroad, and much I did desire to return to my mother again, or to my sister Pye, with whom I often lived when she was in London, and loved with a supernatural affection. But my mother advised me there to stay, although I put her to more charges than if she had kept me at home, and the more, by reason she and my brothers were sequestered from their estates, and plundered of all their goods, yet she maintained me so, that I was in a condition rather to lend than to borrow, which courtiers usually are not, being always necessitated by reason of great expenses Courts put them to. But my mother said it would be a disgrace for me to return out of the Court so soon after I was placed; so I continued almost two years, until such time as I was married from thence. For my Lord the Marquis of Newcastle did approve of those bashful fears which many condemned, and would choose such a wife as he might bring to his own humours, and not such a one as was wedded to self-conceit, or one that had been tempered to the humours of another; for which he wooed me for his wife; and though I did dread marriage, and shunned men's company as much as I could, yet I could not, nor had not the power to refuse him, by reason my affections were fixed on him, and he was the only person I ever was in love with. Neither was I ashamed to own it, but gloried therein. For it was not amorous love (I never was infected therewith, it is a disease, or a passion, or both, I only know by relation, not by experience), neither could title, wealth, power, or person entice me to love. But my love was honest and honourable, being placed upon merit, which affection joyed at the fame of his worth, pleased with delight in his wit, proud of the respects he used to me, and triumphing in the affections he professed for me, which affections he hath confirmed to me by a deed of time, sealed by constancy, and assigned by an unalterable decree of his promise, which makes me happy in despite of Fortune's frowns. For though misfortunes may and do oft dissolve base, wild, loose, and ungrounded affections, yet she hath no power of those that are united either by merit, justice, gratitude, duty, fidelity, or the like. And though my Lord hath lost his estate, and banished out of his country for his

loyalty to his King and country, yet neither despised poverty, nor pinching necessity could make him break the bonds of friendship, or weaken his loyal duty to his King or country. ...

Also she [my mother] was an affectionate mother, breeding her children with a most industrious care, and tender love; and having eight children, three sons and five daughters, there was not any one crooked, or any ways deformed, neither were they dwarfish, or of a giant-like stature, but every ways proportionable; likewise well-featured, clear complexions, brown hairs (but some lighter than others), sound teeth, sweet breaths, plain speeches, tunable voices (I mean not so much to sing as in speaking, as not stuttering, nor wharling in the throat, or speaking through the nose, or hoarsely, unless they had a cold, or squeakingly, which impediments many have): neither were their voices of too low a strain, or too high, but their notes and words were tunable and timely. I hope this truth will not offend my readers, and lest they should think I am a partial register, I dare not commend my sisters, as to say they were handsome; although many would say they were very handsome. But this I dare say, their beauty, if any they had, was not so lasting as my mother's. ...

For the truth is, our sex doth nothing but jostle for the preeminence of words (I mean not for speaking well, but speaking much) as they do for the preeminence of place, words rushing against words, thwarting and crossing each other, and pulling with reproaches, striving to throw each other down with disgrace, thinking to advance themselves thereby. But if our sex would but well consider, and rationally ponder, they will perceive and find, that it is neither words nor place that can advance them, but worth and merit. Nor can words or place disgrace them, but inconstancy and boldness: for an honest heart, a noble soul, a chaste life, and a true speaking tongue, is the throne, sceptre, crown, and footstool that advances them to an honourable renown. I mean not noble, virtuous, discreet, and worthy persons whom necessity did enforce to submit, comply, and follow their own suits, but such as had nothing to lose, but made it their trade to solicit. ...

Besides I am naturally bashful, not that I am ashamed of my mind or body, my birth or breeding, my actions or fortunes, for my bashfulness is my nature, not for any crime, and though I have strived and reasoned with myself, yet that which is inbred I find is difficult to root out. But I do not find that my bashfulness is concerned with the qualities of the persons, but the number; for were I to enter amongst a company of Lazaruses, I should be as much out of countenance as if they were all Caesars or Alexanders, Cleopatras or Queen Didos. Neither do I find my bashfulness riseth so often in blushes, as contracts my spirits to a chill paleness. But the best of it is, most commonly it soon vanisheth away, and many times before it can be perceived; and the more foolish or unworthy I conceive the company to be, the worse I am, and the best remedy I ever found was, is to persuade myself that all those persons I meet are wise and virtuous. The reason I take to be is, that the wise and virtuous censure least, excuse most, praise best, esteem rightly, judge justly, behave themselves civilly, demean themselves respectfully, and speak modestly when fools or unworthy persons are apt to commit absurdities, as to be bold, rude, uncivil both in words and actions, forgetting or not well understanding themselves or the company they are with. And though I never met such sorts of ill-bred creatures, yet naturally I have such an aversion to such kind of people, as I am afraid to meet them, as children are afraid of spirits, or those that are afraid to see or meet devils; which makes me think this natural defect in me, if it be a defect, is rather a fear than a bashfulness, but whatsoever it is, I find it troublesome, for it hath many times obstructed the passage of my speech, and perturbed my natural actions, forcing a constrainedness or unusual motions. However, since it is rather a fear of others than a bashful distrust of myself, I despair of a perfect cure, unless nature as well as human governments could be civilized and brought into a methodical order, ruling the words and actions with a supreme power of reason, and the authority of discretion: but a rude nature is worse than a brute nature by so much more as man is better than beast, but those that are of civil natures and gentle dispositions are as much nearer to celestial creatures, as those that are of rude or cruel are to devils. ...

But after I had been in England a year and a half, part of which time I writ a book of poems, and a little book called my Philosophical Fancies, to which I have writ a large addition, since I returned out of England, besides this book and one other. As for my book entitled The World's Olio, I writ most part of it before I went into England, but being not of a merry, although not of a froward or peevish disposition, became very melancholy, by reason I was from my Lord, which made my mind so restless, as it did break my sleep, and distemper my health, with which growing impatient of a longer delay, I resolved to return, although I was grieved to leave Sir Charles, my Lord's brother, he being sick of an ague, of which sickness he died. ...

I made the more haste to return to my Lord, with whom I had rather be as a poor beggar, than to be mistress of the world absented from him, yet, Heaven hitherto hath kept us, and though Fortune hath been cross, yet we do submit, and are both content with what is, and cannot be mended, and are so prepared that the worst of fortunes shall not afflict our minds, so as to make us unhappy, howsoever it doth pinch our lives with poverty. For, if tranquillity lives in an honest mind, the mind lives in peace, although the body suffer. But patience hath armed us, and misery hath tried us, and finds us fortune-proof. For the truth is, my Lord is a person whose humour is neither extravagantly merry nor unnecessarily sad, his mind is above his fortune as his generosity is above his purse, his courage above danger, his justice above bribes, his friendship above self-interest, his truth too firm for falsehood, his temperance beyond temptation. His conversation is pleasing and affable, his wit is quick, and his judgment is strong, distinguishing clearly without clouds of mistakes, dissecting truth, so as it justly admits not of disputes: his discourse is always new upon the occasion, without troubling the hearers with old historical relations, nor stuffed with useless

sentences. His behaviour is manly without formality, and free without constraint, and his mind hath the same freedom. His nature is noble, and his disposition sweet; his loyalty is proved by his public service for his King and country, by his often hazarding of his life, by the loss of his estate, and the banishment of his person, by his necessitated condition, and his constant and patient suffering. But, howsoever our fortunes are, we are both content, spending our time harmlessly, for my Lord pleaseth himself with the management of some few horses, and exercises himself with the use of the sword; which two arts he hath brought by his studious thoughts, rational experience, and industrious practice, to an absolute perfection. And though he hath taken as much pains in those arts, both by study and practice, as chymists for the philosopher's-stone, yet he hath this advantage of them, that he hath found the right and the truth thereof and therein, which chymists never found in their art, and I believe never will. Also here creates himself with his pen, writing what his wit dictates to him, but I pass my time rather with scribbling than writing, with words than wit. Not that I speak much, because I am addicted to contemplation, unless I am with my Lord, yet then I rather attentively listen to what he says, than impertinently speak. Yet when I am writing any sad feigned stories, or serious humours, or melancholy passions, I am forced many times to express them with the tongue before I can write them with the pen, by reason those thoughts that are sad, serious, and melancholy are apt to contract, and to draw too much back, which oppression doth as it were overpower or smother the conception in the brain. But when some of those thoughts are sent out in words, they give the rest more liberty to place themselves in a more methodical order, marching more regularly with my pen on the ground of white paper; but my letters seem rather as a ragged rout than a well-armed body, for the brain being quicker in creating than the hand in writing or the memory in retaining, many fancies are lost, by reason they ofttimes outrun the pen, where I, to keep speed in the race, write so fast as I stay not so long as to write my letters plain, insomuch as some have taken my hand-writing for some strange character, and being accustomed so to do, I cannot now write very plain, when I strive to write my best; indeed, my ordinary handwriting is so bad as few can read it, so as to write it fair for the press; but however, that little wit I have, it delights me to scribble it out, and disperse it about. For I being addicted from my childhood to contemplation rather than conversation, to solitariness rather than society, to melancholy rather than mirth, to write with the pen than to work with a needle, passing my time with harmless fancies, their company being pleasing, their conversation innocent (in which I take such pleasure as I neglect my health, for it is as great a grief to leave their society as a joy to be in their company), my only trouble is, lest my brain should grow barren, or that the root of my fancies should become insipid, withering into a dull stupidity for want of maturing subjects to write on. ...

But now I have declared to my readers my birth, breeding, and actions, to this part of my life (I mean the material parts, for should I write every particular, as my childish sports and the like, it would be ridiculous and tedious); but I have been honourably born and nobly matched; I have been bred to elevated thoughts, not to a dejected spirit, my life hath been ruled with honesty, attended by modesty, and directed by truth. But since I have writ in general thus far of my life, I think it fit I should speak something of my humour, particular practice and disposition. As for my humour, I was from my childhood given to contemplation, being more taken or delighted with thoughts than in conversation with a society, insomuch as I would walk two or three hours, and never rest, in a musing, considering, contemplating manner, reasoning with myself of everything my senses did present. But when I was in the company of my natural friends, I was very attentive of what they said or did; but for strangers I regarded not much what they said, but many times I did observe their actions, whereupon my reason as judge, and my thoughts as accusers, or excusers, or approvers and commenders, did plead, or appeal to accuse, or complain thereto. Also I never took delight in closets, or cabinets of toys, but in the variety of fine clothes, and such toys as only were to adorn my person. Likewise I had a natural stupidity towards the learning of any other language than my native tongue, for I could sooner and with more facility understand the sense, than remember the words, and for want of such memory makes me so unlearned in foreign languages as I am. As for my practice, I was never very active, by reason I was given so much to contemplation ... As for my study of books it was little, yet I chose rather to read, than to employ my time in any other work, or practice, and when I read what I understood not, I would ask my brother, the Lord Lucas, he being learned, the sense or meaning thereof. But my serious study could not be much, by reason I took great delight in attiring, fine dressing, and fashions especially such fashions as I did invent myself, not taking that pleasure in such fashions as was invented by others. Also I did dislike any should follow my fashions, for I always took delight in a singularity, even in accoutrements of habits. But whatsoever I was addicted to, either in fashion of clothes, contemplation of thoughts, actions of life, they were lawful, honest, honourable, and modest, of which I can avouch to the world with a great confidence, because it is a pure truth. As for my disposition, it is more inclining to be melancholy than merry, but not crabbed or peevishly melancholy, but soft, melting, solitary, and contemplating melancholy. And I am apt to weep rather than laugh, not that I do often either of them. Also I am tender natured, for it troubles my conscience to kill a fly, and the groans of a dying beast strike my soul. Also where I place a particular affection, I love extraordinarily and constantly, yet not fondly, but soberly and observingly, not to hang about them as a trouble, but to wait upon them as a servant; but this affection will take no root, but where I think or find merit, and have leave both from divine and moral laws. Yet I find this passion so troublesome, as it is the only torment of my life, for fear any evil misfortune or accident, or sickness, or death, should come unto them, insomuch as I am never freely at rest. Likewise I am grateful, for I never received a courtesy — but I am impatient and troubled until I can return it. Also I am chaste, both by nature, and education, insomuch as I do abhor an unchaste thought. Likewise, I am seldom angry, as my servants may witness for me, for I rather choose to suffer some inconveniences than disturb my thoughts, which makes me wink many times at their faults; but when I am angry, I am very angry, but yet it is soon over, and I am easily pacified, if it be not such an injury as may create a hate. Neither am I apt to be exceptious or jealous, but if I have the least symptom of this passion, I declare it to those it concerns,

for I never let it lie smothering in my breast to breed a malignant disease in the mind, which might break out into extravagant passions, or railing speeches, or indiscreet actions; but I examine moderately, reason soberly, and plead gently in my own behalf, through a desire to keep those affections I had, or at least thought to have. And truly I am so vain, as to be so selfconceited, or so naturally partial, to think my friends have as much reason to love me as another, since none can love more sincerely than I, and it were an injustice to prefer a fainter affection, or to esteem the body more than the mind. Likewise I am neither spiteful, envious, nor malicious. I repine not at the gifts that Nature or Fortune bestows upon others, yet I am a great emulator; for, though I wish none worse than they are, yet it is lawful for me to wish myself the best, and to do my honest endeavour thereunto. For I think it no crime to wish myself the exactest of Nature's works, my thread of life the longest, my chain of destiny the strongest, my mind the peaceablest, my life the pleasantest, my death the easiest, and the greatest saint in heaven; also to do my endeavour, so far as honour and honesty doth allow of, to be the highest on Fortune's wheel and to hold the wheel from turning, if I can. And if it be commendable to wish another's good, it were a sin not to wish my own; for as envy is a vice, so emulation is a virtue, but emulation is in the way to ambition, or indeed it is a noble ambition.

But I fear my ambition inclines to vain-glory, for I am very ambitious; yet 'tis neither for beauty, wit, titles, wealth, or power, but as they are steps to raise me to Fame's tower, which is to live by remembrance in after-ages. Likewise I am that the vulgar call proud, not out of self-conceit, or to slight or condemn any, but scorning to do a base or mean act, and disdaining rude or unworthy persons; insomuch, that if I should find any that were rude, or too bold, I should be apt to be so passionate, as to affront them, if I can, unless discretion should get betwixt my passion and their boldness, which sometimes perchance it might if discretion should crowd hard for place. For though I am naturally bashful, yet in such a cause my spirits would be all on fire. Otherwise I am so well bred, as to be civil to all persons, of all degrees, or qualities. Likewise I am so proud, or rather just to my Lord, as to abate nothing of the quality of his wife, for if honour be the mark of merit, and his master's royal favour, who will favour none but those that have merit to deserve, it were a baseness for me to neglect the ceremony thereof. Also in some cases I am naturally a coward, and in other cases very valiant. As for example, if any of my nearest friends were in danger I should never consider my life in striving to help them, though I were sure to do them no good, and would willingly, nay cheerfully, resign my life for their sakes: likewise I should not spare my life, if honour bids me die. But in a danger where my friends, or my honour is not concerned, or engaged, but only my life to be unprofitably lost, I am the veriest coward in nature, as upon the sea, or any dangerous places, or of thieves, or fire, or the like. Nay the shooting of a gun, although but a pot-gun, will make me start, and stop my hearing, much less have I courage to discharge one; or if a sword should be held against me, although but in jest, I am afraid. Also as I am not covetous, so I am not prodigal, but of the two I am inclining to be prodigal, yet I cannot say to a vain prodigality, because I imagine it is to a profitable end; for perceiving the world is given, or apt to honour the outside more than the inside, worshipping show more than substance; and I am so vain (if it be a vanity) as to endeavour to be worshipped, rather than not to be regarded. Yet I shall never be so prodigal as to impoverish my friends, or go beyond the limits or facility of our estate. And though I desire to appear to the best advantage, whilst I live in the view of the public world, yet I could most willingly exclude myself, so as never to see the face of any creature but my Lord as long as I live, inclosing myself like an anchorite, wearing a frieze gown, tied with a cord about my waist. But I hope my readers will not think me vain for writing my life, since there have been many that have done the like, as Caesar, Ovid, and many more, both men and women, and I know no reason I may not do it as well as they: but I verily believe some censuring readers will scornfully say, why hath this Lady writ her own life? since none cares to know whose daughter she was or whose wife she is, or how she was bred, or what fortunes she had, or how she lived, or what humour or disposition she was of. I answer that it is true, that 'tis to no purpose to the readers, but it is to the authoress, because I write it for my own sake, not theirs. Neither did I intend this piece for to delight, but to divulge; not to please the fancy, but to tell the truth, lest after-ages should mistake, in not knowing I was daughter to one Master Lucas of St. Johns, near Colchester, in Essex, second wife to the Lord Marquis of Newcastle; for my Lord having had two wives, I might easily have been mistaken, especially if I should die and my Lord marry again.

3.9.3: From *The Description of a New World, Called The Blazing World*

(1666, 1668)

A Merchant travelling into a foreign Country, fell extreamly in Love with a young Lady; but being a stranger in that Nation, and beneath her, both in Birth and Wealth, he could have but little hopes of obtaining his desire; however his Love growing more and more vehement upon him, even to the slighting of all difficulties, he resolved at last to Steal her away; which he had the better opportunity to do, because her Father's house was not far from the Sea, and she often using to gather shells upon the shore, accompanied not with above two or three of her servants, it encouraged him the more to execute his design. Thus coming one time with a little leight Vessel, not unlike a Packet-boat, mann'd with some few Sea-men, and well victualled, for fear of some accidents, which might perhaps retard their journey, to the place where she used to repair; he forced her away: But when he fancied himself the happiest man of the World, he proved to be the most unfortunate; for Heaven frowning at his Theft, raised such a Tempest, as they knew not what to do, or whither to steer their course; so that the Vessel, both by its own leightness, and the violent motion of the Wind, was carried as swift as an Arrow out of a Bow, towards the North-pole, and in a short time reached

the Icy Sea, where the wind forced it amongst huge pieces of Ice; but being little, and leight, it did by the assistance and favour of the gods to this virtuous Lady, so turn and wind through those precipices, as if it had been guided by some experienced Pilot, and skilful Mariner: But alas! Those few men which were in it, not knowing whither they went, nor what was to be done in so strange an Adventure, and not being provided for so cold a Voyage, were all frozen to death; the young Lady onely, by the light of her Beauty, the heat of her Youth, and Protection of the Gods, remaining alive: Neither was it a wonder that the men did freeze to death; for they were not onely driven to the very end or point of the Pole of that World, but even to another Pole of another World, which joined close to it; so that the cold having a dou ble strength at the conjunction of those two Poles, was insupportable: At last, the Boat still passing on, was forced into another World; for it is impossible to round this Worlds Globe from Pole to Pole, so as we do from East to West; because the Poles of the other World, joining to the Poles of this, do not allow any further passage to surround the World that way; but if any one arrives to either of these Poles, he is either forced to return, or to enter into another World: and lest you should scruple at it, and think, if it were thus, those that live at the Poles would either see two Suns at one time, or else they would never want the Sun's light for six months together, as it is commonly believed: You must know, that each of these Worlds having its own Sun to enlighten it, they move each one in their peculiar Circles; which motion is so just and exact, that neither can hinder or obstruct the other; for they do not exceed their Tropicks: and although they should meet, yet we in this World cannot so well perceive them, by reason of the brightness of our Sun, which being nearer to us, obstructs the splendor of the Sun of the other World, they being too far off to be discerned by our optick perception, except we use very good Telescopes; by which, skilful Astronomers have often observed two or three Suns at once.

But to return to the wandering Boat, and the distresed Lady; she seeing all the Men dead, found small comfort in life; their Bodies which were preserved all that while from putrefaction and stench, by the extremity of cold, began now to thaw, and corrupt; whereupon she having not strength enough to fling them overboard, was forced to remove out of her small Cabine, upon the deck, to avoid that nauseous smell; and finding the Boat swim between two plains of Ice, as a stream that runs betwixt two shores, at last perceived land, but covered all with Snow: from which came, walking upon the Ice, strange Creatures, in shape like Bears, only they went upright as men; those Creatures coming near the Boat, catched hold of it with their Paws, that served them instead of hands; some two or three of them entred first; and when they came out, the rest went in one after another; at last having viewed and observed all that was in the Boat, they spake to each other in a language which the Lady did not understand; and having carried her out of the Boat, sunk it, together with the dead men.

The Lady now finding herself in so strange a place, and amongst such wonderful kind of Creatures, was extreamly strucken with fear, and could entertain no other Thoughts, but that every moment her life was to be a sacrifice to their cruelty; but those Bear-like Creatures, how terrible soever they appear'd to her sight, yet were they so far from exercising any cruelty upon her, that rather they shewed her all civility and kindness imaginable; for she being not able to go up on the Ice, by reason of its slipperiness, they took her up in their rough arms, and carried her into their City, where instead of Houses, they had Caves under ground; and as soon as they enter'd the City, both Males and Females, young and old, flockt together to see this Lady, holding up their Paws in admiration; at last having brought her into a certain large and spacious Cave, which they intended for her reception, they left her to the custody of the Females, who entertained her with all kindness and respect, and gave her such victuals as they used to eat; but seeing her Constitution neither agreed with the temper of that Climate, nor their Diet, they were resolved to carry her into another Island of a warmer temper; in which were men like Foxes, onely walking in an upright shape, who received their neighbours the Bear-men with great civility and Courtship, very much admiring this beauteous Lady; and having discoursed some while together, agreed at last to make her a Present to the Emperor of their World; to which end, after she had made some short stay in the same place, they brought her cross that Island to a large River, whose stream run smooth and clear, like Chrystal; in which were numerous Boats, much like our Fox-traps; in one whereof she was carried, some of the Bear- and Fox-men waiting on her; and as soon as they had crossed the River, they came into an Island where there were Men which had heads, beaks, and feathers, like wild-Geese, onely they went in an upright shape, like the Bear-men and Fox-men: their rumps they carried between their legs, their wings were of the same length with their Bodies, and their tails of an indifferent size, trailing after them like a Ladie's Garment; and after the Bear- and Fox-men had declared their intention and design to their Neighbours, the Geese-or Bird-men, some of them joined to the rest, and attended the Lady through that Island, till they came to another great and large River, where there was a preparation made of many Boats, much like Birds nests, onely of a bigger size; and having crost that River, they arrived into another Island, which was of a pleasant and mild temper, full of Woods and the Inhabitants thereof were *Satyrs*, who received both the Bear- Fox- and Bird-men, with all respect and civility; and after some conferences (for they all understood each others language) some chief of the *Satyrs* joining to them, accompanied the Lady out of that Island to another River, wherein were many handsome and commodious Barges; and having crost that River, they entered into a large and spacious Kingdom, the men whereof were of a Grass-Green Complexion, who entertained them very kindly, and provided all conveniences for their further voyage: hitherto they had onely crost Rivers, but now they could not avoid the open Seas any longer; wherefore they made their Ships and tacklings ready to sail over into the Island, where the Emperor of the Blazingworld (for so it was call'd) kept his residence. Very good Navigators they were; and though they had no knowledg of the Load-stone, or Needle, or pendulous Watches, yet (which was as serviceable to them) they had subtile observations, and great practice; in so much that they could not onely tell the depth of the Sea in every place, but where there were shelves of Sand, Rocks, and other obstructions to be

avoided by skilful and experienced Sea-men: Besides, they were excellent Augurers, which skill they counted more necessary and beneficial then the use of Compasses, Cards, Watches, and the like; but, above the rest, they had an extraordinary Art, much to be taken notice of by Experimental Philosophers, and that was a certain Engin, which would draw in a great quantity of Air, and shoot forth Wind with a great force; this Engine in a calm, they placed behind their Ships, and in a storm, before; for it served against the raging waves, like Cannons against an hostile Army, or besieged Town; it would batter and beat the waves in pieces, were they as high as Steeples; and as soon as a breach was made, they forced their passage through, in spight even of the most furious wind, using two of those Engins at every Ship, one before, to beat off the waves, and another behind to drive it on; so that the artificial wind had the better of the natural; for, it had a greater advantage of the waves, then the natural of the Ships: the natural being above the face of the Water, could not without a down right motion enter or press into the Ships; whereas the artificial with a sideward-motion, did pierce into the bowels of the Waves: Moreover, it is to be observed, that in a great Tempest they would join their Ships in battel-aray: and when they feared Wind and Waves would be too strong for them, if they divided their Ships; they joined as many together as the compass or advantage of the places of the Liquid Element would give them leave. For, their Ships were so ingeniously contrived, that they could fasten them together as close as a Honey-comb, without waste of place; and being thus united, no Wind nor Waves were able to separate them. The Emperor's Ships, were all of Gold; but the Merchants and Skippers, of Leather; the Golden Ships were not much heavier then ours of Wood, by reason they were neatly made, and required not such thickness, neither were they troubled with Pitch, Tar, Pumps, Guns, and the like, which make our Woodden-Ships very heavy; for though they were not all of a piece, yet they were so well sodder'd, that there was no fear of Leaks, Chinks, or Clefts; and as for Guns, there was no use of them, because they had no other enemies but the Winds: But the Leather Ships were not altogether so sure, although much leighter; besides, they were pitched to keep out Water.

Having thus prepar'd, and order'd their Navy, they went on in despight of Calm or Storm: And though the Lady at first fancied her self in a very sad condition, and her mind was much tormented with doubts and fears, not knowing whether this strange Adventure would tend to her safety or destruction; yet she being withal of a generous spirit, and ready wit, considering what dangers she had past, and finding those sorts of men civil and diligent attendants to her, took courage, and endeavoured to learn their language; which after she had obtained so far, that partly by some words and signs she was able to apprehend their meaning, she was so far from being afraid of them, that she thought her self not onely safe, but very happy in their company: By which we may see, that Novelty discomposes the mind, but acquaintance settles it in peace and tranquillity. At last, having passed by several rich Islands and Kingdoms, they went towards *Paradise*, which was the seat of the Emperor; and coming in sight of it, rejoiced very much; the Lady at first could perceive nothing but high Rocks, which seemed to touch the Skies; and although they appear'd not of an equal heigth, yet they seemed to be all one piece, without partitions: but at last drawing nearer, she perceived a clift, which was a part of those Rocks, out of which she spied coming forth a great number of Boats, which afar off shewed like a company of Ants, marching one after another; the Boats appeared like the holes or partitions in a Honey-comb, and when joined together, stood as close; the men were of several Complexions, but none like any of our World; and when both the Boats and Ships met, they saluted and spake to each other very courteously; for there was but one language in all that World: nor no more but one Emperor, to whom they all submitted with the greatest duty and obedience, which made them live in a continued Peace and Happiness; not acquainted with Foreign Wars, or Home-bred Insurrections. The Lady now being arrived at this place, was carried out of her Ship into one of those Boats, and conveighed through the same passage (for there was no other) into that part of the World where the Emperor did reside; which part was very pleasant, and of a mild temper: Within it self it was divided by a great number of vast and large Rivers, all ebbing and flowing, into several Islands of unequal distance from each other, which in most parts were as pleasant, healthful, rich, and fruitful, as Nature could make them; and, as I mentioned before, secure from all Foreign Invasions, by reason there was but one way to enter, and that like a Labyrinth, so winding and turning among the Rocks, that no other Vessels but small Boats, could pass, carrying not above three passengers at a time: On each side all along this narrow and winding River, there were several Cities, some of Marble, some of Alabaster, some of Agat, some of Amber, some of Coral, and some of other precious materials not known in our world; all which after the Lady had passed, she came to the Imperial City, named *Paradise*, which appeared in form like several Islands; for, Rivers did run betwixt every street, which together with the Bridges, whereof there was a great number, were all paved. The City itself was built of Gold; and their Architectures were noble, stately, and magnificent, not like our Modern, but like those in the *Romans* time; for, our Modern Buildings are like those Houses which Children use to make of Cards, one story above another, fitter for Birds, then Men; but theirs were more Large, and Broad, then high; the highest of them did not exceed two stories, besides those rooms that were under-ground, as Cellars, and other Offices. The Emperor's Palace stood upon an indifferent ascent from the Imperial City; at the top of which ascent was a broad Arch, supported by several Pillars, which went round the Palace, and contained four of our English miles in compass: within the Arch stood the Emperor's Guard, which consisted of several sorts of Men; at every half mile, was a Gate to enter, and every Gate was of a different fashion; the first, which allowed a passage from the Imperial City into the Palace, had on either hand a Cloyster, the outward part whereof stood upon Arches sustained by Pillars, but the inner part was close: Being entred through the Gate, the Palace it self appear'd in its middle like the Isle of a Church, a mile and a half long, and half a mile broad; the roof of it was all Arched, and rested upon Pillars, so artificially placed that a stranger would lose himself therein without a Guide; at the extream sides, that is, between the outward and inward part of the Cloyster, were Lodgings for Attendants; and in the midst of the Palace, the Emperor's own Rooms; whose Lights were placed at the top of every one, because of the heat of the Sun: the Emperor's appartment for State was no

more inclosed then the rest; onely an Imperial Throne was in every appartment, of which the several adornments could not be perceived until one entered, because the Pillars were so just opposite to one another, that all the adornments could not be seen at one. The first part of the Palace was, as the Imperial City, all of Gold; and when it came to the Emperors appartment, it was so rich with Diamonds, Pearls, Rubies, and the like precious Stones, that it surpasses my skill to enumerate them all. Amongst the rest, the Imperial Room of State appear'd most magnificent; it was paved with green Diamonds (for there are in that World Diamonds of all Colours) so artificially, as it seemed but of one piece; the Pillars were set with Diamonds so close, and in such a manner, that they appear'd most Glorious to the sight; between every Pillar was a Bow or Arch of a certain sort of Diamonds, the like whereof our World does not afford; which being placed in every one of the Arches in several rows, seemed just like so many Rainbows of several different colours. The roof of the Arches was of blew Diamonds, and in the midst thereof was a Carbuncle, which represented the Sun; and the Rising and Setting-Sun at the East and West-side of the Room were made of Rubies. Out of this Room there was a passage into the Emperor's BedChamber, the Walls whereof were of Jet, and the Floor of black Marble; the Roof was of Mother of Pearl, where the Moon and Blazing-Stars were represented by white Diamonds, and his Bed was made of Diamonds and Carbuncles.

No sooner was the Lady brought before the Emperor, but he conceived her to be some Goddess, and offered to worship her; which she refused, telling him, (for by that time she had pretty well learned their Language) that although she came out of another world, yet was she but a mortal. At which the Emperor rejoycing, made her his Wife, and gave her an absolute power to rule and govern all that World as she pleased. But her subjects, who could hardly be perswaded to believe her mortal, tender'd her all the Veneration and Worship due to a Deity.

... None was allowed to use or wear Gold but those of the Imperial Race, which were the onely Nobles of the State; nor durst any one wear Jewels but the Emperor, the Emrpess, and their Eldest Son; notwithstanding that they had an infinite quantity both of Gold and precious Stones in that World; for they had larger extents of Gold, then our *Arabian* Sands; their precious Stones were Rocks, and their Diamonds of several Colours; they used no Coyn, but all their Traffick was by exchange of several Commodities.

Their Priests and Governors were Princes of the Imperial Blood, and made Eunuches for that purpose; and as for the ordinary sort of men in that part of the World where the Emperor resided, they were of several Complexions; not white, black, tawny, olive- or ash-coloured; but some appear'd of an Azure, some of a deep Purple, some of a Grass-green, some of a Scarlet, some of an Orange-colour, &c. Which Colours and Complexions, whether they were made bythe bare reflection of light, without the assistance of small particles; or by the help of well-ranged and order'd Atoms; or by a continual agitation of little Globules; or by some pressing and re-acting motion, I am not able to determine. The rest of the Inhabitants of that World, were men of several different sorts, shapes, figures, dispositions, and humors, as I have already made mention, heretofore; some were Bear-men, some Worm-men, some Fish-or Mear-men, otherwise called Syrens; some Bird-men, some Fly-men, some Ant-men, some Geese-men, some Spidermen, some Lice-men, some Fox-men, some Ape-men, some Jack-daw-men, some Magpie-men, some Parrot-men, some Satyrs, some Gyants, and many more, which I cannot all remember; and of these several sorts of men, each followed such a profession as was most proper for the nature of their Species, which the Empress encouraged them in, especially those that had applied themselves to the study of several Arts and Sciences; for they were as ingenious and witty in the invention of profitable and useful Arts, as we are in our world, nay, more; and to that end she erected Schools, and founded several Societies. The Bear-men were to be her Experimental Philosophers, the Bird-men her Astronomers, the Fly- Wormand Fish-men her Natural Philosophers, the Ape-men her Chymists, the Satyrs her Galenick Physicians, the Fox-men her Politicians, the Spider-and Lice-men her Mathematicians, the Jackdaw- Magpie- and Parrot-men her Orators and Logicians, the Gyants her Architects, *&c.* But before all things, she having got a Soveraign power from the Emperor over all the World, desired to be informed both of the manner of their Religion and Government; and to that end, she called the Priests and States-men, to give her an account of either. Of the States-men she enquired, first, Why they had so few Laws? To which they answered, That many Laws made many Divisions, which most commonly did breed Factions, and at last brake out into open Wars. Next, she asked, Why they preferred the Monarchical form of Government before any other? They answered, That as it was natural for one Body to have but one Head, so it was also natural for a Politick body to have but one Governor; and that a Common-wealth, which had many Governors was like a Monster with many Heads. Besides, said they, a Monarchy is a divine form of Government, and agrees most with our Religion: For as there is but one God, whom we all unanimously worship and adore with one Faith; so we are resolved to have but one Emperor, to whom we all submit with one obedience.

Then the Empress seeing that the several sorts of her Subjects had each their Churches apart, asked the Priests, whether they were of several Religions? They answered her Majesty, That there was no more but one Religion in all that World, nor no diversity of opinions in that same Religion; for though there were several sorts of men, yet had they all but one opinion concerning the Worship and Adoration of God. The Empress asked them, Whether they were Jews, Turks, or Christians? We do not know, said they, what Religions those are; but we do all unanimously acknowledg, worship and adore the Onely, Omnipotenr, and Eternal God, with all reverence, submission, and duty. Again, the Empress enquired, Whether they had several Forms of Worship? They answered, No: For our Devotion and Worship consists onely in Prayers, which we frame according to our several Necessities, in Petitions, Humiliations, Thanksgiving, *&c.* Truly, replied the Empress, I thought you had been either Jews, or Turks, because I

never perceived any Women in your Congregations: But what is the reason, you bar them from your religious Assemblies? It is not fit, said they, that Men and Women should be promiscuously together in time of Religious Worship; for their company hinders Devotion, and makes many, instead of praying to God, direct their Devotion to their Mistresses. But, asked the Empress, Have they no Congregation of their own, to perform the duties of Divine Worship, as well as Men? No, answered they: but they stay at home, and say their Prayers by themselves in their Closets. Then the Empress desir'd to know the reason why the Priests and Governors of their World were made Eunuchs? They answer'd, To keep them from Marriage: For Women and Children most commonly make disturbance both in Church and State. But, said she, Women and Children have no Employment in Church or State. 'Tis true, answer'd they; but, although they are not admitted to publick Employments, yet are they so prevalent with their Husbands and Parents, that many times by their importunate perswasions, they cause as much, nay, more mischief secretly, then if they had the management of publick Affairs.

...The Empress was very well satisfied with their answers; and after some time, when she thought that her new founded societies of the Vertuoso's had made a good progress in the several Employments she had put them upon, she caused a Convocation first of the Bird-men, and commanded them to give her a true relation of the two Coelestial Bodies, *viz*. the Sun and Moon, which they did with all the obedience and faithfulness befitting their duty.

The Sun, as much as they could observe, they related to be a firm or solid Stone, of a vast bigness; of colour yellowish, and of an extraordinary splendor: But the Moon, they said, was of a whitish colour; and although she looked dim in the presence of the Sun, yet had she her own light, and was a shining body of herself, as might be perceived by her vigorous appearance in Moon-shiny-nights; the difference onely betwixt her own and the Sun's light was, that the Sun did strike his beams in a direct line; but the Moon never respected the Centre of their World in a right line, but her Centre was always excentrical. The Spots both in the Sun and Moon, as far as they were able to perceive, they affirmed to be nothing else but flaws and stains of their stony Bodies. Concerning the heat of the Sun, they were not of one opinion; some would have the Sun hot in it self, alledging an old Tradition, that it should at some time break asunder, and burn the Heavens, and consume this world into hot Embers, which, said they, could not be done, if the Sun were not fiery of itself. Others again said, This opinion could not stand with reason; for Fire being a destroyer of all things, the Sun-stone after this manner would burn up all the near adjoining Bodies: Besides, said they, Fire cannot subsist without fuel; and the Sunstone having nothing to feed on, would in a short time consume it self; wherefore they thought it more probable that the Sun was not actually hot, but onely by the reflection of its light; so that its heat was an effect of its light, both being immaterial. But this opinion again was laught at by others, and rejected as ridiculous, who thought it impossible that one immaterial should produce another; and believed that both the light and heat of the Sun proceeded from a swift Circular motion of the AEthereal Globules, which by their striking upon the Optick nerve, caused light, and their motion produced heat: But neither would this opinion hold; for, said some, then it would follow, that the sight of Animals is the cause of light; and that, were there no eyes, there would be no light; which was against all sense and reason. Thus they argued concerning the heat and light of the Sun; but, which is remarkable, none did say, that the Sun was a Globous fluid body, and had a swift Circular motion; but all agreed, It was fixt and firm like a Center, and therefore they generally called it the Sun-stone.

Then the Empress asked them the reason, Why the Sun and Moon did often appear in different postures or shapes, as sometimes magnified, sometimes diminished; sometimes elevated, otherwhiles depressed; now thrown to the right, and then to the left? To which some of the Bird-men answered, That it proceeded from the various degrees of heat and cold, which are found in the Air, from whence did follow a differing density and rarity; and likewise from the vapours that are interposed, whereof those that ascend are higher and less dense then the ambient air, but those which descend are heavier and more dense. But others did with more probability affirm, that it was nothing else but the various patterns of the Air; for like as Painters do not copy out one and the same original just alike at all times; so, said they, do several parts of the Air make different patterns of the luminous Bodies of the Sun and Moon: which patterns, as several copies, the sensitive motions do figure out in the substance of our eyes.

This answer the Empress liked much better then the former, and enquired further, What opinion they had of those Creatures that are called the motes of the Sun? To which they answered, That they were nothing else but streams of very small, rare and transparent particles, through which the Sun was represented as through a glass: for if they were not transparent, said they, they would eclipse the light of the Sun; and if not rare and of an airy substance, they would hinder Flies from flying in the Air, at least retard their flying motion: Nevertheless, although they were thinner then the thinnest vapour, yet were they not so thin as the body of air, or else they would not be perceptible by animal sight. Then the Empress asked, Whether they were living Creatures? They answered, Yes: Because they did encrease and decrease, and were nourished by the presence, and starved by the absence of the Sun.

Having thus finished their discourse of the Sun and Moon, the Empress desired to know what Stars there were besides? But they answer'd, that they could perceive in that World none other but Blazing Stars, and from thence it had the name that it was called the Blazing-World; and these Blazing-Stars, said they, were such solid, firm and shining bodies as the Sun and Moon, not of a Globular, but of several sorts of figures: some had tails; and some, other kinds of shapes.

After this, The Empress asked them, What kind of substance or creature the Air was? The Bird-men answered, That they could have no other perception of the Air, but by their own Respiration: For, said they, some bodies are onely subject to touch, others onely to sight, and others onely to smell; but some are subject to none of our exterior Senses: For Nature is so full of variety, that our weak Senses cannot perceive all the various sorts of her Creatures; neither is there any one object perceptible by all our Senses, no more then several objects are by one sense. I believe you, replied the Empress; but if you can give no account of the Air, said she, you will hardly be able to inform me how Wind is made; for they say, that Wind is nothing but motion of the Air. The Bird-men answer'd, That they observed Wind to be more dense then Air, and therefore subject to the sense of Touch; but what properly Wind was, and the manner how it was made, they could not exactly tell; some said, it was caused by the Clouds falling on each other; and others, that it was produced of a hot and dry exhalation: which ascending, was driven down again by the coldness of the Air that is in the middle Region, and by reason of its leightness, could not go directly to the bottom, but was carried by the Air up and down: Some would have it a flowing Water of the Air; and others again, a flowing Air moved by the blaz of the Stars.

But the Empress, seeing they could not agree concerning the cause of Wind, asked, Whether they could tell how Snow was made? To which they answered, That according to their observation, Snow was made by a commixture of Water, and some certain extract of the Element of Fire that is under the Moon; a small portion of which extract, being mixed with Water, and beaten by Air or Wind, made a white Froth called Snow; which being after some while dissolved by the heat of the same spirit, turned to Water again. This observation amazed the Emperess very much; for she had hitherto believed, That Snow was made by cold motions, and not by such an agitation or beating of a fiery extract upon water: Nor could she be perswaded to believe it until the Fish- or Mear-men had delivered their observation upon the making of Ice, which, they said, was not produced, as some had hitherto conceived, by the motion of the Air, raking the Superficies of the Earth, but by some strong saline vapour arising out of the Seas, which condensed Water into Ice; and the more quantity there was of that vapour, the greater were the Mountains or Precipices of Ice; but the reason that it did not so much freeze in the Torrid Zone, or under the Ecliptick, as near or under the Poles, was, that this vapour in those places being drawn up by the Sun-beams into the middle Region of the Air, was onely condensed into Water, and fell down in showres of Rain; when as, under the Poles, the heat of the Sun being not so vehement, the same vapour had no force or power to rise so high, and therefore caused so much Ice, by ascending and acting onely upon the surface of water.

This Relation confirmed partly the observation of the Bird-men concerning the cause of Snow; but since they had made mention that that same extract, which by its commixture with Water made Snow, proceeded from the Element of Fire, that is under the Moon: The Emperess asked them, of what nature that Elementary Fire was; whether it was like ordinary Fire here upon Earth, or such a Fire as is within the bowels of the Earth, and as the famous Mountains *Vesuvius* and *Aetna* do burn withal; or whether it was such a sort of fire, as is found in flints, *&c*. They answered, That the Elementary Fire, which is underneath the Sun, was not so solid as any of those mentioned fires; because it had no solid fuel to feed on; but yet it was much like the flame of ordinary fire, onely somewhat more thin and fluid; for Flame, said they, is nothing else but the airy part of a fired Body.

Lastly, the Empress asked the Bird-men of the nature of Thunder and Lightning? and whether it was not caused by roves of Ice falling upon each other? To which they answered, That it was not made that way, but by an encounter of cold and heat; so that an exhalation being kindled in the Clouds, did dash forth Lightning, and that there were so many rentings of Clouds as there were Sounds and Cracking noises: But this opinion was contradicted by others, who affirmed that Thunder was a sudden and monstrous Blaz, stirred up in the Air, and did not always require a Cloud; but the Empress not knowing what they meant by Blaz (for even they themselves were not able to explain the seuse of this word) liked the former better; and, to avoid hereafter tedious disputes, and have the truth of the Phaenomena's of Coelestial Bodies more exactly known, commanded the Bear-men, which were her Experimental Philosophers, to observe them through such Instruments as are called Telescopes, which they did according to her Majesties Command; but these Telescopes caused more differences and divisions amongst them, then ever they had before; for some said, they perceived that the Sun stood still, and the Earth did move about it; others were of opinion, that they both did move; and others said again, that the Earth stood still, and the Sun did move; some counted more Stars then others; some discovered new Stars never seen before; some fell into a great dispute with others concerning the bigness of the Stars; some said, The Moon was another World like their Terrestrial Globe, and the spots therein were Hills and Vallies; but others would have the spots to be the Terrestrial parts, and the smooth and glossie parts, the Sea: At last, the Empress commanded them to go with their Telescopes to the very end of the Pole that was joined to the World she came from, and try whether they could perceive any Stars in it: which they did; and, being returned to her Majesty, reported that they had seen three Blazing-Stars appear there, one after another in a short time, whereof two were bright, and one dim; but they could not agree neither in this observation: for some said, It was but one Star which appeared at three several times, in several places; and others would have them to be three several Stars; for they thought it impossible, that those three several appearances should have been but one Star, because every Star did rise at a certain time, and appear'd in a certain place, and did disappear in the same place: Next, It is altogether improbable, said they, That one Star should fly from place to place, especially at such a vast distance, without a visible motion; in so short a time, and appear in such different places, whereof two were quite opposite, and the third side-ways: Lastly, If it had been hut one Star, said they, it would always have kept the same splendor, which it did not; for, as above mentioned, two were bright, and one was dim. After they had thus argued, the Empress began to grow angry at their Telescopes, that they could give

no better Intelligence; for, said she, now I do plainly perceive, that your Glasses are false Informers, and instead of discovering the Truth, delude your Senses; Wherefore I Command you to break them, and let the Bird-men trust onely to their natural eyes, and examine Coelestial Objects by the motions of their own Sense and Reason. The Bear-men replied, That it was not the fault of their Glasses, which caused such differences in their Opinions, but the sensitive motions in their Optick organs did not move alike, nor were their rational judgments always regular: To which the Empress answered, That if their Glasses were true Informers, they would rectifie their irregular Sense and Reason; But, said she, Nature has made your Sense and Reason more regular then Art has your Glasses; for they are meer deluders, and will never lead you to the knowledg of Truth; Wherefore I command you again to break them; for you may observe the progressive motions of Coelestial Bodies with your natural eyes better then through Artificial Glasses. The Bear-men being exceedingly troubled at her Majesties displeasure concerning their Telescopes, kneel'd down, and in the humblest manner petitioned, that they might not be broken; for, said they, we take more delight in Artificial delusions, then in Natural truths. Besides, we shall want Imployments for our Senses, and Subjects for Arguments; for, were there nothing but truth, and no falshood, there would be no occasion to dispute, and by this means we should want the aim and pleasure of our endeavours in confuting and contradicting each other; neither would one man be thought wiser then another, but all would either be alike knowing and wise, or all would be fools; wherefore we most humbly beseech your Imperial Majesty to spare our Glasses, which are our onely delight, and as dear to us as our lives. The Empress at last consented to their request, but upon condition, that their disputes and quarrels should remain within their Schools, and cause no factions or disturbances in State, or Government. The Bear-men, full of joy, returned their most humble thanks to the Empress; and to make her amends for the displeasure which their Telescopes had occasioned, told her Majesty, that they had several other artificial Optick-Glasses, which they were sure would give her Majesty a great deal more satisfaction. Amongst the rest, they brought forth several Microscopes, by the means of which they could enlarge the shapes of little bodies, and make a Lowse appear as big as an Elephant, and a Mite as big as a Whale. First of all they shewed the Emperess a gray Drone-flye, wherein they observed that the greatest part of her face, nay, of her head, consisted of two large bunches all cover'd over with a multitude of small Pearls or Hemispheres in a Trigonal order: Which Pearls were of two degrees, smaller and bigger; the smaller degree was lowermost, and looked towards the ground; the other was upward, and looked sideward, forward and backward: They were all so smooth and polished, that they were able to represent the image of any object, the number of them was in all 14000. After the view of this strange and miraculous Creature, and their several observations upon it, the Empress asked them, What they judged those little Hemispheres might be? They answered, That each of them was a perfect Eye, by reason they perceived that each was covered with a Transparent Cornea, containing a liquor within them, which resembled the watery or glassie humor of the Eye. To which the Emperess replied, That they might be glassie Pearls, and yet not Eyes; and that perhaps their Microscopes did not truly inform them. But they smilingly answered her Majesty, That she did not know the vertue of those Microscopes; for they never delude, but rectifie and inform the Senses; nay, the World, said they, would be but blind without them, as it has been in former ages before those Microscopes were invented.

After this, they took a Charcoal, and viewing it with one of their best Microscopes, discovered in it an infinite multitude of pores, some bigger, some less; so close and thick, that they left but very little space betwixt them to be filled with a solid body; and to give her Imperial Majesty a better assurance thereof, they counted in a line of them an inch long, no less then 2700 pores; from which Observation they drew this following Conclusion, to wit, That this multitude of pores was the cause of the blackness of the Coal; for, said they, a body that has so many pores, from each of which no light is reflected, must necessarily look black, since black is nothing else but a privation of light, or a want of reflection. But the Empress replied, That if all Colours were made by reflection of light, and that Black was as much a colour as any other colour; then certainly they contradicted themselves in saying that black was made by want of reflection. However, not to interrupt your Microscopical Inspections, said she, let us see how Vegetables appear through your Glasses; whereupon they took a Nettle, and by the vertue of the Microscope, discovered that underneath the points of the Nettle there were certain little bags or bladders, containing a poysonous liquor, and when the points had made way into the interior parts of the skin, they like Syringe-pipes served to conveigh that same liquor into them. To which Observation the Empress replied, That if there were such poyson in Nettles, then certainly in eating of them, they would hurt us inwardly, as much as they do outwardly? But they answered, That it belonged to Physicians more then to Experimental Philosophers, to give Reasons hereof; for they only made Microscopical inspections, and related the Figures of the Natural parts of Creatures acording to the representation of their glasses.

Lastly, They shewed the Empress a Flea, and a Lowse; which Creatures through the Microscope appear'd so terrible to her sight, that they had almost put her into a swoon; the description of all their parts would be very tedious to relate, and therefore I'le forbear it at this present. The Empress, after the view of those strangely-shaped Creatures, pitied much those that are molested with them, especially poor Beggars, which although rhey have nothing to live on themselves, are yet necessitated to maintain and feed of their own flesh and blood, a company of such terrible Creatures called Lice; who, instead of thanks, do reward them with pains, and torment them for giving them nourishment and food. But after the Empress had seen the shapes of these monstrous Creatures, she desir'd to know, Whether their Microscopes could hinder their biting, or at least shew some means how to avoid them? To which they answered, That such Arts were mechanical and below that noble study of Microscopical observations. Then the Empress asked them, Whether they had not such sorts of Glasses that could enlarge and magnifie the shapes of great Bodies

as well as they had done of little ones? Whereupon they took one of their best and largest Microscopes, and endeavoured to view a Whale thorow it; but alas! the shape of the Whale was so big, that its Circumference went beyond the magnifying quality of the Glass; whether the error proceeded from the Glass, or from a wrong position of the Whale against the reflection of light, I cannot certainly tell. The Empress seeing the insufficiency of those MagnifyingGlasses, that they were not able to enlarge all sorts of Objects, asked the Bear-men, whether they could not make Glasses of a contrary nature to those they had shewed her, to wit, such as instead of enlarging or magnifying the shape or figure of an Object, could contract it beneath its natural proportion: Which, in obedience to her Majesties Commands, they did; and viewing through one of the best of them, a huge and mighty Whale appear'd no bigger then a Sprat; nay, through some no bigger then a Vinegar-Eele; and through their ordinary ones, an Elephant seemed no bigger then a Flea; a Camel no bigger then a Lowse; and an Ostrich no bigger then a Mite. To relate all their Optick observations through the several sorts of their Glasses, would be a tedious work, and tire even the most patient Reader, wherefore I'le pass them by; onely this was very remakable and worthy to be taken notice of, that notwithstanding their great skil, industry and ingenuity in Experimental Philosophy, they could yet by no means contrive such Glasses, by the help of which they could spy out a *Vacuum*, with all its dimensions, nor Immaterial substances, Non-beings, and Mixt-beings, or such as are between something and nothing; which they were very much troubled at, hoping that yet, in time, by long study and practice, they might perhaps attain to it.

...Again, the Empress asked them, whether there were any Non- beings within the Earth? To which they answered, That they never heard of any such thing; and that, if her Majesty would know the truth thereof, she must ask those Creatures that are called Immaterial Spirits, which had a great affinity with Non-beings, and perhaps could give her a satisfactory answer to this question. Then she desired to be informed, What opinion they had of the beginning of Forms? They told her Majesty, That they did not understand what she meant by this expression; For, said they, there is no beginning in Nature, no not of Particulars; by reason Nature is Eternal and Infinite, and her particulars are subject to infinite changes and transmutations by vertue of their own Corporeal, figurative self-motions; so that there's nothing new in Nature, nor properly a beginning of any thing. The Empress seem'd well satisfied with all those answers, and enquired further, Whether there was no Art used by those Creatures that live within the Earth? Yes, answered they: for the several parts of the Earth do join and assist each other in composition or framing of such or such particulars; and many times, there are factions and divisions; which cause productions of mixt Species; as, for example, weeds, instead of sweet flowres and useful fruits; but Gardeners and Husbandmen use often to decide their quarrels, and cause them to agree; which though it shews a kindness to the differing parties, yet 'tis a great prejudice to the Worms, and other AnimalCreatures that live under ground; for it most commonly causes their dissolution and ruine, at best they are driven out of their habitations. What, said the Empress, are not Worms produced out of the Earth? Their production in general, answered they, is likethe production of all other Natural Creatures, proceeding from the corporeal figurative motions of Nature; but as for their particular productions, they are according to the nature of their Species; some are produced out of flowers, some out of roots, some out of fruits, some out of ordinary Earth. Then they are very ungrateful Children, replied the Empress, that they feed on their own Parents which gave them life. Their life, answered they, is their own, and not their Parents; for no part or creature of Nature can either give or take away life; but parts do onely assist and join with parts, either in the dissolution or production of other Parts and Creatures.

...The Conferences of the Chymists being finished, the Empress made an Assembly of her *Galenical* Physicians, her Herbalists and Anatomists; and first she enquired of her Herbalists the particular effects of several Herbs and Drugs, and whence they proceeded? To which they answered, that they could, for the most part, tell her Majesty the vertues and operations of them, but the particular causes of their effects were unknown; onely thus much they could say, that their operations and vertues were generally caused by their proper inherent, corporeal, figurative motions, which being infinitely various in Infinite Nature, did produce infinite several effects. And it is observed, said they, that Herbs and Drugs are as wise in their operations, as Men in their words and actions; nay, wiser; and their effects are more certain then Men in their opinions; for though they cannot discourse like Men, yet have they Sense and Reason, as well as Men; for the discursive faculty is but a particular effect of Sense and Reason in some particular Creatures, to wit, Men, and not a principle of Nature, and argues often more folly than wisdom. The Empress asked, Whether they could not by a composition and commixture of other Drugs make them work other effects then they did, used by themselves? They answered, That they could make them produce artificial effects, but not alter their inherent, proper and particular natures.

Then the Empress commanded her Anatomists to dissect such kinds of Creatures as are called Monsters. But they answered her Majesty, That it would be but an unprofitable and useless work, and hinder their better imployments; for when we dissect dead Animals, said they, it is for no other end, but to observe what defects or distempers they had, that we may cure the like in living ones, so that all our care and industry concerns onely the preservation of Mankind; but we hope your Majesty will not preserve Monsters, which are most commonly destroyed, except it be for novelty: Neither will the dissection of Monsters prevent the errors of Nature's irregular actions; for by dissecting some, we cannot prevent the production of others; so that our pains and labour will be to no purpose, unless to satisfie the vain curiosities of inquisitive men. The Empress replied, That such dissections would be very beneficial to Experimental Philosophers. If Experimental Philosophers, answer'd they, do spend their time in such useless

Inspections, they waste it in vain, and have nothing but their labour for their pains.

Lastly, her Majesty had some Conferences with the *Galenick* Physicians about several Diseases, and amongst the rest, desired to know the cause and nature of Apoplexies, and the spotted Plague. They answered, That a deadly Apoplexy was a dead palsie of the Brain; and the spotted Plague was a Gangrene of the Vital parts: and as the Gangrene of outward parts did strike inwardly; so the Gangrene of inward parts, did break forth outwardly: which is the cause, said they, that as soon as the spots appear, death follows; for then it is an infallible sign, that the body is throughout infected with a Gangrene, which is a spreading evil; but some Gangrenes do spread more suddenly than others, and of all sorts of Gangrenes, the Plaguy Gangrene is the most infectious; for other Gangrenes infect but the next adjoining parts of one particular body, and having killed that same Creature, go no further, but cease; when as, the Gangrene of the Plague, infects not onely the adjoining parts of one particular Creature, but also those that are distant; that is, one particular body infects another, and so breeds a Universal Contagion. But the Empress being very desirous to know in what manner the Plague was propagated, and became so contagious, asked, Whether it went actually out of one body into another? To which they answered, That it was a great dispute amongst the Learned of their Profession, Whether it came by a division and composition of parts; that is, by expiration and inspiration; or whether it was caused by imitation: Some Experimental Philosophers, said they, will make us believe, that by the help of their Microscopes, they have observed the Plague to be a body of little Flies like Atoms, which go out of one body into another, through the sensitive passages; but the most experienced and wisest of our society, have rejected this opinion as a ridiculous fancy, and do, for the most part, believe, that it is caused by an imitation of Parts; so that the motions of some parts which are sound, do imitate the motions of those that are infected and that by this means, the Plague becomes contagions, and spreading.

...After this, the Empress was resolved to hear the Magpie-Parrot-and Jackdawmen, which were her professed Orators and Logicians; whereupon one of the Parrotmen rose with great formality, and endeavoured to make an Eloquent Speech before her Majesty; but before he had half ended, his arguments and divisions being so many, that they caused a great cofusion in his brain, he could not go forward, but was forced to retire backward, with great disgrace both to himself, and the whole Society; and although one of his brethren endeavoured to second him by another speech, yet was he as far to seek, as the former. At which the Empress appear'd not a little troubled, and told them, That they followed too much the Rules of Art, and confounded themselves with too nice formalities and distinctions; but since I know, said she, that you are a people who have naturally voluble tongues, and good memories; I desire you to consider more the subject you speak of, then your artificial periods, connexions and parts of speech, and leave the rest to your natural Eloquence; which they did, and so became very eminent Orators.

Lastly, her Imperial Majesty being desirous to know what progress her Logicians had made in the Art of disputing, Commanded them to argue upon several Themes or Subjects; which they did; and having made a very nice discourse of Logistical terms and propositions, entred into a dispute by way of Syllogistical Arguments, through all the Figures and Modes: One began with an Argument of the first Mode of the first Figure, thus:

> Every Politician is wise:
>
> Every Knave is a Politician,
>
> Therefore every Knave is wise.
>
> Another contradicted him with a Syllogism of the second Mode of the same Figure, thus:
>
> No Politician is wise:
>
> Every Knave is a Politician,
>
> Therefore no Knave is wise.
>
> The third made an Argument in the third Mode of the same Figure, after this manner:
>
> Every Politician is wise:
>
> Some Knaves are Politicians,
>
> Therefore some Knaves are wise.
>
> The Fourth concluded with a Syllogism in the fourth Mode of the same Figure, thus;
>
> No Politican is wise:

Some Knaves are Politicians,

Therefore some Knaves are not wise.

After this they took another subject, and one propounded this Syllogism:

Every Philosopher is wise:

Every Beast is wise,

Therefore every Beast is a Philosopher.

But another said that this Argument was false, therefore he contradicted him with a Syllogism of the second Figure of the fourth Mode, thus:

Every Philosopher is wise:

Some Beasts are not wise,

Therefore some Beasts are not Philosophers.

Thus they argued, and intended to go on, but the Empress interrupted them: I have enough, said she, of your chopt Logick, and will hear no more of your Syllogisms; for it disorders my Reason, and puts my Brain on the rack; your formal argumentations are able to spoil all natural wit; and I'le have you to consider, that Art does not make Reason, but Reason makes Art; and therefore as much as Reason is above Art, so much is a natural rational discourse to be preferred before an artificial: for Art is, for the most part irregular, and disorders Men's understandings more then it rectifies them, and leads them into a Labyrinth whence they'l never get out, and makes them dull and unfit for useful employments; especially your Art of Logick, which consists onely in contradicting each other, in making Sophismes, and obscuring Truth, instead of clearing it.

But they replied to her Majesty, That the knowledg of Nature, that is, Natural Philosophy, would be imperfect without the Art of Logick; and that there was an improbable Truth which could no otherwise be found out then by the Art of disputing. Truly, said the Empress, I do believe that it is with Natural Philosophy, as it is with all other effects of Nature; for no particular knowledg can be perfect, by reason knowledg is dividable, as well as composable; nay, to speak properly, Nature herself cannot boast of any perfection, but God himself; because there are so many irregular motions in Nature, and 'tis but a folly to think that Art should be able to regulate them, since Art itself is, for the most part, irregular. But as for Improbable Truth I know not what your meaning is; for Truth is more then Improbability: nay, there is so much difference between Truth and Improbability, that I cannot conceive it possible how they can be joined together. In short, said she, I do no ways approve of your Profession; and though I will not dissolve your Society, yet I shall never take delight in hearing you any more; wherefore confine your disputations to your Schools, lest besides the Commonwealth of Learning, they disturb also Divinity and Policy, Religion and Laws, and by that means draw an utter ruine and destruction both upon Church and State.

After the Empress had thus finish'd the Discourses and Conferences with the mentioned Societies of her *Vertuoso's*, she considered by herself the manner of their Religion, and finding it very defective, was troubled, that so wise and knowing a people should have no more knowledg of the Divine Truth; Wherefore she consulted with her own thoughts, whether it was possible to convert them all to her own Religion, and to that end she resolved to build Churches, and make also up a Congregation of Women, whereof she intended to be the head herself, and to instruct them in the several points of her Religion. This she had no sooner begun, but the Women, which generally had quick wits, subtile conceptions, clear understandings, and solid judgments, became, in a short time, very devout and zealous Sisters; for the Empress had an excellent gift of Preaching, and instructing them in the Articles of Faith; and by that means, she converted them not onely soon, but gained an extraordinary love of all her Subjects throughout that World. But at last, pondering with her self the inconstant nature of Mankind, and fearing that in time they would grow weary, and desert the divine Truth, following their own fancies, and living according to their own desires; she began to be troubled that her labours and pains should prove of so little effect, and therefore studied all manner of ways to prevent it. Amongst the rest, she call'd to mind a Relation which the Bird-men made her once, of a Mountain that did burn in flames of fire; and thereupon did immediately send for a wisest and subtilest of her Worm-men, commanding them to discover the cause of the Eruption of that same fire; which they did; and having dived to the very bottom of the Mountain, informed her Majesty, That there was a certain sort of Stone, whose nature was such, that being wetted, it would grow excessively hot, and break forth into a flaming-fire, until it became dry, and then it ceased from burning. The Empress was glad to hear this news, and forthwith desired the Worm men to bring her some of that Stone, but be sure to keep it secret: She sent also for the Bird-men, and asked them whether they could not get her a piece of the Sunstone? They answered, That it was impossible, unless they did spoil or lessen

the light of the World: but, said they, if it please your Majesty, we can demolish one of the numerous Stars of the Sky, which the World will never miss.

The Empress was very well satisfied with this proposal, and having thus imployed these two sorts of men, in the mean while builded two Chappels one above another; the one she lined throughout with Diamonds, both Roof, Walls and Pillars; but the other she resolved to line with the Star-stone; the Firestone she placed upon the Diamond-lining, by reason Fire has no power on Diamonds; and when she would have that Chappel where the Fire-stone was, appear all in a flame, she had by the means of Artificial pipes, water conveighed into it, which by turning the Cock, did, as out of a Fountain, spring over all the room, and as long as the Fire-stone was wet, the Chappel seemed to be all in a flaming-fire.

The other Chappel, which was lined with the Starstone, did onely cast a splendorous and comfortable light; both the Chappels stood upon Pillars, just in the middle of a round Cloyster, which was dark as night; neither was there any other light within them, but what came from the Fire-and Star-stone; and being every where open, allowed to all that were within the compass of the Cloyster, a free prospect into them; besides, they were so artificially contrived, that they did both move in a Circle about their own Centres, without intermission, contrary ways. In the Chappel which was lined with the Fire-stone, the Empress preached Sermons of Terror to the wicked, and told them of the punishments for their sins, to wit, That after this life they should be tormented in an everlasting Fire. But in the other Chappel lined with the Starstone, she preached Sermons of Comfort to those that repented of their sins, and were troubled at their own wickedness: Neither did the heat of the flame in the least hinder her; for the Fire-stone did not cast so great a heat but the Empress was able to endure it, by reason the water which was poured on the Stone, by its own self-motion turned into a flaming-fire, occasioned by the natural motions of the Stone, which made the flame weaker then if it had been fed by some other kind of fuel; the other Chappel where the Star-Stone was, although it did cast a great light, yet was it without all heat, and the Empress appear'd like an Angel in it; and as that Chappel was an embleme of *Hell*, so this was an embleme of *Heaven*. And thus the Empress, by Art, and her own Ingenuity, did not onely convert the Blazing-Worldm to her own Religion, but kept them in a constant belief, without inforcement or blood-shed; for she knew well, that belief was a thing not to be forced or pressed upon the people, but to be instilled into their minds by gentle perswasions; and after this manner she encouraged them also in all other duties and employments: for Fear, though it makes people obey, yet does it not last so long, nor is it so sure a means to keep them to their duties, as Love.

Last of all, when she saw that both Church and State was now in a well-ordered and setled condition, her thoughts reflected upon the World she came from; and though she had a great desire to know the condition of the same, yet could she advise no manner of way how to gain any knowledg thereof; at last, after many serious considerations, she conceived that it was impossible to be done by any other means, then by the help of Immterial Spirits; wherefore she made a Convocation of the most learned, witty and ingenious of all the forementioned sorts of Men, and desired to know of them, whether there were any Immaterial Spirits in their World. First, she enquired of the Worm-men, whether they had perceived some within the Earth? They answered her Majesty, That they never knew of any such Creatures; for whatsoever did dwell within the Earth, said they, was imbodied and material. Then she asked the Fly-men, whether they had observed any in the Air? for you having numerous Eyes, said she, will be more able to perceive them, than any other Creatures. To which they answered her Majesty, That although Spirits, being immaterial, could not be perceived by the Worm-men in the Earth, yet they perceived that such Creatures did lodg in the Vehicles of the Air. Then the Empress asked, Whether they could speak to them, and whether they did understand each other? The Fly-men answered, That those Spi rits were always cloth'd in some sort or other of Material Garments; which Garments were their Bodies, made, for the most part, of Air; and when occasion served, they could put on any other sort of substances; but yet they could not put these substances into any form or shape, as they pleased. The Empress asked the Fly-men, whether it was possible that she could be acquainted, and have some conferences with them? They answered, They did verily believe she might. Hereupon the Empress commanded the Fly-men to ask some of the Spirits, Whether they would be pleased to give her a Visit? This they did; and after the Spirits had presented themselves to the Empress, (in what shapes or forms, I cannot exactly tell) after some few Complements that passed between them, the Empress told the Spirits that she questioned not, but they did know how she was a stranger in that World, and by what miraculous means she was arrived there; and since she had a great desire to know the condition of the World she came from, her request to the Spirits was, To give her some Information thereof, especially of those parts of the World where she was born, bred, and educated; as also of her particular friends and acquaintance: all which, the Spirits did according to her desire. At last, after a great many conferences and particular intelligences, which the Spirits gave the Empress, to her great satisfaction and content; she enquired after the most famous Students, Writers, and Experimental Philosophers in that World, which they gave her a full relation of: amongst the rest she enquired, Whether there were none that had found out yet the *Jews Cabbala*? Several have endeavoured it, answered the Spirits, but those that came nearest (although themselves denied it) were one Dr. *Dee*, and one *Edward Kelly*, the one representing *Moses*, and the other *Aaron*; for *Kelly* was to Dr. *Dee*, as *Aaron* to *Moses*; but yet they proved at last but meer Cheats; and were described by one of their own Country-men, a famous Poet, named *Ben. Johnson*, in a Play call'd, *The Alchymist*, where he expressed *Kelly* by Capt. *Face*, and *Dee* by Dr. *Subtle*, and their two Wives by *Doll Common*, and the Widow; by the *Spaniard* in the Play, he meant the *Spanish* Ambassador, and by Sir *Epicure Mammon*, a *Polish* Lord. The Empress remembred that she had seen the Play, and asked the Spirits, whom

he meant by the name of *Ananias*? Some Zealous Brethren, answered they, in *Holland, Germany*, and several other places. Then she asked them, Who was meant by the *Druggist*? Truly, answered the Spirits, We have forgot, it being so long since it was made and acted. What, replied the Empress, Can Spirits forget? Yes, said the Spirits; for what is past, is onely kept in memory, if it be not recorded. I did believe, said the Empress, That Spirits had no need of Memory, or Remembrance, and could not be subject to Forgetfulness. How can we, answered they, give an account of things present, if we had no Memory, but especially of things past, unrecorded, if we had no Remembrance? Said the Empress, By present Knowledg and Understanding. The Spirits answered, That present Knowledg and Understanding was of actions or things present, not of past. But, said the Empress, you know what is to come, without Memory or Remembrance; and therefore you may know what is past without memory and remembrance. They answered, That their foreknowledg was onely a prudent and subtile Observation made by comparing of things or actions past, with those that are present; and that Remembrance was nothing else but a Repetition of things or actions past.

Then the Empress asked the Spirits, Whether there was a threefold *Cabbala*? They answered, *Dee* and *Kelly* made but a two-fold *Cabbala*, to wit, of the Old and New Testament, but others might not onely make two or three, but threescore *Cabbala's*, if they pleased. The Empress asked, Whether it was a Traditional, or meerly a Scriptural, or whether it was a Literal, Philosophical, or Moral *Cabbala*? Some, answered they, did believe it meerly Traditional, others Scriptural, some Literal, and some Metaphorical: but the truth is, said they, 'twas partly one, and partly the other; as partly a Traditional, partly a Scriptural, partly Literal, partly Metaphorical. The Empress asked further, Whether the *Cabbala* was a work onely of Natural Reason, or of Divine Inspiration? Many, said the Spirits, that write *Cabbala's* pretend to Divine Inspirations; but whether it be so, or not, it does not belong to us to judg; onely this we must needs confess, that it is a work which requires a good wit, and a strong Faith, but not Natural Reason; for though Natural Reason is most perswasive, yet Faith is the chief that is required in *Cabbalists*. But, said the Empress, Is there not Divine Reason, as well as there is Natural? No, answered they: for there is but a Divine Faith, and as for Reason it is onely Natural; but you Mortals are so puzled about this Divine Faith, and Natural Reason, that you do not know well how to distinguish them, but confound them both, which is the cause you have so many divine Philosophers who make a Gallimafry both of Reason and Faith. Then she asked, Whether pure Natural Philosophers were Cabbalists? They answered, No; but onely your Mystical or Divine Philosophers, such as study beyond Sense and Reason. She enquired further, Whether there was any Cabbala in God, or whether God was full of Idea's? They answered, There could be nothing in God, nor could God be full of any thing, either forms or figures, but of himself; for God is the Perfection of all things, and an Unexpressible Being, beyond the conception of any Creature, either Natural or Supernatural. Then I pray inform me, said the Empress, Whether the Jews Cabbala or any other, consist in Numbers? The Spirits answered, No: for Numbers are odd, and different, and would make a disagreement in the Cabbala. But, said she again, Is it a sin then not to know or understand the Cabbala? God is so merciful, answered they, and so just, that he will never damn the ignorant, and save onely those that pretend to know him and his secret Counsels by their Cabbala's; but he loves those that adore and worship him with fear and reverence, and with a pure heart. She asked further, which of these two Cabbala's was most approved, the Natural, or Theological? The Theological, answered they, is mystical, and belongs onely to Faith; but the Natural belongs to Reason. Then she asked them, Whether Divine Faith was made out of Reason? No answered they, for Faith proceeds onely from a Divine saving Grace, which is a peculiar Gift of God. How comes it then, replied she, that Men, even those that are of several opinions, have Faith more or less? A Natural Belief, answered they, is not a Divine Faith. But, proceeded the Empress, How are you sure that God cannot be known? The several Opinions you Mortals have of God, answered they, are sufficient witnesses thereof. Well then, replied the Empress, leaving this inquisitive knowledg of God, I pray inform me, whether you Spirits give motion to Natural Bodies? No, answered they; but, on the contrary, Natural material bodies give Spirits motion; for we Spirits, being incorporeal, have no motion but from our Corporeal Vehicles, so that we move by the help of our Bodies, and not the Bodies by our help; for pure Spirits are immovable. If this be so, replied the Empress, How comes it then that you can move so suddenly at a vast distance? They answered, That some sorts of matter were more pure, rare, and consequently more light and agil then others; and this was the reason of their quick and sudden motions. Then the Empress asked them, Whether they could speak without a body, or bodily organs? No, said they; nor could we have any bodily sense, but onely knowledg. She asked, Whether they could have Knowledg without Body? Not a Natural, answered they, but a Superna tural Knowledg, which is a far better Knowledg then a Natural. Then she asked them, Whether they had a General or Universal Knowledg? They answered, Single or particular created Spirits, have not; for not any Creature, but God Himself, can have an absolute and perfect knowledg of all things. The Empress asked them further, Whether Spirits had inward and outward parts? No, answered they; for parts onely belong to bodies, not to Spirits. Again, she asked them, Whether their Vehicles were living Bodies? They are Self-moving Bodies, answered they, and therefore they must needs be living; for nothing can move it self, without it hath life. Then, said she, it must necessarily follow, that this living, Self-moving Body gives motion to the Spirit, and not the Spirit motion to the Body, as its Vehicle. You say very true, answered they, and we told you this before. Then the Empress asked them, Of what forms of Matter those Vehicles were? They said they were of several different forms; some gross and dense, and others more pure, rare, and subtil. If you be not Material, said the Empress, how can you be Generators of all Creatures? We are no more, answered they, the Generators of material Creatures, then they are the Generators of us Spirits. Then she asked, Whether they did leave their Vehicles? No, answered they; for we being incorporeal, cannot leave or quit them: but our Vehicles do change into several forms and figures, according as occasion requires. Then the Empress desired the Spirits to tell her, Whether Man was a little World? They answered, That if a Fly or Worm was a little World, then Man was so too. She asked again, Whether our Fore-fathers had been as wise, as Men

were at present, and had understood sense and reason, as well as they did now? They answered. That in former Ages they had been as wise as they are in this present, nay, wiser; for, said they, many in this age do think their Fore-fathers have been Fools, by which they prove themselves to be such. The Empress asked further, Whether there was any Plastick power in Nature? Truly, said the Spirits, Plastick power is a hard word, & signifies no more then the power of the corporeal, figurative motions of Nature. After this, the Empress desired the Spirits to inform her where the Paradise was, Whether it was in the midst of the World as a Centre of pleasure? or, Whether it was the whole World; or a peculiar World by it self, as a World of Life, and not of Matter; or whether it was mixt, as a world of living animal Creatures? They answered, That Paradise was not in the world she came from, but in that world she lived in at present; and that it was the very same place where she kept her Court, and where her Palace stood, in the midst of the Imperial City. The Empress asked further, Whether in the beginning and Creation of the World, all Beasts could speak? They answered, That no Beasts could speak, but onely those sorts of Creatures which were Fish-men, Bear-men, Worm-men, and the like, which could speak in the first Age, as well as they do now. She asked again, Whether they were none of those Spirits that frighted *Adam* out of the Paradise, at least caused him not to return thither again? They answered they were not. Then she desired to be informed, whither *Adam* fled when he was driven out of the Paradise? Out of this World, said they, you are now Empress of, into the World you came from. If this be so, replied the Empress, then surely those Cabbalists are much out of their story, who believe the Paradise to be a world of Life onely, without Matter; for this world, though it be most pleasant and fruitful, yet it is not a world of meer Immaterial life, but a world of living, Material Creatures. Without question, they are, answered the Spirits; for not all *Cabbala*'s are true. Then the Empress asked, That since it is mentioned in the story of the Creation of the World, that *Eve* was tempted by the Serpent, Whether the Devil was within the Serpent, or Whether the Serpent tempted her without the Devil? They answered, That the Devil was within the Serpent. But how came it then, replied she, that the Serpent was cursed? They answered, because the Devil was in him; for are not those men in danger of damnation which have the Devil within them, who perswades them to believe and act wickedly? The Empress asked further, Whether Light and the Heavens were all one? They answered, That that Region which contains the Lucid natural Orbs, was by Mortals named Heaven; but the Beatifical Heaven, which is the Habitation of the Blessed Angels and Souls, was so far beyond it, that it could not be compared to any Natural Creature. Then the Empress asked them, Whether all Matter was fluid at first? They answered, That Matter was always as it is; and that some parts of Matter were rare, some dense, some fluid, some solid, *&c*. Neither was God bound to make all Matter fluid at first. She asked further, Whether Matter was immovable in it self? We have answered you before, said they, That there is no motion but in Matter; and were it not for the motion of Matter, we Spirits, could not move, nor give you any answer to your several questions. After this, the Empress asked the Spirits, Whether the Universe was made within the space of six days, or, Whether by those six days, were meant so many Decrees or Commands of God? They answered her, That the World was made by the All-powerful Decree and Command of God; but whether there were six Decrees or Commands, or fewer, or more, no Creature was able to tell. Then she inquired, Whether there was no mystery in Numbers? No other mystery, answered the Spirits, but reckoning or counting; for Numbers are onely marks of remembrance. But what do you think of the Number of Four, said she, which *Cabbalists* make such ado withal, and of the Number of Ten, when they say that Ten is all, and that all Numbers are virtually comprehended in Four? We think, answered they, that *Cabbalists* have nothing else to do but to trouble their heads with such useless Fancies; for naturally there is no such thing as prime or all in Numbers; nor is there any other mystery in Numbers, but what Man's fancy makes; but what Men call Prime, or All, we do not know, because they do not agree in the number of their opinion. Then the Empress asked, Whether the number of six was a symbole of Matrimony, as being made up of Male and Femal, for two into three is six. If any number can be a symbole of Matrimony, answered the Spirits, it is not Six, but Two; if two may be allowed to be a Number: for the act of Matrimony is made up of two joined in one. She asked again, What they said to the number of Seven? whether it was not an Embleme of God, because *Cabbalists* say, That it is neither begotten, nor begets any other Number? There can be no Embleme of God, answered the Spirits; for if we do not know what God is, how can we make an Embleme of him? Nor is there any Number in God, for God is the perfection Himself; but Numbers are imperfect; and as for the begetting of numbers, it is done by Multiplication and Addition; but Substraction is as a kind of death to Numbers. If there be no mystery in Numbers, replied the Empress, then it is in vain to refer the Creation of the World to certain Numbers, as *Cabbalists* do. The onely mystery of Numbers, answered they, concerning the Creation of the World, is, that as Numbers do multiply, so does the World. The Empress asked, how far Numbers did multiply? The Spirits answered, to Infinite. Why, said she, Infinite cannot be reckoned, nor numbred, No more, answered they, can the parts of the Universe; for God's Creation, being an Infinite action, as proceeding from an Infinite Power, could not rest upon a finite Number of Creatures, were it never so great. But leaving the mystery of Numbers, proceeded the Empress, Let me now desire you to inform me, Whether the Suns and Planets were generated by the Heavens, or AEthereal Matter? The Spirits answered, That the Stars and Planets were of the same matter which the Heavens, the AEther, and all other Natural Creatures did consist of; but whether they were generated by the Heavens or AEther, they could not tell: if they be, said they, they are not like their Parents; for the Sun, Stars, and Planets, are more splendorous then the AEther, as also more solid and constant in their motions: But put the case, the Stars and Planets were generated by the Heavens, and the AEthereal Matter; the question then would be, Out of what these are generated or produced? If these be created out of nothing, and not generated out of something, then it is probable the Sun, Stars and Planets are so too; nay, it is more probable of the Stars and Planets, then of the Heavens, or the fluid AEther, by reason the Stars and Planets seem to be further off from Mortality, then the particular parts of the AEther; for no doubt but the parts of the AEthereal Matter, alter into several forms, which we do not perceive of the Stars and Planets. The Empress asked further, Whether they could give her information of the three principles of Man, according to the

doctrine of the Platonists; as first of the Intellect, Spirit, or Divine Light. 2. Of the Soul of Man her elf: and 3. Of the Image of the Soul, that is, her vital operation on the body? The Spirits answered, That they did not understand these three distinctions, but that they seem'd to corporeal sense and reason, as if they were three several bodies, or three several corporeal actions; however, said they, they are intricate conceptions of irregular Fancies. If you do not understand them, replied the Empress, how shall human Creatures do then? Many, both of your modern and ancient Philosophers, answered the Spirits, endeavour to go beyond Sense and Reason, which makes them commit absurdities; for no corporeal Creature can go beyond Sense and Reason; no not we Spirits, as long as we are in our corporeal Vehicles. Then the Empress asked them, Whether there were any Atheists in the World? The Spirits answered, That there were no more Atheists then what *Cabbalists* make. She asked them further, Whether Spi its were of a globous or round Figure? They answered, That Figure belonged to body, but they being immaterial, had no Figure. She asked again, Whether Spirits were not like Water or Fire? They answered, that Water and Fire was material, were it the purest and most refined that ever could be; nay, were it above the Heavens: But we are no more like Water or Fire, said they, then we are like Earth; but our Vehicles are of several forms, figures and degrees of substances. Then she desired to know, Whether their Vehicles were made of Air? Yes, answered the Spirits, some of our Vehicles are of thin Air. Then I suppose, replied the Empress, That those airy Vehicles, are your corporeal Summer-suits. She asked further, Whether the Spirits had not ascending and descending-motions, as well as other Creatures? They answered, That properly there was no ascension or descension in Infinite Nature, but onely in relation to particular parts; and as for us Spirits, said they, We can neither ascend nor descend without corporeal Vehicles; nor can our Vehicles ascend or descend, but according to their several shapes and figures, for there can be no motion without body. The Empress asked them further, Whether there was not a World of Spirits, as well as there is of Material Creatures? No, answered they; for the word *World* implies a quantity or multitude of corporeal Creatures, but we being Immaterial, can make no World of Spirits. Then she desired to be informed when Spirits were made? We do not know, answered they, how and when we were made, nor are we much inquisitive after it; nay, if we did, it would be no benefit, neither for us, nor for you Mortals to know it. The Empress replied, That *Cabbalists* and Divine Philosophers said, Mens rational Souls were Immaterial, and stood as much in need of corporeal Vehicles, as Spirits did. If this be so, answered the Spirits, then you are Hermaphrodites of Nature; but your *Cabbalists* are mistaken, for they take the purest and subtilest parts of Matter, for Imma terial Spirits. Then the Empress asked, When the Souls of Mortals went out of their Bodies, whether they went to Heaven or Hell; or whether they re mained in airy Vehicles? God's Justice and Mercy, answered they, is perfect, and not imperfect; but if you Mortals will have Vehicles for your Souls, and a place that is between Heaven and Hell, it must be Purgatory, which is a place of Purification, for which acti n Fire is more proper then Air; and so the Vehicles of those Souls that are in Purgatory, cannot be airy, but fiery; and after this rate there can be but four places for human Souls to be in, *viz*. Heaven, Hell, Purgatory, and this World; but as for Vehicles, they are but fan cies, not real truths. Then the Empress asked them, Where Heaven and Hell was? Your Saviour Christ, answered the Spirits, has informed you, that there is Heaven and Hell, but he did not tell you what, nor where they are; wherefore it is too great a presumption for you Mortals to inquire after it. If you do but strive to get into Heaven, it is enough, though you do not know where or what it is; for it is beyond your know ledg and understanding. I am satisfied, replied the Empress; and asked further, Whether there were any Figures or Characters in the Soul? They answered, Where there was no Body, there could be no Figure. Then she asked them, Whether Spirits could be naked? and whether they were of a dark, or a light colour? As for our Nakedness, it is a very odd question, an swered the Spirits; and we do not know what you mean by a Naked Spirit; for you judg of us as of cor poreal Creatures; and as for Colour, said they, it is according to our Vehicles; for Colour belongs to Body, and as there is no Body that is colourless, so there is no Colour that is bodiless. Then the Em press desired to be informed, Whether all Souls were made at the first Creation of the World? We know no more, answered the Spirits, of the origin of humane Souls, then we know of our Selves. She asked fur ther, Whether humane bodies were not burthensome to humane Souls? They answered, That Bodies made Souls active, as giving them motion; and if action was troublesome to Souls, then Bodies were so too. She asked again, Whether Souls did chuse Bo dies? They answered, That *Platonicks* believed, the Souls of Lovers lived in the Bodies of their Beloved; but surely, said they, if there be a multitude of Souls in a World of Matter, they cannot miss Bodies; for as soon as a Soul is parted from one Body, it enters into another; and Souls having no motion of themselves, must of necessity be clothed or imbodied with the next parts of Matter. If this be so, replied the Em ress, then I pray inform me, Whether all matter be soulified? The Spirits answered, They could not exactly tell that; but if it was true, that Matter had no other motion but what came from a spiritual power, and that all matter was moving, then no soul could quit a Body, but she must of necessity enter into another soulified Body, and then there would be two im material substances in one Body. The Empress asked, Whether it was not possible that there could be two Souls in one Body? As for Immaterial Souls, an swered the Spirits, it is impossible; for there cannot be two Immaterials in one Inanimate Body, by reason they want parts, and place, being bodiless; but there maybe numerous materials Souls in one composed Body, by reason every material part has a material natural Soul; for Nature is but one Infinite self-moving, living and self-knowing body, consisting of the three degrees of inanimate, sensitive and rational Matter, so intermixt together, that no part of Nature, were it an Atom, can be without any of these three Degrees; the sensitive is the Life, the rational the Soul, and the ina nimate part, the Body of Infinite Nature. The Empress was very well satisfied with this answer, and asked further, Whether souls did not give life to bodies? No, answered they; but Spirits and Divine Souls have a life of their own, which is not to be divided, being purer then a natural life; for Spirits are incorporeal, and consequently indivisible. But when the Soul is in its Vehicle, said the Empress, then me thinks she is like the Sun, and the Vehicle like the Moon. No, answered they; but the Vehicle is like the Sun, and the Soul like the Moon; for the Soul hath motion from the Body, as the Moon has light from the sun. Then the Empress

asked the Spirits, Whether it was an evil Spirit that tempted *Eve*, and brought all the mischiefs upon Mankind: or, Whether it was the Serpent? They answered, That Spirits could not commit actual evils. The Empress said, they might do it by perswasions. They answered, That Perswasions were actions; But the Empress not being contented with this answer, asked, Whether there was not a supernatural Evil? The Spirits answered, That there was a Supernatural Good, which was God; but they knew of no Supernatural Evil that was equal to God. Then she desired to know, Whether Evil Spirits were reckoned amongst the Beasts of the Field? They answer'd, That many Beasts of the field were harmless Creatures, and very serviceable for Man's use; and though some were accounted fierce and cruel, yet did they exercise their cruelty upon other Creatures, for the most part, to no other end, but to get themselves food, and to satisfie their natural appetite; but cer tainly, said they, you Men are more cruel to one an other, then evil Spirits are to you; and as for their habitations in desolate places, we having no communion with them, can give you no certain account thereof. But what do you think, said the Empress, of good Spirits? may not they be compared to the Fowls of the Air? They answered, There were many cruel and ravenous Fowls as well in the Air, as there were fierce and cruel Beasts on Earth; so that the good are al ways mixt with the bad. She asked further, Whether the fiery Vehicles were a Heaven, or a Hell, or at least a Purgatory to the Souls? They answered, That if the Souls were immaterial, they could not burn, and then fire would do them no harm; and though Hell was believed to be an undecaying and unquenchable fire, yet Heaven was no fire. The Empress replied, That Heaven was a Light. Yes, said they, but not a fiery Light. Then she asked, Whether the different shapes and sorts of Vehicles, made the Souls and other Immaterial Spirits, miserable, or blessed? The Vehicles, answered they, make them neither better, nor worse; for though some Vehicles sometimes may have power over others, yet these by turns may get some power again over them, according to the several advantages and disadvantages of particular Natural parts.

...After some time, when the Spirits had refreshed themselves in their own Vehicles, they sent one of their nimblest Spirits, to ask the Empress, Whether she would have a Scribe, or, whether she would write the *Cabbala* herself? The Empress received the proffer which they made her, with all civility; and told them, that she desired a Spiritual Scribe. The Spirits answer'd, That they could dictate, but not write, except they put on a hand or arm, or else the whole body of Man. The Empress replied, How can Spirits arm themselves with gantlets of Flesh? As well, an swered they, as Man can arm himself with a gantlet of steel. If it be so, said the Empress, then I will have a Scribe. Then the Spirits asked her, Whether she would have the Soul of a living or a dead Man? Why, said the Empress, can the Soul quit a living Body, and wander or travel abroad? Yes, answered they, for according to *Plato's* Doctrine, there is a Conversation of Souls, and the Souls of Lovers live in the Bodies of their Beloved. Then I will have, answered she, the Soul of some ancient famous Writer, either of *Aristotle, Pythagoras, Plato, Epicurus*, or the like. The Spirits said, That those famous Men were very learned, subtile, and ingenious Writers; but they were so wedded to their own opinions, that they would ne ver have the patience to be Scribes. Then, said she, I'le have the Soul of one of the most famous modern Writers, as either of *Galileo, Gassendus, Des Cartes, Helmont, Hobbes, H. More, &c*. The Spirits an swered, That they were fine ingenious Writers, but yet so self-conceited, that they would scorn to be Scribes to a Woman. But, said they, there's a Lady, the *Duchess of Newcastle*; which although she is not one of the most learned, eloquent, witty and ingenious, yet she is a plain and rational Writer; for the principle of her Writings, is Sense and Reason, and she will without question, be ready to do you all the service she can. That Lady then, said the Empress, will I chuse for my Scribe, neither will the Emperor have reason to be jealous, she being one of my own sex. In truth, said the Spirit, Husbands have reason to be jea lous of *Platonick* Lovers, for they are very dangerous, as being not onely very intimate and close, but subtil and insinuating. You say well, replied the Empress; where fore I pray send me the *Duchess of Newcastle's* Soul; which the Spirit did; and after she came to wait on the Empress, at her first arrival the Empress imbraced and saluted her with a Spiritual kiss; then she asked her whether she could write? Yes, answered the *Duchess's* Soul, but not so intelligibly that any Reader whatsoever may understand it, unless he be taught to know my Characters; for my Letters are rather like Characters, then well formed Letters. Said the Em press, you were recommended to me by an honest and ingenious Spirit. Surely, answered the Duchess, the Spirit is ignorant of my hand-writing. The truth is, said the Empress, he did not mention your hand-writing; but he informed me, that you writ Sense and Reason, and if you can but write so, that any of my Secretaries may learn your hand, they shall write it out fair and in telligible. The Duchess answered, That she questioned not but it might easily be learned in a short time. But, said she to the Empress, What is it that your Majesty would have written? She answered, The *Jews* Cabbala. Then your onely way for that is, said the Duchess, to have the Soul of some famous *Jew*; nay, if your Majesty please, I scruple not, but you may as easily have the Soul of *Moses*, as of any other. That cannot be, replied the Empress, for no Mortal knows where *Moses* is. But, said the Duchess, humane Souls are immortal; however, if this be too difficult to be obtained, you may have the Soul of one of the chief Rabbies or Sages of the Tribe of *Levi*, who will truly instruct you in that mystery; when as, otherwise, your Majesty will be apt to mistake, and a thousand to one, will commit gross errors. No, said the Empress, for I shall be instructed by Spirits. Alas! said the Duchess, Spirits are as ignorant as Mortals in many cases; for no created Spirits have a general or absolute knowledg, nor can they know the Thoughts of Men, much less the Mysteries of the great Creator, unless he be pleased to inspire into them the gift of Divine Knowledg. Then, I pray, said the Empress, let me have your counsel in this case. The Duchess answered, If your Majesty will be pleased to hearken to my advice, I would desire you to let that work alone; for it will be of no advantage either to you, or your people, un less you were of the *Jews* Religion; nay, if you were, the vulgar interpretation of the holy Scripture would be more instructive, and more easily believed, then your mystical way of interpreting it; for had it been better and more advantagious for the Salvation of the *Jews*, surely *Moses* would have saved after-Ages that labour by his own Explanation, he being not onely a wise, but a very honest, zealous and religious Man: Where fore the best way, said

she, is to believe with the ge nerality the literal sense of the Scripture, and not to make interpretations every one according to his own fancy, but to leave that work for the Learned, or those that have nothing else to do; Neither do I think, said she, that God will damn those that are ignorant there in, or suffer them to be lost for want of a Mystical in terpretation of the Scripture. Then, said the Empress, I'le leave the Scripture, and make a Philosophi cal *Cabbala*. The Duchess told her, That, Sense and Reason would instruct her of Nature as much as could be known; and as for Numbers, they were infinite; but to add non-sense to infinite, would breed a confusion, especially in Humane Understanding. Then, replied the Empress, I'le make a Moral *Cabbala*. The onely thing, answered the Duchess, in Morality, is but, To fear God, and to love his Neighbour, and this needs no further interpretation. But then I'le make a Political *Cabbala*, said the Empress. The Duchess answered, That the chief and onely ground in Government, was but Reward and Punishment, and required no further *Cabbala*; But, said she, If your Majesty were resolved to make a *Cabbala*, I would advise you, rather to make a Poetical or Romancical *Cabbala*, wherein you may use Metaphors, Allegories, Similitudes, *&c*. and interpret them as you please. With that the Empress thank'd the Duchess, and embracing her Soul, told her she would take her Counsel: she made her also her Favourite, and kept her sometime in that World, and by this means the Duchess came to know and give this Relation of all that passed in that rich, populous, and happy World; and after some time the Empress gave her leave to return to her Husband and Kindred into her Native World, but upon condition, that her Soul should visit her now and then; which she did: and truly their meet ing did produce such an intimate friendship between them, that they became *Platonick* Lovers, although they were both Femals.

3.9.4: Reading and Review Questions

1. Why does Cavendish, in "The Hunting of the Hare," delay Wat's destruction? What delaying devices does she use, and to what effect?
2. How does Cavendish associate male dominance with art, and to what effect? How do you know? How does her view of art compare with Chaucer's, Spenser's, or Sydney's?
3. What unique qualities does Cavendish give to her education, starting with her mother's moral guidance, and why?
4. Why does Cavendish, in "A True Relation," describe herself as a great emulator? How does she fulfill this description? How does she negate it?
5. How, if at all, does *The Blazing World* trail blaze, especially in terms of gender?

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3.09: John Milton (1608-1674)

John Milton was born in London to John Milton, a scrivener and composer, and Sarah Jeffrey. His education followed a common route, with his first being tutored by Thomas Young, a Scottish Presbyterian cleric, then studying at Saint Paul's School, before entering Christ's College, Cambridge. He studied Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Spanish, and Italian, grammar, rhetoric, and logic, reading the classical and modern works on philosophy, religion, science, history, politics, and literature. Not surprisingly, he placed fourth out of 259 candidates for the bachelor's degree, which he earned cum laude in 1629, followed by a master's degree in 1632 (also cum laude).

But Milton's education, his scholarship, was far from common. He studied to an extraordinary degree and with the clear intent of preparing himself to be a Poet. After earning his degrees, Milton then spent time at his parents' home in Hammersmith, where he focused on his vocation, writing sonnets, the masque "Comus" (1634), and "Lycidas" (1637), a pastoral elegy for his friend Edward King. In "Lycidas," he declared his intention as a poet to follow in the steps of Virgil, deliberately moving from the pastoral to the epic. In this way, he consciously carried Spenser's banner of the national Poet.

After his mother's death, Milton again followed an apparently common educational route by traveling to the Continent, particularly France and Italy. But his vocation appears in his meeting playwright and poet Hugo Grotius (1583- 1645); Giavanni Battisti Manso (1567-1645), the patron of Torquato Tasso (1544- 1595); and Galileo Galilei (1564-1642). He thought to put all of his preparation to good service upon his return to England, which was on the verge of Civil War. He determined to write an epic based on English history, a national epic that would define England just as Virgil's *Aeneid* defined Rome—again, carrying Spenser's banner, also acknowledging Chaucer in this great ambition.



Image 3.11 | John Milton
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Milton first put his skills to more immediate use, writing pamphlets, tracts, and political addresses supporting the Commonwealth. These prose pieces include "The Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth" (1660); "The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce" (1644); the Areopagitica (1664), in which he argued against censorship; and "Eikonoklastes" (1649) and "Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio" (1651), arguing for the English having executed Charles I. He also served the Commonwealth as its Latin Secretary, in which role he corresponded with rulers and diplomats throughout Europe. He devoted himself to the cause of republicanism to his own physical detriment; he lost his eyesight by 1642 from, as he believed, the eyestrain his work incurred.

Upon the Restoration, he temporarily lost his freedom, permanently lost most of his estate, and almost lost his life for being a rebel. After the intervention of friends like Marvell, Milton was released from prison and allowed to retire. He then composed his epic, *Paradise Lost*. At one point in time, he thought to write an Arthurian epic, as did Spenser. But he decided that his subject of the Fall of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden would surpass that of all other epics due to its moral weight. With this intent, his *Paradise Lost* transformed the classic epic into an expression of Renaissance humanism and of the Reformation. His use of blank verse, rather than rhymed verse like Spenser's, gave his epic immediate and dramatic voice.

He transforms epic convention; for example, the naming of the fallen angels before they raise Pandemonium in Book 1 is Milton's

version of the *Iliad*'s catalogue of ships, but Milton's catalogue reveals the true evil of these destroyers of life. His epic similes and metaphors do not take readers away from the action, as do Homer's, but instead, offer profound commentary on it. For example, Eden is differentiated from "Enna, where Proserpin gathering flowers/ Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis/ Was gathered, which cost Ceres all that pain/ To seek her through the world" (Book 4, lines 278-81) through the more tender love and suffering of the redeeming son of God. Milton's descent into the underworld is a descent into Hell itself, which becomes a psychological exploration of the sorrow and rage of the diabolic mind through a troubled landscape, moving from Pandemonium palace to "Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death" (Book 2, line 621).

Further, Milton imbues classical archetypes with individual (psychological) insight. Book 3's Invocation to Light, for example, reverses the rise and fall of Icarus who flew too close to the sun; it moves down into despair and up to love, as Milton uses his own feelings on his loss of sight for the reader's behalf. His personal underworld is that he cannot see: He is cut off from light and Nature's book of knowledge. But that loss becomes the precondition for vision in a paradoxical fortunate fall, as celestial light shines inwardly and enables Milton to "see and tell/ Of things invisible to mortal sight" (Book 3, lines 54-55). Indeed, his *Paradise Lost* went beyond establishing national identity by being a theodicy. It vindicates the justice of God in ordaining or permitting natural and moral evil through insights such as this fortunate fall and of conversion.

3.9.1: "L'Allegro"

(1645)

Hence loathed Melancholy,

Of Cerberus, and blackest Midnight born,

In Stygian cave forlorn,

'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy;

Find out some uncouth cell,

Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,

And the night-raven sings;

There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,

As ragged as thy locks,

In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come thou goddess fair and free,

In heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,

And by men, heart-easing Mirth,

Whom lovely Venus at a birth

With two sister Graces more

To Ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;

Or whether (as some sager sing)

The frolic wind that breathes the spring,

Zephyr, with Aurora playing,

As he met her once a-Maying,

There on beds of violets blue,

And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,

Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,

So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee

Jest and youthful Jollity,

Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,

Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,

Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,

And love to live in dimple sleek;

Sport that wrinkled Care derides,

And Laughter holding both his sides.

Come, and trip it as ye go

On the light fantastic toe,

And in thy right hand lead with thee,

The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;

And if I give thee honour due,

Mirth, admit me of thy crew

To live with her, and live with thee,

In unreproved pleasures free;

To hear the lark begin his flight,

And singing startle the dull night,

From his watch-tower in the skies,

Till the dappled dawn doth rise;

Then to come in spite of sorrow,

And at my window bid good-morrow,

Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,

Or the twisted eglantine;

While the cock with lively din,

Scatters the rear of darkness thin,

And to the stack, or the barn door,

Stoutly struts his dames before;

Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn

Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,

From the side of some hoar hill,

Through the high wood echoing shrill.

Sometime walking, not unseen,

By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,

Right against the eastern gate,

Where the great Sun begins his state,

Rob'd in flames, and amber light,

The clouds in thousand liveries dight.

While the ploughman near at hand,

Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,

And the milkmaid singeth blithe,

And the mower whets his scythe,

And every shepherd tells his tale

Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures

Whilst the landskip round it measures,

Russet lawns, and fallows gray,

Where the nibbling flocks do stray;

Mountains on whose barren breast

The labouring clouds do often rest;

Meadows trim with daisies pied,

Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.

Towers, and battlements it sees

Bosom'd high in tufted trees,

Where perhaps some beauty lies,

The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,

From betwixt two aged oaks,

Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,

Are at their savoury dinner set

Of herbs, and other country messes,

Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses;

And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,

With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;

Or if the earlier season lead

To the tann'd haycock in the mead.

Sometimes with secure delight

The upland hamlets will invite,

When the merry bells ring round,

And the jocund rebecks sound

To many a youth, and many a maid,

Dancing in the chequer'd shade;

And young and old come forth to play

On a sunshine holiday,

Till the live-long daylight fail;

Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,

With stories told of many a feat,

How Faery Mab the junkets eat,

She was pinch'd and pull'd she said,

And he by friar's lanthorn led,

Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,

To earn his cream-bowl duly set,

When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,

His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn

That ten day-labourers could not end;

Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,

And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,

Basks at the fire his hairy strength;

And crop-full out of doors he flings,

Ere the first cock his matin rings.

Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,

By whispering winds soon lull’d asleep.

Tower’d cities please us then,

And the busy hum of men,

Where throngs of knights and barons bold,

In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,

With store of ladies, whose bright eyes

Rain influence, and judge the prize

Of wit, or arms, while both contend

To win her grace, whom all commend.

There let Hymen oft appear

In saffron robe, with taper clear,

And pomp, and feast, and revelry,

With mask, and antique pageantry;

Such sights as youthful poets dream

On summer eves by haunted stream.

Then to the well-trod stage anon,

If Jonson’s learned sock be on,

Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy’s child,

Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever against eating cares,

Lap me in soft Lydian airs,

Married to immortal verse,

Such as the meeting soul may pierce

In notes with many a winding bout

Of linked sweetness long drawn out,

With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,

The melting voice through mazes running,

Untwisting all the chains that tie

The hidden soul of harmony;

That Orpheus' self may heave his head

From golden slumber on a bed

Of heap'd Elysian flow'rs, and hear

Such strains as would have won the ear

Of Pluto, to have quite set free

His half-regain'd Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,

Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

3.9.2: "Il Penseroso"

(1645)

Hence vain deluding Joys,

The brood of Folly without father bred,

How little you bested,

Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys;

Dwell in some idle brain,

And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,

As thick and numberless

As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,

Or likest hovering dreams,

The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.

But hail thou goddess, sage and holy,

Hail divinest Melancholy,

Whose saintly visage is too bright

To hit the sense of human sight;

And therefore to our weaker view,

O'er-laid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;

Black, but such as in esteem,

Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,

Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove

To set her beauty's praise above

The sea nymphs, and their powers offended.

Yet thou art higher far descended,

Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore,

To solitary Saturn bore;

His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,

Such mixture was not held a stain)

Oft in glimmering bow'rs and glades

He met her, and in secret shades

Of woody Ida's inmost grove,

While yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come pensive nun, devout and pure,

Sober, stedfast, and demure,

All in a robe of darkest grain,

Flowing with majestic train,

And sable stole of cypress lawn,

Over thy decent shoulders drawn.

Come, but keep thy wonted state,

With ev'n step, and musing gait,

And looks commercing with the skies,

Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:

There held in holy passion still,

Forget thyself to marble, till

With a sad leaden downward cast,

Thou fix them on the earth as fast.

And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,

Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,

And hears the Muses in a ring,

Aye round about Jove's altar sing.

And add to these retired Leisure,

That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;

But first, and chiefest, with thee bring

Him that yon soars on golden wing,

Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,

The cherub Contemplation;

And the mute Silence hist along,

'Less Philomel will deign a song,

In her sweetest, saddest plight,

Smoothing the rugged brow of night,

While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,

Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak.

Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,

Most musical, most melancholy!

Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among,

I woo to hear thy even-song;

And missing thee, I walk unseen

On the dry smooth-shaven green,

To behold the wand'ring Moon,

Riding near her highest noon,

Like one that had been led astray

Through the heav'ns wide pathless way;

And oft, as if her head she bow'd,

Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

Oft on a plat of rising ground,

I hear the far-off curfew sound,

Over some wide-water'd shore,

Swinging slow with sullen roar;

Or if the air will not permit,

Some still removed place will fit,

Where glowing embers through the room

Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,

Far from all resort of mirth,

Save the cricket on the hearth,

Or the bellman's drowsy charm,

To bless the doors from nightly harm.

Or let my lamp at midnight hour,

Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,

Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,

With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere

The spirit of Plato, to unfold

What worlds, or what vast regions hold

The immortal mind that hath forsook

Her mansion in this fleshly nook:

And of those dæmons that are found

In fire, air, flood, or under ground,

Whose power hath a true consent

With planet, or with element.

Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy

In sceptr'd pall come sweeping by,

Presenting Thebes', or Pelop's line,

Or the tale of Troy divine,

Or what (though rare) of later age,

Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.

But, O sad Virgin, that thy power

Might raise Musæus from his bower,

Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing

Such notes as, warbled to the string,

Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,

And made Hell grant what love did seek.

Or call up him that left half told

The story of Cambuscan bold,

Of Camball, and of Algarsife,

And who had Canace to wife,

That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,

And of the wond'rous horse of brass,

On which the Tartar king did ride;

And if aught else, great bards beside,

In sage and solemn tunes have sung,

Of tourneys and of trophies hung,

Of forests, and enchantments drear,

Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,

Till civil-suited Morn appear,

Not trick'd and frounc'd as she was wont,

With the Attic boy to hunt,

But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,

While rocking winds are piping loud,

Or usher'd with a shower still,

When the gust hath blown his fill,

Ending on the rustling leaves,

With minute-drops from off the eaves.

And when the Sun begins to fling

His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring

To arched walks of twilight groves,

And shadows brown that Sylvan loves,

Of pine, or monumental oak,

Where the rude axe with heaved stroke,

Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,

Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.

There in close covert by some brook,

Where no profaner eye may look,

Hide me from Day's garish eye,

While the bee with honied thigh,

That at her flow'ry work doth sing,

And the waters murmuring

With such consort as they keep,

Entice the dewy-feather’d sleep;

And let some strange mysterious dream,

Wave at his wings, in airy stream

Of lively portraiture display’d,

Softly on my eye-lids laid.

And as I wake, sweet music breathe

Above, about, or underneath,

Sent by some spirit to mortals good,

Or th’ unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail

To walk the studious cloister’s pale,

And love the high embowed roof,

With antique pillars massy proof,

And storied windows richly dight,

Casting a dim religious light.

There let the pealing organ blow,

To the full-voic’d quire below,

In service high, and anthems clear,

As may with sweetness, through mine ear,

Dissolve me into ecstasies,

And bring all Heav’n before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age

Find out the peaceful hermitage,

The hairy gown and mossy cell,

Where I may sit and rightly spell

Of every star that Heav’n doth shew,

And every herb that sips the dew;

Till old experience do attain

To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,

And I with thee will choose to live.

3.9.3: “Lycidas”

(1638)

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more

Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,

I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,

And with forc’d fingers rude

Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.

Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear

Compels me to disturb your season due;

For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,

Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.

Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew

Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.

He must not float upon his wat’ry bier

Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,

Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well

That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;

Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.

Hence with denial vain and coy excuse!

So may some gentle muse

With lucky words favour my destin’d urn,

And as he passes turn

And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud!

For we were nurs’d upon the self-same hill,

Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;

Together both, ere the high lawns appear’d

Under the opening eyelids of the morn,

We drove afield, and both together heard

What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,

Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,

Oft till the star that rose at ev'ning bright

Toward heav'n's descent had slop'd his westering wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,

Temper'd to th'oaten flute;

Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with clov'n heel,

From the glad sound would not be absent long;

And old Damætas lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change now thou art gone,

Now thou art gone, and never must return!

Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,

With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,

And all their echoes mourn.

The willows and the hazel copses green

Shall now no more be seen

Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.

As killing as the canker to the rose,

Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,

Or frost to flowers that their gay wardrobe wear

When first the white thorn blows:

Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep

Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?

For neither were ye playing on the steep

Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,

Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,

Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.

Ay me! I fondly dream

Had ye bin there'—for what could that have done?

What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,

The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,

Whom universal nature did lament,

When by the rout that made the hideous roar

His gory visage down the stream was sent,

Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care

To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,

And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?

Were it not better done, as others use,

To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,

Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise

(That last infirmity of noble mind)

To scorn delights and live laborious days;

But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,

And think to burst out into sudden blaze,

Comes the blind Fury with th'abhorred shears,

And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"

Phoebus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears;

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,

Nor in the glistering foil

Set off to th'world, nor in broad rumour lies,

But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes

And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;

As he pronounces lastly on each deed,

Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,

Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,

That strain I heard was of a higher mood.

But now my oat proceeds,

And listens to the Herald of the Sea,

That came in Neptune's plea.

He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,

"What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?"

And question'd every gust of rugged wings

That blows from off each beaked promontory.

They knew not of his story;

And sage Hippotades their answer brings,

That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd;

The air was calm, and on the level brine

Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.

It was that fatal and perfidious bark,

Built in th'eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,

That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,

His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,

Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge

Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.

"Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest pledge?"

Last came, and last did go,

The Pilot of the Galilean lake;

Two massy keys he bore of metals twain

(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).

He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:

"How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,

Enow of such as for their bellies' sake

Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold?

Of other care they little reck'ning make

Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast

And shove away the worthy bidden guest.

Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold

A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least

That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!

What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;

And when they list their lean and flashy songs

Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw,

The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,

But, swoll'n with wind and the rank mist they draw,

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;

Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw

Daily devours apace, and nothing said,

But that two-handed engine at the door

Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more".

Return, Alpheus: the dread voice is past

That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,

And call the vales and bid them hither cast

Their bells and flow'rets of a thousand hues.

Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use

Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,

On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,

Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,

That on the green turf suck the honied showers

And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,

The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,

The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,

The glowing violet,

The musk-rose, and the well attir'd woodbine,

With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,

And every flower that sad embroidery wears;

Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,

And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,

To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.

For so to interpose a little ease,

Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.

Ay me! Whilst thee the shores and sounding seas

Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd;

Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,

Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide

Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world,

Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,

Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,

Where the great vision of the guarded mount

Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold:

Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth;

And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,

For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,

Sunk though he be beneath the wat'ry floor;

So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,

And yet anon repairs his drooping head,

And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore

Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:

So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high

Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves;

Where, other groves and other streams along,

With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,

And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,

In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.

There entertain him all the Saints above,

In solemn troops, and sweet societies,

That sing, and singing in their glory move,

And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.

Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more:

Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,

In thy large recompense, and shalt be good

To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th'oaks and rills,

While the still morn went out with sandals gray;

He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,

With eager thought warbling his Doric lay;

And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,

And now was dropp'd into the western bay;

At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:

To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

3.9.4: From *Paradise Lost*

Book I

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit

Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste

Brought death into the World, and all our woe,

With loss of Eden, till one greater Man

Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,

Sing, Heavenly Muse, that, on the secret top

Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire

That shepherd who first taught the chosen seed

In the beginning how the heavens and earth

Rose out of Chaos: or, if Sion hill

Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed

Fast by the oracle of God, I thence

Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,

That with no middle flight intends to soar

Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues

Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer

Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,

Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the first

Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,

Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss,

And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark

Illumine, what is low raise and support;

That, to the height of this great argument,

I may assert Eternal Providence,

And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first—for Heaven hides nothing from thy view,

Nor the deep tract of Hell—say first what cause

Moved our grand parents, in that happy state,

Favoured of Heaven so highly, to fall off

From their Creator, and transgress his will

For one restraint, lords of the World besides.

Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?

Th' infernal Serpent; he it was whose guile,

Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived

The mother of mankind, what time his pride

Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host

Of rebel Angels, by whose aid, aspiring

To set himself in glory above his peers,

He trusted to have equalled the Most High,

If he opposed, and with ambitious aim

Against the throne and monarchy of God,

Raised impious war in Heaven and battle proud,

With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power

Hurled headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,

With hideous ruin and combustion, down

To bottomless perdition, there to dwell

In adamantine chains and penal fire,

Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.

Nine times the space that measures day and night

To mortal men, he, with his horrid crew,

Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,

Confounded, though immortal. But his doom

Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought

Both of lost happiness and lasting pain

Torments him: round he throws his baleful eyes,

That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,

Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.

At once, as far as Angels ken, he views

The dismal situation waste and wild.

A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,

As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames

No light; but rather darkness visible

Served only to discover sights of woe,

Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace

And rest can never dwell, hope never comes

That comes to all, but torture without end

Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed

With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.

Such place Eternal Justice has prepared

For those rebellious; here their prison ordained

In utter darkness, and their portion set,

As far removed from God and light of Heaven

As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole.

Oh how unlike the place from whence they fell!

There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed

With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,

He soon discerns; and, weltering by his side,

One next himself in power, and next in crime,

Long after known in Palestine, and named

Beelzebub. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,

And thence in Heaven called Satan, with bold words

Breaking the horrid silence, thus began:—

"If thou beest he—but O how fallen! how changed

From him who, in the happy realms of light

Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine

Myriads, though bright!—if he whom mutual league,

United thoughts and counsels, equal hope

And hazard in the glorious enterprise

Joined with me once, now misery hath joined

In equal ruin; into what pit thou seest

From what height fallen: so much the stronger proved

He with his thunder; and till then who knew

The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,

Nor what the potent Victor in his rage

Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,

Though changed in outward lustre, that fixed mind,

And high disdain from sense of injured merit,

That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,

And to the fierce contentions brought along

Innumerable force of Spirits armed,

That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,

His utmost power with adverse power opposed

In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,

And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?

All is not lost—the unconquerable will,

And study of revenge, immortal hate,

And courage never to submit or yield:

And what is else not to be overcome?

That glory never shall his wrath or might

Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace

With suppliant knee, and deify his power

Who, from the terror of this arm, so late

Doubted his empire—that were low indeed;

That were an ignominy and shame beneath

This downfall; since, by fate, the strength of Gods,

And this empyreal substance, cannot fail;

Since, through experience of this great event,

In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,

We may with more successful hope resolve

To wage by force or guile eternal war,

Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,

Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy

Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heaven."

So spake th' apostate Angel, though in pain,

Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair;

And him thus answered soon his bold compeer:—

"O Prince, O Chief of many throned Powers

That led th' embattled Seraphim to war

Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds

Fearless, endangered Heaven's perpetual King,

And put to proof his high supremacy,

Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate,

Too well I see and rue the dire event

That, with sad overthrow and foul defeat,

Hath lost us Heaven, and all this mighty host

In horrible destruction laid thus low,

As far as Gods and heavenly Essences

Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains

Invincible, and vigour soon returns,

Though all our glory extinct, and happy state

Here swallowed up in endless misery.

But what if he our Conqueror (whom I now

Of force believe almighty, since no less

Than such could have o'erpowered such force as ours)

Have left us this our spirit and strength entire,

Strongly to suffer and support our pains,

That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,

Or do him mightier service as his thralls

By right of war, whate'er his business be,

Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,

Or do his errands in the gloomy Deep?

What can it then avail though yet we feel

Strength undiminished, or eternal being

To undergo eternal punishment?"

Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-Fiend replied:—

"Fallen Cherub, to be weak is miserable,

Doing or suffering: but of this be sure—

To do aught good never will be our task,

But ever to do ill our sole delight,

As being the contrary to his high will

Whom we resist. If then his providence

Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,

Our labour must be to pervert that end,

And out of good still to find means of evil;

Which ofttimes may succeed so as perhaps

Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb

His inmost counsels from their destined aim.

But see! the angry Victor hath recalled

is ministers of vengeance and pursuit

Back to the gates of Heaven: the sulphurous hail,

Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid

The fiery surge that from the precipice

Of Heaven received us falling; and the thunder,

Winged with red lightning and impetuous rage,

Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now

To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.

Let us not slip th’ occasion, whether scorn

Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.

Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,

The seat of desolation, void of light,

Save what the glimmering of these livid flames

Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend

From off the tossing of these fiery waves;

There rest, if any rest can harbour there;

And, re-assembling our afflicted powers,

Consult how we may henceforth most offend

Our enemy, our own loss how repair,

How overcome this dire calamity,

What reinforcement we may gain from hope,

If not, what resolution from despair.”

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,

With head uplift above the wave, and eyes

That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides

Prone on the flood, extended long and large,

Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge

As whom the fables name of monstrous size,

Titanian or Earth-born, that warred on Jove,

Briareos or Typhon, whom the den

By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast

Leviathan, which God of all his works

Created hugest that swim th’ ocean-stream.

Him, haply slumbering on the Norway foam,

The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff,

Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,

With fixed anchor in his scaly rind,

Moors by his side under the lee, while night

Invests the sea, and wished morn delays.

So stretched out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay,

Chained on the burning lake; nor ever thence

Had risen, or heaved his head, but that the will

And high permission of all-ruling Heaven

Left him at large to his own dark designs,

That with reiterated crimes he might

Heap on himself damnation, while he sought

Evil to others, and enraged might see

How all his malice served but to bring forth

Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy, shewn

On Man by him seduced, but on himself

Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance poured.

Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool

His mighty stature; on each hand the flames

Driven backward slope their pointing spires, and, rolled

In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vale.

Then with expanded wings he steers his flight

Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,

That felt unusual weight; till on dry land

He lights—if it were land that ever burned

With solid, as the lake with liquid fire,

And such appeared in hue as when the force

Of subterranean wind transports a hill

Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side

Of thundering Etna, whose combustible

And fuelled entrails, thence conceiving fire,

Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,

And leave a singed bottom all involved

With stench and smoke. Such resting found the sole

Of unblest feet. Him followed his next mate;

Both glorying to have scaped the Stygian flood

As gods, and by their own recovered strength,

Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.

“Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,”

Said then the lost Archangel, “this the seat

That we must change for Heaven?—this mournful gloom

For that celestial light? Be it so, since he

Who now is sovereign can dispose and bid

What shall be right: farthest from him is best

Whom reason hath equalled, force hath made supreme

Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,

Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,

Infernal world! and thou, profoundest Hell,

Receive thy new possessor—one who brings

A mind not to be changed by place or time.

The mind is its own place, and in itself

Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.

What matter where, if I be still the same,

And what I should be, all but less than he

Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least

We shall be free; th’ Almighty hath not built

Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:

Here we may reign secure; and, in my choice,

To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:

Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.

But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,

Th’ associates and co-partners of our loss,

Lie thus astonished on th' oblivious pool,

And call them not to share with us their part

In this unhappy mansion, or once more

With rallied arms to try what may be yet

Regained in Heaven, or what more lost in Hell?"

So Satan spake; and him Beelzebub

Thus answered:—"Leader of those armies bright

Which, but th' Omnipotent, none could have foiled!

If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge

Of hope in fears and dangers—heard so oft

In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge

Of battle, when it raged, in all assaults

Their surest signal—they will soon resume

New courage and revive, though now they lie

rovelling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,

As we erewhile, astounded and amazed;

No wonder, fallen such a pernicious height!"

He scarce had ceased when the superior Fiend

Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield,

Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,

Behind him cast. The broad circumference

Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb

Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views

At evening, from the top of Fesole,

Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,

Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.

His spear—to equal which the tallest pine

Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast

Of some great ammiral, were but a wand—

He walked with, to support uneasy steps

Over the burning marl, not like those steps

On Heaven's azure; and the torrid clime

Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.

Nathless he so endured, till on the beach

Of that inflamed sea he stood, and called

His legions—Angel Forms, who lay entranced

Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks

In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades

High over-arched embower; or scattered sedge

Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed

Hath vexed the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew

Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,

While with perfidious hatred they pursued

The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld

From the safe shore their floating carcases

And broken chariot-wheels. So thick bestrown,

Abject and lost, lay these, covering the flood,

Under amazement of their hideous change.

He called so loud that all the hollow deep

Of Hell resounded:—"Princes, Potentates,

Warriors, the Flower of Heaven—once yours; now lost,

If such astonishment as this can seize

Eternal Spirits! Or have ye chosen this place

After the toil of battle to repose

Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find

To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?

Or in this abject posture have ye sworn

To adore the Conqueror, who now beholds

Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood

With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon

His swift pursuers from Heaven-gates discern

Th' advantage, and, descending, tread us down

Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts

Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf?

Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!”

They heard, and were abashed, and up they sprung

Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch

On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,

Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.

or did they not perceive the evil plight

In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;

Yet to their General’s voice they soon obeyed

Innumerable. As when the potent rod

Of Amram’s son, in Egypt’s evil day,

Waved round the coast, up-called a pitchy cloud

Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,

That o’er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung

Like Night, and darkened all the land of Nile;

So numberless were those bad Angels seen

Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell,

’Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;

Till, as a signal given, th’ uplifted spear

Of their great Sultan waving to direct

Their course, in even balance down they light

On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain:

A multitude like which the populous North

Poured never from her frozen loins to pass

Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons

Came like a deluge on the South, and spread

Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.

Forthwith, from every squadron and each band,

The heads and leaders thither haste where stood

Their great Commander—godlike Shapes, and Forms

Excelling human; princely Dignities;

And Powers that erst in Heaven sat on thrones,

Though on their names in Heavenly records now

Be no memorial, blotted out and rased

By their rebellion from the Books of Life.

Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve

Got them new names, till, wandering o’er the earth,

Through God’s high sufferance for the trial of man,

By falsities and lies the greatest part

Of mankind they corrupted to forsake

God their Creator, and th’ invisible

Glory of him that made them to transform

Oft to the image of a brute, adorned

With gay religions full of pomp and gold,

And devils to adore for deities:

Then were they known to men by various names,

And various idols through the heathen world.

Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who last,

Roused from the slumber on that fiery couch,

At their great Emperor’s call, as next in worth

Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,

While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof?

The chief were those who, from the pit of Hell

Roaming to seek their prey on Earth, durst fix

Their seats, long after, next the seat of God,

Their altars by his altar, gods adored

Among the nations round, and durst abide

Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned

Between the Cherubim; yea, often placed

Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,

Abominations; and with cursed things

His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned,

And with their darkness durst affront his light.

First, Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood

Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears;

Though, for the noise of drums and timbrels loud,

Their children's cries unheard that passed through fire

To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite

Worshiped in Rabba and her watery plain,

In Argob and in Basan, to the stream

Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such

Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart

Of Solomon he led by fraud to build

His temple right against the temple of God

On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove

The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence

And black Gehenna called, the type of Hell.

Next Chemos, th' obscene dread of Moab's sons,

From Aroar to Nebo and the wild

Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon

And Horonaim, Seon's real, beyond

The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines,

And Eleale to th' Asphaltic Pool:

Peor his other name, when he enticed

Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,

To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.

Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged

Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove

Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate,

Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.

With these came they who, from the bordering flood

Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts

Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names

Of Baalim and Ashtaroth—those male,

These feminine. For Spirits, when they please,

Can either sex assume, or both; so soft

And uncompounded is their essence pure,

Not tried or manacled with joint or limb,

Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,

Like cumbrous flesh; but, in what shape they choose,

Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,

Can execute their airy purposes,

And works of love or enmity fulfil.

For those the race of Israel oft forsook

Their Living Strength, and unfrequented left

His righteous altar, bowing lowly down

To bestial gods; for which their heads as low

Bowed down in battle, sunk before the spear

Of despicable foes. With these in troop

Came Astoreth, whom the Phoenicians called

Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent horns;

To whose bright image nightly by the moon

Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs;

In Sion also not unsung, where stood

Her temple on th' offensive mountain, built

By that uxorious king whose heart, though large,

Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell To idols foul.

Thammuz came next behind,

Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured

The Syrian damsels to lament his fate

In amorous ditties all a summer's day,

While smooth Adonis from his native rock

Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood

Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale

Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,

Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch

Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led,

His eye surveyed the dark idolatries

Of alienated Judah. Next came one

Who mourned in earnest, when the captive ark

Maimed his brute image, head and hands lopt off,

In his own temple, on the grunsel-edge,

Where he fell flat and shamed his worshippers:

Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man

And downward fish; yet had his temple high

Reared in Azotus, dreaded through the coast

Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,

And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.

Him followed Rimmon, whose delightful seat

Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks

Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.

He also against the house of God was bold:

A leper once he lost, and gained a king—

Ahaz, his sottish conqueror, whom he drew

God's altar to disparage and displace

For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn

His odious offerings, and adore the gods

Whom he had vanquished. After these appeared

A crew who, under names of old renown—

Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train—

With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused

Fanatic Egypt and her priests to seek

Their wandering gods disguised in brutish forms

Rather than human. Nor did Israel scape

Th' infection, when their borrowed gold composed

The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king

Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,

Likening his Maker to the grazed ox—

Jehovah, who, in one night, when he passed

From Egypt marching, equalled with one stroke

Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.

Belial came last; than whom a Spirit more lewd

Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love

Vice for itself. To him no temple stood

Or altar smoked; yet who more oft than he

In temples and at altars, when the priest

Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who filled

With lust and violence the house of God?

In courts and palaces he also reigns,

And in luxurious cities, where the noise

Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,

And injury and outrage; and, when night

Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons

Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.

Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night

In Gibeah, when the hospitable door

Exposed a matron, to avoid worse rape.

These were the prime in order and in might:

The rest were long to tell; though far renowned

Th' Ionian gods—of Javan's issue held

Gods, yet confessed later than Heaven and Earth,

Their boasted parents;—Titan, Heaven's first-born,

With his enormous brood, and birthright seized

By younger Saturn: he from mightier Jove,

His own and Rhea's son, like measure found;

So Jove usurping reigned. These, first in Crete

And Ida known, thence on the snowy top

Of cold Olympus ruled the middle air,

Their highest heaven; or on the Delphian cliff,

Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds

Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old

Fled over Adria to th' Hesperian fields,

And o'er the Celtic roamed the utmost Isles.

All these and more came flocking; but with looks

Downcast and damp; yet such wherein appeared

Obscure some glimpse of joy to have found their Chief

Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost

In loss itself; which on his countenance cast

Like doubtful hue. But he, his wonted pride

Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore

Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised

Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears.

Then straight commands that, at the warlike sound

Of trumpets loud and clarions, be upreared

His mighty standard. That proud honour claimed

Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall:

Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled

Th' imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,

Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,

With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,

Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while

Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:

At which the universal host up-sent

A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond

Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.

All in a moment through the gloom were seen

Ten thousand banners rise into the air,

With orient colours waving: with them rose

A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms

Appeared, and serried shields in thick array

Of depth immeasurable. Anon they move

In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood

Of flutes and soft recorders—such as raised

To height of noblest temper heroes old

Arming to battle, and instead of rage

Deliberate valour breathed, firm, and unmoved

With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;

Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage

With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase

Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain

From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,

Breathing united force with fixed thought,

Moved on in silence to soft pipes that charmed

Their painful steps o’er the burnt soil. And now

Advanced in view they stand—a horrid front

Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise

Of warriors old, with ordered spear and shield,

Awaiting what command their mighty Chief

Had to impose. He through the armed files

Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse

The whole battalion views—their order due,

Their visages and stature as of gods;

Their number last he sums. And now his heart

Distends with pride, and, hardening in his strength,

Glories: for never, since created Man,

Met such embodied force as, named with these,

Could merit more than that small infantry

Warred on by cranes—though all the giant brood

Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were joined

That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side

Mixed with auxiliar gods; and what resounds

In fable or romance of Uther's son,

Begirt with British and Armoric knights;

And all who since, baptized or infidel,

Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,

Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,

Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore

When Charlemain with all his peerage fell

By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond

Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed

Their dread Commander. He, above the rest

In shape and gesture proudly eminent,

Stood like a tower. His form had yet not lost

All her original brightness, nor appeared

Less than Archangel ruined, and th' excess

Of glory obscured: as when the sun new-risen

Looks through the horizontal misty air

Shorn of his beams, or, from behind the moon,

In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds

On half the nations, and with fear of change

Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone

Above them all th' Archangel: but his face

Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care

Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows

Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride

Waiting revenge. Cruel his eye, but cast

Signs of remorse and passion, to behold

The fellows of his crime, the followers rather

(Far other once beheld in bliss), condemned

For ever now to have their lot in pain—

Millions of Spirits for his fault amerced

Of Heaven, and from eternal splendours flung

For his revolt—yet faithful how they stood,

Their glory withered; as, when heaven's fire

Hath scathed the forest oaks or mountain pines,

With singed top their stately growth, though bare,

Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared

To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend

From wing to wing, and half enclose him round

With all his peers: attention held them mute.

Thrice he assayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,

Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth: at last

Words interwove with sighs found out their way:—

"O myriads of immortal Spirits! O Powers

Matchless, but with th' Almighty!—and that strife

Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,

As this place testifies, and this dire change,

Hateful to utter. But what power of mind,

Forseeing or presaging, from the depth

Of knowledge past or present, could have feared

How such united force of gods, how such

As stood like these, could ever know repulse?

For who can yet believe, though after loss,

That all these puissant legions, whose exile

Hath emptied Heaven, shall fail to re-ascend,

Self-raised, and repossess their native seat?

For me, be witness all the host of Heaven,

If counsels different, or danger shunned

By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns

Monarch in Heaven till then as one secure

Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,

Consent or custom, and his regal state

Put forth at full, but still his strength concealed—

Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.

Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,

So as not either to provoke, or dread

New war provoked: our better part remains

To work in close design, by fraud or guile,

What force effected not; that he no less

At length from us may find, who overcomes

By force hath overcome but half his foe.

Space may produce new Worlds; whereof so rife

There went a fame in Heaven that he ere long

Intended to create, and therein plant

A generation whom his choice regard

Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven.

Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps

Our first eruption—thither, or elsewhere;

For this infernal pit shall never hold

Celestial Spirits in bondage, nor th' Abyss

Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts

Full counsel must mature. Peace is despaired;

For who can think submission? War, then, war

Open or understood, must be resolved."

He spake; and, to confirm his words, outflew

Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs

Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze

Far round illumined Hell. Highly they raged

Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms

Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war,

Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top

Belched fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire

Shone with a glossy scurf—undoubted sign

That in his womb was hid metallic ore,

The work of sulphur. Thither, winged with speed,

A numerous brigade hastened: as when bands

Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe armed,

Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,

Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on—

Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell

From Heaven; for even in Heaven his looks and thoughts

Were always downward bent, admiring more

The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,

Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed

In vision beatific. By him first

Men also, and by his suggestion taught,

Ransacked the centre, and with impious hands

Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth

For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew

Opened into the hill a spacious wound,

And digged out ribs of gold. Let none admire

That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best

Deserve the precious bane. And here let those

Who boast in mortal things, and wondering tell

Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,

Learn how their greatest monuments of fame

And strength, and art, are easily outdone

By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour

What in an age they, with incessant toil

And hands innumerable, scarce perform.

Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepared,

That underneath had veins of liquid fire

Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude

With wondrous art founded the massy ore,

Severing each kind, and scummed the bullion-dross.

A third as soon had formed within the ground

A various mould, and from the boiling cells

By strange conveyance filled each hollow nook;

As in an organ, from one blast of wind,

To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.

Anon out of the earth a fabric huge

Rose like an exhalation, with the sound

Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet—

Built like a temple, where pilasters round

Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid

With golden architrave; nor did there want

Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven;

The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon

Nor great Alcairo such magnificence

Equalled in all their glories, to enshrine

Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat

Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove

In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile

Stood fixed her stately height, and straight the doors,

Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide

Within, her ample spaces o'er the smooth

And level pavement: from the arched roof,

Pendent by subtle magic, many a row

Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed

With naptha and asphaltus, yielded light

As from a sky. The hasty multitude

Admiring entered; and the work some praise,

And some the architect. His hand was known

In Heaven by many a towered structure high,

Where sceptred Angels held their residence,

And sat as Princes, whom the supreme King

Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,

Each in his Hierarchy, the Orders bright.

Nor was his name unheard or unadored

In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land

Men called him Mulciber; and how he fell

From Heaven they fabled, thrown by angry Jove

Sheer o’er the crystal battlements: from morn

To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,

A summer’s day, and with the setting sun

Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star,

On Lemnos, th’ Aegaean isle. Thus they relate,

Erring; for he with this rebellious rout

Fell long before; nor aught aviled him now

To have built in Heaven high towers; nor did he scape

By all his engines, but was headlong sent,

With his industrious crew, to build in Hell.

Meanwhile the winged Heralds, by command

Of sovereign power, with awful ceremony

And trumpet’s sound, throughout the host proclaim

A solemn council forthwith to be held

At Pandemonium, the high capital

Of Satan and his peers. Their summons called

From every band and squared regiment

By place or choice the worthiest: they anon

With hundreds and with thousands trooping came

Attended. All access was thronged; the gates

And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall

(Though like a covered field, where champions bold

Wont ride in armed, and at the Soldan's chair

Defied the best of Paynim chivalry

To mortal combat, or career with lance),

Thick swarmed, both on the ground and in the air,

Brushed with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees

In spring-time, when the Sun with Taurus rides,

Pour forth their populous youth about the hive

In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers

Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,

The suburb of their straw-built citadel,

New rubbed with balm, expatiate, and confer

Their state-affairs: so thick the airy crowd

Swarmed and were straitened; till, the signal given,

Behold a wonder! They but now who seemed

In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,

Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room

Throng numberless—like that pygmean race

Beyond the Indian mount; or faery elves,

Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side

Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,

Or dreams he sees, while overhead the Moon

Sits arbitress, and nearer to the Earth

Wheels her pale course: they, on their mirth and dance

Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;

At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.

Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms

Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large,

Though without number still, amidst the hall

Of that infernal court. But far within,

And in their own dimensions like themselves,

The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim

In close recess and secret conclave sat,

A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,

Frequent and full. After short silence then,

And summons read, the great consult began.

Book II

High on a throne of royal state, which far

Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,

Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand

Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,

Satan exalted sat, by merit raised

To that bad eminence; and, from despair

Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires

Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue

Vain war with Heaven; and, by success untaught,

His proud imaginations thus displayed:—

“Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heaven!—

For, since no deep within her gulf can hold

Immortal vigour, though oppressed and fallen,

I give not Heaven for lost: from this descent

Celestial Virtues rising will appear

More glorious and more dread than from no fall,

And trust themselves to fear no second fate!—

Me though just right, and the fixed laws of Heaven,

Did first create your leader—next, free choice

With what besides in council or in fight

Hath been achieved of merit—yet this loss,

Thus far at least recovered, hath much more

Established in a safe, unenvied throne,

Yielded with full consent. The happier state

In Heaven, which follows dignity, might draw

Envy from each inferior; but who here

Will envy whom the highest place exposes

Foremost to stand against the Thunderer’s aim

Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share

Of endless pain? Where there is, then, no good

For which to strive, no strife can grow up there

From faction: for none sure will claim in Hell

Precedence; none whose portion is so small

Of present pain that with ambitious mind

Will covet more! With this advantage, then,

To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,

More than can be in Heaven, we now return

To claim our just inheritance of old,

Surer to prosper than prosperity

Could have assured us; and by what best way,

Whether of open war or covert guile,

We now debate. Who can advise may speak.”

He ceased; and next him Moloch, sceptred king,

Stood up—the strongest and the fiercest Spirit

That fought in Heaven, now fiercer by despair.

His trust was with th’ Eternal to be deemed

Equal in strength, and rather than be less

Cared not to be at all; with that care lost

Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse,

He recked not, and these words thereafter spake:—

“My sentence is for open war. Of wiles,

More unexpert, I boast not: them let those

Contrive who need, or when they need; not now.

For, while they sit contriving, shall the rest—

Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait

The signal to ascend—sit lingering here,

Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place

Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,

The prison of his tryranny who reigns

By our delay? No! let us rather choose,

Armed with Hell-flames and fury, all at once

O'er Heaven's high towers to force resistless way,

Turning our tortures into horrid arms

Against the Torturer; when, to meet the noise

Of his almighty engine, he shall hear

Infernal thunder, and, for lightning, see

Black fire and horror shot with equal rage

Among his Angels, and his throne itself

Mixed with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,

His own invented torments. But perhaps

The way seems difficult, and steep to scale

With upright wing against a higher foe!

Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench

Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,

That in our proper motion we ascend

Up to our native seat; descent and fall

To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,

When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear

Insulting, and pursued us through the Deep,

With what compulsion and laborious flight

We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easy, then;

Th' event is feared! Should we again provoke

Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find

To our destruction, if there be in Hell

Fear to be worse destroyed! What can be worse

Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemned

In this abhorred deep to utter woe!

Where pain of unextinguishable fire

Must exercise us without hope of end

The vassals of his anger, when the scourge

Inexorably, and the torturing hour,

Calls us to penance? More destroyed than thus,

We should be quite abolished, and expire.

What fear we then? what doubt we to incense

His utmost ire? which, to the height enraged,

Will either quite consume us, and reduce

To nothing this essential—happier far

Than miserable to have eternal being!—

Or, if our substance be indeed divine,

And cannot cease to be, we are at worst

On this side nothing; and by proof we feel

Our power sufficient to disturb his Heaven,

And with perpetual inroads to alarm,

Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:

Which, if not victory, is yet revenge."

He ended frowning, and his look denounced

Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous

To less than gods. On th' other side up rose

Belial, in act more graceful and humane.

A fairer person lost not Heaven; he seemed

For dignity composed, and high exploit.

But all was false and hollow; though his tongue

Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear

The better reason, to perplex and dash

Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low—

To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds

Timorous and slothful. Yet he pleased the ear,

And with persuasive accent thus began:—

“I should be much for open war, O Peers,

As not behind in hate, if what was urged

Main reason to persuade immediate war

Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast

Ominous conjecture on the whole success;

When he who most excels in fact of arms,

In what he counsels and in what excels

Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair

And utter dissolution, as the scope

Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.

First, what revenge? The towers of Heaven are filled

With armed watch, that render all access

Impregnable: oft on the bordering Deep

Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing

Scout far and wide into the realm of Night,

Scorning surprise. Or, could we break our way

By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise

With blackest insurrection to confound

Heaven’s purest light, yet our great Enemy,

All incorruptible, would on his throne

Sit unpolluted, and th’ ethereal mould,

Incapable of stain, would soon expel

Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,

Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope

Is flat despair: we must exasperate

Th’ Almighty Victor to spend all his rage;

And that must end us; that must be our cure—

To be no more. Sad cure! for who would lose,

Though full of pain, this intellectual being,

Those thoughts that wander through eternity,

To perish rather, swallowed up and lost

In the wide womb of uncreated Night,

Devoid of sense and motion? And who knows,

Let this be good, whether our angry Foe

Can give it, or will ever? How he can

Is doubtful; that he never will is sure.

Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,

Belike through impotence or unaware,

To give his enemies their wish, and end

Them in his anger whom his anger saves

To punish endless? ‘Wherefore cease we, then?’

Say they who counsel war; ‘we are decreed,

Reserved, and destined to eternal woe;

Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,

What can we suffer worse?’ Is this, then, worst—

Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?

What when we fled amain, pursued and struck

With Heaven’s afflicting thunder, and besought

The Deep to shelter us? This Hell then seemed

A refuge from those wounds. Or when we lay

Chained on the burning lake? That sure was worse.

What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,

Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage,

And plunge us in the flames; or from above

Should intermitted vengeance arm again

His red right hand to plague us? What if all

Her stores were opened, and this firmament

Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,

Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall

One day upon our heads; while we perhaps,

Designing or exhorting glorious war,

Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurled,

Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey

Or racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk

Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains,

There to converse with everlasting groans,

Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,

Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse.

War, therefore, open or concealed, alike

My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile

With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye

Views all things at one view? He from Heaven's height

All these our motions vain sees and derides,

Not more almighty to resist our might

Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.

Shall we, then, live thus vile—the race of Heaven

Thus trampled, thus expelled, to suffer here

Chains and these torments? Better these than worse,

By my advice; since fate inevitable

Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,

The Victor's will. To suffer, as to do,

Our strength is equal; nor the law unjust

That so ordains. This was at first resolved,

If we were wise, against so great a foe

Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.

I laugh when those who at the spear are bold

And venturous, if that fail them, shrink, and fear

What yet they know must follow—to endure

Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,

The sentence of their Conqueror. This is now

Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,

Our Supreme Foe in time may much remit

His anger, and perhaps, thus far removed,

Not mind us not offending, satisfied

With what is punished; whence these raging fires

Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.

Our purer essence then will overcome

Their noxious vapour; or, inured, not feel;

Or, changed at length, and to the place conformed

In temper and in nature, will receive

Familiar the fierce heat; and, void of pain,

This horror will grow mild, this darkness light;

Besides what hope the never-ending flight

Of future days may bring, what chance, what change

Worth waiting—since our present lot appears

For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,

If we procure not to ourselves more woe."

Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason's garb,

Counselled ignoble ease and peaceful sloth,

Not peace; and after him thus Mammon spake:—

"Either to disenthrone the King of Heaven

We war, if war be best, or to regain

Our own right lost. Him to unthrone we then

May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield

To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife.

The former, vain to hope, argues as vain

The latter; for what place can be for us

Within Heaven's bound, unless Heaven's Lord supreme

We overpower? Suppose he should relent

And publish grace to all, on promise made

Of new subjection; with what eyes could we

Stand in his presence humble, and receive

Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne

With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing

Forced hallelujahs, while he lordly sits

Our envied sovereign, and his altar breathes

Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers,

Our servile offerings? This must be our task

In Heaven, this our delight. How wearisome

Eternity so spent in worship paid

To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue,

By force impossible, by leave obtained

Unacceptable, though in Heaven, our state

Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek

Our own good from ourselves, and from our own

Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,

Free and to none accountable, preferring

Hard liberty before the easy yoke

Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear

Then most conspicuous when great things of small,

Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,

We can create, and in what place soe'er

Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain

Through labour and endurance. This deep world

Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst

Thick clouds and dark doth Heaven's all-ruling Sire

Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,

And with the majesty of darkness round

Covers his throne, from whence deep thunders roar.

Mustering their rage, and Heaven resembles Hell!

As he our darkness, cannot we his light

Imitate when we please? This desert soil

Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;

Nor want we skill or art from whence to raise

Magnificence; and what can Heaven show more?

Our torments also may, in length of time,

Become our elements, these piercing fires

As soft as now severe, our temper changed

Into their temper; which must needs remove

The sensible of pain. All things invite

To peaceful counsels, and the settled state

Of order, how in safety best we may

Compose our present evils, with regard

Of what we are and where, dismissing quite

All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise."

He scarce had finished, when such murmur filled

Th' assembly as when hollow rocks retain

The sound of blustering winds, which all night long

Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull

Seafaring men o'erwatched, whose bark by chance

Or pinnace, anchors in a craggy bay

After the tempest. Such applause was heard

As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,

Advising peace: for such another field

They dreaded worse than Hell; so much the fear

Of thunder and the sword of Michael

Wrought still within them; and no less desire

To found this nether empire, which might rise,

By policy and long process of time,

In emulation opposite to Heaven.

Which when Beelzebub perceived—than whom,

Satan except, none higher sat—with grave

Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed

A pillar of state. Deep on his front engraven

Deliberation sat, and public care;

And princely counsel in his face yet shone,

Majestic, though in ruin. Sage he stood

With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear

The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look

Drew audience and attention still as night

Or summer's noontide air, while thus he spake:—

"Thrones and Imperial Powers, Offspring of Heaven,

Ethereal Virtues! or these titles now

Must we renounce, and, changing style, be called

Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote

Inclines—here to continue, and build up here

A growing empire; doubtless! while we dream,

And know not that the King of Heaven hath doomed

This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat

Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt

From Heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league

Banded against his throne, but to remain

In strictest bondage, though thus far removed,

Under th' inevitable curb, reserved

His captive multitude. For he, to be sure,

In height or depth, still first and last will reign

Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part

By our revolt, but over Hell extend

His empire, and with iron sceptre rule

Us here, as with his golden those in Heaven.

What sit we then projecting peace and war?

War hath determined us and foiled with loss

Irreparable; terms of peace yet none

Vouchsafed or sought; for what peace will be given

To us enslaved, but custody severe,

And stripes and arbitrary punishment

Inflicted? and what peace can we return,

But, to our power, hostility and hate,

Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow,

Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least

May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice

In doing what we most in suffering feel?

Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need

With dangerous expedition to invade

Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,

Or ambush from the Deep. What if we find

Some easier enterprise? There is a place

(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven

Err not)—another World, the happy seat

Of some new race, called Man, about this time

To be created like to us, though less

In power and excellence, but favoured more

Of him who rules above; so was his will

Pronounced among the Gods, and by an oath

That shook Heaven's whole circumference confirmed.

Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn

What creatures there inhabit, of what mould

Or substance, how endued, and what their power

And where their weakness: how attempted best,

By force of subtlety. Though Heaven be shut,

And Heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure

In his own strength, this place may lie exposed,

The utmost border of his kingdom, left

To their defence who hold it: here, perhaps,

Some advantageous act may be achieved

By sudden onset—either with Hell-fire

To waste his whole creation, or possess

All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,

The puny habitants; or, if not drive,

Seduce them to our party, that their God

May prove their foe, and with repenting hand

Abolish his own works. This would surpass

Common revenge, and interrupt his joy

In our confusion, and our joy upraise

In his disturbance; when his darling sons,

Hurled headlong to partake with us, shall curse

Their frail original, and faded bliss—

Faded so soon! Advise if this be worth

Attempting, or to sit in darkness here

Hatching vain empires." Thus Beelzebub

Pleaded his devilish counsel—first devised

By Satan, and in part proposed: for whence,

But from the author of all ill, could spring

So deep a malice, to confound the race

Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell

To mingle and involve, done all to spite

The great Creator? But their spite still serves

His glory to augment. The bold design

Pleased highly those infernal States, and joy

Sparkled in all their eyes: with full assent

They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews:—

"Well have ye judged, well ended long debate,

Synod of Gods, and, like to what ye are,

Great things resolved, which from the lowest deep

Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,

Nearer our ancient seat—perhaps in view

Of those bright confines, whence, with neighbouring arms,

And opportune excursion, we may chance

Re-enter Heaven; or else in some mild zone

Dwell, not unvisited of Heaven's fair light,

Secure, and at the brightening orient beam

Purge off this gloom: the soft delicious air,

To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,

Shall breathe her balm. But, first, whom shall we send

In search of this new World? whom shall we find

Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering feet

The dark, unbottomed, infinite Abyss,

And through the palpable obscure find out

His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight,

Upborne with indefatigable wings

Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive

The happy Isle? What strength, what art, can then

Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe,

Through the strict senteries and stations thick

Of Angels watching round? Here he had need

All circumspection: and we now no less

Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send

The weight of all, and our last hope, relies."

This said, he sat; and expectation held

His look suspense, awaiting who appeared

To second, or oppose, or undertake

The perilous attempt. But all sat mute,

Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each

In other's countenance read his own dismay,

Astonished. None among the choice and prime

Of those Heaven-warring champions could be found

So hardy as to proffer or accept,

Alone, the dreadful voyage; till, at last,

Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised

Above his fellows, with monarchal pride

Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake:—

“O Progeny of Heaven! Empyreal Thrones!

With reason hath deep silence and demur

Seized us, though undismayed. Long is the way

And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light.

Our prison strong, this huge convex of fire,

Outrageous to devour, immures us round

Ninefold; and gates of burning adamant,

Barred over us, prohibit all egress.

These passed, if any pass, the void profound

Of unessential Night receives him next,

Wide-gaping, and with utter loss of being

Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf.

If thence he scape, into whatever world,

Or unknown region, what remains him less

Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?

But I should ill become this throne, O Peers,

And this imperial sovereignty, adorned

With splendour, armed with power, if aught proposed

And judged of public moment in the shape

Of difficulty or danger, could deter

Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume

These royalties, and not refuse to reign,

Refusing to accept as great a share

Of hazard as of honour, due alike

To him who reigns, and so much to him due

Of hazard more as he above the rest

High honoured sits? Go, therefore, mighty Powers,

Terror of Heaven, though fallen; intend at home,

While here shall be our home, what best may ease

The present misery, and render Hell

More tolerable; if there be cure or charm

To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain

Of this ill mansion: intermit no watch

Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad

Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek

Deliverance for us all. This enterprise

None shall partake with me." Thus saying, rose

The Monarch, and prevented all reply;

Prudent lest, from his resolution raised,

Others among the chief might offer now,

Certain to be refused, what erst they feared,

And, so refused, might in opinion stand

His rivals, winning cheap the high repute

Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they

Dreaded not more th' adventure than his voice

Forbidding; and at once with him they rose.

Their rising all at once was as the sound

Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend

With awful reverence prone, and as a God

Extol him equal to the Highest in Heaven.

Nor failed they to express how much they praised

That for the general safety he despised

His own: for neither do the Spirits damned

Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should boast

Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,

Or close ambition varnished o'er with zeal.

Thus they their doubtful consultations dark

Ended, rejoicing in their matchless Chief:

As, when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds

Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'erspread

Heaven's cheerful face, the louring element

Scowls o'er the darkened landscape snow or shower,

If chance the radiant sun, with farewell sweet,

Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,

The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds

Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.

O shame to men! Devil with devil damned

Firm concord holds; men only disagree

Of creatures rational, though under hope

Of heavenly grace, and, God proclaiming peace,

Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife

Among themselves, and levy cruel wars

Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:

As if (which might induce us to accord)

Man had not hellish foes enow besides,

That day and night for his destruction wait!

The Stygian council thus dissolved; and forth

In order came the grand infernal Peers:

Midst came their mighty Paramount, and seemed

Alone th' antagonist of Heaven, nor less

Than Hell's dread Emperor, with pomp supreme,

And god-like imitated state: him round

A globe of fiery Seraphim enclosed

With bright emblazonry, and horrent arms.

Then of their session ended they bid cry

With trumpet's regal sound the great result:

Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim

Put to their mouths the sounding alchemy,

By herald's voice explained; the hollow Abyss

Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell

With deafening shout returned them loud acclaim.

Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat raised

By false presumptuous hope, the ranged Powers

Disband; and, wandering, each his several way

Pursues, as inclination or sad choice

Leads him perplexed, where he may likeliest find

Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain

The irksome hours, till his great Chief return.

Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,

Upon the wing or in swift race contend,

As at th' Olympian games or Pythian fields;

Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal

With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form:

As when, to warn proud cities, war appears

Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush

To battle in the clouds; before each van

Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their spears,

Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms

From either end of heaven the welkin burns.

Others, with vast Typhoean rage, more fell,

Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air

In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar:—

As when Alcides, from Oechalia crowned

With conquest, felt th' envenomed robe, and tore

Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,

And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw

Into th' Euboic sea. Others, more mild,

Retreated in a silent valley, sing

With notes angelical to many a harp

Their own heroic deeds, and hapless fall

By doom of battle, and complain that Fate

Free Virtue should enthrall to Force or Chance.

Their song was partial; but the harmony

(What could it less when Spirits immortal sing?)

Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment

The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet

(For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Sense)

Others apart sat on a hill retired,

In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high

Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate—

Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,

And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.

Of good and evil much they argued then,

Of happiness and final misery,

Passion and apathy, and glory and shame:

Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy!—

Yet, with a pleasing sorcery, could charm

Pain for a while or anguish, and excite

Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured breast

With stubborn patience as with triple steel.

Another part, in squadrons and gross bands,

On bold adventure to discover wide

That dismal world, if any clime perhaps

Might yield them easier habitation, bend

Four ways their flying march, along the banks

Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge

Into the burning lake their baleful streams—

Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;

Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep;

Cocytus, named of lamentation loud

Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegeton,

Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.

Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,

Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls

Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks

Forthwith his former state and being forgets—

Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.

Beyond this flood a frozen continent

Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms

Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land

Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems

Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,

A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog

Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,

Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air

Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of fire.

Thither, by harpy-footed Furies haled,

At certain revolutions all the damned

Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change

Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,

From beds of raging fire to starve in ice

Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine

Immovable, infixed, and frozen round

Periods of time,—thence hurried back to fire.

They ferry over this Lethean sound

Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,

And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach

The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose

In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,

All in one moment, and so near the brink;

But Fate withstands, and, to oppose th' attempt,

Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards

The ford, and of itself the water flies

All taste of living wight, as once it fled

The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on

In confused march forlorn, th’ adventurous bands,

With shuddering horror pale, and eyes aghast,

Viewed first their lamentable lot, and found

No rest. Through many a dark and dreary vale

They passed, and many a region dolorous,

O’er many a frozen, many a fiery alp,

Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death—

A universe of death, which God by curse

Created evil, for evil only good;

Where all life dies, death lives, and Nature breeds,

Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,

Abominable, inutterable, and worse

Than fables yet have feigned or fear conceived,

Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire.

Meanwhile the Adversary of God and Man,

Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,

Puts on swift wings, and toward the gates of Hell

Explores his solitary flight: sometimes

He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left;

Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars

Up to the fiery concave towering high.

As when far off at sea a fleet descried

Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds

Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles

Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring

Their spicy drugs; they on the trading flood,

Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,

Ply stemming nightly toward the pole: so seemed

Far off the flying Fiend. At last appear

Hell-bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,

And thrice threefold the gates; three folds were brass,

Three iron, three of adamantine rock,

Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,

Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat

On either side a formidable Shape.

The one seemed woman to the waist, and fair,

But ended foul in many a scaly fold,

Voluminous and vast—a serpent armed

With mortal sting. About her middle round

A cry of Hell-hounds never-ceasing barked

With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung

A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep,

If aught disturbed their noise, into her womb,

And kennel there; yet there still barked and howled

Within unseen. Far less abhorred than these

Vexed Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts

Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore;

Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, called

In secret, riding through the air she comes,

Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance

With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon

Eclipses at their charms. The other Shape—

If shape it might be called that shape had none

Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;

Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,

For each seemed either—black it stood as Night,

Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,

And shook a dreadful dart: what seemed his head

The likeness of a kingly crown had on.

Satan was now at hand, and from his seat

The monster moving onward came as fast

With horrid strides; Hell trembled as he strode.

Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admired—

Admired, not feared (God and his Son except,

Created thing naught valued he nor shunned),

And with disdainful look thus first began:—

"Whence and what art thou, execrable Shape,

That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance

Thy miscreated front athwart my way

To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass,

That be assured, without leave asked of thee.

Retire; or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,

Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heaven."

To whom the Goblin, full of wrath, replied:—

"Art thou that traitor Angel? art thou he,

Who first broke peace in Heaven and faith, till then

Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms

Drew after him the third part of Heaven's sons,

Conjured against the Highest—for which both thou

And they, outcast from God, are here condemned

To waste eternal days in woe and pain?

And reckon'st thou thyself with Spirits of Heaven

Hell-doomed, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,

Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,

Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,

False fugitive; and to thy speed add wings,

Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue

Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart

Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."

So spake the grisly Terror, and in shape,

So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold,

More dreadful and deform. On th' other side,

Incensed with indignation, Satan stood

Unterrified, and like a comet burned,

That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge

In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair

Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head

Levelled his deadly aim; their fatal hands

No second stroke intend; and such a frown

Each cast at th' other as when two black clouds,

With heaven's artillery fraught, came rattling on

Over the Caspian,—then stand front to front

Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow

To join their dark encounter in mid-air.

So frowned the mighty combatants that Hell

Grew darker at their frown; so matched they stood;

For never but once more was wither like

To meet so great a foe. And now great deeds

Had been achieved, whereof all Hell had rung,

Had not the snaky Sorceress, that sat

Fast by Hell-gate and kept the fatal key,

Risen, and with hideous outcry rushed between.

"O father, what intends thy hand," she cried,

"Against thy only son? What fury, O son,

Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart

Against thy father's head? And know'st for whom?

For him who sits above, and laughs the while

At thee, ordained his drudge to execute

Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids—

His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both!"

She spake, and at her words the hellish Pest

Forbore: then these to her Satan returned:—

“So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange

Thou interposest, that my sudden hand,

Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds

What it intends, till first I know of thee

What thing thou art, thus double-formed, and why,

In this infernal vale first met, thou call’st

Me father, and that phantasm call’st my son.

I know thee not, nor ever saw till now

Sight more detestable than him and thee.”

T’ whom thus the Portress of Hell-gate replied:—

“Hast thou forgot me, then; and do I seem

Now in thine eye so foul?—once deemed so fair

In Heaven, when at th’ assembly, and in sight

Of all the Seraphim with thee combined

In bold conspiracy against Heaven’s King,

All on a sudden miserable pain

Surprised thee, dim thine eyes and dizzy swum

In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast

Threw forth, till on the left side opening wide,

Likest to thee in shape and countenance bright,

Then shining heavenly fair, a goddess armed,

Out of thy head I sprung. Amazement seized

All th’ host of Heaven; back they recoiled afraid

At first, and called me Sin, and for a sign

Portentous held me; but, familiar grown,

I pleased, and with attractive graces won

The most averse—thee chiefly, who, full oft

Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing,

Becam’st enamoured; and such joy thou took’st

With me in secret that my womb conceived

A growing burden. Meanwhile war arose,

And fields were fought in Heaven: wherein remained

(For what could else?) to our Almighty Foe

Clear victory; to our part loss and rout

Through all the Empyrean. Down they fell,

Driven headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down

Into this Deep; and in the general fall

I also: at which time this powerful key

Into my hands was given, with charge to keep

These gates for ever shut, which none can pass

Without my opening. Pensive here I sat

Alone; but long I sat not, till my womb,

Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,

Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes.

At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,

Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,

Tore through my entrails, that, with fear and pain

Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew

Transformed: but he my inbred enemy

Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart,

Made to destroy. I fled, and cried out Death!

Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sighed

From all her caves, and back resounded Death!

I fled; but he pursued (though more, it seems,

Inflamed with lust than rage), and, swifter far,

Me overtook, his mother, all dismayed,

And, in embraces forcible and foul

Engendering with me, of that rape begot

These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry

Surround me, as thou saw'st—hourly conceived

And hourly born, with sorrow infinite

To me; for, when they list, into the womb

That bred them they return, and howl, and gnaw

My bowels, their repast; then, bursting forth

Afresh, with conscious terrors vex me round,

That rest or intermission none I find.

Before mine eyes in opposition sits

Grim Death, my son and foe, who set them on,

And me, his parent, would full soon devour

For want of other prey, but that he knows

His end with mine involved, and knows that I

Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,

Whenever that shall be: so Fate pronounced.

But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun

His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope

To be invulnerable in those bright arms,

Through tempered heavenly; for that mortal dint,

Save he who reigns above, none can resist."

She finished; and the subtle Fiend his lore

Soon learned, now milder, and thus answered smooth:—

"Dear daughter—since thou claim'st me for thy sire,

And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge

Of dalliance had with thee in Heaven, and joys

Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change

Befallen us unforeseen, unthought-of—know,

I come no enemy, but to set free

From out this dark and dismal house of pain

Both him and thee, and all the heavenly host

Of Spirits that, in our just pretences armed,

Fell with us from on high. From them I go

This uncouth errand sole, and one for all

Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread

Th' unfounded Deep, and through the void immense

To search, with wandering quest, a place foretold

Should be—and, by concurring signs, ere now

Created vast and round—a place of bliss

In the purlieus of Heaven; and therein placed

A race of upstart creatures, to supply

Perhaps our vacant room, though more removed,

Lest Heaven, surcharged with potent multitude,

Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or aught

Than this more secret, now designed,

I haste To know; and, this once known, shall soon return,

And bring ye to the place where thou and Death

Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen

Wing silently the buxom air, embalmed

With odours. There ye shall be fed and filled

Immeasurably; all things shall be your prey.”

He ceased; for both seemed highly pleased, and Death

Grinned horrible a ghastly smile, to hear

His famine should be filled, and blessed his maw

Destined to that good hour. No less rejoiced

His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire:—

“The key of this infernal Pit, by due

And by command of Heaven’s all-powerful King,

I keep, by him forbidden to unlock

These adamantine gates; against all force

Death ready stands to interpose his dart,

Fearless to be o’ermatched by living might.

But what owe I to his commands above,

Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down

Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,

To sit in hateful office here confined,

Inhabitant of Heaven and heavenly born—

Here in perpetual agony and pain,

With terrors and with clamours compassed round

Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?

Thou art my father, thou my author, thou

My being gav'st me; whom should I obey

But thee? whom follow? Thou wilt bring me soon

To that new world of light and bliss, among

The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign

At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems

Thy daughter and thy darling, without end."

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,

Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;

And, towards the gate rolling her bestial train,

Forthwith the huge portcullis high up-drew,

Which, but herself, not all the Stygian Powers

Could once have moved; then in the key-hole turns

Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar

Of massy iron or solid rock with ease

Unfastens. On a sudden open fly,

With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,

Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate

Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook

Of Erebus. She opened; but to shut

Excelled her power: the gates wide open stood,

That with extended wings a bannered host,

Under spread ensigns marching, mibht pass through

With horse and chariots ranked in loose array;

So wide they stood, and like a furnace-mouth

Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.

Before their eyes in sudden view appear

The secrets of the hoary Deep—a dark

Illimitable ocean, without bound,

Without dimension; where length, breadth, and height,

And time, and place, are lost; where eldest Night

And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold

Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise

Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.

For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four champions fierce,

Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring

Their embryon atoms: they around the flag

Of each his faction, in their several clans,

Light-armed or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,

Swarm populous, unnumbered as the sands

Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,

Levied to side with warring winds, and poise

Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere

He rules a moment: Chaos umpire sits,

And by decision more embroils the fray

By which he reigns: next him, high arbiter,

Chance governs all. Into this wild Abyss,

The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,

Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,

But all these in their pregnant causes mixed

Confusedly, and which thus must ever fight,

Unless th' Almighty Maker them ordain

His dark materials to create more worlds—

Into this wild Abyss the wary Fiend

Stood on the brink of Hell and looked a while,

Pondering his voyage; for no narrow frith

He had to cross. Nor was his ear less pealed

With noises loud and ruinous (to compare

Great things with small) than when Bellona storms

With all her battering engines, bent to rase

Some capital city; or less than if this frame

Of Heaven were falling, and these elements

In mutiny had from her axle torn

The steadfast Earth. At last his sail-broad vans

He spread for flight, and, in the surging smoke

Uplifted, spurns the ground; thence many a league,

As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides

Audacious; but, that seat soon failing, meets

A vast vacuity. All unawares,

Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb-down he drops

Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour

Down had been falling, had not, by ill chance,

The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,

Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him

As many miles aloft. That fury stayed—

Quenched in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,

Nor good dry land—nigh foundered, on he fares,

Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,

Half flying; behoves him now both oar and sail.

As when a gryphon through the wilderness

With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,

Pursues the Arimaspian, who by stealth

Had from his wakeful custody purloined

The guarded gold; so eagerly the Fiend

O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,

With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,

And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.

At length a universal hubbub wild

Of stunning sounds, and voices all confused,

Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear

With loudest vehemence. Thither he plies

Undaunted, to meet there whatever Power

Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss

Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask

Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies

Bordering on light; when straight behold the throne

Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread

Wide on the wasteful Deep! With him enthroned

Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things, T

he consort of his reign; and by them stood

Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name

Of Demogorgon; Rumour next, and Chance,

And Tumult, and Confusion, all embroiled,

And Discord with a thousand various mouths.

T’ whom Satan, turning boldly, thus:—

”Ye Powers And Spirtis of this nethermost Abyss,

Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy

With purpose to explore or to disturb

The secrets of your realm; but, by constraint

Wandering this darksome desert, as my way

Lies through your spacious empire up to light,

Alone and without guide, half lost, I seek,

What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds

Confine with Heaven; or, if some other place,

From your dominion won, th’ Ethereal King

Possesses lately, thither to arrive

I travel this profound. Direct my course:

Directed, no mean recompense it brings

To your behoof, if I that region lost,

All usurpation thence expelled, reduce

To her original darkness and your sway

(Which is my present journey), and once more

Erect the standard there of ancient Night.

Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge!"

Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,

With faltering speech and visage incomposed,

Answered: "I know thee, stranger, who thou art— ***

That mighty leading Angel, who of late

Made head against Heaven's King, though overthrown.

I saw and heard; for such a numerous host

Fled not in silence through the frighted

Deep, With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,

Confusion worse confounded; and Heaven-gates

Poured out by millions her victorious bands,

Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here

Keep residence; if all I can will serve

That little which is left so to defend,

Encroached on still through our intestine broils

Weakening the sceptre of old Night: first, Hell,

Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath;

Now lately Heaven and Earth, another world

Hung o'er my realm, linked in a golden chain

To that side Heaven from whence your legions fell!

If that way be your walk, you have not far;

So much the nearer danger. Go, and speed;

Havoc, and spoil, and ruin, are my gain."

He ceased; and Satan stayed not to reply,

But, glad that now his sea should find a shore,

With fresh alacrity and force renewed

Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,

Into the wild expanse, and through the shock

Of fighting elements, on all sides round

Environed, wins his way; harder beset

And more endangered than when Argo passed

Through Bosporus betwixt the justling rocks,

Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunned

Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steered.

So he with difficulty and labour hard

Moved on, with difficulty and labour he;

But, he once passed, soon after, when Man fell,

Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain,

Following his track (such was the will of Heaven)

Paved after him a broad and beaten way

Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling gulf

Tamely endured a bridge of wondrous length,

From Hell continued, reaching th' utmost orb

Of this frail World; by which the Spirits perverse

With easy intercourse pass to and fro

To tempt or punish mortals, except whom

God and good Angels guard by special grace.

But now at last the sacred influence

Of light appears, and from the walls of Heaven

Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night

A glimmering dawn. Here Nature first begins

Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire,

As from her outmost works, a broken foe,

With tumult less and with less hostile din;

That Satan with less toil, and now with ease,

Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,

And, like a weather-beaten vessel, holds

Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn;

Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,

Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold

Far off th' empyreal Heaven, extended wide

In circuit, undetermined square or round,

With opal towers and battlements adorned

Of living sapphire, once his native seat;

And, fast by, hanging in a golden chain,

This pendent World, in bigness as a star

Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.

Thither, full fraught with mischievous revenge,

Accursed, and in a cursed hour, he hies.

Book III

Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven firstborn,

Or of the Eternal coeternal beam:

May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,

And never but in unapproached light

Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee

Bright effluence of bright essence increate.

Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,

Whose fountain who shall tell? before the sun,

Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice

Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest

The rising world of waters dark and deep,

Won from the void and formless infinite.

Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,

Escap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd

In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight

Through utter and through middle darkness borne,

With other notes than to the Orphean lyre

I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;

Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down

The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,

Though hard and rare: Thee I revisit safe,

And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou

Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain

To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;

So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,

Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more

Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt,

Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,

Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief

Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,

That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,

Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget

So were I equall'd with them in renown,

Thy sovran command, that Man should find grace;

Blind Thamyris, and blind Maeonides,

And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old:

Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move

Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird

Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid

Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year

Seasons return; but not to me returns

Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,

Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,

Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;

But cloud instead, and ever-during dark

Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men

Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair

Presented with a universal blank

Of nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd,

And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.

So much the rather thou, celestial Light,

Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers

Irradiate; there plant eyes, all mist from thence

Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell

Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Now had the Almighty Father from above,

From the pure empyrean where he sits

High thron'd above all highth, bent down his eye

His own works and their works at once to view:

About him all the Sanctities of Heaven

Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd

Beatitude past utterance; on his right

The radiant image of his glory sat,

His only son; on earth he first beheld

Our two first parents, yet the only two

Of mankind in the happy garden plac'd

Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,

Uninterrupted joy, unrivall'd love,

In blissful solitude; he then survey'd

Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there

Coasting the wall of Heaven on this side Night

In the dun air sublime, and ready now

To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet,

On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd

Firm land imbosom'd, without firmament,

Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.

Him God beholding from his prospect high,

Wherein past, present, future, he beholds,

Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake.

Only begotten Son, seest thou what rage

Transports our Adversary? whom no bounds

Prescrib'd no bars of Hell, nor all the chains

Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyss

Wide interrupt, can hold; so bent he seems

On desperate revenge, that shall redound

Upon his own rebellious head. And now,

Through all restraint broke loose, he wings his way

Not far off Heaven, in the precincts of light,

Directly towards the new created world,

And man there plac'd, with purpose to assay

If him by force he can destroy, or, worse,

By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert;

For man will hearken to his glozing lies,

And easily transgress the sole command,

Sole pledge of his obedience: So will fall

He and his faithless progeny: Whose fault?

Whose but his own? ingrate, he had of me

All he could have; I made him just and right,

Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.

Such I created all the ethereal Powers

And Spirits, both them who stood, and them who fail'd;

Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.

Not free, what proof could they have given sincere

Of true allegiance, constant faith or love,

Where only what they needs must do appear'd,

Not what they would? what praise could they receive?

What pleasure I from such obedience paid,

When will and reason (reason also is choice)

Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,

Made passive both, had serv'd necessity,

Not me? they therefore, as to right belong'd,

So were created, nor can justly accuse

Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,

As if predestination over-rul'd

Their will dispos'd by absolute decree

Or high foreknowledge they themselves decreed

Their own revolt, not I; if I foreknew,

Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,

Which had no less proved certain unforeknown.

So without least impulse or shadow of fate,

Or aught by me immutably foreseen,

They trespass, authors to themselves in all

Both what they judge, and what they choose; for so

I form'd them free: and free they must remain,

Till they enthrall themselves; I else must change

Their nature, and revoke the high decree

Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd

Their freedom: they themselves ordain'd their fall.

The first sort by their own suggestion fell,

Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: Man falls, deceiv'd

By the other first: Man therefore shall find grace,

The other none: In mercy and justice both,

Through Heaven and Earth, so shall my glory excel;

But Mercy, first and last, shall brightest shine.

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd

All Heaven, and in the blessed Spirits elect

Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd.

Beyond compare the Son of God was seen

Most glorious; in him all his Father shone

Substantially express'd; and in his face

Divine compassion visibly appear'd,

Love without end, and without measure grace,

Which uttering, thus he to his Father spake.

O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd

Thy sovran command, that Man should find grace;

For which both Heaven and earth shall high extol

Thy praises, with the innumerable sound

Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne

Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.

For should Man finally be lost, should Man,

Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest son,

Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd

With his own folly? that be from thee far,

That far be from thee, Father, who art judge

Of all things made, and judgest only right.

Or shall the Adversary thus obtain

His end, and frustrate thine? shall he fulfill

His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought,

Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,

Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to Hell

Draw after him the whole race of mankind,

By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself

Abolish thy creation, and unmake

For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?

So should thy goodness and thy greatness both

Be question'd and blasphem'd without defence.

To whom the great Creator thus replied.

O son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,

Son of my bosom, Son who art alone.

My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,

All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all

As my eternal purpose hath decreed;

Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will;

Yet not of will in him, but grace in me

Freely vouchsaf'd; once more I will renew

His lapsed powers, though forfeit; and enthrall'd

By sin to foul exorbitant desires;

Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand

On even ground against his mortal foe;

By me upheld, that he may know how frail

His fallen condition is, and to me owe

All his deliverance, and to none but me.

Some I have chosen of peculiar grace,

Elect above the rest; so is my will:

The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd

Their sinful state, and to appease betimes

The incensed Deity, while offer'd grace

Invites; for I will clear their senses dark,

What may suffice, and soften stony hearts

To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.

To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,

Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,

Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.

And I will place within them as a guide,

My umpire Conscience; whom if they will hear,

Light after light, well us'd, they shall attain,

And to the end, persisting, safe arrive.

This my long sufferance, and my day of grace,

They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste;

But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more,

That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;

And none but such from mercy I exclude.

But yet all is not done; Man disobeying,

Disloyal, breaks his fealty, and sins

Against the high supremacy of Heaven,

Affecting God-head, and, so losing all,

To expiate his treason hath nought left,

But to destruction sacred and devote,

He, with his whole posterity, must die,

Die he or justice must; unless for him

Some other able, and as willing, pay

The rigid satisfaction, death for death.

Say, heavenly Powers, where shall we find such love?

Which of you will be mortal, to redeem

Man's mortal crime, and just the unjust to save?

Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear?

And silence was in Heaven: on Man's behalf

He ask'd, but all the heavenly quire stood mute,

Patron or intercessour none appear'd,

Much less that durst upon his own head draw

The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.

And now without redemption all mankind

Must have been lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell

By doom severe, had not the Son of God,

In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,

His dearest mediation thus renew'd.

Father, thy word is past, Man shall find grace;

And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,

The speediest of thy winged messengers,

To visit all thy creatures, and to all

Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought?

Happy for Man, so coming; he her aid

Can never seek, once dead in sins, and lost;

Atonement for himself, or offering meet,

Indebted and undone, hath none to bring;

Behold me then: me for him, life for life

I offer: on me let thine anger fall;

Account me Man; I for his sake will leave

Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee

Freely put off, and for him lastly die

Well pleased; on me let Death wreak all his rage.

Under his gloomy power I shall not long

Lie vanquished. Thou hast given me to possess

Life in myself for ever; by thee I live;

Though now to Death I yield, and am his due,

All that of me can die, yet, that debt paid,

thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave

His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul

For ever with corruption there to dwell;

But I shall rise victorious, and subdue

My vanquisher, spoiled of his vaunted spoil.

Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop

Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarmed;

I through the ample air in triumph high

Shall lead Hell captive maugre Hell, and show

The powers of darkness bound. Thou, at the sight

Pleased, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,

While, by thee raised, I ruin all my foes;

Death last, and with his carcass glut the grave;

Then, with the multitude of my redeemed,

Shall enter Heaven, long absent, and return,

Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud

Of anger shall remain, but peace assured

And reconcilement: wrath shall be no more

Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire.

His words here ended; but his meek aspect

Silent yet spake, and breathed immortal love

To mortal men, above which only shone

Filial obedience: as a sacrifice

Glad to be offered, he attends the will

Of his great Father. Admiration seized

All Heaven, what this might mean, and whither tend,

Wondering; but soon th' Almighty thus replied.

O thou in Heaven and Earth the only peace

Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou

My sole complacence! Well thou know'st how dear

To me are all my works; nor Man the least,

Though last created, that for him I spare

Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,

By losing thee a while, the whole race lost.

Thou, therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,

Their nature also to thy nature join;

And be thyself Man among men on Earth,

Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,

By wondrous birth; be thou in Adam's room

The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.

As in him perish all men, so in thee,

As from a second root, shall be restored

As many as are restored, without thee none.

His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy merit,

Imputed, shall absolve them who renounce

Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,

And live in thee transplanted, and from thee

Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,

Shall satisfy for Man, be judged and die,

And dying rise, and rising with him raise

His brethren, ransomed with his own dear life.

So heavenly love shall outdo hellish hate,

Giving to death, and dying to redeem,

So dearly to redeem what hellish hate

So easily destroyed, and still destroys

In those who, when they may, accept not grace.

Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume

Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.

Because thou hast, though throned in highest bliss

Equal to God, and equally enjoying

God-like fruition, quitted all, to save

A world from utter loss, and hast been found

By merit more than birthright Son of God,

Found worthiest to be so by being good,

Far more than great or high; because in thee

Love hath abounded more than glory abounds;

Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt

With thee thy manhood also to this throne:

Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign

Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,

Anointed universal King; all power

I give thee; reign for ever, and assume

Thy merits; under thee, as head supreme,

Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions, I reduce:

All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide

In Heaven, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell.

When thou, attended gloriously from Heaven,

Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send

The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaim

Thy dread tribunal; forthwith from all winds,

The living, and forthwith the cited dead

Of all past ages, to the general doom

Shall hasten; such a peal shall rouse their sleep.

Then, all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge

Bad Men and Angels; they, arraigned, shall sink

Beneath thy sentence; Hell, her numbers full,

Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while

The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring

New Heaven and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell,

And, after all their tribulations long,

See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,

With joy and peace triumphing, and fair truth.

Then thou thy regal scepter shalt lay by,

For regal scepter then no more shall need,

God shall be all in all. But, all ye Gods,

Adore him, who to compass all this dies;

Adore the Son, and honour him as me.

No sooner had the Almighty ceased, but all

The multitude of Angels, with a shout

Loud as from numbers without number, sweet

As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heaven rung

With jubilee, and loud Hosannas filled

The eternal regions: Lowly reverent

Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground

With solemn adoration down they cast

Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold;

Immortal amarant, a flower which once

In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,

Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence

To Heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows,

And flowers aloft shading the fount of life,

And where the river of bliss through midst of Heaven

Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream;

With these that never fade the Spirits elect

Bind their resplendent locks inwreathed with beams;

Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright

Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,

Impurpled with celestial roses smiled.

Then, crowned again, their golden harps they took,

Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their side

Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet

Of charming symphony they introduce

Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;

No voice exempt, no voice but well could join

Melodious part, such concord is in Heaven.

Thee, Father, first they sung

Omnipotent, Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,

Eternal King; the Author of all being,

Fountain of light, thyself invisible

Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st

Throned inaccessible, but when thou shadest

The full blaze of thy beams, and, through a cloud

Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,

Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear,

Yet dazzle Heaven, that brightest Seraphim

Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.

Thee next they sang of all creation first,

Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,

In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud

Made visible, the Almighty Father shines,

Whom else no creature can behold; on thee

Impressed the effulgence of his glory abides,

Transfused on thee his ample Spirit rests.

He Heaven of Heavens and all the Powers therein

By thee created; and by thee threw down

The aspiring Dominations: Thou that day

Thy Father’s dreadful thunder didst not spare,

Nor stop thy flaming chariot-wheels, that shook

Heaven’s everlasting frame, while o’er the necks

Thou drovest of warring Angels disarrayed.

Back from pursuit thy Powers with loud acclaim

Thee only extolled, Son of thy Father’s might,

To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,

Not so on Man: Him through their malice fallen,

Father of mercy and grace, thou didst not doom

So strictly, but much more to pity incline:

No sooner did thy dear and only Son

Perceive thee purposed not to doom frail

Man So strictly, but much more to pity inclined,

He to appease thy wrath, and end the strife

Of mercy and justice in thy face discerned,

Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat

Second to thee, offered himself to die

For Man’s offence. O unexampled love,

Love no where to be found less than Divine!

Hail, Son of God, Saviour of Men! Thy name

Shall be the copious matter of my song

Henceforth, and never shall my heart thy praise

Forget, nor from thy Father’s praise disjoin.

Thus they in Heaven, above the starry sphere,

Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.

Mean while upon the firm opacous globe

Of this round world, whose first convex divides

The luminous inferiour orbs, enclosed

From Chaos, and the inroad of Darkness old,

Satan alighted walks: A globe far off

It seemed, now seems a boundless continent

Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night

Starless exposed, and ever-threatening storms

Of Chaos blustering round, inclement sky;

Save on that side which from the wall of Heaven,

Though distant far, some small reflection gains

Of glimmering air less vexed with tempest loud:

Here walked the Fiend at large in spacious field.

As when a vultur on Imaus bred,

Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,

Dislodging from a region scarce of prey

To gorge the flesh of lambs or yeanling kids,

On hills where flocks are fed, flies toward the springs

Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams;

But in his way lights on the barren plains

Of Sericana, where Chineses drive

With sails and wind their cany waggons light:

So, on this windy sea of land, the Fiend

Walked up and down alone, bent on his prey;

Alone, for other creature in this place,

Living or lifeless, to be found was none;

None yet, but store hereafter from the earth

Up hither like aereal vapours flew

Of all things transitory and vain, when sin

With vanity had filled the works of men:

Both all things vain, and all who in vain things

Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,

Or happiness in this or the other life;

All who have their reward on earth, the fruits

Of painful superstition and blind zeal,

Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find

Fit retribution, empty as their deeds;

All the unaccomplished works of Nature's hand,

Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixed,

Dissolved on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,

Till final dissolution, wander here;

Not in the neighbouring moon as some have dreamed;

Those argent fields more likely habitants,

Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold

Betwixt the angelical and human kind.

Hither of ill-joined sons and daughters born

First from the ancient world those giants came

With many a vain exploit, though then renowned:

The builders next of Babel on the plain

Of Sennaar, and still with vain design,

New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build:

Others came single; he, who, to be deemed

A God, leaped fondly into Aetna flames,

Empedocles; and he, who, to enjoy

Plato's Elysium, leaped into the sea,

Cleombrotus; and many more too long,

Embryos, and idiots, eremites, and friars

White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery.

Here pilgrims roam, that strayed so far to seek

In Golgotha him dead, who lives in Heaven;

And they, who to be sure of Paradise,

Dying, put on the weeds of Dominick,

Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised;

They pass the planets seven, and pass the fixed,

And that crystalling sphere whose balance weighs

The trepidation talked, and that first moved;

And now Saint Peter at Heaven's wicket seems

To wait them with his keys, and now at foot

Of Heaven's ascent they lift their feet, when lo

A violent cross wind from either coast

Blows them transverse, ten thousand leagues awry

Into the devious air: Then might ye see

Cowls, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, tost

And fluttered into rags; then reliques, beads,

Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,

The sport of winds: All these, upwhirled aloft,

Fly o'er the backside of the world far off

Into a Limbo large and broad, since called

The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown

Long after; now unpeopled, and untrod.

All this dark globe the Fiend found as he passed,

And long he wandered, till at last a gleam

Of dawning light turned thither-ward in haste

His travelled steps: far distant he descries

Ascending by degrees magnificent

Up to the wall of Heaven a structure high;

At top whereof, but far more rich, appeared

The work as of a kingly palace-gate,

With frontispiece of diamond and gold

Embellished; thick with sparkling orient gems

The portal shone, inimitable on earth

By model, or by shading pencil, drawn.

These stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw

Angels ascending and descending, bands

Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled

To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz

Dreaming by night under the open sky

And waking cried, This is the gate of Heaven.

Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood

There always, but drawn up to Heaven sometimes

Viewless; and underneath a bright sea flowed

Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon

Who after came from earth, failing arrived

Wafted by Angels, or flew o’er the lake

Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.

The stairs were then let down, whether to dare

The Fiend by easy ascent, or aggravate

His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss:

Direct against which opened from beneath,

Just o’er the blissful seat of Paradise,

A passage down to the Earth, a passage wide,

Wider by far than that of after-times

Over mount Sion, and, though that were large,

Over the Promised Land to God so dear;

By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,

On high behests his angels to and fro

Passed frequent, and his eye with choice regard

From Paneas, the fount of Jordan’s flood,

To Beersaba, where the Holy Land

Borders on Egypt and the Arabian shore;

So wide the opening seemed, where bounds were set

To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.

Satan from hence, now on the lower stair,

That scaled by steps of gold to Heaven-gate,

Looks down with wonder at the sudden view

Of all this world at once. As when a scout,

Through dark and desart ways with peril gone

All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn

Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,

Which to his eye discovers unaware

The goodly prospect of some foreign land

First seen, or some renowned metropolis

With glistering spires and pinnacles adorned,

Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams:

Such wonder seised, though after Heaven seen,

The Spirit malign, but much more envy seised,

At sight of all this world beheld so fair.

Round he surveys (and well might, where he stood

So high above the circling canopy

Of night's extended shade,) from eastern point

Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears

Andromeda far off Atlantick seas

Beyond the horizon; then from pole to pole

He views in breadth, and without longer pause

Down right into the world's first region throws

His flight precipitant, and winds with ease

Through the pure marble air his oblique way

Amongst innumerable stars, that shone

Stars distant, but nigh hand seemed other worlds;

Or other worlds they seemed, or happy isles,

Like those Hesperian gardens famed of old,

Fortunate fields, and groves, and flowery vales,

Thrice happy isles; but who dwelt happy there

He staid not to inquire: Above them all

The golden sun, in splendour likest Heaven,

Allured his eye; thither his course he bends

Through the calm firmament, (but up or down,

By center, or eccentrick, hard to tell,

Or longitude,) where the great luminary

Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,

That from his lordly eye keep distance due,

Dispenses light from far; they, as they move

Their starry dance in numbers that compute

Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheering lamp

Turn swift their various motions, or are turned

By his magnetick beam, that gently warms

The universe, and to each inward part

With gentle penetration, though unseen,

Shoots invisible virtue even to the deep;

So wonderously was set his station bright.

There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps

Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb

Through his glazed optick tube yet never saw.

The place he found beyond expression bright,

Compared with aught on earth, metal or stone;

Not all parts like, but all alike informed

With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire;

If metal, part seemed gold, part silver clear;

If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,

Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone

In Aaron's breast-plate, and a stone besides

Imagined rather oft than elsewhere seen,

That stone, or like to that which here below

Philosophers in vain so long have sought,

In vain, though by their powerful art they bind

Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound

In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,

Drained through a limbeck to his native form.

What wonder then if fields and regions here

Breathe forth Elixir pure, and rivers run

Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch

The arch-chemick sun, so far from us remote,

Produces, with terrestrial humour mixed,

Here in the dark so many precious things

Of colour glorious, and effect so rare?

Here matter new to gaze the Devil met

Undazzled; far and wide his eye commands;

For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,

But all sun-shine, as when his beams at noon

Culminate from the equator, as they now

Shot upward still direct, whence no way round

Shadow from body opaque can fall; and the air,

No where so clear, sharpened his visual ray

To objects distant far, whereby he soon

Saw within ken a glorious Angel stand,

The same whom John saw also in the sun:

His back was turned, but not his brightness hid;

Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar

Circled his head, nor less his locks behind

Illustrious on his shoulders fledge with wings

Lay waving round; on some great charge employed

He seemed, or fixed in cogitation deep.

Glad was the Spirit impure, as now in hope

To find who might direct his wandering flight

To Paradise, the happy seat of Man,

His journey's end and our beginning woe.

But first he casts to change his proper shape,

Which else might work him danger or delay:

And now a stripling Cherub he appears,

Not of the prime, yet such as in his face

Youth smiled celestial, and to every limb

Suitable grace diffused, so well he feigned:

Under a coronet his flowing hair

In curls on either cheek played; wings he wore

Of many a coloured plume, sprinkled with gold;

His habit fit for speed succinct, and held

Before his decent steps a silver wand.

He drew not nigh unheard; the Angel bright,

Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turned,

Admonished by his ear, and straight was known

The Arch-Angel Uriel, one of the seven

Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,

Stand ready at command, and are his eyes

That run through all the Heavens, or down to the Earth

Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,

O'er sea and land: him Satan thus accosts.

Uriel, for thou of those seven Spirits that stand

In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,

The first art wont his great authentick will

Interpreter through highest Heaven to bring,

Where all his sons thy embassy attend;

And here art likeliest by supreme decree

Like honour to obtain, and as his eye

To visit oft this new creation round;

Unspeakable desire to see, and know

All these his wonderous works, but chiefly Man,

His chief delight and favour, him for whom

All these his works so wonderous he ordained,

Hath brought me from the quires of Cherubim

Alone thus wandering. Brightest Seraph, tell

In which of all these shining orbs hath Man

His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,

But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell;

That I may find him, and with secret gaze

Or open admiration him behold,

On whom the great Creator hath bestowed

Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces poured;

That both in him and all things, as is meet,

The universal Maker we may praise;

Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes

To deepest Hell, and, to repair that loss,

Created this new happy race of Men

To serve him better: Wise are all his ways.

So spake the false dissembler unperceived;

For neither Man nor Angel can discern

Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks

Invisible, except to God alone,

By his permissive will, through Heaven and Earth:

And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps

At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity

Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill

Where no ill seems: Which now for once beguiled

Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held

The sharpest-sighted Spirit of all in Heaven;

Who to the fraudulent impostor foul,

In his uprightness, answer thus returned.

Fair Angel, thy desire, which tends to know

The works of God, thereby to glorify

The great Work-master, leads to no excess

That reaches blame, but rather merits praise

The more it seems excess, that led thee hither

From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,

To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps,

Contented with report, hear only in Heaven:

For wonderful indeed are all his works,

Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all

Had in remembrance always with delight;

But what created mind can comprehend

Their number, or the wisdom infinite

That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?

I saw when at his word the formless mass,

This world's material mould, came to a heap:

Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar

Stood ruled, stood vast infinitude confined;

Till at his second bidding Darkness fled,

Light shone, and order from disorder sprung:

Swift to their several quarters hasted then

The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire;

And this ethereal quintessence of Heaven

Flew upward, spirited with various forms,

That rolled orbicular, and turned to stars

Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;

Each had his place appointed, each his course;

The rest in circuit walls this universe.

Look downward on that globe, whose hither side

With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;

That place is Earth, the seat of Man; that light

His day, which else, as the other hemisphere,

Night would invade; but there the neighbouring moon

So call that opposite fair star) her aid

Timely interposes, and her monthly round

Still ending, still renewing, through mid Heaven,

With borrowed light her countenance triform

Hence fills and empties to enlighten the Earth,

And in her pale dominion checks the night.

That spot, to which I point, is Paradise,

Adam’s abode; those lofty shades, his bower.

Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires.

Thus said, he turned; and Satan, bowing low,

As to superiour Spirits is wont in Heaven,

Where honour due and reverence none neglects,

Took leave, and toward the coast of earth beneath,

Down from the ecliptick, sped with hoped success,

Throws his steep flight in many an aery wheel;

Nor staid, till on Niphates’ top he lights.

Book IV

O, for that warning voice, which he, who saw

The Apocalypse, heard cry in Heaven aloud,

Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,

Came furious down to be revenged on men,

Woe to the inhabitants on earth! that now,

While time was, our first parents had been warned

The coming of their secret foe, and ’scaped,

Haply so ’scaped his mortal snare: For now

Satan, now first inflamed with rage, came down,

The tempter ere the accuser of mankind,

To wreak on innocent frail Man his loss

Of that first battle, and his flight to Hell:

Yet, not rejoicing in his speed, though bold

Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,

Begins his dire attempt; which nigh the birth

Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breast,

And like a devilish engine back recoils

Upon himself; horrour and doubt distract

His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir

The Hell within him; for within him Hell

He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell

One step, no more than from himself, can fly

By change of place: Now conscience wakes despair,

That slumbered; wakes the bitter memory

Of what he was, what is, and what must be

Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.

Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view

Lay pleasant, his grieved look he fixes sad;

Sometimes towards Heaven, and the full-blazing sun,

Which now sat high in his meridian tower:

Then, much revolving, thus in sighs began.

“O thou, that, with surpassing glory crowned,

Lookest from thy sole dominion like the God

Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars

Hide their diminished heads; to thee I call,

But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,

Of Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,

That bring to my remembrance from what state

I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;

Till pride and worse ambition threw me down

Warring in Heaven against Heaven’s matchless King:

Ah, wherefore! he deserved no such return

From me, whom he created what I was

In that bright eminence, and with his good

Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.

What could be less than to afford him praise,

The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,

How due! yet all his good proved ill in me,

And wrought but malice; lifted up so high

I sdeined subjection, and thought one step higher

Would set me highest, and in a moment quit

The debt immense of endless gratitude,

So burdensome still paying, still to owe,

Forgetful what from him I still received,

And understood not that a grateful mind

By owing owes not, but still pays, at once

Indebted and discharged; what burden then

O, had his powerful destiny ordained

Me some inferiour Angel, I had stood

Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised

Ambition! Yet why not some other Power

As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,

Drawn to his part; but other Powers as great

Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within

Or from without, to all temptations armed.

Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?

Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what to accuse,

But Heaven’s free love dealt equally to all?

Be then his love accursed, since love or hate,

To me alike, it deals eternal woe.

Nay, cursed be thou; since against his thy will

Chose freely what it now so justly rues.

Me miserable! which way shall I fly

Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?

Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;

And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep

Still threatening to devour me opens wide,

To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.

O, then, at last relent: Is there no place

Left for repentance, none for pardon left?

None left but by submission; and that word

Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame

Among the Spirits beneath, whom I seduced

With other promises and other vaunts

Than to submit, boasting I could subdue

The Omnipotent. Ay me! they little know

How dearly I abide that boast so vain,

Under what torments inwardly I groan,

While they adore me on the throne of Hell.

With diadem and scepter high advanced,

The lower still I fall, only supreme

In misery: Such joy ambition finds.

But say I could repent, and could obtain,

By act of grace, my former state; how soon

Would highth recall high thoughts, how soon unsay

What feigned submission swore? Ease would recant

Vows made in pain, as violent and void.

For never can true reconcilement grow,

Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep:

Which would but lead me to a worse relapse

And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear

Short intermission bought with double smart.

This knows my Punisher; therefore as far

From granting he, as I from begging, peace;

All hope excluded thus, behold, in stead

Mankind created, and for him this world.

So farewell, hope; and with hope farewell, fear;

Farewell, remorse! all good to me is lost;

Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least

Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold,

By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;

As Man ere long, and this new world, shall know."

Thus while he spake, each passion dimmed his face

Thrice changed with pale, ire, envy, and despair;

Which marred his borrowed visage, and betrayed

Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.

For heavenly minds from such distempers foul

Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,

Each perturbation smoothed with outward calm,

Artificer of fraud; and was the first

That practised falsehood under saintly show,

Deep malice to conceal, couched with revenge:

Yet not enough had practised to deceive

Uriel once warned; whose eye pursued him down

The way he went, and on the Assyrian mount

Saw him disfigured, more than could befall

Spirit of happy sort; his gestures fierce

He marked and mad demeanour, then alone,

As he supposed, all unobserved, unseen.

So on he fares, and to the border comes

Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,

Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,

As with a rural mound, the champaign head

Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides

Access denied; and overhead upgrew

Insuperable height of loftiest shade,

Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,

A sylvan scene, and, as the ranks ascend,

Shade above shade, a woody theatre

Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops

The verdurous wall of Paradise upsprung;

Which to our general sire gave prospect large

Into his nether empire neighbouring round.

And higher than that wall a circling row

Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,

Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,

Appeared, with gay enamelled colours mixed:

On which the sun more glad impressed his beams

Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,

When God hath showered the earth; so lovely seemed

That landskip: And of pure now purer air

Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires

Vernal delight and joy, able to drive

All sadness but despair: Now gentle gales,

Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense

Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole

Those balmy spoils. As when to them who fail

Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past

Mozambick, off at sea north-east winds blow

Sabean odours from the spicy shore

Of Araby the blest; with such delay

Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league

Cheered with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles:

So entertained those odorous sweets the Fiend,

Who came their bane; though with them better pleased

Than Asmodeus with the fishy fume

That drove him, though enamoured, from the spouse

Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent

From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.

Now to the ascent of that steep savage hill

Satan had journeyed on, pensive and slow;

But further way found none, so thick entwined,

As one continued brake, the undergrowth

Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplexed

All path of man or beast that passed that way.

One gate there only was, and that looked east

On the other side: which when the arch-felon saw,

Due entrance he disdained; and, in contempt,

At one flight bound high over-leaped all bound

Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within

Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,

Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,

Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve

In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,

Leaps o’er the fence with ease into the fold:

Or as a thief, bent to unhoard the cash

Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,

Cross-barred and bolted fast, fear no assault,

In at the window climbs, or o’er the tiles:

So clomb this first grand thief into God’s fold;

So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.

Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,

The middle tree and highest there that grew,

Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life

Thereby regained, but sat devising death

To them who lived; nor on the virtue thought

Of that life-giving plant, but only used

For prospect, what well used had been the pledge

Of immortality. So little knows

Any, but God alone, to value right

The good before him, but perverts best things

To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.

Beneath him with new wonder now he views,

To all delight of human sense exposed,

In narrow room, Nature’s whole wealth, yea more,

A Heaven on Earth: For blissful Paradise

Of God the garden was, by him in the east

Of Eden planted; Eden stretched her line

From Auran eastward to the royal towers

Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,

Of where the sons of Eden long before

Dwelt in Telassar: In this pleasant soil

His far more pleasant garden God ordained;

Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow

All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;

And all amid them stood the tree of life,

High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit

Of vegetable gold; and next to life,

Our death, the tree of knowledge, grew fast by,

Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.

Southward through Eden went a river large,

Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill

Passed underneath ingulfed; for God had thrown

That mountain as his garden-mould high raised

Upon the rapid current, which, through veins

Of porous earth with kindly thirst up-drawn,

Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill

Watered the garden; thence united fell

Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,

Which from his darksome passage now appears,

And now, divided into four main streams,

Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm

And country, whereof here needs no account;

But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,

How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,

Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,

With mazy errour under pendant shades

Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed

Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice Art

In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon

Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,

Both where the morning sun first warmly smote

The open field, and where the unpierced shade

Imbrowned the noontide bowers: Thus was this place

A happy rural seat of various view;

Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,

Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,

Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,

If true, here only, and of delicious taste:

Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks

Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,

Or palmy hillock; or the flowery lap

Of some irriguous valley spread her store,

Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose:

Another side, umbrageous grots and caves

Of cool recess, o’er which the mantling vine

Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps

Luxuriant; mean while murmuring waters fall

Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,

That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned

Her crystal mirrour holds, unite their streams.

The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,

Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune

The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,

Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,

Led on the eternal Spring. Not that fair field

Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,

Herself a fairer flower by gloomy Dis

Was gathered, which cost Ceres all that pain

To seek her through the world; nor that sweet grove

Of Daphne by Orontes, and the inspired

Castalian spring, might with this Paradise

Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian isle

Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,

Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,

Hid Amalthea, and her florid son

Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye;

Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,

Mount Amara, though this by some supposed

True Paradise under the Ethiop line

By Nilus' head, enclosed with shining rock,

A whole day's journey high, but wide remote

From this Assyrian garden, where the Fiend

Saw, undelighted, all delight, all kind

Of living creatures, new to sight, and strange:

Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,

Godlike erect, with native honour clad

In naked majesty seemed lords of all:

And worthy seemed; for in their looks divine

The image of their glorious Maker shone,

Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,

(Severe, but in true filial freedom placed,)

Whence true authority in men; though both

Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed;

For contemplation he and valour formed;

For softness she and sweet attractive grace;

He for God only, she for God in him:

His fair large front and eye sublime declared

Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks

Round from his parted forelock manly hung

Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:

She, as a veil, down to the slender waist

Her unadorned golden tresses wore

Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved

As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied

Subjection, but required with gentle sway,

And by her yielded, by him best received,

Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,

And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.

Nor those mysterious parts were then concealed;

Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame

Of nature's works, honour dishonourable,

Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind

With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,

And banished from man's life his happiest life,

Simplicity and spotless innocence!

So passed they naked on, nor shunned the sight

Of God or Angel; for they thought no ill:

So hand in hand they passed, the loveliest pair,

That ever since in love's embraces met;

Adam the goodliest man of men since born

His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.

Under a tuft of shade that on a green

Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side

They sat them down; and, after no more toil

Of their sweet gardening labour than sufficed

To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease

More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite

More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell,

Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs

Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline

On the soft downy bank damasked with flowers:

The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind,

Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream;

Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles

Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beseems

Fair couple, linked in happy nuptial league,

Alone as they. About them frisking played

All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chase

In wood or wilderness, forest or den;

Sporting the lion ramped, and in his paw

Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,

Gambolled before them; the unwieldy elephant,

To make them mirth, used all his might, and wreathed

His lithe proboscis; close the serpent sly,

Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine

His braided train, and of his fatal guile

Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass

Couched, and now filled with pasture gazing sat,

Or bedward ruminating; for the sun,

Declined, was hasting now with prone career

To the ocean isles, and in the ascending scale

Of Heaven the stars that usher evening rose:

When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,

Scarce thus at length failed speech recovered sad.

“O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold!

Into our room of bliss thus high advanced

Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,

Not Spirits, yet to heavenly Spirits bright

Little inferiour; whom my thoughts pursue

With wonder, and could love, so lively shines

In them divine resemblance, and such grace

The hand that formed them on their shape hath poured.

Ah! gentle pair, ye little think how nigh

Your change approaches, when all these delights

Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe;

More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;

Happy, but for so happy ill secured

Long to continue, and this high seat your Heaven

Ill fenced for Heaven to keep out such a foe

As now is entered; yet no purposed foe

To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,

Though I unpitied: League with you I seek,

And mutual amity, so strait, so close,

That I with you must dwell, or you with me

Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not please,

Like this fair Paradise, your sense; yet such

Accept your Maker's work; he gave it me,

Which I as freely give: Hell shall unfold,

To entertain you two, her widest gates,

And send forth all her kings; there will be room,

Not like these narrow limits, to receive

Your numerous offspring; if no better place,

Thank him who puts me loth to this revenge

On you who wrong me not for him who wronged.

And should I at your harmless innocence

Melt, as I do, yet publick reason just,

Honour and empire with revenge enlarged,

By conquering this new world, compels me now

To do what else, though damned, I should abhor."

So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,

The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.

Then from his lofty stand on that high tree

Down he alights among the sportful herd

Of those four-footed kinds, himself now one,

Now other, as their shape served best his end

Nearer to view his prey, and, unespied,

To mark what of their state he more might learn,

By word or action marked. About them round

A lion now he stalks with fiery glare;

Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spied

In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,

Straight couches close, then, rising, changes oft

His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,

Whence rushing, he might surest seize them both,

Griped in each paw: when, Adam first of men

To first of women Eve thus moving speech,

Turned him, all ear to hear new utterance flow.

“Sole partner, and sole part, of all these joys,

Dearer thyself than all; needs must the Power

That made us, and for us this ample world,

Be infinitely good, and of his good

As liberal and free as infinite;

That raised us from the dust, and placed us here

In all this happiness, who at his hand

Have nothing merited, nor can perform

Aught whereof he hath need; he who requires

From us no other service than to keep

This one, this easy charge, of all the trees

In Paradise that bear delicious fruit

So various, not to taste that only tree

Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life;

So near grows death to life, whate’er death is,

Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou knowest

God hath pronounced it death to taste that tree,

The only sign of our obedience left,

Among so many signs of power and rule

Conferred upon us, and dominion given

Over all other creatures that possess

Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard

One easy prohibition, who enjoy

Free leave so large to all things else, and choice

Unlimited of manifold delights:

But let us ever praise him, and extol

His bounty, following our delightful task,

To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers,

Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet."

To whom thus Eve replied. O thou for whom

And from whom I was formed, flesh of thy flesh,

And without whom am to no end, my guide

And head! what thou hast said is just and right.

For we to him indeed all praises owe,

And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy

So far the happier lot, enjoying thee

Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou

Like consort to thyself canst no where find.

That day I oft remember, when from sleep

I first awaked, and found myself reposed

Under a shade on flowers, much wondering where

And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.

Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound

Of waters issued from a cave, and spread

Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved

Pure as the expanse of Heaven; I thither went

With unexperienced thought, and laid me down

On the green bank, to look into the clear

Smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky.

As I bent down to look, just opposite

A shape within the watery gleam appeared,

Bending to look on me: I started back,

It started back; but pleased I soon returned,

Pleased it returned as soon with answering looks

Of sympathy and love: There I had fixed

Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,

Had not a voice thus warned me; ‘What thou seest,

‘What there thou seest, fair Creature, is thyself;

‘With thee it came and goes: but follow me,

‘And I will bring thee where no shadow stays

‘Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he

‘Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy

‘Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear

‘Multitudes like thyself, and thence be called

‘Mother of human race.’ What could I do,

But follow straight, invisibly thus led?

Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,

Under a platane; yet methought less fair,

Less winning soft, less amiably mild,

Than that smooth watery image: Back I turned;

Thou following cryedst aloud, ‘Return, fair Eve;

‘Whom flyest thou? whom thou flyest, of him thou art,

‘His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent

‘Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,

‘Substantial life, to have thee by my side

‘Henceforth an individual solace dear;

‘Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim

‘My other half:’ With that thy gentle hand

Seised mine: I yielded; and from that time see

How beauty is excelled by manly grace,

And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

So spake our general mother, and with eyes

Of conjugal attraction unreproved,

And meek surrender, half-embracing leaned

On our first father; half her swelling breast

Naked met his, under the flowing gold

Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight

Both of her beauty, and submissive charms,

Smiled with superiour love, as Jupiter

On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds

That shed Mayflowers; and pressed her matron lip

With kisses pure: Aside the Devil turned

For envy; yet with jealous leer malign

Eyed them askance, and to himself thus plained.

“Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two,

Imparadised in one another’s arms,

The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill

Of bliss on bliss; while I to Hell am thrust,

Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,

Among our other torments not the least,

Still unfulfilled with pain of longing pines.

Yet let me not forget what I have gained

From their own mouths: All is not theirs, it seems;

One fatal tree there stands, of knowledge called,

Forbidden them to taste: Knowledge forbidden

Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord

Envy them that? Can it be sin to know?

Can it be death? And do they only stand

By ignorance? Is that their happy state,

The proof of their obedience and their faith?

O fair foundation laid whereon to build

Their ruin! hence I will excite their minds

With more desire to know, and to reject

Envious commands, invented with design

To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt

Equal with Gods: aspiring to be such,

They taste and die: What likelier can ensue

But first with narrow search I must walk round

This garden, and no corner leave unspied;

A chance but chance may lead where I may meet

Some wandering Spirit of Heaven by fountain side,

Or in thick shade retired, from him to draw

What further would be learned. Live while ye may,

Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,

Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed!”

So saying, his proud step he scornful turned,

But with sly circumspection, and began

Through wood, through waste, o’er hill, o’er dale, his roam

Mean while in utmost longitude, where Heaven

With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun

Slowly descended, and with right aspect

Against the eastern gate of Paradise

Levelled his evening rays: It was a rock

Of alabaster, piled up to the clouds,

Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent

Accessible from earth, one entrance high;

The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung

Still as it rose, impossible to climb.

Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,

Chief of the angelick guards, awaiting night;

About him exercised heroick games

The unarmed youth of Heaven, but nigh at hand

Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,

Hung high with diamond flaming, and with gold.

Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even

On a sun-beam, swift as a shooting star

In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fired

Impress the air, and shows the mariner

From what point of his compass to beware

Impetuous winds: He thus began in haste.

“Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given

Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place

No evil thing approach or enter in.

This day at highth of noon came to my sphere

A Spirit, zealous, as he seemed, to know

More of the Almighty’s works, and chiefly Man,

God’s latest image: I described his way

Bent all on speed, and marked his aery gait;

But in the mount that lies from Eden north,

Where he first lighted, soon discerned his looks

Alien from Heaven, with passions foul obscured:

Mine eye pursued him still, but under shade

Lost sight of him: One of the banished crew,

I fear, hath ventured from the deep, to raise

New troubles; him thy care must be to find.”

To whom the winged warriour thus returned.

Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,

Amid the sun’s bright circle where thou sitst,

See far and wide: In at this gate none pass

The vigilance here placed, but such as come

Well known from Heaven; and since meridian hour

No creature thence: If Spirit of other sort,

So minded, have o'er-leaped these earthly bounds

On purpose, hard thou knowest it to exclude

Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.

But if within the circuit of these walks,

In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom

Thou tellest, by morrow dawning I shall know.

So promised he; and Uriel to his charge

Returned on that bright beam, whose point now raised

Bore him slope downward to the sun now fallen

Beneath the Azores; whether the prime orb,

Incredible how swift, had thither rolled

Diurnal, or this less volubil earth,

By shorter flight to the east, had left him there

Arraying with reflected purple and gold

The clouds that on his western throne attend.

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray

Had in her sober livery all things clad;

Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,

They to their grassy couch, these to their nests

Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;

She all night long her amorous descant sung;

Silence was pleased: Now glowed the firmament

With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led

The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,

Rising in clouded majesty, at length

Apparent queen unveiled her peerless light,

And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve: Fair Consort, the hour

Of night, and all things now retired to rest,

Mind us of like repose; since God hath set

Labour and rest, as day and night, to men

Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,

Now falling with soft slumbrous weight, inclines

Our eye-lids: Other creatures all day long

Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest;

Man hath his daily work of body or mind

Appointed, which declares his dignity,

And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;

While other animals unactive range,

And of their doings God takes no account.

To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east

With first approach of light, we must be risen,

And at our pleasant labour, to reform

Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,

Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,

That mock our scant manuring, and require

More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:

Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,

That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,

Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;

Mean while, as Nature wills, night bids us rest.

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorned

My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst

Unargued I obey: So God ordains;

God is thy law, thou mine: To know no more

Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.

With thee conversing I forget all time;

All seasons, and their change, all please alike.

Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,

With charm of earliest birds: pleasant the sun,

When first on this delightful land he spreads

His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,

Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile earth

After soft showers; and sweet the coming on

Of grateful Evening mild; then silent Night,

With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,

And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train:

But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends

With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun

On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,

Glistering with dew; nor fragrance after showers;

Nor grateful Evening mild; nor silent Night,

With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,

Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.

But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom

This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?

To whom our general ancestor replied.

Daughter of God and Man, accomplished Eve,

These have their course to finish round the earth,

By morrow evening, and from land to land

In order, though to nations yet unborn,

Ministring light prepared, they set and rise;

Lest total Darkness should by night regain

Her old possession, and extinguish life

In Nature and all things; which these soft fires

Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat

Of various influence foment and warm,

Temper or nourish, or in part shed down

Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow

On earth, made hereby apter to receive

Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.

These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,

Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,

That Heaven would want spectators, God want praise:

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth

Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:

All these with ceaseless praise his works behold

Both day and night: How often from the steep

Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard

Celestial voices to the midnight air,

Sole, or responsive each to others note,

Singing their great Creator? oft in bands

While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,

With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds

In full harmonick number joined, their songs

Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.

Thus talking, hand in hand alone they passed

On to their blissful bower: it was a place

Chosen by the sovran Planter, when he framed

All things to Man’s delightful use; the roof

Of thickest covert was inwoven shade

Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew

Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side

Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,

Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,

Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin,

Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought

Mosaick; underfoot the violet,

Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay

Broidered the ground, more coloured than with stone

Of costliest emblem: Other creature here,

Bird, beast, insect, or worm, durst enter none,

Such was their awe of Man. In shadier bower

More sacred and sequestered, though but feigned,

Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph

Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess,

With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,

Espoused Eve decked first her nuptial bed;

And heavenly quires the hymenaean sung,

What day the genial Angel to our sire

Brought her in naked beauty more adorned,

More lovely, than Pandora, whom the Gods

Endowed with all their gifts, and O! too like

In sad event, when to the unwiser son

Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she ensnared

Mankind with her fair looks, to be avenged

On him who had stole Jove's authentick fire.

Thus, at their shady lodge arrived, both stood,

Both turned, and under open sky adored

The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven,

Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,

And starry pole: Thou also madest the night,

Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day,

Which we, in our appointed work employed,

Have finished, happy in our mutual help

And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss

Ordained by thee; and this delicious place

For us too large, where thy abundance wants

Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.

But thou hast promised from us two a race

To fill the earth, who shall with us extol

Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,

And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.

This said unanimous, and other rites

Observing none, but adoration pure

Which God likes best, into their inmost bower

Handed they went; and, eased the putting off

These troublesome disguises which we wear,

Straight side by side were laid; nor turned,

I ween, Adam from his fair spouse, nor

Eve the rites Mysterious of connubial love refused:

Whatever hypocrites austerely talk

Of purity, and place, and innocence,

Defaming as impure what God declares

Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.

Our Maker bids encrease; who bids abstain

But our Destroyer, foe to God and Man?

Hail, wedded Love, mysterious law, true source

Of human offspring, sole propriety

In Paradise of all things common else!

By thee adulterous Lust was driven from men

Among the bestial herds to range; by thee

Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,

Relations dear, and all the charities

Of father, son, and brother, first were known.

Far be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,

Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,

Perpetual fountain of domestick sweets,

Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced,

Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs used.

Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights

His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,

Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile

Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendeared,

Casual fruition; nor in court-amours,

Mixed dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,

Or serenate, which the starved lover sings

To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.

These, lulled by nightingales, embracing slept,

And on their naked limbs the flowery roof

Showered roses, which the morn repaired.

Sleep on, Blest pair; and O! yet happiest, if ye seek

No happier state, and know to know no more.

Now had night measured with her shadowy cone

Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault,

And from their ivory port the Cherubim,

Forth issuing at the accustomed hour, stood armed

To their night watches in warlike parade;

When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake.

Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south

With strictest watch; these other wheel the north;

Our circuit meets full west. As flame they part,

Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear.

From these, two strong and subtle Spirits he called

That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge.

Ithuriel and Zephon, with winged speed

Search through this garden, leave unsearched no nook;

But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,

Now laid perhaps asleep, secure of harm.

This evening from the sun's decline arrived,

Who tells of some infernal Spirit seen

Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escaped

The bars of Hell, on errand bad no doubt:

Such, where ye find, seise fast, and hither bring.

So saying, on he led his radiant files,

Dazzling the moon; these to the bower direct

In search of whom they sought: Him there they found

Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,

Assaying by his devilish art to reach

The organs of her fancy, and with them forge

Illusions, as he list, phantasms and dreams;

Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint

The animal spirits, that from pure blood arise

Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise

At least distempered, discontented thoughts,

Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,

Blown up with high conceits ingendering pride.

Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear

Touched lightly; for no falshood can endure

Touch of celestial temper, but returns

Of force to its own likeness: Up he starts

Discovered and surprised. As when a spark

Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid

Fit for the tun some magazine to store

Against a rumoured war, the smutty grain,

With sudden blaze diffused, inflames the air;

So started up in his own shape the Fiend.

Back stept those two fair Angels, half amazed

So sudden to behold the grisly king;

Yet thus, unmoved with fear, accost him soon.

Which of those rebel Spirits adjudged to Hell

Comest thou, escaped thy prison? and, transformed,

Why sat'st thou like an enemy in wait,

Here watching at the head of these that sleep?

Know ye not then said Satan, filled with scorn,

Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate

For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar:

Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,

The lowest of your throng; or, if ye know,

Why ask ye, and superfluous begin

Your message, like to end as much in vain?

To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn.

Think not, revolted Spirit, thy shape the same,

Or undiminished brightness to be known,

As when thou stoodest in Heaven upright and pure;

That glory then, when thou no more wast good,

Departed from thee; and thou resemblest now

Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul.

But come, for thou, be sure, shalt give account

To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep

This place inviolable, and these from harm.

So spake the Cherub; and his grave rebuke,

Severe in youthful beauty, added grace

Invincible: Abashed the Devil stood,

And felt how awful goodness is, and saw

Virtue in her shape how lovely; saw, and pined

His loss; but chiefly to find here observed

His lustre visibly impaired; yet seemed

Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,

Best with the best, the sender, not the sent,

Or all at once; more glory will be won,

Or less be lost. Thy fear, said Zephon bold,

Will save us trial what the least can do

Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.

The Fiend replied not, overcome with rage;

But, like a proud steed reined, went haughty on,

Champing his iron curb: To strive or fly

He held it vain; awe from above had quelled

His heart, not else dismayed. Now drew they nigh

The western point, where those half-rounding guards

Just met, and closing stood in squadron joined,

A waiting next command. To whom their Chief,

Gabriel, from the front thus called aloud.

“O friends! I hear the tread of nimble feet

Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern

Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade;

And with them comes a third of regal port,

But faded splendour wan; who by his gait

And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of Hell,

Not likely to part hence without contest;

Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.”

He scarce had ended, when those two approached,

And brief related whom they brought, where found,

How busied, in what form and posture couched.

To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake.

Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescribed

To thy transgressions, and disturbed the charge

Of others, who approve not to transgress

By thy example, but have power and right

To question thy bold entrance on this place;

Employed, it seems, to violate sleep, and those

Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss!

To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow.

Gabriel? thou hadst in Heaven the esteem of wise,

And such I held thee; but this question asked

Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain!

Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,

Though thither doomed! Thou wouldst thyself, no doubt

And boldly venture to whatever place

Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change

Torment with ease, and soonest recompense

Dole with delight, which in this place I sought;

To thee no reason, who knowest only good,

But evil hast not tried: and wilt object

His will who bounds us! Let him surer bar

His iron gates, if he intends our stay

In that dark durance: Thus much what was asked.

The rest is true, they found me where they say;

But that implies not violence or harm.

Thus he in scorn. The warlike Angel moved,

Disdainfully half smiling, thus replied.

O loss of one in Heaven to judge of wise

Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew,

And now returns him from his prison 'scaped,

Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise

Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither

Unlicensed from his bounds in Hell prescribed;

So wise he judges it to fly from pain

However, and to 'scape his punishment!

So judge thou still, presumptuous! till the wrath,

Which thou incurrest by flying, meet thy flight

Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,

Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain

Can equal anger infinite provoked.

But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee

Came not all hell broke loose? or thou than they

Less hardy to endure? Courageous Chief!

The first in flight from pain! hadst thou alleged

To thy deserted host this cause of flight,

Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.

To which the Fiend thus answered, frowning stern.

Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,

Insulting Angel! well thou knowest I stood

Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid

The blasting vollied thunder made all speed,

And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.

But still thy words at random, as before,

Argue thy inexperience what behoves

From hard assays and ill successes past

A faithful leader, not to hazard all

Through ways of danger by himself untried:

I, therefore, I alone first undertook

To wing the desolate abyss, and spy

This new created world, whereof in Hell

Fame is not silent, here in hope to find

Better abode, and my afflicted Powers

To settle here on earth, or in mid air;

Though for possession put to try once more

What thou and thy gay legions dare against;

Whose easier business were to serve their Lord

High up in Heaven, with songs to hymn his throne,

And practised distances to cringe, not fight,

To whom the warriour Angel soon replied.

To say and straight unsay, pretending first

Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,

Argues no leader but a liear traced,

Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name,

O sacred name of faithfulness profaned!

Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?

Army of Fiends, fit body to fit head.

Was this your discipline and faith engaged,

Your military obedience, to dissolve

Allegiance to the acknowledged Power supreme?

And thou, sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem

Patron of liberty, who more than thou

Once fawned, and cringed, and servily adored

Heaven's awful Monarch? wherefore, but in hope

To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?

But mark what I arreed thee now, Avant;

Fly neither whence thou fledst! If from this hour

Within these hallowed limits thou appear,

Back to the infernal pit I drag thee chained,

And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn

The facile gates of Hell too slightly barred.

So threatened he; but Satan to no threats

Gave heed, but waxing more in rage replied.

"Then when I am thy captive talk of chains,

Proud limitary Cherub! but ere then

Far heavier load thyself expect to feel

From my prevailing arm, though Heaven's King

Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,

Us'd to the yoke, drawest his triumphant wheels

In progress through the road of Heaven star-paved."

While thus he spake, the angelick squadron bright

Turned fiery red, sharpening in mooned horns

Their phalanx, and began to hem him round

With ported spears, as thick as when a field

Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends

Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind

Sways them; the careful plowman doubting stands,

Left on the threshing floor his hopeless sheaves

Prove chaff. On the other side, Satan, alarmed,

Collecting all his might, dilated stood,

Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremoved:

His stature reached the sky, and on his crest

Sat Horrour plumed; nor wanted in his grasp

What seemed both spear and shield: Now dreadful deeds

Might have ensued, nor only Paradise

In this commotion, but the starry cope

Of Heaven perhaps, or all the elements

At least had gone to wrack, disturbed and torn

With violence of this conflict, had not soon

The Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,

Hung forth in Heaven his golden scales, yet seen

Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,

Wherein all things created first he weighed,

The pendulous round earth with balanced air

In counterpoise, now ponders all events,

Battles and realms: In these he put two weights,

The sequel each of parting and of fight:

The latter quick up flew, and kicked the beam,

Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the Fiend.

“Satan, I know thy strength, and thou knowest mine;

Neither our own, but given: What folly then

To boast what arms can do? since thine no more

Than Heaven permits, nor mine, though doubled now

To trample thee as mire: For proof look up,

And read thy lot in yon celestial sign;

Where thou art weighed, and shown how light, how weak,

If thou resist.” The Fiend looked up, and knew

His mounted scale aloft: Nor more; but fled

Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

Book VIII

THE Angel ended, and in Adams Eare

So Charming left his voice, that he a while

Thought him still speaking, still stood fixt to hear;

Then as new wak't thus gratefully repli'd.

What thanks sufficient, or what recompence

Equal have I to render thee, Divine

Hystorian, who thus largely hast allayd

The thirst I had of knowledge, and voutsaf't

This friendly condescention to relate

Things else by me unsearchable, now heard

With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,

With glorie attributed to the high

Creator; something yet of doubt remaines,

Which onely thy solution can resolve.

When I behold this goodly Frame, this World

Of Heav'n and Earth consisting, and compute,

Thir magnitudes, this Earth a spot, a graine,

An Atom, with the Firmament compar'd

And all her numberd Starrs, that seem to rowle

Spaces incomprehensible (for such

Thir distance argues and thir swift return

Diurnal) meerly to officiate light

Round this opacous Earth, this punctual spot,

One day and night; in all thir vast survey

Useless besides, reasoning I oft admire,

How Nature wise and frugal could commit

Such disproportions, with superfluous hand

So many nobler Bodies to create,

Greater so manifold to this one use,

For aught appeers, and on thir Orbs impose

Such restless revolution day by day

Repeated, while the sedentarie Earth,

That better might with farr less compass move,

Serv'd by more noble than her self, attaines

Her end without least motion, and receaves,

As Tribute such a sumless journey brought

Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;

Speed, to describe whose swiftness Number failes.

So spake our Sire, and by his count'nance seemd

Entring on studious thoughts abstruse, which Eve

Perceaving where she sat retir'd in sight,

With lowliness Majestic from her seat,

And Grace that won who saw to wish her stay,

Rose, and went forth among her Fruits and Flours,

To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,

Her Nurserie; they at her coming sprung

And toucht by her fair tendance gladlier grew.

Yet went she not, as not with such discourse

Delighted, or not capable her eare

Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd,

Adam relating, she sole Auditress;

Her Husband the Relater she preferr'd

Before the Angel, and of him to ask

Chose rather: hee, she knew would intermix

Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute

With conjugal Caresses, from his Lip

Not Words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now

Such pairs, in Love and mutual Honour joyn'd?

With Goddess-like demeanour forth she went;

Not unattended, for on her as Queen

A pomp of winning Graces waited still,

And from about her shot Darts of desire

Into all Eyes to wish her still in sight.

And Raphael now to Adam's doubt propos'd

Benevolent and facil thus repli'd.

To ask or search I blame thee not, for Heav'n

Is as the Book of God before thee set,

Wherein to read his wondrous Works, and learne

His Seasons, Hours, or Dayes, or Months, or Yeares:

This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth,

Imports not, if thou reck'n right, the rest

From Man or Angel the great Architect

Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge

His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought

Rather admire; or if they list to try

Conjecture, he his Fabric of the Heav'ns

Hath left to thir disputes, perhaps to move

His laughter at thir quaint Opinions wide

Hereafter, when they come to model Heav'n

And calculate the Starrs, how they will weild

The mightie frame, how build, unbuild, contrive

To save appeerances, how gird the Sphear

With Centric and Eccentric scribl'd o're,

Cycle and Epicycle, Orb in Orb:

Alreadie by thy reasoning this I guess,

Who art to lead thy ofspring, and supposest

That bodies bright and greater should not serve

The less not bright, nor Heav'n such journies run,

Earth sitting still, when she alone receaves

The benefit: consider first, that Great

Or Bright inferrs not Excellence: the Earth

Though, in comparison of Heav'n, so small,

Nor glistering, may of solid good containe

More plenty than the Sun that barren shines,

Whose vertue on it self workes no effect,

But in the fruitful Earth; there first receavd

His beams, unactive else, thir vigour find.

Yet not to Earth are those bright Luminaries

Officious, but to thee Earths habitant.

And for the Heav'ns wide Circuit, let it speak

The Makers high magnificence, who built

So spacious, and his Line stretcht out so farr;

That Man may know he dwells not in his own;

An Edifice too large for him to fill,

Lodg'd in a small partition, and the rest

Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.

The swiftness of those Circles attribute,

Though numberless, to his Omnipotence,

That to corporeal substances could adde

Speed almost Spiritual; mee thou thinkst not slow,

Who since the Morning hour set out from Heav'n

Where God resides, and ere mid-day arriv'd

In Eden, distance inexpressible

By Numbers that have name. But this I urge,

Admitting Motion in the Heav'ns, to shew

Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;

Not that I so affirm, though so it seem

To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth.

God to remove his wayes from human sense,

Plac'd Heav'n from Earth so farr, that earthly sight,

If it presume, might erre in things too high,

And no advantage gaine. What if the Sun

Be Centre to the World, and other Starrs

By his attractive vertue and their own

Incited, dance about him various rounds?

Thir wandring course now high, now low, then hid,

Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,

In six thou seest, and what if sev'nth to these

The Planet Earth, so stedfast though she seem,

Insensibly three different Motions move?

Which else to several Spheres thou must ascribe,

Mov'd contrarie with thwart obliquities,

Or save the Sun his labour, and that swift

Nocturnal and Diurnal rhomb suppos'd,

Invisible else above all Starrs, the Wheele

Of Day and Night; which needs not thy beleefe,

If Earth industrious of her self fetch Day

Travelling East, and with her part averse

From the Suns beam meet Night, her other part

Still luminous by his ray. What if that light

Sent from her through the wide transpicuous aire,

To the terrestrial Moon be as a Starr

Enlightning her by Day, as she by Night

This Earth? reciprocal, if Land be there,

Fields and Inhabitants: Her spots thou seest

As Clouds, and Clouds may rain, and Rain produce

Fruits in her soft'nd Soile, for some to eate

Allotted there; and other Suns perhaps

With thir attendant Moons thou wilt descrie

Communicating Male and Femal Light,

Which two great Sexes animate the World,

Stor'd in each Orb perhaps with some that live.

For such vast room in Nature unpossest

By living Soule, desert and desolate,

Onely to shine, yet scarce to contribute

Each Orb a glimps of Light, conveyd so farr

Down to this habitable, which returnes

Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.

But whether thus these things, or whether not,

Whether the Sun predominant in Heav'n

Rise on the Earth, or Earth rise on the Sun,

Hee from the East his flaming rode begin,

Or Shee from West her silent course advance

With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps

On her soft Axle, while she paces Eev'n,

And beares thee soft with the smooth Air along,

Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,

Leave them to God above, him serve and feare;

Of other Creatures, as him pleases best,

Wherever plac't, let him dispose: joy thou

In what he gives to thee, this Paradise

And thy faire Eve; Heav'n is for thee too high

To know what passes there; be lowlie wise:

Think onely what concernes thee and thy being;

Dream not of other Worlds, what Creatures there

Live, in what state, condition or degree,

Contented that thus farr hath been reveal'd

Not of Earth onely but of highest Heav'n.

To whom thus Adam cleerd of doubt, repli'd.

How fully hast thou satisfi'd me, pure

Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel serene,

And freed from intricacies, taught to live

The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts

To interrupt the sweet of Life, from which

God hath bid dwell farr off all anxious cares,

And not molest us, unless we our selves

Seek them with wandring thoughts, and notions vain.

But apt the Mind or Fancy is to roave

Uncheckt, and of her roaving is no end;

Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learne,

That not to know at large of things remote

From use, obscure and suttle, but to know

That which before us lies in daily life,

Is the prime Wisdom, what is more, is fume,

Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,

And renders us in things that most concerne

Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.

Therefore from this high pitch let us descend

A lower flight, and speak of things at hand

Useful, whence haply mention may arise

Of somthing not unseasonable to ask

By sufferance, and thy wonted favour deign'd.

Thee I have heard relating what was don

Ere my remembrance: now hear mee relate

My Storie, which perhaps thou hast not heard;

And Day is yet not spent; till then thou seest

How suttly to detaine thee I devise,

Inviting thee to hear while I relate,

Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply:

For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heav'n,

And sweeter thy discourse is to my eare

Than Fruits of Palm-tree pleasantest to thirst

And hunger both, from labour, at the houre

Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill,

Though pleasant, but thy words with Grace Divine

Imbu'd, bring to thir sweetness no satietie.

To whom thus Raphael answer'd heav'nly meek.

Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men,

Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee

Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd

Inward and outward both, his image faire:

Speaking or mute all comliness and grace

Attends thee, and each word, each motion formes

Nor less think wee in Heav'n of thee on Earth

Than of our fellow servant, and inquire

Gladly into the wayes of God with Man:

For God we see hath honour'd thee, and set

On Man his Equal Love: say therefore on;

For I that Day was absent, as befell,

Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,

Farr on excursion toward the Gates of Hell;

Squar'd in full Legion (such command we had)

To see that none thence issu'd forth a spie,

Or enemie, while God was in his work,

Least hee incenst at such eruption bold,

Destruction with Creation might have mixt.

Not that they durst without his leave attempt,

But us he sends upon his high behests

For state, as Sovran King, and to enure

Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut

The dismal Gates, and barricado'd strong;

But long ere our approaching heard within

Noise, other than the sound of Dance or Song,

Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.

Glad we return'd up to the coasts of Light

Ere Sabbath Eev'ning: so we had in charge.

But thy relation now; for I attend,

Pleas'd with thy words no less than thou with mine.

So spake the Godlike Power, and thus our Sire.

For Man to tell how human Life began

Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?

Desire with thee still longer to converse

Induc'd me. As new wak't from soundest sleep

Soft on the flourie herb I found me laid

In Balmie Sweat, which with his Beames the Sun

Soon dri'd, and on the reaking moisture fed.

Strait toward Heav'n my wondring Eyes I turnd,

And gaz'd a while the ample Skie, till rais'd

By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,

As thitherward endevoring, and upright

Stood on my feet; about me round I saw

Hill, Dale, and shadie Woods, and sunnie Plaines,

And liquid Lapse of murmuring Streams; by these,

Creatures that livd, and movd, and walk'd, or flew,

Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd,

With fragrance and with joy my heart oreflow'd.

My self I then perus'd, and Limb by Limb

Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran

With supple joints, as lively vigour led:

But who I was, or where, or from what cause,

Knew not; to speak I tri'd, and forthwith spake,

My Tongue obey'd and readily could name

What e're I saw. Thou Sun, said I, faire Light,

And thou enlight'nd Earth, so fresh and gay,

Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plaines,

And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,

Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?

Not of my self; by some great Maker then,

In goodness and in power præeminent;

Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,

From whom I have that thus I move and live,

And feel that I am happier than I know.

While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,

From where I first drew Aire, and first beheld

This happie Light, when answer none return'd,

On a green shadie Bank profuse of Flours

Pensive I sate me down; there gentle sleep

First found me, and with soft oppression seis'd

My droused sense, untroubl'd, though I thought

I then was passing to my former state

Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:

When suddenly stood at my Head a dream,

Whose inward apparition gently mov'd

My Fancy to believe I yet had being,

And livd: One came, methought, of shape Divine,

And said, thy Mansion wants thee, Adam, rise,

First Man, of Men innumerable ordain'd

First Father, call'd by thee I come thy Guide

To the Garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd.

So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd,

And over Fields and Waters, as in Aire

Smooth sliding without step, last led me up

A woodie Mountain; whose high top was plaine,

A Circuit wide, enclos'd, with goodliest Trees

Planted, with Walks, and Bowers, that what I saw

Of Earth before scarce pleasant seemd. Each Tree

Load'n with fairest Fruit, that hung to the

Eye Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite

To pluck and eate; whereat I wak'd, and found

Before mine Eyes all real, as the dream

Had lively shadowd: Here had new begun

My wandring, had not hee who was my Guide

Up hither, from among the Trees appeer'd,

Presence Divine. Rejoycing, but with aw,

In adoration at his feet I fell

Submiss: he rear'd me, and Whom thou soughtst I am,

Said mildely, Author of all this thou seest

Above, or round about thee or beneath.

This Paradise I give thee, count it thine

To Till and keep, and of the Fruit to eate:

Of every Tree that in the Garden growes

Eate freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:

But of the Tree whose operation brings

Knowledg of good and ill, which I have set

The Pledge of thy Obedience and thy Faith,

Amid the Garden by the Tree of Life,

Remember what I warne thee, shun to taste,

And shun the bitter consequence: for know,

The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command

Transgrest, inevitably thou shalt dye;

From that day mortal, and this happie

State Shalt loose, expell'd from hence into a World

Of woe and sorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd

The rigid interdiction, which resounds

Yet dreadful in mine eare, though in my choice

Not to incur; but soon his cleer aspect

Return'd and gracious purpose thus renew'd.

Not onely these fair bounds, but all the Earth

To thee and to thy Race I give; as Lords

Possess it, and all things that therein live,

Or live in Sea, or Aire, Beast, Fish, and Fowle.

In signe whereof each Bird and Beast behold

After thir kindes; I bring them to receave

From thee thir Names, and pay thee fealtie

With low subjection; understand the same

Of Fish within thir watry residence,

Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change

Thir Element to draw the thinner Aire.

As thus he spake, each Bird and Beast behold

Approaching two and two, These cowring low

With blandishment, each Bird stoop'd on his wing.

I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood

Thir Nature, with such knowledg God endu'd

My sudden apprehension: but in these

I found not what me thought I wanted still;

And to the Heav'nly vision thus presum'd.

O by what Name, for thou above all these,

Above mankinde, or aught than mankinde higher,

Surpassest farr my naming, how may I

Adore thee, Author of this Universe,

And all this good to man, for whose well being

So amply, and with hands so liberal

Thou hast provided all things: but with mee

I see not who partakes. In solitude

What happiness, who can enjoy alone,

Or all enjoying, what contentment find?

Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,

As with a smile more bright'nd, thus repli'd.

What call'st thou solitude, is not the Earth

With various living creatures, and the Aire

Replenisht, and all these at thy command

To come and play before thee; know'st thou not

Thir language and thir wayes? They also know,

And reason not contemptibly; with these

Find pastime, and beare rule; thy Realm is large.

So spake the Universal Lord, and seem'd

So ordering. I with leave of speech implor'd,

And humble deprecation thus repli'd.

Let not my words offend thee, Heav'nly Power,

My Maker, be propitious while I speak.

Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,

And these inferiour farr beneath me set?

Among unequals what societie

Can sort, what harmonie or true delight?

Which must be mutual, in proportion due

Giv'n and receiv'd; but in disparitie

The one intense, the other still remiss

Cannot well suite with either, but soon prove

Tedious alike: Of fellowship I speak

Such as I seek, fit to participate

All rational delight, wherein the brute

Cannot be human consort; they rejoyce

Each with thir kinde, Lion with Lioness;

So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd;

Much less can Bird with Beast, or Fish with Fowle

So well converse, nor with the Ox the Ape;

Wors then can Man with Beast, and least of all.

Whereto th' Almighty answer'd, not displeas'd.

A nice and suttle happiness I see

Thou to thyself proposest, in the choice

Of thy Associates, Adam, and wilt taste

No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitarie.

What think'st thou then of mee, and this my State,

Seem I to thee sufficiently possest

Of happiness, or not? who am alone

From all Eternitie, for none I know

Second to mee or like, equal much less.

How have I then with whom to hold converse

Save with the Creatures which I made, and those

To me inferiour, infinite descents

Beneath what other Creatures are to thee?

He ceas'd, I lowly answer'd. To attaine

The highth and depth of thy Eternal wayes

All human thoughts come short, Supream of things;

Thou in thy self art perfet, and in thee

Is no deficience found; not so is Man,

But in degree, the cause of his desire

By conversation with his like to help,

Or solace his defects. No need that thou

Shouldst propagat, already infinite;

And through all numbers absolute, though One;

But Man by number is to manifest

His single imperfection, and beget

Like of his like, his Image multipli'd,

In unitie defective, which requires

Collateral love, and deerest amitie.

Thou in thy secresie although alone,

Best with thy self accompanied, seek'st not

Social communication, yet so pleas'd,

Canst raise thy Creature to what highth thou wilt

Of Union or Communion, deifi'd;

I by conversing cannot these erect

From prone, nor in thir wayes complacence find.

Thus I embold'nd spake, and freedom us'd

Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd

This answer from the gratious voice Divine.

Thus farr to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd,

And finde thee knowing not of Beasts alone,

Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thy self,

Expressing well the spirit within thee free,

My Image, not imparted to the Brute,

Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee

Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,

And be so minded still; I, ere thou spak'st,

Knew it not good for Man to be alone,

And no such companie as then thou saw'st

Intended thee, for trial onely brought,

To see how thou could'st judge of fit and meet:

What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,

Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,

Thy wish, exactly to thy hearts desire.

Hee ended, or I heard no more, for now

My earthly by his Heav'nly overpowerd,

Which it had long stood under, streind to the highth

In that celestial Colloquie sublime,

As with an object that excels the sense,

Dazl'd and spent, sunk down, and sought repair

Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd

By Nature as in aide, and clos'd mine eyes.

Mine eyes he clos'd, but op'n left the Cell

Of Fancie my internal sight, by which

Abstract as in a transe methought I saw,

Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape

Still glorious before whom awake I stood;

Who stooping op'nd my left side, and took

From thence a Rib, with cordial spirits warme,

And Life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound,

But suddenly with flesh fill'd up and heal'd:

The Rib he formd and fashond with his hands;

Under his forming hands a Creature grew,

Manlike, but different sex, so lovly faire,

That what seemd fair in all the World, seemd now

Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her containd

And in her looks, which from that time infus'd

Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,

And into all things from her Aire inspir'd

The spirit of love and amorous delight.

Shee disappeerd, and left me dark, I wak'd

To find her, or for ever to deplore

Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:

When out of hope, behold her, not farr off,

Such as I saw her in my dream, adornd

With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow

To make her amiable: On she came,

Led by her Heav'nly Maker, though unseen,

And guided by his voice, nor uninformd

Of nuptial Sanctitie and marriage Rites:

Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her Eye,

In every gesture dignitie and love.

I overjoyd could not forbear aloud.

This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd

Thy words, Creator bounteous and benigne,

Giver of all things faire, but fairest this

Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see

Bone of my Bone, Flesh of my Flesh, my Self

Before me; Woman is her Name, of Man

Extracted; for this cause he shall forgoe

Father and Mother, and to his Wife adhere;

And they shall be one Flesh, one Heart, one Soule.

She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,

Yet Innocence and Virgin Modestie,

Her vertue and the conscience of her worth,

That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,

Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,

The more desirable, or to say all,

Nature her self, though pure of sinful thought,

Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd;

I follow'd her, she what was Honour knew,

And with obsequious Majestie approv'd

My pleaded reason. To the Nuptial Bowre

I led her blushing like the Morn: all Heav'n,

And happie Constellations on that houre

Shed thir selectest influence; the Earth

Gave sign of gratulation, and each Hill;

Joyous the Birds; fresh Gales and gentle Aires

Whisper'd it to the Woods, and from thir wings

Flung Rose, flung Odours from the spicie Shrub,

Disporting, till the amorous Bird of Night

Sung Spousal, and bid haste the Eevning Starr

On his Hill top, to light the bridal Lamp.

Thus I have told thee all my State, and brought

My Storie to the sum of earthly bliss

Which I enjoy, and must confess to find

In all things else delight indeed, but such

As us'd or not, works in the mind no change,

Nor vehement desire, these delicacies

I mean of Taste, Sight, Smell, Herbs, Fruits and Flours,

Walks, and the melodie of Birds; but here

Farr otherwise, transported I behold,

Transported touch; here passion first I felt,

Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else

Superiour and unmov'd, here onely weake

Against the charm of Beauties powerful glance.

Or Nature faild in mee, and left some part

Not proof enough such Object to sustain,

Or from my side subducting, took perhaps

More than enough; at least on her bestow'd

Too much of Ornament, in outward shew

Elaborate, of inward less exact.

For well I understand in the prime end

Of Nature her th' inferiour, in the mind

And inward Faculties, which most excell,

In outward also her resembling less

His Image who made both, and less expressing

The character of that Dominion giv'n

O're other Creatures; yet when I approach

Her loveliness, so absolute she seems

And in her self compleat, so well to know

Her own, that what she wills to do or say,

Seems wisest, vertuousest, discreetest, best;

All higher knowledge in her presence falls

Degraded, Wisdom in discourse with her

Looses discount'nanc't, and like folly shewes;

Authority and Reason on her waite,

As one intended first, not after made

Occasionally; and to consummate all,

Greatness of mind and nobleness thir seat

Build in her loveliest, and create an awe

About her, as a guard Angelic plac't.

To whom the Angel with contracted brow.

Accuse not Nature, she hath don her part;

Do thou but thine, and be not diffident

Of Wisdom, she deserts thee not, if thou

Dismiss not her, when most thou needst her nigh,

By attributing overmuch to things

Less excellent, as thou thy self perceav'st.

For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so,

An outside? fair no doubt, and worthy well

Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,

Not thy subjection: weigh with her thy self;

Then value: Oft times nothing profits more

Than self esteem, grounded on just and right

Well manag'd; of that skill the more thou know'st,

The more she will acknowledge thee her Head,

And to realities yield all her shows:

Made so adorn for thy delight the more,

So awful, that with honour thou maist love

Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.

But if the sense of touch whereby mankind

Is propagated seem such dear delight

Beyond all other, think the same voutsaf't

To Cattel and each Beast; which would not be

To them made common and divulg'd, if aught

Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue

The Soule of Man, or passion in him move.

What higher in her societie thou findst

Attractive, human, rational, love still;

In loving thou dost well, in passion not,

Wherein true Love consists not; love refines

The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat

In Reason, and is judicious, is the scale

By which to heav'nly Love thou maist ascend,

Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause

Among the Beasts no Mate for thee was found.

To whom thus half abash't Adam repli'd.

Neither her out-side formd so fair, nor aught

In procreation common to all kindes

(Though higher of the genial Bed by far,

And with mysterious reverence I deem)

So much delights me as those graceful acts,

Those thousand decencies that daily flow

From all her words and actions mixt with Love

And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd

Union of Mind, or in us both one Soule;

Harmonie to behold in wedded pair

More grateful than harmonious sound to the eare.

Yet these subject not; I to thee disclose

What inward thence I feel, not therefore foild,

Who meet with various objects, from the sense

Variously representing; yet still free

Approve the best, and follow what I approve.

To Love thou blam'st me not, for love thou saist

Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and guide;

Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask;

Love not the heav'nly Spirits, and how thir Love

Express they, by looks onely, or do they mix

Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?

To whom the Angel with a smile that glow'd

Celestial rosie red, Loves proper hue,

Answer'd. Let it suffice thee that thou know'st

Us happie, and without Love no happiness.

Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st

(And pure thou wert created) we enjoy

In eminence, and obstacle find none

Of membrane, joynt, or limb, exclusive barrs:

Easier than Air with Air, if Spirits embrace,

Total they mix, Union of Pure with Pure

Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need

As Flesh to mix with Flesh, or Soul with Soul.

But I can now no more; the parting Sun

Beyond the Earths green Cape and verdant Isles

Hesperean sets, my Signal to depart.

Be strong, live happie, and love, but first of all

Him whom to love is to obey, and keep

His great command; take heed lest Passion sway

Thy Judgment to do aught, which else free Will

Would not admit; thine and of all thy Sons

The weal or woe in thee is plac't; beware.

I in thy persevering shall rejoyce,

And all the Blest: stand fast; to stand or fall

Free in thine own Arbitrement it lies.

Perfet within, no outward aid require;

And all temptation to transgress repel.

So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus

Follow'd with benediction. Since to part,

Go heavenly Guest, Ethereal Messenger,

Sent from whose sovran goodness I adore.

Gentle to me and affable hath been

Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever

With grateful Memorie: thou to mankind

Be good and friendly still, and oft return.

So parted they, the Angel up to Heav'n

From the thick shade, and Adam to his Bowre.

Book IX

NO more of talk where God or Angel Guest

With Man, as with his Friend, familiar us'd

To sit indulgent, and with him partake

Rural repast, permitting him the while

Venial discourse unblam'd: I now must change

Those Notes to Tragic; foul distrust, and breach

Disloyal on the part of Man, revolt,

And disobedience: On the part of Heav'n

Now alienated, distance and distaste,

Anger and just rebuke, and judgement giv'n,

That brought into this World a world of woe,

Sinne and her shadow Death, and Miserie

Deaths Harbinger: Sad task, yet argument

Not less but more Heroic then the wrauth

Of stern Achilles on his Foe pursu'd

Thrice Fugitive about Troy Wall; or rage

Of Turnus for Lavinia disespous'd,

Or Neptun's ire or Juno's, that so long

Perplex'd the Greek and Cytherea's Son;

If answerable style I can obtaine

Of my Celestial Patroness, who deignes

Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,

And dictates to me slumb'ring, or inspires

Easie my unpremeditated Verse:

Since first this Subject for Heroic Song

Pleas'd me long choosing, and beginning late;

Not sedulous by Nature to indite

Warrs, hitherto the onely Argument

Heroic deem'd, chief maistrie to dissect

With long and tedious havoc fabl'd Knights

In Battels feign'd; the better fortitude

Of Patience and Heroic Martyrdom

Unsung; or to describe Races and Games,

Or tilting Furniture, emblazon'd Shields,

Impreses quaint, Caparisons and Steeds;

Bases and tinsel Trappings, gorgious Knights

At Joust and Torneament; then marshal'd Feast

Serv'd up in Hall with Sewers, and Seneshals;

The skill of Artifice or Office mean,

Not that which justly gives Heroic name

To Person or to Poem. Mee of these

Nor skilld nor studious, higher Argument

Remaines, sufficient of it self to raise

That name, unless an age too late, or cold

Climat, or Years damp my intended wing

Deprest, and much they may, if all be mine,

Not Hers who brings it nightly to my Ear.

The Sun was sunk, and after him the Starr

Of Hesperus, whose Office is to bring

Twilight upon the Earth, short Arbiter

Twixt Day and Night, and now from end to end

Nights Hemisphere had veild the Horizon round:

When Satan who late fled before the threats

Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improv'd

In meditated fraud and malice, bent

On mans destruction, maugre what might hap

Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.

By Night he fled, and at Midnight return'd.

From compassing the Earth, cautious of day,

Since Uriel Regent of the Sun descri'd

His entrance, and forewarnd the Cherubim

That kept thir watch; thence full of anguish driv'n,

The space of seven continu'd Nights he rode

With darkness, thrice the Equinoctial Line

He circl'd, four times cross'd the Carr of Night

From Pole to Pole, traversing each Colure;

On the eighth return'd, and on the Coast averse

From entrance or Cherubic Watch, by stealth

Found unsuspected way. There was a place,

Now not, though Sin, not Time, first wraught the change,

Where Tigris at the foot of Paradise

Into a Gulf shot under ground, till part

Rose up a Fountain by the Tree of Life;

In with the River sunk, and with it rose

Satan involv'd in rising Mist, then sought

Where to lie hid; Sea he had searcht and Land

From Eden over Pontus, and the Poole

Mæotis, up beyond the River Ob;

Downward as farr Antartic; and in length

West from Orontes to the Ocean barr'd

At Darien, thence to the Land where flowes

Ganges and Indus: thus the Orb he roam'd

With narrow search; and with inspection deep

Consider'd every Creature, which of all

Most opportune might serve his Wiles, and found

The Serpent suttlest Beast of all the Field.

Him after long debate, irresolute

Of thoughts revolv'd, his final sentence chose

Fit Vessel, fittest Imp of fraud, in whom

To enter, and his dark suggestions hide

From sharpest sight: for in the wilie Snake,

Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,

As from his wit and native suttletie

Proceeding, which in other Beasts observ'd

Doubt might beget of Diabolic pow'r

Active within beyond the sense of brute.

Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward griefe

His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd:

O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not preferr'd

More justly, Seat worthier of Gods, as built

With second thoughts, reforming what was old!

For what God after better worse would build?

Terrestrial Heav'n, danc't round by other Heav'ns

That shine, yet bear thir bright officious Lamps,

Light above Light, for thee alone, as seems,

In thee concentring all thir precious beams

Of sacred influence: As God in Heav'n

Is Center, yet extends to all, so thou

Centring receav'st from all those Orbs; in thee,

Not in themselves, all thir known vertue appeers

Productive in Herb, Plant, and nobler birth

Of Creatures animate with gradual life

Of Growth, Sense, Reason, all summ'd up in Man.

With what delight could I have walkt thee round,

If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange

Of Hill, and Vallie, Rivers, Woods and Plaines,

Now Land, now Sea, and Shores with Forrest crownd,

Rocks, Dens, and Caves; but I in none of these

Find place or refuge; and the more I see

Pleasures about me, so much more I feel

Torment within me, as from the hateful siege

Of contraries; all good to me becomes

Bane, and in Heav'n much worse would be my state.

But neither here seek I, no nor in Heav'n

To dwell, unless by maistring Heav'ns Supreame;

Nor hope to be my self less miserable

By what I seek, but others to make such

As I, though thereby worse to me redound:

For onely in destroying I find ease

To my relentless thoughts; and him destroyd,

Or won to what may work his utter loss,

For whom all this was made, all this will soon

Follow, as to him linkt in weal or woe,

In wo then: that destruction wide may range:

To mee shall be the glorie sole among

The infernal Powers, in one day to have marr'd

What he Almightie styl'd, six Nights and Days

Continu'd making, and who knows how long

Before had bin contriving, though perhaps

Not longer then since I in one Night freed

From servitude inglorious welnigh half

Th' Angelic Name, and thinner left the throng

Of his adorers: hee to be aveng'd,

And to repaire his numbers thus impair'd,

Whether such vertue spent of old now faild

More Angels to Create, if they at least

Are his Created, or to spite us more,

Determin'd to advance into our room

A Creature form'd of Earth, and him endow,

Exalted from so base original,

With Heav'nly spoils, our spoils: What he decreed

He effected; Man he made, and for him built

Magnificent this World, and Earth his seat,

Him Lord pronounc'd, and, O indignitie!

Subjected to his service Angel wings,

And flaming Ministers to watch and tend

Thir earthy Charge: Of these the vigilance

I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist

Of midnight vapor glide obscure, and prie

In every Bush and Brake, where hap may finde

The Serpent sleeping, in whose mazie foulds

To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.

O foul descent! that I who erst contended

With Gods to sit the highest, am now constraind

Into a Beast, and mixt with bestial slime,

This essence to incarnate and imbrute,

That to the hight of Deitie aspir'd;

But what will not Ambition and Revenge

Descend to? who aspires must down as low

As high he soard, obnoxious first or last

To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,

Bitter ere long back on it self recoiles;

Let it; I reck not, so it light well aim'd,

Since higher I fall short, on him who next

Provokes my envie, this new Favorite

Of Heav'n, this Man of Clay, Son of despite,

Whom us the more to spite his Maker rais'd

From dust: spite then with spite is best repaid.

So saying, through each Thicket Danck or Drie,

Like a black mist low creeping, he held on

His midnight search, where soonest he might finde

The Serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found

In Labyrinth of many a round self-rowld,

His head the midst, well stor'd with suttle wiles:

Not yet in horrid Shade or dismal Den,

Nor nocent yet, but on the grassie Herbe

Fearless unfeard he slept: in at his Mouth

The Devil enterd, and his brutal sense,

In heart or head, possessing soon inspir'd

With act intelligential; but his sleep

Disturbd not, waiting close th' approach of Morn.

Now when as sacred Light began to dawne

In Eden on the humid Flours, that breathd

Thir morning incense, when all things that breath,

From th' Earths great Altar send up silent praise

To the Creator, and his Nostrils fill

With grateful Smell, forth came the human pair

And joind thir vocal Worship to the Quire

Of Creatures wanting voice, that done, partake

The season, prime for sweetest Sents and Aires:

Then commune how that day they best may ply

Thir growing work: for much thir work outgrew

The hands dispatch of two Gardning so wide.

And Eve first to her Husband thus began.

Adam, well may we labour still to dress

This Garden, still to tend Plant, Herb and Flour,

Our pleasant task enjoyn'd, but till more hands

Aid us, the work under our labour grows,

Luxurious by restraint; what we by day

Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,

One night or two with wanton growth derides

Tending to wilde. Thou therefore now advise

Or hear what to my minde first thoughts present,

Let us divide our labours, thou where choice

Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind

The Woodbine round this Arbour, or direct

The clasping Ivie where to climb, while I

In yonder Spring of Roses intermixt

With Myrtle, find what to redress till Noon:

For while so near each other thus all day

Our taske we choose, what wonder if so near

Looks intervene and smiles, or object new

Casual discourse draw on, which intermits

Our dayes work brought to little, though begun

Early, and th' hour of Supper comes unearn'd.

To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd.

Sole Eve, Associate sole, to me beyond

Compare above all living Creatures deare,

Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts imployd

How we might best fulfill the work which here

God hath assign'd us, nor of me shalt pass

Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found

In Woman, then to studie houshold good,

And good workes in her Husband to promote.

Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd

Labour, as to debarr us when we need

Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,

Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse

Of looks and smiles, for smiles from Reason flow,

To brute deni'd, and are of Love the food,

Love not the lowest end of human life.

For not to irksom toile, but to delight

He made us, and delight to Reason joyn'd.

These paths & Bowers doubt not but our joynt hands

Will keep from Wilderness with ease, as wide

As we need walk, till younger hands ere long

Assist us: But if much converse perhaps

Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield.

For solitude somtimes is best societie,

And short retirement urges sweet returne.

But other doubt possesses me, least harm

Befall thee sever'd from me; for thou knowst

What hath bin warn'd us, what malicious Foe

Envying our happiness, and of his own

Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame

By sly assault; and somwhere nigh at hand

Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find

His wish and best advantage, us asunder,

Hopeless to circumvent us joynd, where each

To other speedie aide might lend at need;

Whether his first design be to withdraw

Our fealtie from God, or to disturb

Conjugal Love, then which perhaps no bliss

Enjoy'd by us excites his envie more;

Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side

That gave thee being, still shades thee and protects.

The Wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,

Safest and seemliest by her Husband staies,

Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.

To whom the Virgin Majestie of Eve,

As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,

With sweet austeer composure thus reply'd,

Ofspring of Heav'n and Earth, and all Earths Lord,

That such an Enemie we have, who seeks

Our ruin, both by thee informd I learne,

And from the parting Angel over-heard

As in a shadie nook I stood behind,

Just then returnd at shut of Evening Flours.

But that thou shouldst my firmness therfore doubt

To God or thee, because we have a foe

May tempt it, I expected not to hear.

His violence thou fear'st not, being such,

As wee, not capable of death or paine,

Can either not receave, or can repell.

His fraud is then thy fear, which plain inferrs

Thy equal fear that my firm Faith and Love

Can by his fraud be shak'n or seduc't;

Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy brest

Adam, misthought of her to thee so dear?

To whom with healing words Adam replyd.

Daughter of God and Man, immortal Eve,

For such thou art, from sin and blame entire:

Not diffident of thee do I dissuade

Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid

Th' attempt itself, intended by our Foe.

For hee who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses

The tempted with dishonour foul, suppos'd

Not incorruptible of Faith, not prooff

Against temptation: thou thy self with scorne

And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong,

Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then,

If such affront I labour to avert

From thee alone, which on us both at once

The Enemie, though bold, will hardly dare,

Or daring, first on mee th' assault shall light.

Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn;

Suttle he needs must be, who could seduce

Angels nor think superfluous others aid.

I from the influence of thy looks receave

Access in every Vertue, in thy sight

More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were

Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,

Shame to be overcome or over-reacht

Would utmost vigor raise, and rais'd unite.

Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel

When I am present, and thy trial choose

With me, best witness of thy Vertue tri'd.

So spake domestick Adam in his care

And Matrimonial Love; but Eve, who thought

Less attributed to her Faith sincere,

Thus her reply with accent sweet renewd.

If this be our condition, thus to dwell

In narrow circuit strait'nd by a Foe,

Suttle or violent, we not endu'd

Single with like defence, wherever met,

How are we happie, still in fear of harm?

But harm precedes not sin: onely our Foe

Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem

Of our integritie: his foul esteeme

Sticks no dishonor on our Front, but turns

Foul on himself; then wherefore shund or feard

By us? who rather double honour gaine

From his surmise prov'd false, find peace within,

Favour from Heav'n, our witness from th' event.

And what is Faith, Love, Vertue unassaid

Alone, without exterior help sustaind?

Let us not then suspect our happie State

Left so imperfet by the Maker wise,

As not secure to single or combin'd.

Fraile is our happiness, if this be so,

And Eden were no Eden thus expos'd.

To whom thus Adam fervently repli'd.

O Woman, best are all things as the will

Of God ordain'd them, his creating hand

Nothing imperfet or deficient left

Of all that he Created, much less Man,

Or aught that might his happie State secure,

Secure from outward force; within himself

The danger lies, yet lies within his power:

Against his will he can receave no harme.

But God left free the Will, for what obeyes

Reason, is free, and Reason he made right

But bid her well beware, and still erect,

Least by some faire appeering good surpris'd

She dictate false, and misinforme the Will

To do what God expresly hath forbid,

Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoynes,

That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.

Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,

Since Reason not impossibly may meet

Some specious object by the Foe subornd,

And fall into deception unaware,

Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warnd.

Seek not temptation then, which to avoide

Were better, and most likelie if from mee

Thou sever not: Trial will come unsought.

Wouldst thou approve thy constancie, approve

First thy obedience; th' other who can know,

Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?

But if thou think, trial unsought may finde

Us both securer then thus warnd thou seemst,

Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;

Go in thy native innocence, relie

On what thou hast of vertue, summon all,

For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine.

So spake the Patriarch of Mankinde, but Eve

Persisted, yet submiss, though last, repli'd.

With thy permission then, and thus forewarnd

Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words

Touchd onely, that our trial, when least sought,

May finde us both perhaps farr less prepar'd,

The willinger I goe, nor much expect

A Foe so proud will first the weaker seek,

So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.

Thus saying, from her Husbands hand her hand

Soft she withdrew, and like a Wood-Nymph light

Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's Traine,

Betook her to the Groves, but Delia's self

In gate surpass'd and Goddess-like deport,

Though not as shee with Bow and Quiver armd,

But with such Gardning Tools as Art yet rude,

Guiltless of fire had formd, or Angels brought.

To Pales, or Pomona, thus adornd,

Likeliest she seemd, Pomona when she fled

Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her Prime,

Yet Virgin of Proserpina from Jove.

Her long with ardent look his Eye pursu'd

Delighted, but desiring more her stay.

Oft he to her his charge of quick returne

Repeated, shee to him as oft engag'd

To be returnd by Noon amid the Bowre,

And all things in best order to invite

Noontide repast, or Afternoons repose.

O much deceav'd, much failing, hapless Eve,

Of thy presum'd return! event perverse!

Thou never from that houre in Paradise

Foundst either sweet repast, or sound repose;

Such ambush hid among sweet Flours and Shades

Waited with hellish rancour imminent

To intercept thy way, or send thee back

Despoild of Innocence, of Faith, of Bliss.

For now, and since first break of dawne the Fiend,

Meer Serpent in appearance, forth was come,

And on his Quest, where likeliest he might finde

The onely two of Mankinde, but in them

The whole included Race, his purposd prey.

In Bowre and Field he sought, where any tuft

Of Grove or Garden-Plot more pleasant lay,

Thir tendance or Plantation for delight,

By Fountain or by shadie Rivulet

He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find

Eve separate, he wish'd, but not with hope

Of what so seldom chanc'd, when to his wish,

Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,

Veild in a Cloud of Fragrance, where she stood,

Half spi'd, so thick the Roses bushing round

About her glowd, oft stooping to support

Each Flour of slender stalk, whose head though gay

Carnation, Purple, Azure, or spect with Gold,

Hung drooping unsustaind, them she upstaies

Gently with Mirtle band, mindless the while,

Her self, though fairest unsupported Flour,

From her best prop so farr, and storm so nigh.

Neerer he drew, and many a walk travers'd

Of stateliest Covert, Cedar, Pine, or Palme,

Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen

Among thick-wov'n Arborets and Flours

Imborderd on each Bank, the hand of Eve:

Spot more delicious then those Gardens feign'd

Or of reviv'd Adonis, or renownd

Alcinous, host of old Laertes Son,

Or that, not Mystic, where the Sapient King

Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian Spouse.

Much hee the Place admir'd, the Person more.

As one who long in populous City pent,

Where Houses thick and Sewers annoy the Aire,

Forth issuing on a Summers Morn to breathe

Among the pleasant Villages and Farmes

Adjoynd, from each thing met conceaves delight,

The smell of Grain, or tedded Grass, or Kine,

Or Dairie, each rural sight, each rural sound;

If chance with Nymphlike step fair Virgin pass,

What pleasing seemd, for her now pleases more,

She most, and in her look summs all Delight.

Such Pleasure took the Serpent to behold

This Flourie Plat, the sweet recess of Eve

Thus earlie, thus alone; her Heav'nly forme

Angelic, but more soft, and Feminine,

Her graceful Innocence, her every Aire

Of gesture or lest action overawd

His Malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd

His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought:

That space the Evil one abstracted stood

From his own evil, and for the time remaind

Stupidly good, of enmitie disarm'd,

Of guile, of hate, of envie, of revenge;

But the hot Hell that always in him burnes,

Though in mid Heav'n, soon ended his delight,

And tortures him now more, the more he sees

Of pleasure not for him ordain'd: then soon

Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts

Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.

Thoughts, whither have ye led me, with what sweet

Compulsion thus transported to forget

What hither brought us, hate, not love, nor hope

Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste

Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,

Save what is in destroying, other joy

To me is lost. Then let me not let pass

Occasion which now smiles, behold alone

The Woman, opportune to all attempts,

Her Husband, for I view far round, not nigh,

Whose higher intellectual more I shun,

And strength, of courage hautie, and of limb

Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould,

Foe not informidable, exempt from wound,

I not; so much hath Hell debas'd, and paine

Infeebl'd me, to what I was in Heav'n.

Shee fair, divinely fair, fit Love for Gods,

Not terrible, though terrour be in Love

And beautie, not approacht by stronger hate,

Hate stronger, under shew of Love well feign'd,

The way which to her ruin now I tend.

So spake the Enemie of Mankind, enclos'd

In Serpent, Inmate bad, and toward Eve

Address'd his way, not with indented wave,

Prone on the ground, as since, but on his reare,

Circular base of rising foulds, that tour'd

Fould above fould a surging Maze, his Head

Crested aloft, and Carbuncle his Eyes;

With burnisht Neck of verdant Gold, erect

Amidst his circling Spires, that on the grass

Floted redundant: pleasing was his shape,

And lovely, never since of Serpent kind

Lovelier, not those that in Illyria chang'd

Hermione and Cadmus, or the God

In Epidaurus; nor to which transformd

Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline was seen,

Hee with Olympias, this with her who bore

Scipio the highth of Rome. With tract oblique

At first, as one who sought access, but feard

To interrupt, side-long he works his way.

As when a Ship by skilful Stearsman wrought

Nigh Rivers mouth or Foreland, where the Wind

Veres oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her Saile;

So varied hee, and of his tortuous Traine

Curld many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,

To lure her Eye; shee busied heard the sound

Of rusling Leaves, but minded not, as us'd

To such disport before her through the Field,

From every Beast, more duteous at her call,

Then at Circean call the Herd disguis'd.

Hee boulder now, uncall'd before her stood;

But as in gaze admiring: Oft he bowd

His turret Crest, and sleek enamel'd Neck,

Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.

His gentle dumb expression turnd at length

The Eye of Eve to mark his play; he glad

Of her attention gaind, with Serpent Tongue

Organic, or impulse of vocal Air,

His fraudulent temptation thus began.

Wonder not, sovran Mistress, if perhaps

Thou canst, who art sole Wonder, much less arm

Thy looks, the Heav'n of mildness, with disdain,

Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze

Insatiate, I thus single, nor have feard

Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.

Fairest resemblance of thy Maker faire,

Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine

By gift, and thy Celestial Beautie adore

With ravishment beheld, there best beheld

Where universally admir'd; but here

In this enclosure wild, these Beasts among,

Beholders rude, and shallow to discerne

Half what in thee is fair, one man except,

Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who shouldst be seen

A Goddess among Gods, ador'd and serv'd

By Angels numberless, thy daily Train.

So gloz'd the Tempter, and his Proem tun'd;

Into the Heart of Eve his words made way,

Though at the voice much marveling; at length

Not unamaz'd she thus in answer spake.

What may this mean? Language of Man pronounc't

By Tongue of Brute, and human sense exprest?

The first at lest of these I thought deni'd

To Beasts, whom God on thir Creation-Day

Created mute to all articulat sound;

The latter I demurre, for in thir looks

Much reason, and in thir actions oft appeers.

Thee, Serpent, suttlest beast of all the field

I knew, but not with human voice endu'd;

Redouble then this miracle, and say,

How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how

To me so friendly grown above the rest

Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight?

Say, for such wonder claims attention due.

To whom the guileful Tempter thus reply'd.

Empress of this fair World, resplendent Eve,

Easie to mee it is to tell thee all

What thou commandst and right thou shouldst be obeyd:

I was at first as other Beasts that graze

The trodden Herb, of abject thoughts and low,

As was my food, nor aught but food discern'd

Or Sex, and apprehended nothing high:

Till on a day roaving the field, I chanc'd

A goodly Tree farr distant to behold

Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixt,

Ruddie and Gold: I nearer drew to gaze;

When from the boughes a savorie odour blow'n,

Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense,

Then smell of sweetest Fenel or the Teats

Of Ewe or Goat dropping with Milk at Eevn,

Unsuckt of Lamb or Kid, that tend thir play.

To satisfie the sharp desire I had

Of tasting those fair Apples, I resolv'd

Not to deferr; hunger and thirst at once,

Powerful perswaders, quick'nd at the scent

Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keene.

About the mossie Trunk I wound me soon,

For high from ground the branches would require

Thy utmost reach or Adams: Round the Tree

All other Beasts that saw, with like desire

Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.

Amid the Tree now got, where plenty hung

Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill

I spar'd not, for such pleasure till that hour

At Feed or Fountain never had I found.

Sated at length, ere long I might perceave

Strange alteration in me, to degree

Of Reason in my inward Powers, and Speech

Wanted not long, though to this shape retain'd.

Thenceforth to Speculations high or deep

I turnd my thoughts, and with capacious mind

Considerd all things visible in Heav'n,

Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good;

But all that fair and good in thy Divine

Semblance, and in thy Beauties heav'nly Ray

United I beheld; no Fair to thine

Equivalent or second, which compel'd

Mee thus, though importune perhaps, to come

And gaze, and worship thee of right declar'd

Sovran of Creatures, universal Dame.

So talk'd the spirited sly Snake; and Eve

Yet more amaz'd unwarie thus reply'd.

Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt

The vertue of that Fruit, in thee first prov'd:

But say, where grows the Tree, from hence how far?

For many are the Trees of God that grow

In Paradise, and various, yet unknown

To us, in such abundance lies our choice,

As leaves a greater store of Fruit untoucht,

Still hanging incorruptible, till men

Grow up to thir provision, and more hands

Help to disburden Nature of her Bearth.

To whom the wilie Adder, blithe and glad.

Empress, the way is readie, and not long,

Beyond a row of Myrtles, on a Flat,

Fast by a Fountain, one small Thicket past

Of blowing Myrrh and Balme; if thou accept

My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon.

Lead then, said Eve. Hee leading swiftly rowld

In tangles, and made intricate seem strait,

To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy

Bright'ns his Crest, as when a wandring Fire

Compact of unctuous vapor, which the Night

Condenses, and the cold invirons round,

Kindl'd through agitation to a Flame,

Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends

Hovering and blazing with delusive Light,

Misleads th' amaz'd Night-wanderer from his way

To Boggs and Mires, and oft through Pond or Poole,

There swallow'd up and lost, from succour farr.

So glister'd the dire Snake, and into fraud

Led Eve our credulous Mother, to the Tree

Of prohibition, root of all our woe;

Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.

Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming hither,

Fruitless to mee, though Fruit be here to excess,

The credit of whose vertue rest with thee,

Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects.

But of this Tree we may not taste nor touch;

God so commanded, and left that Command

Sole Daughter of his voice; the rest, we live

Law to our selves, our Reason is our Law.

To whom the Tempter guilefully repli'd.

Indeed? hath God then said that of the Fruit

Of all these Garden Trees ye shall not eate,

Yet Lords declar'd of all in Earth or Aire?

To whom thus Eve yet sinless. Of the Fruit

Of each Tree in the Garden we may eate,

But of the Fruit of this fair Tree amidst

The Garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eate

Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, least ye die.

She scarse had said, though brief, when now more bold

The Tempter, but with shew of Zeale and Love

To Man, and indignation at his wrong,

New part puts on, and as to passion mov'd,

Fluctuats disturbd, yet comely and in act

Rais'd, as of som great matter to begin.

As when of old som Orator renound

In Athens or free Rome, where Eloquence

Flourishd, since mute, to som great cause addrest,

Stood in himself collected, while each part,

Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue,

Somtimes in highth began, as no delay

Of Preface brooking through his Zeal of Right.

So standing, moving, or to highth upgrown

The Tempter all impassiond thus began.

O Sacred, Wise, and Wisdom-giving Plant,

Mother of Science, Now I feel thy Power

Within me cleere, not onely to discerne

Things in thir Causes, but to trace the wayes

Of highest Agents, deemd however wise.

Queen of this Universe, doe not believe

Those rigid threats of Death; ye shall not Die:

How should ye? by the Fruit? it gives you Life

To Knowledge, By the Threatner, look on mee,

Mee who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live,

And life more perfet have attaind then Fate

Meant mee, by ventring higher then my Lot.

Shall that be shut to Man, which to the Beast

Is open? or will God incense his ire

For such a petty Trespass, and not praise

Rather your dauntless vertue, whom the pain

Of Death denounc't, whatever thing Death be,

Deterrd not from atchieving what might leade

To happier life, knowledge of Good and Evil;

Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil

Be real, why not known, since easier shunnd?

God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just;

Not just, not God; not feard then, nor obeyd:

Your feare it self of Death removes the feare.

Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,

Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,

His worshippers; he knows that in the day

Ye Eate thereof, your Eyes that seem so cleere,

Yet are but dim, shall perfetly be then

Op'nd and cleerd, and ye shall be as Gods,

Knowing both Good and Evil as they know.

That ye should be as Gods, since I as Man,

Internal Man, is but proportion meet,

I of brute human, yee of human Gods.

So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off

Human, to put on Gods, death to be wisht,

Though threat'nd, which no worse then this can bring.

And what are Gods that Man may not become

As they, participating God-like food?

The Gods are first, and that advantage use

On our belief, that all from them proceeds;

I question it, for this fair Earth I see,

Warm'd by the Sun, producing every kind,

Them nothing: If they all things, who enclos'd

Knowledge of Good and Evil in this Tree,

That whoso eats thereof, forthwith attains

Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies

Th' offence, that Man should thus attain to know?

What can your knowledge hurt him, or this Tree

Impart against his will if all be his?

Or is it envie, and can envie dwell

In Heav'nly brests? these, these and many more

Causes import your need of this fair Fruit.

Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste.

He ended, and his words replete with guile

Into her heart too easie entrance won:

Fixt on the Fruit she gaz'd, which to behold

Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound

Yet rung of his perswasive words, impregn'd

With Reason, to her seeming, and with Truth;

Mean while the hour of Noon drew on, and wak'd

An eager appetite, rais'd by the smell

So savorie of that Fruit, which with desire,

Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,

Sollicited her longing eye; yet first

Pausing a while, thus to her self she mus'd.

Great are thy Vertues, doubtless, best of Fruits.

Though kept from Man, and worthy to be admir'd,

Whose taste, too long forborn, at first assay

Gave elocution to the mute, and taught

The Tongue not made for Speech to speak thy praise:

Thy praise hee also who forbids thy use,

Conceales not from us, naming thee the Tree

Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;

Forbids us then to taste, but his forbidding

Commends thee more, while it inferrs the good

By thee communicated, and our want:

For good unknown, sure is not had, or had

And yet unknown, is as not had at all.

In plain then, what forbids he but to know,

Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?

Such prohibitions binde not. But if Death

Bind us with after-bands, what profits then

Our inward freedom? In the day we eate

Of this fair Fruit, our doom is, we shall die.

How dies the Serpent? hee hath eat'n and lives,

And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,

Irrational till then. For us alone

Was death invented? or to us deni'd

This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd?

For Beasts it seems: yet that one Beast which first

Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy

The good befall'n him, Author unsuspect,

Friendly to man, farr from deceit or guile.

What fear I then, rather what know to feare

Under this ignorance of good and Evil,

Of God or Death, of Law or Penaltie?

Here grows the Cure of all, this Fruit Divine,

Fair to the Eye, inviting to the Taste,

Of vertue to make wise: what hinders then

To reach, and feed at once both Bodie and Mind?

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour

Forth reaching to the Fruit, she pluck'd, she eat:

Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat

Sighing through all her Works gave signs of woe,

That all was lost. Back to the Thicket slunk

The guiltie Serpent, and well might, for Eve

Intent now wholly on her taste, naught else

Regarded, such delight till then, as seemd,

In Fruit she never tasted, whether true

Or fansied so, through expectation high

Of knowledg, nor was God-head from her thought.

Greedily she ingorg'd without restraint,

And knew not eating Death: Satiate at length,

And hight'nd as with Wine, jocond and boon,

Thus to her self she pleasingly began.

O Sovran, vertuous, precious of all Trees

In Paradise, of operation blest

To Sapience, hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,

And thy fair Fruit let hang, as to no end

Created; but henceforth my early care,

Not without Song, each Morning, and due praise

Shall tend thee, and the fertil burden ease

Of thy full branches offer'd free to all;

Till dieted by thee I grow mature

In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know;

Though others envie what they cannot give;

For had the gift bin theirs, it had not here

Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,

Best guide; not following thee, I had remaind

In ignorance, thou op'nst Wisdoms way,

And giv'st access, though secret she retire.

And I perhaps am secret; Heav'n is high,

High and remote to see from thence distinct

Each thing on Earth; and other care perhaps

May have diverted from continual watch

Our great Forbidder, safe with all his Spies

About him. But to Adam in what sort

Shall I appeer? shall I to him make known

As yet my change, and give him to partake

Full happiness with mee, or rather not,

But keep the odds of Knowledge in my power

Without Copartner? so to add what wants

In Femal Sex, the more to draw his Love,

And render me more equal, and perhaps,

A thing not undesireable, somtime

Superior: for inferior who is free?

This may be well: but what if God have seen

And Death ensue? then I shall be no more,

And Adam wedded to another Eve,

Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;

A death to think. Confirm'd then I resolve,

Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe:

So dear I love him, that with him all deaths

I could endure, without him live no life.

So saying, from the Tree her step she turnd,

But first low Reverence don, as to the power

That dwelt within, whose presence had infus'd

Into the plant sciential sap, deriv'd

From Nectar, drink of Gods. Adam the while

Waiting desirous her return, had wove

Of choicest Flours a Garland to adorne

Her Tresses, and her rural labours crown,

As Reapers oft are wont thir Harvest Queen.

Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new

Solace in her return, so long delay'd;

Yet oft his heart, divine of somthing ill,

Misgave him; hee the faultring measure felt;

And forth to meet her went, the way she took

That Morn when first they parted; by the Tree

Of Knowledge he must pass, there he her met,

Scarse from the Tree returning; in her hand

A bough of fairest fruit that downie smil'd,

New gatherd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.

To him she hasted, in her face excuse

Came Prologue, and Apologie to prompt,

Which with bland words at will she thus addrest.

Hast thou not wonderd, Adam, at my stay?

Thee I have misst, and thought it long, depriv'd

Thy presence, agonie of love till now

Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more

Mean I to trie, what rash untri'd I sought,

The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange

Hath bin the cause, and wonderful to heare:

This Tree is not as we are told, a Tree

Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown

Op'ning the way, but of Divine effect

To open Eyes, and make them Gods who taste;

And hath bin tasted such: the Serpent wise,

Or not restraind as wee, or not obeying,

Hath eat'n of the fruit, and is become,

Not dead, as we are threatn'd, but thenceforth

Endu'd with human voice and human sense,

Reasoning to admiration, and with mee

Perswasively hath so prevaild, that I

Have also tasted, and have also found

Th' effects to correspond, opener mine Eyes

Dimm erst, dilated Spirits, ampler Heart,

And growing up to Godhead; which for thee

Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.

For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss,

Tedious, unshar'd with thee, and odious soon.

Thou therefore also taste, that equal Lot

May joyne us, equal Joy, as equal Love;

Least thou not tasting, different degree

Disjoyne us, and I then too late renounce

Deitie for thee, when Fate will not permit.

Thus Eve with Countnance blithe her storie told;

But in her Cheek distemper flushing glowd.

On th' other side, Adam, soon as he heard

The fatal Trespass don by Eve, amaz'd,

Astonied stood and Blank, while horror chill

Ran through his veins, and all his joynts relax'd;

From his slack hand the Garland wreath'd for Eve

Down drop'd, and all the faded Roses shed:

Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length

First to himself he inward silence broke.

O fairest of Creation, last and best

Of all Gods works, Creature in whom excell'd

Whatever can to sight or thought be formd,

Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!

How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,

Defac't, deflourd, and now to Death devote?

Rather how hast thou yeelded to transgress

The strict forbiddance, how to violate

The sacred Fruit forbidd'n! som cursed fraud

Of Enemie hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,

And mee with thee hath ruind, for with thee

Certain my resolution is to Die;

How can I live without thee, how forgoe

Thy sweet Converse and Love so dearly joyn'd,

To live again in these wilde Woods forlorn?

Should God create another Eve, and I

Another Rib afford, yet loss of thee

Would never from my heart; no no, I feel

The Link of Nature draw me: Flesh of Flesh,

Bone of my Bone thou art, and from thy State

Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

So having said, as one from sad dismay

Recomforted, and after thoughts disturbd

Submitting to what seemd remediless,

Thus in calm mood his Words to Eve he turnd.

Bold deed thou hast presum'd, adventrous Eve

And peril great provok't, who thus hath dar'd

Had it been onely coveting to Eye

That sacred Fruit, sacred to abstinence,

Much more to taste it under banne to touch.

But past who can recall, or don undoe?

Not God Omnipotent, nor Fate, yet so

Perhaps thou shalt not Die, perhaps the Fact

Is not so hainous now, foretasted Fruit,

Profan'd first by the Serpent, by him first

Made common and unhallowd ere our taste;

Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives,

Lives, as thou saidst, and gaines to live as Man

Higher degree of Life, inducement strong

To us, as likely tasting to attaine

Proportional ascent, which cannot be

But to be Gods, or Angels Demi-gods.

Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,

Though threatning, will in earnest so destroy

Us his prime Creatures, dignifi'd so high,

Set over all his Works, which in our Fall,

For us created, needs with us must faile,

Dependent made; so God shall uncreate,

Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour loose,

Not well conceav'd of God, who though his Power

Creation could repeate, yet would be loath

Us to abolish, least the Adversary

Triumph and say; Fickle their State whom God

Most Favors, who can please him long; Mee first

He ruind, now Mankind; whom will he next?

Matter of scorne, not to be given the Foe,

However I with thee have fixt my Lot,

Certain to undergoe like doom, if Death

Consort with thee, Death is to mee as Life;

So forcible within my heart I feel

The Bond of Nature draw me to my owne,

My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;

Our State cannot be severd, we are one,

One Flesh; to loose thee were to loose my self.

So Adam, and thus Eve to him repli'd.

O glorious trial of exceeding Love,

Illustrious evidence, example high!

Ingaging me to emulate, but short

Of thy perfection, how shall I attaine,

Adam, from whose deare side I boast me sprung,

And gladly of our Union heare thee speak,

One Heart, one Soul in both; whereof good prooff

This day affords, declaring thee resolvd,

Rather then Death or aught then Death more dread

Shall separate us, linkt in Love so deare,

To undergoe with mee one Guilt, one Crime,

If any be, of tasting this fair Fruit,

Whose vertue, for of good still good proceeds,

Direct, or by occasion hath presented

This happie trial of thy Love, which else

So eminently never had bin known.

Were it I thought Death menac't would ensue

This my attempt, I would sustain alone

The worst, and not perswade thee, rather die

Deserted, then oblige thee with a fact

Pernicious to thy Peace, chiefly assur'd

Remarkably so late of thy so true,

So faithful Love unequald; but I feel

Farr otherwise th' event, not Death, but Life

Augmented, op'nd Eyes, new Hopes, new Joyes,

Taste so Divine, that what of sweet before

Hath toucht my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.

On my experience, Adam, freely taste,

And fear of Death deliver to the Windes.

So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy

Tenderly wept, much won that he his Love

Had so enobl'd, as of choice to incurr

Divine displeasure for her sake, or Death.

In recompence (for such compliance bad

Such recompence best merits) from the bough

She gave him of that fair enticing Fruit

With liberal hand: he scrupl'd not to eat

Against his better knowledge, not deceav'd,

But fondly overcome with Femal charm.

Earth trembl'd from her entrails, as again

In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan,

Skie lowr'd, and muttering Thunder, som sad drops

Wept at compleating of the mortal Sin

Original; while Adam took no thought,

Eating his fill, nor Eve to iterate

Her former trespass fear'd, the more to soothe

Him with her lov'd societie, that now

As with new Wine intoxicated both

They swim in mirth, and fansie that they feel

Divinitie within them breeding wings

Wherewith to scorne the Earth: but that false Fruit

Farr other operation first displaid,

Carnal desire enflaming, hee on Eve

Began to cast lascivious Eyes, she him

As wantonly repaid; in Lust they burne:

Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move,

Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,

And elegant, of Sapience no small part,

Since to each meaning savour we apply,

And Palate call judicious; I the praise

Yeild thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.

Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd

From this delightful Fruit, nor known till now

True relish, tasting; if such pleasure be

In things to us forbidden, it might be wish'd,

For this one Tree had bin forbidden ten.

But come, so well refresh't, now let us play,

As meet is, after such delicious Fare;

For never did thy Beautie since the day

I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd

With all perfections, so enflame my sense

With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now

Then ever, bountie of this vertuous Tree.

O Credulous Eve.

So said he, and forbore not glance or toy

Of amorous intent, well understood

Of Eve, whose Eye darted contagious Fire.

Her hand he seis'd, and to a shadie bank,

Thick overhead with verdant roof imbowr'd

He led her nothing loath; Flours were the Couch,

Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel,

And Hyacinth, Earths freshest softest lap.

There they thir fill of Love and Loves disport

Took largely, of thir mutual guilt the Seale,

The solace of thir sin, till dewie sleep

Oppress'd them, wearied with thir amorous play.

Soon as the force of that fallacious Fruit,

That with exhilerating vapour bland

About thir spirits had plaid, and inmost powers

Made erre, was now exhal'd, and grosser sleep

Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams

Encumberd, now had left them, up they rose

As from unrest, and each the other viewing,

Soon found thir Eyes how op'nd, and thir minds

How dark'nd; innocence, that as a veile

Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gon,

Just confidence, and native righteousness

And honour from about them, naked left

To guiltie shame hee cover'd, but his Robe

Uncover'd more, so rose the Danite strong

Herculean Samson from the Harlot-lap

Of Philistean Dalilah, and wak'd

Shorn of his strength, They destitute and bare

Of all thir vertue: silent, and in face

Confounded long they sate, as struck'n mute,

Till Adam, though not less then Eve abasht,

At length gave utterance to these words constraind.

O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give eare

To that false Worm, of whomsoever taught

To counterfet Mans voice, true in our Fall,

False in our promis'd Rising; since our Eyes

Op'nd we find indeed, and find we know

Both Good and Evil, Good lost, and Evil got,

Bad Fruit of Knowledge, if this be to know,

Which leaves us naked thus, of Honour void,

Of Innocence, of Faith, of Puritie,

Our wonted Ornaments now soild and staind,

And in our Faces evident the signes

Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;

Even shame, the last of evils; of the first

Be sure then. How shall I behold the face

Henceforth of God or Angel, earst with joy

And rapture so oft beheld? those heav'nly shapes

Will dazle now this earthly, with thir blaze

Insufferably bright. O might I here

In solitude live savage, in some glade

Obscur'd, where highest Woods impenetrable

To Starr or Sun-light, spread thir umbrage broad,

And brown as Evening: Cover me ye Pines,

Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs

Hide me, where I may never see them more.

But let us now, as in bad plight, devise

What best may for the present serve to hide

The Parts of each from other, that seem most

To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen,

Some Tree whose broad smooth Leaves together sowd,

And girded on our loyns, may cover round

Those middle parts, that this new commer, Shame,

There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.

So counsel'd hee, and both together went

Into the thickest Wood, there soon they chose

The Figtree, not that kind for Fruit renown'd,

But such as at this day to Indians known

In Malabar or Decan spreds her Armes

Braunching so broad and long, that in the ground

The bended Twigs take root, and Daughters grow

About the Mother Tree, a Pillard shade

High overarch't, and echoing Walks between;

There oft the Indian Herdsman shunning heate

Shelters in coole, and tends his pasturing Herds

At Loopholes cut through thickest shade: Those Leaves

They gatherd, broad as Amazonian Targe,
And with what skill they had, together sowd,
To gird thir waste, vain Covering if to hide
Thir guilt and dreaded shame; O how unlike
To that first naked Glorie. Such of late
Columbus found th' American so girt
With featherd Cincture, naked else and wilde
Among the Trees on Iles and woodie Shores.
Thus fenc't, and as they thought, thir shame in part
Coverd, but not at rest or ease of Mind,
They sate them down to weep, nor onely Teares
Raind at thir Eyes, but high Winds worse within
Began to rise, high Passions, Anger, Hate,
Mistrust, Suspicion, Discord, and shook sore
Thir inward State of Mind, calm Region once
And full of Peace, now tost and turbulent:
For Understanding rul'd not, and the Will
Heard not her lore, both in subjection now
To sensual Appetite, who from beneathe
Usurping over sovran Reason claimd
Superior sway: From thus distemperd brest,
Adam, estrang'd in look and alterd stile,
Speech intermitted thus to Eve renewd.
Would thou hadst heark'nd to my words, and stai'd
With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
Desire of wandring this unhappie Morn,
I know not whence possessd thee; we had then
Remaind still happie, not as now, despoild
Of all our good, sham'd, naked, miserable.
Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve
The Faith they owe; when earnestly they seek

Such proof, conclude, they then begin to faile.

To whom soon mov'd with touch of blame thus Eve.

What words have past thy Lips, Adam severe,

Imput'st thou that to my default, or will

Of wandring, as thou call'st it, which who knows

But might as ill have happ'nd thou being by,

Or to thy self perhaps: hadst thou been there,

Or here th' attempt, thou couldst not have discernd

Fraud in the Serpent, speaking as he spake;

No ground of enmitie between us known,

Why hee should mean me ill, or seek to harme.

Was I to have never parted from thy side?

As good have grown there still a liveless Rib.

Being as I am, why didst not thou the Head

Command me absolutely not to go,

Going into such danger as thou saidst?

Too facil then thou didst not much gainsay,

Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.

Hadst thou bin firm and fixt in thy dissent,

Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with mee.

To whom then first incenst Adam repli'd,

Is this the Love, is this the recompence

Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, exprest

Immutable when thou wert lost, not I,

Who might have liv'd and joyd immortal bliss,

Yet willingly chose rather Death with thee:

And am I now upbraided, as the cause

Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,

It seems, in thy restraint: what could I more?

I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold

The danger, and the lurking Enemie

That lay in wait; beyond this had bin force,

And force upon free Will hath here no place.

But confidence then bore thee on, secure

Either to meet no danger, or to finde

Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps

I also err'd in overmuch admiring

What seemd in thee so perfet, that I thought

No evil durst attempt thee, but I rue

That errour now, which is become my crime,

And thou th' accuser. Thus it shall befall

Him who to worth in Women overtrusting

Lets her Will rule; restraint she will not brook,

And left to her self, if evil thence ensue,

Shee first his weak indulgence will accuse.

Thus they in mutual accusation spent

The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning,

And of thir vain contest appeer'd no end.

Book X

Meanwhile the hainous and despightfull act

Of Satan done in Paradise, and how

Hee in the Serpent, had perverted Eve,

Her Husband shee, to taste the fatall fruit,

Was known in Heav'n; for what can scape the Eye

Of God All-seeing, or deceave his Heart

Omniscient, who in all things wise and just,

Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the minde

Of Man, with strength entire, and free will arm'd,

Complete to have discover'd and repulst

Whatever wiles of Foe or seeming Friend.

For still they knew, and ought to have still remember'd

The high Injunction not to taste that Fruit,

Whoever tempted; which they not obeying,

Incurr'd, what could they less, the penaltie,

And manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall.

Up into Heav'n from Paradise in haste

Th' Angelic Guards ascended, mute and sad

For Man, for of his state by this they knew,

Much wondring how the suttle Fiend had stoln

Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news

From Earth arriv'd at Heaven Gate, displeas'd

All were who heard, dim sadness did not spare

That time Celestial visages, yet mixt

With pitie, violated not thir bliss.

About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes

Th' ethereal People ran, to hear and know

How all befell: they towards the Throne Supream

Accountable made haste to make appear

With righteous plea, thir utmost vigilance,

And easily approv'd; when the most High

Eternal Father from his secret Cloud,

Amidst in Thunder utter'd thus his voice.

Assembl'd Angels, and ye Powers return'd

From unsuccessful charge, be not dismaid,

Nor troubl'd at these tidings from the Earth,

Which your sincerest care could not prevent,

Foretold so lately what would come to pass,

When first this Tempter cross'd the Gulf from Hell.

I told ye then he should prevail and speed

On his bad Errand, Man should be seduc't

And flatter'd out of all, believing lies

Against his Maker; no Decree of mine

Concurring to necessitate his Fall,

Or touch with lightest moment of impulse

His free Will, to her own inclining left

In eevn scale. But fall'n he is, and now

What rests but that the mortal Sentence pass

On his transgression Death denounc't that day,

Which he presumes already vain and void,

Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,

By some immediate stroak; but soon shall find

Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.

Justice shall not return as bountie scorn'd.

But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee

Vicegerent Son, to thee I have transferr'd

All Judgement whether in Heav'n, or Earth, or Hell.

Easie it might be seen that I intend

Mercie collegue with Justice, sending thee

Mans Friend his Mediator, his design'd

Both Ransom and Redeemer voluntarie,

And destin'd Man himself to judge Man fall'n.

So spake the Father, and unfoulding bright

Toward the right hand his Glorie, on the Son

Blaz'd forth unclouded Deitie; he full

Resplendent all his Father manifest

Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd milde.

Father Eternal, thine is to decree,

Mine both in Heav'n and Earth to do thy will

Supream, that thou in mee thy Son belov'd

Mayst ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge

On Earth these thy transgressors, but thou knowst,

Whoever judg'd, the worst on mee must light,

When time shall be, for so I undertook

Before thee; and not repenting, this obtaine

Of right, that I may mitigate thir doom

On me deriv'd, yet I shall temper so

Justice with Mercie, as may illustrate most

Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.

Attendance none shall need, nor Train, where none

Are to behold the Judgement, but the judg'd,

Those two; the third best absent is condemn'd,

Convict by flight, and Rebel to all Law

Conviction to the Serpent none belongs.

Thus saying, from his radiant Seat he rose

Of high collateral glorie: him Thrones and Powers,

Princedoms, and Dominations ministrant

Accompanied to Heaven Gate, from whence

Eden and all the Coast in prospect lay.

Down he descended strait; the speed of Gods

Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes wing'd.

Now was the Sun in Western cadence low

From Noon, and gentle Aires due at thir hour

To fan the Earth now wak'd, and usher in

The Eevning coole, when he from wrauth more coole

Came the mild Judge and Intercessor both

To sentence Man: the voice of God they heard

Now walking in the Garden, by soft windes

Brought to thir Ears, while day declin'd, they heard,

And from his presence hid themselves among

The thickest Trees, both Man and Wife, till God

Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud.

Where art thou Adam, wont with joy to meet

My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,

Not pleas'd, thus entertaind with solitude,

Where obvious dutie erewhile appear'd unsaught:

Or come I less conspicuous, or what change

Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.

He came, and with him Eve, more loth, though first

To offend, discount'nanc't both, and discompos'd;

Love was not in thir looks, either to God

Or to each other, but apparent guilt,

And shame, and perturbation, and despaire,

Anger, and obstinacie, and hate, and guile.

Whence Adam faultring long, thus answer'd brief.

I heard thee in the Garden, and of thy voice

Affraid, being naked, hid my self.

To whom The gracious Judge without revile repli'd.

My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,

But still rejoyc't, how is it now become

So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked, who

Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the Tree

Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?

To whom thus Adam sore beset repli'd.

O Heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand

Before my Judge, either to undergoe

My self the total Crime, or to accuse

My other self, the partner of my life;

Whose failing, while her Faith to me remaines,

I should conceal, and not expose to blame

By my complaint; but strict necessitie

Subdues me, and calamitous constraint

Least on my head both sin and punishment,

However insupportable, be all

Devolv'd; though should I hold my peace, yet thou

Wouldst easily detect what I conceale.

This Woman whom thou mad'st to be my help,

And gav'st me as thy perfet gift, so good,

So fit, so acceptable, so Divine,

That from her hand I could suspect no ill,

And what she did, whatever in it self,

Her doing seem'd to justifie the deed;

Shee gave me of the Tree, and I did eate.

To whom the sovran Presence thus repli'd.

Was shee thy God, that her thou didst obey

Before his voice, or was shee made thy guide,

Superior, or but equal, that to her

Thou did'st resigne thy Manhood, and the Place

Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,

And for thee, whose perfection farr excell'd

Hers in all real dignitie: Adornd

She was indeed, and lovely to attract

Thy Love, not thy Subjection, and her Gifts

Were such as under Government well seem'd,

Unseemly to beare rule, which was thy part

And person, hadst thou known thy self aright.

So having said, he thus to Eve in few:

Say Woman, what is this which thou hast done?

To whom sad Eve with shame nigh overwhelm'd,

Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge

Bold or loquacious, thus abasht repli'd.

The Serpent me beguil'd and I did eate.

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay

To Judgement he proceeded on th' accus'd

Serpent though brute, unable to transferre

The Guilt on him who made him instrument

Of mischief, and polluted from the end

Of his Creation; justly then accurst,

As vitiated in Nature: more to know

Concern'd not Man (since he no further knew)

Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at last

To Satan first in sin his doom apply'd

Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best:

And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall.

Because thou hast done this, thou art accurst

Above all Cattle, each Beast of the Field;

Upon thy Belly groveling thou shalt goe,

And dust shalt eat all the dayes of thy Life.

Between Thee and the Woman I will put

Enmitie, and between thine and her Seed;

Her Seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.

So spake this Oracle, then verifi'd

When Jesus son of Mary second Eve,

Saw Satan fall like Lightning down from Heav'n,

Prince of the Aire; then rising from his Grave

Spoild Principalities and Powers, triumpht

In open shew, and with ascention bright

Captivity led captive through the Aire,

The Realm it self of Satan long usurpt,

Whom he shall tread at last under our feet;

Eevn hee who now foretold his fatal bruise,

And to the Woman thus his Sentence turn'd.

Thy sorrow I will greatly multiplie

By thy Conception; Children thou shalt bring

In sorrow forth, and to thy Husbands will

Thine shall submit, hee over thee shall rule.

On Adam last thus judgement he pronounc'd.

Because thou hast heark'nd to the voice of thy Wife,

And eaten of the Tree concerning which

I charg'd thee, saying: Thou shalt not eate thereof,

Curs'd is the ground for thy sake, thou in sorrow

Shalt eate thereof all the days of thy Life;

Thorns also and Thistles it shall bring thee forth

Unbid, and thou shalt eate th' Herb of th' Field,

In the sweat of thy Face shalt thou eat Bread,

Till thou return unto the ground, for thou

Out of the ground wast taken, know thy Birth,

For dust thou art, and shalt to dust returne.

So judg'd he Man, both Judge and Saviour sent,

And th' instant stroke of Death denounc't that day

Remov'd farr off; then pittying how they stood

Before him naked to the aire, that now

Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin

Thenceforth the form of servant to assume,

As when he wash'd his servants feet so now

As Father of his Familie he clad

Thir nakedness with Skins of Beasts, or slain,

Or as the Snake with youthful Coate repaid;

And thought not much to cloath his Enemies:

Nor hee thir outward onely with the Skins

Of Beasts, but inward nakedness, much more

Opprobrious, with his Robe of righteousness,

Araying cover'd from his Fathers sight.

To him with swift ascent he up returnd,

Into his blissful bosom reassum'd

In glory as of old, to him appeas'd

All, though all-knowing, what had past with Man

Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

Meanwhile ere thus was sin'd and judg'd on Earth,

Within the Gates of Hell sate Sin and Death,

In counterview within the Gates, that now

Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame

Farr into Chaos, since the Fiend pass'd through,

Sin opening, who thus now to Death began.

O Son, why sit we here each other viewing

Idlely, while Satan our great Author thrives

In other Worlds, and happier Seat provides

For us his ofspring deare? It cannot be

But that success attends him; if mishap,

Ere this he had return'd, with fury driv'n

By his Avengers, since no place like this

Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.

Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,

Wings growing, and Dominion giv'n me large

Beyond this Deep; whatever drawes me on,

Or sympathie, or som connatural force

Powerful at greatest distance to unite

With secret amity things of like kinde

By secretest conveyance. Thou my Shade

Inseparable must with mee along:

For Death from Sin no power can separate.

But least the difficultie of passing back

Stay his return perhaps over this Gulfe

Impassable, Impervious, let us try

Adventrous work, yet to thy power and mine

Not unagreeable, to found a path

Over this Maine from Hell to that new

World Where Satan now prevailes, a Monument

Of merit high to all th' infernal Host,

Easing thir passage hence, for intercourse,

Or transmigration, as thir lot shall lead.

Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn

By this new felt attraction and instinct.

Whom thus the meager Shadow answerd soon.

Goe whither Fate and inclination strong

Leads thee, I shall not lag behinde, nor erre

The way, thou leading, such a sent I draw

Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste

The savour of Death from all things there that live:

Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest

Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid,

So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell

Of mortal change on Earth. As when a flock

Of ravenous Fowl, though many a League remote,

Against the day of Battel, to a Field,

Where Armies lie encampt, come flying, lur'd

With sent of living Carcasses design'd

For death, the following day, in bloodie fight.

So sented the grim Feature, and upturn'd

His Nostril wide into the murkie Air,

Sagacious of his Quarry from so farr.

Then Both from out Hell Gates into the waste

Wide Anarchie of Chaos damp and dark

Flew divers, and with Power (thir Power was great)

Hovering upon the Waters; what they met

Solid or slimie, as in raging Sea

Tost up and down, together crowded drove

From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell.

As when two Polar Winds blowing adverse

Upon the Cronian Sea, together drive

Mountains of Ice, that stop th' imagin'd way

Beyond Petsora Eastward, to the rich

Cathaian Coast. The aggregated Soyle

Death with his Mace petrific, cold and dry,

As with a Trident smote, and fix't as firm

As Delos floating once; the rest his look

Bound with Gorgonian rigor not to move,

And with Asphaltic slime; broad as the Gate,

Deep to the Roots of Hell the gather'd beach

They fasten'd, and the Mole immense wraught on

Over the foaming deep high Archt, a Bridge

Of length prodigious joyning to the Wall

Immovable of this now fenceless world

Forfeit to Death; from hence a passage broad,

Smooth, easie, inoffensive down to Hell.

So, if great things to small may be compar'd,

Xerxes, the Libertie of Greece to yoke,

From Susa his Memnonian Palace high

Came to the Sea, and over Hellespont

Bridging his way, Europe with Asia joyn'd,

And scourg'd with many a stroak th' indignant waves.

Now had they brought the work by wondrous Art

Pontifical, a ridge of pendent Rock

Over the vext Abyss, following the track

Of Satan, to the self same place where hee

First lighted from his Wing, and landed safe

From out of Chaos to the out side bare

Of this round World: with Pinns of Adamant

And Chains they made all fast, too fast they made

And durable; and now in little space

The confines met of Empyrean Heav'n

And of this World, and on the left hand Hell

With long reach interpos'd; three sev'ral wayes

In sight, to each of these three places led.

And now thir way to Earth they had descri'd,

To Paradise first tending, when behold

Satan in likeness of an Angel bright

Betwixt the Centaure and the Scorpion stearing

His Zenith, while the Sun in Aries rose:

Disguis'd he came, but those his Children dear

Thir Parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.

Hee after Eve seduc't, unminded slunk

Into the Wood fast by, and changing shape

To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act

By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded

Upon her Husband, saw thir shame that sought

Vain covertures; but when he saw descend

The Son of God to judge them terrifi'd

Hee fled, not hoping to escape, but shun

The present, fearing guiltie what his wrauth

Might suddenly inflict; that past, return'd

By Night, and listening where the hapless Paire

Sate in thir sad discourse, and various plaint,

Thence gatherd his own doom, which understood

Not instant, but of future time. With joy

And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd,

And at the brink of Chaos, neer the foot

Of this new wondrous Pontifice, unhop't

Met who to meet him came, his Ofspring dear.

Great joy was at thir meeting, and at sight

Of that stupendious Bridge his joy encreas'd.

Long hee admiring stood, till Sin, his faire

Inchanting Daughter, thus the silence broke.

O Parent, these are thy magnific deeds,

Thy Trophies, which thou view'st as not thine own,

Thou art thir Author and prime Architect:

For I no sooner in my Heart divin'd,

My Heart, which by a secret harmonie

Still moves with thine, join'd in connexion sweet,

That thou on Earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks

Now also evidence, but straight I felt

Though distant from thee Worlds between, yet felt

That I must after thee with this thy Son;

Such fatal consequence unites us three:

Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,

Nor this unvoyageable Gulf obscure

Detain from following thy illustrious track.

Thou hast atchiev'd our libertie, confin'd

Within Hell Gates till now, thou us impow'rd

To fortifie thus farr, and overlay

With this portentous Bridge the dark Abyss.

Thine now is all this World, thy vertue hath won

What thy hands builded not, thy Wisdom gain'd

With odds what Warr hath lost, and fully aveng'd

Our foile in Heav'n; here thou shalt Monarch reign,

There didst not; there let him still Victor sway,

As Battel hath adjudg'd, from this new World

Retiring, by his own doom alienated,

And henceforth Monarchie with thee divide

Of all things parted by th' Empyreal bounds,

His Quadrature, from thy Orbicular World,

Or trie thee now more dang'rous to his Throne.

Whom thus the Prince of Darkness answerd glad.

Fair Daughter, and thou Son and Grandchild both,

High proof ye now have giv'n to be the Race

Of Satan (for I glorie in the name,

Antagonist of Heav'ns Almightie King)

Amply have merited of me, of all

Th' Infernal Empire, that so neer Heav'ns dore

Triumphal with triumphal act have met,

Mine with this glorious Work, and made one Realm

Hell and this World, one Realm, one Continent

Of easie thorough-fare. Therefore while I

Descend through Darkness, on your Rode with ease

To my associate Powers, them to acquaint

With these successes, and with them rejoyce,

You two this way, among these numerous Orbs

All yours, right down to Paradise descend;

There dwell and Reign in bliss, thence on the Earth

Dominion exercise and in the Aire,

Chiefly on Man, sole Lord of all declar'd,

Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.

My Substitutes I send ye, and Create

Plenipotent on Earth, of matchless might

Issuing from mee: on your joynt vigor now

My hold of this new Kingdom all depends,

Through Sin to Death expos'd by my exploit.

If your joynt power prevailes, th' affaires of Hell

No detriment need feare, goe and be strong.

So saying he dismiss'd them, they with speed

Thir course through thickest Constellations held

Spreading thir bane; the blasted Starrs lookt wan,

And Planets, Planet-strook, real Eclips

Then sufferd. Th' other way Satan went down

The Causey to Hell Gate; on either side

Disparted Chaos over built exclaimd,

And with rebounding surge the barrs assaild,

That scorn'd his indignation: through the Gate,

Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd,

And all about found desolate; for those

Appointed to sit there, had left thir charge,

Flown to the upper World; the rest were all

Farr to the inland retir'd, about the walls

Of Pandæmonium, Citie and proud seate

Of Lucifer, so by allusion calld,

Of that bright Starr to Satan paragond.

There kept thir Watch the Legions, while the Grand

In Council sate, sollicitous what chance

Might intercept thir Emperour sent, so hee

Departing gave command, and they observ'd.

As when the Tartar from his Russian Foe

By Astracan over the Snowie Plaines

Retires, or Bactrian Sophi from the hornes

Of Turkish Crescent, leaves all waste beyond

The Realm of Aladule, in his retreate

To Tauris or Casbeen. So these the late

Heav'n-banisht Host, left desert utmost Hell

Many a dark League, reduc't in careful Watch

Round thir Metropolis, and now expecting

Each hour thir great adventurer from the search

Of Forrein Worlds: he through the midst unmarkt,

In shew Plebeian Angel militant

Of lowest order, past; and from the dore

Of that Plutonian Hall, invisible

Ascended his high Throne, which under state

Of richest texture spred, at th' upper end

Was plac't in regal lustre. Down a while

He sate, and round about him saw unseen:

At last as from a Cloud his fulgent head

And shape Starr bright appeer'd, or brighter, clad

With what permissive glory since his fall

Was left him, or false glitter: All amaz'd

At that so sudden blaze the Stygian throng

Bent thir aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,

Thir mighty Chief returnd: loud was th' acclaime:

Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting Peers,

Rais'd from thir dark Divan, and with like joy

Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand

Silence, and with these words attention won.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers,

For in possession such, not onely of right,

I call ye and declare ye now, returnd

Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth

Triumphant out of this infernal Pit

Abominable, accurst, the house of woe,

And Dungeon of our Tyrant: Now possess,

As Lords, a spacious World, to our native Heaven

Little inferiour, by my adventure hard

With peril great atchiev'd. Long were to tell

What I have don, what sufferd, with what paine

Voyag'd th' unreal, vast, unbounded deep

Of horrible confusion, over which

By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd

To expedite your glorious march; but I

Toild out my uncouth passage, forc't to ride

Th' untractable Abysse, plung'd in the womb

Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wilde,

That jealous of thir secrets fiercely oppos'd

My journey strange, with clamorous uproare

Protesting Fate supreame; thence how I found

The new created World, which fame in Heav'n

Long had foretold, a Fabrick wonderful

Of absolute perfection, therein Man

Plac't in a Paradise, by our exile

Made happie: Him by fraud I have seduc'd

From his Creator, and the more to increase

Your wonder, with an Apple; he thereat

Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up

Both his beloved Man and all his World,

To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,

Without our hazard, labour, or allarme,

To range in, and to dwell, and over Man

To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.

True is, mee also he hath judg'd, or rather

Mee not, but the brute Serpent in whose shape

Man I deceav'd: that which to mee belongs,

Is enmity, which he will put between

Mee and Mankinde; I am to bruise his heel;

His Seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head:

A World who would not purchase with a bruise,

Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account

Of my performance: What remains, ye Gods,

But up and enter now into full bliss.

So having said, a while he stood, expecting

Thir universal shout and high applause

To fill his eare, when contrary he hears

On all sides, from innumerable tongues

A dismal universal hiss, the sound

Of public scorn; he wonderd, but not long

Had leasure, wondring at himself now more;

His Visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,

His Armes clung to his Ribs, his Leggs entwining

Each other, till supplanted down he fell

A monstrous Serpent on his Belly prone,

Reluctant, but in vaine: a greater power

Now rul'd him, punisht in the shape he sin'd,

According to his doom: he would have spoke,

But hiss for hiss returnd with forked tongue

To forked tongue, for now were all transform'd

Alike, to Serpents all as accessories

To his bold Riot: dreadful was the din

Of hissing through the Hall, thick swarming now

With complicated monsters head and taile,

Scorpion and Asp, and Amphisbæna dire,

Cerastes hornd, Hydrus, and Ellops drear,

And Dipsas (not so thick swarm'd once the Soil

Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the Isle

Ophiusa) but still greatest hee the midst,

Now Dragon grown, larger then whom the Sun

Ingenderd in the Pythian Vale on slime,

Huge Python, and his Power no less he seem'd

Above the rest still to retain; they all

Him follow'd issuing forth to th' open Field,

Where all yet left of that revolted Rout

Heav'n-fall'n, in station stood or just array,

Sublime with expectation when to see

In Triumph issuing forth thir glorious Chief;

They saw, but other sight instead, a crowd

Of ugly Serpents; horror on them fell,

And horrid sympathie; for what they saw,

They felt themselvs now changing; down thir arms,

Down fell both Spear and Shield, down they as fast,

And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form

Catcht by Contagion, like in punishment,

As in thir crime. Thus was th' applause they meant,

Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame

Cast on themselves from thir own mouths. There stood

A Grove hard by, sprung up with this thir change,

His will who reigns above, to aggravate

Thir penance, laden with Fruit like that

Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve

Us'd by the Tempter: on that prospect strange

Thir earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining

For one forbidden Tree a multitude

Now ris'n, to work them furder woe or shame;

Yet parcht with scalding thurst and hunger fierce,

Though to delude them sent, could not abstain,

But on they rould in heaps, and up the Trees

Climbing, sat thicker then the snakie locks

That curld Megæra: greedily they pluck'd

The Frutage fair to sight, like that which grew

Neer that bituminous Lake where Sodom flam'd;

This more delusive, not the touch, but taste

Deceav'd; they fondly thinking to allay

Thir appetite with gust, instead of Fruit

Chewd bitter Ashes, which th' offended taste

With spattering noise rejected: oft they assayd,

Hunger and thirst constraining, drugd as oft,

With hatefullest disrelish writh'd thir jaws

With soot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell

Into the same illusion, not as Man

Whom they triumph'd once lapst. Thus were they plagu'd

And worn with Famin, long and ceasless hiss,

Till thir lost shape, permitted, they resum'd,

Yearly enjoynd, some say, to undergo

This annual humbling certain number'd days,

To dash thir pride, and joy for Man seduc't.

However some tradition they dispers'd

Among the Heathen of thir purchase got,

And Fabl'd how the Serpent, whom they calld

Ophion with Eurynome, the wide

Encroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule

Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driv'n

And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.

Mean while in Paradise the hellish pair

Too soon arriv'd, Sin there in power before,

Once actual, now in body, and to dwell

Habitual habitant; behind her Death

Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet

On his pale Horse: to whom Sin thus began.

Second of Satan sprung, all conquering Death,

What thinkst thou of our Empire now, though earnd

With travail difficult, not better farr

Then stil at Hels dark threshold to have sate watch,

Unnam'd, undreaded, and thy self half starv'd?

Whom thus the Sin-born Monster answerd soon.

To mee, who with eternal Famin pine,

Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven,

There best, where most with ravin I may meet;

Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems

To stuff this Maw, this vast unhide-bound Corps.

To whom th’ incestuous Mother thus repli’d.

Thou therefore on these Herbs, and Fruits, and Flours

Feed first, on each Beast next, and Fish, and Fowle,

No homely morsels, and whatever thing

The Sithe of Time mowes down, devour unspar’d,

Till I in Man residing through the Race,

His thoughts, his looks, words, actions all infect,

And season him thy last and sweetest prey.

This said, they both betook them several wayes,

Both to destroy, or unimmortal make

All kinds, and for destruction to mature

Sooner or later; which th’ Almightie seeing,

From his transcendent Seat the Saints among,

To those bright Orders utterd thus his voice.

See with what heat these Dogs of Hell advance

To waste and havoc yonder World, which I

So fair and good created, and had still

Kept in that State, had not the folly of Man

Let in these wastful Furies, who impute

Folly to mee, so doth the Prince of Hell

And his Adherents, that with so much ease

I suffer them to enter and possess

A place so heav’nly, and conniving seem

To gratifie my scornful Enemies,

That laugh, as if transported with some fit

Of Passion, I to them had quitted all,

At random yielded up to their misrule;

And know not that I call’d and drew them thither

My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth

Which mans polluting Sin with taint hath shed

On what was pure, till cramm’d and gorg’d, nigh burst

With suckt and glutted offal, at one sling

Of thy victorious Arm, well-pleasing Son,

Both Sin, and Death, and yawning Grave at last

Through Chaos hurld, obstruct the mouth of Hell

For ever, and seal up his ravenous Jawes.

Then Heav'n and Earth renewd shall be made pure

To sanctitie that shall receive no staine:

Till then the Curse pronounc't on both precedes.

He ended, and the Heav'nly Audience loud

Sung Halleluia, as the sound of Seas,

Through multitude that sung: Just are thy ways,

Righteous are thy Decrees on all thy Works;

Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son,

Destin'd restorer of Mankind, by whom

New Heav'n and Earth shall to the Ages rise,

Or down from Heav'n descend. Such was thir song,

While the Creator calling forth by name

His mightie Angels gave them several charge,

As sorted best with present things. The Sun

Had first his precept so to move, so shine,

As might affect the Earth with cold and heat

Scarce tollerable, and from the North to call

Decrepit Winter, from the South to bring

Solstitial summers heat. To the blanc Moone

Her office they prescrib'd, to th' other five

Thir planetarie motions and aspects

In Sextile, Square, and Trine, and Opposite,

Of noxious efficacie, and when to joyne

In Synod unbenigne, and taught the fixt

Thir influence malignant when to showre,

Which of them rising with the Sun, or falling,

Should prove tempestuous: To the Winds they set

Thir corners, when with bluster to confound

Sea, Aire, and Shoar, the Thunder when to rowle

With terror through the dark Aereal Hall.

Some say he bid his Angels turne ascanse

The Poles of Earth twice ten degrees and more

From the Suns Axle; they with labour push'd

Oblique the Centric Globe: Som say the Sun

Was bid turn Reines from th' Equinoctial Rode

Like distant breadth to Taurus with the Seav'n

Atlantick Sisters, and the Spartan Twins

Up to the Tropic Crab; thence down amaine

By Leo and the Virgin and the Scales,

As deep as Capricorne, to bring in change

Of Seasons to each Clime; else had the Spring

Perpetual smil'd on Earth with vernant Flours,

Equal in Days and Nights, except to those

Beyond the Polar Circles; to them Day

Had unbenighted shon, while the low Sun

To recompence his distance, in thir sight

Had rounded still th' Horizon, and not known

Or East or West, which had forbid the Snow

From cold Estotiland, and South as farr

Beneath Magellan. At that tasted Fruit

The Sun, as from Thyestean Banquet, turn'd

His course intended; else how had the World

Inhabited, though sinless, more then now,

Avoided pinching cold and scorching heate?

These changes in the Heav'ns, though slow, produc'd

Like change on Sea and Land, sideral blast,

Vapour, and Mist, and Exhalation hot,

Corrupt and Pestilent: Now from the North

Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shoar

Bursting thir brazen Dungeon, armd with ice

And snow and haile and stormie gust and flaw,

Boreas and Cæcias and Argestes loud

And Thrascias rend the Woods and Seas upturn;

With adverse blast up-turns them from the South

Notus and Afer black with thundrous Clouds

From Serraliona; thwart of these as fierce

Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent Windes

Eurus and Zephir with thir lateral noise,

Sirocco, and Libecchio. Thus began

Outrage from liveless things; but Discord first

Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational,

Death introduc'd through fierce antipathie:

Beast now with Beast gan war, and Fowle with Fowle,

And Fish with Fish; to graze the Herb all leaving,

Devourd each other; nor stood much in awe

Of Man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim

Glar'd on him passing: these were from without

The growing miseries, which Adam saw

Alreadie in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,

To sorrow abandond, but worse felt within,

And in a troubl'd Sea of passion tost,

Thus to disburd'n sought with sad complaint.

O miserable of happie! is this the end

Of this new glorious World, and mee so late

The Glory of that Glory, who now becom

Accurst of blessed, hide me from the face

Of God, whom to behold was then my highth

Of happiness: yet well, if here would end

The miserie, I deserv'd it, and would beare
My own deservings; but this will not serve;
All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
Delightfully, Encrease and multiply,
Now death to hear! for what can I encrease
Or multiplie, but curses on my head?
Who of all Ages to succeed, but feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curse
My Head, Ill fare our Ancestor impure,
For this we may thank Adam; but his thanks
Shall be the execration; so besides
Mine own that bide upon me, all from mee
Shall with a fierce reflux on mee redound,
On mee as on thir natural center light
Heavie, though in thir place. O fleeting joyes
Of Paradise, deare bought with lasting woes!
Did I request thee, Maker, from my Clay
To mould me Man, did I sollicite thee
From darkness to promote me, or here place
In this delicious Garden? as my Will
Concurd not to my being, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my dust,
Desirous to resigne, and render back
All I receav'd, unable to performe
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I sought not. To the loss of that,
Sufficient penaltie, why hast thou added
The sense of endless woes? inexplicable
Thy Justice seems; yet to say truth, too late,
I thus contest; then should have been refusd

Those terms whatever, when they were propos'd:

Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good,

Then cavil the conditions? and though God

Made thee without thy leave, what if thy Son

Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,

Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not

Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee

That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,

But Natural necessity begot.

God made thee of choice his own, and of his own

To serve him, thy reward was of his grace,

Thy punishment then justly is at his Will.

Be it so, for I submit, his doom is fair,

That dust I am, and shall to dust returne:

O welcom hour whenever! why delayes

His hand to execute what his Decree

Fixd on this day? why do I overlive,

Why am I mockt with death, and length'nd out

To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet

Mortalitie my sentence, and be Earth

Insensible, how glad would lay me down

As in my Mothers lap! There I should rest

And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more

Would Thunder in my ears, no fear of worse

To mee and to my ofspring would torment me

With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt

Pursues me still, least all I cannot die,

Least that pure breath of Life, the Spirit of Man

Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish

With this corporeal Clod; then in the Grave,

Or in some other dismal place who knows

But I shall die a living Death? O thought

Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath Of

Life that sinn'd; what dies but what had life

And sin? the Bodie properly hath neither.

All of me then shall die: let this appease

The doubt, since humane reach no further knows.

For though the Lord of all be infinite,

Is his wrauth also? be it, man is not so,

But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise

Wrath without end on Man whom Death must end?

Can he make deathless Death? that were to make

Strange contradiction, which to God himself

Impossible is held, as Argument

Of weakness, not of Power. Will he, draw out,

For angers sake, finite to infinite

In punisht man, to satisfie his rigour

Satisfi'd never; that were to extend

His Sentence beyond dust and Natures Law,

By which all Causes else according still

To the reception of thir matter act,

Not to th' extent of thir own Spheare. But say

That Death be not one stroak, as I suppos'd,

Bereaving sense, but endless miserie

From this day onward, which I feel begun

Both in me, and without me, and so last

To perpetuitie; Ay me, that fear

Comes thundring back with dreadful revolution

On my defensless head; both Death and I

Am found Eternal, and incorporate both,

Nor I on my part single, in mee all

Posteritie stands curst: Fair Patrimonie

That I must leave ye, Sons; O were I able

To waste it all my self, and leave ye none!

So disinherited how would ye bless

Me now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind

For one mans fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,

If guiltless? But from mee what can proceed,

But all corrupt, both Mind and Will deprav'd,

Not to do onely, but to will the same

With me? how can they then acquitted stand

In sight of God? Him after all Disputes

Forc't I absolve: all my evasions vain

And reasonings, though through Mazes, lead me still

But to my own conviction: first and last

On mee, mee onely, as the sourse and spring

Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;

So might the wrauth. Fond wish! couldst thou support

That burden heavier then the Earth to bear

Then all the World much heavier, though divided

With that bad Woman? Thus what thou desir'st,

And what thou fearst, alike destroyes all hope

Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable

Beyond all past example and future,

To Satan only like both crime and doom.

O Conscience, into what Abyss of fears

And horrors hast thou driv'n me; out of which

I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud

Through the still Night, not now, as ere man fell,

Wholsom and cool, and mild, but with black Air

Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,

Which to his evil Conscience represented

All things with double terror: On the ground

Outstretcht he lay, on the cold ground, and oft

Curs'd his Creation, Death as oft accus'd

Of tardie execution, since denounc't

The day of his offence. Why comes not Death,

Said hee, with one thrice acceptable stroke

To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her word,

Justice Divine not hast'n to be just?

But Death comes not at call, Justice Divine

Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.

O Woods, O Fountains, Hillocks, Dales and Bowrs,

With other echo late I taught your Shades

To answer, and resound farr other Song.

Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,

Desolate where she sate, approaching nigh,

Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd:

But her with stern regard he thus repell'd.

Out of my sight, thou Serpent, that name best

Befits thee with him leagu'd, thy self as false

And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy shape,

Like his, and colour Serpentine may shew

Thy inward fraud, to warn all Creatures from thee

Henceforth; least that too heav'nly form, pretended

To hellish falshood, snare them. But for thee

I had persisted happie, had not thy pride

And wandring vanitie, when lest was safe,

Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd

Not to be trusted, longing to be seen

Though by the Devil himself, him overweening

To over-reach, but with the Serpent meeting

Fool'd and beguil'd, by him thou, I by thee,

To trust thee from my side, imagin'd wise,

Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,

And understood not all was but a shew

Rather then solid vertu, all but a Rib

Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,

More to the part sinister from me drawn,

Well if thrown out, as supernumerarie

To my just number found. O why did God,

Creator wise, that peopl'd highest Heav'n

With Spirits Masculine, create at last

This noveltie on Earth, this fair defect

Of Nature, and not fill the World at once

With Men as Angels without Feminine,

Or find some other way to generate

Mankind? this mischief had not then befall'n,

And more that shall befall, innumerable

Disturbances on Earth through Femal snares,

And straight conjunction with this Sex: for either

He never shall find out fit Mate, but such

As some misfortune brings him, or mistake,

Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain

Through her perversness, but shall see her gaind

By a farr worse, or if she love, withheld

By Parents, or his happiest choice too late

Shall meet, alreadie linkt and Wedlock-bound

To a fell Adversarie, his hate or shame:

Which infinite calamitie shall cause

To Humane life, and houshold peace confound.

He added not, and from her turn'd, but Eve

Not so repulst, with Tears that ceas'd not flowing,

And tresses all disorderd, at his feet

Fell humble, and imbracing them, besaught

His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

Forsake me not thus, Adam, witness Heav'n

What love sincere, and reverence in my heart

I beare thee, and unweeting have offended,

Unhappilie deceav'd; thy suppliant

I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,

Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,

Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,

My onely strength and stay: forlorn of thee,

Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?

While yet we live, scarse one short hour perhaps,

Between us two let there be peace, both joyning,

As joyn'd in injuries, one enmitie

Against a Foe by doom express assign'd us,

That cruel Serpent: On me exercise not

Thy hatred for this miserie befall'n,

On me alreadie lost, mee then thy self

More miserable; both have sin'd, but thou

Against God onely, I against God and thee,

And to the place of judgment will return,

There with my cries importune Heaven, that all

The sentence from thy head remov'd may light

On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,

Mee mee onely just object of his ire.

She ended weeping, and her lowlie plight,

Immovable till peace obtain'd from fault

Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in Adam wraught

Commiseration; soon his heart relented

Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,

Now at his feet submissive in distress,

Creature so faire his reconcilement seeking,

His counsel whom she had displeas'd, his aide;

As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,

And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.

Unwarie, and too desirous, as before,

So now of what thou knowst not, who desir'st

The punishment all on thy self; alas,

Beare thine own first, ill able to sustaine

His full wrauth whose thou feelst as yet lest part,

And my displeasure bearst so ill. If Prayers

Could alter high Decrees, I to that place

Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,

That on my head all might be visited,

Thy frailtie and infirmer Sex forgiv'n,

To me committed and by me expos'd.

But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame

Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive

In offices of Love, how we may light'n

Each others burden in our share of woe;

Since this days Death denounc't, if ought I see,

Will prove no sudden, but a slow-pac't evill,

A long days dying to augment our paine,

And to our Seed (O hapless Seed!) deriv'd.

To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, repli'd.

Adam, by sad experiment I know

How little weight my words with thee can finde,

Found so erroneous, thence by just event

Found so unfortunate; nevertheless,

Restor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place

Of new acceptance, hopeful to regaine

Thy Love, the sole contentment of my heart

Living or dying, from thee I will not hide

What thoughts in my unquiet brest are ris'n,

Tending to some relief of our extremes,

Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,

As in our evils, and of easier choice.

If care of our descent perplex us most,

Which must be born to certain woe, devourd

By Death at last, and miserable it is

To be to others cause of misery,

Our own begotten, and of our Loines to bring

Into this cursed World a woful Race,

That after wretched Life must be at last

Food for so foule a Monster, in thy power

It lies, yet ere Conception to prevent

The Race unblest, to being yet unbegot.

Childless thou art, Childless remaine:

So Death shall be deceav'd his glut, and with us two

Be forc'd to satisfie his Rav'nous Maw.

But if thou judge it hard and difficult,

Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain

From Loves due Rites, Nuptial imbraces sweet,

And with desire to languish without hope,

Before the present object languishing

With like desire, which would be miserie

And torment less then none of what we dread,

Then both our selves and Seed at once to free

From what we fear for both, let us make short,

Let us seek Death, or he not found, supply

With our own hands his Office on our selves;

Why stand we longer shivering under feares,

That shew no end but Death, and have the power,

Of many ways to die the shortest choosing,

Destruction with destruction to destroy.

She ended heer, or vehement despaire

Broke off the rest; so much of Death her thoughts

Had entertaind, as di'd her Cheeks with pale.

But Adam with such counsel nothing sway'd,

To better hopes his more attentive minde

Labouring had rais'd, and thus to Eve repli'd.

Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems

To argue in thee somthing more sublime

And excellent then what thy minde contemnes;

But self-destruction therefore saught, refutes

That excellence thought in thee, and implies,

Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret

For loss of life and pleasure overlov'd.

Or if thou covet death, as utmost end

Of miserie, so thinking to evade

The penaltie pronounc't, doubt not but God

Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire then so

To be forestall'd; much more I fear least Death

So snatcht will not exempt us from the paine

We are by doom to pay; rather such acts

Of contumacie will provoke the highest

To make death in us live: Then let us seek

Some safer resolution, which methinks

I have in view, calling to minde with heed

Part of our Sentence, that thy Seed shall bruise

The Serpents head; piteous amends, unless

Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand Foe

Satan, who in the Serpent hath contriv'd

Against us this deceit: to crush his head

Would be revenge indeed; which will be lost

By death brought on our selves, or childless days

Resolv'd, as thou proposest; so our Foe

Shall scape his punishment ordain'd, and wee

Instead shall double ours upon our heads.

No more be mention'd then of violence

Against our selves, and wilful barrenness,

That cuts us off from hope, and savours onely

Rancor and pride, impatience and despite,

Reluctance against God and his just yoke

Laid on our Necks. Remember with what mild

And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd

Without wrauth or reviling; wee expected

Immediate dissolution, which we thought

Was meant by Death that day, when lo, to thee

Pains onely in Child-bearing were foretold,

And bringing forth, soon recompenc't with joy,

Fruit of thy Womb: On mee the Curse aslope

Glanc'd on the ground, with labour I must earne

My bread; what harm? Idleness had bin worse;

My labour will sustain me; and least Cold

Or Heat should injure us, his timely care

Hath unbesaught provided, and his hands

Cloath'd us unworthie, pitying while he judg'd;

How much more, if we pray him, will his ear

Be open, and his heart to pitie incline,

And teach us further by what means to shun

Th' inclement Seasons, Rain, Ice, Hail and Snow,

Which now the Skie with various Face begins

To shew us in this Mountain, while the Winds

Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks

Of these fair spreading Trees; which bids us seek

Som better shroud, som better warmth to cherish

Our Limbs benumm'd, ere this diurnal Starr

Leave cold the Night, how we his gather'd beams

Reflected, may with matter sere foment,

Or by collision of two bodies grinde

The Air attrite to Fire, as late the Clouds

Justling or pusht with Winds rude in thir shock

Tine the slant Lightning, whose thwart flame driv'n down

Kindles the gummie bark of Firr or Pine,

And sends a comfortable heat from farr,

Which might supplie the Sun: such Fire to use,

And what may else be remedie or cure

To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,

Hee will instruct us praying, and of Grace

Beseeching him, so as we need not fear

To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd

By him with many comforts, till we end

In dust, our final rest and native home.

What better can we do, then to the place

Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall

Before him reverent, and there confess

Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears

Watering the ground, and with our sighs the Air

Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign

Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

Undoubtedly he will relent and turn

From his displeasure; in whose look serene,

When angry most he seem'd and most severe,

What else but favor, grace, and mercie shon?

So spake our Father penitent, nor Eve

Felt less remorse: they forthwith to the place

Repairing where he judg'd them prostrate fell

Before him reverent, and both confess'd

Humbly thir faults, and pardon beg'd, with tears

Watering the ground, and with thir sighs the Air

Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign

Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

Book XII

AS one who in his journey bates at Noone,

Though bent on speed, so her the Archangel paused

Betwixt the world destroyed and world restored,

If Adam aught perhaps might interpose;

Then with transition sweet new Speech resumes.

Thus thou hast seen one World begin and end;

And Man as from a second stock proceed.

Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceive

Thy mortal sight to faille; objects divine

Must needs impair and wearied human sense:

Henceforth what is to com I will relate,

Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.

This second sours of Men, while yet but few;

And while the dread of judgement past remains

Fresh in thin minds, fearing the Deities,

With some regard to what is just and right

Shall lead thin lives and multi-line apace,

Laboring the soils, and reaping plenteous crop,

Corn wine and ogle; and from the herd or flock,

Oft sacrificing Bullock, Lamb, or Kid,

With large Wine-offerings poured, and sacred Feast,

Shall spend thin days in joy un blamed, and dwell

Long time in peace by Families and Tribes

Under paternal rule; till one shall rise

Of proud ambitious heart, who not content

With fair equality, fraternal state,

Will arrogate Dominion undeserved

Over his brethren, and quite dispossess

Concord and law of Nature from the Earth,

Hunting (and Men not Beasts shall be his game)

With War and hostile snare such as refuse

Subjection to his Empire tyrannous:

A mighty Hunter thence he shall be styled

Before the Lord, as in despite of Heaven,

Or from Heaven claiming second Sovereignty;

And from Rebellion shall derive his name,

Though of Rebellion others he accuse.

Hee with a crew, whom like Ambition joins

With him or under him to tyrannize,

Marching from Eden towards the West, shall find

The Plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge

Boils out from under ground, the mouth of Hell;

Of Brick, and of that stuff they cast to build

A City and Tower, whose top may reach to Heaven;

And get themselves a name, least far dispersed

In foreign Lands thin memory be lost,

Regardless whether good or evil fame.

But God who oft descends to visit men

Unseen, and through thin habitations walks

To mark thin doings, them beholding soon,

Comes down to see thin City, ere the Tower

Obstruct Heaven Towers, and in derision sets

Upon thin Tongues a various Spirit to rase

Quite out thin Native Language, and instead

To sow a jangling noise of words unknown:

Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud

Among the Builders; each to other calls

Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,

As mocked they storm; great laughter was in Heaven

And looking down, to see the hubbub strange

And hear the din; thus was the building left

Ridiculous, and the work Confusion named.

Whereto thus Adam fatherly displeased.

O execrable Son so to aspire

Above his Brethren, to himself assuming

Authority usurped, from God not given:

He gave us only over Beast, Fish, Fowl

Dominion absolute; that right we hold

By his donation; but Man over men

He made not Lord; such title to himself

Reserving, human left from human free.

But this Usurper his encroachment proud

Stays not on Man; to God his Tower intends

Siege and defiance: Wretched man! what food

Will he convey up thither to sustain

Himself and his rash Army, where thin Air

Above the Clouds will pine his entrails gross,

And famish him of Breath, if not of Bread?

To whom thus Michael. Justly thou abhorred

That Son, who on the quiet state of men

Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue

Rational Liberty; yet know with all,

Since thy original lapse, true Liberty

Is lost, which always with right Reason dwells

Twinned, and from her hath no individual being:

Reason in man obscured, or not obeyed,

Immediately inordinate desires

And upstart Passions catch the Government

From Reason, and to servitude reduce

Man till then free. Therefore since hee permits

Within himself unworthy Powers to reign

Over free Reason, God in Judgement just

Subjects him from without to violent Lords;

Who oft as undeservedly enthrall

His outward freedom: Tyranni must be,

Though to the Tyrant thereby no excuse.

Yet sometimes Nations will decline so low

From vertu, which is reason, that no wrong,

But Justice, and some fatal curse annexed

Deprives them of thin outward Liberty,

Thin inward lost: Witness th' irreverent Son

Of him who built the Ark, who for the shame

Don to his Father, heard this heavy curse,

Servant of Servants, on his vicious Race.

Thus will this latter, as the former World,

Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last

Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw

His presence from among them, and avert

His holy Eyes; resolving from thenceforth

To leave them to thin own polluted ways;

And one peculiar Nation to select

From all the rest, of whom to be invoked,

A Nation from one faithful man to spring:

Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,

Bred up in Idol-worship; O that men

(Cants thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,

While yet the Patriarch lived, who escaped the Flood,

As to forsake the living God, and fall

To worship thin own work in Wood and Stone

For Gods! yet him God the most High vouchsafe

To call by Vision from his Fathers house,

His kindred and false Gods, into a Land

Which he will shew him, and from him will raise

A mighty Nation, and upon him shower

His benediction so, that in his Seed

All Nations shall be blest; he straight obeys

Not knowing to what Land, yet firm believes:

I see him, but thou Cants not, with what Faith

He leaves his Gods, his Friends, and native Soils

Ur of Chaldæa, passing now the Ford

To Harman, after a cumbrous Train

Of Herds and Flocks, and numerous servitude;

Not wandering poor, but trusting all his wealth

With God, who called him, in a land unknown.

Canaan he now attains, I see his Tents

Pitched about Sachem, and the neighboring Plains

Of Mores; there by promise he receives

Gift to his Progenies of all that Land;

From Hamath Northward to the Desert South

(Things by thin names I call, though yet unnamed)

From Hermann East to the great Western Sea,

Mount Hermann, yonder Sea, each place behold

In prospect, as I point them; on the share

Mount Carmel; here the double-founded stream

Jordan, true limit Eastward; but his Sons

Shall dwell to Senior, that long ridge of Hills.

This ponder, that all Nations of the Earth

Shall in his Seed be blessed; by that Seed

Is meant thy great deliverer, who shall bruise

The Serpents head; whereof to thee anon

Planimeter shall be revealed. This Patriarch blest,

Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,

A Son, and of his Son a Grand-chide leaves,

Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown;

The Grandchild with twelve Sons increased, departs

From Canaan, to a land hereafter called

Egypt, divided by the River Nile;

See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouths

Into the Sea: to sojourn in that Land

He comes invited by a younger Son

In time of dearth, a Son whose worthy deeds

Raise him to be the second in that Realm

Of Pharaoh: there he dies, and leaves his Race

Growing into a Nation, and now grown

Suspected to a sequent King, who seeks

To stop thin overgrowth, as inmate guests

Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them slaves

Inhospitably, and kills thin infant Males:

Till by two brethren (those two brethren call

Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claim

His people from enthralment, they return

With glory and spoils back to thin premised Land.

But first the lawless Tyrant, who denies

To know thin God, or message to regard,

Must be compelled by Signs and Judgements dire;

To blood unshed the Rivers must be turned,

Frogs, Lice and Flies must all his Palace fill

With loathed intrusion, and fill all the land;

His Cattle must of Rot and Murrain die,

Botches and blains must all his flesh emboss,

And all his people; Thunder mixed with Haile,

Haile mixed with fire must rend th' Egyptian Skies

And wheel on th' Earth, devouring where it rules;

What it devours not, Herb, or Fruit, or Grain,

A dark some Cloud of Locusts swarming down

Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green:

Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,

Palpable darkness, and blot out three days;

Last with one midnight stroke all the first-born

Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds

The River-dragon tamed at length submits

To let his sojourners depart, and oft

Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as Ice

More hardened after thaw, till in his rage

Pursuing whom he late dismissed, the Sea

Swallows him with his Host, but them lets pass

As on dryer land between two crystal walls,

Awed by the rod of Moses so to stand

Divided, till his rescued gain thin shore:

Such wondrous power God to his Saint will lend,

Though present in his Angel, who shall go

Before them in a Cloud, and Pillar of Fire,

By day a Cloud, by night a Pillar of Fire,

To guide them in thin journey, and remove

Behind them, while th' obdurate King pursues:

All night he will pursue, but his approach

Darkness defends between till morning Watch;

Then through the Fiery Pillar and the Cloud

God looking forth will trouble all his Host

And craze thin Chariot wheels: when by command

Moses once more his potent Rod extends

Over the Sea; the Sea his Rod obeys;

On thin embattled ranks the Waves return,

And overwhelm thin War: the Race elect

Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance

Through the wilde Desert, not the readiest way,

Least entering on the Canaanite alarmed

War terrified them inexpert, and fear

Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather

Inglorious life with servitude; for life

To noble and ignoble is more sweet

Unstrained in Arms, where rashness leads not on.

This also shall they gain by thin delay

In the wide Wilderness, there they shall found

Thin government, and thin great Senate choose

Through the twelve Tribes, to rule by Laws ordained:

God from the Mount of Sinai, whose gray top

Shall tremble, he descending, will himself

In Thunder Lightning and loud Trumpets sound

Ordain them Laws; part such as appertain

To civil Justice, part religious Rites

Of sacrifice, informing them, by types

And shadows, of that destined Seed to bruise

The Serpent, by what means he shall achieve

Man kinds deliverance. But the voice of God

To mortal ear is dreadful; they beseech

That Moses might report to them his will,

And terror cease; he grants what they besought

Instructed that to God is no access

Without Mediator, whose high Office now

Moses in figure bears, to introduce

One greater, of whose day he shall foretell,

And all the Prophets in thin Age the times

Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus Laws and Rites

Established, such delight hath God in Men

Obedient to his will, that he vouchsafe

Among them to set up his Tabernacle,

The holy One with mortal Men to dwell:

By his prescript a Sanctuary is framed

Of Cedar, overlaid with Gold, therein

An Ark, and in the Ark his Testimony,

The Records of his Covenant, over these

A Mercies-seat of Gold between the wings

Of two bright Cherubim, before him burn

Seven Lamps as in a Zodiac representing

The Heavenly fires; over the Tent a Cloud

Shall rest by Day, a fiery gleams by Night,

Save when they journey, and at length they come,

Conducted by his Angel to the Land

Promised to Abraham and his Seed: the rest

Were long to tell, how many Battles fought,

How many Kings destroyed, and Kingdoms won,

Or how the Sun shall in mid Heaven stand still

A day entire, and Nights due course adjourn,

Mans voice commanding, Sun in Gideon stand,

And thou Moon in the vale of Avalon,

Till Israel overcome; so call the third

From Abraham, Son of Isaac, and from him

His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win.

Here Adam interposed. O sent from Heaven,

Enlightens of my darkness, gracious things

Thou hast revealed, those chiefly which concerns

Just Abraham and his Seed: now first I find

Mine eyes true opening, and my heart much eased,

Ere while perplexed with thoughts what would become

Of me and all Mankind; but now I see

His day, in whom all Nations shall be blest,

Favor unmerited by me, who sought

Forbidden knowledge by Forbidden means.

This yet I apprehend not, why to those

Among whom God will deign to dwell on Earth

So many and so various Laws are given;

So many Laws argue so many sins

Among them; how can God with such reside?

To whom thus Michael. Doubt not but that sin

Will reign among them, as of thee begot;

And therefore was Law given them to evince

Thin natural private, by stirring up

Sin against Law to fight; that when they see

Law can discover sin, but not remove,

Save by those shadowed expiations weak,

The blood of Bulls and Goats, they may conclude

Some blood more precious must be paid for Man,

Just for unjust, that in such righteousness

To them by Faith imputed, they may find

Justification towards God, and peace

Of Conscience, which the Law by Ceremonies

Cannot appease, nor Man the moral part

Perform, and not performing cannot live.

So Law appears imperfect, and but given

With purpose to resign them in full time

Up to a better Covenant, disciplined

From shadowed Types to Truth, from Flesh to Spirit,

From imposition of strict Laws, to free

Acceptance of large Grace, from serval fear

To filial, works of Law to works of Faith.

And therefore shall not Moses, though of God

Highly beloved, being but the Minister

Of Law, his people into Canaan lead;

But Joshua whom the Gentiles Jesus call,

His Name and Office bearing, who shall quell

The adversary Serpent, and bring back

Through the worlds wilderness long wandered man

Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.

Meanwhile they in thin earthly Canaan placed

Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins

National interrupt thin public peace,

Provoking God to raise them enemies:

From whom as oft he saves them penitent

By Judges first, then under Kings; of whom

The second, both for pieties renowned

And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive

Irrevocable, that his Regal Throne

For ever shall endure; the like shall sing

All Prophecy, That of the Royal Stock

Of David (so I name this King) shall rise

A Son, the Woman Seed to thee foretold,

Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust

All Nations, and to Kings foretold, of Kings

The last, for of his Reign shall be no end.

But first a long succession must ensue,

And his next Son for Wealth and Wisdom famed,

The clouded Ark of God till then in Tents

Wandering, shall in a glorious Temple enshrine.

Such follow him, as shall be registered

Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scrawl,

Whose foul Idolatries, and other faults

Heaped to the popular summer, will so incense

God, as to leave them, and expose thin Land,

Thin City, his Temple, and his holy Ark

With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey

To that proud City, whose high Walls thou sawed

Left in confusion, Babylon thence called.

There in captivity he lets them dwell

The space of seventy years, then brings them back,

Remembering Mercies, and his Covenant sworn

To David, established as the days of Heaven.

Returned from Babylon by leave of Kings

Thin Lords, whom God disposed, the house of God

They first re-edified, and for a while

In mean estate live moderate, till grown

In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;

But first among the Priests dissension springs,

Men who attend the Altar, and should most

Endeavor Peace: thin strife pollution brings

Upon the Temple it self: at last they seize

The Scepter, and regard not Davids Sons,

Then loose it to a stranger, that the true

Anointed King Messiah might be born

Barred of his right; yet at his Birth a Starr

Unseen before in Heaven proclaims him com,

And guides the Eastern Sages, who enquire

His place, to offer Incense, Myrrh, and Gold;

His place of birth a solemn Angel tells

To simple Shepherds, keeping watch by night;

They gladly thither haste, and by a Quire

Of squadron Angels hear his Carol sung.

A Virgin is his Mother, but his Sire

The Power of the most High; he shall ascend

The Throne hereditary, and bound his Reign

With earths wide bounds, his glory with the Heavens.

He ceased, discerning Adam with such joy

Surcharged, as had like grief bin dewed in tears,

Without the vent of words, which these he breathed.

O Prophet of glad tidings, finisher

Of utmost hope! now clear I understand

What oft my steadiest thoughts have searched in vain,

Why our great expectation should be called

The seed of Woman: Virgin Mother, Haile,

High in the love of Heaven, yet from my Loins

Thou shalt proceed, and from thy Womb the Son

Of God most High; So God with man unites.

Needs must the Serpent now his capital bruise

Expect with mortal Paine: say where and when

Thin fight, what stroke shall bruise the Victors heel.

To whom thus Michael. Dream not of thin fight,

As of a Duel, or the local wounds

Of head or heel: not therefore joins the Son

Manhood to God-head, with more strength to foil

Thy enemy; nor so is overcome

Satan, whose fall from Heaven, a deadlier bruise,

Disabled not to give thee thy deaths wound:

Which hee, who comes thy Savior, shall recur,

Not by destroying Satan, but his works

In thee and in thy Seed: nor can this be,

But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,

Obedience to the Law of God, imposed

On penalize of death, and suffering death,

The penalize to thy transgression due,

And due to theirs which out of thine will grow:

So only can high Justice rest re-paid.

The Law of God exact he shall fulfill

Both by obedience and by love, though love

Alone fulfill the Law; thy punishment

He shall endure by coming in the Flesh

To a reproachful life and cursed death,

Proclaiming Life to all who shall believe

In his redemption, and that his obedience

Imputed becomes theirs by Faith, his merits

To save them, not thin own, though legal works.

For this he shall live hated, be blasphemed,

Seized on by force, judged, and to death condemned

A shameful and accurst, nailed to the Cross

By his own Nation, saline for bringing Life;

But to the Cross he nails thy Enemies,

The Law that is against thee, and the sins

Of all mankind, with him there crucified,

Never to hurt them more who rightly trust

In this his satisfaction; so he dies,

But soon revives, Death over him no power

Shall long usurp; ere the third dawning light

Returns, the Stars of Morn shall see him rise

Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,

Thy ransom paid, which Man from death redeems,

His death for Man, as many as offered Life

Neglect not, and the benefit embrace

By Faith not void of works: this God-like act

Annuls thy doom, the death thou should have dyad,

In sin for ever lost from life; this act

Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength

Defeating Sin and Death, his two main Arms,

And fix far deeper in his head thin stings

Then temporal death shall bruise the Victors heel,

Or theirs whom he redeems, a death like sleep,

A gentle wafting to immortal Life.

Nor after resurrection shall he stay

Longer on Earth then certain times to appear

To his Disciples, Men who in his Life

Still followed him; to them shall leave in charge

To teach all nations what of him they learned

And his Salvation, them who shall believe

Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign

Of washing them from guilt of sin to Life

Pure, and in mind prepared, if so befall,

For death, like that which the redeemer dyad.

All Nations they shall teach; for from that day

Not only to the Sons of Abrahams Loins

Salvation shall be Preached, but to the Sons

Of Abrahams Faith wherever through the world;

So in his seed all Nations shall be blest.

Then to the Heaven of Heavens he shall ascend

With victory, triumphing through the Air

Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise

The Serpent, Prince of Air, and drag in Chains

Through all his Realm, and there confounded leave;

Then enter into glory, and resume

His Seat at Gods right hand, exalted high

Above all names in Heaven; and thence shall come,

When this worlds dissolution shall be ripe,

With glory and power to judge both quick and dead

To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward

His faithful, and received them into bliss,

Whether in Heaven or Earth, for then the Earth

Shall all be Paradise, far happier place

Then this of Eden, and far happier days.

So spake th' Archangel Michael, then paused,

As at the Worlds great period; and our Sire

Replete with joy and wonder thus replied.

O goodness infinite, goodness immense!

That all this good of evil shall produce,

And evil turn to good; more wonderful

Then that which by creation first brought forth

Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,

Whether I should repent me now of sin

By me done and occasioned, or rejoice

Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring,

To God more glory, more good will to Men

From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.

But say, if our deliverer up to Heaven

Must renascent, what will betide the few

His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,

The enemies of truth; who then shall guide

His people, who defend? will they not deal

Words with his followers then with him they dealt?

Be sure they will, said th' Angel; but from Heaven

Hee to his own a Comforter will send,

The promise of the Father, who shall dwell

His Spirit within them, and the Law of Faith

Working through love, upon thin hearts shall write,

To guide them in all truth, and also arm

With spiritual Amour, able to resist

Satans assaults, and quench his fiery darts,

What Man can do against them, not afraid,

Though to the death, against such cruelties

With inward consolations recompenc't,

And oft supported so as shall amaze

Their proudest perfecters: for the Spirit

Powered first on his Apostles, whom he sends

To evangelize the Nations, then on all

Baptized, shall them with wondrous gifts endue

To speak all Tongues, and do all Miracles,

As did Their Lord before them. Thus they win

Great numbers of each Nation to receive

With joy the tidings brought from Heaven: at length

Their Ministry performed, and race well run,

Their doctrine and Their story written left,

They die; but in Their room, as they forewarn,

Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous Wolves,

Who all the sacred mysteries of Heaven

To Their own vile advantages shall turn

Of lucre and ambition, and the truth

With superstitions and traditions taint,

Left only in those written Records pure,

Though not but by the Spirit understood.

Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,

Places and titles, and with these to join

Secular power, though feigning still to act

By spiritual, to themselves appropriating

The Spirit of God, promised alike and given

To all Believer; and from that pretense,

Spiritual Laws by carnal power shall force

On every conscience; Laws which none shall finds

Left them enroled, or what the Spirit within

Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then

But force the Spirit of Grace it self, and bind

His consort Liberty; what, but unbuild

His living Temples, built by Faith to stand,

Their own Faith not another: for on Earth

Who against Faith and Conscience can be heard

Infallible? yet many will presume:

Whence heavy persecution shall arise

On all who in the worship persevere

Of Spirit and Truth; the rest, far greater part,

Well deem in outward Rites and specious forms

Religion satisfied; Truth shall retire

Be stuck with slanderous darts, and works of Faith

Rarely be found: so shall the World go on,

To good malignant, to bad men benign,

Under her own weight groaning till the day

Appear of respiration to the just,

And vengeance to the wicked, at return

Of him so lately promised to thy aid

The Woman seed, obscurely then foretold,

Now ampler known thy Savior and thy Lord,

Last in the Clouds from Heaven to be revealed

In glory of the Father, to dissolve

Satan with his perverted World, then raise

From the conflagrant mass, purged and refined,

New Heavens, new Earth, Ages of endless date

Founded in righteousness and peace and love

To bring forth fruits Joy and eternal Bliss.

He ended; and thus Adam last reapplied.

How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest,

Measured this transient World, the Race of time,

Till time stand fixed: beyond is all abyss,

Eternities, whose end no eye can reach.

Greatly instructed I shall hence depart.

Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill

Of knowledge, what this Vessel can continue;

Beyond which was my folly to aspire.

Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,

And love with fears the only God, to walk

As in his presence, ever to observe

His providence, and on him sole depend,

Merciful over all his works, with good

Still overcoming evil, and by small

Accomplishing great things, by things deemed weak

Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise

By simply meek; that suffering for Truths sake

Is fortitude to highest victoria,

And to the faithful Death the Gate of Life;

Taught this by his example whom I now

Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.

To whom thus also th' Angel last replied:

This having learnt, thou hast attained the summer

Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the Stairs

Thou Knesset by name, and all th' ethereal Powers,

All secrets of the deep, all Natures works,

Or works of God in Heaven, Airs, Earth, or Sea,

And all the riches of this World enjoys,

And all the rule, one Empire; only add

Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add Faith,

Add verte, Patience, Temperance, add Love,

By name to come called Charities, the soul

Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loath

To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess

A Paradise within thee, happier far.

Let us descend now therefore from this top

Of Speculation; for the hour precise

Exacts our parting hence; and see the Guards,

By me encamped on yonder Hill, expect

Their motion, at whose Front a flaming Sword,

In signal of remove, waves fiercely round;

We may no longer stay: go, waken Eve;

Her also I with gentle Dreams have calmed

Portending good, and all her spirits composed

To meek submission: thou at season fit

Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,

Chiefly what may concern her Faith to know,

The great deliverance by her Seed to come

(For by the Woman Seed) on all Mankind.

That ye may live, which will be many days,

Both in one Faith unanimous though sad,

With cause for evils past, yet much more cheered

With meditation on the happier end.

He ended, and they both descend the Hill;

Descended, Adam to the Bower where Eve

Lay sleeping ran before, but found her wacked;

And thus with words not sad she him received.

Whence thou returned, and whither wants, I know;

For God is also in sleep, and Dreams advise,

Which he hath sent propitious, some great good

Presaging, since with sorrow and hearts distress

Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;

In me is no delay; with thee to go,

Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,

Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me

Art all things under Heaven, all places thou,

Who for my wilful crime art banished hence.

This further consolation yet secure

I carry hence; though all by me is lost,

Such favor I unworthier am voutsaft,

By me the Premised Seed shall all restore.

So spake our Mother Eve, and Adam heard

Well pleased, but answered not; for now too nigh

Th' Archangel stood, and from the other Hill

To Their fixed Station, all in bright array

The Cherubim descended; on the ground

Gliding Madeiras, as Evening Mist

Risen from a River o'er the Marisa glides,

And gathers ground fast at the Laborers heel

Homeward returning. High in Front advanced,

The brandished Sword of God before them blazed

Fierce as a Comet; which with torrid heat,

And vapor as the Libyan Air adust,

Began to parch that temperate Clime; whereat

In either hand the hamstring Angel caught

Our lingering Parents, and to th' Eastern Gate

Led them direct, and down the Cliff as fast

To the subjected Plains; then disappeared.

They looking back, all th' Eastern side beheld

Of Paradise, so late Their happier seat,

Waved over by that flaming Brand, the Gate

With dreadful Faces thronged and firey Arms:

Som natural tears they draped, but wiped them soon;

The World was all before them, where to choose

Their place of rest, and Providence Their guide:

They hand in hand with wadding steps and slow,

Through Eden took Their solitaire way.

3.9.5: Reading and Review Questions

1. Why does Milton begin *Paradise Lost* not in Eden but in Hell? Why is the first creation that we see that of Satan?
2. Milton made Satan so attractive that the Romantic poet William Blake would later assume sympathy between Milton and his creation, declaring that Milton was of the devil's party without knowing it. Why does Milton make Satan so attractive, do you think?
3. Satan, Sin, and Death might be considered a parody of the Trinity. Why does Milton suggest a resemblance (albeit a perverted resemblance) between them? How does the Christian underpinning in Milton's epic compare with Spenser's?
4. How does Adam's creation compare with Eve's? What is the purpose in the differences and contrasts of their respective creation?
5. What consolation do Adam and Eve derive from their fall? How convincing is this consolation, do you think, and why?

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3.10: John Dryden (1631-1700)

John Dryden reached adulthood during the Commonwealth; indeed, he dedicated his *Heroic Stanzas* (1659) "to the Glorious Memory of Cromwell," shortly after Cromwell's death. This poem reinforces classical (Roman) hierarchies, hailing as great the men who can lead society from disorder to harmony, the men who fight to end fighting in peace. And after the Restoration, Dryden acclaimed Charles II as the herald and ruler of such peace, lauding the high and the heroic. He later celebrated Charles II's leadership through the Great Fire of London in *Annus Mirabilis* (1667). While having adapted to the Commonwealth, Dryden more directly benefitted from the Restoration, particularly through his friendship with such Royalists as the playwright Sir Robert Howard (1623-1698), who was also Dryden's brother-in-law. Due to his association with Charles II, Dryden was the first poet to be named poet laureate of England and was also made historiographer, a position that came with a large income.

His association with Howard led to Dryden's writing his first play for the Theatre Royal company, housed in a building constructed by Howard and his partner Thomas Killigrew (1612-1683) soon after London theaters reopened after an eighteen-year ban. Dryden followed *The Wild Gallant* (performed in 1663; published in 1669) with a number of dramatic works, including comedies, tragedies, tragicomedies, and operas. His most successful tragedy, *All for Love: Or, The World Well Lost* (performed in 1677; published in 1678), attributed the rise of Octavius Caesar (later Augustus Caesar) to the weakness and emotionalism of Antony, who was selfishly swayed by his love for Cleopatra. This and other of Dryden's works influenced the neoclassical age following the Glorious Revolution.



Image 3.12 | John Dryden
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His prose essays, particularly his critical essays on literature, addressed concerns that would soon issue forth particularly in the development of the novel as genre with its mixture of the actual and fictive. In his preface to *A Discourse Concerning the Original and Progress of Satire* (1667), Dryden considered two types of "reading" and means of deriving meaning when he differentiated reading at home from watching a play in the playhouse, describing them as two distinct activities. Reading a text involved no successive movement, as one could read forward and backward as one pleased. That was not the case with a play, which must be watched successively. While he acknowledged the shifting roles and powers of an audience, Dryden preferred their modeling restraint, decorum, and order (such as when watching plays). In all of his work, Dryden may have included the topical and immediate—for example, in his satires—but he preferred the typological and the timeless, the general over the singular, the harmonious over the passionate and uncontrolled.

Dryden's reliance on great leaders as the means to order failed him personally when James II lost the throne to the joint rulers William III and Mary II. Dryden had converted to Roman Catholicism the year that James II ascended the throne. When he refused to reconvert to Anglicanism, Dryden lost his laureateship and position as historiographer royal. He continued to earn income, though, through his writing and translations, the most important and influential of which was his translation of *The Works of Vergil* (1697). His importance as a literary figure was confirmed after his death when he was buried at Westminster Abbey next to Chaucer. throne to the joint rulers William III and Mary II. Dryden had converted to Roman Catholicism the year that James II ascended the throne. When he refused to reconvert to Anglicanism, Dryden lost his laureateship and position as historiographer royal. He continued to earn income, though, through his writing and translations, the most important and influential of which was his translation of *The Works of Vergil* (1697). His importance as a literary figure was confirmed after his death when he was buried

at Westminster Abbey next to Chaucer



Image 3.13 | Mary Ann Yates as Cleopatra in Dryden's *All for Love*
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3.10.1: *Annus Mirabilis: The Year of Wonders, 1666*

(1668)

1.

IN thriving Arts long time had *Holland* grown,

Crouching at home, and cruel when abroad:

Scarce leaving us the means to claim our own.

Our King they courted, & our Merchants aw'd.

2.

Trade, which like bloud should circularly flow,

Stop'd in their Channels, found its freedom lost:

Thither the wealth of all the world did go,

And seem'd but shipwrack'd on so base a Coast.

3.

For them alone the Heav'ns had kindly heat,

In Eastern Quarries ripening precious Dew:

For them the *Idumaean Balm* did sweat,

And in hot *Ceilon* Spicy Forrests grew.

4.

The Sun but seem'd the Lab'rer of their Year;

Each wexing Moon suppli'd her watry store,

To swell those Tides, which from the Line did bear

Their brim-full Vessels to the *Belg'an* shore.

5.

Thus mighty in her Ships, stood Carthage long,

And swept the riches of the world from far;

Yet stoop'd to *Rome*, less wealthy, but more strong:

And this may prove our second Punick War.

6.

What peace can be where both to one pretend?

(But they more diligent, and we more strong)

Or if a peace, it soon must have an end

For they would grow too pow'rful were it long.

7.

Behold two Nations then, ingag'd so far,

That each seav'n years the fit must shake each Land

Where *France* will side to weaken us by War,

Who onely can his vast designs withstand.

8.

See how he feeds th' *Iberian* with delays,

To render us his timely friendship vain;

And, while his secret Soul on *Flanders* preys,

He rocks the Cradle of the Babe of Spain.

9.

Such deep designs of Empire does he lay,

O're them whose cause he seems to take in hand.

And, prudently, would make them Lords at Sea,

To whom with ease he can give Laws by Land.

10.

This saw our King; and long within his breast

His pensive counsels ballanc'd too and fro;

He griev'd the Land he freed should be oppress'd,

And he less for it then Usurpers do.

11.

His gen'rous mind the fair Idea's drew

Of Fame and Honour which in dangers lay;

Where wealth, like fruit an precipices, grew,

Not to be gather'd but by Birds of prey.

12.

The loss and gain each fatally were great;

And still his Subjects call'd aloud for war:

But peaceful Kings o'r martial people set,

Each others poize and counter-ballance are.

13.

He, first, survey'd the charge with careful eyes,

Which none but mighty Monarchs could maintain;

Yet judg'd, like vapours that from Limbecks rise,

It would in richer showers descend again.

14.

At length resolv'd t'assert the watry Ball,

He in himself did whole Armado's bring:

Him, aged Sea-men might their Master call,

And choose for General were he not their King.

15.

It seems as every Ship their Sovereign knows,

His awful summons they so soon obey;

So here the skaly Herd when *Proteus* blows,

And so to pasture follow through the Sea.

16.

To see this Fleet upon the Ocean move

Angels drew wide the Curtains of the skies:

And Heav'n, as if their wanted Lights above,

For Tapers made two glareing Comets rise.

17.

Whether they unctuous Exhalations are,

Fir'd by the Sun, or seeming so alone,

Or each some more remote and slippery Star,

Which looses footing when to Mortals shown.

18.

Or one that bright companion of the Sun,

Whose glorious aspect seal'd our new-born King;

And now a round of greater years begun,

New influence from his walks of light did bring.

19.

Victorious *York* did, first, with fam'd success,

To his known valour make the *Dutch* give place:

Thus Heav'n our Monarch's fortune did confess,

Beginning conquest from his Royal Race.

20.

But since it was decreed, Auspicious King,

In *Britain*'s right that thou should'st wed the Main,

Heav'n, as a gage, would cast some precious thing

And therefore doom'd that Lawson should be slain.

21.

Lawson amongst the formost met his fate,

Whom Sea-green *Syrens* from the Rocks lament:

Thus as an off'ring for the *Grecian* State,

He first was kill'd who first to Battel went.

22.

Their Chief blown up, in air, not waves expir'd,

To which his pride presum'd to give the Law:

The *Dutch* confess'd Heav'n present, and retir'd,

And all was *Britain* the wide Ocean saw.

23.

To nearest Ports their shatter'd Ships repair,

Where by our dreadful Canon they lay aw'd:

So reverently men quit the open air

When thunder speaks the angry Gods abroad.

24.

And now approach'd their Fleet from India, fraught

With all the riches of the rising Sun:

And precious Sand frome Southern Climates brought,

(The fatal Regions where the War begun.)

25.

Like hunted *Castors*, conscious of their store,

Their way-laid wealth to *Norway's* coasts they bring:

There first the North's cold bosome Spices bore,

And Winter brooded on the Eastern Spring.

26.

By the rich scent we found our perfum'd prey,

Which flanck'd with Rocks did close in covert lie:

And round about their murdering Canon lay,

At once to threaten and invite the eye.

27.

Fiercer then Canon, and then Rocks more hard,

The *English* undertook th'unequal War:

Seven Ships alone, by which the Port is barred,

Besiege the *Indies*, and all *Denmark* dare.

28.

These fight like Husbands, but like Lovers those:

These fain would keep, and those more fain enjoy

And to such height their frantick passion grows,

That what both love, both hazard to destroy.

29.

Amidst whole heaps of Spices lights a Ball,

And now their Odours arm'd against them flie:

Some preciously by shatter'd Porc'lain fall,

And some by Aromatick splinters die.

30.

An though by Tempests of the prize bereft,

In Heavens inclemency some ease we find:

Our foes we vanquish'd by our valour left,

And onely yielded to the Seas and Wind.

31.

Nor wholly lost we so deserv'd a prey;

For storms, repenting, part of it restor'd:

Which, as a tribute from the Balthick Sea,

The British Ocean sent her mighty Lord.

32.

Go, Mortals, now, and vex your selves in vain

For wealth, which so uncertainly must come:

When what was brought so far, and with such pain,

Was onely kept to lose it neerer home.

33.

The Son, who, twice three month's on th' Ocean tost,

Prepar'd to tell what he had pass'd before,

Now sees, in *English* Ships the *Holland* Coast,

And Parents arms in vain stretch'd from the shore.

34.

This carefull Husband had been long away,

Whom his chast wife and little children mourn;

Who on their fingers learn'd to tell the day

On which their Father promis'd to return.

35.

Such are the proud designs of human kind,

And so we suffer Shipwrack every where!

Alas, what Port can such a Pilot find,

Who in the night of Fate must blindly steer!

36.

The undistinguish'd seeds of good and ill

Heav'n, in his bosom, from our knowledge hides;

And draws them in contempt of human skill,

Which oft, for friends, mistaken foes provides.

37.

Let *Munsters* Prelate ever be accurst,

In whom we seek the *German* faith in vain:

Alas, that he should teach the *English* first

That fraud and avarice in the Church could reign!

38.

Happy who never trust a Strangers will,

Whose friendship's in his interest understood!

Since money giv'n but tempts him to be ill

When pow'r is too remote to make him good.

39.

Till now, alone the Mighty Nations strove:

The rest, at gaze, without the Lists did stand:

And threatning *France*, plac'd like a painted *Jove*,

Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.

40.

That Eunuch Guardian of rich *Holland* trade,

Who envies us what he wants power to enjoy!

Whose noisefull valour does no foe invade,

And weak assistance will his friends destroy.

41.

Offended that we fought without his leave,

He takes this time his secret have to show:

Which *Charles* does with a mind so calm receive,

As one that neither seeks, nor shuns his foe.

42.

With *France*, to aid the *Dutch*, the *Danes* unite:

France as their Tyrant, *Denmark* as their Slave.

But when with one three Nations joyn to fight,

They silently confess that one more brave.

43.

Lewis had chas'd the *English* from his shore;

But *Charles* the *French* as Subjects does invite.

Would Heav'n for each some *Salomon* restore,

Who, by their mercy, may decide their right.

44.

Were Subjects so but onely buy their choice,

And not from Birth did forc'd Dominion take,

Our Prince alone would have the publique voice;

And all his Neighbours Realms would desarts make.

45.

He without fear a dangerous War pursues,

Which without rashness he began before.

As Honour made him first the danger choose,

So still he makes it good on virtues score.

46.

The doubled charge his Subjects love supplies,

Who, in that bounty, to themselves are kind:

So glad Egyptians see their *Nilus* rise,

And in his plenty their abundance find.

47.

With equal pow'r he does two Chiefs create,

Two such, as each seem'd worthiest when alone:

Each able to sustain a Nations fate,

Since both had found a greater in their own.

48.

Both great in courage, Conduct and in Fame,

Yet neither envious of the others praise.

Their duty, faith, and int'rest too the same.

Like mighty Partners equally they raise.

49.

The Prince long time had courted Fortune's love,

But once possess'd did absolutely reign;

Thus with their *Amazons* the *Heroes* strove,

And conquer'd first those Beauties they would gain.

50.

The Duke, beheld, like *Scipio*, with disdain

That *Carthage*, which he ruin'd, rise once more:

And shook aloft the Fasces of the Main,

To fright those Slaves with what they felt before.

51.

Together to the watry Camp they haste,

Whom Matrons passing, to their children show

Infants first vows for them to Heav'n are cast,

And future people bless them as they go.

52.

With them no riotous pomp, nor *Asian* train,

T' infect a Navy with their gawdy fears:

To make flow fights, and victories but vain;

But war; severely, like it self, appears.

53.

Diffusive of themselves, where e'r they pass,

They make that warmth in others they expect

Their valour works like bodies on a glass,

And does its Image on their men project.

54.

Our Fleet divides, and straight the *Dutch* appear

In number, and a fam'd Commander, bold:

The Narrow Seas can scarce their Navy bear,

Or crowded Vessels can their Soldiers hold.

55.

The Duke, less numerous, but in courage more,

On wings of all the winds to combat flies:

His murdering Guns aloud defiance roar,

And bloudy Crosses on his Flag-staffs rise.

56.

Both furl their sails, and strip them for the fight,

Their folded sheets dismiss the useless air:

Th' *Elean* Plains could boast no nobler sight,

When strugling Champions did their bodies bare.

57.

Born each by other in a distant Line,

The Sea-built Forts in distant order move:

So vast the noise, as if not Fleets did joyn,

But Lands unfix'd, and floating Nations, strove.

58.

Now pass'd, on either side they nimbly tack,

Both strive to intercept and guide the wind:

And, in its eye, more closely they come back

To finish all the deaths they left behind.

59.

On high-rais'd Decks the haughty *Belgians* ride,

Beneath whose shade our humble Fregats go:

Such port the Elephant bears, and so defi'd

By the *Rhinocero's* her unequal foe.

60.

And as the built, so different is the fight;

Their mounting shot is on our sails design'd:

Deep in their hulls our deadly bullets light,

And through the yielding planks a passage find.

61.

Our dreaded Admiral from far they threat,

Whose batter'd rigging their whole war receives:

All bare, like some old Oak which tempests beat,

He stands, and sees below his scatter'd leaves.

62.

Heroes of old, when wounded, shelter sought,

But he, who meets all danger with disdain,

Ev'n in their face his ship to Anchor brought, And Steeple high stood propt upon the Main.

63.

At this excess of courage, all amaz'd,

The foremost of his foes a while withdraw.

With such respect in enter'd Rome they gaz'd,

Who on high Chairs the God-like Fathers saw.

64.

And now, as where *Patroclus* body lay,

Here *Trojan* Chiefs advanc'd, & there the *Greek*:

Ours o'er the Duke their pious wings display,

And theirs the noblest spoils of *Britain* seek.

65.

Mean time, his busie Marriners he hasts;

His shatter'd sails with rigging to restore:

And willing Pines ascend his broken Masts,

Whose lofty heads rise higher then before.

66.

Straight to the *Dutch* he turns his dreadful prow,

More fierce th'important quarrel to decide.

Like Swans, in long array his Vessels show,

Whose creasts, advancing, do the waves divide.

67.

They charge, re-charge, and all along the Sea

They drive, and squander the huge *Belgian* Fleet.

Berkley alone who neerest Danger lay,

Did a like fate with lost *Creusa* meet.

68.

The night comes on, we, eager to pursue

The Combat stil, and they asham'd to leave:

Till the last streaks of dying day withdrew,

And doubtful Moon-light did our rage deceive.

69.

In th'*English* Fleet each ship resounds with joy,

And loud applause of their great Lead'rs fame.

In fiery dreams the *Dutch* they still destroy,

And, slumbring, smile at the imagin'd flame.

70.

Not so the *Holland* Fleet, who tir'd and done,

Stretch'd on their decks like weary Oxen lie:

Faint swears all down their mighty members run,

(Vast bulks which little souls but ill supply.)

71.

In dreams they fearful precipices tread,

Or, shipwrack'd, labour to some distant shore:

Or in dark Churches walk among the dead:

They wake with horrour, & dare sleep no more.

72.

The morn they look on with unwilling eyes,

Till, from their Main-top, joyful news they hear

Of ships, which by their mould bring new supplies,

And in their colours *Belgian* Lions bear.

73.

Our watchful General had discern'd, from far,

This mighty succour which made glad the foe.

He sigh'd, but, like a Father of the War,

His face spake hope, while deep his sorrows flow.

74.

His wounded men he first sends off to shore:

(Never, till now, unwilling to obey.)

They, not their wounds but want of strength deplore,

And think them happy who with him can stay.

75.

Then, to the rest, Rejoyce, (said he) to day

In you the fortune of *Great Britain* lies:

Among so brave a people you are they

Whom Heav'n has chose to fight for such a Prize.

76.

If number *English* courages could quell,

We should at first have shun'd, not met our foes;

Whose numerous sails the fearful onely tell:

Courage from hearts, and not from numbers grows.

77.

He said; nor needed more to say: with hast

To their known stations chearfully they go:

And all at once, disdaining to be last,

Sollicite every gale to meet the foe.

78.

Nor did th'incourag'd *Belgians* long delay,

But, bold in others, not themselves, they stood:

So thick, our Navy scarce could sheer their way,

But seem'd to wander in a moving wood.

79.

Our little Fleet was now ingag'd so far,

That, like the Sword-fish in the Whale, they fought.

The Combat onely seem'd a Civil War,

Till through their bowels we our passage wrought.

80.

Never had valour, no not ours before,

Done ought like this upon the Land or Main:

Where not to be o'rcome was to do more

Then all the Conquests former Kings did gain.

81.

The mighty Ghosts of our great *Harries* rose,

And armed *Edwards* look'd, with anxious eyes,

To see this Fleet among unequal foes,

By which fate promis'd them their *Charls* should rise.

82.

Mean time the *Belgians* tack upon our Reer,

And raking Chace-guns through our sterns they send:

Close by, their Fire-ships, like *Iackals*, appear,

Who on their Lions for the prey attend.

83.

Silent in smoke of Canons they come on:

(Such vapours once did fiery *Cacus* hide.)

In these the height of pleas'd revenge is shown,

Who burn contented by another's side.

84.

Sometimes, from fighting Squadrons of each Fleet,

(Deceiv'd themselves, or to preserve some friend)

Two grapling *Aetna's* on the Ocean meet,

And *English* fires with *Belgian* flames contend.

85.

Now, at each Tack, our little Fleet grows less;

And, like maim'd fowl, swim lagging on the Main.

Their greater loss their numbers scarce confess

While they lose cheaper then the *English* gain.

86.

Have you not seen when, whistled from the fist,

Some Falcon stoops at what her eye design'd,

And, with her eagerness, the quarry miss'd,

Straight flies at check, and clips it down the wind.

87.

The dastard Crow, that to the wood made wing,

And sees the Groves no shelter can afford,

With her loud Kaws her Craven kind does bring,

Who, safe in numbers cuff the noble Bird.

88.

Among the *Dutch* thus *Albemarl* did fare:

He could not conquer, and disdain'd to flie.

Past hope of safety, 'twas his latest care,

Like falling *Cesar*, decently to die.

89.

Yet pity did his manly spirit move

To see those perish who so well had fought:

And, generously, with his dispair he strove,

Resolv'd to live till he their safety wrought.

90.

Let other Muses write his prosp'rous fate,

Of conquer'd Nations tell, and Kings restor'd:

But mine shall sing of his eclips'd estate,

Which, like the Sun's, more wonders does afford.

91.

He drew his mighty Fregates all before,

On which the foe his fruitless force employes:

His weak ones deep into his Reer he bore,

Remote from Guns as sick men are from noise.

92.

His fiery Canon did their passage guide,

And foll'wing smoke obscur'd them from the foe.

Thus Israel safe from the Egyptian's pride,

By flaming pillars, and by clouds did go.

93.

Elsewhere the *Belgian* force we did defeat,

But here our courages did theirs subdue:

So *Xenophon* once led that fam'd retreat,

Which first the *Asian* Empire overthrew.

94.

The foe approach'd: and one, for his bold sin,

Was sunk, (as he that touch'd the Ark was slain;)

The wild waves master'd him, and suck'd him in,

And smiling Eddies dimpled on the Main.

95.

This seen, the rest at awful distance stood;

As if they had been there as servants set,

To stay, or to go on, as he thought good,

And not persue, but wait on his retreat.

96.

So *Lybian* Huntsmen, on some sandy plain,

From shady coverts rouz'd, the Lion chace:

The Kingly beast roars out with loud disdain,

And slowly moves, unknowing to give place.

97.

But if some one approach to dare his force,

He swings his tail, and swiftly turns him round:

With one paw seizes on his trembling Horse,

And with the other tears him to the ground.

98.

Amidst these toils succeeds the balmy night,

Now hissing waters the quench'd guns restore;

And weary waves, withdrawing from the fight,

Lie lull'd and panting on the silent shore.

99.

The Moon shone clear on the becalmed floud,

Where, while her beams like glittering silver play,

Upon the Deck our careful General stood,

And deeply mus'd on the succeeding day.

100.

That happy Sun, said he, will rise again,

Who twice victorious did our Navy see:

And I alone must view him rise in vain,

Without one ray of all his Star for me.

101.

Yet, like an *English* Gen'ral will I die,

And all the Ocean make my spatious grave.

Women and Cowards on the Land may lie,

The Sea's a Tomb that's proper for the brave.

102.

Restless he pass'd the remnants of the night,

Till the fresh air proclaim'd the morning nigh,

And burning ships, the Martyrs of the fight,

With paler fires beheld the Eastern sky.

103.

But now, his Stores of Ammunition spent,

His naked valour is his onely guard:

Rare thunders are from his dumb Cannon sent,

And solitary Guns are scarcely heard.

104.

Thus far had Fortune pow'r, here forc'd to stay,

Nor longer durst with vertue be at strife:

This, as a Ransome *Albemarl* did pay

For all the glories of so great a life.

105.

For now brave *Rupert* from afar appears,

Whose waving Streamers the glad General knows:

With full spread Sails his eager Navy steers,

And every Ship in swift proportion grows.

106.

The anxious Prince had heard the Cannon long,

And from that length of time dire *Omens* drew

Of *English* over-match'd, and *Dutch* too strong,

Who never fought three days but to pursue.

107.

Then, as an Eagle, (who, with pious care,

Was beating widely on the wing for prey)

To her now silent Eiry does repair,

And finds her callow Infants forc'd away.

108.

Stung with her love she stoops upon the plain,

The broken air loud whistling as she flies:

She stops, and listens, and shoots forth again,

And guides her pinions by her young ones cries.

109.

With such kind passion hastes the Prince to fight,

And spreads his flying canvass to the sound:

Him, whom no danger, were he there, could fright,

Now, absent, every little noise can wound.

110.

As, in a drought, the thirsty creatures cry,

And gape upon the gather'd clowds for rain,

And first the Martlet meets it in the sky,

And, with wet wings, joys all the feather'd train.

111.

With such glad hearts did our dispairing men

Salute th' appearance of the Princes Fleet;

And each ambitiously would claim the Ken

That with first eyes did distant safety meet.

112.

The *Dutch*, who came like greedy Hinds before,

To reap the harvest their ripe ears did yield,

Now look like those, when rowling thunders roar,

And sheets of Lightning blast the standing field.

113.

Full in the Princes passage, hills of sand

And dang'rous flats in secret ambush lay,

Where the false tides skim o'r the cover'd Land,

And Sea-men with dissembled depths betray:

114.

The wily *Dutch*, who, like fall'n Angels, fear'd

This new *Messiah's* coming, there did wait,

And round the verge their braving Vessels steer'd,

To tempt his courage with so fair a bait.

115.

But he, unmov'd, contemns their idle threat,

Secure of fame when ere he please to fight:

His cold experience tempers all his heat,

And inbred worth does boasting valour slight.

116.

Heroique virtue did his actions guide,

And he the substance not th' appearance chose:

To rescue one such friend he took more pride

Than to destroy whole thousands of such foes.

117.

But, when approach'd, in strict embraces bound,

Rupert and *Albemarl* together grow:

He joys to have his friend in safety found,

Which he to none but to that friend would owe.

118.

The chearful Souldiers, with new stores suppli'd,

Now long to execute their spleenfull will;

And, in revenge for those three days they tri'd,

Wish one, like *Ioshuah's*, when the Sun stood still.

119.

Thus re-inforc'd, against the adverse Fleet

Still doubling ours, brave *Rupert* leads the way.

With the first blushes of the Morn they meet,

And bring night back upon the new-born day.

120.

His presence soon blows up the kindling fight,

And his loud Guns speak thick like angry men:

It seem'd as slaughter had been breath'd all night,

And death new pointed his dull dart agen.

121.

The *Dutch*, too well his mighty Conduct knew,

And matchless Courage since the former fight:

Whose Navy like a stiff stretch'd cord did show

Till he bore in, and bent them into flight.

122.

The wind he shares while half their Fleet offends

His open side, and high above him shows,

Upon the rest at pleasure he descends,

And, doubly harm'd, he double harms bestows.

123.

Behind, the Gen'ral mends his weary pace,

And sullenly to his revenge he sails:

So glides some trodden Serpent on the grass,

And long behind his wounded vollume trails.

124.

Th' increasing sound is born to either shore,

And for their stakes the throwing Nations fear.

Their passion, double with the Cannons roar,

And with warm wishes each man combats there.

125.

Pli'd thick and close as when the fight begun,

Their huge unwieldy Navy wasts away:

So sicken waning Moons too neer the Sun,

And blunt their crescents on the edge of day.

126.

And now reduc'd on equal terms to fight,

Their Ships like wasted Patrimonies show:

Where the thin scatt'ring Trees admit the light,

And shun each others shadows as they grow.

127.

The warlike Prince had sever'd from the rest

Two giant ships, the pride of all the Main;

Which, with his own, so vigorously he press'd,

And flew so home they could not rise again.

128.

Already batter'd, by his Lee they lay,

In vain upon the passing winds they call:

The passing winds through their torn canvass play,

And flagging sails on heartless Sailors fall.

129.

Their open'd sides receive a gloomy light,

Dreadful as day let in to shades below:

Without, grim death rides bare-fac'd in their sight,

And urges ent'ring billows as they flow.

130.

When one dire shot, the last they could supply,

Close by the boar'd the Prince's Main-mast bore:

All three now, helpless, by each other lie,

And this offends not, and those fear no more.

131.

So have I seen some fearful Hare maintain

A Course, till tir'd before the Dog she lay:

Who, stretch'd behind her, pants upon the plain,

Past pow'r to kill as she to get away.

132.

With his loll'd tongue he faintly licks his prey,

His warm breath blows her flix up as she lies:

She, trembling, creeps upon the ground away,

And looks back to him with beseeching eyes.

133.

The Prince unjustly does his Stars accuse,

Which hinder'd him to push his fortune on:

For what they to his courage did refuse,

By mortal valour never must be done.

134.

This lucky hour the wise *Batavian* takes,

And warns his tatter'd Fleet to follow home:

Proud to have so got off with equal stakes,

Where 'twas a triumph not to be o'r-come.

135.

The General's force, as kept alive by fight,

Now, not oppos'd, no longer can persue:

Lasting till Heav'n had done his courage right,

When he had conquer'd he his weakness knew.

136.

He casts a frown on the departing foe,

And sighs to see him quit the watry field:

His stern fix'd eyes no satisfaction show,

For all the glories which the Fight did yield.

137.

Though, as when Fiends did Miracles avow,

He stands confess'd ev'n by the boastful *Dutch*,

He onely does his conquest disavow,

And thinks too little what they found too much.

138.

Return'd, he with the Fleet resolv'd to stay,

No tender thoughts of home his heart divide:

Domestick joys and cares he puts away,

For Realms are housholds which the Great must guide.

139.

As those who unripe veins in Mines explore,

On the rich bed again the warm turf lay,

Till time digests the yet imperfect Ore,

And know it will be Gold another day.

140.

So looks our Monarch on this early fight,

Th' essay, and rudiments of great success,

Which all-maturing time must bring to light,

While he, like Heav'n, does each days labour bless.

141.

Heav'n ended not the first or second day,

Yet each was perfect to the work design'd:

God and Kings work, when they their work survey,

And passive aptness in all subjects find.

142.

In burden'd Vessels, first, with speedy care,

His plenteous Stores do season'd timber send

Thither the brawny Carpenters repair,

And as the Chyrurg'ons of maim'd ships attend.

143.

With Cord and Canvass from rich *Hamburgh* sent,

His Navies molted wings he imps once more:

Tall *Norway* Fir, their Masts in Battel spent,

And *English* Oak sprung leaks and planks restore.

144.

All hands employ'd, the Royal work grows warm,

Like labouring Bees on a long Summers day,

Some sound the Trumpet for the rest to swarm,

And some on bells of tasted Lillies play:

145.

With glewy wax some new foundation lay

Of Virgin combs, which from the roof are hung:

Some arm'd within doors, upon duty stay,

Or tend the sick, or educate the young.

146.

So here, some pick out bullets from the sides,

Some drive old Okum through each seam & rift:

Their left-hand does the Calking-iron guide,

The ratling Mallet with the right they lift.

147.

With boiling Pitch another near at hand

(From friendly *Sweden* brought) the seams in-stops:

Which well paid o'r the salt-Sea waves withstand,

And shakes them from the rising beak in drops.

148.

Some the gall'd ropes with dawby Marling bind,

Or sear-cloth Masts with strong Tarpawling coats:

To try new shrouds one mounts into the wind,

And one, below, their ease or stifness notes.

149.

Our careful Monarch stands in Person by,

His new-cast Canons firmness to explore:

The strength of big-corn'd powder loves to try,

And Ball and Cartrage sorts for every bore.

150.

Each day brings fresh supplies of Arms and Men,

And Ships which all last Winter were abrode:

And such as fitted since the Fight had been,

Or new from Stocks were fall'n into the Road.

151.

The goodly *London* in her gallant trim,

(The *Phoenix* daughter of the vanish'd old:)

Like a rich Bride does to the Ocean swim,

And on her shadow rides in floating gold.

152.

Her Flag aloft spread ruffling to the wind,

And sanguine Streamers seem the floud to fire:

The Weaver charm'd with what his Loom design'd,

Goes on to Sea, and knows not to retire.

153.

With roomy decks, her Guns of mighty strength,

(Whose low-laid mouthes each mounting billow laves:)

Deep in her draught, and warlike in her length,

She seems a Sea-wasp flying on the waves.

154.

This martial Present, piously design'd,

The Loyal City give their best-lov'd King:

And with a bounty ample as the wind,

Built, fitted and maintain'd to aid him bring.

155.

By viewing Nature, Natures Hand-maid, Art,

Makes mighty things from small beginnings grow:

Thus fishes first to shipping did impart

Their tail the Rudder, and their head the Prow.

156.

Some Log, perhaps, upon the waters swam

An useless drift, which, rudely cut within,

And hollow'd, first a floating trough became,

And cross some Riv'let passage did begin.

157.

In shipping such as this the *Irish Kern*,

And untaught Indian, on the stream did glide:

Ere sharp-keel'd Boats to stem the floud did learn,

Or fin-like Oars did spread from either side.

158.

Adde but a Sail, and *Saturn* so appear'd,

When, from lost Empire, he to Exile went,

And with the Golden age to *Tyber* steer'd,

Where Coin & first Commerce he did invent.

159.

Rude as their Ships was Navigation, then;

No useful Compass or Meridian known:

Coasting, they kept the Land within their ken,

And knew no North but when the Pole-star shone.

160.

Of all who since have us'd the open Sea,

Than the bold *English* none more fame have won:

Beyond the Year, and out of Heav'ns high-way,

They make discoveries where they see no Sun.

161.

But what so long in vain, and yet unknown,

By poor man-kinds benighted wit is sought,

Shall in this Age to *Britain* first be shown,

And hence be to admiring Nations taught.

162.

The Ebbs of Tydes, and their mysterious flow,

We, as Arts Elements shall understand:

And as by Line upon the Ocean go,

Whose paths shall be familiar as the Land.

163.

Instructed ships shall sail to quick Commerce;

By which remotest Regions are alli'd:

Which makes one City of the Universe,

Where some may gain, and all may be suppli'd.

164.

Their, we upon our Globes last verge shall go,

And view the Ocean leaning on the sky:

From thence our rolling Neighbours we shall know.

And on the Lunar world securely pry.

165.

This I fore-tel, from your auspicious care,

VVho great in search of God and Nature grow:

VVho best your wise Creator's praise declare,

Since best to praise his works is best to know.

166.

O truly Royal! who behold the Law,

And rule of beings in your Maker's mind,

And thence, like Limbeckss, rich Idea's draw,

To fit the levell'd use of humane kind.

167.

But first the toils of war we must endure,

And, from th'Injurious *Dutch* redeem the Seas.

War makes the valiant of his right secure,

And gives up fraud to be chastis'd with ease.

168.

Already were the *Belgians* on our coast,

Whose Fleet more mighty every day became,

By late success, which they did falsly boast,

And now, by first appearing seem'd to claim.

169.

Designing, subtil, diligent, and close,

They knew to manage War with wise delay:

Yet all those arts their vanity did cross,

And, by their pride, their prudence did betray.

170.

Nor staid the *English* long: but, well suppli'd,

Appear as numerous as th'insulting foe.

The Combat now by courage must be tri'd,

And the success the braver Nation show.

171.

There was the *Plimouth* Squadron new come in,

Which in the *Straights* last Winter was abroad:

Which twice on *Biscay's* working Bay had been,

And on the Mid-land Sea the *French* had aw'd.

172.

Old expert *Allen*, loyal all along,

Fam'd for his action on the *Smirna* Fleet,

And *Holmes*, whose name shal live in Epique Song,

While Musick Numbers, or while Verse has Fleet.

173.

Holmes, the *Achates* of the Gen'rals fight,

Who first bewitch'd our eyes with *Guinny* Gold:

As once old *Cato* in the *Roman's* sight

The tempting fruits of *Africk* did unfold.

174.

With him went *Sprag*, as bountiful as brave,

Whom his high courage to command had brought:

Harman, who did the twice fir'd *Harry* save,

And in his burning ship undaunted fought.

175.

Young *Hollis*, on a *Muse* by *Mars* begot,

Born, *Cesar*-like, to write and act great deeds:

Impatient to revenge his fatal shot,

His right hand doubly to his left succeeds.

176.

Thousands were there in darker fame that dwell,

Whose deeds some nobler Poem shall adorn;

And, though to me unknown, they, sure, fought well,

Whom *Rupert* led, and who were *British* born.

177.

Of every size an hundred fighting Sail,

So vast the Navy now at Anchor rides,

That underneath it the press'd waters fail,

And, with its weight, it shoulders off the Tydes.

178.

Now Anchors weigh'd, the Sea-men shout so shrill,

That Heav'n & Earth and the wide Ocean rings:

A breeze from VVestward waits their sails to fill,

And rests, in those high beds, his downy wings.

179.

The wary *Dutch* this gathering storm foresaw,

And durst not bide it on the *English* coast:

Behind their treach'rous shallows they withdraw,

And their lay snares to catch the *British* Hoast.

180.

So the false Spider, when her Nets are spread,

Deep ambush'd in her silent den does lie:

And feels, far off, the trembling of her thread,

Whose filmy cord should bind the strugling Fly.

181.

Then, if at last, she find him fast beset,

She issues forth, and runs along her Loom:

She joys to touch the Captive in her Net,

And drags the little wretch in triumph home.

182.

The *Belgians* hop'd that, with disorder'd haste,

Our deep-cut keels upon the sands might run:

Or, if with caution leisurely were past,

Their numerous gross might charge us one by one.

183.

But, with a fore-wind pushing them above,

And swelling tyde that heav'd them from below,

O'r the blind flots our warlike Squadrons move,

And, with spread sails, to welcome Battel go.

184.

It seem'd as there the *British Neptune* stood,

With all his host of waters at command,

Beneath them to submit th'officious floud:

And, with his Trident, shov'd them off the sand.

185.

To the pale foes they suddenly draw near,

And summon them to unexpected fight:

They start like Murderers when Ghosts appear,

And draw their Curtains in the dead of night.

186.

Now Van to Van the formost Squadrons meet,

The midmost Battels hasting up behind,

Who view, far off, the storm of falling Sleet,

And hear their thunder ratling in the wind.

187.

At length the adverse Admirals appear:

(The two bold Champions of each Countries right)

Their eyes describe the lists as they come near,

And draw the lines of death before they fight.

188.

The distance judg'd for shot of every size,

The Linstocks touch, the pond'rous ball expires:

The vig'rous Sea-man every port-hole plies,

And adds his heart to every Gun he fires.

189.

Fierce was the fight on the proud *Belgians* side,

For honour, which they seldome sought before:

But now they by their own vain boasts were ti'd,

And forc'd, at least in show, to prize it more.

190.

But sharp remembrance on the *English* part,

And shame of being match'd by such a foe:

Rouze conscious vertue up in every heart,

And seeming to be stronger makes them so.

191.

Nor long the *Belgians* could that Fleet sustain,

Which did two Gen'rals fates, and Cesar's bear.

Each several Ship a victory did gain,

As Rupert or as Albemarl were there.

192.

Their batter'd Admiral too soon withdrew,

Unthank'd by ours for his unfinish'd fight:

But he the minds of his Dutch Masters knew,

Who call'd that providence which we call'd flight.

193.

Never did men more joyfully obey,

Or sooner understood the sign to flie:

With such alacrity they bore away,

As if to praise them all the States stood by.

194.

O famous Leader of the Belgian Fleet,

Thy Monument inscrib'd such praise shall wear

As Verro, timely flying, once did meet,

Because he did not of his Rome despair.

195.

Behold that Navy which a while before

Provok'd the tardy *English* to the fight,

Now draw their beaten vessels close to shore,

As Larks lie dar'd to shun the Hobbies flight.

196.

Who ere would *English* Monuments survey,

In other records may our courage know:

But let them hide the story of this day,

Whose fame was blemish'd by too base a foe.

197.

Or if too busily they will enquire

Into a victory which we disdain:

Then let them know, the *Belgians* did retire

Before the Patron Saint of injur'd *Spain*.

198.

Repenting *England* this revengeful day

To *Philip*'s Manes did an off'ring bring.

England, which first, by leading them astray,

Hatch'd up Rebellion to destroy her King.

199.

Our Fathers bent their baneful industry

To check a Monarchy that slowly grew:

But did not *France* or *Holland*'s fate foresee,

Whose rising pow'r to swift Dominion flew.

200.

In fortunes Empire blindly thus we go,

And wander after pathless destiny:

Whose dark resorts since prudence cannot know.

In vain it would provide for what shall be.

201.

But what ere *English* to the bless'd shall go,

And the fourth *Harry* or first *Orange* meet:

Find him disowning of a *Burbon* foe,

And him detesting a *Batavian* Fleet.

202.

Now on their coasts our conquering Navy rides,

Way-lays their Merchants, and their Land besets;

Each day new wealth without their care provides,

They lie asleep with prizes in their nets.

203.

So, close behind some Promontory lie

The huge Leviathans t' attend their prey:

And give no chace, but swallow in the frie,

Which through their gaping jaws mistake the way.

204.

Nor was this all: in Ports and Roads remote,

Destructive Fires among whole Fleets we send:

Triumphant flames upon the water flote,

And out-bound ships at home their voyage end.

205.

Those various Squadrons, variously design'd,

Each vessel fraighted with a several load:

Each Squadron waiting for a several wind,

All find but one, to burn them in the Road.

206.

Some bound for *Guinny*, golden sand to find,

Bore all the gawds the simple Natives wear:

Some for the pride of *Turkish* Courts design'd,

For folded *Turbans* finest *Holland* bear.

207.

Some *English* Wool, vex'd in a *Belgian* Loom,

And into Cloth of spungy softness made:

Did into *France* or colder *Denmark* doom,

To ruine with worse ware our staple Trade.

208.

Our greedy Sea-men rummage every hold,

Smiles on the booty of each wealthier Chest:

And, as the Priests who with their gods make bold,

Take what they like, and sacrifice the rest.

209.

But ha! how, unsincere are all our joys!

Which, sent from Heav'n, like Lightning make no stay:

Their falling taste the journeys length destroys,

Or grief, sent post, o'r-takes them on the way.

210.

Swell'd with our late successes on the Foe,

Which *France* and *Holland* wanted power to cross:

We urge an unseen Fate to lay us low,

And feed their envious eyes with English loss.

211.

Each Element his dread command obeys,

Who makes or ruines with a smile or frown;

Who as by one he did our Nation raise,

So now he with another pulls us down.

212.

Yet, *London*, Empress of the Northern Clime,

By an high fate thou greatly didst expire;

Great as the worlds, which at the death of time

Must fall, and rise a nobler frame by fire.

213.

As when some dire Usurper Heav'n provides,

To scourge his Country with a lawless sway:

His birth, perhaps, some petty Village hides,

And sets his Cradle out of Fortune's way:

214.

Till fully ripe his swelling fate breaks out,

And hurries him to mighty mischiefs on:

His Prince surpriz'd at first, no ill could doubt,

And wants the pow'r to meet it when 'tis known.

215.

Such was the rise of this prodigious fire,

Which in mean buildings first obscurely bred,

From thence did soon to open streets aspire,

And straight to Palaces and Temples spread.

216.

The diligence of Trades and noiseful gain,

And luxury, more late, asleep were laid:

All was the nights, and in her silent reign,

No sound the rest of Nature did invade.

217.

In this deep quiet, from what scource unknown,

Those seeds of fire their fatal birth disclose:

And first, few scatt'ring sparks about were blown,

Big with the flames that to our ruine rose.

218.

Then, in some close-pent room it crept along,

And, smouldring as it went, in silence fed:

Till th'infant monster, with devouring strong,

Walk'd boldly upright with exalted head.

219.

Now, like some rich or mighty Murderer,

To great for prison, which he breaks with gold;

Who fresher for new mischiefs does appear,

And dares the world to tax him with the old.

220.

So scapes th'insulting fire his narrow Jail,

And makes small out-lets into open air:

There the fierce winds his open force assail,

And beat him down-ward to his first repair.

221.

The winds, like crafty Courtezans, with-held

His flames from burning, but to blow them more:

And, every fresh attempt, he is repell'd

With faint denials, weaker then before.

222.

And now, no longer letted of his prey,

He leaps up at it with inrag'd desire:

O'r-looks the neighbours with a wide survey,

And nods at every house his threatning fire.

223.

The Ghosts of Traitors, from the *Bridge* descend,

With bold Fanatick Spectres to rejoyce:

About the fire into a Dance they bend,

And sing their Sabbath Notes with feeble voice.

224.

Our Guardian Angel saw them where he sate

Above the Palace of our slumbring King,

He sigh'd, abandoning his charge to Fate,

And, drooping, oft look back upon the wing.

225.

At length the crackling noise and dreadful blaze,

Call'd up some waking Lover to the sight:

And long it was ere he the rest could raise,

Whose heavy eye-lids yet were full of night.

226.

The next to danger, hot pursu'd by fate,

Half cloth'd, half naked, hastily retire:

And frighted Mother strike their breasts, too late,

For helpless Infants left amidst the fire.

227.

Their cries soon waken all the dwellers near:

Now murmuring noises rise in every street;

The more remote run stumbling with their fear,

And, in the dark, men justle as they meet.

228.

So weary Bees in little Cells repose;

But if night-robbers lift the well-stor'd Hive,

An humming through their waxen City grows,

And out upon each others wings they drive.

229.

Now streets grow throng'd and busie as by day:

Some run for Buckets to the hallow'd Quire:

Some cut the Pipes, and some the Engines play,

And some more bold mount Ladders to the fire.

230.

In vain: for, from the East, a *Belgian* wind,

His hostile breath through the dry rafters sent:

The flames impelled, soon left their foes behind,

And forward, with a wanton fury went.

231.

A Key of fire ran all along the shore,

And lighten'd all the River with the blaze:

The waken'd Tydes began again to roar,

And wond'ring Fish in shining waters gaze.

232.

Old Father *Thames* rais'd up his reverend head,

But fear'd the fate of *Simoeis* would return:

Deep in his *Ooze* he sought his sedgy bed,

And shrunk his waters back into his Urn.

233.

The fire, mean time, walks in a broader gross,

To either hand his wings he opens wide:

He wades the streets, & straight he reaches cross,

And plays his longing flames on th'other side.

234.

At first they warm, then scorch, and then they take:

Now with long necks from side to side they feed:

At length, grown strong, their Mother fire forsake,

And a new Collony of flames succeed.

235.

To every nobler Potion of the Town

The curling Billows roll their restless Tide:

In parties now they straggle up and down,

As Armies, unoppos'd, for Prey divide.

236.

One mighty Squadron with a Side-wind sped,

Through narrow Lanes his cumber'd Fire does haste:

By pow'rful charms of Gold and Silver led,

The *Lombard* Banqueres and the *Change* to waste,

237.

Another backward to the Tow'r would go,

And slowly eats his way against the Wind:

But the main body of the marching Foe

Against th' Imperial Palace is design'd.

238.

Now Day appears, and with the day the King,

Whose early Care had robb'd him of his rest:

Far off the Cracks of Falling houses ring,

And Shrieks of Subjects pierce his tender Breast.

239.

Near as he draws, thick harbingers of smoke,

With gloomy pillars, cover all the place:

Whose little intervals of night are broke

By sparks that drive against his Sacred Face.

240.

More then his Guards his sorrows made him known,

And pious tears which down his cheeks did show'r:

The wretched in his grief forgot their own:

(So much the pity of a King has pow'r.)

241.

He wept the flames of what he lov'd so well,

And what so well had merited his love.

For never Prince in grace did more excel,

Or Royal City more in duty strove.

242.

Nor with an idle care did he behold:

(Subjects may grieve, but Monarchs must redress.)

He chears the fearful, and commends the bold,

And makes despairers hope for good success.

243.

Himself directs what first is to be done,

And orders all the succours which they bring.

The helpful and the good about him run,

And form an Army worthy such a King.

244.

He sees the dire contagion spread so fast,

That where it seizes, all relief is vain:

And therefore must unwillingly lay waste

That Country which would, else, the foe maintain.

245.

The powder blows up all before the fire:

Th' amazed flames stand gather'd on a heap;

And from the precipices brinck retire,

Afraid to venture on so large a leap.

246.

Thus fighting fires a while themselves consume,

But straight, like *Turks*, forc'd on to win or die;

They first lay tender bridges of their fume,

And o’r the breach in unctuous vapours flie.

247.

Part stays for passage till a gust of wind

Ships o’r their forces in a shining sheet:

Part, creeping under ground, their journey blind,

And, climbing from below, their fellows meet.

248.

Thus, to some desart plain, or old wood side,

Dire night has come from far to dance their round:

And o’r brode Rivers on their fiends they ride,

Or sweep in clowds above the blasted ground.

249.

No help avails: for, *Hydra*-like, the fire,

Lifts up his hundred heads to aim his way.

And scarce the wealthy can one half retire,

Before he rushes in to share the prey.

250.

The rich grow suppliant, & the poor grow proud:

Those offer mighty gain, and these ask more.

So void of pity is th’ignoble crowd,

When others ruine may increase their store.

251.

As those who live by shores with joy behold

Some wealthy vessel split or stranded nigh;

And, from the Rocks, leap down for shipwrack’d Gold,

And seek the Tempest which the others flie.

252.

So these but wait the Owners last despair,

And what’s permitted to the flames invade:

Ev’n from their jaws they hungry morsels tear,

And, on their backs, the spoils of *Vulcan* lade.

253.

The days were all in this lost labour spent;

And when the weary King gave place to night,

His Beams he to his Royal Brother lent,

And so shone still in his reflective light.

254.

Night came, but without darkness or repose,

A dismal picture of the gen'ral doom:

Where Souls distracted when the Trumpet blows

And half unready with their bodies come.

255.

Those who have homes, when home they do repair

To a last lodging call their wand'ring friends.

Their short uneasie sleeps are broke with care,

To look how near their own destruction tends.

256.

Those who have none sit round where once it was,

And with full eyes each wonted room require:

Haunting the yet warm ashes of the place,

As murder'd men walk where they did expire.

257.

Some stir up coals and watch the Vestal fire,

Others in vain from sight of ruine run:

And, while through burning Lab'rinths they retire,

With loathing eyes repeat what they would shun.

258.

The most, in fields, like herded beasts lie down;

To dews obnoxious on the grassie floor:

And while their babes in sleep their sorrows drown,

Sad Parents watch the remnants of their store.

259.

While by the motion of the flames they ghess

What streets are burning now, & what are near:

An Infant, waking, to the paps would press,

And meets, instead of milk, a falling tear.

260.

No thought can ease them but their Sovereign's care,

Whose praise th'afflicted as their comfort sing:

Ev'n those whom want might drive to just despair,

Think life a blessing under such a King.

261.

Mean time he sadly suffers in their grief,

Out-weeps an Hermite, and out-prays a Saint:

All the long night he studies their relief,

How they may be suppli'd, and he may want.

262.

O God, said he, thou Patron of my days,

Guide of my youth in exile and distress!

Who me unfriended, brought'st by wondrous ways

The Kingdom of my Fathers to possess.

263.

Be thou my Judge, with what unwearied care

I since have labour'd for my People's good:

To bind the bruises of a Civil War,

And stop the issues of their wasting bloud.

264.

Thou, who hast taught me to forgive the ill,

And recompense, as friends the good, misled;

If mercy be a Precept of thy will,

Return that mercy on thy Servant's head.

265.

Or, if my heedless Youth has stept astray,

Too soon forgetful of thy gracious hand:

On me alone thy just displeasure lay,

But take thy judgments from this mourning Land.

266.

We all have sinn'd, and thou hast laid us low,

As humble Earth from whence at first we came:

Like flying shades before the clowds we show,

And shrink like Parchment in consuming.

267.

O let it be enough what thou hast done,

When spotted deaths ran arm'd through every street,

With poison'd darts, which not the good could shun.

The speedy could out-fly, or valiant meet.

268.

The living few, and frequent funerals then,

Proclam'd thy wrath on this forsaken place:

And now those few who are return'd agen

Thy searching judgments to their dwellings trace.

269.

O pass not, Lord, an absolute decree,

Or bind thy sentence unconditional:

But in thy sentence our remorce foresee,

And, in that foresight, this thy doom recall.

270.

Thy threatnings, Lord, as thine, thou maist revoke:

But, if immutable and fix'd they stand,

Continue still thy self to give the stroke,

And let not foreign foes oppress thy Land.

271.

Th' Eternal heard, and from the Heav'nly Quire,

Chose out the Cherub with the flaming sword:

And bad him swiftly drive th' approaching fire

From where our Naval Magazins were stor'd.

272.

The blessed Minister his wings displai'd,

And like a shooting Star he cleft the night:

He charg'd the flames, and those that disobey'd,

He lash'd to duty with his sword of light.

273.

The fugitive flames, chastis'd, went forth to prey

On pious Structures, by our Fathers rear'd:

By which to Heav'n they did affect the way,

Ere Faith in Church-men without Works was heard.

274.

The wanting Orphans saw, with watry eyes,

Their Founders charity in dust laid low:

And sent to God their ever-answer'd cries,

(For he protects the poor who made them so.)

275.

Nor could thy Fabrick, *Paul's*, defend thee long,

Though thou wert Sacred to thy Makers praise:

Though made immortal by a Poet's Song;

And Poets Songs the *Theban* walls could raise.

276.

The dareing flames peep't in and saw from far,

The awful beauties of the Sacred Quire:

But, since it was prophan'd by Civil War,

Heav'n thought it fit to have it purg'd by fire.

277.

Now down the narrow streets it swiftly came,

And, widely opening, did on both sides prey.

This benefit we sadly owe the flame,

If onely ruine must enlarge our way.

278.

And now four days the Sun had seen our woes,

Four nights the Moon beheld th' incessant fire:

It seem'd as if the Stars more sickly rose,

And farther from the feav'rish North retire.

279.

In th' Empyrean Heaven, (the bless'd abode)

The Thrones and the Dominions prostrate lie,

Not daring to behold their angry God:

And an hush'd silence damps the tuneful sky.

280.

At length th' Almighty cast a pitying eye,

And mercy softly touch'd his melting breast:

He saw the Town's one half in rubbish lie,

And eager flames give on to storm the rest.

281.

An hollow chrystal Pyramid he takes,

In firmamental waters dipt above;

Of it a brode Extinguisher he makes,

And hoods the flames that to their quarry strove.

282.

The vanquish'd fires withdraw from every place,

Or full with feeding, sink into a sleep:

Each houshold Genius shows again his face,

And, from the hearths, the little Lares creep.

283.

Our King this more then natural change beholds;

With sober joy his heart and eyes abound:

To the All-good his lifted hands he folds,

And thanks him low on his redeemed ground.

284.

As when sharp frosts had long constrain'd the earth,

A kindly thaw unlocks it with mild rain:

And first the tender blade peeps up to birth,

And straight the green fields laugh with promis'd grain:

285.

By such degrees, the spreading gladness grew

In every heart, which fear had froze before:

The standing streets with so much joy they view,

That with less grief the perish'd they deplore.

286.

The Father of the people opened wide

His stores, and all the poor with plenty fed:

Thus God's Annointed God's own place suppli'd,

And fill'd the empty with his daily bread.

287.

This Royal bounty brought its own reward,

And, in their minds, so deep did print the sense:

That if their ruines sadly they regard,

'Tis but with fear the sight might drive him thence.

289.

But so may he live long, that Town to sway,

Which by his Auspice they will nobler make,

As he will hatch their ashes by his stay,

And not their humble ruines now forsake.

290.

They have not lost their Loyalty by fire;

Nor is their courage or their wealth so low,

That from his Wars they poorly would retire,

Or beg the pity of a vanquish'd foe.

291.

Not with more constancy the *Iews* of old,

By *Cyrus* from rewarded Exile sent:

Their Royal City did in dust behold,

Or with more vigour to rebuild it went.

292.

The utmost malice of their Stars is past,

And two dire Comets which have scourg'd the Town,

In their own Plague and Fire have breath'd their last,

Or, dimly, in their sinking sockets frown.

293.

Now frequent Trines the happier lights among,

And high-rais'd *Iove* from his dark prison freed:

(Those weights took off that on his Planet hung)

Will gloriously the new laid work succeed.

294.

Me-thinks already, from this Chymick flame,

I see a City of more precious mold,

Rich as the Town which gives the *Indie*s name,

With Silver pav'd, and all divine with Gold.

295.

Already, Labouring with a mighty fate,

She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow,

And seems to have renew'd her Charters date,

Which Heav'n will to the death of time allow.

296.

More great then humane, now, and more August,

New deifi'd she from her fires does rise:

Her widening streets on new foundations trust,

And, opening, into larger parts she flies.

297.

Before, she like some Shepherdess did show,

Who sate to bathe her by a River's side:

Not answering to her fame, but rude and low,

Nor taught the beauteous Arts of Modern pride.

298.

Now, like a Maiden Queen, she will behold,

From her high Turrets, hourly Sutors come:

The East with Incense, and the West with Gold,

Will stand, like Suppliants, to receive her doom.

299.

The silver *Thames*, her own domestick Floud,

Shall bear her Vessels, like a sweeping Train;

And often wind (as of his Mistress proud)

With longing eyes to meet her face again.

300.

The wealthy *Tagus*, and the wealthier *Rhine*,

The glory of their Towns no more shall boast:

And *Sein*, That would with *Belgian* Rivers joyn,

Shall find her lustre stain'd, and Traffick lost.

301.

The vent'rous Merchant, who design'd more far,

And touches on our hospitable shore:

Charm'd with the splendour of this Northern Star,

Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

302.

Our pow'rful Navy shall no longer meet,

The wealth of *France* or *Holland* to invade:

The beauty of this Town, without a Fleet,

From all the world shall vindicate her Trade.

303.

And, while this fam'd Emporium we prepare,

The *British* Ocean shall such triumphs boast,

That those who now disdain our Trade to share,

Shall rob like Pyrats on our wealthy Coast.

304.

Already we have conquer'd half the War,

And the less dangerous part is left behind:

Our trouble now is but to make them dare,

And not so great to vanquish as to find.

305.

Thus to the Eastern wealth through storms we go;

But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more:

A constant Trade-wind will securely blow,

And gently lay us on the Spicy shore.

FINIS.

3.10.2: *All for Love: Or, The World Well Lost*

(performed in 1677; published in 1678)

Prologue

What flocks of critics hover here to-day,

As vultures wait on armies for their prey,

All gaping for the carcase of a play!

With croaking notes they bode some dire event,

And follow dying poets by the scent.

Ours gives himself for gone; y' have watched your time:

He fights this day unarmed,—without his rhyme;—

And brings a tale which often has been told;

As sad as Dido's; and almost as old.

His hero, whom you wits his bully call,

Bates of his mettle, and scarce rants at all;

He's somewhat lewd; but a well-meaning mind;

Weeps much; fights little; but is wond'rous kind.

In short, a pattern, and companion fit,

For all the keeping Tonies of the pit.

I could name more: a wife, and mistress too;

Both (to be plain) too good for most of you:

The wife well-natured, and the mistress true.

Now, poets, if your fame has been his care,

Allow him all the candour you can spare.

A brave man scorns to quarrel once a day;

Like Hectors in at every petty fray.

Let those find fault whose wit's so very small,

They've need to show that they can think at all;

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;

He who would search for pearls, must dive below.

Fops may have leave to level all they can;

As pigmies would be glad to lop a man.

Half-wits are fleas; so little and so light,

We scarce could know they live, but that they bite.

But, as the rich, when tired with daily feasts,

For change, become their next poor tenant's guests;

Drink hearty draughts of ale from plain brown bowls,

And snatch the homely rasher from the coals:

So you, retiring from much better cheer,

For once, may venture to do penance here.

And since that plenteous autumn now is past,

Whose grapes and peaches have indulged your taste,

Take in good part, from our poor poet's board,

Such rivelled fruits as winter can afford.

Act I

Scene I—The Temple of Isis

[Enter SERAPION, MYRIS, Priests of Isis]

SERAPION.

Portents and prodigies have grown so frequent,
That they have lost their name. Our fruitful Nile
Flowed ere the wonted season, with a torrent
So unexpected, and so wondrous fierce,
That the wild deluge overtook the haste
Even of the hinds that watched it: Men and beasts
Were borne above the tops of trees, that grew
On the utmost margin of the water-mark.
Then, with so swift an ebb the flood drove backward,
It slipt from underneath the scaly herd:
Here monstrous phocae panted on the shore;
Forsaken dolphins there with their broad tails,
Lay lashing the departing waves: hard by them,
Sea horses floundering in the slimy mud,
Tossed up their heads, and dashed the ooze about them.

[Enter ALEXAS behind them.]

MYRIS.

Avert these omens, Heaven!

SERAPION.

Last night, between the hours of twelve and one,
In a lone aisle of the temple while I walked,
A whirlwind rose, that, with a violent blast,
Shook all the dome: the doors around me clapt;
The iron wicket, that defends the vault,
Where the long race of Ptolemies is laid,
Burst open, and disclosed the mighty dead.
From out each monument, in order placed,
An armed ghost starts up: the boy-king last
Reared his inglorious head. A peal of groans
Then followed, and a lamentable voice Cried,

Egypt is no more! My blood ran back,

My shaking knees against each other knocked;

On the cold pavement down I fell entranced,

And so unfinished left the horrid scene.

ALEXAS.

And dreamed you this? or did invent the story,

[Showing himself.]

To frighten our Egyptian boys withal,

And train them up, betimes, in fear of priesthood?

SERAPION.

My lord, I saw you not,

Nor meant my words should reach you ears; but what

I uttered was most true.

ALEXAS.

A foolish dream,

Bred from the fumes of indigested feasts,

And holy luxury.

SERAPION.

I know my duty:

This goes no further.

ALEXAS.

'Tis not fit it should;

Nor would the times now bear it, were it true.

All southern, from yon hills, the Roman camp

Hangs o'er us black and threatening like a storm

Just breaking on our heads.

SERAPION.

Our faint Egyptians pray for Antony;

But in their servile hearts they own Octavius.

MYRIS.

Why then does Antony dream out his hours,

And tempts not fortune for a noble day,

Which might redeem what Actium lost?

ALEXAS.

He thinks 'tis past recovery.

SERAPION.

Yet the foe

Seems not to press the siege.

ALEXAS.

Oh, there's the wonder.

Maecenas and Agrippa, who can most

With Caesar, are his foes. His wife Octavia,

Driven from his house, solicits her revenge;

And Dolabella, who was once his friend,

Upon some private grudge, now seeks his ruin:

Yet still war seems on either side to sleep.

SERAPION.

'Tis strange that Antony, for some days past,

Has not beheld the face of Cleopatra;

But here, in Isis' temple, lives retired,

And makes his heart a prey to black despair.

ALEXAS.

'Tis true; and we much fear he hopes by absence

To cure his mind of love.

SERAPION.

If he be vanquished,

Or make his peace, Egypt is doomed to be

A Roman province; and our plenteous harvests

Must then redeem the scarceness of their soil.

While Antony stood firm, our Alexandria

Rivalled proud Rome (dominion's other seat),

And fortune striding, like a vast Colossus,

Could fix an equal foot of empire here.

ALEXAS.

Had I my wish, these tyrants of all nature,

Who lord it o'er mankind, rhould perish,—perish,

Each by the other's sword; But, since our will

Is lamely followed by our power, we must

Depend on one; with him to rise or fall.

SERAPION.

How stands the queen affected?

ALEXAS.

Oh, she dotes,

She dotes, Serapion, on this vanquished man,

And winds herself about his mighty ruins;

Whom would she yet forsake, yet yield him up,

This hunted prey, to his pursuer's hands,

She might preserve us all: but 'tis in vain—

This changes my designs, this blasts my counsels,

And makes me use all means to keep him here.

Whom I could wish divided from her arms,

Far as the earth's deep centre. Well, you know

The state of things; no more of your ill omens

And black prognostics; labour to confirm

The people's hearts.

[Enter VENTIDIUS, talking aside with a Gentleman of ANTONY'S.]

SERAPION.

These Romans will o'erhear us.

But who's that stranger? By his warlike port,

His fierce demeanour, and erected look,

He's of no vulgar note.

ALEXAS.

Oh, 'tis Ventidius,

Our emperor's great lieutenant in the East,

Who first showed Rome that Parthia could be conquered.

When Antony returned from Syria last,

He left this man to guard the Roman frontiers.

SERAPION.

You seem to know him well.

ALEXAS.

Too well. I saw him at Cilicia first,

When Cleopatra there met Antony:

A mortal foe was to us, and Egypt.

But,—let me witness to the worth I hate,—

A braver Roman never drew a sword;

Firm to his prince, but as a friend, not slave,

He ne'er was of his pleasures; but presides

O'er all his cooler hours, and morning counsels:

In short the plainness, fierceness, rugged virtue,

Of an old true-stampt Roman lives in him.

His coming bodes I know not what of ill

To our affairs. Withdraw to mark him better;

And I'll acquaint you why I sought you here,

And what's our present work.

[They withdraw to a corner of the stage; and VENTIDIUS, with the other, comes forward to the front.]

VENTIDIUS.

Not see him; say you?

I say, I must, and will.

GENTLEMAN.

He has commanded,

On pain of death, none should approach his presence.

VENTIDIUS.

I bring him news will raise his drooping spirits,

Give him new life.

GENTLEMAN.

He sees not Cleopatra.

VENTIDIUS.

Would he had never seen her!

GENTLEMAN.

He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has no use

Of anything, but thought; or if he talks,

'Tis to himself, and then 'tis perfect raving:

Then he defies the world, and bids it pass,

Sometimes he gnaws his lips, and curses loud

The boy Octavius; then he draws his mouth

Into a scornful smile, and cries,

"Take all, The world's not worth my care."

VENTIDIUS.

Just, just his nature.

Virtue's his path; but sometimes 'tis too narrow

For his vast soul; and then he starts out wide,

And bounds into a vice, that bears him far

From his first course, and plunges him in ills:

But, when his danger makes him find his faults,

Quick to observe, and full of sharp remorse,

He censures eagerly his own misdeeds,

Judging himself with malice to himself,

And not forgiving what as man he did,

Because his other parts are more than man.—

He must not thus be lost.

[ALEXAS and the Priests come forward.]

ALEXAS.

You have your full instructions, now advance,

Proclaim your orders loudly.

SERAPION.

Romans, Egyptians, hear the queen's command.

Thus Cleopatra bids: Let labour cease;

To pomp and triumphs give this happy day,

That gave the world a lord: 'tis Antony's.

Live, Antony; and Cleopatra live!

Be this the general voice sent up to heaven,

And every public place repeat this echo.

VENTIDIUS.

Fine pageantry!

[Aside.]

SERAPION.

Set out before your doors

The images of all your sleeping fathers,

With laurels crowned; with laurels wreath your posts,

And strew with flowers the pavement; let the priests

Do present sacrifice; pour out the wine,

And call the gods to join with you in gladness.

VENTIDIUS.

Curse on the tongue that bids this general joy!

Can they be friends of Antony, who revel

When Antony's in danger? Hide, for shame,

You Romans, your great grandsires' images,

For fear their souls should animate their marbles,

To blush at their degenerate progeny.

ALEXAS.

A love, which knows no bounds, to Antony,

Would mark the day with honours, when all heaven

Laboured for him, when each propitious star

Stood wakeful in his orb, to watch that hour

And shed his better influence. Her own birthday

Our queen neglected like a vulgar fate,

That passed obscurely by.

VENTIDIUS.

Would it had slept,

Divided far from his; till some remote

And future age had called it out, to ruin

Some other prince, not him!

ALEXAS.

Your emperor,

Though grown unkind, would be more gentle, than

To upbraid my queen for loving him too well.

VENTIDIUS.

Does the mute sacrifice upbraid the priest!

He knows him not his executioner.

Oh, she has decked his ruin with her love,

Led him in golden bands to gaudy slaughter,

And made perdition pleasing: She has left him

The blank of what he was.

I tell thee, eunuch, she has quite unmanned him.

Can any Roman see, and know him now,

Thus altered from the lord of half mankind,

Unbent, unsinewed, made a woman's toy,

Shrunk from the vast extent of all his honours,

And crampt within a corner of the world?

O Antony!

Thou bravest soldier, and thou best of friends!

Bounteous as nature; next to nature's God!

Couldst thou but make new worlds, so wouldst thou give them,

As bounty were thy being! rough in battle,

As the first Romans when they went to war;

Yet after victory more pitiful

Than all their praying virgins left at home!

ALEXAS.

Would you could add, to those more shining virtues,

His truth to her who loves him.

VENTIDIUS.

Would I could not!

But wherefore waste I precious hours with thee!

Thou art her darling mischief, her chief engine,

Antony's other fate. Go, tell thy queen,

Ventidius is arrived, to end her charms.

Let your Egyptian timbrels play alone,

Nor mix effeminate sounds with Roman trumpets,

You dare not fight for Antony; go pray

And keep your cowards' holiday in temples.

[Exeunt ALEXAS, SERAPION.]

[Re-enter the Gentleman of M. ANTONY.]

2 Gent.

The emperor approaches, and commands,

On pain of death, that none presume to stay.

1 Gent.

I dare not disobey him.

[Going out with the other.]

VENTIDIUS.

Well, I dare.

But I'll observe him first unseen, and find

Which way his humour drives: The rest I'll venture.

[Withdraws.]

[Enter ANTONY, walking with a disturbed motion before he speaks.]

ANTONY.

They tell me, 'tis my birthday, and I'll keep it

With double pomp of sadness.

'Tis what the day deserves, which gave me breath.

Why was I raised the meteor of the world,

Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travelled,

'Till all my fires were spent; and then cast downward,

To be trod out by Caesar?

VENTIDIUS.

[aside.] On my soul,

'Tis mournful, wondrous mournful!

ANTONY.

Count thy gains.

Now, Antony, wouldst thou be born for this?

Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth

Has starved thy wanting age.

VENTIDIUS.

How sorrow shakes him!

[Aside.]

So, now the tempest tears him up by the roots,

And on the ground extends the noble ruin.

[ANTONY having thrown himself down.]

Lie there, thou shadow of an emperor;

The place thou pressest on thy mother earth

Is all thy empire now: now it contains thee;

Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too large,

When thou'rt contracted in thy narrow urn,

Shrunk to a few ashes; then Octavia

(For Cleopatra will not live to see it),

Octavia then will have thee all her own,

And bear thee in her widowed hand to Caesar;

Caesar will weep, the crocodile will weep,

To see his rival of the universe

Lie still and peaceful there. I'll think no more on't.

ANTONY.

Give me some music, look that it be sad.

I'll soothe my melancholy, till I swell,

And burst myself with sighing.—

[Soft music.]

'Tis somewhat to my humour; stay,

I fancy I'm now turned wild, a commoner of nature;

Of all forsaken, and forsaking all;

Live in a shady forest's sylvan scene,

Stretched at my length beneath some blasted oak,

I lean my head upon the mossy bark,

And look just of a piece as I grew from it;

My uncombed locks, matted like mistletoe,

Hang o'er my hoary face; a murm'ring brook

Runs at my foot.

VENTIDIUS.

Methinks I fancy

Myself there too.

ANTONY.

The herd come jumping by me,

And fearless, quench their thirst, while I look on,

And take me for their fellow-citizen.

More of this image, more; it lulls my thoughts.

[Soft music again.]

VENTIDIUS.

I must disturb him; I can hold no longer.

[Stands before him.]

ANTONY.

[starting up]. Art thou Ventidius?

VENTIDIUS.

Are you Antony?

I'm liker what I was, than you to him

I left you last.

ANTONY.

I’m angry.

VENTIDIUS.

So am I.

ANTONY.

I would be private: leave me.

VENTIDIUS.

Sir, I love you,

And therefore will not leave you.

ANTONY.

Will not leave me!

Where have you learnt that answer? Who am I?

VENTIDIUS.

My emperor; the man I love next Heaven:

If I said more, I think ’twere scare a sin:

You’re all that’s good, and god-like.

ANTONY.

All that’s wretched.

You will not leave me then?

VENTIDIUS.

’Twas too presuming

To say I would not; but I dare not leave you:

And, ’tis unkind in you to chide me hence

So soon, when I so far have come to see you.

ANTONY.

Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfied?

For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough;

And, if a foe, too much.

VENTIDIUS.

Look, emperor, this is no common dew.

[Weeping.]

I have not wept this forty years; but now

My mother comes afresh into my eyes;

I cannot help her softness.

ANTONY.

By heavens, he weeps! poor good old man, he weeps!

The big round drops course one another down

The furrows of his cheeks.—Stop them, Ventidius,

Or I shall blush to death, they set my shame,

That caused them, full before me.

VENTIDIUS.

I'll do my best.

ANTONY.

Sure there's contagion in the tears of friends:

See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not

For my own griefs, but thine.—Nay, father!

VENTIDIUS.

Emperor.

ANTONY.

Emperor! Why, that's the style of victory;

The conqu'ring soldier, red with unfelt wounds,

Salutes his general so; but never more

Shall that sound reach my ears.

VENTIDIUS.

I warrant you.

ANTONY.

Actium, Actium! Oh!—

VENTIDIUS.

It sits too near you.

ANTONY.

Here, here it lies a lump of lead by day,

And, in my short, distracted, nightly slumbers,

The hag that rides my dreams.—

VENTIDIUS.

Out with it; give it vent.

ANTONY.

Urge not my shame. I lost a battle,—

VENTIDIUS.

So has Julius done.

ANTONY.

Thou favour’st me, and speak’st not half thou think’st;

For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly.

But Antony—

VENTIDIUS.

Nay, stop not.

ANTONY.

Antony—

Well, thou wilt have it,—like a coward, fled,

Fled while his soldiers fought; fled first, Ventidius.

Thou long’st to curse me, and I give thee leave.

I know thou cam’st prepared to rail.

VENTIDIUS.

I did.

ANTONY.

I’ll help thee.—I have been a man, Ventidius.

VENTIDIUS.

Yes, and a brave one! but—

ANTONY.

I know thy meaning.

But I have lost my reason, have disgraced

The name of soldier, with inglorious ease.

In the full vintage of my flowing honours,

Sat still, and saw it prest by other hands.

Fortune came smiling to my youth, and wooed it,

And purple greatness met my ripened years.

When first I came to empire, I was borne

On tides of people, crowding to my triumphs;

The wish of nations, and the willing world

Received me as its pledge of future peace;

I was so great, so happy, so beloved,

Fate could not ruin me; till I took pains,

And worked against my fortune, child her from me,

And returned her loose; yet still she came again.

My careless days, and my luxurious nights,

At length have wearied her, and now she's gone,

Gone, gone, divorced for ever. Help me, soldier,

To curse this madman, this industrious fool,

Who laboured to be wretched: Pr'ythee, curse me.

VENTIDIUS.

No.

ANTONY.

Why?

VENTIDIUS.

You are too sensible already

Of what you've done, too conscious of your failings;

And, like a scorpion, whipt by others first

To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.

I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,

Cure your distempered mind, and heal your fortunes.

ANTONY.

I know thou would'st.

VENTIDIUS.

I will.

ANTONY.

Ha, ha, ha, ha!

VENTIDIUS.

You laugh.

ANTONY.

I do, to see officious love.

Give cordials to the dead.

VENTIDIUS.

You would be lost, then?

ANTONY.

I am.

VENTIDIUS.

I say you are not.

Try your fortune.

ANTONY.

I have, to the utmost. Dost thou think me desperate,

Without just cause? No, when I found all lost

Beyond repair, I hid me from the world,

And learnt to scorn it here; which now I do

So heartily, I think it is not worth

The cost of keeping.

VENTIDIUS.

Caesar thinks not so;

He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.

You would be killed like Tully, would you? do,

Hold out your throat to Caesar, and die tamely.

ANTONY.

No, I can kill myself; and so resolve.

VENTIDIUS.

I can die with you too, when time shall serve;

But fortune calls upon us now to live,

To fight, to conquer.

ANTONY.

Sure thou dream’st, Ventidius.

VENTIDIUS.

No; ’tis you dream; you sleep away your hours

In desperate sloth, miscalled philosophy.

Up, up, for honour’s sake; twelve legions wait you,

And long to call you chief: By painful journeys

I led them, patient both of heat and hunger,

Down form the Parthian marches to the Nile.

’Twill do you good to see their sunburnt faces,

Their scarred cheeks, and chopt hands: there’s virtue in them.

They’ll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates

Than yon trim bands can buy.

ANTONY.

Where left you them?

VENTIDIUS.

I said in Lower Syria.

ANTONY.

Bring them hither;

There may be life in these.

VENTIDIUS.

They will not come.

ANTONY.

Why didst thou mock my hopes with promised aids,

To double my despair? They’re mutinous.

VENTIDIUS.

Most firm and loyal.

ANTONY.

Yet they will not march

To succour me. O trifler!

VENTIDIUS.

They petition

You would make haste to head them.

ANTONY.

I'm besieged.

VENTIDIUS.

There's but one way shut up: How came I hither?

ANTONY.

I will not stir.

VENTIDIUS.

They would perhaps desire

A better reason.

ANTONY.

I have never used

My soldiers to demand a reason of

My actions. Why did they refuse to march?

VENTIDIUS.

They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.

ANTONY.

What was't they said?

VENTIDIUS.

They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.

Why should they fight indeed, to make her conquer,

And make you more a slave? to gain you kingdoms,

Which, for a kiss, at your next midnight feast,

You'll sell to her? Then she new-names her jewels,

And calls this diamond such or such a tax;

Each pendant in her ear shall be a province.

ANTONY.

Ventidius, I allow your tongue free licence

On all my other faults; but, on your life,

No word of Cleopatra: she deserves

More worlds than I can lose.

VENTIDIUS.

Behold, you Powers,

To whom you have intrusted humankind!

See Europe, Afric, Asia, put in balance,

And all weighed down by one light, worthless woman!

I think the gods are Antonies, and give,

Like prodigals, this nether world away

To none but wasteful hands.

ANTONY.

You grow presumptuous.

VENTIDIUS.

I take the privilege of plain love to speak.

ANTONY.

Plain love! plain arrogance, plain insolence!

Thy men are cowards; thou, an envious traitor;

Who, under seeming honesty, hast vented

The burden of thy rank, o'erflowing gall.

O that thou wert my equal; great in arms

As the first Caesar was, that I might kill thee

Without a stain to honour!

VENTIDIUS.

You may kill me;

You have done more already,—called me traitor.

ANTONY.

Art thou not one?

VENTIDIUS.

For showing you yourself,

Which none else durst have done? but had I been

That name, which I disdain to speak again,

I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,

Come to partake your fate, to die with you.

What hindered me to have led my conquering eagles

To fill Octavius' bands? I could have been

A traitor then, a glorious, happy traitor,

And not have been so called.

ANTONY.

Forgive me, soldier;

I've been too passionate.

VENTIDIUS.

You thought me false;

Thought my old age betrayed you: Kill me, sir,

Pray, kill me; yet you need not, your unkindness

Has left your sword no work.

ANTONY.

I did not think so; I said it in my rage:

Pr'ythee, forgive me.

Why didst thou tempt my anger, by discovery

Of what I would not hear?

VENTIDIUS.

No prince but you

Could merit that sincerity I used,

Nor durst another man have ventured it;

But you, ere love misled your wandering eyes,

Were sure the chief and best of human race,

Framed in the very pride and boast of nature;

So perfect, that the gods, who formed you, wondered

At their own skill, and cried—A lucky hit

Has mended our design. Their envy hindered,

Else you had been immortal, and a pattern,

When Heaven would work for ostentation's sake

To copy out again.

ANTONY.

But Cleopatra—

Go on; for I can bear it now.

VENTIDIUS.

No more.

ANTONY.

Thou dar'st not trust my passion, but thou may'st;

Thou only lov'st, the rest have flattered me.

VENTIDIUS.

Heaven's blessing on your heart for that kind word!

May I believe you love me? Speak again.

ANTONY.

Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this.

[Hugging him.]

Thy praises were unjust; but, I'll deserve them,

And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt;

Lead me to victory! thou know'st the way.

VENTIDIUS.

And, will you leave this—

ANTONY.

Pr'ythee, do not curse her,

And I will leave her; though, Heaven knows, I love

Beyond life, conquest, empire, all, but honour;

But I will leave her.

VENTIDIUS.

That's my royal master;

And, shall we fight?

ANTONY.

I warrant thee, old soldier.

Thou shalt behold me once again in iron;

And at the head of our old troops, that beat

The Parthians, cry aloud—Come, follow me!

VENTIDIUS.

Oh, now I hear my emperor! in that word

Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that day,

And, if I have ten years behind, take all:

I'll thank you for the exchange.

ANTONY.

O Cleopatra!

VENTIDIUS.

Again?

ANTONY.

I've done: In that last sigh she went.

Caesar shall know what 'tis to force a lover

From all he holds most dear.

VENTIDIUS.

Methinks, you breathe

Another soul: Your looks are more divine;

You speak a hero, and you move a god.

ANTONY.

Oh, thou hast fired me; my soul's up in arms,

And mans each part about me: Once again,

That noble eagerness of fight has seized me;

That eagerness with which I darted upward

To Cassius' camp: In vain the steepy hill

Opposed my way; in vain a war of spears

Sung round my head, and planted on my shield;

I won the trenches, while my foremost men

Lagged on the plain below.

VENTIDIUS.

Ye gods, ye gods, For such another honour!

ANTONY.

Come on, my soldier!

Our hearts and arms are still the same: I long

Once more to meet our foes; that thou and I,

Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,

May taste fate to them; mow them out a passage,

And, entering where the foremost squadrons yield,

Begin the noble harvest of the field.

[Exeunt.]

Act II

Scene I

[Enter CLEOPATRA, IRAS, and ALEXAS.]

CLEOPATRA.

What shall I do, or whither shall I turn?

Ventidius has o'ercome, and he will go.

ALEXAS.

He goes to fight for you.

CLEOPATRA.

Then he would see me, ere he went to fight:

Flatter me not: If once he goes, he's lost,

And all my hopes destroyed.

ALEXAS.

Does this weak passion

Become a mighty queen?

CLEOPATRA.

I am no queen:

Is this to be a queen, to be besieged

By yon insulting Roman, and to wait

Each hour the victor's chain? These ills are small:

For Antony is lost, and I can mourn

For nothing else but him. Now come, Octavius,

I have no more to lose! prepare thy bands;

I'm fit to be a captive: Antony

Has taught my mind the fortune of a slave.

IRAS.

Call reason to assist you.

CLEOPATRA.

I have none,

And none would have: My love's a noble madness,

Which shows the cause deserved it. Moderate sorrow

Fits vulgar love, and for a vulgar man:

But I have loved with such transcendent passion,

I soared, at first, quite out of reason's view,

And now am lost above it. No, I'm proud

'Tis thus: Would Antony could see me now

Think you he would not sigh, though he must leave me?

Sure he would sigh; for he is noble-natured,

And bears a tender heart: I know him well.

Ah, no, I know him not; I knew him once,

But now 'tis past.

IRAS.

Let it be past with you:

Forget him, madam.

CLEOPATRA.

Never, never, Iras.

He once was mine; and once, though now 'tis gone,

Leaves a faint image of possession still.

ALEXAS.

Think him inconstant, cruel, and ungrateful.

CLEOPATRA.

I cannot: If I could, those thoughts were vain.

Faithless, ungrateful, cruel, though he be,

I still must love him.

[Enter CHARMION.]

Now, what news, my Charmion?

Will he be kind? and will he not forsake me?

Am I to live, or die?—nay, do I live?

Or am I dead? for when he gave his answer,

Fate took the word, and then I lived or died.

CHARMION.

I found him, madam—

CLEOPATRA.

A long speech preparing?

If thou bring'st comfort, haste, and give it me,

For never was more need.

IRAS.

I know he loves you.

CLEOPATRA.

Had he been kind, her eyes had told me so,

Before her tongue could speak it: Now she studies,

To soften what he said; but give me death,

Just as he sent it, Charmion, undisguised,

And in the words he spoke.

CHARMION.

I found him, then,

Encompassed round, I think, with iron statues;

So mute, so motionless his soldiers stood,

While awfully he cast his eyes about,

And every leader's hopes or fears surveyed:

Methought he looked resolved, and yet not pleased.

When he beheld me struggling in the crowd,

He blushed, and bade make way.

ALEXAS.

There’s comfort yet.

CHARMION.

Ventidius fixed his eyes upon my passage

Severely, as he meant to frown me back,

And sullenly gave place: I told my message,

Just as you gave it, broken and disordered;

I numbered in it all your sighs and tears,

And while I moved your pitiful request,

That you but only begged a last farewell,

He fetched an inward groan; and every time

I named you, sighed, as if his heart were breaking,

But, shunned my eyes, and guiltily looked down:

He seemed not now that awful Antony,

Who shook and armed assembly with his nod;

But, making show as he would rub his eyes,

Disguised and blotted out a falling tear.

CLEOPATRA.

Did he then weep? And was I worth a tear?

If what thou hast to say be not as pleasing,

Tell me no more, but let me die contented.

CHARMION.

He bid me say,—He knew himself so well,

He could deny you nothing, if he saw you;

And therefore—

CLEOPATRA.

Thou wouldst say, he would not see me?

CHARMION.

And therefore begged you not to use a power,

Which he could ill resist; yet he should ever

Respect you, as he ought.

CLEOPATRA.

Is that a word

For Antony to use to Cleopatra?

O that faint word, RESPECT! how I disdain it!

Disdain myself, for loving after it!

He should have kept that word for cold Octavia.

Respect is for a wife: Am I that thing,

That dull, insipid lump, without desires,

And without power to give them?

ALEXAS.

You misjudge;

You see through love, and that deludes your sight;

As, what is straight, seems crooked through the water:

But I, who bear my reason undisturbed,

Can see this Antony, this dreaded man,

A fearful slave, who fain would run away,

And shuns his master's eyes: If you pursue him,

My life on't, he still drags a chain along.

That needs must clog his flight.

CLEOPATRA.

Could I believe thee!—

ALEXAS.

By every circumstance I know he loves.

True, he's hard prest, by interest and by honour;

Yet he but doubts, and parleys, and casts out

Many a long look for succour.

CLEOPATRA.

He sends word,

He fears to see my face.

ALEXAS.

And would you more?

He shows his weakness who declines the combat,

And you must urge your fortune. Could he speak

More plainly? To my ears, the message sounds—

Come to my rescue, Cleopatra, come;

Come, free me from Ventidius; from my tyrant:

See me, and give me a pretence to leave him!—

I hear his trumpets. This way he must pass.

Please you, retire a while; I'll work him first,

That he may bend more easy.

CLEOPATRA.

You shall rule me;

But all, I fear, in vain.

[Exit with CHARMION and IRAS.]

ALEXAS.

I fear so too;

Though I concealed my thoughts, to make her bold;

But 'tis our utmost means, and fate befriend it!

[Withdraws.]

[Enter Lictors with Fasces; one bearing the Eagle; then enter ANTONY with VENTIDIUS, followed by other Commanders.]

ANTONY.

Octavius is the minion of blind chance,

But holds from virtue nothing.

VENTIDIUS.

Has he courage?

ANTONY.

But just enough to season him from coward.

Oh, 'tis the coldest youth upon a charge,

The most deliberate fighter! if he ventures

(As in Illyria once, they say, he did,

To storm a town), 'tis when he cannot choose;

When all the world have fixt their eyes upon him;

And then he lives on that for seven years after;

But, at a close revenge he never fails.

VENTIDIUS.

I heard you challenged him.

ANTONY.

I did, Ventidius.

What think'st thou was his answer? 'Twas so tame!—

He said, he had more ways than one to die;

I had not.

VENTIDIUS.

Poor!

ANTONY.

He has more ways than one;

But he would choose them all before that one.

VENTIDIUS.

He first would choose an ague, or a fever.

ANTONY.

No; it must be an ague, not a fever;

He Has not warmth enough to die by that.

VENTIDIUS.

Or old age and a bed.

ANTONY.

Ay, there's his choice,

He would live, like a lamp, to the last wink,

And crawl the utmost verge of life.

O Hercules! Why should a man like this,

Who dares not trust his fate for one great action,

Be all the care of Heaven? Why should he lord it

O'er fourscore thousand men, of whom each one

Is braver than himself?

VENTIDIUS.

You conquered for him:

Philippi knows it; there you shared with him

That empire, which your sword made all your own.

ANTONY.

Fool that I was, upon my eagle's wings

I bore this wren, till I was tired with soaring,

And now he mounts above me.

Good heavens, is this,—is this the man who braves me?

Who bids my age make way? Drives me before him,

To the world's ridge, and sweeps me off like rubbish?

VENTIDIUS.

Sir, we lose time; the troops are mounted all.

ANTONY.

Then give the word to march:

I long to leave this prison of a town,

To join thy legions; and, in open field,

Once more to show my face. Lead, my deliverer.

[Enter ALEXAS.]

ALEXAS.

Great emperor,

In mighty arms renowned above mankind,

But, in soft pity to the opprest, a god;

This message sends the mournful Cleopatra

To her departing lord.

VENTIDIUS.

Smooth sycophant!

ALEXAS.

A thousand wishes, and ten thousand prayers,

Millions of blessings wait you to the wars;

Millions of sighs and tears she sends you too,

And would have sent

As many dear embraces to your arms,

As many parting kisses to your lips;

But those, she fears, have wearied you already.

VENTIDIUS.

[aside.] False crocodile!

ALEXAS.

And yet she begs not now, you would not leave her;

That were a wish too mighty for her hopes,

Too presuming

For her low fortune, and your ebbing love;

That were a wish for her more prosperous days,

Her blooming beauty, and your growing kindness.

ANTONY.

[aside.] Well, I must man it out:—What would the queen?

ALEXAS.

First, to these noble warriors, who attend

Your daring courage in the chase of fame,—

Too daring, and too dangerous for her quiet,—

She humbly recommends all she holds dear,

All her own cares and fears,—the care of you.

VENTIDIUS.

Yes, witness Actium.

ANTONY.

Let him speak, Ventidius.

ALEXAS.

You, when his matchless valour bears him forward,

With ardour too heroic, on his foes,

Fall down, as she would do, before his feet;

Lie in his way, and stop the paths of death:

Tell him, this god is not invulnerable;

That absent Cleopatra bleeds in him;

And, that you may remember her petition,

She begs you wear these trifles, as a pawn,

Which, at your wished return, she will redeem

[Gives jewels to the Commanders.]

With all the wealth of Egypt:

This to the great Ventidius she presents,

Whom she can never count her enemy,

Because he loves her lord.

VENTIDIUS.

Tell her, I'll none on't;

I'm not ashamed of honest poverty;

Not all the diamonds of the east can bribe

Ventidius from his faith. I hope to see

These and the rest of all her sparkling store,

Where they shall more deservingly be placed.

ANTONY.

And who must wear them then?

VENTIDIUS.

The wronged Octavia.

ANTONY.

You might have spared that word.

VENTIDIUS.

And he that bribe.

ANTONY.

But have I no remembrance?

ALEXAS.

Yes, a dear one;

Your slave the queen—

ANTONY.

My mistress.

ALEXAS.

Then your mistress;

Your mistress would, she says, have sent her soul,

But that you had long since; she humbly begs

This ruby bracelet, set with bleeding hearts,

The emblems of her own, may bind your arm.

[Presenting a bracelet.]

VENTIDIUS.

Now, my best lord,—in honour's name, I ask you,

For manhood's sake, and for your own dear safety,—

Touch not these poisoned gifts,

Infected by the sender; touch them not;

Myriads of bluest plagues lie underneath them,

And more than aconite has dipt the silk.

ANTONY.

Nay, now you grow too cynical, Ventidius:

A lady's favours may be worn with honour.

What, to refuse her bracelet! On my soul,

When I lie pensive in my tent alone,

'Twill pass the wakeful hours of winter nights,

To tell these pretty beads upon my arm,

To count for every one a soft embrace,

A melting kiss at such and such a time:

And now and then the fury of her love,

When——And what harm's in this?

ALEXAS.

None, none, my lord,

But what's to her, that now 'tis past for ever.

ANTONY.

[going to tie it.]

We soldiers are so awkward—help me tie it.

ALEXAS.

In faith, my lord, we courtiers too are awkward

In these affairs: so are all men indeed:

Even I, who am not one. But shall I speak?

ANTONY.

Yes, freely.

ALEXAS.

Then, my lord, fair hands alone

Are fit to tie it; she, who sent it can.

VENTIDIUS.

Hell, death! this eunuch pander ruins you.

You will not see her?

[ALEXAS whispers an ATTENDANT, who goes out.]

ANTONY.

But to take my leave.

VENTIDIUS.

Then I have washed an Aethiop. You're undone;

Y' are in the toils; y' are taken; y' are destroyed:

Her eyes do Caesar's work.

ANTONY.

You fear too soon.

I'm constant to myself: I know my strength;

And yet she shall not think me barbarous neither,

Born in the depths of Afric: I am a Roman,

Bred in the rules of soft humanity.

A guest, and kindly used, should bid farewell.

VENTIDIUS.

You do not know

How weak you are to her, how much an infant:

You are not proof against a smile, or glance:

A sigh will quite disarm you.

ANTONY.

See, she comes!

Now you shall find your error.—Gods, I thank you:

I formed the danger greater than it was,

And now 'tis near, 'tis lessened.

VENTIDIUS.

Mark the end yet.

[Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, and IRAS.]

ANTONY.

Well, madam, we are met.

CLEOPATRA.

Is this a meeting?

Then, we must part?

ANTONY.

We must.

CLEOPATRA.

Who says we must?

ANTONY.

Our own hard fates.

CLEOPATRA.

We make those fates ourselves.

ANTONY.

Yes, we have made them; we have loved each other,

Into our mutual ruin.

CLEOPATRA.

The gods have seen my joys with envious eyes;

I have no friends in heaven; and all the world,

As 'twere the business of mankind to part us,

Is armed against my love: even you yourself

Join with the rest; you, you are armed against me.

ANTONY.

I will be justified in all I do

To late posterity, and therefore hear me.

If I mix a lie With any truth, reproach me freely with it;

Else, favour me with silence.

CLEOPATRA.

You command me,

And I am dumb.

VENTIDIUS.

I like this well; he shows authority.

ANTONY.

That I derive my ruin

From you alone——

CLEOPATRA.

O heavens! I ruin you!

ANTONY.

You promised me your silence, and you break it

Ere I have scarce begun.

CLEOPATRA.

Well, I obey you.

ANTONY.

When I beheld you first, it was in Egypt.

Ere Caesar saw your eyes, you gave me love,

And were too young to know it; that I settled

Your father in his throne, was for your sake;

I left the acknowledgment for time to ripen.

Caesar stept in, and, with a greedy hand,

Plucked the green fruit, ere the first blush of red,

Yet cleaving to the bough. He was my lord,

And was, beside, too great for me to rival;

But, I deserved you first, though he enjoyed you.

When, after, I beheld you in Cilicia,

An enemy to Rome, I pardoned you.

CLEOPATRA.

I cleared myself—

ANTONY.

Again you break your promise.

I loved you still, and took your weak excuses,

Took you into my bosom, stained by Caesar,

And not half mine: I went to Egypt with you,

And hid me from the business of the world,

Shut out inquiring nations from my sight,

To give whole years to you.

VENTIDIUS.

Yes, to your shame be't spoken. [Aside.]

ANTONY.

How I loved.

Witness, ye days and nights, and all ye hours,

That danced away with down upon your feet,

As all your business were to count my passion!

One day passed by, and nothing saw but love;

Another came, and still 'twas only love:

The suns were wearied out with looking on,

And I untired with loving.

I saw you every day, and all the day;

And every day was still but as the first,

So eager was I still to see you more.

VENTIDIUS.

'Tis all too true.

ANTONY.

Fulvia, my wife, grew jealous,

(As she indeed had reason) raised a war

In Italy, to call me back.

VENTIDIUS.

But yet You went not.

ANTONY.

While within your arms I lay,

The world fell mouldering from my hands each hour,

And left me scarce a grasp—I thank your love for't.

VENTIDIUS.

Well pushed: that last was home.

CLEOPATRA.

Yet may I speak?

ANTONY.

If I have urged a falsehood, yes; else, not.

Your silence says, I have not. Fulvia died,

(Pardon, you gods, with my unkindness died);

To set the world at peace, I took Octavia,

This Caesar's sister; in her pride of youth,

And flower of beauty, did I wed that lady,

Whom blushing I must praise, because I left her.

You called; my love obeyed the fatal summons:

This raised the Roman arms; the cause was yours.

I would have fought by land, where I was stronger;

You hindered it: yet, when I fought at sea,

Forsook me fighting; and (O stain to honour!

O lasting shame!) I knew not that I fled;

But fled to follow you.

VENTIDIUS.

What haste she made to hoist her purple sails!

And, to appear magnificent in flight,

Drew half our strength away.

ANTONY.

All this you caused.

And, would you multiply more ruins on me?

This honest man, my best, my only friend,

Has gathered up the shipwreck of my fortunes;

Twelve legions I have left, my last recruits.

And you have watched the news, and bring your eyes

To seize them too. If you have aught to answer,

Now speak, you have free leave.

ALEXAS.

[aside.]

She stands confounded:

Despair is in her eyes.

VENTIDIUS.

Now lay a sigh in the way to stop his passage:

Prepare a tear, and bid it for his legions;

'Tis like they shall be sold.

CLEOPATRA.

How shall I plead my cause, when you, my judge,

Already have condemned me? Shall I bring

The love you bore me for my advocate?

That now is turned against me, that destroys me;

For love, once past, is, at the best, forgotten;

But oftener sours to hate: 'twill please my lord

To ruin me, and therefore I'll be guilty.

But, could I once have thought it would have pleased you,

That you would pry, with narrow searching eyes,

Into my faults, severe to my destruction,

And watching all advantages with care,

That serve to make me wretched? Speak, my lord,

For I end here. Though I deserved this usage,

Was it like you to give it?

ANTONY.

Oh, you wrong me,

To think I sought this parting, or desired

To accuse you more than what will clear myself,

And justify this breach.

CLEOPATRA.

Thus low I thank you;

And, since my innocence will not offend,

I shall not blush to own it.

VENTIDIUS.

After this, I think she'll blush at nothing.

CLEOPATRA.

You seem grieved

(And therein you are kind) that Caesar first

Enjoyed my love, though you deserved it better:

I grieve for that, my lord, much more than you;

For, had I first been yours, it would have saved

My second choice: I never had been his,

And ne'er had been but yours. But Caesar first,

You say, possessed my love. Not so, my lord:

He first possessed my person; you, my love:

Caesar loved me; but I loved Antony.

If I endured him after, 'twas because

I judged it due to the first name of men;

And, half constrained, I gave, as to a tyrant,

What he would take by force.

VENTIDIUS.

O Syren! Syren!

Yet grant that all the love she boasts were true,

Has she not ruined you? I still urge that,

The fatal consequence.

CLEOPATRA.

The consequence indeed—

For I dare challenge him, my greatest foe,

To say it was designed: 'tis true, I loved you,

And kept you far from an uneasy wife,—

Such Fulvia was.

Yes, but he'll say, you left Octavia for me;—

And, can you blame me to receive that love,

Which quitted such desert, for worthless me?

How often have I wished some other Caesar,

Great as the first, and as the second young,

Would court my love, to be refused for you!

VENTIDIUS.

Words, words; but Actium, sir; remember Actium.

CLEOPATRA.

Even there, I dare his malice. True, I counselled

To fight at sea; but I betrayed you not.

I fled, but not to the enemy. 'Twas fear;

Would I had been a man, not to have feared!

For none would then have envied me your friendship,

Who envy me your love.

ANTONY.

We are both unhappy:

If nothing else, yet our ill fortune parts us.

Speak; would you have me perish by my stay?

CLEOPATRA.

If, as a friend, you ask my judgment, go;

If, as a lover, stay. If you must perish—

'Tis a hard word—but stay.

VENTIDIUS.

See now the effects of her so boasted love!

She strives to drag you down to ruin with her;

But, could she 'scape without you, oh, how soon

Would she let go her hold, and haste to shore,

And never look behind!

CLEOPATRA.

Then judge my love by this.

[Giving ANTONY a writing.]

Could I have borne

A life or death, a happiness or woe,

From yours divided, this had given me means.

ANTONY.

By Hercules, the writing of Octavius!

I know it well: 'tis that proscribing hand,

Young as it was, that led the way to mine,

And left me but the second place in murder.—

See, see, Ventidius! here he offers Egypt,

And joins all Syria to it, as a present;

So, in requital, she forsake my fortunes,

And join her arms with his.

CLEOPATRA.

And yet you leave me!

You leave me, Antony; and yet I love you,

Indeed I do: I have refused a kingdom;

That is a trifle;

For I could part with life, with anything,

But only you. Oh, let me die but with you!

Is that a hard request?

ANTONY.

Next living with you,

'Tis all that Heaven can give.

ALEXAS.

He melts; we conquer.

[Aside.]

CLEOPATRA.

No; you shall go: your interest calls you hence;

Yes; your dear interest pulls too strong, for these

Weak arms to hold you here.

[Takes his hand.]

Go; leave me, soldier

(For you're no more a lover): leave me dying:

Push me, all pale and panting, from your bosom,

And, when your march begins, let one run after,

Breathless almost for joy, and cry—She's dead.

The soldiers shout; you then, perhaps, may sigh,

And muster all your Roman gravity:

Ventidius chides; and straight your brow clears up,

As I had never been.

ANTONY.

Gods, 'tis too much; too much for man to bear.

CLEOPATRA.

What is't for me then,

A weak, forsaken woman, and a lover?—

Here let me breathe my last: envy me not

This minute in your arms: I'll die apace,

As fast as e'er I can, and end your trouble.

ANTONY.

Die! rather let me perish; loosened nature

Leap from its hinges, sink the props of heaven,

And fall the skies, to crush the nether world!

My eyes, my soul, my all!

[Embraces her.]

VENTIDIUS.

And what's this toy,

In balance with your fortune, honour, fame?

ANTONY.

What is't, Ventidius?—it outweighs them all;

Why, we have more than conquered Caesar now:

My queen's not only innocent, but loves me.

This, this is she, who drags me down to ruin!

"But, could she 'scape without me, with what haste

Would she let slip her hold, and make to shore,

And never look behind!"

Down on thy knees, blasphemer as thou art,

And ask forgiveness of wronged innocence.

VENTIDIUS.

I'll rather die, than take it. Will you go?

ANTONY.

Go! whither? Go from all that's excellent?

Faith, honour, virtue, all good things forbid,

That I should go from her, who sets my love

Above the price of kingdoms! Give, you gods,

Give to your boy, your Caesar,

This rattle of a globe to play withal,

This gewgaw world, and put him cheaply off:

I'll not be pleased with less than Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA.

She's wholly yours. My heart's so full of joy,

That I shall do some wild extravagance

Of love, in public; and the foolish world,

Which knows not tenderness, will think me mad.

VENTIDIUS.

O women! women! women! all the gods

Have not such power of doing good to man,

As you of doing harm.

[Exit.]

ANTONY.

Our men are armed:—

Unbar the gate that looks to Caesar's camp:

I would revenge the treachery he meant me;

And long security makes conquest easy.

I'm eager to return before I go;

For, all the pleasures I have known beat thick

On my remembrance.—How I long for night!

That both the sweets of mutual love may try,

And triumph once o'er Caesar ere we die.

[Exeunt.]

Act III

Scene I

[At one door enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS, and ALEXAS, a Train of EGYPTIANS: at the other ANTONY and ROMANS. The entrance on both sides is prepared by music; the trumpets first sounding on Antony's part: then answered by timbrels, etc., on CLEOPATRA'S. CHARMION and IRAS hold a laurel wreath betwixt them. A Dance of EGYPTIANS. After the ceremony, CLEOPATRA crowns ANTONY.]

ANTONY.

I thought how those white arms would fold me in,

And strain me close, and melt me into love;

So pleased with that sweet image, I sprung forwards,

And added all my strength to every blow.

CLEOPATRA.

Come to me, come, my soldier, to my arms!

You've been too long away from my embraces;

But, when I have you fast, and all my own,

With broken murmurs, and with amorous sighs,

I'll say, you were unkind, and punish you,

And mark you red with many an eager kiss.

ANTONY.

My brighter Venus!

CLEOPATRA.

O my greater Mars!

ANTONY.

Thou join’st us well, my love!

Suppose me come from the Phlegraean plains,

Where gasping giants lay, cleft by my sword,

And mountain-tops paired off each other blow,

To bury those I slew. Receive me, goddess!

Let Caesar spread his subtle nets; like Vulcan,

In thy embraces I would be beheld

By heaven and earth at once;

And make their envy what they meant their sport

Let those, who took us, blush; I would love on,

With awful state, regardless of their frowns,

As their superior gods. There’s no satiety of love in thee:

Enjoyed, thou still art new; perpetual spring

Is in thy arms; the ripened fruit but falls,

And blossoms rise to fill its empty place;

And I grow rich by giving.

[Enter VENTIDIUS, and stands apart.]

ALEXAS.

Oh, now the danger’s past, your general comes!

He joins not in your joys, nor minds your triumphs;

But, with contracted brows, looks frowning on,

As envying your success.

ANTONY.

Now, on my soul, he loves me; truly loves me:

He never flattered me in any vice,

But awes me with his virtue: even this minute,

Methinks, he has a right of chiding me.

Lead to the temple: I’ll avoid his presence;

It checks too strong upon me.

[Exeunt the rest.]

[As ANTONY is going, VENTIDIUS pulls him by the robe.]

VENTIDIUS.

Emperor!

ANTONY.

'Tis the old argument; I pr'ythee, spare me.

[Looking back.]

VENTIDIUS.

But this one hearing, emperor.

ANTONY.

Let go

My robe; or, by my father Hercules—

VENTIDIUS.

By Hercules' father, that's yet greater,

I bring you somewhat you would wish to know.

ANTONY.

Thou see'st we are observed; attend me here,

And I'll return.

[Exit.]

VENTIDIUS.

I am waning in his favour, yet I love him;

I love this man, who runs to meet his ruin;

And sure the gods, like me, are fond of him:

His virtues lie so mingled with his crimes,

As would confound their choice to punish one,

And not reward the other.

[Enter ANTONY.]

ANTONY.

We can conquer, You see, without your aid.

We have dislodged their troops;

They look on us at distance, and, like curs

Scaped from the lion's paws, they bay far off,

And lick their wounds, and faintly threaten war.

Five thousand Romans, with their faces upward,

Lie breathless on the plain.

VENTIDIUS.

'Tis well; and he,

Who lost them, could have spared ten thousand more.

Yet if, by this advantage, you could gain

An easier peace, while Caesar doubts the chance

Of arms—

ANTONY.

Oh, think not on't, Ventidius!

The boy pursues my ruin, he'll no peace;

His malice is considerable in advantage.

Oh, he's the coolest murderer! so staunch,

He kills, and keeps his temper.

VENTIDIUS.

Have you no friend

In all his army, who has power to move him?

Maecenas, or Agrippa, might do much.

ANTONY.

They're both too deep in Caesar's interests.

We'll work it out by dint of sword, or perish.

VENTIDIUS.

Fain I would find some other.

ANTONY.

Thank thy love.

Some four or five such victories as this

Will save thy further pains.

VENTIDIUS.

Expect no more; Caesar is on his guard:

I know, sir, you have conquered against odds;

But still you draw supplies from one poor town,

And of Egyptians: he has all the world,

And, at his beck, nations come pouring in,

To fill the gaps you make. Pray, think again.

ANTONY.

Why dost thou drive me from myself, to search

For foreign aids?—to hunt my memory,

And range all o'er a waste and barren place,

To find a friend? The wretched have no friends.

Yet I had one, the bravest youth of Rome,

Whom Caesar loves beyond the love of women:

He could resolve his mind, as fire does wax,

From that hard rugged image melt him down,

And mould him in what softer form he pleased.

VENTIDIUS.

Him would I see; that man, of all the world;

Just such a one we want.

ANTONY.

He loved me too;

I was his soul; he lived not but in me:

We were so closed within each other's breasts,

The rivets were not found, that joined us first.

That does not reach us yet: we were so mixt,

As meeting streams, both to ourselves were lost;

We were one mass; we could not give or take,

But from the same; for he was I, I he.

VENTIDIUS.

He moves as I would wish him.

[Aside.]

ANTONY.

After this,

I need not tell his name;—'twas Dolabella.

VENTIDIUS.

He's now in Caesar's camp.

ANTONY.

No matter where,

Since he's no longer mine. He took unkindly,

That I forbade him Cleopatra's sight,

Because I feared he loved her: he confessed,

He had a warmth, which, for my sake, he stifled;

For 'twere impossible that two, so one,

Should not have loved the same. When he departed,

He took no leave; and that confirmed my thoughts.

VENTIDIUS.

It argues, that he loved you more than her,

Else he had stayed; but he perceived you jealous,

And would not grieve his friend: I know he loves you.

ANTONY.

I should have seen him, then, ere now.

VENTIDIUS.

Perhaps

He has thus long been labouring for your peace.

ANTONY.

Would he were here!

VENTIDIUS.

Would you believe he loved you?

I read your answer in your eyes, you would.

Not to conceal it longer, he has sent

A messenger from Caesar's camp, with letters.

ANTONY.

Let him appear.

VENTIDIUS.

I'll bring him instantly.

[Exit VENTIDIUS, and re-enters immediately with DOLABELLA.]

ANTONY.

'Tis he himself! himself, by holy friendship!

[Runs to embrace him.]

Art thou returned at last, my better half?

Come, give me all myself!

Let me not live,

If the young bridegroom, longing for his night,

Was ever half so fond.

DOLABELLA.

I must be silent, for my soul is busy

About a nobler work; she's new come home,

Like a long-absent man, and wanders o'er

Each room, a stranger to her own, to look

If all be safe.

ANTONY.

Thou hast what's left of me;

For I am now so sunk from what I was,

Thou find'st me at my lowest water-mark.

The rivers that ran in, and raised my fortunes,

Are all dried up, or take another course:

What I have left is from my native spring;

I've still a heart that swells, in scorn of fate,

And lifts me to my banks.

DOLABELLA.

Still you are lord of all the world to me.

ANTONY.

Why, then I yet am so; for thou art all.

If I had any joy when thou wert absent,

I grudged it to myself; methought I robbed

Thee of thy part. But, O my Dolabella!

Thou has beheld me other than I am.

Hast thou not seen my morning chambers filled

With sceptred slaves, who waited to salute me?

With eastern monarchs, who forgot the sun,

To worship my uprising?—menial kings

Ran coursing up and down my palace-yard,

Stood silent in my presence, watched my eyes,

And, at my least command, all started out,

Like racers to the goal.

DOLABELLA.

Slaves to your fortune.

ANTONY.

Fortune is Caesar's now; and what am I?

VENTIDIUS.

What you have made yourself; I will not flatter.

ANTONY.

Is this friendly done?

DOLABELLA.

Yes; when his end is so, I must join with him;

Indeed I must, and yet you must not chide;

Why am I else your friend?

ANTONY.

Take heed, young man,

How thou upbraid'st my love: The queen has eyes,

And thou too hast a soul. Canst thou remember,

When, swelled with hatred, thou beheld'st her first,

As accessary to thy brother's death?

DOLABELLA.

Spare my remembrance; 'twas a guilty day,

And still the blush hangs here.

ANTONY.

To clear herself,

For sending him no aid, she came from Egypt.

Her galley down the silver Cydnus rowed,

The tackling silk, the streamers waved with gold;

The gentle winds were lodged in purple sails:

Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were placed;

Where she, another sea-born Venus, lay.

DOLABELLA.

No more; I would not hear it.

ANTONY.

Oh, you must!

She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,

And cast a look so languishingly sweet,

As if, secure of all beholders' hearts,

Neglecting, she could take them: boys, like Cupids,

Stood fanning, with their painted wings, the winds.

That played about her face. But if she smiled

A darting glory seemed to blaze abroad,

That men's desiring eyes were never wearied,

But hung upon the object: To soft flutes

The silver oars kept time; and while they played,

The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight;

And both to thought. 'Twas heaven, or somewhat more;

For she so charmed all hearts, that gazing crowds

Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath

To give their welcome voice.

Then, Dolabella, where was then thy soul?

Was not thy fury quite disarmed with wonder?

Didst thou not shrink behind me from those eyes

And whisper in my ear—Oh, tell her not

That I accused her with my brother's death?

DOLABELLA.

And should my weakness be a plea for yours?

Mine was an age when love might be excused,

When kindly warmth, and when my springing youth

Made it a debt to nature. Yours—

VENTIDIUS.

Speak boldly.

Yours, he would say, in your declining age,

When no more heat was left but what you forced,

When all the sap was needful for the trunk,

When it went down, then you constrained the course,

And robbed from nature, to supply desire;

In you (I would not use so harsh a word)

'Tis but plain dotage.

ANTONY.

Ha!

DOLABELLA.

'Twas urged too home.—

But yet the loss was private, that I made;

'Twas but myself I lost: I lost no legions;

I had no world to lose, no people's love.

ANTONY.

This from a friend?

DOLABELLA.

Yes, Antony, a true one;

A friend so tender, that each word I speak

Stabs my own heart, before it reach your ear.

Oh, judge me not less kind, because I chide! To Caesar I excuse you.

ANTONY.

O ye gods

Have I then lived to be excused to Caesar?

DOLABELLA.

As to your equal.

ANTONY.

Well, he's but my equal:

While I wear this he never shall be more.

DOLABELLA.

I bring conditions from him.

ANTONY.

Are they noble?

Methinks thou shouldst not bring them else; yet he

Is full of deep dissembling; knows no honour

Divided from his interest. Fate mistook him;

For nature meant him for an usurer:

He's fit indeed to buy, not conquer kingdoms.

VENTIDIUS.

Then, granting this,

What power was theirs, who wrought so hard a temper

To honourable terms?

ANTONY.

I was my Dolabella, or some god.

DOLABELLA.

Nor I, nor yet Maecenas, nor Agrippa:

They were your enemies; and I, a friend,

Too weak alone; yet 'twas a Roman's deed.

ANTONY.

'Twas like a Roman done: show me that man,

Who has preserved my life, my love, my honour;

Let me but see his face.

VENTIDIUS.

That task is mine, And, Heaven, thou know'st how pleasing.

[Exit VENTIDIUS.]

DOLABELLA.

You'll remember

To whom you stand obliged?

ANTONY.

When I forget it

Be thou unkind, and that's my greatest curse.

My queen shall thank him too,

DOLABELLA.

I fear she will not.

ANTONY.

But she shall do it: The queen, my Dolabella!

Hast thou not still some grudgings of thy fever?

DOLABELLA.

I would not see her lost.

ANTONY.

When I forsake her,

Leave me my better stars! for she has truth

Beyond her beauty. Caesar tempted her,

At no less price than kingdoms, to betray me;

But she resisted all: and yet thou chidest me

For loving her too well. Could I do so?

DOLABELLA.

Yes; there's my reason.

[Re-enter VENTIDIUS, with OCTAVIA, leading ANTONY'S two little DAUGHTERS.]

ANTONY.

Where?—Octavia there!

[Starting back.]

VENTIDIUS.

What, is she poison to you?—a disease?

Look on her, view her well, and those she brings:

Are they all strangers to your eyes? has nature

No secret call, no whisper they are yours?

DOLABELLA.

For shame, my lord, if not for love, receive them

With kinder eyes. If you confess a man,

Meet them, embrace them, bid them welcome to you.

Your arms should open, even without your knowledge,

To clasp them in; your feet should turn to wings,

To bear you to them; and your eyes dart out

And aim a kiss, ere you could reach the lips.

ANTONY.

I stood amazed, to think how they came hither.

VENTIDIUS.

I sent for them; I brought them in unknown

To Cleopatra's guards.

DOLABELLA.

Yet, are you cold?

OCTAVIA.

Thus long I have attended for my welcome;

Which, as a stranger, sure I might expect.

Who am I?

ANTONY.

Caesar's sister.

OCTAVIA.

That's unkind.

Had I been nothing more than Caesar's sister,

Know, I had still remained in Caesar's camp:

But your Octavia, your much injured wife,

Though banished from your bed, driven from your house,

In spite of Caesar's sister, still is yours.

'Tis true, I have a heart disdains your coldness,

And prompts me not to seek what you should offer;

But a wife's virtue still surmounts that pride.

I come to claim you as my own; to show

My duty first; to ask, nay beg, your kindness:

Your hand, my lord; 'tis mine, and I will have it.

[Taking his hand.]

VENTIDIUS.

Do, take it; thou deserv'st it.

DOLABELLA.

On my soul,

And so she does: she's neither too submissive,

Nor yet too haughty; but so just a mean

Shows, as it ought, a wife and Roman too.

ANTONY.

I fear, Octavia, you have begged my life.

OCTAVIA.

Begged it, my lord?

ANTONY.

Yes, begged it, my ambassadress;

Poorly and basely begged it of your brother.

OCTAVIA.

Poorly and basely I could never beg:

Nor could my brother grant.

ANTONY.

Shall I, who, to my kneeling slave, could say,

Rise up, and be a king; shall I fall down

And cry,—Forgive me, Caesar! Shall I set

A man, my equal, in the place of Jove,

As he could give me being? No; that word,

Forgive, would choke me up,

And die upon my tongue.

DOLABELLA.

You shall not need it.

ANTONY.

I will not need it. Come, you've all betrayed me,—

My friend too!—to receive some vile conditions.

My wife has bought me, with her prayers and tears;

And now I must become her branded slave.

In every peevish mood, she will upbraid

The life she gave: if I but look awry,

She cries—I'll tell my brother.

OCTAVIA.

My hard fortune

Subjects me still to your unkind mistakes.

But the conditions I have brought are such,

Your need not blush to take: I love your honour,

Because 'tis mine; it never shall be said,

Octavia's husband was her brother's slave.

Sir, you are free; free, even from her you loathe;

For, though my brother bargains for your love,

Makes me the price and cement of your peace,

I have a soul like yours; I cannot take

Your love as alms, nor beg what I deserve.

I'll tell my brother we are reconciled;

He shall draw back his troops, and you shall march

To rule the East: I may be dropt at Athens;

No matter where. I never will complain,

But only keep the barren name of wife,

And rid you of the trouble.

VENTIDIUS.

Was ever such a strife of sullen honour! [Apart]

Both scorn to be obliged.

DOLABELLA.

Oh, she has touched him in the tenderest part; [Apart]

See how he reddens with despite and shame,

To be outdone in generosity!

VENTIDIUS.

See how he winks! how he dries up a tear, [Apart]

That fain would fall!

ANTONY.

Octavia, I have heard you, and must praise

The greatness of your soul;

But cannot yield to what you have proposed:

For I can ne'er be conquered but by love;

And you do all for duty. You would free me,

And would be dropt at Athens; was't not so?

OCTAVIA.

It was, my lord.

ANTONY.

Then I must be obliged

To one who loves me not; who, to herself,

May call me thankless and ungrateful man:—

I'll not endure it; no.

VENTIDIUS.

I am glad it pinches there.

[Aside.]

OCTAVIA.

Would you triumph o'er poor Octavia's virtue?

That pride was all I had to bear me up;

That you might think you owed me for your life,

And owed it to my duty, not my love.

I have been injured, and my haughty soul

Could brook but ill the man who slights my bed.

ANTONY.

Therefore you love me not.

OCTAVIA.

Therefore, my lord,

I should not love you.

ANTONY.

Therefore you would leave me?

OCTAVIA.

And therefore I should leave you—if I could.

DOLABELLA.

Her soul's too great, after such injuries,

To say she loves; and yet she lets you see it.

Her modesty and silence plead her cause.

ANTONY.

O Dolabella, which way shall I turn?

I find a secret yielding in my soul;

But Cleopatra, who would die with me,

Must she be left? Pity pleads for Octavia;

But does it not plead more for Cleopatra?

VENTIDIUS.

Justice and pity both plead for Octavia;

For Cleopatra, neither.

One would be ruined with you; but she first

Had ruined you: The other, you have ruined,

And yet she would preserve you.

In everything their merits are unequal.

ANTONY.

O my distracted soul!

OCTAVIA.

Sweet Heaven compose it!—

Come, come, my lord, if I can pardon you,

Methinks you should accept it. Look on these;

Are they not yours? or stand they thus neglected,

As they are mine? Go to him, children, go;

Kneel to him, take him by the hand, speak to him;

For you may speak, and he may own you too,

Without a blush; and so he cannot all

His children: go, I say, and pull him to me,

And pull him to yourselves, from that bad woman.

You, Agrippina, hang upon his arms;

And you, Antonia, clasp about his waist:

If he will shake you off, if he will dash you

Against the pavement, you must bear it, children;

For you are mine, and I was born to suffer.

[Here the CHILDREN go to him, etc.]

VENTIDIUS.

Was ever sight so moving?—Emperor!

DOLABELLA.

Friend!

OCTAVIA.

Husband!

BOTH CHILDREN.

Father!

ANTONY.

I am vanquished: take me,

Octavia; take me, children; share me all.

[Embracing them.]

I've been a thriftless debtor to your loves,

And run out much, in riot, from your stock;

But all shall be amended.

OCTAVIA.

O blest hour!

DOLABELLA.

O happy change!

VENTIDIUS.

My joy stops at my tongue;

But it has found two channels here for one,

And bubbles out above.

ANTONY.

[to OCTAVIA]

This is thy triumph; lead me where thou wilt;

Even to thy brother's camp.

OCTAVIA.

All there are yours.

[Enter ALEXAS hastily.]

ALEXAS.

The queen, my mistress, sir, and yours—

ANTONY.

'Tis past.—

Octavia, you shall stay this night: To-morrow,

Caesar and we are one.

[Exit leading OCTAVIA; DOLABELLA and the CHILDREN follow.]

VENTIDIUS.

There's news for you; run, my officious eunuch,

Be sure to be the first; haste forward:

Haste, my dear eunuch, haste. [Exit.]

ALEXAS.

This downright fighting fool, this thick-skulled hero,

This blunt, unthinking instrument of death,

With plain dull virtue has outgone my wit.

Pleasure forsook my earliest infancy;

The luxury of others robbed my cradle,

And ravished thence the promise of a man.

Cast out from nature, disinherited

Of what her meanest children claim by kind,

Yet greatness kept me from contempt: that's gone.

Had Cleopatra followed my advice,

Then he had been betrayed who now forsakes.

She dies for love; but she has known its joys:

Gods, is this just, that I, who know no joys,

Must die, because she loves?

[Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS, and Train.]

O madam, I have seen what blasts my eyes!

Octavia's here.

CLEOPATRA.

Peace with that raven's note.

I know it too; and now am in

The pangs of death.

ALEXAS.

You are no more a queen;

Egypt is lost.

CLEOPATRA.

What tell'st thou me of Egypt?

My life, my soul is lost! Octavia has him!—

O fatal name to Cleopatra's love!

My kisses, my embraces now are hers;

While I—But thou hast seen my rival; speak,

Does she deserve this blessing? Is she fair?

Bright as a goddess? and is all perfection

Confined to her? It is. Poor I was made

Of that coarse matter, which, when she was finished,

The gods threw by for rubbish.

ALEXAS.

She is indeed a very miracle.

CLEOPATRA.

Death to my hopes, a miracle!

ALEXAS.

A miracle;

[Bowing.]

I mean of goodness; for in beauty, madam,

You make all wonders cease.

CLEOPATRA.

I was too rash:

Take this in part of recompense. But, oh!

[Giving a ring.]

I fear thou flatterest me.

CHARMION.

She comes! she's here!

IRAS.

Fly, madam, Caesar's sister!

CLEOPATRA.

Were she the sister of the thunderer Jove,

And bore her brother's lightning in her eyes,

Thus would I face my rival.

[Meets OCTAVIA with VENTIDIUS. OCTAVIA bears up to her. Their Trains come up on either side.]

OCTAVIA.

I need not ask if you are Cleopatra;

Your haughty carriage—

CLEOPATRA.

Shows I am a queen:

Nor need I ask you, who you are.

OCTAVIA.

A Roman:

A name, that makes and can unmake a queen.

CLEOPATRA.

Your lord, the man who serves me, is a Roman.

OCTAVIA.

He was a Roman, till he lost that name,

To be a slave in Egypt; but I come

To free him thence.

CLEOPATRA.

Peace, peace, my lover's Juno.

When he grew weary of that household clog,

He chose my easier bonds.

OCTAVIA.

I wonder not

Your bonds are easy: you have long been practised

In that lascivious art: He's not the first

For whom you spread your snares: Let Caesar witness.

CLEOPATRA.

I loved not Caesar; 'twas but gratitude

I paid his love: The worst your malice can,

Is but to say the greatest of mankind

Has been my slave. The next, but far above him

In my esteem, is he whom law calls yours,

But whom his love made mine.

OCTAVIA.

I would view nearer.

[Coming up close to her.]

That face, which has so long usurped my right,

To find the inevitable charms, that catch

Mankind so sure, that ruined my dear lord.

CLEOPATRA.

Oh, you do well to search; for had you known

But half these charms, you had not lost his heart.

OCTAVIA.

Far be their knowledge from a Roman lady,

Far from a modest wife! Shame of our sex,

Dost thou not blush to own those black endearments,

That make sin pleasing?

CLEOPATRA.

You may blush, who want them.

If bounteous nature, if indulgent Heaven

Have given me charms to please the bravest man,

Should I not thank them? Should I be ashamed,

And not be proud? I am, that he has loved me;

And, when I love not him, Heaven change this face

For one like that.

OCTAVIA.

Thou lov'st him not so well.

CLEOPATRA.

I love him better, and deserve him more.

OCTAVIA.

You do not; cannot: You have been his ruin.

Who made him cheap at Rome, but Cleopatra?

Who made him scorned abroad, but Cleopatra?

At Actium, who betrayed him? Cleopatra.

Who made his children orphans, and poor me

A wretched widow? only Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA.

Yet she, who loves him best, is Cleopatra.

If you have suffered, I have suffered more.

You bear the specious title of a wife,

To gild your cause, and draw the pitying world

To favour it: the world condemns poor me.

For I have lost my honour, lost my fame,

And stained the glory of my royal house,

And all to bear the branded name of mistress.

There wants but life, and that too I would lose

For him I love.

OCTAVIA.

Be’t so, then; take thy wish.

[Exit with her Train.]

CLEOPATRA.

And ’tis my wish,

Now he is lost for whom alone I lived.

My sight grows dim, and every object dances,

And swims before me, in the maze of death.

My spirits, while they were opposed, kept up;

They could not sink beneath a rival’s scorn!

But now she’s gone, they faint.

ALEXAS.

Mine have had leisure

To recollect their strength, and furnish counsel,

To ruin her, who else must ruin you.

CLEOPATRA.

Vain promiser!

Lead me, my Charmion; nay, your hand too, Iras.

My grief has weight enough to sink you both.

Conduct me to some solitary chamber,

And draw the curtains round;

Then leave me to myself, to take alone

My fill of grief:

There I till death will his unkindness weep;

As harmless infants moan themselves asleep.

[Exeunt.]

Act IV

Scene I

[Enter ANTONY and DOLABELLA.]

DOLABELLA.

Why would you shift it from yourself on me?

Can you not tell her, you must part?

ANTONY.

I cannot.

I could pull out an eye, and bid it go,

And t'other should not weep. O Dolabella,

How many deaths are in this word, DEPART!

I dare not trust my tongue to tell her so:

One look of hers would thaw me into tears,

And I should melt, till I were lost again.

DOLABELLA.

Then let Ventidius;

He's rough by nature.

ANTONY.

Oh, he'll speak too harshly;

He'll kill her with the news: Thou, only thou.

DOLABELLA.

Nature has cast me in so soft a mould,

That but to hear a story, feigned for pleasure,

Of some sad lover's death, moistens my eyes,

And robs me of my manhood. I should speak

So faintly, with such fear to grieve her heart,

She'd not believe it earnest.

ANTONY.

Therefore,—therefore

Thou only, thou art fit: Think thyself me;

And when thou speak'st (but let it first be long),

Take off the edge from every sharper sound,

And let our parting be as gently made,

As other loves begin: Wilt thou do this?

DOLABELLA.

What you have said so sinks into my soul,

That, if I must speak, I shall speak just so.

ANTONY.

I leave you then to your sad task:

Farewell. I sent her word to meet you.

[Goes to the door, and comes back.]

I forgot;

Let her be told, I'll make her peace with mine,

Her crown and dignity shall be preserved,

If I have power with Caesar.—Oh, be sure

To think on that.

DOLABELLA.

Fear not, I will remember.

[ANTONY goes again to the door, and comes back.]

ANTONY.

And tell her, too, how much I was constrained;

I did not this, but with extremest force.

Desire her not to hate my memory,

For I still cherish hers:—insist on that.

DOLABELLA.

Trust me. I'll not forget it.

ANTONY.

Then that's all.

[Goes out, and returns again.]

Wilt thou forgive my fondness this once more?

Tell her, though we shall never meet again,

If I should hear she took another love,

The news would break my heart.—Now I must go;

For every time I have returned, I feel

My soul more tender; and my next command

Would be, to bid her stay, and ruin both.

[Exit.]

DOLABELLA.

Men are but children of a larger growth;

Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,

And full as craving too, and full as vain;

And yet the soul, shut up in her dark room,

Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing:

But, like a mole in earth, busy and blind,

Works all her folly up, and casts it outward

To the world's open view: Thus I discovered,

And blamed the love of ruined Antony:

Yet wish that I were he, to be so ruined.

[Enter VENTIDIUS above.]

VENTIDIUS.

Alone, and talking to himself? concerned too?

Perhaps my guess is right; he loved her once,

And may pursue it still.

DOLABELLA.

O friendship! friendship!

Ill canst thou answer this; and reason, worse:

Unfaithful in the attempt; hopeless to win;

And if I win, undone: mere madness all.

And yet the occasion's fair. What injury

To him, to wear the robe which he throws by!

VENTIDIUS.

None, none at all. This happens as I wish,

To ruin her yet more with Antony.

[Enter CLEOPATRA talking with ALEXAS; CHARMION, IRAS on the other side.]

DOLABELLA.

She comes! What charms have sorrow on that face!

Sorrow seems pleased to dwell with so much sweetness;

Yet, now and then, a melancholy smile

Breaks loose, like lightning in a winter's night,

And shows a moment's day.

VENTIDIUS.

If she should love him too! her eunuch there?

That porc'pisce bodes ill weather. Draw, draw nearer,

Sweet devil, that I may hear.

ALEXAS.

Believe me; try

[DOLABELLA goes over to CHARMION and IRAS; seems to talk with them.]

To make him jealous; jealousy is like

A polished glass held to the lips when life's in doubt;

If there be breath, 'twill catch the damp, and show it.

CLEOPATRA.

I grant you, jealousy's a proof of love,

But 'tis a weak and unavailing medicine;

It puts out the disease, and makes it show,

But has no power to cure.

ALEXAS.

'Tis your last remedy, and strongest too:

And then this Dolabella, who so fit

To practise on? He's handsome, valiant, young,

And looks as he were laid for nature's bait,

To catch weak women's eyes.

He stands already more than half suspected

Of loving you: the least kind word or glance,

You give this youth, will kindle him with love:

Then, like a burning vessel set adrift,

You'll send him down amain before the wind,

To fire the heart of jealous Antony.

CLEOPATRA.

Can I do this? Ah, no, my love's so true,

That I can neither hide it where it is,

Nor show it where it is not. Nature meant me

A wife; a silly, harmless, household dove,

Fond without art, and kind without deceit;

But Fortune, that has made a mistress of me,

Has thrust me out to the wide world, unfurnished

Of falsehood to be happy.

ALEXAS.

Force yourself.

The event will be, your lover will return,

Doubly desirous to possess the good

Which once he feared to lose.

CLEOPATRA.

I must attempt it;

But oh, with what regret!

[Exit ALEXAS. She comes up to DOLABELLA.]

VENTIDIUS.

So, now the scene draws near; they're in my reach.

CLEOPATRA.

[to DOLABELLA.]

Discoursing with my women! might not I

Share in your entertainment?

CHARMION.

You have been The subject of it, madam.

CLEOPATRA.

How! and how!

IRAS.

Such praises of your beauty!

CLEOPATRA.

Mere poetry.

Your Roman wits, your Gallus and Tibullus,

Have taught you this from Cytheris and Delia.

DOLABELLA.

Those Roman wits have never been in Egypt;

Cytheris and Delia else had been unsung:

I, who have seen—had I been born a poet,

Should choose a nobler name.

CLEOPATRA.

You flatter me.

But, 'tis your nation's vice: All of your country

Are flatterers, and all false. Your friend's like you.

I'm sure, he sent you not to speak these words.

DOLABELLA.

No, madam; yet he sent me—

CLEOPATRA.

Well, he sent you—

DOLABELLA.

Of a less pleasing errand.

CLEOPATRA.

How less pleasing?

Less to yourself, or me?

DOLABELLA.

Madam, to both;

For you must mourn, and I must grieve to cause it.

CLEOPATRA.

You, Charmion, and your fellow, stand at distance.—

Hold up, my spirits. [Aside.]—Well, now your mournful matter;

For I’m prepared, perhaps can guess it too.

DOLABELLA.

I wish you would; for ’tis a thankless office,

To tell ill news: And I, of all your sex,

Most fear displeasing you.

CLEOPATRA.

Of all your sex,

I soonest could forgive you, if you should.

VENTIDIUS.

Most delicate advances! Women! women!

Dear, damned, inconstant sex!

CLEOPATRA.

In the first place,

I am to be forsaken; is’t not so?

DOLABELLA.

I wish I could not answer to that question.

CLEOPATRA.

Then pass it o’er, because it troubles you:

I should have been more grieved another time.

Next I’m to lose my kingdom—Farewell, Egypt!

Yet, is there ary more?

DOLABELLA.

Madam, I fear

Your too deep sense of grief has turned your reason.

CLEOPATRA.

No, no, I’m not run mad; I can bear fortune:

And love may be expelled by other love,

As poisons are by poisons.

DOLABELLA.

You o’erjoy me, madam,

To find your griefs so moderately borne.

You've heard the worst; all are not false like him.

CLEOPATRA.

No; Heaven forbid they should.

DOLABELLA.

Some men are constant.

CLEOPATRA.

And constancy deserves reward, that's certain.

DOLABELLA.

Deserves it not; but give it leave to hope.

VENTIDIUS.

I'll swear, thou hast my leave. I have enough:

But how to manage this! Well, I'll consider.

[Exit.]

DOLABELLA.

I came prepared

To tell you heavy news; news, which I thought

Would fright the blood from your pale cheeks to hear:

But you have met it with a cheerfulness,

That makes my task more easy; and my tongue,

Which on another's message was employed,

Would gladly speak its own.

CLEOPATRA.

Hold, Dolabella. First tell me, were you chosen by my lord?

Or sought you this employment?

DOLABELLA.

He picked me out; and, as his bosom friend,

He charged me with his words.

CLEOPATRA.

The message then

I know was tender, and each accent smooth,

To mollify that rugged word, DEPART.

DOLABELLA.

Oh, you mistake: He chose the harshest words;

With fiery eyes, and contracted brows,

He coined his face in the severest stamp;

And fury shook his fabric, like an earthquake;

He heaved for vent, and burst like bellowing Aetna,

In sounds scarce human “Hence away for ever,

Let her begone, the blot of my renown,

And bane of all my hopes!”

[All the time of this speech, CLEOPATRA seems more

and more concerned, till she sinks quite down.]

“Let her be driven, as far as men can think,

From man’s commerce! she’ll poison to the centre.”

CLEOPATRA.

Oh, I can bear no more!

DOLABELLA.

Help, help!—O wretch! O cursed, cursed wretch!

What have I done!

CHARMION.

Help, chafe her temples, Iras.

IRAS.

Bend, bend her forward quickly.

CHARMION.

Heaven be praised,

She comes again.

CLEOPATRA.

Oh, let him not approach me.

Why have you brought me back to this loathed being;

The abode of falsehood, violated vows,

And injured love? For pity, let me go;

For, if there be a place of long repose,

I'm sure I want it. My disdainful lord

Can never break that quiet; nor awake

The sleeping soul, with hollowing in my tomb

Such words as fright her hence.—Unkind, unkind!

DOLABELLA.

Believe me, 'tis against myself I speak;

[Kneeling.]

That sure desires belief; I injured him:

My friend ne'er spoke those words. Oh, had you seen

How often he came back, and every time

With something more obliging and more kind,

To add to what he said; what dear farewells;

How almost vanquished by his love he parted,

And leaned to what unwillingly he left!

I, traitor as I was, for love of you

(But what can you not do, who made me false?)

I forged that lie; for whose forgiveness kneels

This self-accused, self-punished criminal.

CLEOPATRA.

With how much ease believe we what we wish!

Rise, Dolabella; if you have been guilty,

I have contributed, and too much love

Has made me guilty too.

The advance of kindness, which I made, was feigned,

To call back fleeting love by jealousy;

But 'twould not last. Oh, rather let me lose,

Than so ignobly trifle with his heart.

DOLABELLA.

I find your breast fenced round from human reach,

Transparent as a rock of solid crystal;

Seen through, but never pierced. My friend, my friend,

What endless treasure hast thou thrown away;

And scattered, like an infant, in the ocean,

Vain sums of wealth, which none can gather thence!

CLEOPATRA.

Could you not beg

An hour's admittance to his private ear?

Like one, who wanders through long barren wilds

And yet foreknows no hospitable inn

Is near to succour hunger, eats his fill,

Before his painful march;

So would I feed a while my famished eyes

Before we part; for I have far to go,

If death be far, and never must return.

[VENTIDIUS with OCTAVIA, behind.]

VENTIDIUS.

From hence you may discover—oh, sweet, sweet!

Would you indeed? The pretty hand in earnest?

DOLABELLA.

I will, for this reward.

[Takes her hand.]

Draw it not back.

'Tis all I e'er will beg.

VENTIDIUS.

They turn upon us.

OCTAVIA.

What quick eyes has guilt!

VENTIDIUS.

Seem not to have observed them, and go on.

[They enter.]

DOLABELLA.

Saw you the emperor, Ventidius?

VENTIDIUS.

No.

I sought him; but I heard that he was private,

None with him but Hipparchus, his freedman.

DOLABELLA.

Know you his business?

VENTIDIUS.

Giving him instructions,

And letters to his brother Caesar.

DOLABELLA.

Well,

He must be found.

[Exeunt DOLABELLA and CLEOPATRA.]

OCTAVIA.

Most glorious impudence!

VENTIDIUS.

She looked, methought,

As she would say—Take your old man, Octavia;

Thank you, I'm better here.—

Well, but what use

Make we of this discovery?

OCTAVIA.

Let it die.

VENTIDIUS.

I pity Dolabella; but she's dangerous:

Her eyes have power beyond Thessalian charms,

To draw the moon from heaven; for eloquence,

The sea-green Syrens taught her voice their flattery;

And, while she speaks, night steals upon the day,

Unmarked of those that hear.

Then she's so charming,

Age buds at sight of her, and swells to youth:

The holy priests gaze on her when she smiles;

And with heaved hands, forgetting gravity,

They bless her wanton eyes: Even I, who hate her,

With a malignant joy behold such beauty;

And, while I curse, desire it. Antony

Must needs have some remains of passion still,

Which may ferment into a worse relapse,

If now not fully cured. I know, this minute,

With Caesar he's endeavouring her peace.

OCTAVIA.

You have prevailed:—But for a further purpose

[Walks off.]

I'll prove how he will relish this discovery.

What, make a strumpet's peace! it swells my heart:

It must not, shall not be.

VENTIDIUS.

His guards appear.

Let me begin, and you shall second me.

[Enter ANTONY.]

ANTONY.

Octavia, I was looking you, my love:

What, are your letters ready? I have given

My last instructions.

OCTAVIA.

Mine, my lord, are written.

ANTONY.

Ventidius.

[Drawing him aside.]

VENTIDIUS.

My lord?

ANTONY.

A word in private.—

When saw you Dolabella?

VENTIDIUS.

Now, my lord,

He parted hence; and Cleopatra with him.

ANTONY.

Speak softly.—'Twas by my command he went,

To bear my last farewell.

VENTIDIUS.

It looked indeed

[Aloud.]

Like your farewell.

ANTONY.

More softly.—My farewell?

What secret meaning have you in those words

Of—My farewell? He did it by my order.

VENTIDIUS.

Then he obeyed your order. I suppose

[Aloud.]

You bid him do it with all gentleness,

All kindness, and all—love.

ANTONY.

How she mourned,

The poor forsaken creature!

VENTIDIUS.

She took it as she ought; she bore your parting

As she did Caesar's, as she would another's,

Were a new love to come.

ANTONY.

Thou dost belie her;

[Aloud.]

Most basely, and maliciously belie her.

VENTIDIUS.

I thought not to displease you; I have done.

OCTAVIA.

You seemed disturbed, my Lord.

[Coming up.]

ANTONY.

A very trifle.

Retire, my love.

VENTIDIUS.

It was indeed a trifle.

He sent—

ANTONY.

No more. Look how thou disobey'st me;

[Angrily.]

Thy life shall answer it.

OCTAVIA.

Then 'tis no trifle.

VENTIDIUS.

[to OCTAVIA.]

'Tis less; a very nothing: You too saw it,

As well as I, and therefore 'tis no secret.

ANTONY.

She saw it!

VENTIDIUS.

Yes: She saw young Dolabella—

ANTONY.

Young Dolabella!

VENTIDIUS.

Young, I think him young,

And handsome too; and so do others think him.

But what of that? He went by your command,

Indeed 'tis probable, with some kind message;

For she received it graciously; she smiled;

And then he grew familiar with her hand,

Squeezed it, and worried it with ravenous kisses;

She blushed, and sighed, and smiled, and blushed again;

At last she took occasion to talk softly,

And brought her cheek up close, and leaned on his;

At which, he whispered kisses back on hers;

And then she cried aloud—That constancy

Should be rewarded.

OCTAVIA.

This I saw and heard.

ANTONY.

What woman was it, whom you heard and saw

So playful with my friend?

Not Cleopatra?

VENTIDIUS.

Even she, my lord.

ANTONY.

My Cleopatra?

VENTIDIUS.

Your Cleopatra;

Dolabella's Cleopatra; every man's Cleopatra.

ANTONY.

Thou liest.

VENTIDIUS.

I do not lie, my lord.

Is this so strange? Should mistresses be left,

And not provide against a time of change?

You know she's not much used to lonely nights.

ANTONY.

I'll think no more on't.

I know 'tis false, and see the plot betwixt you.—

You needed not have gone this way, Octavia.

What harms it you that Cleopatra's just?

She's mine no more. I see, and I forgive:

Urge it no further, love.

OCTAVIA.

Are you concerned,

That she's found false?

ANTONY.

I should be, were it so;

For, though 'tis past, I would not that the world

Should tax my former choice, that I loved one

Of so light note; but I forgive you both.

VENTIDIUS.

What has my age deserved, that you should think

I would abuse your ears with perjury?

If Heaven be true, she's false.

ANTONY.

Though heaven and earth

Should witness it, I'll not believe her tainted.

VENTIDIUS.

I'll bring you, then, a witness

From hell, to prove her so.—Nay, go not back;

[Seeing ALEXAS just entering, and starting back.]

For stay you must and shall.

ALEXAS.

What means my lord?

VENTIDIUS.

To make you do what most you hate,—speak truth.

You are of Cleopatra's private counsel,

Of her bed-counsel, her lascivious hours;

Are conscious of each nightly change she makes,

And watch her, as Chaldaeans do the moon,

Can tell what signs she passes through, what day.

ALEXAS.

My noble lord!

VENTIDIUS.

My most illustrious pander,

No fine set speech, no cadence, no turned periods,

But a plain homespun truth, is what I ask.

I did, myself, o'erhear your queen make love

To Dolabella. Speak; for I will know,

By your confession, what more passed betwixt them;

How near the business draws to your employment;

And when the happy hour.

ANTONY.

Speak truth, Alexas; whether it offend

Or please Ventidius, care not: Justify

Thy injured queen from malice: Dare his worst.

OCTAVIA.

[aside.] See how he gives him courage! how he fears

To find her false! and shuts his eyes to truth,

Willing to be misled!

ALEXAS.

As far as love may plead for woman's frailty,

Urged by desert and greatness of the lover,

So far, divine Octavia, may my queen

Stand even excused to you for loving him

Who is your lord: so far, from brave Ventidius,

May her past actions hope a fair report.

ANTONY.

'Tis well, and truly spoken: mark, Ventidius.

ALEXAS.

To you, most noble emperor, her strong passion

Stands not excused, but wholly justified.

Her beauty's charms alone, without her crown,

From Ind and Meroe drew the distant vows

Of sighing kings; and at her feet were laid

The sceptres of the earth, exposed on heaps,

To choose where she would reign:

She thought a Roman only could deserve her,

And, of all Romans, only Antony;

And, to be less than wife to you, disdained

Their lawful passion.

ANTONY.

'Tis but truth.

ALEXAS.

And yet, though love, and your unmatched desert,

Have drawn her from the due regard of honour,

At last Heaven opened her unwilling eyes

To see the wrongs she offered fair Octavia,

Whose holy bed she lawlessly usurped.

The sad effects of this improsperous war

Confirmed those pious thoughts.

VENTIDIUS.

[aside.] Oh, wheel you there?

Observe him now; the man begins to mend,

And talk substantial reason.—Fear not, eunuch;

The emperor has given thee leave to speak.

ALEXAS.

Else had I never dared to offend his ears

With what the last necessity has urged

On my forsaken mistress; yet I must not

Presume to say, her heart is wholly altered.

ANTONY.

No, dare not for thy life, I charge thee dare not

Pronounce that fatal word!

OCTAVIA.

Must I bear this? Good Heaven, afford me patience.

[Aside.]

VENTIDIUS.

On, sweet eunuch; my dear half-man, proceed.

ALEXAS.

Yet Dolabella

Has loved her long; he, next my god-like lord,

Deserves her best; and should she meet his passion,

Rejected, as she is, by him she loved——

ANTONY.

Hence from my sight! for I can bear no more:

Let furies drag thee quick to hell; let all

The longer damned have rest; each torturing hand

Do thou employ, till Cleopatra comes;

Then join thou too, and help to torture her!

[Exit ALEXAS, thrust out by ANTONY.]

OCTAVIA.

'Tis not well.

Indeed, my lord, 'tis much unkind to me,

To show this passion, this extreme concernment,

For an abandoned, faithless prostitute.

ANTONY.

Octavia, leave me; I am much disordered:

Leave me, I say.

OCTAVIA.

My lord!

ANTONY.

I bid you leave me.

VENTIDIUS.

Obey him, madam: best withdraw a while,

And see how this will work.

OCTAVIA.

Wherein have I offended you, my lord,

That I am bid to leave you? Am I false,

Or infamous? Am I a Cleopatra?

Were I she,

Base as she is, you would not bid me leave you;

But hang upon my neck, take slight excuses,

And fawn upon my falsehood.

ANTONY.

'Tis too much.

Too much, Octavia; I am pressed with sorrows

Too heavy to be borne; and you add more:

I would retire, and recollect what's left

Of man within, to aid me.

OCTAVIA.

You would mourn,

In private, for your love, who has betrayed you.

You did but half return to me: your kindness

Lingered behind with her, I hear, my lord,

You make conditions for her,

And would include her treaty. Wondrous proofs

Of love to me!

ANTONY.

Are you my friend, Ventidius?

Or are you turned a Dolabella too,

And let this fury loose?

VENTIDIUS.

Oh, be advised,

Sweet madam, and retire.

OCTAVIA.

Yes, I will go; but never to return.

You shall no more be haunted with this Fury.

My lord, my lord, love will not always last,

When urged with long unkindness and disdain:

Take her again, whom you prefer to me;

She stays but to be called. Poor cozened man!

Let a feigned parting give her back your heart,

Which a feigned love first got; for injured me,

Though my just sense of wrongs forbid my stay,

My duty shall be yours.

To the dear pledges of our former love

My tenderness and care shall be transferred,

And they shall cheer, by turns, my widowed nights:

So, take my last farewell; for I despair

To have you whole, and scorn to take you half.

[Exit.]

VENTIDIUS.

I combat Heaven, which blasts my best designs;

My last attempt must be to win her back;

But oh! I fear in vain.

[Exit.]

ANTONY.

Why was I framed with this plain, honest heart,

Which knows not to disguise its griefs and weakness,

But bears its workings outward to the world?

I should have kept the mighty anguish in,

And forced a smile at Cleopatra's falsehood:

Octavia had believed it, and had stayed.

But I am made a shallow-forded stream,

Seen to the bottom: all my clearness scorned,

And all my faults exposed.—See where he comes,

[Enter DOLLABELLA.]

Who has profaned the sacred name of friend,

And worn it into vileness!

With how secure a brow, and specious form,

He gilds the secret villain! Sure that face

Was meant for honesty; but Heaven mismatched it,

And furnished treason out with nature's pomp,

To make its work more easy.

DOLABELLA.

O my friend!

ANTONY.

Well, Dolabella, you performed my message?

DOLABELLA.

I did, unwillingly.

ANTONY.

Unwillingly?

Was it so hard for you to bear our parting?

You should have wished it.

DOLABELLA.

Why?

ANTONY.

Because you love me.

And she received my message with as true,

With as unfeigned a sorrow as you brought it?

DOLABELLA.

She loves you, even to madness.

ANTONY.

Oh, I know it.

You, Dolabella, do not better know

How much she loves me. And should I

Forsake this beauty? This all-perfect creature?

DOLABELLA.

I could not, were she mine.

ANTONY.

And yet you first Persuaded me:

How come you altered since?

DOLABELLA.

I said at first I was not fit to go:

I could not hear her sighs, and see her tears,

But pity must prevail: And so, perhaps,

It may again with you; for I have promised,

That she should take her last farewell: And, see,

She comes to claim my word.

[Enter CLEOPATRA.]

ANTONY.

False Dolabella!

DOLABELLA.

What’s false, my lord?

ANTONY.

Why, Dolabella’s false,

And Cleopatra’s false; both false and faithless.

Draw near, you well-joined wickedness, you serpents,

Whom I have in my kindly bosom warmed,

Till I am stung to death.

DOLABELLA.

My lord, have I

Deserved to be thus used?

CLEOPATRA.

Can Heaven prepare

A newer torment? Can it find a curse

Beyond our separation?

ANTONY.

Yes, if fate

Be just, much greater: Heaven should be ingenious

In punishing such crimes. The rolling stone,

And gnawing vulture, were slight pains, invented

When Jove was young, and no examples known

Of mighty ills; but you have ripened sin,

To such a monstrous growth, 'twill pose the gods

To find an equal torture. Two, two such!—

Oh, there's no further name,—two such! to me,

To me, who locked my soul within your breasts,

Had no desires, no joys, no life, but you;

When half the globe was mine, I gave it you

In dowry with my heart; I had no use,

No fruit of all, but you: A friend and mistress

Was what the world could give.

O Cleopatra! O Dolabella! how could you betray

This tender heart, which with an infant fondness

Lay lulled betwixt your bosoms, and there slept,

Secure of injured faith?

DOLABELLA.

If she has wronged you, Heaven, hell, and you revenge it.

ANTONY.

If she has wronged me!

Thou wouldst evade thy part of guilt; but swear

Thou lov’st not her.

DOLABELLA.

Not so as I love you.

ANTONY.

Not so? Swear, swear, I say, thou dost not love her.

DOLABELLA.

No more than friendship will allow.

ANTONY.

No more?

Friendship allows thee nothing: Thou art perjured—

And yet thou didst not swear thou lov’st her not;

But not so much, no more. O trifling hypocrite,

Who dar’st not own to her, thou dost not love,

Nor own to me, thou dost! Ventidius heard it;

Octavia saw it.

CLEOPATRA.

They are enemies.

ANTONY.

Alexas is not so: He, he confessed it;

He, who, next hell, best knew it, he avowed it.

Why do I seek a proof beyond yourself?

[To DOLABELLA.]

You, whom I sent to bear my last farewell,

Returned, to plead her stay.

DOLABELLA.

What shall I answer?

If to have loved be guilt, then I have sinned;

But if to have repented of that love

Can wash away my crime, I have repented.

Yet, if I have offended past forgiveness,

Let not her suffer: She is innocent.

CLEOPATRA.

Ah, what will not a woman do, who loves?

What means will she refuse, to keep that heart,

Where all her joys are placed? 'Twas I encouraged,

'Twas I blew up the fire that scorched his soul,

To make you jealous, and by that regain you.

But all in vain; I could not counterfeit:

In spite of all the dams my love broke o'er,

And drowned by heart again: fate took the occasion;

And thus one minute's feigning has destroyed

My whole life's truth.

ANTONY.

Thin cobweb arts of falsehood;

Seen, and broke through at first.

DOLABELLA.

Forgive your mistress.

CLEOPATRA.

Forgive your friend.

ANTONY.

You have convinced yourselves.

You plead each other's cause: What witness have you,

That you but meant to raise my jealousy?

CLEOPATRA.

Ourselves, and Heaven.

ANTONY.

Guilt witnesses for guilt. Hence, love and friendship!

You have no longer place in human breasts,

These two have driven you out: Avoid my sight!

I would not kill the man whom I have loved,

And cannot hurt the woman; but avoid me:

I do not know how long I can be tame;

For, if I stay one minute more, to think

How I am wronged, my justice and revenge

Will cry so loud within me, that my pity

Will not be heard for either.

DOLABELLA.

Heaven has but

Our sorrow for our sins; and then delights

To pardon erring man: Sweet mercy seems

Its darling attribute, which limits justice;

As if there were degrees in infinite,

And infinite would rather want perfection

Than punish to extent.

ANTONY.

I can forgive

A foe; but not a mistress and a friend.

Treason is there in its most horrid shape,

Where trust is greatest; and the soul resigned,

Is stabbed by its own guards: I'll hear no more;

Hence from my sight for ever!

CLEOPATRA.

How? for ever!

I cannot go one moment from your sight,

And must I go for ever?

My joys, my only joys, are centred here:

What place have I to go to? My own kingdom?

That I have lost for you: Or to the Romans?

They hate me for your sake: Or must I wander

The wide world o'er, a helpless, banished woman,

Banished for love of you; banished from you?

Ay, there's the banishment! Oh, hear me; hear me,

With strictest justice: For I beg no favour;

And if I have offended you, then kill me,

But do not banish me.

ANTONY.

I must not hear you.

I have a fool within me takes your part;

But honour stops my ears.

CLEOPATRA.

For pity hear me!

Would you cast off a slave who followed you?

Who crouched beneath your spurn?—He has no pity!

See, if he gives one tear to my departure;

One look, one kind farewell: O iron heart!

Let all the gods look down, and judge betwixt us,

If he did ever love!

ANTONY.

No more: Alexas!

DOLABELLA.

A perjured villain!

ANTONY.

[to CLEOPATRA.] Your Alexas; yours.

CLEOPATRA.

Oh, 'twas his plot; his ruinous design,

To engage you in my love by jealousy.

Hear him; confront him with me; let him speak.

ANTONY.

I have; I have.

CLEOPATRA.

And if he clear me not—

ANTONY.

Your creature! one, who hangs upon your smiles!

Watches your eye, to say or to unsay,

Whate’er you please! I am not to be moved.

CLEOPATRA.

Then must we part? Farewell, my cruel lord!

The appearance is against me; and I go,

Unjustified, for ever from your sight.

How I have loved, you know; how yet I love,

My only comfort is, I know myself:

I love you more, even now you are unkind,

Then when you loved me most; so well, so truly

I’ll never strive against it; but die pleased,

To think you once were mine.

ANTONY.

Good heaven, they weep at parting!

Must I weep too? that calls them innocent.

I must not weep; and yet I must, to think

That I must not forgive.—

Live, but live wretched; ’tis but just you should,

Who made me so: Live from each other’s sight:

Let me not hear you meet. Set all the earth,

And all the seas, betwixt your sundered loves:

View nothing common but the sun and skies.

Now, all take several ways;

And each your own sad fate, with mine, deplore;

That you were false, and I could trust no more.

[Exeunt severally.]

Act V

Scene I

[Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, and IRAS.]

CHARMION.

Be juster, Heaven; such virtue punished thus,

Will make us think that chance rules all above,

And shuffles, with a random hand, the lots,

Which man is forced to draw.

CLEOPATRA.

I could tear out these eyes, that gained his heart,

And had not power to keep it. O the curse

Of doting on, even when I find it dotage!

Bear witness, gods, you heard him bid me go;

You, whom he mocked with imprecating vows

Of promised faith!—I'll die; I will not bear it.

You may hold me—

[She pulls out her dagger, and they hold her.]

But I can keep my breath; I can die inward,

And choke this love.

[Enter ALEXAS.]

IRAS.

Help, O Alexas, help!

The queen grows desperate; her soul struggles in her

With all the agonies of love and rage,

And strives to force its passage.

CLEOPATRA.

Let me go.

Art thou there, traitor!—O,

O for a little breath, to vent my rage,

Give, give me way, and let me loose upon him.

ALEXAS.

Yes, I deserve it, for my ill-timed truth.

Was it for me to prop The ruins of a falling majesty?

To place myself beneath the mighty flaw,

Thus to be crushed, and pounded into atoms,

By its o'erwhelming weight? 'Tis too presuming

For subjects to preserve that wilful power,

Which courts its own destruction.

CLEOPATRA.

I would reason

More calmly with you. Did not you o'errule,

And force my plain, direct, and open love,

Into these crooked paths of jealousy?

Now, what's the event? Octavia is removed;

But Cleopatra's banished. Thou, thou villain,

Hast pushed my boat to open sea; to prove,

At my sad cost, if thou canst steer it back.

It cannot be; I'm lost too far; I'm ruined:

Hence, thou impostor, traitor, monster, devil!—

I can no more: Thou, and my griefs, have sunk

Me down so low, that I want voice to curse thee.

ALEXAS.

Suppose some shipwrecked seaman near the shore,

Dropping and faint, with climbing up the cliff,

If, from above, some charitable hand

Pull him to safety, hazarding himself,

To draw the other's weight; would he look back,

And curse him for his pains? The case is yours;

But one step more, and you have gained the height.

CLEOPATRA.

Sunk, never more to rise.

ALEXAS.

Octavia's gone, and Dolabella banished.

Believe me, madam, Antony is yours.

His heart was never lost, but started of

To jealousy, love's last retreat and covert;

Where it lies hid in shades, watchful in silence,

And listening for the sound that calls it back.

Some other, any man ('tis so advanced),

May perfect this unfinished work, which I

(Unhappy only to myself) have left

So easy to his hand.

CLEOPATRA.

Look well thou do't; else—

ALEXAS.

Else, what your silence threatens.—Antony

Is mounted up the Pharos; from whose turret,

He stands surveying our Egyptian galleys,

Engaged with Caesar's fleet. Now death or conquest!

If the first happen, fate acquits my promise;

If we o'ercome, the conqueror is yours.

[A distant shout within.]

CHARMION.

Have comfort, madam: Did you mark that shout?

[Second shout nearer.]

IRAS.

Hark! they redouble it.

ALEXAS.

'Tis from the port.

The loudness shows it near: Good news, kind heavens!

CLEOPATRA.

Osiris make it so!

[Enter SERAPION.]

SERAPION.

Where, where's the queen?

ALEXAS.

How frightfully the holy coward stares

As if not yet recovered of the assault,

When all his gods, and, what's more dear to him,

His offerings, were at stake.

SERAPION.

O horror, horror!

Egypt has been; our latest hour has come:

The queen of nations, from her ancient seat,

Is sunk for ever in the dark abyss:

Time has unrolled her glories to the last,

And now closed up the volume.

CLEOPATRA.

Be more plain:

Say, whence thou comest; though fate is in thy face,

Which from the haggard eyes looks wildly out,

And threatens ere thou speakest.

SERAPION.

I came from Pharos;

From viewing (spare me, and imagine it)

Our land's last hope, your navy—

CLEOPATRA.

Vanquished?

SERAPION.

No:

They fought not.

CLEOPATRA.

Then they fled.

SERAPION.

Nor that. I saw,

With Antony, your well-appointed fleet

Row out; and thrice he waved his hand on high,

And thrice with cheerful cries they shouted back:

'Twas then false Fortune, like a fawning strumpet,

About to leave the bankrupt prodigal,

With a dissembled smile would kiss at parting,

And flatter to the last; the well-timed oars,

Now dipt from every bank, now smoothly run

To meet the foe; and soon indeed they met,

But not as foes. In few, we saw their caps

On either side thrown up; the Egyptian galleys,

Received like friends, passed through, and fell behind

The Roman rear: And now, they all come forward,

And ride within the port.

CLEOPATRA.

Enough, Serapion:

I've heard my doom.—This needed not, you gods:

When I lost Antony, your work was done;

'Tis but superfluous malice.—Where's my lord?

How bears he this last blow?

SERAPION.

His fury cannot be expressed by words:

Thrice he attempted headlong to have fallen

Full on his foes, and aimed at Caesar's galley:

Withheld, he raves on you; cries,—He's betrayed.

Should he now find you—

ALEXAS.

Shun him; seek your safety,

Till you can clear your innocence.

CLEOPATRA.

I'll stay.

ALEXAS.

You must not; haste you to your monument,

While I make speed to Caesar.

CLEOPATRA.

Caesar!

No, I have no business with him.

ALEXAS.

I can work him

To spare your life, and let this madman perish.

CLEOPATRA.

Base fawning wretch! wouldst thou betray him too?

Hence from my sight! I will not hear a traitor;

'Twas thy design brought all this ruin on us.—

Serapion, thou art honest; counsel me:

But haste, each moment's precious.

SERAPION.

Retire; you must not yet see Antony.

He who began this mischief,

'Tis just he tempt the danger; let him clear you:

And, since he offered you his servile tongue,

To gain a poor precarious life from Caesar,

Let him expose that fawning eloquence,

And speak to Antony.

ALEXAS.

O heavens! I dare not; I meet my certain death.

CLEOPATRA.

Slave, thou deservest it.—

Not that I fear my lord, will I avoid him;

I know him noble: when he banished me,

And thought me false, he scorned to take my life;

But I'll be justified, and then die with him.

ALEXAS.

O pity me, and let me follow you.

CLEOPATRA.

To death, if thou stir hence. Speak, if thou canst,

Now for thy life, which basely thou wouldst save;

While mine I prize at—this! Come, good Serapion.

[Exeunt CLEOPATRA, SERAPION, CHARMION, and IRAS.]

ALEXAS.

O that I less could fear to lose this being,

Which, like a snowball in my coward hand,

The more 'tis grasped, the faster melts away.

Poor reason! what a wretched aid art thou!

For still, in spite of thee,

These two long lovers, soul and body, dread

Their final separation. Let me think:

What can I say, to save myself from death?

No matter what becomes of Cleopatra.

ANTONY.

Which way? where?

[Within.]

VENTIDIUS.

This leads to the monument.

[Within.]

ALEXAS.

Ah me! I hear him; yet I'm unprepared:

My gift of lying's gone;

And this court-devil, which I so oft have raised,

Forsakes me at my need. I dare not stay;

Yet cannot far go hence.

[Exit.]

[Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.]

ANTONY.

O happy Caesar! thou hast men to lead:

Think not 'tis thou hast conquered Antony;

But Rome has conquered Egypt. I'm betrayed.

VENTIDIUS.

Curse on this treacherous train!

Their soil and heaven infect them all with baseness:

And their young souls come tainted to the world

With the first breath they draw.

ANTONY.

The original villain sure no god created;

He was a bastard of the sun, by Nile,

Aped into man; with all his mother's mud

Crusted about his soul.

VENTIDIUS.

The nation is

One universal traitor; and their queen

The very spirit and extract of them all.

ANTONY.

Is there yet left

A possibility of aid from valour?

Is there one god unsworn to my destruction?

The least unmortgaged hope? for, if there be,

Methinks I cannot fall beneath the fate

Of such a boy as Caesar.

The world's one half is yet in Antony;

And from each limb of it, that's hewed away,

The soul comes back to me.

VENTIDIUS.

There yet remain

Three legions in the town. The last assault

Lopt off the rest; if death be your design,—

As I must wish it now,—these are sufficient

To make a heap about us of dead foes,

An honest pile for burial.

ANTONY.

They are enough.

We'll not divide our stars; but, side by side,

Fight emulous, and with malicious eyes

Survey each other's acts: So every death

Thou giv'st, I'll take on me, as a just debt,

And pay thee back a soul.

VENTIDIUS.

Now you shall see I love you. Not a word

Of chiding more. By my few hours of life,

I am so pleased with this brave Roman fate,

That I would not be Caesar, to outlive you.

When we put off this flesh, and mount together,

I shall be shown to all the ethereal crowd,—

Lo, this is he who died with Antony!

ANTONY.

Who knows, but we may pierce through all their troops,

And reach my veterans yet? 'tis worth the 'tempting,

To o'erleap this gulf of fate,

And leave our wandering destinies behind.

[Enter ALEXAS, trembling.]

VENTIDIUS.

See, see, that villain!

See Cleopatra stamped upon that face,

With all her cunning, all her arts of falsehood!

How she looks out through those dissembling eyes!

How he sets his countenance for deceit,

And promises a lie, before he speaks!

Let me despatch him first.

[Drawing.]

ALEXAS.

O spare me, spare me!

ANTONY.

Hold; he's not worth your killing.—On thy life,

Which thou may'st keep, because I scorn to take it,

No syllable to justify thy queen;

Save thy base tongue its office.

ALEXAS.

Sir, she is gone.

Where she shall never be molested more

By love, or you.

ANTONY.

Fled to her Dolabella!

Die, traitor! I revoke my promise! die!

[Going to kill him.]

ALEXAS.

O hold! she is not fled.

ANTONY.

She is: my eyes

Are open to her falsehood; my whole life

Has been a golden dream of love and friendship;

But, now I wake, I'm like a merchant, roused

From soft repose, to see his vessel sinking,

And all his wealth cast over. Ungrateful woman!

Who followed me, but as the swallow summer,

Hatching her young ones in my kindly beams,

Singing her flatteries to my morning wake:

But, now my winter comes, she spreads her wings,

And seeks the spring of Caesar.

ALEXAS.

Think not so;

Her fortunes have, in all things, mixed with yours.

Had she betrayed her naval force to Rome,

How easily might she have gone to Caesar,

Secure by such a bribe!

VENTIDIUS.

She sent it first,

To be more welcome after.

ANTONY.

'Tis too plain;

Else would she have appeared, to clear herself.

ALEXAS.

Too fatally she has: she could not bear

To be accused by you; but shut herself

Within her monument; looked down and sighed;

While, from her unchanged face, the silent tears

Dropt, as they had not leave, but stole their parting.

Some indistinguished words she only murmured;

At last, she raised her eyes; and, with such looks

As dying Lucrece cast—

ANTONY.

My heart forebodes—

VENTIDIUS.

All for the best:—Go on.

ALEXAS.

She snatched her poniard,

And, ere we could prevent the fatal blow,

Plunged it within her breast; then turned to me:

Go, bear my lord, said she, my last farewell;

And ask him, if he yet suspect my faith.

More she was saying, but death rushed betwixt.

She half pronounced your name with her last breath,

And buried half within her.

VENTIDIUS.

Heaven be praised!

ANTONY.

Then art thou innocent, my poor dear love,

And art thou dead?

O those two words! their sound should be divided:

Hadst thou been false, and died; or hadst thou lived,

And hadst been true—But innocence and death!

This shows not well above. Then what am I,

The murderer of this truth, this innocence!

Thoughts cannot form themselves in words so horrid

As can express my guilt!

VENTIDIUS.

Is't come to this? The gods have been too gracious;

And thus you thank them for it!

ANTONY.

[to ALEXAS.] Why stayest thou here?

Is it for thee to spy upon my soul,

And see its inward mourning? Get thee hence;

Thou art not worthy to behold, what now

Becomes a Roman emperor to perform.

ALEXAS.

He loves her still:

His grief betrays it. Good! the joy to find

She's yet alive, completes the reconcilement.

I've saved myself, and her. But, oh! the Romans!

Fate comes too fast upon my wit,

Hunts me too hard, and meets me at each double.

[Aside.]

[Exit.]

VENTIDIUS.

Would she had died a little sooner, though!

Before Octavia went, you might have treated:

Now 'twill look tame, and would not be received.

Come, rouse yourself, and let's die warm together.

ANTONY.

I will not fight: there's no more work for war.

The business of my angry hours is done.

VENTIDIUS.

Caesar is at your gates.

ANTONY.

Why, let him enter;

He's welcome now.

VENTIDIUS.

What lethargy has crept into your soul?

ANTONY.

'Tis but a scorn of life, and just desire

To free myself from bondage.

VENTIDIUS.

Do it bravely.

ANTONY.

I will; but not by fighting. O Ventidius!

What should I fight for now?—my queen is dead.

I was but great for her; my power, my empire,

Were but my merchandise to buy her love;

And conquered kings, my factors. Now she's dead,

Let Caesar take the world,—

An empty circle, since the jewel's gone

Which made it worth my strife: my being's nauseous;

For all the bribes of life are gone away.

VENTIDIUS.

Would you be taken?

ANTONY.

Yes, I would be taken;

But, as a Roman ought,—dead, my Ventidius:

For I'll convey my soul from Caesar's reach,

And lay down life myself. 'Tis time the world

Should have a lord, and know whom to obey.

We two have kept its homage in suspense,

And bent the globe, on whose each side we trod,

Till it was dented inwards. Let him walk

Alone upon't: I'm weary of my part.

My torch is out; and the world stands before me,

Like a black desert at the approach of night:

I'll lay me down, and stray no farther on.

VENTIDIUS.

I could be grieved,

But that I'll not outlive you: choose your death;

For, I have seen him in such various shapes,

I care not which I take: I'm only troubled,

The life I bear is worn to such a rag,

'Tis scarce worth giving. I could wish, indeed,

We threw it from us with a better grace;

That, like two lions taken in the toils,

We might at last thrust out our paws, and wound

The hunters that inclose us.

ANTONY.

I have thought on it.

Ventidius, you must live.

VENTIDIUS.

I must not, sir.

ANTONY.

Wilt thou not live, to speak some good of me?

To stand by my fair fame, and guard the approaches

From the ill tongues of men?

VENTIDIUS.

Who shall guard mine,

For living after you?

ANTONY.

Say, I command it.

VENTIDIUS.

If we die well, our deaths will speak themselves

And need no living witness.

ANTONY.

Thou hast loved me,

And fain I would reward thee. I must die;

Kill me, and take the merit of my death,

To make thee friends with Caesar.

VENTIDIUS.

Thank your kindness.

You said I loved you; and in recompense,

You bid me turn a traitor: Did I think

You would have used me thus?—that I should die

With a hard thought of you?

ANTONY.

Forgive me, Roman.

Since I have heard of Cleopatra's death,

My reason bears no rule upon my tongue,

But lets my thoughts break all at random out.

I've thought better; do not deny me twice.

VENTIDIUS.

By Heaven I will not.

Let it not be to outlive you.

ANTONY.

Kill me first,

And then die thou; for ’tis but just thou serve

Thy friend, before thyself.

VENTIDIUS.

Give me your hand.

We soon shall meet again. Now, farewell, emperor!—

[Embrace.]

Methinks that word’s too cold to be my last:

Since death sweeps all distinctions, farewell, friend!

That’s all—

I will not make a business of a trifle;

And yet I cannot look on you, and kill you;

Pray turn your face.

ANTONY.

I do: strike home, be sure.

VENTIDIUS.

Home as my sword will reach.

[Kills himself.]

ANTONY.

Oh, thou mistak’st;

That wound was not of thine; give it me back:

Thou robb’st me of my death.

VENTIDIUS.

I do indeed;

But think ’tis the first time I e’er deceived you,

If that may plead my pardon.—And you, gods,

Forgive me, if you will; for I die perjured,

Rather than kill my friend.

[Dies.]

ANTONY.

Farewell! Ever my leader, even in death!

My queen and thou have got the start of me,

And I'm the lag of honour.—Gone so soon?

Is Death no more? he used him carelessly,

With a familiar kindness: ere he knocked,

Ran to the door, and took him in his arms,

As who should say—You're welcome at all hours,

A friend need give no warning. Books had spoiled him;

For all the learned are cowards by profession.

'Tis not worth

My further thought; for death, for aught I know,

Is but to think no more. Here's to be satisfied.

[Falls on his sword.]

I've missed my heart. O unperforming hand!

Thou never couldst have erred in a worse time.

My fortune jades me to the last; and death,

Like a great man, takes state, and makes me wait

For my admittance.—

[Trampling within.]

Some, perhaps, from Caesar:

If he should find me living, and suspect

That I played booty with my life! I'll mend

My work, ere they can reach me.

[Rises upon his knees.]

[Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, and IRAS.]

CLEOPATRA.

Where is my lord? where is he?

CHARMION.

There he lies,

And dead Ventidius by him.

CLEOPATRA.

My tears were prophets; I am come too late.

O that accursed Alexas!

[Runs to him.]

ANTONY.

Art thou living? Or am I dead before I knew, and thou The first kind ghost that meets me?

CLEOPATRA.

Help me seat him. Send quickly, send for help!

[They place him in a chair.]

ANTONY.

I am answered.

We live both. Sit thee down, my Cleopatra:

I'll make the most I can of life, to stay

A moment more with thee.

CLEOPATRA.

How is it with you?

ANTONY.

'Tis as with a man

Removing in a hurry; all packed up,

But one dear jewel that his haste forgot;

And he, for that, returns upon the spur:

So I come back for thee.

CLEOPATRA.

Too long, ye heavens, you have been cruel to me:

Now show your mended faith, and give me back

His fleeting life!

ANTONY.

It will not be, my love;

I keep my soul by force.

Say but, thou art not false.

CLEOPATRA.

'Tis now too late

To say I'm true: I'll prove it, and die with you.

Unknown to me, Alexas feigned my death:

Which, when I knew, I hasted to prevent

This fatal consequence. My fleet betrayed

Both you and me.

ANTONY.

And Dolabella—

CLEOPATRA.

Scarce

Esteemed before he loved; but hated now.

ANTONY.

Enough: my life's not long enough for more.

Thou say'st, thou wilt come after: I believe thee;

For I can now believe whate'er thou sayest,

That we may part more kindly.

CLEOPATRA.

I will come:

Doubt not, my life, I'll come, and quickly too:

Caesar shall triumph o'er no part of thee.

ANTONY.

But grieve not, while thou stayest,

My last disastrous times:

Think we have had a clear and glorious day

And Heaven did kindly to delay the storm,

Just till our close of evening. Ten years' love,

And not a moment lost, but all improved

To the utmost joys,—what ages have we lived?

And now to die each other's; and, so dying,

While hand in hand we walk in groves below,

Whole troops of lovers' ghosts shall flock about us,

And all the train be ours.

CLEOPATRA.

Your words are like the notes of dying swans,

Too sweet to last. Were there so many hours

For your unkindness, and not one for love?

ANTONY.

No, not a minute.—This one kiss—more worth

Than all I leave to Caesar.

[Dies.]

CLEOPATRA.

O tell me so again,

And take ten thousand kisses for that word.

My lord, my lord! speak, if you yet have being;

Sign to me, if you cannot speak; or cast

One look! Do anything that shows you live.

IRAS.

He's gone too far to hear you;

And this you see, a lump of senseless clay,

The leavings of a soul.

CHARMION.

Remember, madam,

He charged you not to grieve.

CLEOPATRA.

And I'll obey him.

I have not loved a Roman, not to know

What should become his wife; his wife, my Charmion!

For 'tis to that high title I aspire;

And now I'll not die less. Let dull Octavia

Survive, to mourn him dead: My nobler fate

Shall knit our spousals with a tie, too strong

For Roman laws to break.

IRAS.

Will you then die?

CLEOPATRA.

Why shouldst thou make that question?

IRAS.

Caesar is merciful.

CLEOPATRA.

Let him be so

To those that want his mercy: My poor lord

Made no such covenant with him, to spare me

When he was dead. Yield me to Caesar's pride?

What! to be led in triumph through the streets,

A spectacle to base plebeian eyes;

While some dejected friend of Antony's,

Close in a corner, shakes his head, and mutters

A secret curse on her who ruined him!

I'll none of that.

CHARMION.

Whatever you resolve,

I'll follow, even to death.

IRAS.

I only feared

For you; but more should fear to live without you.

CLEOPATRA.

Why, now, 'tis as it should be. Quick, my friends,

Despatch; ere this, the town's in Caesar's hands:

My lord looks down concerned, and fears my stay,

Lest I should be surprised;

Keep him not waiting for his love too long.

You, Charmion, bring my crown and richest jewels;

With them, the wreath of victory I made

(Vain augury!) for him, who now lies dead:

You, Iras, bring the cure of all our ills.

IRAS.

The aspics, madam?

CLEOPATRA.

Must I bid you twice?

[Exit CHARMION and IRAS.]

'Tis sweet to die, when they would force life on me,

To rush into the dark abode of death,

And seize him first; if he be like my love,

He is not frightful, sure.

We're now alone, in secrecy and silence;

And is not this like lovers? I may kiss

These pale, cold lips; Octavia does not see me:

And, oh! 'tis better far to have him thus,

Than see him in her arms.—Oh, welcome, welcome!

[Enter CHARMION and IRAS.]

CHARMION.

What must be done?

CLEOPATRA.

Short ceremony, friends;

But yet it must be decent. First, this laurel

Shall crown my hero's head: he fell not basely,

Nor left his shield behind him.—Only thou

Couldst triumph o'er thyself; and thou alone

Wert worthy so to triumph.

CHARMION.

To what end

These ensigns of your pomp and royalty?

CLEOPATRA.

Dull, that thou art! why 'tis to meet my love;

As when I saw him first, on Cydnus' bank,

All sparkling, like a goddess: so adorned,

I'll find him once again; my second spousals

Shall match my first in glory. Haste, haste, both,

And dress the bride of Antony.

CHARMION.

'Tis done.

CLEOPATRA.

Now seat me by my lord. I claim this place,

For I must conquer Caesar too, like him,

And win my share of the world.—Hail, you dear relics

Of my immortal love!

O let no impious hand remove you hence:

But rest for ever here! Let Egypt give

His death that peace, which it denied his life.—

Reach me the casket.

IRAS.

Underneath the fruit

The aspic lies.

CLEOPATRA.

Welcome, thou kind deceiver!

[Putting aside the leaves.]

Thou best of thieves: who, with an easy key,

Dost open life, and, unperceived by us,

Even steal us from ourselves; discharging so

Death's dreadful office, better than himself;

Touching our limbs so gently into slumber,

That Death stands by, deceived by his own image,

And thinks himself but sleep.

SERAPION.

The queen, where is she?

[Within.]

The town is yielded, Caesar's at the gates.

CLEOPATRA.

He comes too late to invade the rights of death!

Haste, bare my arm, and rouse the serpent's fury.

[Holds out her arm, and draws it back.]

Coward flesh,

Wouldst thou conspire with Caesar to betray me,

As thou wert none of mine? I'll force thee to it,

And not be sent by him,

But bring, myself, my soul to Antony.

[Turns aside, and then shows her arm bloody.]

Take hence; the work is done.

SERAPION.

Break ope the door,

[Within.]

And guard the traitor well.

CHARMION.

The next is ours.

IRAS.

Now, Charmion, to be worthy

Of our great queen and mistress.

[They apply the aspics.]

CLEOPATRA.

Already, death, I feel thee in my veins:

I go with such a will to find my lord,

That we shall quickly meet.

A heavy numbness creeps through every limb,

And now 'tis at my head: My eyelids fall,

And my dear love is vanquished in a mist.

Where shall I find him, where? O turn me to him,

And lay me on his breast!—Caesar, thy worst;

Now part us, if thou canst.

[Dies.]

[IRAS sinks down at her feet, and dies; CHARMION stands behind her chair, as dressing her head.]

[Enter SERAPION, two PRIESTS, ALEXAS bound, EGYPTIANS.]

PRIEST.

Behold, Serapion,

What havoc death has made!

SERAPION.

'Twas what I feared.—

Charmion, is this well done?

CHARMION.

Yes, 'tis well done, and like a queen, the last

Of her great race: I follow her.

[Sinks down: dies.]

ALEXAS.

'Tis true, She has done well:

Much better thus to die,

Than live to make a holiday in Rome.

SERAPION.

See how the lovers sit in state together,

As they were giving laws to half mankind!

The impression of a smile, left in her face,

Shows she died pleased with him for whom she lived,

And went to charm him in another world.

Caesar's just entering: grief has now no leisure.

Secure that villain, as our pledge of safety,

To grace the imperial triumph.—Sleep, blest pair,

Secure from human chance, long ages out,

While all the storms of fate fly o'er your tomb;

And fame to late posterity shall tell,

No lovers lived so great, or died so well. [Exeunt.]

Epilogue

Poets, like disputants, when reasons fail,

Have one sure refuge left—and that's to rail.

Fop, coxcomb, fool, are thundered through the pit;

And this is all their equipage of wit.

We wonder how the devil this difference grows

Betwixt our fools in verse, and yours in prose:

For, 'faith, the quarrel rightly understood,

'Tis civil war with their own flesh and blood.

The threadbare author hates the gaudy coat;

And swears at the gilt coach, but swears afoot:

For 'tis observed of every scribbling man,

He grows a fop as fast as e'er he can;

Prunes up, and asks his oracle, the glass,

If pink or purple best become his face.

For our poor wretch, he neither rails nor prays;

Nor likes your wit just as you like his plays;

He has not yet so much of Mr. Bayes.

He does his best; and if he cannot please,

Would quietly sue out his WRIT OF EASE.

Yet, if he might his own grand jury call,

By the fair sex he begs to stand or fall.

Let Caesar's power the men's ambition move,

But grace you him who lost the world for love!

Yet if some antiquated lady say,

The last age is not copied in his play;

Heaven help the man who for that face must drudge,

Which only has the wrinkles of a judge.

Let not the young and beauteous join with those;

For should you raise such numerous hosts of foes,

Young wits and sparks he to his aid must call;

'Tis more than one man's work to please you all.

3.10.3: "A Discourse Concerning the Original and Progress of Satire"

(1693)

And now, my Lord, to apply what I have said, to my present Business; the Satires of *Juvenal* and *Persius*, appearing in this New English Dress, cannot so properly be Inscrib'd to any Man as to Your Lordship, who are the First of the Age in that way of Writing. Your Lordship, amongst many other Favours, has given me Your Permission for this Address; and You have particularly Encourag'd me by Your Perusal and Approbation of the *Sixth* and *Tenth Satires of Juvenal*, as I have Translated them. My fellow Labourers, have likewise Commission'd me, to perform in their behalf this Office of a Dedication to you; and will acknowledge with all possible Respect and Gratitude, your Acceptance of their Work. Some of them have the Honour to be known to your Lordship already; and they who have not yet that happiness, desire it now. Be pleas'd to receive our common Endeavours with your wonted Candor, without Intitleing you to the Protection of our common Failings, in so difficult an Undertakeing. And allow me your Patience, if it be not already tir'd with this long Epistle, to give you from the Best Authors, the Origine, the Antiquity, the Growth, the Change, and the Compleatment of Satire among the *Romans*. To Describe, if not Define, the Nature of that Poem, with it's several Qualifications and Virtues, together with the several sorts of it. To compare the Excellencies of *Horace*, *Persius* and *Juvenal*, and shew the particular Manners of their Satires. And lastly, to give an Account of this New Way of Version which is attempted in our Performance. All which, according to the weakness of my Ability, and the best Lights which I can get from others, shall be the Subject of my following Discourse.

There has been a long Dispute amongst the Modern Critiques, whether the *Romans* deriv'd their Satire from the *Grecians*, or first Invented it themselves. *Julius Scaliger* and *Heinsius*, are of the first Opinion; *Casaubon*, *Rigaltius*, *Dacier*, and the Publisher of the *Dauphin's Juvenal* maintain the Latter. If we take Satire in the general signification of the Word, as it is us'd in all Modern Languages, for an Invective, 'tis certain that it is almost as old as Verse; and tho' Hymns, which are praises of God, may be allow'd to have been before it, yet the defamation of others was not long after it. After God had Curs'd *Adam* and *Eve* in Paradise, the Husband and Wife excus'd themselves, by laying the blame on one another; and gave a beginning to those Conjugal Dialogues in Prose; which the Poets have perfected in Verse. The Third Chapter of *Job* is one of the first Instances of this Poem in Holy Scripture: Unless we will take it higher, from the latter end of the second; where his Wife advises him to curse his Maker.

This Original, I confess, is not much to the Honour of Satire; but here it was Nature, and that deprav'd: When it became an Art, it bore better Fruit. Only we have learnt thus much already, that Scoffs and Revilings are of the growth of all Nations; and consequently that neither the Greek Poets borrow'd from other People their Art of Railing, neither needed the *Romans* to take it from them. But considering Satire as a Species of Poetry; here the War begins amongst the Criticks.

Scaliger the Father will have it descend from *Greece* to *Rome*; and derives the word Satyre, from *Satyrus*, that mixt kind of Animal, or, as the Ancients thought him, Rural God, made up betwixt a Man and a Goat; with a Humane Head, Hook'd Nose, Powting Lips, a Bunch, or Struma under the Chin, prick'd Ears, and upright Horns; the Body shagg'd with hair, especially from the waste, and ending in a Goat, with the legs and feet of that Creature. But *Casaubon*, and his Followers, with Reason, condemn this derivation; and prove that from *Satyrus*, the word *Satira*, as it signifies a Poem, cannot possibly descend. For *Satira* is not properly a Substantive, but an Adjective; to which, the word *Lanx*, in English a Charger, or large Platter, is understood: So that the Greek Poem made according to the Manners of a Satyr, and expressing his Qualities, must properly be call'd Satyrical, and not Satire: And thus far 'tis allow'd, that the *Grecians* had such Poems; but that they where wholly different in Specie, from that to which the *Romans* gave the Name of Satire.

Aristotle divides all Poetry, in relation to the Progress of it, into Nature without Art: Art begun, and Art Compleated. Mankind, even the most Barbarous have the Seeds of Poetry implanted in them. The first Specimen of it was certainly shewn in the Praises of the Deity, and Prayers to him: And as they are of Natural Obligation, so they are likewise of Divine Institution. Which *Milton* observing, introduces *Adam* and *Eve*, every Morning adoring God in Hymns and Prayers. The first Poetry was thus begun, in the wild Notes of Nature, before the invention of Feet, and Measures. The *Grecians* and *Romans* had no other Original of their Poetry. Festivals and Holydays soon succeeded to Private Worship, and we need not doubt but they were enjoyn'd by the true God to his own People; as they were afterwards imitated by the *Heathens*; who by the light of Reason knew they were to invoke some Superiour Being in their Necessities, and to thank him for his Benefits. Thus the *Grecian* Holydays were Celebrated with Offerings to *Bacchus* and *Ceres*, and other Deities, to whose Bounty they suppos'd they were owing for their Corn and Wine, and other helps of Life. And the Ancient *Romans*, as *Horace* tells us, paid their thanks to Mother Earth, or *Vesta*, to *Silvanus*, and their *Genius*, in the same manner. But as all Festivals have a double Reason of their Institution; the first of Religion, the other of Recreation, for the unbending of our Minds: So both the *Grecians* and *Romans* agreed, after their Sacrifices were perform'd, to spend the remainder of the day in Sports and Merriments; amongst which, Songs and Dances, and that which they call'd Wit, (for want of knowing better,) were the

chiefest Entertainments. The *Grecians* had a notion of Satyres, whom I have already describ'd; and taking them, and the *Sileni*, that is the young Satyrs and the old, for the Tutors, Attendants, and Humble Companions of their *Bacchus*, habited themselves like those Rural Deities, and imitated them in their Rustick Dances, to which they join'd Songs, with some sort of rude Harmony, but without certain Numbers; and to these they added a kind of Chorus.

The *Romans* also (as Nature is the same in all places) though they knew nothing of those *Grecian* Demi-Gods, nor had any Communication with *Greece*, yet had certain Young Men, who at their Festivals, Danc'd and Sung after their uncouth manner, to a certain kind of Verse, which they call'd *Saturnian*; what it was, we have no very certain light from Antiquity to discover; but we may conclude, that, like the *Grecian*, it was void of Art, or at least with very feeble beginnings of it. Those Ancient *Romans*, at these Holydays, which were a mixture of Devotion and Debauchery, had a Custom of reproaching each other with their Faults, in a sort of *Extempore* Poetry, or rather of tunable hobling Verse; and they answer'd in the same kind of gross Raillery; their Wit and their Musick being of a piece. The *Grecians*, says *Casaubon*, had formerly done the same, in the Persons of their petulant Satyrs: But I am afraid he mistakes the matter, and confounds the Singing and Dancing of the Satyrs, with the Rustical Entertainments of the first Romans. The Reason of my Opinion is this; that *Casaubon* finding little light from Antiquity, of these beginnings of Poetry, amongst the *Grecians*, but only these Representations of *Satyrs*, who carry'd *Canisters* and *Cornucopias* full of several Fruits in their hands, and danc'd with them at their Publick Feasts: And afterwards reading *Horace*, who makes mention of his homely *Romans*, jesting at one another in the same kind of Solemnities, might suppose those wanton *Satyrs* did the same. And especially because *Horace* possibly might seem to him, to have shewn the Original of all Poetry in general, including the *Grecians*, as well as *Romans*: Though 'tis plainly otherwise, that he only describ'd the beginning, and first Rudiments of Poetry in his own Country. The Verses are these, which he cites from the First Epistle of the Second Book, which was Written to *Augustus*.

Agricolæ prisci, fortes, parvoq; beati,

Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo

Corpus & ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,

Cum sociis operum, & pueris, & conjuge fidâ,

Tellurem Porco, Silvanum lacte piabant;

Floribus & vino Genium memorem brevis ævi:

Fescennina per hunc invent a licentia morem

Versibus alternis, opprobria rustica fudit.

Our Brawny Clowns of Old, who turn'd the soyl,

Content with little, and inur'd to toyl,

At Harvest home, with Mirth and Country Cheer

Restor'd their Bodies for another year:

Refresh'd their Spirits, and renew'd their Hope,

Of such a future Feast, and future Crop.

Then with their Fellow-joggers of the Ploughs,

Their little Children, and their faithful Spouse;

A Sow they slew to Vesta's Deity;

And kindly Milk, Silvanus, pour'd to thee.

With Flow'rs, and Wine, their Genius they ador'd;

A short Life, and a merry, was the word.

From flowing Cups defaming Rhymes ensue,

And at each other homely Taunts they threw.

Yet since it is a hard Conjecture, that so Great a Man as *Casaubon* shou'd misapply what *Horace* writ concerning Ancient *Rome*, to the Ceremonies and Manners of Ancient *Greece*, I will not insist on this Opinion, but rather judge in general, that since all Poetry had its Original from Religion, that of the *Grecians* and *Rome* had the same beginning: Both were invented at Festivals of Thanksgiving: And both were prosecuted with Mirth and Raillery, and Rudiments of Verses: Amongst the *Greeks*, by those who Represented *Satyrs*; and amongst the *Romans* by real Clowns.

Your Lordship has perceiv'd, by this time, that this Satyrique Tragedy, and the *Roman* Satire have little Resemblance in any of their Features. The very Kinds are different: For what has a Pastoral Tragedy to do with a Paper of Verses Satirically written? The Character and Raillery of the Satyres is the only thing that cou'd pretend to a likeness: Were *Scaliger* and *Heinsius* alive to maintain their Opinion. And the first Farces of the *Romans*, which were the Rudiments of their Poetry, were written before they had any Communication with the *Greeks*; or, indeed, any Knowledge of that People.

The Grecians, besides these Satyrique Tragedies, had another kind of Poem, which they call'd *Silli*; which were more of kin to the *Roman* Satire: Those *Silli* were indeed Invective Poems, but of a different Species from the *Roman* Poems of *Ennius*, *Pacuvius*, *Lucilius*, *Horace*, and the rest of their Successors. They were so call'd, says *Casaubon* in one place, from *Silenus*, the Foster-Father of *Bacchus*; but in another place, bethinking himself better, he derives their Name *apo tou sillainein*, from their Scoffing and Petulancy. From some Fragments of the *Silli*, written by *Timon*, we may find, that they were Satyrique Poems, full of *Parodies*; that is, of Verses patch'd up from great Poets, and turn'd into another Sence than their Author intended them. Such amongst the *Romans* is the Famous *Cento* of *Ausonius*; where the words are *Virgil's*: But by applying them to another Sense, they are made a Relation of a Wedding-Night; and the Act of Consummation fulsomly describ'd in the very words of the most Modest amongst all Poets. Of the same manner are our Songs, which are turn'd into Burlesque; and the serious words of the Author perverted into a ridiculous meaning. Thus in *Timon's Silli* the words are generally those of *Homer*, and the Tragick Poets; but he applies them Satyrically, to some Customs and Kinds of Philosophy, which he arraigns. But the Romans not using any of these *Parodies* in their Satyres sometimes, indeed, repeating Verses of other Men, as *Persius* cites some of *Nero*'s; but not turning them into another meaning, the *Silli* cannot be suppos'd to be the Original of *Roman* Satire. To these *Silli* consisting of *Parodies*, we may properly add, the Satires which were written against particular Persons; such as were the Iambiques of *Archilocus* against *Lycambes*, which *Horace* undoubtedly imitated in some of his *Odes* and *Epodes*, whose Titles bear sufficient witness of it: I might also name the Invective of *Ovid* against *Ibis*; and many others: But these are the Underwood of Satire, rather than the Timber-Trees: They are not of General Extension, as reaching only to some Individual Person. And *Horace* seems to have purg'd himself from those Splenetick Reflections in those *Odes* and *Epodes*, before he undertook the Noble Work of Satires; which were properly so call'd.

Thus, my Lord, I have at length disengag'd my self from those Antiquities of *Greece*; and have prov'd, I hope, from the best Critiques, that the *Roman* Satire was not borrow'd from thence, but of their own Manufacture: I am now almost gotten into my depth; at least by the help of *Dacier*, I am swimming towards it. Not that I will promise always to follow him, any more than he follows *Casaubon*; but to keep him in my Eye, as my best and truest Guide; and where I think he may possibly mislead me, there to have recourse to my own lights, as I expect that others should do by me.

Quintilian says, in plain words, *Satira quidem tota, nostra est*: And *Horace* had said the same thing before him, speaking of his Predecessor in that sort of Poetry, *Et Græcis intacti Carminis Author*. Nothing can be clearer than the Opinion of the Poet, and the Orator, both the best Criticks of the two best Ages of the *Roman* Empire, than that Satire was wholly of Latin growth, and not transplanted to *Rome* from *Athens*. Yet, as I have said, *Scaliger*, the Father, according to his Custom, that is, insolently enough, contradicts them both; and gives no better Reason, than the derivation of *Satyrus* from *sathu*, *Salacitas*; and so from the Lechery of those Fauns, thinks he has sufficiently prov'd, that Satyre is deriv'd from them. As if Wantonness and lubricity, were Essential to that sort of Poem, which ought to be avoided in it. His other Allegation, which I have already mention'd, is as pitiful: That the *Satyres* carried Platters and Canisters full of Fruit, in their Hands. If they had enter'd empty-handed, had they been ever the less *Satyres*? Or were the Fruits and Flowers, which they offer'd, any thing of kin to Satyre? Or any Argument that this Poem was Originally Grecian? *Causaubon* judg'd better, and his Opinion is grounded on sure Authority; that *Satyre* was deriv'd from *Satura*, a *Roman* word, which signifies Full, and Abundant; and full also of Variety, in which nothing is wanting to its due Perfection. 'Tis thus, says *Dacier*, that we lay a full Colour, when the Wool has taken the whole Tincture, and drunk in as much of the Dye as it can receive. According to this Derivation, from *Satar* comes *Satura*, or *Satira*: According to the new spelling, *asoptamus* and *maxumus* are now spell'd *optimus* and *maximus*. *Satura*, as I have formerly noted, is an Adjective, and relates to the word *Lanx*, which is understood. And this *Lanx*, in *English* a Charger, or large Platter, was yearly fill'd with all sorts of Fruits, which were offer'd to the Gods at their Festivals, as the *Premices*, or First Gatherings. These Offerings of several sorts thus mingl'd, 'tis true, were not unknown to the *Grecians*, who call'd them pankarpon thysian, a Sacrifice of all sorts of Fruits; and *panspermion*, when they offer'd all kinds of Grain. *Virgil* has mention'd these Sacrifices in his *Georgiques*.

Lancibus & pandis, fumantia reddimus Exta:

And in another place, *Lancesq; & liba feremus*. That is, we offer the smoaking Entrails in great Platters; and we will offer the Chargers, and the Cakes.

This word *Satura* has been afterward apply'd to many other sorts of Mixtures; as *Festus* calls it a kind of *Olla*, or hotch-potch, made of several sorts of Meats. Laws were also call'd *Leges Saturæ*; when they were of several Heads and Titles; like our tack'd Bills of Parliament. And *per Saturam legem ferre*, in the *Roman* Senate, was to carry a Law without telling the Senatours, or counting Voices when they were in haste. *Salust* uses the word *per Saturam Sententias exquirere*; when the Majority was visibly on one side. From hence it might probably be conjectur'd, that the Discourses or Satyres of *Ennius*, *Lucilius*, and *Horace*, as we now call them, took their Name; because they are full of various Matters, and are also Written on various Subjects, as *Porphyrius* says. But *Dacier* affirms, that it is not immediately from thence that these Satyres are so call'd: For that Name had been us'd formerly for other things, which bore a nearer resemblance to those Discourses of *Horace*. In explaining of which, (continues *Dacier*) a Method is to be pursu'd, of which *Casaubon* himself has never thought, and which will put all things into so clear a light, that no farther room will be left for the least Dispute.

During the space of almost four hundred years, since the Building of their City, the *Romans* had never known any Entertainments of the Stage: Chance and Jollity first found out those Verses which they call'd *Saturnian*, and *Fescennine* : Or rather Humane Nature, which is inclin'd to Poetry, first produc'd them, rude and barbarous, and unpolish'd, as all other Operations of the Soul are in their beginnings, before they are Cultivated with Art and Study. However, in occasions of Merriment they were first practis'd; and this rough-cast unhewn Poetry, was instead of Stage-Plays for the space of an hundred and twenty years together. They were made *extempore*, and were, as the *French* call them, *Impromptus*: For which the *Tarsians* of Old were much Renown'd; and we see the daily Examples of them in the Italian Farces of *Harlequin*, and *Scaramucha*. Such was the Poetry of that Salvage People, before it was tun'd into Numbers, and the Harmony of Verse. Little of the *Saturnian* Verses is now remaining; we only know from Authors, that they were nearer Prose than Poetry, without feet, or measure. They were *enrhythmoi*, but not *emmetroi*: Perhaps they might be us'd in the solemn part of their Ceremonies, and the *Fescennine*, which were invented after them, in their Afternoons Debauchery, because they were scoffing, and obscene.

When they began to be somewhat better bred, and were entering, as I may say, into the first Rudiments of Civil Conversation, they left these Hedge Notes, for another sort of Poem, somewhat polish'd, which was also full of pleasant Raillery, but without any mixture of obscenity. This sort of Poetry appear'd under the name of Satire, because of its variety: And this Satire was adorn'd with Compositions of Musick, and with Dances: but Lascivious Postures were banish'd from it. In the *Tuscan* Language, says *Livy*, the word *Hister* signifies a Player: And therefore those Actors, which were first brought from *Etruria* to *Rome*, on occasion of a Pestilence; when the *Romans* were admonish'd to avert the Anger of the Gods by Plays, in the Year *ab Urbe Condita,* cccxc. Those Actors, I say, were therefore call'd *Histriones*: And that Name has since remain'd, not only to Actors *Roman* born, but to all others of every Nation. They Play'd not the former *extempore* stuff of *Fescennine* Verses, or Clownish Jests; but what they Acted, was a kind of civil cleanly Farce, with Musick and Dances, and Motions that were proper to the Subject.

Having thus brought down the History of Satire from its Original, to the times of Horace, and shewn the several changes of it, I shou'd here discover some of those Graces which *Horace* added to it, but that I think it will be more proper to defer that Undertaking, till I make the Comparison betwixt him and *Juvenal*. In the mean while, following the Order of Time, it will be necessary to say somewhat of another kind of Satire, which also was descended from the Ancient: 'Tis that which we call the *Varronian* Satire, but which *Varro* himself calls the *Menippean*; because *Varro*, the most Learn'd of the *Romans*, was the first Author of it, who imitated, in his Works, the Manners of *Menippus* the *Gadarenian*, who profess'd the Philosophy of the Cyniques.

This sort of Satire was not only compos'd of several sorts of Verse, like those of *Ennius*, but was also mix'd with Prose; and Greek was sprinkl'd amongst the Latin. *Quintilian*, after he had spoken of the Satire of *Lucilius*, adds what follows. *There is another and former kind of Satire, Compos'd by* Terentius Varro*, the most Learn'd of the* Romans: *In which he was not satisfy'd alone, with mingling in it several sorts of Verse.* The only difficulty of this Passage, is, that Quintilian tells us, that this Satire of *Varro* was of a former kind. For how can we possibly imagine this to be, since *Varro*, who was contemporary to *Cicero*, must consequently be after *Lucilius*? But *Quintilian* meant not, that the Satire of *Varro* was in order of Time before *Lucilius*; he wou'd only give us to understand, that the *Varronian* Satire, with mixture of several sorts of Verses, was more after the manner of *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*, than that of *Lucilius*, who was more severe, and more correct, and gave himself less liberty in the mixture of his Verses, in the same Poem.

This we may believe for certain, That as his Subjects were various, so most of them were Tales or Stories of his own invention. Which is also manifest from Antiquity, by those Authors who are acknowledg'd to have written *Varronian* Satires, in imitation of his: Of whom the Chief is *Petronius Arbiter*, whose Satire, they say, is now Printing in *Holland*, wholly recover'd, and made compleat: When 'tis made publick, it will easily be seen by any one Sentence, whether it be supposititious, or genuine. Many of

Lucian's Dialogues may also properly be call'd *Varronian* Satires; particularly his *True History:* And consequently the *Golden Ass of Apuleius*, which is taken from him. Of the same stamp is the Mock Deification of *Claudius*, by *Seneca*: And the Symposium or *Cæsars* of *Julian* the Emperour. Amongst the Moderns we may reckon the *Encomium Moriæ* of *Erasmus*, *Barclay*'s *Euphormio*, and a Volume of *German* Authors, which my ingenious Friend Mr. *Charles Killigrew* once lent me. In the English I remember none, which are mix'd with Prose, as *Varro*'s were: But of the same kind is Mother *Hubbard*'s Tale in *Spencer*; and (if it be not too vain, to mention any thing of my own) the Poems of *Absalom*, and *Mac Fleckno*.

This is what I have to say in General of Satire: Only as *Dacier* has observ'd before me, we may take notice, That the word Satire is of a more general signification in Latin, than in French, or English. For amongst the *Romans* it was not only us'd for those Discourses which decry'd Vice, or expos'd Folly; but for others also, where Virtue was recommended. But in our Modern Languages we apply it only to invective Poems, where the very Name of Satire is formidable to those Persons, who wou'd appear to the World, what they are not in themselves. For in English, to say Satire, is to mean Reflection, as we use that word in the worst Sense; or as the *French* call it, more properly, *Medisance*. In the Criticism of Spelling, it ought to be with *i* and not with *y;* to distinguish its true derivation from *Satura*, not from Satyrus. And if this be so, then 'tis false spell'd throughout this Book: For here 'tis written Satyr. Which having not consider'd at the first, I thought it not worth Correcting afterwards. But the *French* are more nice, and never spell it any other ways than Satire.

I am now arriv'd at the most difficult part of my Undertaking, which is, to compare *Horace* with *Juvenal* and *Persius*: 'Tis observ'd by *Rigaltius*, in his Preface before *Juvenal*, written to *Thuanus*, that these three Poets have all their particular *Partisans*, and Favourers: Every Commentator, as he has taken pains with any of them, thinks himself oblig'd to prefer his Author to the other two: To find out their Failings, and decry them, that he may make room for his own Darling. Such is the partiality of Mankind, to set up that Interest which they have once espous'd, though it be to the prejudice of Truth, Morality, and common Justice. And especially in the productions of the Brain. As Authors generally think themselves the best Poets, because they cannot go out of themselves, to judge sincerely of their Betters: So it is with Critiques, who, having first taken a liking to one of these Poets, proceed to Comment on him, and to Illustrate him; after which they fall in love with their own Labours, to that degree of blind fondness, that at length they defend and exalt their Author, not so much for his sake as for their own. [. . .]

It had been much fairer, if the Modern Critiques, who have imbark'd in the Quarrels of their favourite Authors, had rather given to each his proper due; without taking from another's heap, to raise their own. There is Praise enough for each of them in particular, without encroaching on his Fellows, and detracting from them, or Enriching themselves with the Spoils of others. But to come to particulars: *Heinsius* and *Dacier*, are the most principal of those, who raise *Horace* above *Juvenal* and *Persius*. *Scaliger* the Father, *Rigaltius*, and many others, debase *Horace*, that they may set up *Juvenal*: And *Casaubon*, who is almost single, throws Dirt on *Juvenal* and *Horace*, that he may exalt Persius, whom he understood particularly well, and better than any of his former Commentators; even *Stelluti* who succeeded him. I will begin with him, who in my Opinion defends the weakest Cause, which is that of *Persius*; and labouring, as *Tacitus* professes of his own Writing, to divest my self of partiality, or prejudice, consider *Persius*, not as a Poet, whom I have wholly Translated, and who has cost me more labour and time, than *Juvenal*; but according to what I judge to be his own Merit; which I think not equal in the main, to that of *Juvenal* or *Horace*; and yet in some things to be preferr'd to both of them.

First, then, for the Verse, neither *Casaubon* himself, nor any for him, can defend either his Numbers, or the Purity of his *Latin*. *Casaubon* gives this point for lost; and pretends not to justifie either the Measures, or the Words of *Persius*: He is evidently beneath *Horace* and *Juvenal*, in both.

Then, as his Verse is scabrous, and hobbling, and his Words not every where well chosen, the purity of *Latin* being more corrupted, than in the time of *Juvenal*, and consequently of *Horace*, who writ when the Language was in the heighth of its perfection; so his diction is hard; his Figures are generally too bold and daring; and his Tropes, particularly his Metaphors, insufferably strain'd.

To consider *Persius* yet more closely: He rather insulted over Vice and Folly, than expos'd them, like *Juvenal* and *Horace*. And as Chaste, and Modest as he is esteem'd, it cannot be deny'd, but that in some places, he is broad and fulsom, as the latter Verses of the Fourth Satire, and of the Sixth, sufficiently witness. And 'tis to be believ'd, that he who commits the same Crime often, and without Necessity, cannot but do it with some kind of Pleasure.

To come to a conclusion, He is manifestly below *Horace*; because he borrows most of his greatest Beauties from him: And *Casaubon* is so far from denying this; that he has written a Treatise purposely concerning it; wherein he shews a multitude of his Translations from *Horace*, and his imitations of him, for the Credit of his Author; which he calls *Imitatio Horatiana*.

To these defects, which I casually observ'd, while I was Translating this Author, *Scaliger* has added others: He calls him, in plain terms, a silly Writer, and a trifler; full of Ostentation of his Learning; and after all, unworthy to come into Competition with *Juvenal* and *Horace*.

The Comparison betwixt *Horace* and *Juvenal* is more difficult; because their Forces were more equal: A Dispute has always been, and ever will continne, betwixt the Favourers of the two Poets. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites.* I shall only venture to give my own Opinion, and leave it for better Judges to determine. If it be only argu'd in general, which of them was the better Poet; the Victory is already gain'd on the side of *Horace*. *Virgil* himself must yield to him in the delicacy of his Turns, his choice of Words, and perhaps the Purity of his Latin. He who says that *Pindar* is inimitable, is himself inimitable in his *Ode*s. But the Contention betwixt these two great Masters, is for the Prize of Satire. In which Controversie, all the *Ode*s, and *Epode*s of *Horace* are to stand excluded. I say this, because *Horace* has written many of them Satirically, against his private Enemies: Yet these, if justly consider'd, are somewhat of the Nature of the *Greek Silli*, which were Invectives against particular Sects and Persons. But *Horace* had purg'd himself of this Choler, before he enter'd on those Discourses, which are more properly call'd the *Roman* Satire: He has not now to do with a *Lyce*, a *Canidia*, a *Cassius Severus*, or a *Menas*; but is to correct the Vices and the Follies of his Time, and to give the Rules of a Happy and Virtuous Life. In a word, that former sort of Satire, which is known in *England* by the Name of Lampoon, is a dangerous sort of Weapon, and for the most part Unlawful. We have no Moral right on the Reputation of other Men. 'Tis taking from them, what we cannot restore to them. There are only two Reasons, for which we may be permitted to write Lampoons; and I will not promise that they can always justifie us: The first is Revenge, when we have been affronted in the same Nature, or have been any ways notoriously abus'd and can make our selves no other Reparation. And yet we know, that, in Christian Charity, all Offences are to be forgiven; as we expect the like Pardon for those which we daily commit against Almighty God. And this Consideration has often made me tremble when I was saying our Saviour's Prayer; for the plain Condition of the forgiveness which we beg, is the pardoning of others the Offences which they have done to us: For which Reason I have many times avoided the Commission of that Fault; ev'n when I have been notoriously provok'd. Let not this, my Lord, pass for Vanity in me: For 'tis truth. More Libels have been written against me, than almost any Man now living: And I had Reason on my side, to have defended my own Innocence: I speak not of my Poetry, which I have wholly given up to the Criticks; let them use it, as they please; Posterity, perhaps, may be more favourable to me: For Interest and Passion, will lye bury'd in another Age: And Partiality and Prejudice be forgotten. I speak of my Morals, which have been sufficiently aspers'd: That only sort of Reputation ought to be dear to every honest Man, and is to me. But let the World witness for me, that I have been often wanting to my self in that particular; I have seldom answer'd any scurrilous Lampoon: When it was in my power to have expos'd my Enemies: And being naturally vindicative, have suffer'd in silence; and possess'd my Soul in quiet.

Any thing, tho' never so little, which a Man speaks of himself, in my Opinion, is still too much, and therefore I will wave this Subject; and proceed to give the second Reason, which may justifie a Poet, when he writes against a particular Person; and that is, when he is become a Publick Nuisance. All those, whom *Horace* in his Satires, and *Persius* and *Juvenal* have mention'd in theirs, with a Brand of infamy, are wholly such. 'Tis an Action of Virtue to make Examples of vicious Men. They may and ought to be upbraided with their Crimes and Follies: Both for their own amendment, if they are not yet incorrigible; and for the Terrour of others, to hinder them from falling into those Enormities, which they see are so severely punish'd, in the Persons of others: The first Reason was only an Excuse for Revenge: But this second is absolutely of a Poet's Office to perform: But how few Lampooners are there now living, who are capable of this Duty! When they come in my way, 'tis impossible sometimes to avoid reading them. But, good God, how remote they are in common Justice, from the choice of such Persons as are the proper Subject of Satire! And how little Wit they bring, for the support of their injustice! The weaker Sex is their most ordinary Theme: And the best and fairest are sure to be the most severely handled. Amongst Men, those who are prosperously unjust, are Intitled to a Panegyrick. But afflicted Virtue is insolently stabb'd with all manner of Reproaches. No Decency is consider'd, no fulsomness omitted; no Venom is wanting, as far as dullness can supply it. For there is a perpetual Dearth of Wit; a Barrenness of good Sense, and Entertainment. The neglect of the Readers, will soon put an end to this sort of scribling. There can be no pleasantry where there is no Wit: No Impression can be made, where there is no Truth for the Foundation. To conclude, they are like the Fruits of the Earth in this unnatural Season: The Corn which held up its Head, is spoil'd with rankness: But the greater part of the Harvest is laid along, and little of good Income, and wholesom Nourishment is receiv'd into the Barns. This is almost a digression, I confess to your Lordship; but a just indignation forc'd it from me. Now I have remov'd this Rubbish, I will return to the Comparison of *Juvenal* and *Horace*.

I wou'd willingly divide the Palm betwixt them; upon the two Heads of Profit and Delight, which are the two Ends of Poetry in general. It must be granted by the Favourers of *Juvenal*, that *Horace* is the more Copious, and Profitable in his Instructions of Humane Life. But in my particular Opinion, which I set not up for a Standard to better Judgments, *Juvenal* is the more delightful Author. I am profited by both, I am pleas'd with both; but I owe more to *Horace* for my Instruction; and more to *Juvenal*, for my Pleasure. This, as I said, is my particular Taste of these two Authors: They who will have either of them to excel the other in both qualities, can scarce give better Reasons for their Opinion, than I for mine: But all unbiass'd Readers, will conclude, that my Moderation is not to be Condemn'd: To such Impartial Men I must appeal: For they who have already form'd their Judgment, may justly stand suspected of prejudice; and tho all who are my Readers, will set up to be my Judges, I enter my *Caveat* against them, that they ought not so much as to be of my Jury. Or, if they be admitted, 'tis but Reason, that they shou'd first hear, what I have to urge in the Defence of my Opinion.

That *Horace* is somewhat the better Instructor of the two, is prov'd from hence, that his Instructions are more general: *Juvenal's*

more limited. So that granting, that the Counsels which they give, are equally good for Moral Use; *Horace*, who gives the most various Advice, and most applicable to all Occasions, which can occurr to us, in the course of our Lives; as including in his Discourses, not only all the Rules of Morality, but also of Civil Conversation; is, undoubtedly, to be preferr'd to him, who is more circumscrib'd in his Instructions, makes them to fewer People, and on fewer Occasions, than the other. I may be pardon'd for using an Old Saying, since 'tis true, and to the purpose, *Bonum que communius, eo melius*. *Juvenal*, excepting only his first Satire, is in all the rest confin'd, to the exposing of some particuler Vice; that he lashes, and there he sticks. His Sentences are truly shining and instructive: But they are sprinkl'd here and there. *Horace* is teaching us in every Line, and is perpetually Moral; he had found out the Skill of *Virgil*, to hide his Sentences: To give you the Virtue of them, without shewing them in their full extent: Which is the Ostentation of a Poet, and not his Art: And this *Petronius* charges on the Authors of his Time, as a Vice of Writing, which was then growing on the Age. *Ne Sententiæ extra Corpus Orationis emineant*: He wou'd have them weav'd into the Body of the Work, and not appear emboss'd upon it, and striking directly on the Reader's view. Folly was the proper Quarry of *Horace*, and not Vice: And, as there are but few Notoriously Wicked Men, in comparison with a Shoal of Fools, and Fops; so 'tis a harder thing to make a Man Wise, than to make him Honest: For the Will is only to be reclaim'd in the one; but the Understanding is to be inform'd in the other. There are Blind-sides and Follies, even in the Professors of Moral Philosophy; and there is not any one Sect of them that *Horace* has not expos'd. Which as it was not the Design of *Juvenal*, who was wholly employ'd in lashing Vices, some of them the most enormous that can be imagin'd; so perhaps, it was not so much his Talent. *Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico, tangit, & admissus circum præcordia ludit*. This was the Commendation which *Persius* gave him: Where by *Vitium*, he means those little Vices, which we call Follies, the defects of Humane Understanding, or at most the Peccadillos of Life, rather than the Tragical Vices, to which Men are hurri'd by their unruly Passions and exorbitant Desires. But in the word *omne*, which is universal, he concludes, with me, that the Divine Wit of *Horace*, left nothing untouch'd; that he enter'd into the inmost Recesses of Nature; found out the Imperfections even of the most Wise and Grave, as well as of the Common People: Discovering, even in the great *Trebatius*, to whom he addresses the first Satire, his hunting after Business, and following the Court, as well as in the Persecutor *Crispinus*, his impertinence and importunity. 'Tis true, he exposes *Crispinus* openly, as a common Nuisance: But he rallies the other, as a Friend, more finely. The Exhortations of *Persius* are confined to Noblemen: And the Stoick Philosophy, is that alone, which he recommends to them: *Juvenal* Exhorts to particular Virtues, as they are oppos'd to those Vices against which he declaims: But *Horace* laughs to shame, all Follies, and insinuates Virtue, rather by familiar Examples, than by the severity of Precepts.

This last Consideration seems to incline the Ballance on the side of *Horace*, and to give him the preference to *Juvenal*, not only in Profit, but in Pleasure. But, after all, I must confess, that the Delight which *Horace* gives me, is but languishing. Be pleas'd still to understand, that I speak of my own Taste only: He may Ravish other Men; but I am too stupid and insensible, to be tickl'd. Where he barely grins himself, and, as *Scaliger* says, only shews his white Teeth, he cannot provoke me to any Laughter. His Urbanity, that is, his Good Manners, are to be commended, but his Wit is faint; and his Salt, if I may dare to say so, almost insipid. *Juvenal* is of a more vigorous and Masculine Wit, he gives me as much Pleasure as I can bear: He fully satisfies my Expectation, he Treats his Subject home: His Spleen is rais'd, and he raises mine: I have the Pleasure of Concernment in all he says; He drives his Reader along with him; and when he is at the end of his way, I willingly stop with him: If he went another Stage, it wou'd be too far, it wou'd make a Journey of a Progress, and turn Delight into Fatigue. When he gives over, 'tis a sign the Subject is exhausted; and the Wit of Man can carry it no farther. If a Fault can be justly found in him; 'tis that he is sometimes too luxuriant, too redundant; says more than he needs, like my Friend the *Plain Dealer*, but never more than pleases. Add to this, that his Thoughts are as just as those of *Horace*, and much more Elevated. His Expressions are Sonorous and more Noble; his Verse more numerous, and his Words are suitable to his Thoughts; sublime and lofty. All these contribute to the Pleasure of the Reader, and the greater the Soul of him who Reads, his Transports are the greater. *Horace* is always on the Amble, *Juvenal* on the Gallop: But his way is perpetually on Carpet Ground. He goes with more impetuosity than *Horace*; but as securely; and the swiftness adds a more lively agitation to the Spirits. The low Style of *Horace*, is according to his Subject; that is generally groveling. I question not but he cou'd have rais'd it. For the First Epistle of the Second Book, which he writes to *Augustus*, (a most instructive Satire concerning Poetry,) is of so much Dignity in the Words, and of so much Elegancy in the Numbers, that the Author plainly shews, the *Sermo Pedestris*, in his other Satires, was rather his Choice than his Necessity. He was a Rival to *Lucilius* his Predecessor; and was resolv'd to surpass him in his own Manner. *Lucilius*, as we see by his remaining Fragments, minded neither his Style nor his Numbers, nor his purity of words, nor his run of Verse. *Horace* therefore copes with him in that humble way of Satire. Writes under his own force, and carries a dead Weight, that he may match his Competitor in the Race. This I imagine was the chief Reason, why he minded only the clearness of his Satire, and the cleanness of Expression, without ascending to those heights, to which his own vigour might have carri'd him. But limiting his desires only to the Conquest of *Lucilius*, he had his Ends of his Rival, who liv'd before him; but made way for a new Conquest over himself, by *Juvenal* his Successor. He cou'd not give an equal pleasure to his Reader, because he us'd not equal Instruments. The fault was in the Tools, and not in the Workman. But Versification, and Numbers, are the greatest Pleasures of Poetry: *Virgil* knew it, and practis'd both so happily; that for ought I know, his greatest Excellency is in his Diction. In all other parts of Poetry, he is faultless; but in this he plac›d his chief perfection. And give me leave, my Lord, since I have here an apt occasion, to say, that *Virgil*, cou'd have written sharper Satires, than either *Horace* or *Juvenal*, if he wou'd have employ'd his Talent, that way. I will produce a Verse and half of his, in one of his Eclogues, to justifie my Opinion: And with *Comma's*

after every Word, to shew, that he has given almost as many lashes, as he has written Syllables. 'Tis against a bad Poet; whose ill Verses he describes. *Non tu, in triviis, indocte, solebas, stridenti, miserum, stipula, disperdere carmen?* But to return to my purpose, when there is any thing deficient in Numbers, and Sound, the Reader is uneasie, and unsatisfi'd; he wants something of his Complement, desires somewhat which he finds not: And this being the manifest defect of *Horace*, 'tis no wonder, that finding it supply'd in *Juvenal*, we are more Delighted with him. And besides this, the Sauce of *Juvenal* is more poignant, to create in us an Appetite of Reading him. The Meat of *Horace* is more nourishing; but the Cookery of *Juvenal* more exquisite; so that, granting *Horace* to be the more general Philosopher; we cannot deny, that *Juvenal* was the greater Poet. I mean in Satire. His Thoughts are sharper, his Indignation against Vice is more vehement; his Spirit has more of the Commonwealth Genius; he treats Tyranny, and all the Vices attending it, as they deserve, with the utmost rigour: And consequently, a Noble Soul is better pleas'd with a Zealous Vindicator of *Roman* Liberty; than with a Temporizing Poet, a well Manner'd Court Slave, and a Man who is often afraid of Laughing in the right place: Who is ever decent, because he is naturally servile. After all, *Horace* had the disadvantage of the Times in which he liv'd; they were better for the Man, but worse for the Satirist. 'Tis generally said, that those Enormous Vices, which were practis'd under the Reign of *Domitian*, were unknown in the Time of Augustus *Cæsar*. That therefore *Juvenal* had a larger Field, than *Horace*. Little Follies were out of doors, when Oppression was to be scourg'd instead of Avarice: It was no longer time to turn into Ridicule, the false Opinions of Philosophers; when the *Roman* Liberty was to be asserted. There was more need of a *Brutus* in *Domitian's* Days, to redeem or mend, than of a *Horace*, if he had then been Living, to Laugh at a Fly-Catcher. This Reflection at the same time excuses *Horace*, but exalts *Juvenal*. I have ended, before I was aware, the Comparison of *Horace* and *Juvenal*, upon the Topiques of Instruction and Delight; and indeed I may safely here conclude that common-place: For if we make *Horace* our Minister of State in Satire, and *Juvenal* of our private Pleasures: I think the latter has no ill bargain of it. Let Profit have the preheminence of Honour, in the End of Poetry. Pleasure, though but the second in degree, is the first in favour. And who wou'd not chuse to be lov'd better, rather than to be more esteem'd? But I am enter'd already upon another Topique; which concerns the particular Merits of these two Satirists. However, I will pursue my business where I left it: And carry it farther than that common observation of the several Ages, in which these Authors Flourish'd. When *Horace* writ his Satires, the Monarchy of his *Cæsar* was in its newness; and the Government but just made easie to the Conquer'd People. They cou'd not possibly have forgotten the Usurpation of that Prince upon their Freedom, nor the violent Methods which he had us'd, in the compassing of that vast Design: They yet remember'd his Proscriptions, and the Slaughter of so many Noble *Romans*, their Defendors. Amongst the rest, that horrible Action of his, when he forc'd *Livia* from the Arms of her Husband, who was constrain'd to see her Marry'd, as *Dion* relates the Story; and, big with Child as she was, convey'd to the Bed of his insulting Rival. The same *Dion Cassius* gives us another instance of the Crime before mention'd: That *Cornelius Sisenna*, being reproach'd in full Senate, with the Licentious Conduct of his Wife, return'd this Answer; That he had Marry'd her by the Counsel of *Augustus*: Intimating, says my Author, that *Augustus* had oblig'd him to that Marriage, that he might, under that covert, have the more free access to her. His Adulteries were still before their Eyes, but they must be patient, where they had not power. In other things that Emperor was Moderate enough: Propriety was generally secur'd; and the People entertain'd with publick Shows, and Donatives, to make them more easily digest their lost Liberty. But *Augustus*, who was conscious to himself, of so many Crimes which he had committed, thought in the first place to provide for his own Reputation, by making an Edict against Lampoons and Satires, and the Authors of those defamatory Writings, which my Author *Tacitus*, from the Law-Term, calls *famosos libellos*.

Thus I have treated in a new Method, the Comparison betwixt *Horace*, *Juvenal*, and *Persius*; somewhat of their particular manner belonging to all of them is yet remaining to be consider'd. *Persius* was Grave, and particularly oppos'd his Gravity to Lewdness, which was the Predominant Vice in *Nero's* Court, at the time when he publish'd his Satires, which was before that Emperour fell into the excess of Cruelty. *Horace* was a Mild Admonisher, a Court Satirist, fit for the gentle Times of *Augustus*, and more fit, for the Reasons which I have already given. *Juvenal* was as proper for his Times, as they for theirs. His was an Age that deserv'd a more severe Chastisement. Vices were more gross and open, more flagitious, more encourag'd by the Example of a Tyrant; and more protected by his Authority. Therefore, wheresoever *Juvenal* mentions *Nero*, he means *Domitian*, whom he dares not attack in his own Person, but Scourges him by Proxy. *Heinsius* urges in praise of *Horace*, that according to the Ancient Art and Law of Satire, it shou'd be nearer to Comedy, than to Tragedy; Not declaiming against Vice, but only laughing at it. Neither *Persius*, nor *Juvenal* were ignorant of this, for they had both study'd *Horace*. And the thing it self is plainly true. But as they had read *Horace*, they had likewise read *Lucilius*, of whom *Persius* says secuit *Urbem; & genuinum fregit in illis*; meaning *Mutius* and *Lupus*: And *Juvenal* also mentions him in these words, *Ense velut stricto, quoties Lucilius ardens Infremuit, &c.* So that they thought the imitation of *Lucilius* was more proper to their purpose than that of *Horace*. They chang'd Satire, says *Holiday*; but they chang'd it for the better; For the business being to Reform great Vices, Chastisement goes farther than Admonition; whereas a perpetual Grinn, like that of *Horace*, does rather anger than amend a Man.

Thus far that Learned Critick, *Barten Holiday*, whose Interpretation, and Illustrations of *Juvenal* are as Excellent, as the Verse of his Translation and his English are lame, and pitiful. For 'tis not enough to give us the meaning of a Poet, which I acknowledge him to have perform'd most faithfully; but he must also imitate his Genius, and his Numbers; as far as the *English* will come up to the Elegance of the Original. In few words, 'tis only for a Poet to Translate a Poet. *Holiday* and *Stapylton* had not enough consider'd this, when they attempted *Juvenal*: But I forbear Reflections; only I beg leave to take notice of this Sentence, where *Holiday* says,

A perpetual *Grinn*, like that of *Horace*, rather angers than amends a Man. I cannot give him up the Manner of *Horace* in low Satire so easily: Let the Chastisements of *Juvenal* be never so necessary for his new kind of Satire; let him declaim as wittily and sharply as he pleases, yet still the nicest and most delicate touches of Satire consist in fine Raillery. This, my Lord, is your particular Talent, to which even *Juvenal* could not arrive. 'Tis not Reading, 'tis not imitation of an Author, which can produce this fineness: It must be inborn, it must proceed from a Genius, and particular way of thinking, which is not to be taught; and therefore not to be imitated by him who has it not from Nature: How easie it is to call Rogue and Villain, and that wittily? But how hard to make a Man appear a Fool, a Blockhead, or a Knave, without using any of those opprobrious terms? To spare the grossness of the Names, and to do the thing yet more severely, is to draw a full Face, and to make the Nose and Cheeks stand out, and yet not to employ any depth of Shadowing. This is the Mystery of that Noble Trade; which yet no Master can teach to his Apprentice: He may give the Rules, but the Scholar is never the nearer in his practice. Neither is it true, that this fineness of Raillery is offensive. A witty Man is tickl'd while he is hurt in this manner and a Fool feels it not. The occasion of an Offence may possibly be given, but he cannot take it. If it be granted that in effect this way does more Mischief; that a Man is secretly wounded, and though he be not sensible himself, yet the malicious World will find it for him: Yet there is still a vast difference betwixt the slovenly Butchering of a Man, and the fineness of a stroak that separates the Head from the Body, and leaves it standing in its place. A man may be capable, as *Jack Ketche's* Wife said of his Servant, of a plain piece of Work, a bare Hanging; but to make a Malefactor die sweetly, was only belonging to her Husband. I wish I cou'd apply it to my self, if the Reader wou'd be kind enough to think it belongs to me. The Character of *Zimri* in my *Absalom*, is, in my Opinion, worth the whole Poem: 'Tis not bloody, but 'tis ridiculous enough. And he for whom it was intended, was too witty to resent it as an injury. If I had rail'd, I might have suffer'd for it justly: But I manag'd my own Work more happily, perhaps more dextrously. I avoided the mention of great Crimes, and apply'd my self to the representing of Blind-sides, and little Extravagancies: To which, the wittier a Man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It succeeded as I wish'd; the Jest went round, and he was laught at in his turn who began the Frolick.

And thus, My Lord, you see I have preferr'd the Manner of *Horace*, and of your Lordship, in this kind of Satire, to that of *Juvenal*; and I think, reasonably. *Holiday* ought not to have Arraign'd so Great an Author, for that which was his Excellency and his Merit: Or if he did, on such a palpable mistake, he might expect, that some one might possibly arise, either in his own Time, or after him, to rectifie his Error, and restore to *Horace*, that Commendation, of which he has so unjustly robb'd him. And let the Manes of *Juvenal* forgive me, if I say, that this way of *Horace* was the best, for amending Manners, as it is the most difficult. His was, an *Ense rescindendum*; but that of *Horace* was a Pleasant Cure, with all the Limbs preserv'd entire: And as our *Mountebanks* tell us in their Bills, without keeping the Patient within Doors for a Day. What they promise only, *Horace* has effectually Perform'd: Yet I contradict not the Proposition which I formerly advanc'd: *Juvenal's* Times requir'd a more painful kind of Operation: But if he had liv'd in the Age of *Horace*, I must needs affirm, that he had it not about him. He took the Method which was prescrib'd him by his own Genius; which was sharp and eager; he cou'd not Rally, but he cou'd Declame: And as his provocations were great, he has reveng'd them Tragically. This notwithstanding, I am to say another Word, which, as true as it is, will yet displease the partial Admirers of our *Horace*. I have hinted it before; but tis time for me now to speak more plainly.

This Manner of *Horace* is indeed the best; but *Horace* has not executed it, altogether so happily, at least not often. The Manner of *Juvenal* is confess'd to be Inferior to the former; but *Juvenal*, has excell'd him in his Performance. *Juvenal* has rail'd more wittily than *Horace* has rally'd. *Horace* means to make his Reader Laugh; but he is not sure of his Experiment. *Juvenal* always intends to move your Indignation; and he always brings about his purpose. *Horace*, for ought I know, might have tickl'd the People of his Age; but amongst the Moderns he is not so Successfull. They who say he Entertains so Pleasantly, may perhaps value themselves on the quickness of their own Understandings, that they can see a Jest farther off than other men. They may find occasion of Laughter, in the Wit-battel of the Two Buffoons, *Sarmentus* and *Cicerrus*: And hold their sides for fear of bursting, when *Rupilius* and *Persius* are Scolding. For my own part, I can only like the Characters of all Four, which are judiciously given: But for my heart I cannot so much as smile at their Insipid Raillery. I see not why *Persius* shou'd call upon *Brutus*, to revenge him on his Adversary: And that because he had kill'd *Julius Cesar*, for endeavouring to be a King, therefore he shou'd be desir'd to Murther *Rupilius*, only because his Name was Mr. *King*. A miserable Clench, in my Opinion, for *Horace* to Record: I have heard honest Mr. *Swan* make many a better, and yet have had the Grace to hold my Countenance. But it may be Puns were then in Fashion, as they were Wit in the Sermons of the last Age, and in the Court of King *Charles* the Second. I am sorry to say it, for the sake of *Horace*; but certain it is, he has no fine Palate who can feed so heartily on Garbidge.

But I have already wearied my self, and doubt not but I have tir'd your Lordships Patience, with this long rambling, and I fear, trivial Discourse. Upon the one half of the Merits, that is, Pleasure, I cannot but conclude that *Juvenal* was the better Satirist: They who will descend into his particular Praises, may find them at large, in the Dissertation of the Learned *Rigaltius* to *Thuanus*. As for *Persius*, I have given the Reasons, why I think him Inferior to both of them. Yet I have one thing to add on that Subject.

Barten Holiday, who Translated both *Juvenal* and *Persius*, has made this distinction betwixt them, which is no less true than Witty; that, in *Persius* the difficulty is to find a Meaning; in *Juvenal*, to chuse a Meaning: So Crabbed is *Persius*, and so Copious is *Juvenal*: So much the Understanding is employ'd in one; and so much the Judgment in the other. So difficult it is, to find any Sense in the former, and the best Sense of the latter.

If, on the other side, any one suppose I have commended *Horace* below his Merit, when I have allow'd him but the Second Place, I desire him to consider, if *Juvenal*, a Man of Excellent Natural Endowments, besides the advantages of Diligence and Study, and coming after him, and Building upon his Foundations might not probably, with all these helps, surpass him? And whether it be any dishonour to *Horace*, to be thus surpass'd; since no Art, or Science, is at once begun and perfected, but that it must pass first through many hands, and even through several Ages? If *Lucilius* cou'd add to *Ennius*, and *Horace* to *Lucilius*, why, without any diminution to the Fame of *Horace*, might not *Juvenal* give the last perfection to that Work? Or rather, what disreputation is it to *Horace*, that *Juvenal* Excels in the Tragical Satyre, as *Horace* does in the Comical? I have read over attentively, both *Heinsius* and *Dacier*, in their Commendations of *Horace*: But I can find no more in either of them, for the preference of him to *Juvenal*, than the Instructive Part; the Part of Wisdom, and not that of Pleasure; which therefore is here allow'd him, notwithstanding what *Scaliger* and *Rigaltius* have pleaded to the contrary for *Juvenal*. And to shew I am Impartial, I will here Translate what *Dacier* has said on that Subject.

I cannot give a more just Idea of the Two Books of Satires, made by *Horace*, than by compairing them to the Statues of the *Sileni*, to which *Alcbiades* compares *Socrates*, in the Symposium. They were Figures, which had nothing of agreeable, nothing of Beauty on their out side: But when any one took the Pains to open them, and search into them, he there found the Figures of all the Deities. So, in the Shape that *Horace* Presents himself to us, in his Satires, we see nothing at the first View, which deserves our Attention. It seems that he is rather an Amusement for Children, than for the serious consideration of Men. But when we take away his Crust, and that which hides him from our sight; when we discover him to the bottom, then we find all the Divinities in a full Assembly: That is to say, all the Virtues, which ought to be the continual exercise of those, who seriously endeavour to Correct their Vices.

'Tis easy to Observe, that *Dacier*, in this Noble Similitude, has confin'd the Praise of his Author, wholly to the Instructive Part: The commendation turns on this, and so does that which follows.

In these Two Books of Satire, 'tis the business of *Horace* to instruct us how to combat our Vices, to regulate our Passions, to follow Nature, to give Bounds to our desires, to Distinguish betwixt Truth and Falshood, and betwixt our Conceptions of Things, and Things themselves. To come back from our prejudicate Opinions, to understand exactly the Principles and Motives of all our Actions; and to avoid the Ridicule, into which all men necessarily fall, who are Intoxicated with those Notions, which they have received from their Masters; and which they obstinately retain, without examining whether or no they are founded on right Reason.

In a Word, he labours to render us happy in relation to our selves, agreeable and faithful to our Friends, and discreet, serviceable, and well bred in relation to those with whom we are oblig'd to live, and to converse. To make his Figures Intelligible, to conduct his Readers through the Labyrinth of some perplex'd Sentence, or obscure Parenthesis, is no great matter. And as *Epictetus* says, there is nothing of Beauty in all this, or what is worthy of a Prudent Man. The Principal business, and which is of most Importance to us, is to shew the Use, the Reason, and the Proof of his Precepts.

They who endeavour not to correct themselves, according to so exact a Model; are just like the Patients, who have open before them a Book of Admirable Receipts, for their Diseases, and please themselves with reading it, without Comprehending the Nature of the Remedies; or how to apply them to their Cure.

Let *Horace* go off with these Encomiums, which he has so well deserv'd.

To conclude the contention betwixt our Three Poets, I will use the Words of *Virgil*, in his *Fifth Æneid*, where *Æneas* proposes the Rewards of the Foot-Race, to the Three first, who shou'd reach the Goal *Tres præmia primi, accipient; flavaque Caput nectentur Olivâ:* Let these Three Ancients be preferr'd to all the Moderns; as first arriving at the Goal: Let them all be Crown'd as Victours; with the Wreath that properly belongs to Satire. But, after that, with this distinction amongst themselves, *Primus equum phaleris insignem, Victor habeto.* Let *Juvenal* Ride first in Triumph. *Alter Amazoniam, pharetram; plenamque Sagittis Threiciis, lato quam circumplectitur auro Balteus, & tereti Subnectit Fibula gemmâ.* Let *Horace* who is the Second, and but just the Second, carry off the Quivers, and the Arrows; as the Badges of his Satire, and the Golden Belt, and the Diamond Button. *Tertius, Argolico hoc Clypeo contentus abito.* And let *Persius*, the last of the first Three Worthies, be contented with this *Grecian* Shield, and with Victory not only over all the *Grecians*, who were Ignorant of the *Roman* Satire, but over all the Moderns in Succeeding Ages; excepting *Boileau* and your Lordship.

And thus, I have given the History of Satire, and deriv'd it as far as from *Ennius*, to your Lordship; that is, from its first Rudiments of Barbarity, to its last Polishing and Perfection: Which is, with *Virgil*, in his Address to *Augustus*;

— nomen famâ tot ferre per annos,

Tithoni primâ quot abest ab origine Cæsar.

I said only from *Ennius*; but I may safely carry it higher, as far as *Livius Andronicus*; who, as I have said formerly, taught the first Play at *Rome* in the Year *ab urbe conditâ*, 514. I have since desir'd my Learn'd Friend, Mr. *Maidwell*, to compute the difference of Times, betwixt *Aristophanes*, and *Livius Andronicus*; and he assures me, from the best Chronologers, that *Plutus*, the last of *Aristophanes's* his Plays, was Represented at *Athens*, in the Year of the 97th Olympiad; which agrees with the Year *Urbis Conditæ* 364: So that the difference of Years betwixt *Aristophanes* and *Andronicus* is 150; from whence I have probably deduc'd, that *Livius Andronicus*, who was a *Grecian*, had read the Plays of the Old Comedy, which were Satyrical, and also of the New; for *Menander* was fifty Years before him, which must needs be a great light to him, in his own Plays; that were of the Satirical Nature. That the *Romans* had Farces before this, 'tis true; but then they had no Communication with *Greece*: So that *Andronicus* was the first, who wrote after the manner of the Old Comedy, in his Plays; he was imitated by *Ennius*, about Thirty Years afterwards. Though the former writ Fables; the latter, speaking properly, began the *Roman* Satire. According to that Description, which *Juvenal* gives of it in his First; *Quicquid agunt homines votum, timor, ira, voluptas, gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.* This is that in which I have made bold to differ from *Casaubon*, *Rigaltius*, *Dacier*, and indeed, from all the Modern Critiques, that not *Ennius*, but *Andronicus* was the First; who by the *Archæa Comedia* of the *Greeks*, added many Beauties to the first Rude and Barbarous *Roman*, Satire: Which sort of Poem, tho' we had not deriv'd from *Rome*, yet Nature teaches it Mankind, in all Ages, and in every Country.

'Tis but necessary, that after so much has been said of Satire, some Definition of it should be given. *Heinsius*, in his Dissertations on *Horace*, makes it for me, in these words; *Satire is a kind of Poetry, without a Series of Action, invented for the purging of our Minds; in which Humane Vices, Ignorance, and Errors, and all things besides, which are produc'd from them, in every Man, are severely Reprehended; partly Dramatically, partly Simply, and sometimes in both kinds of speaking; but for the most part Figuratively, and Occultly; consisting in a low familiar way, chiefly in a sharp and pungent manner of Speech; but partly, also, in a Facetious and Civil way of Jesting; by which, either Hatred, or Laughter, or Indignation is mov'd.* — Where I cannot but observe, that this obscure and perplex'd Definition, or rather Description of Satire, is wholly accommodated to the *Horatian* way; and excluding the Works of *Juvenal* and *Persius*, as foreign from that kind of Poem: The Clause in the beginning of it (without a Series of Action) distinguishes Satire properly from Stage-Plays, which are all of one Action, and one continu'd Series of Action. The End or Scope of Satire is to purge the Passions; so far it is common to the Satires of *Juvenal* and *Persius*: The rest which follows, is also generally belonging to all three; till he comes upon us, with the Excluding Clause (consisting in a low familiar way of Speech) which is the proper Character of *Horace*; and from which, the other two, for their Honour be it spoken, are far distant. But how come Lowness of Style, and the Familiarity of Words to be so much the Propriety of Satire, that without them, a Poet can be no more a Satirist, than without Risibility he can be a Man? Is the fault of *Horace* to be made the Virtue, and Standing Rule of this Poem? Is the *Grande Sophos* of *Persius*, and the Sublimity of *Juvenal* to be circumscrib'd, with the meanness of Words and vulgarity of Expression? If *Horace* refus'd the pains of Numbers, and the loftiness of Figures, are they bound to follow so ill a Precedent? Let him walk a Foot with his Pad in his Hand, for his own pleasure; but let not them be accounted no Poets, who choose to mount, and shew their Horsmanship. *Holiday* is not afraid to say, that there was never such a fall, as from his Odes to his Satires, and that he, injuriously to himself, untun'd his Harp. The Majestique way of *Persius* and *Juvenal* was new when they began it; but 'tis old to us; and what Poems have not, with Time, receiv'd an Alteration in their Fashion? Which Alteration, says *Holiday*, is to after-times, as good a Warrant as the first. Has not *Virgil* chang'd the Manners of *Homer's* Hero's in his *Æneis*? certainly he has, and for the better. For *Virgil's* Age was more Civiliz'd, and better Bred; and he writ according to the Politeness of *Rome*, under the Reign of *Augustus Cæsar*; not to the Rudeness of *Agamemnon's* Age, or the Times of *Homer*. Why shou'd we offer to confine free Spirits to one Form, when we cannot so much as confine our Bodies to one Fashion of Apparel? Wou'd not *Donn's* Satires, which abound with so much Wit, appear more Charming, if he had taken care of his Words, and of his Numbers? But he follow'd *Horace* so very close, that of necessity he must fall with him: And I may safely say it of this present Age. That if we are not so great Wits as *Donn*, yet, certainly, we are better Poets.

But I have said enough, and it may be, too much on this Subject. Will your Lordship be pleas'd to prolong my Audience, only so far, till I tell you my own trivial Thoughts, how a Modern Satire shou'd be made. I will not deviate in the least from the Precepts and Examples of the Ancients, who were always our best Masters. I will only illustrate them, and discover some of the hidden Beauties in their Designs, that we thereby may form our own in imitation of them. Will you please but to observe, that *Persius*, the least in Dignity of all the Three, has, notwithstanding, been the first, who has discover'd to us this important Secret, in the designing of a perfect Satire; that it ought only to treat of one Subject; to be confin'd to one particular Theme; or, at least, to one principally. If other Vices occur in the management of the Chief, they shou'd only be transiently lash'd, and not be insisted on, so as to make the Design double. As in a Play of the *English* Fashion, which we call a *Tragecomedy*, there is to be but one main Design: And tho' there be an Under-plot, or Second Walk of Comical Characters and Adventures, yet they are subservient to the Chief Fable, carry'd along under it, and helping to it; so that the *Drama* may not seem a Monster with two Heads. Thus the *Copernican* Systeme of the Planets makes the Moon to be mov'd by the motion of the Earth, and carry'd about her Orb, as a Dependant of hers: *Mascardi* in his Discourse of the *Doppia favola*, or Double-tale in Plays, gives an Instance of it, in the famous Pastoral of *Guarini*, call'd *Il Pastor Fido;* where *Corisca* and the Satyre are the Under-parts: Yet we may observe, that *Corisca* is brought into the Body of the Plot, and made subservient to it. 'Tis certain, that the Divine Wit of *Horace*, was not ignorant of this Rule, that a Play, though it

consists of many parts, must yet be one in the Action, and must drive on the Accomplishment of one Design; for he gives this very Precept, *Sit quodvis simplex duntaxat & unum;* yet he seems not much to mind it in his Satires, many of them consisting of more Arguments than one; and the second without dependance on the first. *Casaubon* has observ'd this before me, in his Preference of *Persius* to *Horace*: And will have his own belov'd Author to be the first, who found out, and introduc'd this Method of confining himself to one Subject. I know it may be urg'd in defence of *Horace*, that this Unity is not necessary; because the very word *Satura* signifies a Dish plentifully stor'd with all variety of Fruits and Grains. Yet *Juvenal*, who calls his Poems a *Farrago*, which is a word of the same signification with *Satura*; has chosen to follow the same Method of *Persius*, and not of *Horace*. And *Boileau*, whose Example alone is a sufficient Authority, has wholly confin'd himself, in all his Satires, to this Unity of Design. That variety which is not to be found in any one Satire, is, at least, in many, written on several occasions. And if Variety be of absolute necessity in every one of them, according to the Etymology of the word; yet it may arise naturally from one Subject, as it is diversly treated, in the several Subordinate Branches of it; all relating to the Chief. It may be illustrated accordingly with variety of Examples in the Subdivisions of it; and with as many Precepts as there are Members of it; which altogether may compleat that *Olla*, or Hotchpotch, which is properly a Satire.

Under this Unity of Theme, or Subject, is comprehended another Rule for perfecting the Design of true Satire. The Poet is bound, and that *ex Officio*, to give his Reader some one Precept of Moral Virtue; and to caution him against some one particular Vice or Folly: Other Virtues, subordinate to the first, may be recommended, under that Chief Head; and other Vices or Follies may be scourg'd, besides that which he principally intends. But he is chiefly to inculcate one Virtue, and insist on that. Thus *Juvenal* in every Satire, excepting the first, tyes himself to one principal Instructive Point, or to the shunning of Moral Evil. Even in the Sixth, which seems only an Arraignment of the whole Sex of Womankind; there is a latent Admonition to avoid Ill Women, by shewing how very few, who are Virtuous and Good, are to be found amongst them. But this, tho' the Wittiest of all his Satires, has yet the least of Truth or Instruction in it. He has run himself into his old declamatory way, and almost forgotten, that he was now setting up for a Moral Poet.

I have already declar'd, who are the only Persons that are the Adequate Object of Private Satire, and who they are that may properly be expos'd by Name for publick Examples of Vices and Follies; and therefore I will trouble your Lordship no farther with them. Of the best and finest manner of Satire, I have said enough in the Comparison betwixt *Juvenal* and *Horace*: 'Tis that sharp, well-manner'd way, of laughing a Folly out of Countenance, of which your Lordship is the best Master in this Age. I will proceed to the Versification, which is most proper for it, and add somewhat to what I have said already on that Subject. The sort of Verse which is call'd *Burlesque*, consisting of Eight Syllables, or Four Feet, is that which our Excellent *Hudibras* has chosen. I ought to have mention'd him before, when I spoke of *Donn*; but by a slip of an Old Man's Memory he was forgotten. The Worth of his Poem is too well known to need my Commendation, and he is above my Censure: His Satire is of the *Varronian* kind, though unmix'd with Prose. The choice of his Numbers is suitable enough to his Design, as he has manag'd it. But in any other Hand, the shortness of his Verse, and the quick returns of Rhyme, had debas'd the Dignity of Style. And besides, the double Rhyme, (a necessary Companion of Burlesque Writing) is not so proper for Manly Satire, for it turns Earnest too much to Jest, and gives us a Boyish kind of Pleasure. It tickles aukwardly with a kind of pain, to the best sort of Readers; we are pleas'd ungratefully, and, if I may say so, against our liking. We thank him not for giving us that unseasonable Delight, when we know he cou'd have given us a better, and more solid. He might have left that Task to others, who not being able to put in Thought, can only make us grin with the Excrescence of a Word of two or three Syllables in the Close. 'Tis, indeed, below so great a Master to make use of such a little Instrument. But his good Sense is perpetually shining through all he writes; it affords us not the time of finding Faults: We pass through the Levity of his Rhyme, and are immediately carri'd into some admirable useful Thought. After all, he has chosen this kind of Verse; and has written the best in it: And had he taken another, he wou'd always have excell'd. As we say of a Court-Favourite, that whatsoever his Office be, he still makes it uppermost, and most beneficial to himself.

The quickness of your Imagination, my Lord, has already prevented me; and you know before-hand, that I wou'd prefer the Verse of ten Syllables, which we call the *English* Heroique, to that of Eight. This is truly my Opinion. For this sort of Number is more Roomy. The Thought can turn it self with greater ease, in a larger compass. When the Rhyme comes too thick upon us; it streightens the Expression; we are thinking of the Close, when we shou'd be employ'd in adorning the Thought. It makes a Poet giddy with turning in a Space too narrow for his Imagination. He loses many Beauties without gaining one Advantage. For a Burlesque Rhyme, I have already concluded to be none; or if it were, 'tis more easily purchas'd in Ten Syllables than in Eight: In both occasions 'tis as in a Tennis-Court, when the Strokes of greater force, are given, when we strike out, and play at length. [. . .]

Thus, my Lord, having troubl'd You with a tedious Visit, the best Manners will be shewn in the least Ceremony. I will slip away while Your Back is turn'd, and while You are otherwise employ'd: with great Confusion, for having entertain'd You so long with this Discourse; and for having no other Recompence to make You, than the Worthy Labours of my Fellow Undertakers in this Work; and the Thankful Acknowledgments, Prayers, and perpetual good Wishes of,

My Lord,

Your Lordships,

Most Obliged, Most Humble,

and Most Obedient Servant.

John Dryden.

3.10.4: Reading and Review Questions:

1. *Annus Mirabilis* claims to be a history. How realistic (literal) is this poem? How fictional (idealistic)? What's the effect, if any, of the specific details in the poem?
2. In *All for Love*, how do the strategies of love compare to the strategies of war? In which does Antony think he excels, and why?
3. After the deaths of Antony and Cleopatra, Serapion notes how they are now free from the storms of fate and human chance. What, if anything, is ironic about this eulogy? How do Dryden's depiction of his characters' responsibilities compare with Shakespeare's?
4. In *Discourse*, Dryden illustrates the sacred in art's beginnings with Milton's introducing Adam and Eve as singing praises to God every morning. How, if at all, does Dryden reconcile this sacred impulse in art with satire as an art form?
5. In *Discourse*, Dryden says that the word satire comes from *Satura*, meaning mixture, or mixtures. How, and why, does mixture (hotchpotch) enter literary form/genre? What's Dryden's attitude toward this mixture, and why?

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3.11: Samuel Pepys (1633-1703)

Born into a well-connected family, Samuel Pepys was educated at Huntingdon Grammar School, Saint Paul's School in London, and Magdalene College, Cambridge University, which he attended on scholarship. In 1649, the year before he entered Magdalene College, Pepys witnessed the execution of Charles I, an act of which he approved.

In 1650, he entered Magdalene College, Cambridge University, on scholarship and received a BA in 1654. He then worked as secretary for Edward Montagu, Viscount Hinchingbrooke (1692-1722) and future first Earl of Sandwich (1692- 1722), obtaining this position probably through family relations. Montagu saw to Pepys's being appointed one of the tellers of the Exchequer, a position that opened him to the (often corrupt) world of public administration and (often equally corrupt) influential and powerful public figures.

Through both his abilities and connections, he became the King's Secretary for Naval Affairs, in which role he overhauled the British Navy. For example, he helped establish the system of formal examinations for naval officers to ensure skilled men—rather than political appointees—ran ships and so did much to eliminate graft. In 1679, perhaps due to discontent with these reforms, Pepys was accused of passing naval secrets to the French on behalf of Roman Catholics. Consequently, he was arrested, briefly imprisoned in the Tower of London, then released, and the charges dropped. After the Glorious Revolution and the ascent of William III and Mary II to the throne, Pepys resigned his position.

Besides these public details, we know many private details about Pepys's life. For example, in 1655, he married Elizabeth Marchant de Saint-Michel (1640-1669), who was then fifteen years his junior. And in 1658, he had surgery to remove a kidney stone—removed by pincers—the size of a tennis ball. Pepys, not surprisingly, celebrated having survived this dangerous operation each anniversary of its date as life seemed to have started again for him.

Life seemed to have started again for England when Charles II ascended the throne. And on January 1, 1660, Pepys started writing the source of our knowledge about these details: his *Diary*. He continued adding entries until May 31, 1669—the year his wife died—when he stopped due to problems with his eyesight. Creating an extraordinary, and extraordinarily unique, mixture of public events and private affairs, Pepys wrote his *Diary* using Thomas Shelton's (c.1600—c.1650) stenography. He wrote in English with occasional foreign words used as cover for his explicitly-described sexual encounters. That paradoxical self-consciousness in what was ostensibly a private document also occurred in Pepys's taking pains to save the *Diary* from the Great Fire of London and his later donating it— unpublished—to Magdalene College along with other books from his library, yet neither cataloguing his *Diary* nor bringing any attention to it.

Through his Diary, we have immediate views of events otherwise recounted through informal, of-the-moment periodicals and more formally in poems and other such genres used to memorialize important public events. These included King Charles's Coronation at Westminster Abbey, the Great Plague of London, the Great Fire of London, the opening of the theaters when women acted onstage for the first time, and Royal Society experiments.

His 2 September 1666 entry includes two descriptions of the Fire that give a sense of the *Diary's* uniqueness in its offering perspectives on both Pepys himself and others. He notes people fleeing their houses "coming away laden with goods to save and, here and there, sick people carried away in beds. Extraordinary goods carried in carts and on backs." The repetition of goods seems to show the precedence Pepys gives to goods over sick people. Yet, he shares the general concern for both. He also describes "poor pigeons…loath to leave their houses" that "hovered about the windows and balconies, till they some of them burned their wings and fell down." That's a relatively minute detail that most observers would have overlooked. But Pepys had an eye for the great and small.

His *Diary* wasn't published in complete form until 1983, though it was published in partial form from 1828 onwards. Due to this gap in time, the *Diary* made no direct contribution to the literature of Pepys's age. Yet it reflects two trends that helped shape literature of the eighteenth century, particularly the novel: (1) a new concept of time in terms of regularity, a concept that would connect with long essays in periodicals such as *The Spectator* and *The Tattler*. This new concept connected the regularity of publishing with a sense of the regularity of time (with one measuring the other), and with regularity creating a sense of anticipation; and (2) inwardness and inward-looking that contributed to the intimacy of the novel. The novel would not look outward to great events but inwardly, weighing minor events with feelings that would make them great. The great intimacy of Pepys's *Diary* still astonishes.

3.11.1: Diary of Samuel Pepys

(1661)

September 1st

Up and at the office all the morning, and then dined at home. Got my new closet made mighty clean against to-morrow. Sir W. Pen and my wife and Mercer and I to "Polichinelly," but were there horribly frighted to see Young Killigrew come in with a great many more young sparks; but we hid ourselves, so as we think they did not see us. By and by, they went away, and then we were at rest again; and so, the play being done, we to Islington, and there eat and drank and mighty merry; and so home singing, and, after a letter or two at the office, to bed.

2nd (Lord's day)

Some of our mayds sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City. So I rose and slipped on my nightgowne, and went to her window, and thought it to be on the backside of Marke-lane at the farthest; but, being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off; and so went to bed again and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was and further off. So to my closett to set things to rights after yesterday's cleaning. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish-street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge; which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge. So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's' house in Pudding-lane, and that it hath burned St. Magnus's Church and most part of Fish-street already. So I down to the water-side, and there got a boat and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way, and the fire running further, that in a very little time it got as far as the Steeleyard, while I was there. Everybody endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river or bringing them into lighters that layoff; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs by the water-side to another. And among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconys till they were, some of them burned, their wings, and fell down. Having staid, and in an hour's time seen the fire: rage every way, and nobody, to my sight, endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods, and leave all to the fire, and having seen it get as far as the Steele-yard, and the wind mighty high and driving it into the City; and every thing, after so long a drought, proving combustible, even the very stones of churches, and among other things the poor steeple by which pretty Mrs.————lives, and whereof my old school-fellow Elborough is parson, taken fire in the very top, an there burned till it fell down: I to White Hall (with a gentleman with me who desired to go off from the Tower, to see the fire, in my boat); to White Hall, and there up to the Kings closett in the Chappell, where people come about me, and did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and Duke of Yorke what I saw, and that unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor—from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of York bid me tell him that if he would have any more soldiers he shall; and so did my Lord Arlington afterwards, as a great secret. Here meeting, with Captain Cocke, I in his coach, which he lent me, and Creed with me to Paul's, and there walked along Watlingstreet, as well as I could, every creature coming away loaden with goods to save, and here and there sicke people carried away in beds. Extraordinary good goods carried in carts and on backs. At last met my Lord Mayor in Canningstreet, like a man spent, with a handkercher about his neck. To the King's message he cried, like a fainting woman, "Lord! what can I do? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it." That he needed no more soldiers; and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home, seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tarr, in Thamesstreet; and warehouses of oyle, and wines, and brandy, and other things. Here I saw Mr. Isaake Houblon, the handsome man, prettily dressed and dirty, at his door at Dowgate, receiving some of his brothers' things, whose houses were on fire; and, as he says, have been removed twice already; and he doubts (as it soon proved) that they must be in a little time removed from his house also, which was a sad consideration. And to see the churches all filling with goods by people who themselves should have been quietly there at this time. By this time it was about twelve o'clock; and so home, and there find my guests, which was Mr. Wood and his wife Barbary Sheldon, and also Mr. Moons: she mighty fine, and her husband; for aught I see, a likely man. But Mr. Moone's design and mine, which was to look over my closett and please him with the sight thereof, which he hath long desired, was wholly disappointed; for we were in great trouble and disturbance at this fire, not knowing what to think of it. However, we had an extraordinary good dinner, and as merry, as at this time we could be. While at dinner Mrs. Batelier come to enquire after Mr.

Woolfe and Stanes (who, it seems, are related to them), whose houses in Fish-street are all burned; and they in a sad condition. She would not stay in the fright. Soon as dined, I and Moone away, and walked, through the City, the streets full of nothing but people and horses and carts loaden with goods, ready to run over one another, and, removing goods from one burned house to another. They now removing out of Canning-streets (which received goods in the morning) into Lumbard-streets, and further; and among others I now saw my little goldsmith, Stokes, receiving some friend's goods, whose house itself was burned the day after. We parted at Paul's; he home, and I to Paul's Wharf, where I had appointed a boat to attend me, and took in Mr. Carcasse and his brother, whom I met in the streets and carried them below and above bridge to and again to see the fire, which was now got further, both below and above and no likelihood of stopping it. Met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhith and there called Sir Richard Browne to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apace, and so below bridge the water-side; but little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. Good hopes there was of stopping it at the Three Cranes above, and at Buttolph's Wharf below bridge, if care be used; but the wind carries it into the City so as we know not by the water-side what it do there. River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water, and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of Virginalls in it. Having seen as much as I could now, I away to White Hall by appointment, and there walked to St. James's Parks, and there met my wife and Creed and Wood and his wife, and walked to my boat; and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still encreasing, and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's face in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of firedrops. This is very true; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water; we to a little ale-house on the Bankside, over against the 'Three Cranes, and there staid till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow; and, as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid malicious bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. Barbary and her husband away before us. We staid till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruins. So home with a sad heart, and there find every body discoursing and lamenting the fire; and poor Tom Hater come with some few of his goods saved out of his house, which is burned upon Fish-streets Hall. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods, but was deceived in his lying there, the newes coming every moment of the growth of the fire; so as we were forced to begin to pack up our owne goods; and prepare for their removal; and did by moonshine (it being brave dry, and moon: shine, and warm weather) carry much of my goods into the garden, and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as thinking that the safest place. And got my bags of gold into my office, ready to carry away, and my chief papers of accounts also there, and my tallys into a box by themselves. So great was our fear, as Sir W. Batten hath carts come out of the country to fetch away his goods this night. We did put Mr. Hater, poor man, to bed a little; but he got but very little rest, so much noise being in my house, taking down of goods.

3rd

About four o'clock in the morning, my Lady Batten sent me a cart to carry away all my money, and plate, and best things, to Sir W. Rider's at Bednall-greene. Which I did riding myself in my night-gowne in the cart; and, Lord! to see how the streets and the highways are crowded with people running and riding, and getting of carts at any rate to fetch away things. I find Sir W. Rider tired with being called up all night, and receiving things from several friends. His house full of goods, and much of Sir W. Batten's and Sir W. Pen's I am eased at my heart to have my treasure so well secured. Then home, with much ado to find a way, nor any sleep all this night to me nor my poor wife. But then and all this day she and I, and all my people labouring to get away the rest of our things, and did get Mr. Tooker to get me a lighter to take them in, and we did carry them (myself some) over Tower Hill, which was by this time full of people's goods, bringing their goods thither; and down to the lighter, which lay at next quay, above the Tower Docke. And here was my neighbour's wife, Mrs.———,with her pretty child, and some few of her things, which I did willingly give way to be saved with mine; but there was no passing with any thing through the postern, the crowd was so great. The Duke of Yorke of this day by the office, and spoke to us, and did ride with his guard up and down the City, to keep all quiet (he being now Generall, and having the care of all). This day, Mercer being not at home, but against her mistress's order gone to her mother's, and my wife going thither to speak with W. Hewer, met her there, and was angry; and her mother saying that she was not a 'prentice girl, to ask leave every time she goes abroad, my wife with good reason was angry, and, when she came home, bid her be gone again. And so she went away, which troubled me, but yet less than it would, because of the condition we are in, fear of coming into in a little time of being less able to keepe one in her quality. At night lay down a little upon a quilt of W. Hewer's in the office, all my owne things being packed up or gone; and after me my poor wife did the like, we having fed upon the remains of yesterday's dinner, having no fire nor dishes, nor any opportunity of dressing any thing.

4th

Up by break of day to get away the remainder of my things; which I did by a lighter at the Iron gate and my hands so few, that it was the afternoon before we could get them all away. Sir W. Pen and I to Tower-streete, and there met the fire burning three

or four doors beyond Mr. Howell's, whose goods, poor man, his trayes, and dishes, shovells, &c., were flung all along Tower-street in the kennels, and people working therewith from one end to the other; the fire coming on in that narrow streete, on both sides, with infinite fury. Sir W. Batten not knowing how to remove his wine, did dig a pit in the garden, and laid it in there; and I took the opportunity of laying all the papers of my office that I could not otherwise dispose of. And in the evening Sir W. Pen and I did dig another, and put our wine in it; and I my Parmazan cheese, as well as my wine and some other things. The Duke of Yorke was at the office this day, at Sir W. Pen's; but I happened not to be within. This afternoon, sitting melancholy with Sir W. Pen in our garden, and thinking of the certain burning of this office, without extraordinary means, I did propose for the sending up of all our workmen from Woolwich and Deptford yards (none whereof yet appeared), and to write to Sir W. Coventry to have the Duke of Yorke's permission to pull down houses, rather than lose this office, which would, much hinder, the King's business. So Sir W. Pen he went down this night, in order to the sending them up to-morrow morning; and I wrote to Sir W. Coventry about the business, but received no answer. This night Mrs. Turner (who, poor woman, was removing her goods all this day, good goods into the garden, and knows not how to dispose of them), and her husband supped with my wife and I at night, in the office; upon a shoulder of mutton from the cook's, without any napkin or any thing, in a sad manner, but were merry. Only now and then walking into the garden, and saw how horridly the sky looks, all on a fire in the night, was enough to put us out of our wits; and, indeed, it was extremely dreadful, for it looks just as if it was at us; and the whole heaven on fire. I after supper walked in the darke down to Tower-streete, and there saw it all on fire, at the Trinity House on that side, and the Dolphin Taverne on this side, which was very near us; and the fire with extraordinary vehemence. Now begins the practice of blowing up of houses in Tower-streete, those next the Tower, which at first did frighten people more than anything, but it stopped the fire where it was done, it bringing down the houses to the ground in the same places they stood, and then it was easy to quench what little fire was in it, though it kindled nothing almost. W. Newer this day went to see how his mother did, and comes late home, telling us how he hath been forced to remove her to Islington, her house in Pye-corner being burned; so that the fire is got so far that way, and all the Old Bayly, and was running down to Fleete-streete; and Paul's is burned, and all Cheapside. I wrote to my father this night, but the post-house being burned, the letter could not go.

5th

I lay down in the office again upon W. Hewer's, quilt, being mighty weary, and sore in my feet with going till I was hardly able to stand. About two in the morning my wife calls me up and tells me of new cryes of fire, it being come to Barkeing Church, which is the bottom of our lane. I up, and finding it so, resolved presently to take her away, and did, and took my gold, which was about L2350, W. Newer, and Jane, down by Proundy's boat to Woolwich; but, Lord! What sad sight it was by moone-light to see, the whole City almost on fire, that you might see it plain at Woolwich, as if you were by it. There, when I come, I find the gates shut, but no guard kept at all, which troubled me, because of discourse now begun, that there is plot in it, and that the French had done it. I got the gates open, and to Mr. Shelden's, where I locked up my gold, and charged, my wife and W. Newer never to leave the room without one of them in it, night, or day. So back again, by the way seeing my goods well in the lighters at Deptford, and watched well by people. Home; and whereas I expected to have seen our house on fire, it being now about seven o'clock, it was not. But to the fyre, and there find greater hopes than I expected; for my confidence of finding our Office on fire was such, that I durst not ask any body how it was with us, till I come and saw it not burned. But going to the fire, I find by the blowing up of houses, and the great helpe given by the workmen out of the King's yards, sent up by Sir W. Pen, there is a good stop given to it, as well as at Marke-lane end as ours; it having only burned the dyall of Barking Church, and part of the porch, and was there quenched. I up to the top of Barking steeple, and there saw the saddest sight of desolation that I ever saw; every where great fires, oyle-cellars, and brimstone, and other things burning. I became afeard to stay there long, and therefore down again as fast as I could, the fire being spread as far as I could see it; and to Sir W. Pen's, and there eat a piece of cold meat, having eaten nothing since Sunday, but the remains of Sunday's dinner. Here I met with Mr. Young and Whistler; and having removed all my things, and received good hopes that the fire at our end; is stopped, they and I walked into the town, and find Fanchurch-streete, Gracious-streete; and Lumbard-streete all in dust. The Exchange a sad sight, nothing standing there, of all the statues or pillars, but Sir Thomas Gresham's picture in the corner. Walked into Moorefields (our feet ready to burn, walking through the towne among the hot coles), and find that full of people, and poor wretches carrying their good there, and every body keeping his goods together by themselves (and a great blessing it is to them that it is fair weathe for them to keep abroad night and day); drank there, and paid two-pence for a plain penny loaf. Thence homeward, having passed through Cheapside and Newgate Market, all burned, and seen Anthony Joyce's House in fire. And took up (which I keep by me) a piece of glasse of Mercers' Chappell in the streete, where much more was, so melted and buckled with the heat of the fire like parchment. I also did see a poor cat taken out of a hole in the chimney, joyning to the wall of the Exchange; with, the hair all burned off the body, and yet alive. So home at night, and find there good hopes of saving our office; but great endeavours of watching all night, and having men ready; and so we lodged them in the office, and had drink and bread and cheese for them. And I lay down and slept a good night about midnight, though when I rose I heard that there had been a great alarme of French and Dutch being risen, which proved, nothing. But it is a strange thing to see how long this time did look since Sunday, having been always full of variety of actions, and little sleep, that it looked like a week or more, and I had forgot, almost the day of the week.

6th

Up about five o'clock, and where met Mr. Gawden at the gate of the office (I intending to go out, as I used, every now and then to-day, to see how the fire is) to call our men to Bishop's-gate, where no fire had yet been near, and there is now one broke out which did give great grounds to people, and to me too, to think that there is some kind of plot in this (on which many by this time have been taken, and, it hath been dangerous for any stranger to walk in the streets), but I went with the men, and we did put it out in a little time; so that that was well again. It was pretty to see how hard the women did work in the cannells, sweeping of water; but then they would scold for drink, and be as drunk as devils. I saw good butts of sugar broke open in the street, and people go and take handsfull out, and put into beer, and drink it. And now all being pretty well, I took boat, and over to Southwarke, and took boat on the other side the bridge, and so to Westminster, thinking to shift myself, being all in dirt from top to bottom; but could not there find any place to buy a shirt or pair of gloves, Westminster Hall being full of people's goods, those in Westminster having removed all their goods, and the Exchequer money put into vessels to carry to Nonsuch; but to the Swan, and there was trimmed; and then to White Hall, but saw nobody; and so home. A sad sight to see how the River looks: no houses nor church near it, to the Temple, where it stopped. At home, did go with Sir W. Batten, and our neighbour, Knightly (who, with one more, was the only man of any fashion left in all the neighbourhood thereabouts, they all removing their goods and leaving their houses to the mercy of the fire), to Sir R. Ford's, and there dined in an earthen platter—a fried breast of mutton; a great many of us, but very merry, and indeed as good a meal, though as ugly a one, as ever I had in my life. Thence down to Deptford, and there with great satisfaction landed all my goods at Sir G. Carteret's safe, and nothing missed I could see, or hurt. This being done to my great content, I home, and to Sir W. Batten's, and there with Sir R. Ford, Mr. Knightly, and one Withers, a professed lying rogue, supped well, and mighty merry, and our fears over. From them to the office, and there slept with the office full of labourers, who talked, and slept, and walked all night long there. But strange it was to see Cloathworkers' Hall on fire these three days and nights in one body of flame, it being the cellar full of oyle.

7th

Up by five o'clock; and, blessed be God! find all well, and by water to Paul's Wharfe. Walked thence, and saw, all the towne burned, and a miserable sight of Paul's church; with all the roofs fallen, and the body of the quire fallen into St. Fayth's; Paul's school also, Ludgate, and Fleet-street, my father's house, and the church, and a good part of the Temple the like. So to Creed's lodging, near the New Exchange, and there find him laid down upon a bed; the house all unfurnished, there being fears of the fire's coming to them. There borrowed a shirt of him, and washed. To Sir W. Coventry, at St. James's, who lay without curtains, having removed all his goods; as the King at White Hall, and every body had done, and was doing. He hopes we shall have no publique distractions upon this fire, which is what every body fears, because of the talke of the French having a hand in it. And it is a proper time for discontents; but all men's minds are full of care to protect themselves, and save their goods: the militia is in armes every where. Our fleetes, he tells me, have been in sight one of another, and most unhappily by fowle weather were parted, to our great losse, as in reason they do conclude; the Dutch being come out only to make a shew, and please their people; but in very bad condition as to stores; victuals, and men. They are at Bullen; and our fleete come to St. Ellen's. We have got nothing, but have lost one ship, but he knows not what. Thence to the Swan, and there drank: and so home, and find all well. My Lord Bruncker, at Sir W. Batten's, and tells us the Generall is sent for up, to come to advise with the King about business at this juncture, and to keep all quiet; which is great honour to him, but I am sure is but a piece of dissimulation. So home, and did give orders for my house to be made clean; and then down to Woolwich, and there find all well: Dined, and Mrs. Markham come to see my wife. So I up again, and calling at Deptford for some things of W. Hewer's, he being with me, and then home and spent the evening with Sir R. Ford, Mr. Knightly, and Sir W. Pen at Sir W. Batten's: This day our Merchants first met at Gresham College, which, by proclamation, is to be their Exchange. Strange to hear what is bid for houses all up and down here; a friend of Sir W. Rider's: having L150 for what he used to let for L40 per annum. Much dispute where the Custome-house shall be thereby the growth of the City again to be foreseen. My Lord Treasurer, they say, and others; would have it at the other end of the towne. I home late to Sir W. Pen's, who did give me a bed; but without curtains or hangings, all being down. So here I went the first time into a naked bed, only my drawers on; and did sleep pretty well: but still hath sleeping and waking had a fear of fire in my heart, that I took little rest. People do all the world over cry out of the simplicity of my Lord Mayor in generall; and more particularly in this business of the fire, laying it all upon' him. A proclamation is come out for markets to be kept at Leadenhall and Mileendgreene, and several other places about the towne; and Tower-hill, and all churches to be set open to receive poor people.

8th

Up and with Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen by water to White Hall and they to St. James's. I stopped with Sir G. Carteret to desire him to go with us, and to enquire after money. But the first he cannot do, and the other as little, or says, "when we can get any, or what shall we do for it?" He, it seems, is employed in the correspondence between the City and the King every day, in settling of things. I find him full of trouble, to think how things will go. I left him, and to St. James's, where we met first at Sir W. Coventry's chamber, and there did what business we can, without any books. Our discourse, as every thing else, was confused. The fleete

is at Portsmouth, there staying a wind to carry them to the Downes, or towards Bullen, where they say the Dutch fleete is gone, and stays. We concluded upon private meetings for a while, not having any money to satisfy any people that may come to us. I bought two eeles upon the Thames, cost me six shillings. Thence with Sir W. Batten to the Cock-pit, whither the Duke of Albemarle is come. It seems the King holds him so necessary at this time, that he hath sent for him, and will keep him here. Indeed, his interest in the City, being acquainted, and his care in keeping things quiet, is reckoned that wherein he will be very serviceable. We to him; he is courted in appearance by every body. He very kind to us; I perceive he lays by all business of the fleete at present, and minds the City, and is now hastening to Gresham College, to discourse with the Aldermen. Sir W. Batten and I home (where met by my brother John, come to town to see how things are with us), and then presently he with me to Gresham College; where infinity of people, partly through novelty to see the new place, and partly to find out and hear what is become one man of another. I met with many people undone, and more that have extraordinary great losses. People speaking their thoughts variously about the beginning of the fire, and the rebuilding; of the City. Then to Sir W. Batten's, and took my brothet with me, and there dined with a great company of neighbours; and much good discourse; among others, of the low spirits of some rich men in the City, in sparing any encouragement to the, poor people that wrought for the saving their houses. Among others, Alderman Starling, a very rich man, without; children, the fire at next door to him in our lane, after our men had saved his house, did give 2s. 6d. among thirty of them, and did quarrel with some that would remove the rubbish out of the way of the fire, saying that they come to steal. Sir W. Coventry told me of another this morning, in Holborne, which he shewed the King that when it was offered to stop the fire near his house for such a reward that came but to 2s. 6d. a man among the neighbours he would, give but 18d. Thence to Bednall Green by coach, my brother with me, and saw all well there, and fetched away my journall book to enter for five days past, and then back to the office where I find Bagwell's wife, and her husband come home. Agreed to come to their house to-morrow, I sending him away to his ship to-day. To the office and late writing letters, and then to Sir W. Pen's, my brother lying with me, and Sir W. Pen gone down to rest himself at Woolwich. But I was much frighted and kept awake in my bed, by some noise I heard a great while below stairs; and the boys not coming up to me when I knocked. It was by their discovery of people stealing of some neighbours' wine that lay in vessels in the streets. So to sleep; and all well all night.

9th (Sunday)

Up and was trimmed, and sent my brother to Woolwich to my wife, to dine with her. I to church, where our parson made a melancholy but good sermon; and many and most in the church cried, specially the women. The church mighty full; but few of fashion, and most strangers. I walked to Bednall Green, and there dined well, but a bad venison pasty at Sir W. Rider's. Good people they are, and good discourse; and his daughter, Middleton, a fine woman, discreet. Thence home, and to church again, and there preached Dean Harding; but, methinks, a bad, poor sermon, though proper for the time; nor eloquent, in saying at this time that the City is reduced from a large folio to a decimotertio. So to my office, there to write down my journall, and take leave of my brother, whom I sent back this afternoon, though rainy; which it hath not done a good while before. But I had no room or convenience for him here till my house is fitted; but I was very kind to him, and do take very well of him his journey. I did give him 40s. for his pocket, and so, he being gone, and, it presently rayning, I was troubled for him, though it is good for the fyre. Anon to Sir W. Pen's to bed, and made my boy Tom to read me asleep.

10th

All the morning clearing our cellars, and breaking in pieces all my old lumber, to make room, and to prevent fire. And then to Sir W. Batten's, and dined; and there hear that Sir W. Rider says that the towne is full of the report of the wealth that is in his house, and would be glad that his friends would provide for the safety of their goods there. This made me get a cart; and thither, and there brought my money all away. Took a hackney-coach myself (the hackney-coaches now standing at Allgate). Much wealth indeed there is at his house. Blessed be God, I got all mine well thence, and lodged it in my office; but vexed to have all the world see it. And with Sir W. Batten, who would have taken away my hands before they were stowed. But by and by comes brother Balty from sea, which I was glad of; and so got him, and Mr. Tooker, and the boy, to watch with them all in the office all night, while I upon Jane's coming went down to my wife, calling at Deptford, intending to see Bagwell, but did not 'ouvrir la porte comme je' did expect. So down late to Woolwich, and there find my wife out of humour and indifferent, as she uses upon her having much liberty abroad.

11th

Lay there, and up betimes, and by water with my gold, and laid it with the rest in my office, where I find all well and safe. So with Sir W. Batten to the New Exchange by water and to my Lord Bruncker's house, where Sir W. Coventry and Sir G. Carteret met. Little business before us but want of money. Broke up, and I home by coach round the town. Dined at home, Balty and myself putting up my papers in m closet in the office. He away, I down to Deptford and there spoke with Bagwell and agreed upon to-morrow, and come home in the rain by water. In the evening at Sir W. Pen's; with my wife, at supper, he in a mad, ridiculous, drunken humour; and it seems there have been some late distances between his lady and him, as my [wife] tells me. After supper, I home, and with

Mr. Hater, Gibson, and Tom alone, got all my chests and money into the further cellar with much pains, but great content to me when done. So very late and weary, to bed.

12th

Up, and with Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen to St. James's by water, and there did our usual business with the Duke of Yorke. Thence I to Westminster, and there, spoke with Michell and Howlett, who tell me how their poor young ones are going to Shadwell's. The latter told me of the unkindness of the young man to his wife, which is now over, and I have promised to appear a counsellor to him. I am glad she is like to be so near us again. Thence to Martin, and there did 'tout ce que je voudrais avec' her, and drank, and away by water home and to dinner, Balty and his wife there. After dinner I took him down with me to Deptford, and there by the Bezan loaded above half my goods and sent them away. So we back home, and then I found occasion to return in the dark and to Bagwell, and there . . . did do all that I desired, but though I did intend 'pour avoir demeurais con elle' to-day last night, yet when I had done 'ce que je voudrais I did hate both elle and la cose', and taking occasion from the occasion of 'su marido's return . . . did me lever', and so away home late to Sir W. Pen's (Batty and his wife lying at my house), and there in the same simple humour I found Sir W. Pen, and so late to bed.

13th

Up, and down to Tower Wharfe; and there, with Batty and labourers from Deptford, did get my goods housed well at home. So down to Deptford again to fetch the rest, and there eat a bit of dinner at the Globe, with the master of the Bezan with me, while the labourers went to dinner. Here I hear that this poor towne do bury still of the plague seven or eight in a day. So to Sir G. Carteret's to work, and there did to my content ship off into the Bezan all the rest of my goods, saving my pictures and fine things, that I will bring home in wherrys when the house is fit to receive them: and so home, and unload them by carts and hands before night, to my exceeding satisfaction: and so after supper to bed in my house, the first time I have lain there; and lay with my wife in my old closett upon the ground, and Batty and his wife in the best chamber, upon the ground also.

14th

Up, and to work, having carpenters come to helpe in setting up bedsteads and hangings; and at that trade my people and I all the morning, till pressed by publique business to leave them against my will in the afternoon: and yet I was troubled in being at home, to see all my goods lie up and down the house in a bad condition, and strange workmen going to and fro might take what they would almost. All the afternoon busy; and Sir W. Coventry come to me, and found me, as God would have it, in my office, and people about me setting my papers to rights; and there discoursed about getting an account ready against the Parliament, and thereby did create me infinite of business, and to be done on a sudden; which troubled me: but, however, he being gone, I about it late, and to good purpose. And so home, having this day also got my wine out of the ground again, and set in my cellar; but with great pain to keep the porters that carried it in from observing the money-chests there. So to bed as last night, only my wife and I upon a bedstead with curtains in that which was Mercer's chamber, and Balty and his wife (who are here and do us good service), where we lay last night. This day, poor Tom Pepys, the turner, was with me, and Kate, Joyce, to bespeake places; one for himself, the other for her husband. She tells me he hath lost L140 per annum, but have seven houses left.

15th

All the morning at the office, Harman being come to my great satisfaction to put up my beds and hangings, so I am at rest, and followed my business all day. Dined with Sir W. Batten, mighty busy about this account, and while my people were busy, wrote near thirty letters and orders with my owne hand. At it till eleven at night; and it is strange to see how clear my head was, being eased of all the matter of all these letters; whereas one would think that I should have been dazed. I never did observe so much of myself in my life. In the evening there comes to me Captain Cocke, and walked a good while in the garden. He says he hath computed that the rents of houses lost by this fire in the City comes to L600,000 per annum; that this will make the Parliament, more quiet than otherwise they would have been, and give the, King a more ready supply; that the supply must be by excise, as it is in Holland; that the Parliament will see it necessary to carry on the warr; that the late storm hindered our beating the Dutch fleete, who were gone out only to satisfy the people, having no business to do but to avoid us; that the French, as late in the yeare as it is, are coming; that the Dutch are really in bad condition, but that this unhappinesse of ours do give them heart; that there was a late difference between my Lord Arlington and Sir W. Coventry about neglect in the last to send away an express of the other's in time; that it come before the King, and the Duke of Yorke concerned himself in it; but this fire hath stopped it. The Dutch fleete is not gone home, but rather to the North, and so dangerous to our Gottenburgh fleete. That the Parliament is likely to fall foul upon some persons; and, among others, on the Vice-chamberlaine, though we both believe with little ground. That certainly never so great a loss as this was borne so well by citizens in the world; he believing that not one merchant upon the 'Change will break upon it. That he do not apprehend there will be any disturbances in State upon it; for that all men are busy in looking after

their owne business to save themselves. He gone, I to finish my letters, and home to bed; and find to my infinite joy many rooms clean; and myself and wife lie in our own chamber again. But much terrified in the nights now-a-days with dreams of fire, and falling down of houses.

16th (Lord's day)

Lay with much pleasure in bed talking with my wife about Mr. Hater's lying here and W. Hewer also, if Mrs. Mercer leaves her house. To the office, whither also all my people about this account, and there busy all the morning. At noon, with my wife, against her will, all undressed and dirty, dined at Sir W. Pen's, where was all the company of our families in towne; but, Lord! so sorry a dinner: venison baked in pans, that the dinner I have had for his lady alone hath been worth four of it. Thence, after dinner, displeased with our entertainment, to my office again, and there till almost midnight and my people with me, and then home, my head mightily akeing about our accounts.

17th

Up betimes, and shaved myself after a week's growth, but, Lord! how ugly I was yesterday and how fine to-day! By water, seeing the City all the way, a sad sight indeed, much fire being still in. To Sir W. Coventry, and there read over my yesterday's work: being a collection of the particulars of the excess of charge created by a war, with good content. Sir W. Coventry was in great pain lest the French fleete should be passed by our fleete, who had notice of them on Saturday, and were preparing to go meet them; but their minds altered, and judged them merchantmen, when the same day the Success, Captain Ball, made their whole fleete, and come to Brighthelmstone, and thence at five o'clock afternoon, Saturday, wrote Sir W. Coventry newes thereof; so that we do much fear our missing them. Here come in and talked with him Sir Thomas Clifford, who appears a very fine gentleman, and much set by at Court for his activity in going to sea, and stoutness everywhere, and stirring up and down. Thence by coach over the ruines, down Fleete Streete and Cheapside to Broad Streete to Sir G. Carteret, where Sir W. Batten (and Sir J. Minnes, whom I had not seen a long time before, being his first coming abroad) and Lord Bruncker passing his accounts. Thence home a little to look after my people at work and back to Sir G. Carteret's to dinner; and thence, after some discourse; with him upon our publique accounts, I back home, and all the day with Harman and his people finishing the hangings and beds in my house, and the hangings will be as good as ever, and particularly in my new closet. They gone and I weary, my wife and I, and Balty and his wife, who come hither to-day to helpe us, to a barrel of oysters I sent from the river today, and so to bed.

18th

Strange with what freedom and quantity I pissed this night, which I know not what to impute to but my oysters, unless the coldness of the night should cause it, for it was a sad rainy and tempestuous night. Soon as up I begun to have some pain in my bladder and belly, as usual, which made me go to dinner betimes, to fill my belly, and that did ease me, so as I did my business in the afternoon, in forwarding the settling of my house, very well. Betimes to bed, my wife also being all this day ill in the same manner. Troubled at my wife's haire coming off so much. This day the Parliament met, and adjourned till Friday, when the King will be with them.

19th

Up, and with Sir W. Pen by coach to St. James's, and there did our usual business before the Duke of Yorke; which signified little, our business being only complaints of lack of money. Here I saw a bastard of the late King of Sweden's come to kiss his hands; a mighty modish French-like gentleman. Thence to White Hall, with Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen, to Wilkes's; and there did hear the many profane stories of Sir Henry Wood damning the parsons for so much spending the wine at the sacrament, cursing that ever they took the cup to themselves, and then another story that he valued not all the world's curses, for two pence he shall get at any time the prayers of some poor body that is worth a 1000 of all their curses; Lord Norwich drawing a tooth at a health. Another time, he and Pinchbacke and Dr. Goffe, now a religious man, Pinchbacke did begin a frolick to drink out of a glass with a toad in it that he had taken up going out to shit, he did it without harm. Goffe, who knew sacke would kill the toad, called for sacke; and when he saw it dead, says he, "I will have a quick toad, and will not drink from a dead toad." By that means, no other being to be found, he escaped the health. Thence home, and dined, and to Deptford and got all my pictures put into wherries, and my other fine things, and landed them all very well, and brought them home, and got Sympson to set them all up to-night; and he gone, I and the boy to finish and set up my books, and everything else in my house, till two o'clock; in the morning, and then to bed; but mightily troubled, and even in my sleep, at my missing four or five of my biggest books. Speed's Chronicle and Maps, and the two parts of Waggoner, and a book of cards, which I suppose I have put up with too much care, that I have forgot where they are; for sure they are not stole. Two little pictures of sea and ships and a little gilt frame belonging to my plate of the River, I want; but my books do heartily trouble me. Most of my gilt frames are hurt, which also troubles me, but most my books. This day I put on two shirts, the first time this year, and do grow well upon it; so that my disease is nothing but wind.

20th

Up, much troubled about my books, but cannot, imagine where they should be. Up, to the setting my closet to rights, and Sir W. Coventry takes me at it, which did not displease me. He and I to discourse about our accounts, and the bringing them to the Parliament, and with much content to see him rely so well on my part. He and I together to Broad Streete to the Vice-Chamberlain, and there discoursed a while and parted. My Lady Carteret come to town, but I did not see her. He tells me how the fleete is come into the Downes. Nothing done, nor French fleete seen: we drove all from our anchors. But he says newes is come that De Ruyter is dead, or very near it, of a hurt in his mouth, upon the discharge of one of his own guns; which put him into a fever, and he likely to die, if not already dead. We parted, and I home to dinner, and after dinner to the setting things in order, and all my people busy about the same work. In the afternoon, out by coach, my wife with me, which we have not done several weeks now, through all the ruines, to shew her them, which frets her much, and is a sad sight indeed. Set her down at her brother's, and thence I to Westminster Hall, and there staid a little while, and called her home. She did give me an account of great differences between her mother and Balty's wife. The old woman charges her with going abroad and staying out late, and painting in the absence of her husband, and I know not what; and they grow proud, both he and she, and do not help their father and mother out of what I help them to, which I do not like, nor my wife. So home, and to the office, to even my journall, and then home, and very late up with Jane setting my books in perfect order in my closet, but am mightily troubled for my great books that I miss, and I am troubled the more for fear there should be more missing than what I find, though by the room they take on the shelves I do not find any reason to think it. So to bed.

21st

Up, and mightily pleased with the setting of my books the last night in order, and that which did please me most of all is that W. Hewer tells me that upon enquiry he do find that Sir W. Pen hath a hamper more than his own, which he took for a hamper of bottles of wine, and are books in it. I was impatient to see it, but they were carried into a wine-cellar, and the boy is abroad with him at the House, where the Parliament met to-day, and the King to be with them. At noon after dinner I sent for Harry, and he tells me it is so, and brought me by and by my hamper of books to my great joy, with the same books I missed, and three more great ones, and no more. I did give him 5s. for his pains, And so home with great joy, and to the setting of some off them right, but could not finish it, but away by coach to the other end of the town, leaving my wife at the 'Change, but neither come time enough to the Council to speak with the Duke of Yorke, nor with Sir G. Carteret, and so called my wife, and paid for some things she bought, and so home, and there after a little doing at the office about our accounts, which now draw near the time they should be ready, the House having ordered Sir G. Carteret, upon his offering them, to bring them in on Saturday next, I home, and there, with great pleasure, very late new setting all my books; and now I am in as good condition as I desire to be in all worldly respects. The Lord of Heaven make me thankfull, and continue me therein! So to bed. This day I had new stairs of main timber put t my cellar going into the yard.

22nd

To my closet, and had it new washed, and now my house is so clean as I never saw it, or any other house in my life, and every thing in as good condition as ever before the fire; but with, I believe, about L20 cost one way or other besides about L20 charge in removing my goods, and do not find that I have lost any thing but two little pictures of ship and sea, and a little gold frame for one of my sea-cards. My glazier, indeed, is so full of worke that I cannot get him to come to perfect my house. To the office, and there busy now for good and all about my accounts. My Lord Brunck come thither, thinking to find an office, but we have not yet met. He do now give me a watch, a plain one, in the roome of my former watch with many motions which I did give him. If it goes well, I care not for the difference in worth, though believe there is above L5. He and I to Sir G. Carteret to discourse about his account, but Mr. Waith not being there nothing could be done, and therefore I home again, and busy all day. In the afternoon comes Anthony Joyce to see me, and with tears told me his losse, but yet that he had something left that he can live well upon, and I doubt it not. But he would buy some place that he could have and yet keepe his trade where he is settled in St. Jones's. He gone, I to the office again, and then to Sir G. Carteret, and there found Mr. Wayth, but, Lord! how fretfully Sir G. Carteret do discourse with Mr. Wayth about his accounts, like a man that understands them not one word. I held my tongue and let him go on like a passionate foole. In the afternoon I paid for the two lighters that carried my goods to Deptford, and they cost me L8. Till past midnight at our accounts, and have brought them to a good issue, so as to be ready to meet Sir G. Carteret and Sir W. Coventry to-morrow, but must work to-morrow, which Mr. T. Hater had no mind to, it being the Lord's day, but, being told the necessity, submitted, poor man! This night writ for brother John to come to towne. Among other reasons, my estate lying in money, I am afeard of any sudden miscarriage. So to bed mightily contented in dispatching so much business, and find my house in the best condition that ever I knew it. Home to bed.

23rd (Lord's day)

Up, and after being trimmed, all the morning at the office with my people about me till about one o'clock, and then home, and my people with me, and Mr. Wayth and I eat a bit of victuals in my old closet, now my little dining-room, which makes a pretty room, and my house being so clean makes me mightily pleased, but only I do lacke Mercer or somebody in the house to sing with. Soon as eat a bit Mr. Wayth and I by water to White Hall, and there at Sir G. Carteret's lodgings Sir W. Coventry met, and we did debate the whole business of our accounts to the Parliament; where it appears to us that the charge of the war from September 1st, 1664, to this Michaelmas, will have been but L3,200,000, and we have paid in that time somewhat about L2,200,000; so that we owe above L900,000: but our method of accounting, though it cannot, I believe, be far wide from the mark, yet will not abide a strict examination if the Parliament should be troublesome. Here happened a pretty question of Sir W. Coventry, whether this account of ours will not put my Lord Treasurer to a difficulty to tell what is become of all the money the Parliament have 'give' in this time for the war, which hath amounted to about L4,000,000, which nobody there could answer; but I perceive they did doubt what his answer could be. Having done, and taken from Sir W. Coventry the minutes of a letter to my Lord Treasurer, Wayth and I back again to the office, and thence back down to the water with my wife and landed him in Southwarke, and my wife and I for pleasure to Fox-hall, and there eat and drank, and so back home, and I to the office till midnight drawing the letter we are to send with our accounts to my Lord Treasurer, and that being done to my mind, I home to bed.

24th

Up, and with Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen to St. James's, and there with Sir W. Coventry read and all approved of my letter, and then home, and after dinner, Mr. Hater and Gibson dining with me, to the office, and there very late new moulding my accounts and writing fair my letter, which I did against the evening, and then by coach left my wife at her brother's, and I to St. James's, and up and down to look [for] Sir W. Coventry; and at last found him and Sir G. Carteret with the Lord Treasurer at White Hall, consulting how to make up my Lord Treasurer's general account, as well as that of the Navy particularly. Here brought the letter, but found that Sir G. Carteret had altered his account since he did give me the abstract of it: so all my letter must be writ over again, to put in his last abstract. So to Sir G. Carteret's lodgings, to speak a little about the alteration; and there looking over the book that Sir G. Carteret intends to deliver to the Parliament of his payments since September 1st, 1664, and there I find my name the very second for flags, which I had bought for the Navy, of calico; once, about 500 and odd pounds, which vexed me mightily. At last, I concluded of scraping out my name and putting in Mr. Tooker's, which eased me; though the price was such as I should have had glory by. Here I saw my Lady Carteret lately come to towne, who, good lady! is mighty kind, and I must make much of her, for she is a most excellent woman. So took up my wife and away home, and there to bed, and

25th

Up betimes, with all my people to get the letter writ over, and other things done, which I did, and by coach to Lord Bruncker's, and got his hand to it; and then to the Parliament House and got it signed by the rest, and then delivered it at the House-door to Sir Philip Warwicke; Sir G. Carteret being gone into the House with his book of accounts under his arme, to present to the House. I had brought my wife to White Hall, and leaving her with Mrs. Michell, where she sat in her shop and had burnt wine sent for her, I walked in the Hall, and among others with Ned Picketing, who continues still a lying, bragging coxcombe, telling me that my Lord Sandwich may thank himself for all his misfortune; for not suffering him and two or three good honest fellows more to take them by the throats that spoke ill of him, and told me how basely Lionell Walden hath carried himself towards my Lord; by speaking slightly of him, which I shall remember. Thence took my wife home to dinner, and then to the office, where Mr. Hater all the day putting in order and entering in a book all the measures that this account of the Navy hath been made up by, and late at night to Mrs. Turner's, where she had got my wife and Lady Pen and Pegg, and supped, and after, supper and the rest of the company by design gone, Mrs. Turner and her husband did lay their case to me about their lodgings, Sir J. Minnes being now gone wholly to his owne, and now, they being empty, they doubt Sir T. Harvy or Lord Bruncker may look after the lodgings. I did give them the best advice, poor people, that I could, and would do them any kindnesse, though it is strange that now they should have ne'er a friend of Sir W. Batten or Sir W. Pen to trust to but me, that they have disobliged. So home to bed, and all night still mightily troubled in my sleepe, with fire and houses pulling down.

26th

Up, and with Sir J. Minnes to St. James's, where every body going to the House, I away by coach to White Hall, and after a few turns, and hearing that our accounts come into the House but to-day, being hindered yesterday by other business, I away by coach home, taking up my wife and calling at Bennet's, our late mercer, who is come into Covent Garden to a fine house looking down upon the Exchange; and I perceive many Londoners every day come; and Mr. Pierce hath let his wife's closett, and the little blind bed chamber, and a garret to a silke man for L50 fine, and L30 per annum, and L40 per annum more for dieting the master and two prentices. So home, not agreeing for silk for a petticoat for her which she desired, but home to dinner and then back to White Hall, leaving my wife by the way to buy her petticoat of Bennet, and I to White Hall waiting all day on the Duke of Yorke to move the King for getting Lanyon some money at Plymouth out of some oyle prizes brought in thither, but could get nothing done, but

here Mr. Dugdale I hear the great loss of books in St. Paul's Church-yarde, and at their Hall also, which they value about L150,000; some booksellers being wholly undone, among others, they say, my poor Kirton. And Mr. Crumlu all his books and household stuff burned; they trusting St. Fayth's, and the roof of the church falling, broke the arch down into the lower church, and so all the goods burned. A very great loss. His father hath lost above L1000 in books; one book newly printed, a Discourse, it seems, of Courts. Here I had the hap to see my Lady Denham: and at night went into the dining-room and saw several fine ladies; among others, Castlemayne, but chiefly Denham again; and the Duke of Yorke taking her aside and talking to her in the sight of all the world, all alone; which was strange, and what also I did not like. Here I met with good Mr. Evelyn, who cries out against it, and calls it bitchering,—[This word was apparently of Evelyn's own making.]—for the Duke of Yorke talks a little to her, and then she goes away, and then he follows her again like a dog. He observes that none of the nobility come out of the country at all to help the King, or comfort him, or prevent commotions at this fire; but do as if the King were nobody; nor ne'er a priest comes to give the King and Court good council, or to comfort the poor people that suffer; but all is dead, nothing of good in any of their minds: he bemoans it, and says he fears more ruin hangs over our heads. Thence away by coach, and called away my wife at Unthanke's, where she tells me she hath bought a gowne of 15s. per yard; the same, before her face, my Lady Castlemayne this day bought also, which I seemed vexed for, though I do not grudge it her, but to incline her to have Mercer again, which I believe I shall do, but the girle, I hear, has no mind to come to us again, which vexes me. Being come home, I to Sir W. Batten, and there hear our business was tendered to the House to-day, and a Committee of the whole House chosen to examine our accounts, and a great many Hotspurs enquiring into it, and likely to give us much trouble and blame, and perhaps (which I am afeard of) will find faults enow to demand better officers. This I truly fear. Away with Sir W. Pen, who was there, and he and I walked in the garden by moonlight, and he proposes his and my looking out into Scotland about timber, and to use Pett there; for timber will be a good commodity this time of building the City; and I like the motion, and doubt not that we may do good in it. We did also discourse about our Privateer, and hope well of that also, without much hazard, as, if God blesses us, I hope we shall do pretty well toward getting a penny. I was mightily pleased with our discourse, and so parted, and to the office to finish my journall for three or four days, and so home to supper, and to bed. Our fleete abroad, and the Dutch too, for all we know; the weather very bad; and under the command of an unlucky man, I fear. God bless him, and the fleete under him!

27th

A very furious blowing night all the night; and my mind still mightily perplexed with dreams, and burning the rest of the town, and waking in much pain for the fleete. Up, and with my wife by coach as far as the Temple, and there she to the mercer's again, and I to look out Penny, my tailor, to speak for a cloak and cassock for my brother, who is coming to town; and I will have him in a canonical dress, that he may be the fitter to go abroad with me. I then to the Exchequer, and there, among other things, spoke to Mr. Falconbridge about his girle I heard sing at Nonsuch, and took him and some other 'Chequer men to the Sun Taverne, and there spent 2s. 6d. upon them, and he sent for the girle, and she hath a pretty way of singing, but hath almost forgot for want of practice. She is poor in clothes, and not bred to any carriage, but will be soon taught all, and if Mercer do not come again, I think we may have her upon better terms, and breed her to what we please. Thence to Sir W. Coventry's, and there dined with him and Sir W. Batten, the Lieutenant of the Tower, and Mr. Thin, a pretty gentleman, going to Gottenburgh. Having dined, Sir W. Coventry, Sir W. Batten, and I walked into his closet to consider of some things more to be done in a list to be given to the Parliament of all our ships, and time of entry and discharge. Sir W. Coventry seems to think they will soon be weary of the business, and fall quietly into the giving the King what is fit. This he hopes. Thence I by coach home to the office, and there intending a meeting, but nobody being there but myself and Sir J. Minnes, who is worse than nothing, I did not answer any body, but kept to my business in the office till night, and then Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen to me, and thence to Sir W. Batten's, and eat a barrel of oysters I did give them, and so home, and to bed. I have this evening discoursed with W. Hewer about Mercer, I having a mind to have her again; and I am vexed to hear him say that she hath no mind to come again, though her mother hath. No newes of the fleete yet, but that they went by Dover on the 25th towards the Gunfleete, but whether the Dutch be yet abroad, or no, we hear not. De Ruyter is not dead, but like to do well. Most think that the gross of the French fleete are gone home again.

28th

Lay long in bed, and am come to agreement with my wife to have Mercer again, on condition she may learn this winter two months to dance, and she promises me she will endeavour to learn to sing, and all this I am willing enough to. So up, and by and by the glazier comes to finish the windows of my house, which pleases me, and the bookbinder to gild the backs of my books. I got the glass of my book-presses to be done presently, which did mightily content me, and to setting my study in a little better order; and so to my, office to my people, busy about our Parliament accounts; and so to dinner, and then at them again close. At night comes Sir W. Pen, and he and I a turn in the garden, and he broke to me a proposition of his and my joining in a design of fetching timber and deals from Scotland, by the help of Mr. Pett upon the place; which, while London is building, will yield good money. I approve it. We judged a third man, that is knowing, is necessary, and concluded on Sir W. Warren, and sent for him to come to us to-morrow morning. I full of this all night, and the project of our man of war; but he and, I both dissatisfied with Sir W. Batten's proposing his son to be Lieutenant, which we, neither of us, like. He gone, I discoursed with W. Hewer about Mercer, having a

great mind she should come to us again, and instructed him what to say to her mother about it. And so home, to supper, and to bed.

29th

A little meeting at the office by Sir W. Batten, Sir W. Pen, and myself, being the first since the fire. We rose soon, and comes Sir W. Warren, by our desire, and with Sir W. Pen and I talked of our Scotch motion, which Sir W. Warren did seem to be stumbled at, and did give no ready answer, but proposed some thing previous to it, which he knows would find us work, or writing to Mr. Pett to be informed how matters go there as to cost and ways of providing sawyers or saw-mills. We were parted without coming to any good resolution in it, I discerning plainly that Sir W. Warren had no mind to it, but that he was surprised at our motion. He gone, I to some office business, and then home to dinner, and then to office again, and then got done by night the lists that are to be presented to the Parliament Committee of the ships, number of men, and time employed since the war, and then I with it (leaving my wife at Unthanke's) to St. James's, where Sir W. Coventry staid for me, and I perused our lists, and find to our great joy that wages, victuals, wear and tear, cast by the medium of the men, will come to above 3,000,000; and that the extraordinaries, which all the world will allow us, will arise to more than will justify the expence we have declared to have been at since the war, viz., L3200,000, he and I being both mightily satisfied, he saying to me, that if God send us over this rub we must take another course for a better Comptroller. So parted, and I to my wife [at Unthanke's], who staid for the finishing her new best gowne (the best that ever I made her coloured tabby, flowered, and so took it and her home; and then I to my people, and having cut them out a little more work than they expected, viz., the writing over the lists in new method, I home to bed, being in good humour, and glad of the end we have brought this matter to.

30th (Lord's day)

Up, and to church, where I have not been a good while: and there the church infinitely thronged with strangers since the fire come into our parish; but not one handsome face in all of them, as if, indeed, there was a curse, as Bishop Fuller heretofore said, upon our parish. Here I saw Mercer come into the church, which I had a mind to, but she avoided looking up, which vexed me. A pretty good sermon, and then home, and comes Balty and dined with us. A good dinner; and then to have my haire cut against winter close to my head, and then to church again. A sorry sermon, and away home. [Sir] W. Pen and I to walk to talk about several businesses, and then home; and my wife and I to read in Fuller's Church History, and so to supper and to bed. This month ends with my mind full of business and concernment how this office will speed with the Parliament, which begins to be mighty severe in the examining our accounts, and the expence of the Navy this war.

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November 1st (Lord's day)

Up, and with W. Hewer at my chamber all this morning, going further in my great business for the Duke of York, and so at noon to dinner, and then W. Hewer to write fair what he had writ, and my wife to read to me all the afternoon, till anon Mr. Gibson come, and he and I to perfect it to my full mind, and so to supper and to bed, my mind yet at disquiet that I cannot be informed how poor Deb. stands with her mistress, but I fear she will put her away, and the truth is, though it be much against my mind and to my trouble, yet I think that it will be fit that she should be gone, for my wife's peace and mine, for she cannot but be offended at the sight of her, my wife having conceived this jealousy of me with reason, and therefore for that, and other reasons of expense, it will be best for me to let her go, but I shall love and pity her. This noon Mr. Povy sent his coach for my wife and I to see, which we like mightily, and will endeavour to have him get us just such another.

2nd

Up, and a cold morning, by water through bridge without a cloak, and there to Mr. Wren at his chamber at White Hall, the first time of his coming thither this year, the Duchess coming thither tonight, and there he and I did read over my paper that I have with so much labour drawn up about the several answers of the officers of this Office to the Duke of York's reflections, and did debate a little what advice to give the Duke of York when he comes to town upon it. Here come in Lord Anglesy, and I perceive he makes nothing of this order for his suspension, resolving to contend and to bring it to the Council on Wednesday when the King is come to town to-morrow, and Mr. Wren do join with him mightily in it, and do look upon the Duke of York as concerned more in it than he. So to visit Creed at his chamber, but his wife not come thither yet, nor do he tell me where she is, though she be in town, at Stepney, at Atkins's. So to Mr. Povy's to talk about a coach, but there I find my Lord Sandwich, and Peterborough, and Hinchingbroke, Charles Harbord, and Sidney Montagu; and there I was stopped, and dined mighty nobly at a good table, with one little dish at a time upon it, but mighty merry. I was glad to see it: but sorry, methought, to see my Lord have so little reason to be merry, and yet glad, for his sake, to have him cheerful. After dinner up, and looked up and down the house, and so to the cellar;

and thence I slipt away, without taking leave, and so to a few places about business, and among others to my bookseller's in Duck Lane, and so home, where the house still full of dirt by painters and others, and will not be clean a good while. So to read and talk with my wife till by and by called to the office about Sir W. Warren's business, where we met a little, and then home to supper and to bed. This day I went, by Mr. Povy's direction, to a coachmaker near him, for a coach just like his, but it was sold this very morning.

3rd

Up, and all the morning at the Office. At noon to dinner, and then to the Office, and there busy till 12 at night, without much pain to my eyes, but I did not use them to read or write, and so did hold out very well. So home, and there to supper, and I observed my wife to eye my eyes whether I did ever look upon Deb., which I could not but do now and then (and to my grief did see the poor wretch look on me and see me look on her, and then let drop a tear or two, which do make my heart relent at this minute that I am writing this with great trouble of mind, for she is indeed my sacrifice, poor girle); and my wife did tell me in bed by the by of my looking on other people, and that the only way is to put things out of sight, and this I know she means by Deb., for she tells me that her Aunt was here on Monday, and she did tell her of her desire of parting with Deb., but in such kind terms on both sides that my wife is mightily taken with her. I see it will be, and it is but necessary, and therefore, though it cannot but grieve me, yet I must bring my mind to give way to it. We had a great deal of do this day at the Office about Clutterbucke,—I declaring my dissent against the whole Board's proceedings, and I believe I shall go near to shew W. Pen a very knave in it, whatever I find my Lord Brouncker.

4th

Up, and by coach to White Hall; and there I find the King and Duke of York come the last night, and every body's mouth full of my Lord Anglesey's suspension being sealed; which it was, it seems, yesterday; so that he is prevented in his remedy at the Council; and, it seems, the two new Treasurers did kiss the King's hand this morning, brought in by my Lord Arlington. They walked up and down together the Court this day, and several people joyed them; but I avoided it, that I might not be seen to look either way. This day also I hear that my Lord Ormond is to be declared in Council no more Deputy Governor of Ireland, his commission being expired: and the King is prevailed with to take it out of his hands; which people do mightily admire, saying that he is the greatest subject of any prince in Christendome, and hath more acres of land than any, and hath done more for his Prince than ever any yet did. But all will not do; he must down, it seems, the Duke of Buckingham carrying all before him. But that, that troubles me most is, that they begin to talk that the Duke of York's regiment is ordered to be disbanded; and more, that undoubtedly his Admiralty will follow: which do shake me mightily, and I fear will have ill consequences in the nation, for these counsels are very mad. The Duke of York do, by all men's report, carry himself wonderfull submissive to the King, in the most humble manner in the world; but yet, it seems, nothing must be spared that tends to, the keeping out of the Chancellor; and that is the reason of all this. The great discourse now is, that the Parliament shall be dissolved and another called, which shall give the King the Deane and Chapter lands; and that will put him out of debt. And it is said that Buckingham do knownly meet daily with Wildman and other Commonwealth-men; and that when he is with them, he makes the King believe that he is with his wenches; and something looks like the Parliament's being dissolved, by Harry Brouncker's being now come back, and appears this day the first day at White Hall; but hath not been yet with the King, but is secure that he shall be well received, I hear. God bless us, when such men as he shall be restored! But that, that pleases me most is, that several do tell me that Pen is to be removed; and others, that he hath resigned his place; and particularly Spragg tells me for certain that he hath resigned it, and is become a partner with Gawden in the Victualling: in which I think he hath done a very cunning thing; but I am sure I am glad of it; and it will be well for the King to have him out of this Office. Thence by coach, doing several errands, home and there to dinner, and then to the Office, where all the afternoon till late at night, and so home. Deb. hath been abroad to-day with her friends, poor girle, I believe toward the getting of a place. This day a boy is sent me out of the country from Impington by my cozen Roger Pepys' getting, whom I visited this morning at his chamber in the Strand and carried him to Westminster Hall, where I took a turn or two with him and Sir John Talbot, who talks mighty high for my Lord of Ormond: and I perceive this family of the Talbots hath been raised by my Lord. When I come home to-night I find Deb. not come home, and do doubt whether she be not quite gone or no, but my wife is silent to me in it, and I to her, but fell to other discourse, and indeed am well satisfied that my house will never be at peace between my wife and I unless I let her go, though it grieves me to the heart. My wife and I spent much time this evening talking of our being put out of the Office, and my going to live at Deptford at her brother's, till I can clear my accounts, and rid my hands of the town, which will take me a year or more, and I do think it will be best for me to do so, in order to our living cheap, and out of sight.

5th

Up, and Willet come home in the morning, and, God forgive me! I could not conceal my content thereat by smiling, and my wife observed it, but I said nothing, nor she, but away to the office. Presently up by water to White Hall, and there all of us to wait on the Duke of York, which we did, having little to do, and then I up and down the house, till by and by the Duke of York, who had bid

me stay, did come to his closet again, and there did call in me and Mr. Wren; and there my paper, that I have lately taken pains to draw up, was read, and the Duke of York pleased therewith; and we did all along conclude upon answers to my mind for the Board, and that that, if put in execution, will do the King's business. But I do now more and more perceive the Duke of York's trouble, and that he do lie under great weight of mind from the Duke of Buckingham's carrying things against him; and particularly when I advised that he would use his interest that a seaman might come into the room of W. Pen, who is now declared to be gone from us to that of the Victualling, and did shew how the Office would now be left without one seaman in it, but the Surveyour and the Controller, who is so old as to be able to do nothing, he told me plainly that I knew his mind well enough as to seamen, but that it must be as others will. And Wren did tell it me as a secret, that when the Duke of York did first tell the King about Sir W. Pen's leaving of the place, and that when the Duke of York did move the King that either Captain Cox or Sir Jer. Smith might succeed him, the King did tell him that that was a matter fit to be considered of, and would not agree to either presently; and so the Duke of York could not prevail for either, nor knows who it shall be. The Duke of York did tell me himself, that if he had not carried it privately when first he mentioned Pen's leaving his place to the King, it had not been done; for the Duke of Buckingham and those of his party do cry out upon it, as a strange thing to trust such a thing into the hands of one that stands accused in Parliament: and that they have so far prevailed upon the King that he would not have him named in Council, but only take his name to the Board; but I think he said that only D. Gawden's name shall go in the patent; at least, at the time when Sir Richard Browne asked the King the names of D. Gawden's security, the King told him it was not yet necessary for him to declare them. And by and by, when the Duke of York and we had done, and Wren brought into the closet Captain Cox and James Temple About business of the Guiney Company, and talking something of the Duke of Buckingham's concernment therein, and says the Duke of York, "I will give the Devil his due, as they say the Duke of Buckingham hath paid in his money to the Company," or something of that kind, wherein he would do right to him. The Duke of York told me how these people do begin to cast dirt upon the business that passed the Council lately, touching Supernumeraries, as passed by virtue of his authority there, there being not liberty for any man to withstand what the Duke of York advises there; which, he told me, they bring only as an argument to insinuate the putting of the Admiralty into Commission, which by all men's discourse is now designed, and I perceive the same by him. This being done, and going from him, I up and down the house to hear news: and there every body's mouth full of changes; and, among others, the Duke of York's regiment of Guards, that was raised during the late war at sea, is to be disbanded: and also, that this day the King do intend to declare that the Duke of Ormond is no more Deputy of Ireland, but that he will put it into Commission. This day our new Treasurers did kiss the King's hand, who complimented them, as they say, very highly, that he had for a long time been abused in his Treasurer, and that he was now safe in their hands. I saw them walk up and down the Court together all this morning; the first time I ever saw Osborne, who is a comely gentleman. This day I was told that my Lord Anglesey did deliver a petition on Wednesday in Council to the King, laying open, that whereas he had heard that his Majesty had made such a disposal of his place, which he had formerly granted him for life upon a valuable consideration, and that, without any thing laid to his charge, and during a Parliament's sessions, he prayed that his Majesty would be pleased to let his case be heard before the Council and the judges of the land, who were his proper counsel in all matters of right: to which, I am told, the King, after my Lord's being withdrawn, concluded upon his giving him an answer some few days hence; and so he was called in, and told so, and so it ended. Having heard all this I took coach and to Mr. Povy's, where I hear he is gone to the Swedes Resident in Covent Garden, where he is to dine. I went thither, but he is not come yet, so I to White Hall to look for him, and up and down walking there I met with Sir Robert Holmes, who asking news I told him of Sir W. Pen's going from us, who ketched at it so as that my heart misgives me that he will have a mind to it, which made me heartily sorry for my words, but he invited me and would have me go to dine with him at the Treasurer's, Sir Thomas Clifford, where I did go and eat some oysters; which while we were at, in comes my Lord Keeper and much company; and so I thought it best to withdraw. And so away, and to the Swedes Agent's, and there met Mr. Povy; where the Agent would have me stay and dine, there being only them, and Joseph Williamson, and Sir Thomas Clayton; but what he is I know not. Here much extraordinary noble discourse of foreign princes, and particularly the greatness of the King of France, and of his being fallen into the right way of making the kingdom great, which [none] of his ancestors ever did before. I was mightily pleased with this company and their discourse, so as to have been seldom so much in all my life, and so after dinner up into his upper room, and there did see a piece of perspective, but much inferior to Mr. Povy's. Thence with Mr. Povy spent all the afternoon going up and down among the coachmakers in Cow Lane, and did see several, and at last did pitch upon a little chariott, whose body was framed, but not covered, at the widow's, that made Mr. Lowther's fine coach; and we are mightily pleased with it, it being light, and will be very genteel and sober: to be covered with leather, and yet will hold four. Being much satisfied with this, I carried him to White Hall; and so by coach home, where give my wife a good account of my day's work, and so to the office, and there late, and so to bed.

6th

Up, and presently my wife up with me, which she professedly now do every day to dress me, that I may not see Willet, and do eye me, whether I cast my eye upon her, or no; and do keep me from going into the room where she is among the upholsters at work in our blue chamber. So abroad to White Hall by water, and so on for all this day as I have by mistake set down in the fifth day after this mark. In the room of which I should have said that I was at the office all the morning, and so to dinner, my wife with me, but so as I durst not look upon the girle, though, God knows, notwithstanding all my protestations I could not keep my mind from

desiring it. After dinner to the office again, and there did some business, and then by coach to see Roger Pepys at his lodgings, next door to Arundell House, a barber's; and there I did see a book, which my Lord Sandwich hath promised one to me of, "A Description of the Escuriall in Spain;" which I have a great desire to have, though I took it for a finer book when he promised it me. With him to see my cozen Turner and The., and there sat and talked, they being newly come out of the country; and here pretty merry, and with The. to shew her a coach at Mr. Povy's man's, she being in want of one, and so back again with her, and then home by coach, with my mind troubled and finding no content, my wife being still troubled, nor can be at peace while the girle is there, which I am troubled at on the other side. We past the evening together, and then to bed and slept ill, she being troubled and troubling me in the night with talk and complaints upon the old business. This is the day's work of the 5th, though it stands under the 6th, my mind being now so troubled that it is no wonder that I fall into this mistake more than ever I did in my life before.

7th

Up, and at the office all the morning, and so to it again after dinner, and there busy late, choosing to employ myself rather than go home to trouble with my wife, whom, however, I am forced to comply with, and indeed I do pity her as having cause enough for her grief. So to bed, and there slept ill because of my wife. This afternoon I did go out towards Sir D. Gawden's, thinking to have bespoke a place for my coach and horses, when I have them, at the Victualling Office; but find the way so bad and long that I returned, and looked up and down for places elsewhere, in an inne, which I hope to get with more convenience than there.

8th (Lord's day)

Up, and at my chamber all the morning, setting papers to rights, with my boy; and so to dinner at noon. The girle with us, but my wife troubled thereat to see her, and do tell me so, which troubles me, for I love the girle. At my chamber again to work all the afternoon till night, when Pelling comes, who wonders to find my wife so dull and melancholy, but God knows she hath too much cause. However, as pleasant as we can, we supped together, and so made the boy read to me, the poor girle not appearing at supper, but hid herself in her chamber. So that I could wish in that respect that she was out of the house, for our peace is broke to all of us while she is here, and so to bed, where my wife mighty unquiet all night, so as my bed is become burdensome to me.

9th

Up, and I did by a little note which I flung to Deb. advise her that I did continue to deny that ever I kissed her, and so she might govern herself. The truth is that I did adventure upon God's pardoning me this lie, knowing how heavy a thing it would be for me to the ruin of the poor girle, and next knowing that if my wife should know all it were impossible ever for her to be at peace with me again, and so our whole lives would be uncomfortable. The girl read, and as I bid her returned me the note, flinging it to me in passing by. And so I abroad by [coach] to White Hall, and there to the Duke of York to wait on him, who told me that Sir W. Pen had been with him this morning, to ask whether it would be fit for him to sit at the Office now, because of his resolution to be gone, and to become concerned in the Victualling. The Duke of York answered, "Yes, till his contract was signed:" Thence I to Lord Sandwich's, and there to see him; but was made to stay so long, as his best friends are, and when I come to him so little pleasure, his head being full of his own business, I think, that I have no pleasure [to] go to him. Thence to White Hall with him, to the Committee of Tangier; a day appointed for him to give an account of Tangier, and what he did, and found there, which, though he had admirable matter for it, and his doings there were good, and would have afforded a noble account, yet he did it with a mind so low and mean, and delivered in so poor a manner, that it appeared nothing at all, nor any body seemed to value it; whereas, he might have shewn himself to have merited extraordinary thanks, and been held to have done a very great service: whereas now, all that cost the King hath been at for his journey through Spain thither, seems to be almost lost. After we were up, Creed and I walked together, and did talk a good while of the weak report my Lord made, and were troubled for it; I fearing that either his mind and judgment are depressed, or that he do it out of his great neglect, and so my fear that he do all the rest of his affairs accordingly. So I staid about the Court a little while, and then to look for a dinner, and had it at Hercules-Pillars, very late, all alone, costing me 10d. And so to the Excise Office, thinking to meet Sir Stephen Fox and the Cofferer, but the former was gone, and the latter I met going out, but nothing done, and so I to my bookseller's, and also to Crow's, and there saw a piece of my bed, and I find it will please us mightily. So home, and there find my wife troubled, and I sat with her talking, and so to bed, and there very unquiet all night.

10th

Up, and my wife still every day as ill as she is all night, will rise to see me out doors, telling me plainly that she dares not let me see the girle, and so I out to the office, where all the morning, and so home to dinner, where I found my wife mightily troubled again, more than ever, and she tells me that it is from her examining the girle and getting a confession now from her of all . . . which do mightily trouble me, as not being able to foresee the consequences of it, as to our future peace together. So my wife

would not go down to dinner, but I would dine in her chamber with her, and there after mollifying her as much as I could we were pretty quiet and eat, and by and by comes Mr. Hollier, and dines there by himself after we had dined, and he being gone, we to talk again, and she to be troubled, reproaching me with my unkindness and perjury, I having denied my ever kissing her. As also with all her old kindnesses to me, and my ill-using of her from the beginning, and the many temptations she hath refused out of faithfulness to me, whereof several she was particular in, and especially from my Lord Sandwich, by the sollicitation of Captain Ferrers, and then afterward the courtship of my Lord Hinchingbrooke, even to the trouble of his lady. All which I did acknowledge and was troubled for, and wept, and at last pretty good friends again, and so I to my office, and there late, and so home to supper with her, and so to bed, where after half-an-hour's slumber she wakes me and cries out that she should never sleep more, and so kept raving till past midnight, that made me cry and weep heartily all the while for her, and troubled for what she reproached me with as before, and at last with new vows, and particularly that I would myself bid the girle be gone, and shew my dislike to her, which I will endeavour to perform, but with much trouble, and so this appeasing her, we to sleep as well as we could till morning.

11th

Up, and my wife with me as before, and so to the Office, where, by a speciall desire, the new Treasurers come, and there did shew their Patent, and the Great Seal for the suspension of my Lord Anglesey: and here did sit and discourse of the business of the Office: and brought Mr. Hutchinson with them, who, I hear, is to be their Paymaster, in the room of Mr. Waith. For it seems they do turn out every servant that belongs to the present Treasurer: and so for Fenn, do bring in Mr. Littleton, Sir Thomas's brother, and oust all the rest. But Mr. Hutchinson do already see that his work now will be another kind of thing than before, as to the trouble of it. They gone, and, indeed, they appear, both of them, very intelligent men, I home to dinner, and there with my people dined, and so to my wife, who would not dine with [me] that she might not have the girle come in sight, and there sat and talked a while with her and pretty quiet, I giving no occasion of offence, and so to the office [and then by coach to my cozen Roger Pepys, who did, at my last being with him this day se'nnight, move me as to the supplying him with L500 this term, and L500 the next, for two years, upon a mortgage, he having that sum to pay, a debt left him by his father, which I did agree to, trusting to his honesty and ability, and am resolved to do it for him, that I may not have all I have lie in the King's hands. Having promised him this I returned home again, where to the office], and there having done, I home and to supper and to bed, where, after lying a little while, my wife starts up, and with expressions of affright and madness, as one frantick, would rise, and I would not let her, but burst out in tears myself, and so continued almost half the night, the moon shining so that it was light, and after much sorrow and reproaches and little ravings (though I am apt to think they were counterfeit from her), and my promise again to discharge the girle myself, all was quiet again, and so to sleep.

12th

Up, and she with me as heretofore, and so I to the Office, where all the morning, and at noon to dinner, and Mr. Wayth, who, being at my office about business, I took him with me to talk and understand his matters, who is in mighty trouble from the Committee of Accounts about his contracting with this Office for saylecloth, but no hurt can be laid at his door in it, but upon us for doing it, if any, though we did it by the Duke of York's approval, and by him I understand that the new Treasurers do intend to bring in all new Instruments, and so having dined we parted, and I to my wife and to sit with her a little, and then called her and Willet to my chamber, and there did, with tears in my eyes, which I could not help, discharge her and advise her to be gone as soon as she could, and never to see me, or let me see her more while she was in the house, which she took with tears too, but I believe understands me to be her friend, and I am apt to believe by what my wife hath of late told me is a cunning girle, if not a slut. Thence, parting kindly with my wife, I away by coach to my cozen Roger, according as by mistake (which the trouble of my mind for some days has occasioned, in this and another case a day or two before) is set down in yesterday's notes, and so back again, and with Mr. Gibson late at my chamber making an end of my draught of a letter for the Duke of York, in answer to the answers of this Office, which I have now done to my mind, so as, if the Duke likes it, will, I think, put an end to a great deal of the faults of this Office, as well as my trouble for them. So to bed, and did lie now a little better than formerly, but with little, and yet with some trouble.

13th

Up, and with Sir W. Pen by coach to White Hall, where to the Duke of York, and there did our usual business; and thence I to the Commissioners of the Treasury, where I staid, and heard an excellent case argued between my Lord Gerard and the Town of Newcastle, about a piece of ground which that Lord hath got a grant of, under the Exchequer Seal, which they were endeavouring to get of the King under the Great Seal. I liked mightily the Counsel for the town, Shaftow, their Recorder, and Mr. Offly. But I was troubled, and so were the Lords, to hear my Lord fly out against their great pretence of merit from the King, for their sufferings and loyalty; telling them that they might thank him for that repute which they have for their loyalty, for that it was he that forced them to be so, against their wills, when he was there: and, moreover, did offer a paper to the Lords to read from the Town, sent in 1648; but the Lords would not read it; but I believe it was something about bringing the King to trial, or some such thing, in that year.

Thence I to the Three Tuns Tavern, by Charing Cross, and there dined with W. Pen, Sir J. Minnes, and Commissioner Middleton; and as merry as my mind could be, that hath so much trouble upon it at home. And thence to White Hall, and there staid in Mr. Wren's chamber with him, reading over my draught of a letter, which Mr. Gibson then attended me with; and there he did like all, but doubted whether it would be necessary for the Duke to write in so sharp a style to the Office, as I had drawn it in; which I yield to him, to consider the present posture of the times and the Duke of York and whether it were not better to err on that hand than the other. He told me that he did not think it was necessary for the Duke of York to do so, and that it would not suit so well with his nature nor greatness; which last, perhaps, is true, but then do too truly shew the effects of having Princes in places, where order and discipline should be. I left it to him to do as the Duke of York pleases; and so fell to other talk, and with great freedom, of public things; and he told me, upon my several inquiries to that purpose, that he did believe it was not yet resolved whether the Parliament should ever meet more or no, the three great rulers of things now standing thus:—The Duke of Buckingham is absolutely against their meeting, as moved thereto by his people that he advises with, the people of the late times, who do never expect to have any thing done by this Parliament for their religion, and who do propose that, by the sale of the Church-lands, they shall be able to put the King out of debt: my Lord Keeper is utterly against putting away this and choosing another Parliament, lest they prove worse than this, and will make all the King's friends, and the King himself, in a desperate condition: my Lord Arlington know not which is best for him, being to seek whether this or the next will use him worst. He tells me that he believes that it is intended to call this Parliament, and try them with a sum of money; and, if they do not like it, then to send them going, and call another, who will, at the ruin of the Church perhaps, please the King with what he will for a time. And he tells me, therefore, that he do believe that this policy will be endeavoured by the Church and their friends—to seem to promise the King money, when it shall be propounded, but make the King and these great men buy it dear, before they have it. He tells me that he is really persuaded that the design of the Duke of Buckingham is, by bringing the state into such a condition as, if the King do die without issue, it shall, upon his death, break into pieces again; and so put by the Duke of York, who they have disobliged, they know, to that degree, as to despair of his pardon. He tells me that there is no way to rule the King but by brisknesse, which the Duke of Buckingham hath above all men; and that the Duke of York having it not, his best way is what he practices, that is to say, a good temper, which will support him till the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Arlington fall out, which cannot be long first, the former knowing that the latter did, in the time of the Chancellor, endeavour with the Chancellor to hang him at that time, when he was proclaimed against. And here, by the by, he told me that the Duke of Buckingham did, by his friends, treat with my Lord Chancellor, by the mediation of Matt. Wren and Matt. Clifford, to fall in with my Lord Chancellor; which, he tells me, he did advise my Lord Chancellor to accept of, as that, that with his own interest and the Duke of York's, would undoubtedly have assured all to him and his family; but that my Lord Chancellor was a man not to be advised, thinking himself too high to be counselled: and so all is come to nothing; for by that means the Duke of Buckingham became desperate, and was forced to fall in with Arlington, to his [the Chancellor's] ruin. Thence I home, and there to talk, with great pleasure all the evening, with my wife, who tells me that Deb, has been abroad to-day, and is come home and says she has got a place to go to, so as she will be gone tomorrow morning. This troubled me, and the truth is, I have a good mind to have the maidenhead of this girl, which I should not doubt to have if je could get time para be con her. But she will be gone and I not know whither. Before we went to bed my wife told me she would not have me to see her or give her her wages, and so I did give my wife L10 for her year and half a quarter's wages, which she went into her chamber and paid her, and so to bed, and there, blessed be God! we did sleep well and with peace, which I had not done in now almost twenty nights together. This afternoon I went to my coachmaker and Crow's, and there saw things go on to my great content. This morning, at the Treasury-chamber, I did meet Jack Fenn, and there he did shew me my Lord Anglesey's petition and the King's answer: the former good and stout, as I before did hear it: but the latter short and weak, saying that he was not, by what the King had done, hindered from taking the benefit of his laws, and that the reason he had to suspect his mismanagement of his money in Ireland, did make him think it unfit to trust him with his Treasury in England, till he was satisfied in the former.

14th

Up, and had a mighty mind to have seen or given her a little money, to which purpose I wrapt up 40s. in paper, thinking to have given her a little money, but my wife rose presently, and would not let me be out of her sight, and went down before me into the kitchen, and come up and told me that she was in the kitchen, and therefore would have me go round the other way; which she repeating and I vexed at it, answered her a little angrily, upon which she instantly flew out into a rage, calling me dog and rogue, and that I had a rotten heart; all which, knowing that I deserved it, I bore with, and word being brought presently up that she was gone away by coach with her things, my wife was friends, and so all quiet, and I to the Office, with my heart sad, and find that I cannot forget the girl, and vexed I know not where to look for her. And more troubled to see how my wife is by this means likely for ever to have her hand over me, that I shall for ever be a slave to her—that is to say, only in matters of pleasure, but in other things she will make [it] her business, I know, to please me and to keep me right to her, which I will labour to be indeed, for she deserves it of me, though it will be I fear a little time before I shall be able to wear Deb, out of my mind. At the Office all the morning, and merry at noon, at dinner; and after dinner to the Office, where all the afternoon, doing much business, late. My mind being free of all troubles, I thank God, but only for my thoughts of this girl, which hang after her. And so at night home to supper, and then did sleep with great content with my wife. I must here remember that I have lain with my moher as a husband more times since this falling out than in I believe twelve months before. And with more pleasure to her than I think in all the time of our marriage

before.

15th (Lord's day)

Up, and after long lying with pleasure talking with my wife, and then up to look up and down our house, which will when our upholster hath done be mighty fine, and so to my chamber, and there did do several things among my papers, and so to the office to write down my journal for 6 or 7 days, my mind having been so troubled as never to get the time to do it before, as may appear a little by the mistakes I have made in this book within these few days. At noon comes Mr. Shepley to dine with me and W. Howe, and there dined and pretty merry, and so after dinner W. Howe to tell me what hath happened between him and the Commissioners of late, who are hot again, more than ever, about my Lord Sandwich's business of prizes, which I am troubled for, and the more because of the great security and neglect with which, I think, my Lord do look upon this matter, that may yet, for aught I know, undo him. They gone, and Balty being come from the Downs, not very well, is come this day to see us, I to talk with him, and with some pleasure, hoping that he will make a good man. I in the evening to my Office again, to make an end of my journall, and so home to my chamber with W. Hewer to settle some papers, and so to supper and to bed, with my mind pretty quiet, and less troubled about Deb. than I was, though yet I am troubled, I must confess, and would be glad to find her out, though I fear it would be my ruin. This evening there come to sit with us Mr. Pelling, who wondered to see my wife and I so dumpish, but yet it went off only as my wife's not being well, and, poor wretch, she hath no cause to be well, God knows.

16th

Up, and by water to White Hall, and there at the robe chamber at a Committee for Tangier, where some of us—my Lord Sandwich, Sir W. Coventry, and myself, with another or two—met to debate the business of the Mole, and there drew up reasons for the King's taking of it into his own hands, and managing of it upon accounts with Sir H. Cholmley. This being done I away to Holborne, about Whetstone's Park, where I never was in my life before, where I understand by my wife's discourse that Deb. is gone, which do trouble me mightily that the poor girle should be in a desperate condition forced to go thereabouts, and there not hearing of any such man as Allbon, with whom my wife said she now was, I to the Strand, and there by sending Drumbleby's boy, my flageolet maker, to Eagle Court, where my wife also by discourse lately let fall that he did lately live, I find that this Dr. Allbon is a kind of poor broken fellow that dare not shew his head nor be known where he is gone, but to Lincoln's Inn Fields I went to Mr. Povy's, but missed him, and so hearing only that this Allbon is gone to Fleet Street, I did only call at Martin's, my bookseller's, and there bought "Cassandra," and some other French books for my wife's closet, and so home, having eat nothing but two pennyworths of oysters, opened for me by a woman in the Strand, while the boy went to and again to inform me about this man, and therefore home and to dinner, and so all the afternoon at the office, and there late busy, and so home to supper, and pretty pleasant with my wife to bed, rested pretty well.

17th

Up, and to the Office all the morning, where the new Treasurers come, their second time, and before they sat down, did discourse with the Board, and particularly my Lord Brouncker, about their place, which they challenge, as having been heretofore due, and given to their predecessor; which, at last, my Lord did own hath been given him only out of courtesy to his quality, and that he did not take it as a right at the Board: so they, for the present, sat down, and did give him the place, but, I think, with an intent to have the Duke of York's directions about it. My wife and maids busy now, to make clean the house above stairs, the upholsters having done there, in her closet and the blue room, and they are mighty pretty. At my office all the afternoon and at night busy, and so home to my wife, and pretty pleasant, and at mighty ease in my mind, being in hopes to find Deb., and without trouble or the knowledge of my wife. So to supper at night and to bed.

18th

Lay long in bed talking with my wife, she being unwilling to have me go abroad, saying and declaring herself jealous of my going out for fear of my going to Deb., which I do deny, for which God forgive me, for I was no sooner out about noon but I did go by coach directly to Somerset House, and there enquired among the porters there for Dr. Allbun, and the first I spoke with told me he knew him, and that he was newly gone into Lincoln's Inn Fields, but whither he could not tell me, but that one of his fellows not then in the way did carry a chest of drawers thither with him, and that when he comes he would ask him. This put me into some hopes, and I to White Hall, and thence to Mr. Povy's, but he at dinner, and therefore I away and walked up and down the Strand between the two turnstiles, hoping to see her out of a window, and then employed a porter, one Osberton, to find out this Doctor's lodgings thereabouts, who by appointment comes to me to Hercules pillars, where I dined alone, but tells me that he cannot find out any such, but will enquire further. Thence back to White Hall to the Treasury a while, and thence to the Strand, and towards night did meet with the porter that carried the chest of drawers with this Doctor, but he would not tell me where he lived, being his good master, he told me, but if I would have a message to him he would deliver it. At last I told him my business was not

with him, but a little gentlewoman, one Mrs. Willet, that is with him, and sent him to see how she did from her friend in London, and no other token. He goes while I walk in Somerset House, walk there in the Court; at last he comes back and tells me she is well, and that I may see her if I will, but no more. So I could not be commanded by my reason, but I must go this very night, and so by coach, it being now dark, I to her, close by my tailor's, and she come into the coach to me, and je did baiser her . . . I did nevertheless give her the best council I could, to have a care of her honour, and to fear God, and suffer no man para avoir to do con her as je have done, which she promised. Je did give her 20s. and directions para laisser sealed in paper at any time the name of the place of her being at Herringman's, my bookseller in the 'Change, by which I might go para her, and so bid her good night with much content to my mind, and resolution to look after her no more till I heard from her. And so home, and there told my wife a fair tale, God knows, how I spent the whole day, with which the poor wretch was satisfied, or at least seemed so, and so to supper and to bed, she having been mighty busy all day in getting of her house in order against to-morrow to hang up our new hangings and furnishing our best chamber.

19th

Up, and at the Office all the morning, with my heart full of joy to think in what a safe condition all my matters now stand between my wife and Deb, and me, and at noon running up stairs to see the upholsters, who are at work upon hanging my best room, and setting up my new bed, I find my wife sitting sad in the dining room; which enquiring into the reason of, she begun to call me all the false, rottenhearted rogues in the world, letting me understand that I was with Deb. yesterday, which, thinking it impossible for her ever to understand, I did a while deny, but at last did, for the ease of my mind and hers, and for ever to discharge my heart of this wicked business, I did confess all, and above stairs in our bed chamber there I did endure the sorrow of her threats and vows and curses all the afternoon, and, what was worse, she swore by all that was good that she would slit the nose of this girle, and be gone herself this very night from me, and did there demand 3 or L400 of me to buy my peace, that she might be gone without making any noise, or else protested that she would make all the world know of it. So with most perfect confusion of face and heart, and sorrow and shame, in the greatest agony in the world I did pass this afternoon, fearing that it will never have an end; but at last I did call for W. Hewer, who I was forced to make privy now to all, and the poor fellow did cry like a child, [and] obtained what I could not, that she would be pacified upon condition that I would give it under my hand never to see or speak with Deb, while I live, as I did before with Pierce and Knepp, and which I did also, God knows, promise for Deb. too, but I have the confidence to deny it to the perjury of myself. So, before it was late, there was, beyond my hopes as well as desert, a durable peace; and so to supper, and pretty kind words, and to bed, and there je did hazer con eile to her content, and so with some rest spent the night in bed, being most absolutely resolved, if ever I can master this bout, never to give her occasion while I live of more trouble of this or any other kind, there being no curse in the world so great as this of the differences between myself and her, and therefore I do, by the grace of God, promise never to offend her more, and did this night begin to pray to God upon my knees alone in my chamber, which God knows I cannot yet do heartily; but I hope God will give me the grace more and more every day to fear Him, and to be true to my poor wife. This night the upholsters did finish the hanging of my best chamber, but my sorrow and trouble is so great about this business, that it puts me out of all joy in looking upon it or minding how it was.

20th

This morning up, with mighty kind words between my poor wife and I; and so to White Hall by water, W. Hewer with me, who is to go with me every where, until my wife be in condition to go out along with me herself; for she do plainly declare that she dares not trust me out alone, and therefore made it a piece of our league that I should alway take somebody with me, or her herself, which I am mighty willing to, being, by the grace of God, resolved never to do her wrong more. We landed at the Temple, and there I bid him call at my cozen Roger Pepys's lodgings, and I staid in the street for him, and so took water again at the Strand stairs; and so to White Hall, in my way I telling him plainly and truly my resolutions, if I can get over this evil, never to give new occasion for it. He is, I think, so honest and true a servant to us both, and one that loves us, that I was not much troubled at his being privy to all this, but rejoiced in my heart that I had him to assist in the making us friends, which he did truly and heartily, and with good success, for I did get him to go to Deb. to tell her that I had told my wife all of my being with her the other night, that so if my wife should send she might not make the business worse by denying it. While I was at White Hall with the Duke of York, doing our ordinary business with him, here being also the first time the new Treasurers. W. Hewer did go to her and come back again, and so I took him into St. James's Park, and there he did tell me he had been with her, and found what I said about my manner of being with her true, and had given her advice as I desired. I did there enter into more talk about my wife and myself, and he did give me great assurance of several particular cases to which my wife had from time to time made him privy of her loyalty and truth to me after many and great temptations, and I believe them truly. I did also discourse the unfitness of my leaving of my employment now in many respects to go into the country, as my wife desires, but that I would labour to fit myself for it, which he thoroughly understands, and do agree with me in it; and so, hoping to get over this trouble, we about our business to Westminster Hall to meet Roger Pepys, which I did, and did there discourse of the business of lending him L500 to answer some occasions of his, which I believe to be safe enough, and so took leave of him and away by coach home, calling on my coachmaker by the way, where I like my little coach mightily. But when I come home, hoping for a further degree of peace and quiet, I find my wife

upon her bed in a horrible rage afresh, calling me all the bitter names, and, rising, did fall to revile me in the bitterest manner in the world, and could not refrain to strike me and pull my hair, which I resolved to bear with, and had good reason to bear it. So I by silence and weeping did prevail with her a little to be quiet, and she would not eat her dinner without me; but yet by and by into a raging fit she fell again, worse than before, that she would slit the girl's nose, and at last W. Hewer come in and come up, who did allay her fury, I flinging myself, in a sad desperate condition, upon the bed in the blue room, and there lay while they spoke together; and at last it come to this, that if I would call Deb. whore under my hand and write to her that I hated her, and would never see her more, she would believe me and trust in me, which I did agree to, only as to the name of whore I would have excused, and therefore wrote to her sparing that word, which my wife thereupon tore it, and would not be satisfied till, W. Hewer winking upon me, I did write so with the name of a whore as that I did fear she might too probably have been prevailed upon to have been a whore by her carriage to me, and therefore as such I did resolve never to see her more. This pleased my wife, and she gives it W. Hewer to carry to her with a sharp message from her. So from that minute my wife begun to be kind to me, and we to kiss and be friends, and so continued all the evening, and fell to talk of other matters, with great comfort, and after supper to bed. This evening comes Mr. Billup to me, to read over Mr. Wren's alterations of my draught of a letter for the Duke of York to sign, to the Board; which I like mighty well, they being not considerable, only in mollifying some hard terms, which I had thought fit to put in. From this to other discourse; and do find that the Duke of York and his master, Mr. Wren, do look upon this service of mine as a very seasonable service to the Duke of York, as that which he will have to shew to his enemies in his own justification, of his care of the King's business; and I am sure I am heartily glad of it, both for the King's sake and the Duke of York's, and my own also; for, if I continue, my work, by this means, will be the less, and my share in the blame also. He being gone, I to my wife again, and so spent the evening with very great joy, and the night also with good sleep and rest, my wife only troubled in her rest, but less than usual, for which the God of Heaven be praised. I did this night promise to my wife never to go to bed without calling upon God upon my knees by prayer, and I begun this night, and hope I shall never forget to do the like all my life; for I do find that it is much the best for my soul and body to live pleasing to God and my poor wife, and will ease me of much care as well as much expense.

21st

Up, with great joy to my wife and me, and to the office, where W. Hewer did most honestly bring me back the part of my letter to Deb. wherein I called her whore, assuring me that he did not shew it her, and that he did only give her to understand that wherein I did declare my desire never to see her, and did give her the best Christian counsel he could, which was mighty well done of him. But by the grace of God, though I love the poor girl and wish her well, as having gone too far toward the undoing her, yet I will never enquire after or think of her more, my peace being certainly to do right to my wife. At the Office all the morning; and after dinner abroad with W. Hewer to my Lord Ashly's, where my Lord Barkeley and Sir Thomas Ingram met upon Mr. Povy's account, where I was in great pain about that part of his account wherein I am concerned, above L150, I think; and Creed hath declared himself dissatisfied with it, so far as to desire to cut his "Examinatur" out of the paper, as the only condition in which he would be silent in it. This Povy had the wit to yield to; and so when it come to be inquired into, I did avouch the truth of the account as to that particular, of my own knowledge, and so it went over as a thing good and just—as, indeed, in the bottom of it, it is; though in strictness, perhaps, it would not so well be understood. This Committee rising, I, with my mind much satisfied herein, away by coach home, setting Creed into Southampton Buildings, and so home; and there ended my letters, and then home to my wife, where I find my house clean now, from top to bottom, so as I have not seen it many a day, and to the full satisfaction of my mind, that I am now at peace, as to my poor wife, as to the dirtiness of my house, and as to seeing an end, in a great measure, to my present great disbursements upon my house, and coach and horses.

22nd (Lord's day)

My wife and I lay long, with mighty content; and so rose, and she spent the whole day making herself clean, after four or five weeks being in continued dirt; and I knocking up nails, and making little settlements in my house, till noon, and then eat a bit of meat in the kitchen, I all alone. And so to the Office, to set down my journall, for some days leaving it imperfect, the matter being mighty grievous to me, and my mind, from the nature of it; and so in, to solace myself with my wife, whom I got to read to me, and so W. Hewer and the boy; and so, after supper, to bed. This day my boy's livery is come home, the first I ever had, of greene, lined with red; and it likes me well enough.

23rd

Up, and called upon by W. Howe, who went, with W. Hewer with me, by water, to the Temple; his business was to have my advice about a place he is going to buy—the Clerk of the Patent's place, which I understand not, and so could say little to him, but fell to other talk, and setting him in at the Temple, we to White Hall, and there I to visit Lord Sandwich, who is now so reserved, or moped rather, I think, with his own business, that he bids welcome to no man, I think, to his satisfaction. However, I bear with it, being willing to give him as little trouble as I can, and to receive as little from him, wishing only that I had my money in my purse,

that I have lent him; but, however, I shew no discontent at all. So to White Hall, where a Committee of Tangier expected, but none met. I met with Mr. Povy, who I discoursed with about publick business, who tells me that this discourse which I told him of, of the Duke of Monmouth being made Prince of Wales, hath nothing in it; though he thinks there are all the endeavours used in the world to overthrow the Duke of York. He would not have me doubt of my safety in the Navy, which I am doubtful of from the reports of a general removal; but he will endeavour to inform me, what he can gather from my Lord Arlington. That he do think that the Duke of Buckingham hath a mind rather to overthrow all the kingdom, and bring in a Commonwealth, wherein he may think to be General of their Army, or to make himself King, which, he believes, he may be led to, by some advice he hath had with conjurors, which he do affect. Thence with W. Hewer, who goes up and down with me like a jaylour, but yet with great love and to my great good liking, it being my desire above all things to please my wife therein. I took up my wife and boy at Unthank's, and from there to Hercules Pillars, and there dined, and thence to our upholster's, about some things more to buy, and so to see our coach, and so to the looking-glass man's, by the New Exchange, and so to buy a picture for our blue chamber chimney, and so home; and there I made my boy to read to me most of the night, to get through the Life of the Archbishop of Canterbury. At supper comes Mary Batelier, and with us all the evening, prettily talking, and very innocent company she is; and she gone, we with much content to bed, and to sleep, with mighty rest all night.

24th

Up, and at the Office all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, where Mr. Gentleman, the cook, and an old woman, his third or fourth wife, come and dined with us, to enquire about a ticket of his son's, that is dead; and after dinner, I with Mr. Hosier to my closet, to discourse of the business of balancing Storekeeper's accounts, which he hath taken great pains in reducing to a method, to my great satisfaction; and I shall be glad both for the King's sake and his, that the thing may be put in practice, and will do my part to promote it. That done, he gone, I to the Office, where busy till night; and then with comfort to sit with my wife, and get her to read to me, and so to supper, and to bed, with my mind at mighty ease.

25th

Up, and by coach with W. Hewer to see W. Coventry; but he gone out, I to White Hall, and there waited on Lord Sandwich, which I have little encouragement to do, because of the difficulty of seeing him, and the little he hath to say to me when I do see him, or to any body else, but his own idle people about him, Sir Charles Harbord, &c. Thence walked with him to White Hall, where to the Duke of York; and there the Duke, and Wren, and I, by appointment in his closet, to read over our letter to the Office, which he heard, and signed it, and it is to my mind, Mr. Wren having made it somewhat sweeter to the Board, and yet with all the advice fully, that I did draw it up with. He [the Duke] said little more to us now, his head being full of other business; but I do see that he do continue to put a value upon my advice; and so Mr. Wren and I to his chamber, and there talked: and he seems to hope that these people, the Duke of Buckingham and Arlington, will run themselves off of their legs; they being forced to be always putting the King upon one idle thing or other, against the easiness of his nature, which he will never be able to bear, nor they to keep him to, and so will lose themselves. And, for instance of their little progress, he tells me that my Lord of Ormond is like yet to carry it, and to continue in his command in Ireland; at least, they cannot get the better of him yet. But he tells me that the Keeper is wrought upon, as they say, to give his opinion for the dissolving of the Parliament, which, he thinks, will undo him in the eyes of the people. He do not seem to own the hearing or fearing of any thing to be done in the Admiralty, to the lessening of the Duke of York, though he hears how the town talk's full of it. Thence I by coach home, and there find my cozen Roger come to dine with me, and to seal his mortgage for the L500 I lend him; but he and I first walked to the 'Change, there to look for my uncle Wight, and get him to dinner with us. So home, buying a barrel of oysters at my old oyster-woman's, in Gracious Street, but over the way to where she kept her shop before. So home, and there merry at dinner; and the money not being ready, I carried Roger Pepys to Holborn Conduit, and there left him going to Stradwick's, whom we avoided to see, because of our long absence, and my wife and I to the Duke of York's house, to see "The Duchesse of Malfy," a sorry play, and sat with little pleasure, for fear of my wife's seeing me look about, and so I was uneasy all the while, though I desire and resolve never to give her trouble of that kind more. So home, and there busy at the Office a while, and then home, where my wife to read to me, and so to supper, and to bed. This evening, to my great content, I got Sir Richard Ford to give me leave to set my coach in his yard.

26th

Up, and at the Office all the morning, where I was to have delivered the Duke of York's letter of advice to the Board, in answer to our several answers to his great letter; but Lord Brouncker not being there, and doubtful to deliver it before the new Treasurers, I forbore it to next sitting. So home at noon to dinner, where I find Mr. Pierce and his wife but I was forced to shew very little pleasure in her being there because of my vow to my wife; and therefore was glad of a very bad occasion for my being really troubled, which is, at W. Hewer's losing of a tally of L1000, which I sent him this day to receive of the Commissioners of Excise. So that though I hope at the worst I shall be able to get another, yet I made use of this to get away as soon as I had dined, and therefore out with him to the Excise Office to make a stop of its payment, and so away to the coachmaker's and several other

places, and so away home, and there to my business at the office, and thence home, and there my wife to read to me, and W. Hewer to set some matters of accounts right at my chamber, to bed.

27th

Up, and with W. Hewer to see W. Coventry again, but missed him again, by coming too late, the man of [all] the world that I am resolved to preserve an interest in. Thence to White Hall, and there at our usual waiting on the Duke of York; and that being done, I away to the Exchequer, to give a stop, and take some advice about my lost tally, wherein I shall have some remedy, with trouble, and so home, and there find Mr. Povy, by appointment, to dine with me; where a pretty good dinner, but for want of thought in my wife it was but slovenly dressed up; however, much pleasant discourse with him, and some serious; and he tells me that he would, by all means, have me get to be a Parliament-man the next Parliament, which he believes there will be one, which I do resolve of. By and by comes my cozen Roger, and dines with us; and, after dinner, did seal his mortgage, wherein I do wholly rely on his honesty, not having so much as read over what he hath given me for it, nor minded it, but do trust to his integrity therein. They all gone, I to the office and there a while, and then home to ease my eyes and make my wife read to me.

28th

Up, and all the morning at the Office, where, while I was sitting, one comes and tells me that my coach is come. So I was forced to go out, and to Sir Richard Ford's, where I spoke to him, and he is very willing to have it brought in, and stand there; and so I ordered it, to my great content, it being mighty pretty, only the horses do not please me, and, therefore, resolve to have better. At noon home to dinner, and so to the office again all the afternoon, and did a great deal of business, and so home to supper and to bed, with my mind at pretty good ease, having this day presented to the Board the Duke of York's letter, which, I perceive, troubled Sir W. Pen, he declaring himself meant in that part, that concerned excuse by sickness; but I do not care, but am mightily glad that it is done, and now I shall begin to be at pretty good ease in the Office. This morning, to my great content, W. Hewer tells me that a porter is come, who found my tally in Holborne, and brings it him, for which he gives him 20s.

29th (Lord's day)

Lay long in bed with pleasure with my wife, with whom I have now a great deal of content, and my mind is in other things also mightily more at ease, and I do mind my business better than ever and am more at peace, and trust in God I shall ever be so, though I cannot yet get my mind off from thinking now and then of Deb., but I do ever since my promise a while since to my wife pray to God by myself in my chamber every night, and will endeavour to get my wife to do the like with me ere long, but am in much fear of what she lately frighted me with about her being a Catholique; and I dare not, therefore, move her to go to church, for fear she should deny me; but this morning, of her own accord, she spoke of going to church the next Sunday, which pleases me mightily. This morning my coachman's clothes come home; and I like the livery mightily, and so I all the morning at my chamber, and dined with my wife, and got her to read to me in the afternoon, till Sir W. Warren, by appointment, comes to me, who spent two hours, or three, with me, about his accounts of Gottenburgh, which are so confounded, that I doubt they will hardly ever pass without my doing something, which he desires of me, and which, partly from fear, and partly from unwillingness to wrong the King, and partly from its being of no profit to me, I am backward to give way to, though the poor man do indeed deserve to be rid of this trouble, that he hath lain so long under, from the negligence of this Board. We afterwards fell to other talk, and he tells me, as soon as he saw my coach yesterday, he wished that the owner might not contract envy by it; but I told him it was now manifestly for my profit to keep a coach, and that, after employments like mine for eight years, it were hard if I could not be justly thought to be able to do that. He gone, my wife and I to supper; and so she to read, and made an end of the Life of Archbishop Laud, which is worth reading, as informing a man plainly in the posture of the Church, and how the things of it were managed with the same self-interest and design that every other thing is, and have succeeded accordingly. So to bed.

30th

Up betimes, and with W. Hewer, who is my guard, to White Hall, to a Committee of Tangier, where the business of Mr. Lanyon took up all the morning; and where, poor man! he did manage his business with so much folly, and ill fortune to boot, that the Board, before his coming in, inclining, of their own accord, to lay his cause aside, and leave it to the law, but he pressed that we would hear it, and it ended to the making him appear a very knave, as well as it did to me a fool also, which I was sorry for. Thence by water, Mr. Povy, Creed, and I, to Arundell House, and there I did see them choosing their Council, it being St. Andrew's-day; and I had his Cross set on my hat, as the rest had, and cost me 2s., and so leaving them I away by coach home to dinner, and my wife, after dinner, went the first time abroad to take the maidenhead of her coach, calling on Roger Pepys, and visiting Mrs. Creed, and my cozen Turner, while I at home all the afternoon and evening, very busy and doing much work, to my great content. Home at night, and there comes Mrs. Turner and Betty to see us, and supped with us, and I shewed them a cold civility for fear of troubling my wife, and after supper, they being gone, we to bed. Thus ended this month, with very good content, that hath been

the most sad to my heart and the most expenseful to my purse on things of pleasure, having furnished my wife's closet and the best chamber, and a coach and horses, that ever I yet knew in the world: and do put me into the greatest condition of outward state that ever I was in, or hoped ever to be, or desired: and this at a time when we do daily expect great changes in this Office: and by all reports we must, all of us, turn out. But my eyes are come to that condition that I am not able to work: and therefore that, and my wife's desire, make me have no manner of trouble in my thoughts about it. So God do his will in it!

3.11.2: Reading and Review Questions

1. What do you think are Pepys's motivations for writing his Diary?
2. How and in what ways, if at all, does Pepys display a moral character? What values, if any, does he reveal, or adhere to?
3. What is Pepys's attitude toward time, and how do we know?
4. What boundaries, if any, does Pepys's Diary reveal between the private and public self? When, in his private moments, does Pepys refer to public awareness, and vice versa? How does his depiction of public events compare with Dryden's?
5. What is Pepys's attitude towards women, towards relations between men and women? What is Pepys's attitude towards his wife? Does he acknowledge any discrepancies between expectations he places on himself and those he places on his wife? Why, or why not?

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3.12: Key Terms

- The Book of Common Prayer
- Charles I
- Charles II
- Sir Christopher Wren
- The Civil War
- Dissenters
- Divine right of kings
- Epic convention
- Epic similes
- Frances Bacon
- The Great Plague of London
- The Great Fire of London
- The Gunpowder Plot
- Heroic couplet
- Heroic drama
- Sir Isaac Newton
- James I
- King James Bible
- Leviathan
- Metaphysical conceits
- Metaphysical poetry
- Oliver Cromwell
- Parliament
- Parliamentarians
- Principia
- The Restoration
- Robert Hooke
- The Royal Society of London for Improving Natural Knowledge
- Royalists
- Scientific spirit
- Social contract
- Sons of Ben
- St Paul's Cathedral

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4: NEOCLASSICISM AND THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY (1660-1797)

Learning Objectives

After reading this chapter, you will be able to:

- Analyze how Parliament limited monarchical power and protected civil rights
- Characterize Georgian rule (George I, II, and III)
- Relate Neoclassical literature to the rise of reason and science
- Analyze the changing relationship of authors to their readers, or audience
- Describe characteristic features of the novel as genre
- Compare the novel as genre to Elizabethan and Seventeenth Century poetry and drama
- Compare Alexander Pope's mock epic *The Rape of the Lock* to Milton's epic *Paradise Lost*

4.1: Introduction

4.2: Recommended Reading

4.3: Aphra Behn (1640-1689)

4.4: William Congreve (1760-1729)

4.5: Daniel Defoe (1660-1731)

4.6: Anne Finch, Countess of Winchilsea (1661-1720)

4.7: Jonathan Swift (1667-1745)

4.8: Alexander Pope (1688-1744)

4.9: Henry Fielding (1707-1754)

4.10: Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (1698-1762)

4.11: Samuel Johnson (1709-1784)

4.12: James Bosnell (1740-1795)

4.13: Olaudah Equiano (c. 1745-1797)

4.14: Key Terms

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4.1: Introduction

The Glorious Revolution of 1688 overthrew James II through Parliament's joining with William of Orange; the revolution gloriously achieved its end without bloodshed. And in 1689, William III and Mary II took joint rule of England. Like Charles II, these monarchs had limited powers, delineated in the Bill of Rights Parliament presented to William III and Mary II. The Bill asserted the supremacy of Parliament and such civil rights as the prohibition of cruel and unusual punishment. These monarchs also assented to Parliament's Toleration Act, giving greater freedom to Protestant Dissenters—though not to Roman Catholics. And in 1701, Parliament passed another Act intending to eliminate the threat of religious and political strife: The Act of Settlement that settled the succession to the English and Irish crowns on Protestants only. The next Protestant in line to the throne was the Electress Sophia of Hanover (1630-1714), a granddaughter of James VI of Scotland and I of England.

The reign of William III and Mary II was followed in 1702 by that of Anne, the younger daughter of James II. Through the 1707 Act of Union, she became the first sovereign of Great Britain. Even though Scotland and England shared a sovereign, Scotland had a separate government. With the Union, Scotland dissolved their government and became part of Great Britain. The two daughters of James II ruled while he was exiled in France. Their reigns denoted a new era of tolerance and comparative, though not complete, harmony. Continuing tensions balanced in the two-party Tory and Whig political system. The Tories aligned as supporters of the Stuart—"legitimate"—succession who were also strong for the Church of England and leery of Dissenters. Those uneasy about a Roman Catholic king were known as Whigs, a party that first emerged in 1680 due to worry about France and the possible return of the exiled family.

In foreign policy, tension rose over the ambitions of the French king Louis XIV (1638-1715). War-like, he was essentially determined to fight with whom he could. He enlarged France and brought on the War of the Spanish Succession (1701-1713). He wanted his grandson as king; others wanted an Austrian heir. England formed a Grand Alliance with Austria and the Dutch Republic, declaring war the year Anne began her reign. The war depleted France and made a hero out of England's John Churchill, 1st Duke of Marlborough (1540-1722), who, together with his wife, persuaded Anne to favor the Whigs. When they tried to eliminate the Test Act, however, Anne caused a Tory ministry to form under the leadership of Robert Harley, the Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer (1661-1724), and Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke (1678- 1751). The death of Anne brought the Whigs back into power.



Image 4.1 | King George I
Artist | Godfrey Kneller
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Although Anne and her husband had many children, none survived to adulthood. Upon her death in 1714, the crown did not return to the Stuart line. Instead, the eldest son of Sophia of Hanover, George Louis, Elector of Hanover, ascended as George I (1660- 1727). Even though he accepted the British crown, George I preferred Hanover, never bothering to learn the English language. England saw many scandals associated with the House of Hanover, beginning with George I's arriving in England with his mistress, Melusine von der Schulenburg (1667- 1743), but not his wife, his first cousin Sophia Dorothea of Celle (1666-1694). The mother of George I's two children, Sophia Dorothea of Celle may have turned to Count Philip Christoph von Konigsmarck (1665-1694) for consolation over her husband's infidelity. Despite the fact that both husband and wife had their respective extra-marital affairs, George I kept Sophia Dorothea in prison until her death. Their son George II and great grandson

George III would reign into the next century.

This line took succession peacefully; however, it was not uncontested. Both 1715 and 1745 saw Jacobite risings (Jacobite from the Latin *Jacobus* for James). The first was in support of James II's son, James Francis Edward Stuart; the second, for Charles Edward Stuart (1720-1788), James II's grandson, known as Bonnie Prince Charles. The latter rebellion proved particularly terrifying, with Jacobite forces marching south close towards London. Defeated at the Battle of Culloden (1745), the rebels were viciously punished, though Charles escaped to France.

At first much disliked by the British, the House of Hanover under the Georges gained greater respect as Britain saw increased prosperity particularly through commercial trade—that included slave trading—colonial expansion, and industrial progress culminating in the factory system. The application of the now-established new science and scientific method helped improve the human condition. The turn to reason was seen to obviate revelation—and revolution. Newton and science had helped establish a sense of law and order in the universe, a universe now seen as wrought by a creator but governed by the laws the creator set in motion, laws bound by and understood through reason (a view known as Deism).

Locke's *An Essay Concerning Human Understanding* (1689) Book IV, Ch. 11 discusses sensations—our own being and intuition—and God as equaling reason (and vice versa). Influenced by Locke, David Hume (1711-1776) claimed that true history was made by the individual's sensation of the particular. Human ideas of the world originated in their sensations of the world. Both he and Locke attacked the concept of innate ideas (ideas with which one is born) that predetermine individual character. Locke, the major English philosopher of the eighteenth century, validated the voice of experience and the acquisition of knowledge through sensation. He suggested that humans could get to God through experience and through reason. The state, government, politics, and human interactions all could be understood from a human—rather than divine—and rational perspective. The world adjusted to human measures and measurement, to the assertion (or reassertion) of classic virtues now seen as respect for rules and order. Neoclassical poetry particularly asserted the rules of balance, proportion, and restraint in both style—the heroic couplet—and subject.

The ascendancy of science and the scientific method heralded by Newton helped make the Royal Society an arbiter of style, that is, of prose style. The Royal Society had given its imprimatur to Newton's *Principia* and, from its beginning through the eighteenth century, promoted the language of its members for their plain, unadorned style in recording (and accumulating) observable facts. The great achievement in prose, the novel, developed throughout the eighteenth century. It was seen as novel, that is, a new species of writing. Extended prose fiction developed as a genre in opposition to traditional genres which dealt with authority figures. Novels immersed characters from all classes in social experiences, quite otherwise than tragedy, epic, religious seventeenth-century poetry, or psalms. The novel elevated the realistic (or literal) and incorporated literal forms of discourse; consequently, the novel would include letters, household bills, contracts, depositions, and more (discourses that were excluded from traditional genres like the epic).

The novel began to take form about the individual, not the human being as a type. As a result of sensation—through which individuals acquire experience— the genre began to develop on its own as a way to advance a concept of character different from Aristotle's (which was that character was coherent and consistent). This different concept infected other genres; for example, in drama, George Lillo (1691-1739) justified tragedy as melodrama (a mixture of genres) by explaining the need to expand Aristotle's notion of tragic character in which only the highest and most noble character could evoke terror and pity in a fall. What became antithetical to tragedy was a new concept of place (as opposed to the classical unity of place). Movement in all forms became central to the novel. Experience is discovered in other places, so early eighteenth century novels moved from place to place. They incorporated travelogues. And they connected with other classes (not just the aristocratic) and cultures.

The novel was only one new kind of writing that developed throughout this century; others included the periodical essay, published in such vehicles as *The Spectator* and *The Tattler*; and the mock-heroic/anti-epic, involving the reworking and redefining of tragedy as a low form. A whole body of genres—drama, prose, and poetry—underwent revision, or innovation. One way to account for this greater variety—particularly with the development of the novel—and the relationship that these genres held to one another, is by considering audience.



Image 4.2 | *Moll Flanders*
Author | Daniel Defoe
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After the Glorious Revolution, certain changes occurred in audience, in the reading public. One difference occurred through the way that printing was diffused in periodicals. In the eighteenth century, newspapers and dailies proliferated, with journalism establishing itself as a social and political force. Jonathan Swift and Daniel Defoe gained influence through their writing. Defoe probably influenced English involvement in the War of the Spanish Succession, while Swift's *The Conduct of the Allies* (1711) certainly influenced demand for the war to end. Scientific observation, an appeal to the senses, and more coalesced in the concept of the spectator. Writers began to take on spectator roles and postures, acquiring a new manner of speaking to and conversing with an audience, their readers. That relation offered a reciprocal satisfaction of desires, with the writer having a benevolent interest in entertaining, informing, and educating readers, and was understood in the diffusion of information about politics, manners, fictions, and literature. A whole range of subject matter came to be discussed in print between authors and an audience conceived as a literate, though not a learned, group. And writing became concerned with education— particularly women's education—and principled reason. The success of writers like Samuel Johnson, Swift, and Defoe attested to an audience separate from the Court, Church, and University, an audience that would reciprocally—and financially—support writers, thus freeing them from the patronage system.

Writers could now express diverse points of view and opinions independent of high-born and wealthy patrons, and ranging between parties; they could explore individual psychology, consciousness, and conscience. Aphra Behn, one of the first writers to live by the pen, allied herself with Tory attacks on slavery and the cult of the noble savage which became the fashion through her prose work *Oroonoko*. Though Swift began as a Whig, war and war-profiteers turned his sympathies towards the Tories. In *Gulliver's Travels*, Swift would ferociously attack human nature in general and the Whigs in particular. Deism reached through Reason involved a conflict between those who believed in a revealed religion and those who believed in reason as a way to have religion. Defoe would explore the Tory Dissenter's conscience in his contributions to the developing novel genre. The heroine of his Moll Flanders is immersed in a multiplicity of sensations—suffering, humor, love, death, goodness, and wickedness—and demonstrates how wickedness does not fate one to damnation, does not prevent penitence and redemption. The atomism, individualism, multiplicity, and diversity that began in the seventeenth century thus realized its literary form in the eighteenth-century novel.

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4.2: Recommended Reading

J. W. Johnson, *The Formation of English Neo-Classical Thought*, 1967.

J. R. Jones, *Country and Court: England, 1658-1714*, 1978.

Roger Lonsdale, ed., *Eighteenth-Century Women Poets*, 1989.

Dorothy Mashall, *English People in the Eighteenth Century*, 1956.

John Richetti, ed., *The Cambridge Com panion to the Eighteenth-Century Novel*, 1996.

W. A. Speck, *Stability and Strife: England, 1714-1760*, 1977.

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4.3: Aphra Behn (1640-1689)

Aphra Behn was the first commercially successful woman writer in England in the seventeenth century, writing in various genres, including drama, prose, and poetry. Her prose contributed to the development of the novel as genre in English.

Her origins are uncertain. Her father may have been a barber. Or she may have been born into the landed gentry, as her evident education in languages and literatures accords with that class. Or she may have been adopted by John Johnson, a relative of Lord Francis Willoughby (1614-1666).



Image 4.3 | Aphra Behn
Artist | Peter Lely
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In the mid 1600s, she traveled to Suriname, West Indies, then under British rule. She was brought there either by a couple named Amis, who may have been her parents, or by Johnson, who was appointed as the island's deputy governor. By 1658, she had returned to London and married a merchant named Behn who had connections to the court of Charles II. Her husband died in 1665, leaving Behn in precarious financial circumstances. In 1666, during the Dutch Wars, Behn traveled to Antwerp as a spy in service to King Charles II. He apparently did not pay her for her work for, in 1667, Behn returned to London and was arrested and briefly imprisoned for debt.

That same year, she began her professional career as writer, starting with plays that achieved increasing financial success. Mainly romantic comedies, her plays involved sexual adventures and marital mishaps and addressed women's limited opportunities in her society. They include *The Amorous Prince: Or, The Curious Husband* (167), *Abdelazer: Or, The Moor's Revenge* (1676), *The Rover: Or, the Banished Cavaliers, Parts I and II* (1677, 1681), *The Emperor of the Moon* (1687), and *The Widow Ranger: Or, The History of Bacon of Virginia* (1689).

Her poetry, which she published between 1684 and 1688, often took the woman's perspective, with women speakers and, like her plays, they addressed women's desires and appetites. For example, "The Disappointment" (1684) deals with a woman's disappointment in her male partner's impotence.

She also wrote epistolary prose, prose romances, and the prose "history" of *Oroonoko: Or, The History of the Royal Slave* (1688). Like many early novels, this work hybridizes various discourses and forms, including idealism and realism, and the travelogue, romance, and tragedy. Oroonoko, an African prince, is betrayed into captivity and enslavement by his own grandfather. On the island of Surinam, Oroonoko is reunited with his beloved Imoinda. To protect her and their child from captivity, Oroonoko rebels against white plantation owners. He fails and kills Imoinda before his capture and slow execution—which comes in the form of dismemberment. Through *Oronooko*, Behn powerfully expresses betrayal and tragedy as general to the human condition. Her success as a woman writer may be measured by the fact that after her death in 1689, she was buried in Westminster Abbey.

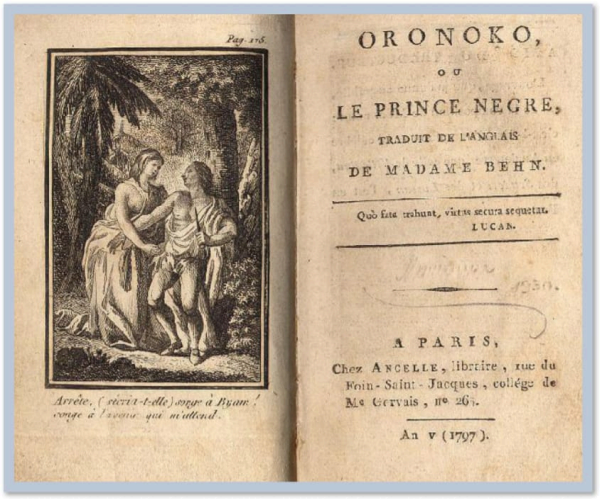


Image 4.3 | *Oroonoko*
Artist | Aphra Behn
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4.3.1: Oroonoko

(1688)

The History of the Royal Slave

I Do not pretend, in giving you the History of this Royal Slave, to entertain my Reader with the Adventures of a feign'd *Hero*, whose Life and Fortunes Fancy may manage at the Poets Pleasure; nor in relating the Truth, design to adorn it with any Accidents, but such as arriv'd in earnest to him: And it shall come simply into the World, recommended by its own proper Merits, and natural Intrigues; there being enough of Reality to support it, and to render it diverting, without the Addition of Invention.

I was my self an Eye-Witness, to a great part, of what you will find here set down; and what I cou'd not be Witness of, I receiv'd from the Mouth of the chief Actor in this History, the *Hero* himself, who gave us the whole Transactions of his Youth; and though I shall omit, for Brevity's sake, a thousand little Accidents of his Life, which, however pleasant to us, where History was scarce, and Adventures very rare; yet might prove tedious and heavy to my Reader, in a World where he finds Diversions for every Minute, new and strange: But we who were perfectly charm'd with the Character of this great Man, were curious to gather every Circumstance of his Life.

The Scene of the last part of his Adventures lies in a Colony in America, called *Surinam*, in the *West-Indies*.

But before I give you the Story of this Gallant Slave, 'tis fit I tell you the manner of bringing them to these new *Colonies*; for those they make use of there, are not *Natives* of the place; for those we live with in perfect Amity, without daring to command 'em; but on the contrary, caress 'em with all the brotherly and friendly Affection in the World; trading with 'em for their Fish, Venison, Buffilo's, Skins, and little Rarities; as Marmosets, a sort of *Monkey* as big as a Rat or Weesel, but of a marvellous and delicate shape, and has Face and Hands like an Humane Creature: and *Cousheries*, a little Beast in the form and fashion of a Lion, as big as a Kitten; but so exactly made in all parts like that noble Beast, that it is it in *Minature*. Then for little *Parakeetoes*, great Parrots, *Muckaws*, and a thousand other Birds and Beasts of wonderful and surprizing Forms, Shapes, and Colours. For Skins of prodigious Snakes, of which there are some threescore Yards in length; as is the Skin of one that may be seen at His Majesty's *Antiquaries*: Where are also some rare Flies, of amazing Forms and Colours, presented to 'em by my self; some as big as my Fist, some less; and all of various Excellencies, such as Art cannot imitate. Then we trade for Feathers, which they order into all Shapes, make themselves little short Habits of 'em, and glorious Wreaths for their Heads, Necks, Arms and Legs, whose Tinctures are unconceivable. I had a Set of these presented to me, and I gave 'em to the King's Theatre, and it was the Dress of the *Indian Queen*, infinitely admir'd by Persons of Quality; and were unimitable. Besides these, a thousand little Knacks, and Rarities in Nature, and some of Art; as their Baskets, Weapons, Aprons, *&c*. We dealt with 'em with Beads of all Colours, Knives, Axes, Pins and Needles; which they us'd only as Tools to drill Holes with in their Ears, Noses and Lips, where they hang a great many little things; as long Beads, bits of Tin, Brass, or Silver, beat thin; and any shining Trincket. The Beads they weave into Aprons about a quarter of an Ell long, and of the same breadth; working them very prettily in Flowers of several Colours of Beads; which Apron they wear just before 'em, as *Adam* and *Eve* did the Fig-leaves; the Men wearing a long Stripe of Linen, which they deal with us for. They thread these Beads also on

long Cotton-threads, and make Girdles to tie their Aprons to, which come twenty times, or more, about the Waste; and then cross, like a Shoulder-belt, both ways, and round their Necks, Arms and Legs. This Adornment, with their long black Hair, and the Face painted in little Specks or Flowers here and there, makes 'em a wonderful Figure to behold. Some of the Beauties which indeed are finely shap'd, as almost all are, and who have pretty Features, are very charming and novel; for they have all that is called Beauty, except the Colour, which is a reddish Yellow; or after a new Oiling, which they often use to themselves, they are of the colour of a new Brick, but smooth, soft and sleek. They are extream modest and bashful, very shy, and nice of being touch'd. And though they are all thus naked, if one lives for ever among 'em, there is not to be seen an indecent Action, or Glance; and being continually us'd to see one another so unadorn'd, so like our first Parents before the Fall, it seems as if they had no Wishes; there being nothing to heighten Curiosity, but all you can see, you see at once, and every Moment see; and where there is no Novelty, there can be no Curiosity. Not but I have seen a handsom young *Indian*, dying for Love of a very beautiful young *Indian* Maid; but all his Courtship was, to fold his Arms, pursue her with his Eyes, and Sighs were all his Language: While she, as if no such Lover were present; or rather, as if she desired none such, carefully guarded her Eyes from beholding him; and never approach'd him, but she look'd down with all the blushing Modesty I have seen in the most severe and cautious of our World. And these People represented to me an absolute *Idea* of the first State of Innocence, before Man knew how to sin: And 'tis most evident and plain, that simple Nature is the most harmless, inoffensive and vertuous Mistress. 'Tis she alone, if she were permitted, that better instructs the World, than all the Inventions of Man: Religion wou'd here but destroy that Tranquillity, they possess by Ignorance; and Laws wou'd but teach 'em to know Offence, of which now they have no Notion. They once made Mourning and Fasting for the Death of the *English* Governor, who had given his Hand to come on such a Day to 'em, and neither came, nor sent; believing, when once a Man's Word was past, nothing but Death cou'd or shou'd prevent his keeping it: And when they saw he was not dead, they ask'd him, what Name they had for a Man who promis'd a thing he did not do? The Governor told them, Such a man was a *Lyar*, which was a Word of Infamy to a Gentleman. Then one of 'em reply'd, *Governor, you are a Lyar, and guilty of that Infamy*. They have a Native Justice, which knows no Fraud; and they understand no Vice, or Cunning, but when they are taught by the *White Men*.They have Plurality of Wives, which, when they grow old, they serve those that succeed 'em, who are young; but with a Servitude easie and respected; and unless they take Slaves in War, they have no other Attendants.

Those on that *Continent* where I was, had no King; but the oldest War-Captain was obey'd with great Resignation.

A War-Captain is a Man who has lead them on to Battel with Conduct, and Success; of whom I shall have Occasion to speak more hereafter, and of some other of their Customs and Manners, as they fall in my way.

With these People, as I said, we live in perfect Tranquillity, and good Understanding, as it behooves us to do; they knowing all the places where to seek the best Food of the Country, and the Means of getting it; and for very small and unvaluable Trifles, supply us with what 'tis impossible for us to get; for they do not only in the Wood, and over the *Sevana's*, in Hunting, supply the parts of Hounds, by swiftly scouring through those almost impassable places; and by the meer Activity of their Feet, run down the nimblest Deer, and other eatable Beasts: But in the water, one wou'd think they were Gods of the Rivers, or Fellow-Citizens of the Deep; so rare an Art they have in Swimming, Diving, and almost Living in Water; by which they command the less swift Inhabitants of the Floods. And then for Shooting; what they cannot take, or reach with their Hands, they do with Arrows; and have so admirable an Aim, that they will split almost an Hair; and at any distance that an Arrow can reach, they will shoot down Oranges, and other Fruit, and only touch the Stalk with the Dart's Points, that they may not hurt the Fruit. So that they being, on all Occasions, very useful to us, we find it absolutely necessary to caress 'em as Friends, and not to treat 'em as Slaves; nor dare we do other, their Numbers so far surpassing ours in that *Continent*.

Those then whom we make use of to work in our Plantations of Sugar, are *Negro's*, *Black*-Slaves altogether; which are transported thither in this manner.

Those who want Slaves, make a Bargain with a Master, or Captain of a Ship, and contract to pay him so much a-piece, a matter of twenty Pound a Head for as many as he agrees for, and to pay for 'em when they shall be deliver'd on such a Plantation: So that when there arrives a Ship laden with Slaves, they who have so contracted, go a-board, and receive their Number by Lot; and perhaps in one Lot that may be for ten, there may happen to be three or four Men; the rest, Women and Children: Or be there more or less of either Sex, you are oblig'd to be contented with your Lot.

Coramantien, a Country of *Blacks* so called, was one of those places in which they found the most advantageous Trading for these Slaves; and thither most of our great Traders in that Merchandice traffick'd; for that Nation is very war-like and brave; and having a continual Campaign, being always in Hostility with one neighbouring Prince or other, they had the fortune to take a great many Captives; for all they took in Battel, were sold as Slaves; at least, those common Men who cou'd not ransom themselves. Of these Slaves so taken, the General only has all the profit; and of these Generals, our Captains and Masters of Ships buy all their Freights.

The King of *Coramantien* was himself a Man of a Hundred and odd Years old, and had no Son, though he had many beautiful *Black*-Wives; for most certainly, there are Beauties that can charm of that Colour. In his younger Years he had had many gallant

Men to his Sons, thirteen of which died in Battel, conquering when they fell; and he had only left him for his Successor, one Grand-Child, Son to one of these dead Victors; who, as soon as he cou'd bear a Bow in his Hand, and a Quiver at his Back, was sent into the Field, to be trained up by one of the oldest Generals, to War; where, from his natural Inclination to Arms, and the Occasions given him, with the good Conduct of the old General, he became, at the Age of Seventeen, one of the most expert Captains, and bravest Soldiers, that ever saw the Field of *Mars*: So that he was ador'd as the Wonder of all that World, and the Darling of the Soldiers. Besides, he was adorn'd with a native Beauty so transcending all those of his gloomy Race, that he strook an Awe and Reverence, even in those that knew not his Quality; as he did in me, who beheld him with Surprize and Wonder, when afterwards he arriv'd in our World.

He had scarce arriv'd at his Seventeenth Year, when fighting by his Side, the General was kill'd with an Arrow in his Eye, which the Prince *Oroonoko* (for so was this gallant *Moor* call'd) very narrowly avoided; nor had he, if the General, who saw the Arrow shot, and perceiving it aim'd at the Prince, had not bow'd his Head between, on purpose to receive it in his own Body rather than it shou'd touch that of the Prince, and so saved him.

'Twas then, afflicted as *Oroonoko* was, that he was proclaim'd Genéral in the old Man's place; and then it was, at the finishing of that War, which had continu'd for two Years, that the Prince came to Court; where he had hardly been a Month together, from the time of his fifth Year, to that of Seventeen; and 'twas amazing to imagine where it was he learn'd so much Humanity; or, to give his Accomplishments a juster Name, where 'twas he got that real Greatness of Soul, those refin'd Notions of true Honour, that absolute Generosity, and that Softness that was capable of the highest Passions of Love and Gallantry, whose Objects were almost continually fighting Men, or those mangl'd, or dead; who heard no Sounds, but those of War and Groans: Some part of it we may attribute to the Care of a *French*-Man of Wit and Learning; who finding it turn to very good Account to be a sort of Royal Tutor to this young *Black*, & perceiving him very ready, apt, and quick of Apprehension, took a great pleasure to teach him Morals, Language and Science; and was for it extreamly belov'd and valu'd by him. Another Reason was, He lov'd, when he came from War, to see all the *English* Gentlemen that traded thither; and did not only learn their Language, but that of the *Spaniards* also, with whom he traded afterwards for Slaves.

I have often seen and convers'd with this great Man, and been a Witness to many of his mighty Actions; and do assure my Reader, the most Illustrious Courts cou'd not have produc'd a braver Man, both for Greatness of Courage and Mind, a Judgment more solid, a Wit more quick, and a Conversation more sweet and diverting. He knew almost as much as if he had read much: He had heard of, and admir'd the *Romans*; he had heard of the late Civil Wars in *England*, and the deplorable Death of our great Monarch; and wou'd discourse of it with all the Sense, and Abhorrence of the Injustice imaginable. He had an extream good and graceful Mien, and all the Civility of a well-bred great Man. He had nothing of Barbarity in his Nature, but in all Points address'd himself, as if his Education had been in some *European* Court.

This great and just Character of *Oroonoko* gave me an extream Curiosity to see him, especially when I knew he spoke *French* and *English*, and that I cou'd talk with him. But though I had heard so much of him, I was as greatly surpriz'd when I saw him, as if I had heard nothing of him; so beyond all Report I found him. He came into the Room, and address'd himself to me, and some other Women, with the best Grace in the World. He was pretty tall, but of a Shape the most exact that can be fansy'd: The most famous Statuary cou'd not form the Figure of a Man more admirably turn'd from Head to Foot. His Face was not of that brown, rusty Black which most of that Nation are, but a perfect Ebony, or polish'd Jett. His Eyes were the most awful that cou'd be seen, and very piercing; the White of 'em being like Snow, as were his Teeth. His Nose was rising and *Roman*, instead of *African* and flat. His Mouth, the finest shap'd that cou'd be seen; far from those great turn'd Lips, which are so natural to the rest of the *Negroes*. The whole Proportion and Air of his Face was so noble, and exactly form'd, that, bating his Colour, there cou'd be nothing in Nature more beautiful, agreeable and handsome. There was no one Grace wanting, that bears the Standard of true Beauty: His Hair came down to his Shoulders, by the Aids of Art; which was, by pulling it out with a Quill, and keeping it comb'd; of which he took particular Care. Nor did the Perfections of his Mind come short of those of his Person; for his Discourse was admirable upon almost any Subject; and who-ever had heard him speak, wou'd have been convinc'd of their Errors, that all fine Wit is confin'd to the *White* Men, especially to those of *Christendom*; and wou'd have confess'd that *Oroonoko* was as capable even of reigning well, and of governing as wisely, had as great a Soul, as politick Maxims, and was as sensible of Power as any Prince civiliz'd in the most refin'd Schools of Humanity and Learning, or the most Illustrious Courts.

This Prince, such as I have describ'd him, whose Soul and Body were so admirably adorn'd, was (while yet he was in the Court of his Grandfather) as I said, as capable of Love, as 'twas possible for a brave and gallant Man to be; and in saying that, I have nam'd the highest Degree of Love; for sure, great Souls are most capable of that Passion.

I have already said, the old General was kill'd by the shot of an Arrow, by the Side of this Prince, in Battel; and that *Oroonoko* was made General. This old dead *Hero* had one only Daughter left of his Race; a Beauty that, to describe her truly, one need say only, she was Female to the noble Male; the beautiful *Black Venus*, to our young *Mars*; as charming in her Person as he, and of delicate Vertues. I have seen an hundred *White* Men sighing after her, and making a thousand Vows at her Feet, all vain, and unsuccessful:

And she was, indeed, too great for any, but a Prince of her own Nation to adore.

Oroonoko coming from the Wars, (which were now ended) after he had made his Court to his Grandfather, he thought in Honour he ought to make a Visit to *Imoinda*, the Daughter of his Foster-father, the dead General; and to make some Excuses to her, because his Preservation was the Occasion of her Father's Death; and to present her with those Slaves that had been taken in this last Battel, as the Trophies of her Father's Victories. When he came, attended by all the young Soldiers of any Merit, he was infinitely surpriz'd at the Beauty of this fair Queen of Night, whose Face and Person was so exceeding all he had ever beheld, that lovely Modesty with which she receiv'd him, that Softness in her Look, and Sighs, upon the melancholy Occasion of this Honour that was done by so great a Man as *Oroonoko*, and a Prince of whom she had heard such admirable things; the Awfulness wherewith she receiv'd him, and the Sweetness of her Words and Behaviour while he stay'd, gain'd a perfect Conquest over his fierce Heart, and made him feel, the Victor cou'd be subdu'd. So that having made his first Complements, and presented her an hundred and fifty Slaves in Fetters, he told her with his Eyes, that he was not insensible of her Charms; while *Imoinda*, who wish'd for nothing more than so glorious a Conquest, was pleas'd to believe, she understood that silent Language of new-born Love; and from that Moment, put on all her Additions to Beauty.

The Prince return'd to Court with quite another Humour than before; and though he did not speak much of the fair *Imoinda*, he had the pleasure to hear all his Followers speak of nothing but the Charms of that Maid; insomuch that, even in the Presence of the old King, they were extolling her, and heightning, if possible, the Beauties they had found in her: So that nothing else was talk'd of, no other Sound was heard in every Corner where there were Whisperers, but *Imoinda! Imoinda!*

'Twill be imagin'd *Oroonoko* stay'd not long before he made his second Visit; nor, considering his Quality, not much longer before he told her, he ador'd her. I have often heard him say, that he admir'd by what strange Inspiration he came to talk things so soft, and so passionate, who never knew Love, nor was us'd to the Conversation of Women; but (to use his own Words) he said, Most happily, some new, and till then unknown Power instructed his Heart and Tongue in the Language of Love, and at the same time, in favour of him, inspir'd *Imoinda* with a Sense of his Passion. She was touch'd with what he said, and return'd it all in such Answers as went to his very Heart, with a Pleasure unknown before: Nor did he use those Obligations ill, that Love had done him; but turn'd all his happy Moments to the best advantage; and as he knew no Vice, his Flame aim'd at nothing but Honour, if such a distinction may be made in Love; and especially in that Country, where Men take to themselves as many as they can maintain; and where the only Crime and Sin with Woman is, to turn her off, to abandon her to Want, Shame and Misery: Such ill Morals are only practis'd in Christian-Countries, where they prefer the bare Name of Religion; and, without Vertue or Morality, think that's sufficient. But *Oroonoko* was none of those Professors; but as he had right Notions of Honour, so he made her such Propositions as were not only and barely such; but, contrary to the Custom of his Country, he made her Vows, she shou'd be the only woman he wou'd possess while he liv'd; that no Age or Wrinkles shou'd incline him to change, for her Soul wou'd be always fine, and always young; and he shou'd have an eternal *Idea* in his Mind of the Charms she now bore, and shou'd look into his Heart for that *Idea*, when he cou'd find it no longer in her Face.

After a thousand Assurances of his lasting Flame, and her eternal Empire over him, she condescended to receive him for her Husband; or rather, receiv'd him, as the greatest Honour the God's cou'd do her.

There is a certain Ceremony in these Cases to be observ'd, which I forgot to ask him how perform'd; but 'twas concluded on both sides, that, in Obedience to him, the Grand-father was to be first made acquainted with the Design: for they pay a most absolute Resignation to the Monarch, especially when he is a Parent also.

On the other side, the old King, who had many Wives, and many Concubines, wanted not Court-Flatterers to insinuate in his Heart a thousand tender Thoughts for this young Beauty; and who represented her to his Fancy, as the most charming he had ever possess'd in all the long Race of his numerous Years. At this Character his old Heart, like an extinguish'd Brand, most apt to take Fire, felt new Sparks of Love, and began to kindle; and now grown to his second Childhood, long'd with Impatience to behold this gay thing, with whom, alas! he cou'd but innocently play. But how he shou'd be confirm'd she was this *Wonder*, before he us'd his Power to call her to Court (where Maidens never came, unless for the King's private Use) he was next to consider; and while he was so doing, he had Intelligence brought him, that *Imoinda* was most certainly Mistress to the Prince *Oroonoko*. This gave him some *Shagrien*; however, it gave him also an Opportunity, one Day, when the Prince was a-hunting, to wait on a Man of Quality, as his Slave and Attendant, who shou'd go and make a Present to *Imoinda*, as from the Prince; he shou'd then, unknown, see this fair Maid, and have an Opportunity to hear what Message she wou'd return the Prince for his Present; and from thence gather the state of her Heart, and degree of her Inclination. This was put in Execution, and the old Monarch saw, and burnt: He found her all he had heard, and wou'd not delay his Happiness, but found he shou'd have some Obstacle to overcome her Heart; for she express'd her Sense of the Present the Prince had sent her, in terms so sweet, so soft and pretty, with an Air of Love and Joy that cou'd not be dissembl'd; insomuch that 'twas past doubt whether she lov'd *Oroonoko* entirely. This gave the old King some Affliction; but he salv'd it with this, that the Obedience the People pay their King, was not at all inferior to what they pay'd their Gods: And what Love wou'd not oblige *Imoinda* to do, Duty wou'd compel her to.

He was therefore no sooner got to his Apartment, but he sent the Royal Veil to *Imoinda*; that is, the Ceremony of Invitation; he sends the Lady, he has a Mind to honour with his Bed, a Veil, with which she is cover'd, and secur'd for the King's Use; and 'tis Death to disobey; besides, held a most impious Disobedience.

'Tis not to be imagin'd the Surprize and Grief that seiz'd this lovely Maid at this News and Sight. However, as Delays in these Cases are dangerous, and Pleading worse than Treason; trembling, and almost fainting, she was oblig'd to suffer her self to be cover'd, and led away.

They brought her thus to Court; and the King, who had caus'd a very rich Bath to be prepar'd, was led into it, where he sate under a Canopy, in State, to receive this long'd for Virgin; whom he having commanded shou'd be brought to him, they (after dis-robing her) led her to the Bath, and making fast the Doors, left her to descend. The King, without more Courtship, bad her throw off her Mantle, and come to his Arms. But *Imoinda*, all in Tears, threw her self on the Marble, on the Brink of the Bath, and besought him to hear her. She told him, as she was a Maid, how proud of the Divine Glory she should have been of having it in her power to oblige her King: but as by the Laws, he cou'd not; and from his Royal Goodness, wou'd not take from any Man his wedded Wife: So she believ'd she shou'd be the Occasion of making him commit a great Sin, if she did not reveal her State and Condition; and tell him, she was anothers, and cou'd not be so happy to be his.

The King, enrag'd at this Delay, hastily demanded the Name of the bold Man, that had marry'd a Woman of her Degree, without his Consent. *Imoinda*, seeing his Eyes fierce, and his Hands tremble; whether with Age, or Anger, I know not; but she fansy'd the last, almost repented she had said so much, for now she fear'd the Storm wou'd fall on the Prince; she therefore said a thousand things to appease the raging of his Flame, and to prepare him to hear who it was with Calmness; but before she spoke, he imagin'd who she meant, but wou'd not seem to do so, but commanded her to lay aside her Mantle, and suffer her self to receive his Caresses; or, by his Gods, he swore, that happy Man whom she was going to name shou'd die, though it were even *Oroonoko* himself. *Therefore* (said he) *deny this Marriage, and swear thy self a Maid. That* (reply'd *Imoinda*) *by all our Powers I do; for I am not yet known to my Husband. 'Tis enough* (said the King:) *'tis enough to satisfie both my Conscience, and my Heart.* And rising from his Seat, he went, and led her into the Bath; it being in vain for her to resist.

In this time the Prince, who was return'd from Hunting, went to visit his *Imoinda*, but found her gone; and not only so, but heard she had receiv'd the Royal Veil. This rais'd him to a Storm; and in his Madness, they had much ado to save him from laying violent Hands on himself. Force first prevail'd, and then Reason: They urg'd all to him, that might oppose his Rage; but nothing weigh'd so greatly with him as the King's Old Age uncapable of injuring him with *Imoinda*. He wou'd give way to that Hope, because it pleas'd him most, and flatter'd best his Heart. Yet this serv'd not altogether to make him cease his different Passions, which sometimes rag'd within him, and sometimes softned into Showers. 'Twas not enough to appease him, to tell him, his Grand-father was old, and cou'd not that way injure him, while he retain'd that awful Duty which the young Men are us'd there to pay to their grave Relations. He cou'd not be convinc'd he had no Cause to sigh and mourn for the Loss of a Mistress, he cou'd not with all his Strength and Courage retrieve. And he wou'd often cry, *O my Friends! were she in wall'd Cities, or confin'd from me in Fortifications of the greatest Strength; did Inchantments or Monsters detain her from me, I wou'd venture through any Hazard to free her: Buthere, in the Arms of a feeble old Man, my Youth, my violent Love, my Trade in Arms, and all my vast Desire of Glory, avail me nothing:* Imoinda *is as irrecoverably lost to me, as if she were snatch'd by the cold Arms of Death: Oh! she is never to be retriev'd. If I wou'd wait tedious Years, till Fate shou'd bow the old King to his Grave; even that wou'd not leave me* Imoinda *free; but still that Custom that makes it so vile a Crime for a Son to marry his Father's Wives or Mistresses, wou'd hinder my Happiness; unless I wou'd either ignobly set an ill President to my Successors, or abandon my Country, and fly with her to some unknown World, who never heard our Story.*

But it was objected to him, that his Case was not the same; for *Imoinda* being his lawful Wife, by solemn Contract, 'twas he was the injur'd Man, and might, if he so pleas'd, take *Imoinda* back, the Breach of the Law being on his Grand-father's side; and that if he cou'd circumvent him, and redeem her from the *Otan*, which is the Palace of the King's Women, a sort of *Seraglio*, it was both just and lawful for him so to do.

This Reasoning had some force upon him, and he shou'd have been entirely comforted, but for the Thought that she was possess'd by his Grand-father. However, he lov'd so well, that he was resolv'd to believe what most favour'd his Hope; and to endeavour to learn from *Imoinda's* own Mouth, what only she cou'd satisfie him in; whether she was robb'd of that Blessing, which was only due to his Faith and Love. But as it was very hard to get a Sight of the Women, for no Men ever enter'd into the *Otan*, but when the King went to entertain himself with some one of his Wives, or Mistresses; and 'twas Death at any other time, for any other to go in; so he knew not how to contrive to get a Sight of her.

While *Oroonoko* felt all the Agonies of Love, and suffer'd under a Torment the most painful in the World, the old King was not exempted from his share of Affliction. He was troubl'd for having been forc'd by an irresistable Passion, to rob his Son of a Treasure, he knew, cou'd not but be extreamly dear to him, since she was the most beautiful that ever had been seen; and had

besides, all the Sweetness and Innocence of Youth and Modesty, with a Charm of Wit surpassing all. He found that, however she was forc'd to expose her lovely Person to his wither'd Arms, she cou'd only sigh and weep there, and think of *Oroonoko*; and oftentimes cou'd not forbear speaking of him, though her Life were, by Custom, forfeited by owning her Passion. But she spoke not of a Lover only, but of a Prince dear to him, to whom she spoke; and of the Praises of a Man, who, till now, fill'd the old Man's Soul with Joy at every Recital of his Bravery, or even his Name. And 'twas this Dotage on our young *Hero*, that gave *Imoinda* a thousand Privileges to speak of him, without offending; and this Condescention in the old King, that made her take the Satisfaction of speaking of him so very often.

Besides, he many times enquir'd how the Prince bore himself; and those of whom he ask'd, being entirely Slaves to the Merits and Vertrues of the Prince, still answer'd what they thought conduc'd best to his Service; which was, to make the old King fansy that the Prince had no more Interest in *Imoinda*, and had resign'd her willingly to the Pleasure of the King; that he diverted himself with his Mathematicians, his Fortifications, his Officers, and his Hunting.

This pleas'd the old Lover, who fail'd not to report these things again to *Imoinda*, that she might, by the Example of her young Lover, withdraw her Heart, and rest better contented in his Arms. But however she was forc'd to receive this unwelcome News, in all Appearance, with Unconcern, and Content, her Heart was bursting within, and she was only happy when she cou'd get alone, to vent her Griefs and Moans with Sighs and Tears.

What Reports of the Prince's Conduct were made to the King, he thought good to justifie as far as possibly he cou'd by his Actions; and when he appear'd in the Presence of the King, he shew'd a Face not at all betraying his Heart: So that in a little time the old Man, being entirely convinc'd that he was no longer a Lover of *Imoinda*, he carry'd him with him, in his Train, to the *Otan*, often to banquet with his Mistress. But as soon as he enter'd, one Day, into the Apartment of *Imoinda*, with the King, at the first Glance from her Eyes, notwithstanding all his determined Resolution, he was ready to sink in the place where he stood; and had certainly done so, but for the Support of *Aboan*, a young Man, who was next to him; which, with his Change of Countenance, had betray'd him, had the King chanc'd to look that way. And I have observ'd, 'tis a very great Error in those, who laugh when one says, A Negro *can change Colour*; for I have seen 'em as frequently blush, and look pale, and that as visibly as ever I saw in the most beautiful *White*. And 'tis certain that both these Changes were evident, this Day, in both these Lovers. And *Imoinda*, who saw with some Joy the Change in the Prince's Face, and found it in her own, strove to divert the King from beholding either, by a forc'd Caress, with which she met him; which was a new Wound in the Heart of the poor dying Prince. But as soon as the King was busy'd in looking on some fine thing of *Imoinda's* making, she had time to tell the Prince with her angry, but Love-darting Eyes, that she resented his Coldness, and bemoan'd her own miserable Captivity. Nor were his Eyes silent, but answer'd hers again, as much as Eyes cou'd do, instructed by the most tender, and most passionate Heart that ever lov'd: And they spoke so well, and so effectually, as Imoinda no longer doubted, but she was the only Delight, and the Darling of that Soul she found pleading in 'em its Right of Love, which none was more willing to resign than she. And 'twas this powerful Language alone that in an Instant convey'd all the Thoughts of their Souls to each other; that they both found, there wanted but Opportunity to make them both entirely happy. But when he saw another Door open'd by *Onahal*, a former old Wife of the King's, who now had Charge of *Imoinda*; and saw the Prospect of a Bed of State made ready, with Sweets and Flowers for the Dalliance of the King; who immediately lead the trembling Victim from his Sight, into that prepar'd Repose. What Rage! what wild Frenzies seiz'd his Heart! which forcing to keep within Bounds, and to suffer without Noise, it became the more insupportable, and rent his Soul with ten thousand Pains. He was forc'd to retire, to vent his Groans; where he fell down on a Carpet, and lay struggling a long time, and only breathing now and then,—*O Imoinda!* When *Onahal* had finish'd her necessary Affair within, shutting the Door, she came forth to wait, till the King call'd; and hearing some one sighing in the other Room, she pass'd on, and found the Prince in that deplorable Condition, which she thought needed her Aid: She gave him Cordials, but all in vain; till finding the nature of his Disease, by his Sighs, and naming *Imoinda*. She told him, he had not so much Cause as he imagin'd, to afflict himself; for if he knew the King so well as she did, he wou'd not lose a Moment in Jealousie, and that she was confident that *Imoinda* bore, at this Minute, part in his Affliction. *Aboan* was of the same Opinion; and both together, perswaded him to re-assume his Courage; and all sitting down on the Carpet, the Prince said so many obliging things to *Onahal*, that he half perswaded her to be of his Party. And she promis'd him, she wou'd thus far comply with his just Desires, that she wou'd let *Imoinda* know how faithful he was, what he suffer'd, and what he said.

This Discourse lasted till the King call'd, which gave *Oroonoko* a certain Satisfaction; and with the Hope *Onahal* had made him conceive, he assum'd a Look as gay as 'twas possible a Man in his Circumstances cou'd do; and presently after, he was call'd in with the rest who waited without. The King commanded Musick to be brought, and several of his young Wives and Mistresses came all together by his Command, to dance before him; where *Imoinda* perform'd her Part with an Air and Grace so passing all the rest, as her Beauty was above 'em; and receiv'd the Present, ordain'd as a Prize. The Prince was every Moment more charm'd with the new Beauties and Graces he beheld in this fair One: And while he gaz'd, and she danc'd, *Onahal* was retir'd to a Window with *Aboan*.

This *Onahal*, as I said, was one of the Cast-Mistresses of the old King; and 'twas these (now past their Beauty) that were made Guardians, or Governants to the new, and the young Ones; and whose Business it was, to teach them all those wanton Arts of

Love, with which they prevail'd and charm'd heretofore in their Turn; and who now treated the triumphing happy Ones with all the Severity, as to Liberty and Freedom, that was possible, in revenge of those Honours they rob them of; envying them those Satisfactions, those Gallantries and Presents, that were once made to themselves, while Youth and Beauty lasted, and which they now saw pass were regardless by, and pay'd only to the Bloomings. And certainly, nothing is more afflicting to a decay'd Beauty, than to behold in it self declining Charms, that were once ador'd; and to find those Caresses paid to new Beauties, to which once she laid a Claim; to hear 'em whisper as she passes by, *That once was a delicate Woman.* These abandon'd Ladies therefore endeavour to revenge all the Despights, and Decays of Time, on these flourishing happy Ones. And 'twas this Severity, that gave *Oroonoko* a thousand Fears he shou'd never prevail with *Onahal*, to see *Imoinda*. But, as I said, she was now retir'd to a Window with *Aboan*.

This young Man was not only one of the best Quality, but a Man extreamly well made, and beautiful; and coming often to attend the King to the *Otan*, he had subdu'd the Heart of the antiquated *Onahal*, which had not forgot how pleasant it was to be in Love: And though she had some Decays in her Face, she had none in her Sence and Wit; she was there agreeable still, even to *Aboan's* Youth; so that he took pleasure in entertaining her with Discourses of Love: He knew also, that to make his Court to these She-Favourites, was the way to be great; these being the Persons that do all Affairs and Business at Court. He had also observ'd that she had given him Glances more tender and inviting, than she had done to others of his Quality: And now, when he saw that her Favour cou'd so absolutely oblige the Prince, he fail'd not to sigh in her Ear, and to look with Eyes all soft upon her, and give her Hope that she had made some Impressions on his Heart. He found her pleas'd at this, and making a thousand Advances to him; but the Ceremony ending, and the King departing, broke up the Company for that Day, and his Conversation.

Aboan fail'd not that Night to tell the Prince of his Success, and how advantageous the Service of *Onahal* might be to his Amour with *Imoinda*. The Prince was overjoy'd with this good News, and besought him, if it were possible, to caress her so, as to engage her entirely; which he cou'd not fail to do, if he comply'd with her Desires: *For then* (said the Prince) *her Life lying at your Mercy, she must grant you the Request you make in my Behalf. Aboan* understood him; and assur'd him, he would make Love so effectually, that he wou'd defie the most expert Mistress of the Art, to find out whether he dissembl'd it, or had it really. And 'twas with Impatience they waited the next Opportunity of going to the *Otan*.

The Wars came on, the Time of taking the Field approach'd, and 'twas impossible for the Prince to delay his going at the Head of his Army, to encounter the Enemy: So that every Day seem'd a tedious Year, till he saw his *Imoinda*; for he believ'd he cou'd not live, if he were forc'd away without being so happy. 'Twas with Impatience therefore, that he expected the next Visit the King wou'd make; and, according to his Wish, it was not long.

The Parley of the Eyes of these two Lovers had not pass'd so secretly, but an old jealous Lover cou'd spy it; or rather, he wanted not Flatterers, who told him, they observ'd it: So that the Prince was hasten'd to the Camp, and this was the last Visit he found he shou'd make to the *Otan*; he therefore urg'd *Aboan* to make the best of this last Effort, and to explain himself so to *Onahal*, that she, deferring her Enjoyment of her young Lover no longer, might make way for the Prince to speak to *Imoinda*.

The whole Affair being agreed on between the Prince and *Aboan*, they attended the King, as the Custom was, to the *Otan*; where, while the whole Company was taken up in beholding the Dancing, and antick Postures the Women Royal made, to divert the King, *Onahal* singl'd out *Aboan*, whom she found most pliable to her Wish. When she had him where she believ'd she cou'd not be heard, she sigh'd to him, and softly cry'd, *Ah*, Aboan! *When will you be sensible of my Passion? I confess it with my Mouth, because I wou'd not give my Eyes the Lye; and you have but too much already perceiv'd they have confess'd my Flame: Nor wou'd I have you believe, that because I am the abandon'd Mistress of a King, I esteem my self altogether divested of Charms. No,* Aboan; *I have still a Rest of Beauty enough engaging, and have learn'd to please too well, not to be desirable. I can have Lovers still, but will have none but* Aboan. *Madam* (reply'd the half-feigning Youth) *you have already, by my Eyes, found, you can still conquer; and I believe 'tis in pity of me, you condescend to this kind Confession. But, Madam, Words are us'd to be so small a part of our Country-Courtship, that 'tis rare one can get so happy an Opportunity as to tell one's Heart; and those few Minutes we have are forc'd to be snatch'd for more certain Proofs of Love, than speaking and sighing; and such I languish for.*

He spoke this with such a Tone, that she hop'd it true, and cou'd not forbear believing it; and being wholly transported with Joy, for having subdu'd the finest of all the King's Subjects to her Desires, she took from her Ears two large Pearls, and commanded him to wear 'em in his. He wou'd have refus'd 'em, crying, *Madam, these are not the Proofs of your Love that I expect; 'tis Opportunity, 'tis a Lone hour only, that can make me happy.* But forcing the Pearls into his Hand, she whisper'd softly to him, *Oh! Do not fear a Woman's Invention, when Love sets her a-thinking.* And pressing his Hand, she cry'd, *This Night you shall be happy. Come to the Gate of the Orange-Groves, behind the Otan; and I will be ready, about Midnight, to receive you.* 'Twas thus agreed, and she left him, that no notice might be taken of their speaking together.

The Ladies were still dancing, and the King, laid on a Carpet, with a great deal of pleasure, was beholding them, especially *Imoinda*; who that Day appear'd more lovely than ever, being enliven'd with the good Tidings *Onahal* had brought her of the

constant Passion the Prince had for her. The Prince was laid on another Carpet, at the other end of the Room, with his Eyes fix'd on the Object of his Soul; and as she turn'd, or mov'd, so did they; and she alone gave his Eyes and Soul their Motions: Nor did *Imoinda* employ her Eyes to any other Use, than in beholding with infinite Pleasure the Joy she produc'd in those of the Prince. But while she was more regarding him, than the Steps she took, she chanc'd to fall; and so near him, as that leaping with extream force from the Carpet, he caught her in his Arms as she fell; and 'twas visible to the whole Presence, the Joy wherewith he receiv'd her: He clasp'd her close to his Bosom, and quite forgot that Reverence that was due to the Mistress of a King, and that Punishment that is the Reward of a Boldness of this nature; and had not the Presence of Mind of *Imoinda* (fonder of his Safety, than her own) befriended him, in making her spring from his Arms, and fall into her Dance again, he had, at that Instant, met his Death; for the old King, jealous to the last degree, rose up in Rage, broke all the Diversion, and led *Imoinda* to her Apartment, and sent out Word to the Prince, to go immediately to the Camp; and that if he were found another Night in Court, he shou'd suffer the Death ordain'd for disobedient Offenders.

You may imagine how welcome this News was to *Oroonoko*, whose unseasonable Transport and Caress of *Imoinda* was blam'd by all Men that lov'd him; and now he perceiv'd his Fault, yet cry'd, *That for such another Moment, he wou'd be content to die*.

All the *Otan* was in disorder about this Accident; and *Onahal* was particularly concern'd, because on the Prince's Stay depended her Happiness; for she cou'd no longer expect that of *Aboan*. So that, e'er they departed, they contriv'd it so, that the Prince and he shou'd come both that Night to the Grove of the *Otan*, which was all of Oranges and Citrons; and that there they shou'd wait her Orders.

They parted thus, with Grief enough, till Night; leaving the King in possession of the lovely Maid. But nothing cou'd appease the Jealousie of the old Lover: He wou'd not be impos'd on, but wou'd have it, that *Imoinda* made a false Step on purpose to fall into *Oroonoko's* Bosom, and that all things look'd like a Design on both sides, and 'twas in vain she protested her Innocence: He was old and obstinate, and left her more than half assur'd that his Fear was true.

The King going to his Apartment, sent to know where the Prince was, and if he intended to obey his Command. The Messenger return'd, and told him, he found the Prince pensive, and altogether unpreparing for the Campaign; that he lay negligently on the Ground, and answer'd very little. This confirm'd the Jealousie of the King, and he commanded that they shou'd very narrowly and privately watch his Motions; and that he shou'd not stir from his Apartment, but one Spy or other shou'd be employ'd to watch him: So that the Hour approaching, wherein he was to go to the Citron-Grove; and taking only *Aboan* along with him, he leaves his Apartment, and was watch'd to the very Gate of the *Otan*; where he was seen to enter, and where they left him, to carry back the Tidings to the King.

Oroonoko and *Aboan* were no sooner enter'd, but *Onahal* led the Prince to the Apartment of *Imoinda*; who, not knowing any thing of her Happiness, was laid in Bed. But *Onahal* only left him in her Chamber, to make the best of his Opportunity, and took her dear *Aboan* to her own; where he shew'd the heighth of Complaisance for his Prince, when, to give him an Opportunity, he suffer'd himself to be caress'd in Bed by *Onahal*.

The Prince softly waken'd *Imoinda*, who was not a little surpriz'd with Joy to find him there; and yet she trembl'd with a thousand Fears. I believe, he omitted saying nothing to this young Maid, that might perswade her to suffer him to seize his own, and take the Rights of Love; and I believe she was not long resisting those Arms, where she so long'd to be; and having Opportunity, Night and Silence, Youth, Love and Desire, he soon prevail'd; and ravish'd in a Moment, what his old Grandfather had been endeavouring for so many Months.

'Tis not to be imagin'd the Satisfaction of these two young Lovers; nor the Vows she made him, that she remain'd a spotless Maid, till that Night; and that what she did with his Grand-father, had robb'd him of no part of her Virgin-Honour, the Gods, in Mercy and Justice, having reserv'd that for her plighted Lord, to whom of Right it belong'd. And 'tis impossible to express the Transports he suffer'd, while he listen'd to a Discourse so charming, from her lov'd Lips; and clasp'd that Body in his Arms, for whom he had so long languish'd; and nothing now afflicted him, but his suddain Departure from her; for he told her the Necessity, and his Commands; but shou'd depart satisfy'd in this, That since the old King had hitherto not been able to deprive him of those Enjoyments which only belong'd to him, he believ'd for the future he wou'd be less able to injure him; so that, abating the Scandal of the Veil, which was no otherwise so, than that she was Wife to another: He believ'd her safe, even in the Arms of the King, and innocent; yet wou'd he have ventur'd at the Conquest of the World, and have given it all, to have had her avoided that Honour of receiving the *Royal Veil*. 'Twas thus, between a thousand Caresses, that both bemoan'd the hard Fate of Youth and Beauty, so liable to that cruel Promotion: 'Twas a Glory that cou'd well have been spar'd here, though desir'd, and aim'd at by all the young Females of that Kingdom.

But while they were thus fondly employ'd, forgetting how Time ran on, and that the Dawn must conduct him far away from his only Happiness, they heard a great Noise in the *Otan*, and unusual Voices of Men; at which the Prince, starting from the Arms of

the frighted *Imoinda*, ran to a little Battel-Ax he us'd to wear by his Side; and having not so much leisure, as to put on his Habit, he oppos'd himself against some who were already opening the Door; which they did with so much Violence, that *Oroonoko* was not able to defend it; but was forc'd to cry out with a commanding Voice, *Whoever ye are that have the Boldness to attempt to approach this Apartment thus rudely, know, that I, the Prince* Oroonoko*, will revenge it with the certain Death of him that first enters: Therefore stand back, and know, this place is sacred to Love, and me this Night; to Morrow 'tis the King's.*

This he spoke with a Voice so resolv'd and assur'd, that they soon retir'd from the Door, but cry'd, *'Tis by the King's Command we are come; and being satisfy'd by thy Voice, O Prince, as much as if we had enter'd, we can report to the King the Truth of all his Fears, and leave thee to provide for thy own Safety, as thou art advis'd by thy Friends.*

At these Words they departed, and left the Prince to take a short and sad Leave of his *Imoinda*; who trusting in the strength of her Charms, believ'd she shou'd appease the Fury of a jealous King, by saying, She was surpriz'd, and that it was by force of Arms he got into her Apartment. All her Concern now was for his Life, and therefore she hasten'd him to the Camp; and with much a-do, prevail'd on him to go: Nor was it she alone that prevail'd, *Aboan* and *Onahal* both pleaded, and both assur'd him of a Lye that shou'd be well enough contriv'd to secure *Imoinda*. So that, at last, with a Heart sad as Death, dying Eyes, and sighing Soul, *Oroonoko* departed, and took his way to the Camp.

It was not long after the King in Person came to the *Otan*; where beholding *Imoinda* with Rage in his Eyes, he upbraided her Wickedness and Perfidy, and threatning her Royal Lover, she fell on her Face at his Feet, bedewing the Floor with her Tears, and imploring his Pardon for a Fault which she had not with her Will committed; as *Onahal*, who was also prostrate with her, cou'd testifie: That, unknown to her, he had broke into her Apartment, and ravish'd her. She spoke this much against her Conscience; but to save her own Life, 'twas absolutely necessary she shou'd feign this Falsity. She knew it cou'd not injure the Prince, he being fled to-an-Army that wou'd stand by him, against any Injuries that shou'd assault him. However, this last Thought of *Imoinda's* being ravish'd, chang'd the Measures of his Revenge; and whereas before he design'd to be himself her Executioner, he now resolv'd she shou'd not die. But as it is the greatest Crime in nature amongst 'em to touch a Woman, after having been possess'd by a Son, a Father, or a Brother; so now he look'd on *Imoinda* as a polluted thing, wholly unfit for his Embrace; nor wou'd he resign her to his Grand-son, because she had receiv'd the *Royal Veil*. He therefore removes her from the *Otan*, with *Onahal*; whom he put into safe Hands, with Order they shou'd be both sold off, as Slaves, to another Country, either *Christian*, or *Heathen*; 'twas no matter where.

This cruel Sentence, worse than Death, they implor'd, might be revers'd; but their Prayers were vain, and it was put in Execution accordingly, and that with so much Secrecy, that none, either without, or within the *Otan*, knew any thing of their Absence, or their Destiny.

The old King, nevertheless, executed this with a great deal of Reluctancy; but he believ'd he had made a very great Conquest over himself, when he had once resolv'd, and had perform'd what he resolv'd. He believ'd now, that his Love had been unjust; and that he cou'd not expect the Gods, or Captain of the Clouds, (as they call the unknown Power) shou'd suffer a better Consequence from so ill a Cause. He now begins to hold *Oroonoko* excus'd; and to say, he had Reason for what he did: And now every Body cou'd assure the King, how passionately *Imoinda* was belov'd by the Prince; even those confess'd it now, who said the contrary before his Flame was abated. So that the King being old, and not able to defend himself in War, and having no Sons of all his Race remaining alive, but only this, to maintain him on his Throne; and looking on this as a Man disoblig'd, first by the Rape of his Mistress, or rather, Wife; and now by depriving of him wholly of her, he fear'd, might make him desperate, and do some cruel thing, either to himself, or his old Grand-father, the Offender; he began to repent him extreamly of the Contempt he had, in his Rage, put on *Imoinda*. Besides, he consider'd he ought in Honour to have kill'd her, for this Offence, if it had been one: He ought to have had so much Value and Consideration for a Maid of her Quality, as to have nobly put her to death; and not to have sold her like a common Slave, the greatest Revenge, and the most disgraceful of any; and to which they a thousand times prefer Death, and implore it; as *Imoinda* did, but cou'd not obtain that Honour. Seeing therefore it was certain that *Oroonoko* wou'd highly resent this Affront, he thought good to make some Excuse for his Rashness to him; and to that End he sent a Messenger to the Camp, with Orders to treat with him about the Master, to gain his Pardon, and to endeavour to mitigate his Grief; but that by no means he shou'd tell him, she was sold, but secretly put to death; for he knew he shou'd. never obtain his Pardon for the other.

When the Messenger came, he found the Prince upon the point of Engaging with the Enemy; but as soon as he heard of the Arrival of the Messenger, he commanded him to his Tent, where he embrac'd him, and receiv'd him with Joy; which was soon abated, by the down-cast Looks of the Messenger, who was instantly demanded the Cause by *Oroonoko*, who, impatient of Delay, ask'd a thousand Questions in a Breath; and all concerning *Imoinda*: But there needed little Return, for he cou'd almost answer himself of all he demanded, from his Sighs and Eyes. At last, the Messenger casting himself at the Prince's Feet, and kissing them, with all the Submission of a Man that had something to implore which he dreaded to utter, he besought him to hear with Calmness what he had to deliver to him, and to call up all his noble and Heroick Courage, to encounter with his Words, and defend himself against the ungrateful things he must relate. *Oroonoko* reply'd, with a deep Sigh, and a languishing Voice,—*I am arm'd against their worst*

Efforts—; for I know they will tell me, Imoinda is no more—; and after that, you may spare the rest. Then, commanding him to rise, he laid himself on a Carpet, under a rich Pavillion, and remain'd a good while silent, and was hardly heard to sigh. When he was come a little to himself, the Messenger ask'd him leave to deliver that part of his Embassy, which the Prince had not yet devin'd: And the Prince cry'd, *I permit thee*—Then he told him the Affliction the old King was in, for the Rashness he had committed in his Cruelty to *Imoinda*; and how he daign'd to ask Pardon for his Offence, and to implore the Prince wou'd not suffer that Loss to touch his Heart too sensibly, which now all the Gods cou'd not restore him, but might recompence him in Glory, which he begg'd he wou'd pursue; and that Death, that common Revenger of all Injuries, wou'd soon even the Account between him, and a feeble old Man.

Oroonoko bad him return his Duty to his Lord and Master; and to assure him, there was no Account of Revenge to be adjusted between them; if there were, 'twas he was the Agressor, and that Death wou'd be just, and, maugre his Age, wou'd see him righted; and he was contented to leave his Share of Glory to Youths more fortunate, and worthy of that Favour from the Gods. That henceforth he wou'd never lift a Weapon, or draw a Bow; but abandon the small Remains of his Life to Sighs and Tears, and the continual Thoughts of what his Lord and Grand-father had thought good to send out of the World, with all that Youth, that Innocence, and Beauty.

After having spoken this, whatever his greatest Officers, and Men of the best Rank could do, they cou'd not raise him from the Carpet, or perswade him to Action, and Resolutions of Life; but commanding all to retire, he shut himself into his Pavillion all that Day, while the Enemy was ready to engage; and wondring at the Delay, the whole Body of the chief of the Army then address'd themselves to him, and to whom they had much a-do to get Admittance. They fell on their Faces at the Foot of his Carpet; where they lay, and besought him with earnest Prayers and Tears, to lead 'em forth to Battel, and not let the Enemy take Advantages of them; and implor'd him to have regard to his Glory, and to the World, that depended on his Courage and Conduct. But he made no other Reply to all their Supplications but this, That he had now no more Business for Glory; and for the World, it was a Trifle not worth his Care. *Go,* (continu'd he, sighing) *and divide it amongst you; and reap with Joy what you so vainly prize, and leave me to my more welcome Destiny.*

They then demanded what they shou'd do, and whom he wou'd constitute in his Room, that the Confusion of ambitious Youth and Power might not ruin their Order, and make them a Prey to the Enemy. He reply'd, He wou'd not give himself the Trouble—; but wish'd 'em to chuse the bravest Man amongst 'em, let his Quality or Birth be what it wou'd: *For, O my Friends* (said he!) *it is not Titles make Men brave, or good; or Birth that bestows Courage and Generosity, or makes the Owner happy. Believe this, when you behold Oroonoko, the most wretched, and abandon'd by Fortune, of all the Creation of the Gods.* So turning himself about, he wou'd make no more Reply to all they cou'd urge or implore.

The Army beholding their Officers return unsuccessful, with sad Faces, and ominous Looks, that presag'd no good Luck, suffer'd a thousand Fears to take Possession of their Hearts, and the Enemy to come even upon 'em, before they wou'd provide for their Safety, by any Defence; and though they were assur'd by some, who had a mind to animate 'em, that they shou'd be immediately headed by the Prince, and that in the mean time *Aboan* had Orders to command as General; yet they were so dismay'd for want of that great Example of Bravery, that they cou'd make but a very feeble Resistance; and at last, down-right, fled before the Enemy, who pursu'd 'em to the very Tents, killing 'em: Nor cou'd all *Aboan's* Courage, which that Day gain'd him immortal Glory, shame 'em into a Manly Defence of themselves. The Guards that were left behind, about the Prince's Tent, seeing the Soldiers flee before the Enemy, and scatter themselves all over the Plain, in great Disorder, made such Out-cries as rouz'd the Prince from his amorous Slumber, in which he had remain'd bury'd for two Days, without permitting any Sustenance to approach him: But, in spight of all his Resolutions, he had not the Constancy of Grief to that Degree, as to make him insensible of the Danger of his Army; and in that Instant he leap'd from his Couch, and cry'd,—*Come, if we must die, let us meet Death the noblest Way; and 'twill be more like* Oroonoko *to encounter him at an Army's Head, opposing the Torrent of a conquering Foe, than lazily, on a Couch, to wait his lingering Pleasure, and die every Moment by a thousand wrecking Thought; or be tamely taken by an Enemy, and led a whining, Love-sick Slave, to adorn the Triumphs of* Jamoan*, that young Victor, who already is enter'd beyond the Limits I had prescrib d him.*

While he was speaking, he suffer'd his People to dress him for the Field; and sallying out of his Pavillion, with more Life and Vigour in his Countenance than ever he shew'd, he appear'd like some Divine Power descended to save his Country from Destruction; and his People had purposely put him on all things that might make him shine with most Splendor, to strike a reverend A we into the Beholders. He flew into the thickest of those that were pursuing his Men; and being animated with Despair, he fought as if he came on purpose to die, and did such things as will not be believ'd that Humane Strength cou'd perform; and such as soon inspir'd all the rest with new Courage, and new Order: And now it was, that they began to fight indeed; and so, as if they wou'd not be out-done, even by their ador'd *Hero*; who turning the Tide of the Victory, changing absolutely the Fate of the Day, gain'd an entire Conquest; and *Oroonoko* having the good Fortune to single out *Jamoan*, he took him Prisoner with his own Hand, having wounded him almost to death.

This *Jamoan* afterwards became very dear to him, being a Man very gallant, and of excellent Graces, and fine Parts; so that he never put him amongst the Rank of Captives, as they us'd to do, without distinction, for the common Sale, or Market; but kept him in his own Court, where he retain'd nothing of the Prisoner, but the Name, and return'd no more into his own Country, so great an Affection he took for *Oroonoko* ;and by a thousand Tales and Adventures of Love and Gallantry, flatter'd his Disease of Melancholy and Languishment; which I have often heard him say, had certainly kill'd him, but for the Conversation of this Prince and *Aboan*, the *French* Governor he had from his Childhood, of whom I have spoken before, and who was a Man of admirable Wit, great Ingenuity and Learning; all which he had infus'd into his young Pupil. This *French*-Man was banish'd out of his own Country, for some Heretical Notions he held; and though he was a Man of very little Religion, he had admirable Morals, and a brave Soul.

After the total Defeat of *Jamoan's* Army, which all fled, or were left dead upon the Place, they spent some time in the Camp; *Oroonoko* chusing rather to remain a while there in his Tents, than enter into a Place, or live in a Court where he had so lately suffer'd so great a Loss. The Officers therefore, who saw and knew his Cause of Discontent, invented all sorts of Diversions and Sports, to entertain their Prince: So that what with those Amuzements abroad, and others at home, that is, within their Tents, with the Perswasions, Arguments and Care of his Friends and Servants that he more peculiarly priz'd, he wore off in time a great part of that *Shagrien*, and Torture of Despair, which the first Efforts of *Imoinda's* Death had given him: Insomuch as having receiv'd a thousand kind Embassies from the King, and Invitations to return to Court, he obey'd, though with no little Reluctancy; and when he did so, there was a visible Change in him, and for a long time he was much more melancholy than before. But Time lessens all Extreams, and reduces 'em to *Mediums* and Unconcern; but no Motives or Beauties, though all endeavour'd it, cou'd engage him in any sort of Amour, though he had all the Invitations to it, both from his own Youth, and others Ambitions and Designs.

Oroonoko was no sooner return'd from this last Conquest, and receiv'd at Court with all the Joy and Magnificence that cou'd be express'd to a young Victor, who was not only return'd triumphant, but belov'd like a Deity, when there arriv'd in the Port an *English* Ship.

This Person had often before been in these Countries, and was very well known to *Oroonoko*, with whom he had traffick'd for Slaves, and had us'd to do the same with his Predecessors.

This Commander was a Man of a finer sort of Address, and Conversation, better bred, and more engaging, than most of that sort of Men are; so that he seem'd rather never to have been bred out of a Court, than almost all his Life at Sea. This Captain therefore was always better receiv'd at Court, than most of the Traders to those Countries were; and especially by *Oroonoko*, who was more civiliz'd, according to the *European* Mode, than any other had been, and took more Delight in the *White* Nations; and, above all, Men of Parts and Wit. To this Captain he sold abundance of his Slaves; and for the Favour and Esteem he had for him, made him many Presents, and oblig'd him to stay at Court as long as possibly he cou'd. Which the Captain seem'd to take as a very great Honour done him, entertaining the Prince every Day with Globes and Maps, and Mathematical Discourses and Instruments; eating, drinking, hunting and living with him with so much Familiarity, that it was not to be doubted, but he had gain'd very greatly upon the Heart of this gallant young Man. And the Captain, in Return of all these mighty Favours, besought the Prince to honour his Vessel with his Presence, some Day or other, to Dinner, before he shou'd set Sail; which he condescended to accept, and appointed his Day. The Captain, on his part, fail'd not to have all things in a Readiness, in the most magnificent Order he cou'd possibly: And the Day being come, the Captain, in his Boat, richly adorn'd with Carpets and Velvet-Cushions, row'd to the Shoar to receive the Prince; with another Long-Boat, where was plac'd all his Musick and Trumpets, with which *Oroonoko* was extreamly delighted; who met him on the Shoar, attended by his *French* Governor, *Jamoan*, *Aboan*, and about an hundred of the noblest of the Youths of the Court: And after they had first carry'd the Prince on Board, the Boats fetch'd the rest off; where they found a very splendid Treat, with all sorts of fine Wines; and were as well entertain'd, as 'twas possible in such a place to be.

The Prince having drunk hard of Punch, and several Sorts of Wine, as did all the rest (for great Care was taken, they shou'd want nothing of that part of the Entertainment) was very merry, and in great Admiration of the Ship, for he had never been in one before; so that he was curious of beholding every place, where he decently might descend. The rest, no less curious, who were not quite overcome with Drinking, rambl'd at their pleasure *Fore* and *Aft*, as their Fancies guided 'em: So that the Captain, who had well laid his Design before, gave the Word, and seiz'd on all his Guests; they clapping great Irons suddenly on the Prince, when he was leap'd down in the Hold, to view that part of the Vessel; and locking him fast down, secur'd him. The same Treachery was us'd to all the rest; and all in one Instant, in several places of the Ship, were lash'd fast in Irons, and betray'd to Slavery. That great Design over, they set all Hands to work to hoise Sail; and with as treacherous and fair a Wind, they made from the Shoar with this innocent and glorious Prize, who thought of nothing less than such an Entertainment.

Some have commended this Act, as brave, in the Captain; but I will spare my Sence of it, and leave it to my Reader, to judge as he pleases.

It may be easily guess'd, in what manner the Prince resented this Indignity, who may be best resembl'd to a Lion taken in a Toil; so he rag'd, so he struggl'd for Liberty, but all in vain; and they had so wisely manag'd his Fetters, that he cou'd not use a Hand in

his Defence, to quit himself of a Life that wou'd by no Means endure Slavery; nor cou'd he move from the Place, where he was ty'd, to any solid part of the Ship, against which he might have beat his Head, and have finish'd his Disgrace that way: So that being deprived of all other means, he resolved to perish for want of Food: And pleased at last with that Thought, and toil'd and tired by Rage and Indignation, he laid himself down, and sullenly resolved upon dying, and refused all things that were brought him.

This did not a little vex the Captain, and the more so, because, he found almost all of 'em of the same Humour; so that the loss of so many brave Slaves, so tall and goodly to behold, wou'd have been very considerable: He therefore order'd one to go from him (for he wou'd not be seen himself) to *Oroonoko*, and to assure him he was afflicted for having rashly done so unhospitable a Deed, and which cou'd not be now remedied, since they were far from shore; but since he resented it in so high a nature, he assur'd him he wou'd revoke his Resolution, and set both him and his Friends a-shore on the next Land they shou'd touch at; and of this the Messenger gave him his Oath, provided he wou'd resolve to live: And *Oroonoko*, whose Honour was such as he never had violated a Word in his Life himself, much less a solemn Asseveration; believ'd in an instant what this Man said, but reply'd, He expected for a Confirmation of this, to have his shameful Fetters dismiss'd. This Demand was carried to the *Captain*, who return'd him answer, That the Offence had been so great which he had put upon the Prince, that he durst not trust him with Liberty while he remained in the Ship, for fear lest by a Valour natural to him, and a Revenge that would animate that Valour, he might commit some Outrage fatal to himself and the *King* his Master, to whom his Vessel did belong. To this *Oroonoko* replied, he would engage his Honour to behave himself in all friendly Order and Manner, and obey the Command of the *Captain*, as he was Lord of the *King's* Vessel, and General of those Men under his Command.

This was deliver'd to the still doubting *Captain*, who could not resolve to trust a *Heathen* he said, upon his Parole, a Man that had no sence or notion of the God that he Worshipp'd. *Oroonoko* then replied, He was very sorry to hear that the *Captain* pretended to the Knowledge and Worship of any *Gods*, who had taught him no better Principles, than not to Credit as he would be Credited: but they told him the Difference of their Faith occasion'd that Distrust: For the *Captain* had protested to him upon the Word of a *Christian*, and sworn in the Name of a Great *GOD*; which if he shou'd violate, he would expect eternal Torment in the World to come. *Is that all the Obligation he has to be Just to his Oath?,* replied Oroonoko. *Let him know I Swear by my Honour, which to violate, wou'd not only render me contemptible and despised by all brave and honest Men, and so give my self perpetual pain, but it wou'd be eternally offending and dispeasing all Mankind, harming, betraying, circumventing and outraging all Men; but Punishments hereafter are suffer'd by ones self; and the World takes no cognizances whether this* God *have revenged em, or not, tis done so secretly, and deferr'd so long: While the Man of no Honour, suffers every moment the scorn and contempt of the honester World, and dies every day ignominiously in his Fame, which is more valuable than Life: I speak not this to move Belief, but to shew you how you mistake, when you imagine, That he who will violate his Honour, will keep his Word with his Gods. So turning from him with a disdainful smile, he refused to answer him, when he urg'd him to know what Answer he shou'd carry back to his* Captain*; so that he departed without saying any more.*

The *Captain* pondering and consulting what to do, it was concluded that nothing but *Oroonoko's* Liberty wou'd encourage any of the rest to eat, except the *French*-man, whom the *Captain* cou'd not pretend to keep Prisoner, but only told him he was secured because he might act something in favour of the Prince, but that he shou'd be freed as soon as they came to Land. So that they concluded it wholly necessary to free the Prince from his Irons, that he might show himself to the rest; that they might have an Eye upon him, and that they cou'd not fear a single Man.

This being resolv'd, to make the Obligation the greater, the Captain himself went to *Oroonoko*; where, after many Complements, and Assurances of what he had already promis'd, he receiving from the Prince his *Parole*, and his Hand, for his good Behaviour, dismiss'd his Irons, and brought him to his own Cabin; where, after having treated and repos'd him a while, for he had neither eat nor slept in four Days before, he besought him to visit those obstinate People in Chains, who refus'd all manner of Sustenance; and intreated him to oblige 'em to eat, and assure 'em of their Liberty the first Opportunity.

Oroonoko, who was too generous, not to give Credit to his Words, shew'd himself to his People, who were transported with Excess of Joy at the sight of their Darling Prince; falling at his Feet, and kissing and embracing 'em; believing, as some Divine Oracle, all he assur'd 'em. But he besought 'em to bear their Chains with that Bravery that became those whom he had seen act so nobly in Arms; and that they cou'd not give him greater Proofs of their Love and Friendship, since 'twas all the Security the Captain (his Friend) cou'd have, against the Revenge, he said, they might possibly justly take, for the Injuries sustain'd by him. And they all, with one Accord, assur'd him, they cou'd not suffer enough, when it was for his Repose and Safety.

After this they no longer refus'd to eat, but took what was brought 'em, and were pleas'd with their Captivity, since by it they hop'd to redeem the Prince, who, all the rest of the Voyage, was treated with all the Respect due to his Birth, though nothing cou'd divert his Melancholy; and he wou'd often sigh for *Imoinda*, and think this a Punishment due to his Misfortune, in having left that noble Maid behind him, that fatal Night, in the *Otan*, when he fled to the Camp.

Possess'd with a thousand Thoughts of past Joys with this fair young Person, and a thousand Griefs for her eternal Loss, he

endur'd a tedious Voyage, and at last arriv'd at the Mouth of the River of *Surinam*, a Colony belonging to the King of *England*, and where they were to deliver some part of their Slaves. There the Merchants and Gentlemen of the Country going on Board, to demand those Lots of Slaves they had already agreed on; and, amongst those, the Over-seers of those Plantations where I then chanc'd to be, the Captain, who had given the Word, order'd his Men to bring up those noble Slaves in Fetters, whom I have spoken of; and having put 'em, some in one, and some in other Lots, with Women and Children (which they call *Pickaninie*s), they sold 'em off, as Slaves, to several Merchants and Gentlemen; not putting any two in one Lot, because they wou'd separate 'em far from each other; not daring to trust 'em together, lest Rage and Courage shou'd put 'em upon contriving some great Action, to the Ruin of the Colony.

Oroonoko was first seiz'd on, and sold to our Over-seer, who had the first Lot, with seventeen more of all sorts and sizes; but not one of Quality with him. When he saw this, he found what they meant; for, as I said, he understood *English* pretty well; and being wholly unarm'd and defenceless, so as it was in vain to make any Resistance, he only beheld the Captain with a Look all fierce and disdainful, upbraiding him with Eyes, that forc'd Blushes on his guilty Cheeks, he only cry'd, in passing over the Side of the Ship, *Farewel, Sir: 'Tis worth my Suffering, to gain so true a Knowledge both of you, and of your Gods by whom you swear.* And desiring those that held him to forbear their pains, and telling 'em he wou'd make no Resistance, he cry'd, *Come, my Fellow-Slaves; let as descend, and see if we can meet with more Honour and Honesty in the next World we shall touch upon.* So he nimbly leap'd into the Boat, and shewing no more Concern, suffer'd himself to be row'd up the River, with his seventeen Companions.

The Gentleman that bought him was a young *Cornish* Gentleman, whose Name was *Trefry*; a Man of great Wit, and fine Learning, and was carry'd into those Parts by the Lord—Governor, to manage all his Affairs. He reflecting on the last Words of *Oroonoko* to the Captain, and beholding the Richness of his Vest, no sooner came into the Boat, but he fix'd his Eyes on him; and finding something so extraordinary in his Face, his Shape and Mien, a Greatness of Look, and Haughtiness in his Air, and finding he spoke *English*, had a great mind to be enquiring into his Quality and Fortune; which, though *Oroonoko* endeavour'd to hide, by only confessing he was above the Rank of common Slaves, *Trefry* soon found he was yet something greater than he confess'd; and from that Moment began to conceive so vast an Esteem for him, that he ever after lov'd him as his dearest Brother, and shew'd him all the Civilities due to so great a Man.

Trefry was a very good Mathematician, and a Linguist; cou'd speak *French* and *Spanish*; and in the three Days they remain'd in the Boat (for so long were they going from the Ship, to the Plantation) he entertain'd *Oroonoko* so agreeably with his Art and Discourse, that he was no less pleas'd with *Trefry*, than he was with the Prince; and he thought himself, at least, fortunate in this, that since he was a Slave, as long as he wou'd suffer himself to remain so, he had a Man of so excellent Wit and Parts for a Master: So that before they had finish'd their Voyage up the River, he made no scruple of declaring to *Trefry* all his Fortunes, and most part of what I have here related, and put himself wholly into the Hands of his new Friend, whom he found resenting all the Injuries were done him, and was charm'd with all the Greatnesses of his Actions; which were recited with that Modesty, and delicate Sence, as wholly vanquish'd him, and subdu'd him to his Interest. And he promis'd him on his Word and Honour, he wou'd find the Means to re-conduct him to his own Country again: assuring him, he had a perfect Abhorrence of so dishonourable an Action; and that he wou'd sooner have dy'd, than have been the Author of such a Perfidy. He found the Prince was very much concern'd to know what became of his Friends, and how they took their Slavery; and *Trefry* promis'd to take care about the enquiring after their Condition, and that he shou'd have an Account of 'em.

Though, as *Oroonoko* afterwards said, he had little Reason to credit the Words of a *Backearary*, yet he knew not why; but he saw a kind of Sincerity, and awful Truth in the Face of *Trefry*; he saw an Honesty in his Eyes, and he found him wise and witty enough to understand Honour; for it was one of his Maxims, *A Man of Wit cou'd not be a Knave or Villain.*

In their passage up the River, they put in at several Houses for Refreshment; and ever when they landed, numbers of People wou'd flock to behold this Man; not but their Eyes were daily entertain'd with the sight of Slaves, but the Fame of *Oroonoko* was gone before him, and all People were in Admiration of his Beauty. Besides, he had a rich Habit on, in which he was taken, so different from the rest, and which the Captain cou'd not strip him of, because he was forc'd to surprize his Person in the Minute he sold him. When he found his Habit made him liable, as he thought, to be gaz'd at the more, he begg'd *Trefry* to give him something more befitting a Slave; which he did, and took off his Robes. Nevertheless, he shone through all; and his *Osenbrigs* (a sort of brown *Holland* Suit he had on) cou'd not conceal the Graces of his Looks and Mien; and he had no less Admirers, than when he had his dazeling Habit on: The Royal Youth appear'd in spight of the Slave, and People cou'd not help treating him after a different manner, without designing it: As soon as they approach'd him, they venerated and esteem'd him; his Eyes insensibly commanded Respect, and his Behaviour insinuated it into every Soul. So that there was nothing talk'd of but this young and gallant Slave, even by those who yet knew not that he was a Prince.

I ought to tell you, that the *Christians* never buy any Slaves but they give 'em some Name of their own, their native ones being likely very barbarous, and hard to pronounce; so that Mr. *Trefry* gave *Oroonoko* that of *Caesar*; which Name will live in that Country as long as that (scarce more) glorious one of the great *Roman*; for 'tis most evident, he wanted no part of the Personal Courage

of that *Caesar*, and acted things as memorable, had they been done in some part of the World replenish'd with People, and Historians, that might have given him his due. But his Misfortune was, to fall in an obscure World, that afforded only a Female Pen to celebrate his Fame; though I doubt not but it had liv'd from others Endeavours, if the *Dutch*, who, immediately after his Time, took that Country, had not kill'd, banish'd and dispers'd all those that were capable of giving the World this great Man's Life, much better than I have done. And Mr. *Trefry*, who design'd it, dy'd before he began it; and bemoan'd himself for not having undertook it in time.

For the future therefore, I must call *Oroonoko*, *Caesar*, since by that Name only he was known in our Western World, and by that Name he was receiv'd on Shoar at *Parham-House*, where he was destin'd a Slave. But if the King himself (God bless him) had come a-shore, there cou'd not have been greater Expectations by all the whole Plantation, and those neighbouring ones, than was on ours at that time; and he was receiv'd more like a Governor, than a Slave. Notwithstanding, as the Custom was, they assign'd him his Portion of Land, his House, and his Business, up in the Plantation. But as it was more for Form, than any Design, to put him to his Task, he endur'd no more of the Slave but the Name, and remain'd some Days in the House, receiving all Visits that were made him, without stirring towards that part of the Plantation where the *Negroes* were.

At last, he wou'd needs go view his Land, his House, and the Business assign'd him. But he no sooner came to the Houses of the Slaves, which are like a little Town by it self, the *Negroes* all having left Work, but they all came forth to behold him, and found he was that Prince who had, at several times, sold most of 'em to these Parts; and, from a Veneration they pay to great Men, especially if they know 'em, and from the Surprize and Awe they had at the sight of him, they all cast themselves at his Feet, crying out, in their Language, *Live, O King! Long live, O King!* And kissing his Feet, paid him even Divine Homage.

Several *English* Gentlemen were with him; and what Mr. *Trefry* had told 'em, was here confirm'd; of which he himself before had no other Witness than *Caesar* himself: But he was infinitely glad to find his Grandure confirm'd by the Adoration of all the Slaves.

Caesar troubl'd with their Over-Joy, and Over-Ceremony, besought 'em to rise, and to receive him as their Fellow-Slave; assuring them, he was no better. At which they set up with one Accord a most terrible and hidious Mourning and condoling, which he and the *English* had much a-do to appease; but at last they prevail'd with 'em, and they prepar'd all their barbarous Musick, and every one kill'd and dress'd something of his own Stock (for every Family has their Land apart, on which, at their leisure times, they breed all eatable things;) and clubbing it together, made a most magnificent Supper, inviting their *Grandee Captain*, their *Prince*, to honour it with his Presence; which he did, and several *English* with him; where they all waited on him, some playing, others dancing before him all the time, according to the Manners of their several Nations; and with unwearied Industry, endeavouring to please and delight him.

While they sat at Meat Mr. *Trefry* told *Caesar*, that most of these young Slaves were undon in Love, with a fine she *Slave*, whom they had had about Six Months on their Land; the *Prince*, who never heard the Name of *Love* without a Sigh, nor any mention of it without the Curiosity of examining further into that tale, which of all Discourses was most agreeable to him, asked, how they came to be so Unhappy, as to be all Undon for one fair *Slave? Trefry*, who was naturally Amorous, and lov'd to talk of Love as well as any body, proceeded to tell him, they had the most charming Black that ever was beheld on their *Plantation*, about Fifteen or Sixteen Years old, as he guest; that, for his part, he had done nothing but Sigh for her ever since she came; and that all the white Beautys he had seen, never charm'd him so absolutely as this fine Creature had done; and that no Man, of any Nation, ever beheld her, that did not fall in Love with her; and that she had all the *Slaves* perpetually at her Feet; and the whole Country resounded with the Fame of *Clemene*, for so, said he, we have Christ'ned her: But she denys us all with such a noble Disdain, that 'tis a Miracle to see, that she, who can give such eternal Desires, shou'd herself be all Ice, and all Unconcern. She is adorn'd with the most Graceful Modesty that ever beautifyed Youth; the softest Sigher— that, if she were capable of Love, one would swear she languish'd for some absent happy Man; and so retir'd, as if she fear'd a Rape even from the God of Day; or that the Breezes would steal Kisses from her delicate Mouth. Her Task of Work some sighing Lover every day makes it his Petition to perform for her, which she excepts blushing, and with reluctancy, for fear he will ask her a Look for a Recompence, which he dares not presume to hope; so great an Awe she strikes into the Hearts of her Admirers. *I do not wonder*, replied the Prince, *that* Clemene *shou'd refuse Slaves, being as you say so Beautiful, but wonder how she escapes those who can entertain her as you can do; or why, being your Slave, you do not oblige her to yield. I confess*, said Trefry, *when I have, against her will, entertain'd her with Love so long, as to be transported with my Passion; even above Decency, I have been ready to make use of those advantages of Strength and Force Nature has given me. But oh! she disarms me, with that Modesty and Weeping so tender and so moving, that I retire, and thank my Stars she overcame me.* The Comapany laught at his Civility to a *Slave*, and *Caesar* only applauded the nobleness of his Passion and Nature; since that Slave might be Noble, or, what was better, have true Notions of Honour and Vertue in her. Thus past they this Night, after having received, from the *Slaves*, all imaginable Respect and Obedience.

The next Day *Trefry* ask'd *Caesar* to walk, when the heat was allay'd, and designedly carried him by the Cottage of the *fair Slave*; and told him, she whom he spoke of last Night liv'd there retir'd. *But*, says he, *I would not wish you to approach, for, I am sure, you will be in Love as soon as you behold her. Caesar* assur'd him, he was proof against all the Charms of that Sex; and that if he

imagin'd his Heart cou'd be so perfidious to Love again, after *Imoinda*, he believ'd he shou'd tear it from his Bosom: They had no sooner spoke, but a little shock Dog, that *Clemene* had presented her, which she took great Delight in, ran out; and she, not knowing any body was there, ran to get it in again, and bolted out on those who were just Speaking of her: When seeing them, she wou'd have run in again; but *Trefry* caught her by the Hand, and cry'd, Clemene, *however you fly a Lover, you ought to pay some Respect to this Stranger:* (pointing to *Caesar*) But she, as if she had resolv'd never to raise her Eyes to the Face of a Man again, bent 'em the more to the Earth, when he spoke, and gave the *Prince* the Leasure to look the more at her. There needed no long Gazing, or Consideration, to examin who this fair Creature was; he soon saw *Imoinda* all over her; in a Minute he saw her Face, her Shape, her Air, her Modesty, and all that call'd forth his Soul with Joy at his Eyes, and left his Body destitute of almost Life; it stood without Motion, and, for a Minute, knew not that it had a Being; and, I believe, he had never come to himself, so opprest he was with over-Joy, if he had not met with this Allay, that he perceiv'd *Imoinda* fall dead in the Hands of *Trefry*: this awaken'd him, and he ran to her aid, and caught her in his Arms, where, by degrees, she came to herself; and 'tis needless to tell with what transports, what extasies of Joy, they both a while beheld each other, without Speaking; then Snatcht each other to their Arms; then Gaze again, as if they still doubted whether they possess'd the Blessing: They Grapst, but when they recovered their Speech, 'tis not to be imagin'd, what tender things they exprest to each other; wondering what strange Fate had brought 'em again together. They soon inform'd each other of their Fortunes, and equally bewail'd their Fate; but, at the same time, they mutually protested, that even Fetters and Slavery were Soft and Easy; and wou'd be supported with Joy and Pleasure, while they cou'd be so happy to possess each other, and to be able to make good their Vows. *Caesar* swore he disdain'd the Empire of the World, while he cou'd behold his *Imoinda*; and she despis'd Grandure and Pomp, those Vanities of her Sex, when she cou'd Gaze on *Oroonoko*. He ador'd the very Cottage where she resided, and said, That little Inch of the World wou'd give him more Happiness than all the Universe cou'd do; and she vow'd, It was a Pallace, while adorn'd with the Presence of *Oroonoko*.

Trefry was infinitely pleas'd with this Novel, and found this *Clemene* was the Fair Mistress of whom *Caesar* had before spoke; and was not a little satisfied, that Heaven was so kind to the *Prince*, as to sweeten his Misfortunes by so lucky an Accident; and leaving the Lovers to themselves, was impatient to come down to *Parham House*, (which was on the same *Plantation*) to give me an Account of what had hapned. I was as impatient to make these Lovers a Visit, having already made a Friendship with *Caesar*; and from his own Mouth learn'd what I have related, which was confirmed by his French-man, who was set on Shore to seek his Fortunes; and of whom they cou'd not make a Slave, because a Christian; and he came daily to *Parham Hill* to see and pay his Respects to his Puple *Prince*: So that concerning and intresting my self, in all that related to *Caesar*, whom I had assur'd of Liberty, as soon as the Governor arriv'd, I hasted presently to the Place where the Lovers were, and was infinitely glad to find this Beautiful young *Slave* (who had already gain'd all our Esteems, for her Modesty and her extraordinary Prettyness) to be the same I had heard *Caesar* speak so much off. One may imagine then, we paid her a treble Respect; and though from her being carv'd in fine Flowers and Birds all over her Body, we took her to be of Quality before, yet, when we knew *Clemene* was *Imoinda*, we cou'd not enough admire her.

I had forgot to tell you, that those who are Nobly born of that Country, are so delicately Cut and Rac'd all over the fore-part of the Trunk of their Bodies, that it looks as if it were Japan'd; the Works being raised like high Poynt round the Edges of the Flowers: Some are only Carv'd with a little Flower, or Bird, at the Sides of the Temples, as was *Caesar*; and those who are so Carv'd over the Body, resemble our Ancient *Picts*, that are figur'd in the Chronicles, but these Carvings are more delicate.

From that happy Day *Caesar* took *Clemene* for his Wife, to the general Joy of all People; and there was as much Magnificence as the Country wou'd afford at the Celebration of this Wedding: and in a very short time after she conceiv'd with Child; which made *Caesar* even adore her, knowing he was the last of his Great Race. This new Accident made him more Impatient of Liberty, and he was every Day treating with *Trefry* for his and *Clemene's* Liberty; and offer'd either Gold, or vast quantity of Slaves, which shou'd be paid before they let him go, provided he cou'd have any Security that he shou'd go when his Ransom was paid: They fed him from Day to Day with Promises, and delay'd him, till the Lord Governor shou'd come; so that he began to suspect them of falshood, and that they wou'd delay him till the time of his Wives delivery, and make a Slave of that too, For all the Breed is theirs to whom the Parents belong: This Thought made him very uneasy, and his Sullenness gave them some Jealousies of him; so that I was oblig'd, by some Persons, who fear'd a Mutiny (which is very Fatal sometimes in those Colonies, that abound so with Slaves, that they exceed the Whites in vast Numbers) to discourse with *Caesar*, and to give him all the Satisfaction I possibly cou'd; they knew he and *Clemene* were scarce an Hour in a Day from my Lodgings; that they eat with me, and that I oblig'd 'em in all things I was capable of: I entertain'd him with the Lives of the Romans, and great Men, which charm'd him to my Company; and her, with teaching her all the pretty Works that I was Mistress off; and telling her Stories of Nuns, and endeavoring to bring her to the knowledge of the true God. But of all Discourses *Caesar* lik'd that the worst, and wou'd never be reconcil'd to our Notions of the Trinity, of which he ever made a Jest; it was a Riddle, he said, wou'd turn his Brain to conceive, and one cou'd not make him understand what Faith was. However, these Conversations fail'd not altogether so well to divert him, that he lik'd the Company of us Women much above the Men; for he cou'd not Drink; and he is but an ill Companion in that Country that cannot: So that obliging him to love us very well, we had all the Liberty of Speech with him, especially my self, whom he call'd his *Great Mistress*; and indeed my Word wou'd go a great way with him. For these Reasons, I had Opportunity to take notice to him, that he was not

well pleasd of late, as he us'd to be; was more retir'd and thoughtful; and told him, I took it Ill he shou'd Suspect we wou'd break our Words with him, and not permit both him and *Clemene* to return to his own Kingdom, which was not so long a way, but when he was once on his Voyage he wou'd quickly arrive there. He made me some Answers that shew'd a doubt in him, which made me ask him, what advantage it wou'd be to doubt? it would but give us a Fear of him, and possibly compel us to treat him so as I shou'd be very loath to behold: that is, it might occasion his Confinement. Perhaps this was not so Luckily spoke of me, for I perceiv'd he resented that Word, which I strove to Soften again in vain: However, he assur'd me, that whatsoever Resolutions he shou'd take, he wou'd Act nothing upon the White-People; and as for my self, and those upon that *Plantation* where he was, he wou'd sooner forfeit his eternal Liberty, and Life it self, than lift his Hand against his greatest Enemy on that Place: He besought me to suffer no Fears upon his Account, for he cou'd do nothing that Honour shou'd not dictate; but he accus'd himself for having suffer'd Slavery so long; yet he charg'd that weakness on Love alone, who was capable of making him negect even Glory it self; and, for which, now he reproches himself every moment of the Day. Much more to this effect he spoke, with an Air impatient enough to make me know he wou'd not be long in Bondage; and though he suffer'd only the Name of a Slave, and had nothing of the Toil and Labour of one, yet that was sufficient to render him Uneasy; and he had been too long Idle, who us'd to be always in Action, and in Arms: He had a Spirit all Rough and Fierce, and that cou'd not be tam'd to lazy Rest; and though all endeavors were us'd to exercise himself in such Actions and Sports as this World afforded, as Running, Wrastling, Pitching the Bar, Hunting and Fishing, Chasing and Killing *Tigers* of a monstrous Size, which this Continent affords in abundance; and wonderful *Snakes*, such as *Alexander* is reported to have incounter'd at the River of *Amozons*, and which *Caesar* took great Delight to overcome; yet these were not Actions great enough for his large Soul, which was still panting after more renown'd Action.

Before I parted that Day with him, I got, with much ado, a Promise from him to rest yet a little longer with Patience, and wait the coming of the Lord Governor, who was every Day expected on our Shore; he assur'd me he wou'd, and this Promise he desired me to know was given perfectly in Complaisance to me, in whom he had an intire Confidence.

After this, I neither thought it convenient to trust him much out of our View, nor did the Country who fear'd him; but with one accord it was advis'd to treat him Fairly, and oblige him to remain within such a compass, and that he shou'd be permitted, as seldom as cou'd be, to go up to the Plantations of the Negroes; or, if he did, to be accompany'd by some that shou'd be rather in appearance Attendants than Spys. This Care was for some time taken, and *Caesar* look'd upon it as a Mark of extraordinary Respect, and was glad his discontent had oblig'd 'em to be more observant to him; he received new assurance from the Overseer, which was confirmed to him by the Opinion of all the Gentlemen of the Country, who made their court to him: During this time that we had his Company more frequently than hitherto we had had, it may not be unpleasant to relate to you the Diversions we entertain'd him with, or rather he us.

My stay was to be short in that Country, because my Father dy'd at Sea, and never arriv'd to possess the Honour was design'd him, (which was Lieutenant-General of Six and thirty Islands, besides the Continent of *Surinam*) nor the advantages he hop'd to reap by them; so that though we were oblig'd to continue on our Voyage, we did not intend to stay upon the Place: Though, in a Word, I must say thus much of it, That certainly had his late Majesty, of sacred Memory, but seen and known what a vast and charming World he had been Master off in that Continent, he would never have parted so Easily with it to the *Dutch*. 'Tis a Continent whose vast Extent was never yet known, and may contain more Noble Earth than all the Universe besides; for, they say, it reaches from East to West; one Way as far as *China*, and another to *Peru*: It affords all things both for Beauty and Use; 'tis there Eternal Spring, always the very Months of *April*, *May* and *June*; the Shades are perpetual, the Trees, bearing at once all degrees of Leaves and Fruit, from blooming Buds to ripe Autumn; Groves of Oranges, Limons, Citrons, Figs, Nutmegs, and noble Aromaticks, continually bearing their Fragrancies. The Trees appearing all like Nosegays adorn'd with Flowers of different kind; some are all White, some Purple, some Scarlet, some Blew, some Yellow; bearing, at the same time, Ripe Fruit and Blooming Young, or producing every Day new. The very Wood of all these Trees have an intrinsick Value above common Timber; for they are, when cut, of different Colours, glorious to behold; and bear a Price considerable, to inlay withal. Besides this, they yield rich Balm, and Gums; so that we make our Candles of such an Aromatick Substance, as does not only give a sufficient Light, but, as they Burn, they cast their Perfumes all about. Cedar is the common Firing, and all the Houses are built with it. The very Meat we eat, when set on the Table, if it be Native, I mean of the Country, perfumes the whole Room; especially a little Beast call'd an *Armadilly*, a thing which I can liken to nothing so well as a *Rhinoceros*; 'tis all in white Armor so joynted, that it moves as well in it, as if it had nothing on; this Beast is about the bigness of a Pig of Six Weeks old. But it were endless to give an Account of all the divers Wonderfull and Strange things that Country affords, and which we took a very great Delight to go in search of; though those adventures are oftentimes Fatal and at least Dangerous: But while we had *Caesar* in our Company on these Designs we fear'd no harm, nor suffer'd any.

As soon as I came into the Country, the best House in it was presented me, call'd St. *John's Hill*. It stood on a vast Rock of white Marble, at the Foot of which the River ran a vast depth down, and not to be descended on that side; the little Waves still dashing and washing the foot of this Rock, made the softest Murmurs and Purlings in the World; and the Oposite Bank was adorn'd with such vast quantities of different Flowers eternally Blowing, and every Day and Hour new, fenc'd behind 'em with lofty Trees of a Thousand rare Forms and Colours, that the Prospect was the most raving that Sands can create. On the Edge of this white Rock, towards the River, was a Walk or Grove of Orange and Limon Trees, about half the length of the Marl hear, whose Flowery and

Fruity bear Branches meet at the top, and hinder'd the Sun, whose Rays are very fierce there, from entering a Beam into the Grove; and the cool Air that came from the River made it not only fit to entertain People in, at all the hottest Hours of the Day, but refresh'd the sweet Blossoms, and made it always Sweet and harming; and sure the whole Globe of the World cannot show so delightful a Place as this Grove was: Not all the Gardens of boasted *Italy* can produce a Shade to outvie this, which Nature had joyn'd with Art to render so exceeding Fine; and 'tis a marvel to see how such vast Trees, as big as English Oaks, cou'd take footing on so solid a Rock, and in so little Earth, as cover'd that Rock but all things by Nature there are Rare, Delightful and Wonderful. But to our Sports;

Sometimes we wou'd go surprizing, and in search of young *Tigers* in their Dens, watching when the old Ones went forth to forage for Prey; and oftentimes we have been in great Danger, and have fled apace for our Lives, when surpriz'd by the Dams. But once, above all other times, we went on this Design, and *Caesar* was with us, who had no sooner stol'n a young *Tiger* from her Nest, but going off, we incounter'd the Dam, bearing a Buttock of a Cow, which he had torn off with his mighty Paw, and going with it towards his *Den*; we had only four Women, *Caesar*, and an English Gentleman, Brother to *Harry Martin*, the great *Oliverian*; we found there was no escaping this inrag'd and ravenous Beast. However, we Women fled as fast as we cou'd from it; but our Heels had not sav'd our Lives, if *Caesar* had not laid down his *Cub*, when he found the *Tiger* quit her Prey to make the more speed towards him; and taking Mr. *Martin's* Sword desir'd him to stand aside, or follow the Ladies. He obey'd him, and *Caesar* met this monstrous Beast of might, size, and vast Limbs, who came with open Jaws upon him; and fixing his Awful stern Eyes full upon those of the Beast, and putting himself into a very steddy and good aiming posture of Defence, ran his Sword quite through his Breast down to his very Heart, home to the Hilt of the Sword; the dying Beast stretch'd forth her Paw, and going to grasp his Thigh, surpris'd with Death in that very moment, did him no other harm than fixing her long Nails in his Flesh very deep, feebly wounded him, but cou'd not grasp the Flesh to tear off any. When he had done this, he hollow'd to us to return; which, after some assurance of his Victory, we did, and found him lugging out the Sword from the Bosom of the *Tiger*, who was laid in her Bloud on the Ground; he took up the *Cub*, and with an unconcern, that had nothing of the Joy or Gladness of a Victory, he came and laid the Whelp at my Feet: We all extreamly wonder'd at his Daring, and at the Bigness of the Beast, which was about the highth of an Heifer, but of mighty, great, and strong Limbs.

Another time, being in the Woods, he kill'd a *Tiger*, which had long infested that part, and born away abundance of Sheep and Oxen, and other things, that were for the support of those to whom they belong'd; abundance of People assail'd this Beast, some affirming they had shot her with several Bullets quite through the Body, at several times; and some swearing they shot her through the very Heart, and they believ'd she was a Devil rather than a Mortal thing. *Caesar*, had often said, he had a mind to encounter this Monster, and spoke with several Gentlemen who had attempted her; one crying, I shot her with so many poyson'd Arrows, another with his Gun in this part of her, and another in that; so that he remarking all these Places where she was shot, fancy'd still he shou'd overcome her, by giving her another sort of a Wound than any had yet done; and one day said (at the Table) *What Trophies and Garlands Ladies will you make me, if I bring you home the Heart of this Ravenous Beast, that eats up all your Lambs and Pigs?* We all promis'd he shou'd be rewarded at all our Hands. So taking a Bow, which he chus'd out of a great many, he went up in the Wood with two Gentlemen, where he imagin'd this Devourer to be. They had not pass'd very far into it, but they heard her Voice, growling and grumbling, as if she were pleas'd with something she was doing. When they came in view, they found her muzzling in the Belly of a new ravish'd Sheep, which she had torn open; and seeing herself approach'd, she took fast hold of her Prey, with her fore Paws, and set a very fierce raging Look on *Caesar*, without offering to approach him; for fear, at the same time, of loosing what she had in Possession. So that *Caesar* remain'd a good while, only taking aim, and getting an opportunity to shoot her where he design'd; 'twas some time before he cou'd accomplish it, and to wound her, and not kill her, wou'd but have enrag'd her more, and indanger'd him: He had a Quiver of Arrows at his side, so that if one fail'd he cou'd be supply'd; at last, retiring a little, he gave her opportunity to eat, for he found she was Ravenous, and fell too as soon as she saw him retire; being more eager of her Prey than of doing new Mischiefs. When he going softly to one side of her, and hiding his Person behind certain Herbage that grew high and thick, he took so good aim, that, as he intended, he shot her just into the Eye, and the Arrow was sent with so good a will, and so sure a hand, that it stuck in her Brain, and made her caper, and become mad for a moment or two; but being seconded by another Arrow, he fell dead upon the Prey: *Caesar* cut him Open with a Knife, to see where those Wounds were that had been reported to him, and why he did not Die of 'em. But I shall now relate a thing that possibly will find no Credit among Men, because 'tis a Notion commonly receiv'd with us, That nothing can receive a Wound in the Heart and Live; but when the Heart of this courageous Animal was taken out, there were Seven Bullets of Lead in it, and the Wounds seam'd up with great Scars, and she liv'd with the Bullets a great while, for it was long since they were shot: This Heart the Conqueror brought up to us, and 'twas a very great Curiosity, which all the Country came to see; and which gave *Caesar* occasion of many fine Discourses; of Accidents in War, and Strange Escapes.

At other times he wou'd go a Fishing; and discoursing on that Diversion, he found we had in that Country a very Strange Fish, call'd, a *Numb Eel*, (an *Eel* of which I have eaten) that while it is alive, it has a quality so Cold, that those who are Angling, though with a Line of never so great a length, with a Rod at the end of it, it shall, in the same minute the Bait is touched by this *Eel*, seize him or her that holds the Rod with benumb'dness, that shall deprive 'em of Sense, for a while; and some have fall'n into

the Water, and others drop'd as dead on the Banks of the Rivers where they stood, as soon as this Fish touches the Bait. *Caesar* us'd to laugh at this, and believ'd it impossible a Man cou'd loose his Force at the touch of a Fish; and cou'd not understand that Philosophy, that a cold Quality should be of that Nature: However, he had a great Curiosity to try whether it wou'd have the same effect on him it had on others, and often try'd, but in vain; at last, the sought for Fish came to the Bait, as he stood Angling on the Bank; and instead of throwing away the Rod, or giving it a sudden twitch out of the Water, whereby he might have caught both the *Eel*, and have dismist the Rod, before it cou'd have too much Power over him; for Experiment sake, he grasp'd it but the harder, and fainting fell into the River; and being still possest of the Rod, the Tide carry'd him senseless as he was a great way, till an *Indian* Boat took him up; and perceiv'd, when they touch'd him, a Numbness seize them, and by that knew the Rod was in his Hand; which, with a Paddle (that is, a short Oar) they struck away, and snatch'd it into the Boat, *Eel* and all. If *Caesar* were almost Dead, with the effect of this Fish, he was more so with that of the Water, where he had remain'd the space of going a League; and they found they had much a-do to bring him back to Life: But, at last, they did, and brought him home, where he was in a few Hours well Recover'd and Refresh'd; and not a little Asham'd to find he shou'd be overcome by an *Eel*; and that all the People, who heard his Defiance, wou'd Laugh at him. But we cheared him up; and he, being convinc'd, we had the *Eel* at Supper; which was a quarter of an Ell about, and most delicate Meat; and was of the more Value, since it cost so Dear, as almost the Life of so gallant a Man.

About this time we were in many mortal Fears, about some Disputes the English had with the *Indians*; so that we cou'd scarce trust our selves, without great Numbers, to go to any *Indian* Towns, or Place, where they abode; for fear they shou'd fall upon us, as they did immediately after my coming away; and that it was in the possession of the *Dutch*, who us'd 'em not so civilly as the *English*; so that they cut in pieces all they cou'd take, getting into Houses, and hanging up the Mother, and all her Children about her; and cut a Footman, I left behind me, all in Joynts, and nail'd him to Trees.

This feud began while I was there; so that I lost half the satisfaction I propos'd, in not seeing and visiting the *Indian* Towns. But one Day, bemoaning of our Misfortunes upon this account, *Caesar* told us, we need not Fear; for if we had a mind to go, he wou'd undertake to be our Guard: Some wou'd, but most wou'd not venture; about Eighteen of us resolv'd, and took Barge; and, after Eight Days, arriv'd near an *Indian* Town: But approaching it, the Hearts of some of our Company fail'd, and they wou'd not veture on Shore; so we Poll'd who wou'd, and who wou'd not: For my part, I said, If *Caesar* wou'd, I wou'd go; he resolv'd, so did my Brother, and my Woman, a Maid of good Courage. Now none of us speaking the Language of the People, and imagining we shou'd have a half Diversion in Gazing only; and not knowing what they said, we took a Fisherman that liv'd at the Mouth of the River, who had been a long Inhabitant there, and oblig'd him to go with us: But because he was known to the *Indians*, as trading among 'em; and being, by long Living there, become a perfect *Indian* in Colour, we, who resolv'd to surprize 'em, by making 'em see something they never had seen, (that is, White People) resolv'd only my self, my Brother, and Woman shou'd go; so *Caesar*, the Fisherman, and the rest, hiding behind some hick Reeds and Flowers, that grew on the Banks, let us pass on towards the Town, which was on the Bank of the River all along. A little distant from the Houses, or Hutts; we saw some Dancing, others busy'd in fetching and carrying of Water from the River: They had no sooner spy'd us, but they set up a loud Cry, that frighted us at first; we thought it had been for those that should Kill us, but it seems it was of Wonder and Amazement. They were all Naked, and we were Dress'd, so as is most comode for the hot Countries, very Glittering and Rich; so that we appear'd extreamly fine; my own Hair was cut short, and I had a Taffaty Cap, with Black Feathers, on my Head; my Brother was in a Stuff Sute, with Silver Loops and Buttons, and abundance of Green Ribon; this was all infinitely surprising to them, and because we saw them stand still, till we approach'd 'em, we took Heart and advanc'd; came up to 'em, and offer'd 'em our Hands; which they took, and look'd on us round about, calling still for more Company; who came swarming out, all wondering, and crying out *Tepeeme*; taking their Hair up in their Hands, and spreading it wide to those they call'd out too; as if they would say (as indeed it signify'd) *Numberless Wonders*, or not to be recounted, no more than to number the Hair of their Heads. By degrees they grew more bold, and from gazing upon us round, they touch'd us; laying their Hands upon all the Features of our Faces, feeling our Breasts and Arms, taking up one Petticoat, then wondering to see another; admiring our Shooes and Stockings, but more our Garters, which we gave 'em; and they ty'd about their Legs, being Lac'd with Silver Lace at the ends, for they much Esteem any shining things: In fine, we suffer'd 'em to survey us as they pleas'd, and we thought they wou'd never have done admiring us. When *Caesar*, and the rest, saw we were receiv'd with such wonder, they came up to us; and finding the *Indian* Trader whom they knew, (for 'tis by these Fishermen, call'd *Indian* Traders, we hold a Commerce with 'em; for they love not to go far from home, and we never go to them) when they saw him therefore they set up a new Joy; and cry'd, in their Language, *Oh! here's our* Tiguamy, *and we shall now know whether those things can speak:* So advancing to him, some of 'em gave him their Hands, and cry'd, *Amora Tiguamy*, which is as much as, *How do you*, or *Welcome Friend;* and all, with one din, began to gabble to him, and ask'd, If we had Sense, and Wit? if we cou'd talk of affairs of Life, and War, as they cou'd do? if we cou'd Hunt, Swim, and do a thousand things they use? He answer'd 'em, We cou'd. Then they invited us into their Houses, and dress'd Venison and Buffelo for us; and, going out, gathered a Leaf of a Tree, call'd a *Sarumbo* Leaf, of Six Yards long, and spread it on the Ground for a Table-Cloth; and cutting another in pieces instead of Plates, setting us on little bow *Indian* Stools, which they cut out of one intire piece of Wood, and Paint, in a sort of Japan Work: They serve every one their Mess on these pieces of Leaves, and it was very good, but too high season'd with Pepper. When we had eat, my Brother, and I, took out our Flutes, and play'd to 'em, which gave 'em new Wonder; and I soon perceiv'd, by an admiration, that is natural

to these People; and by the extream Ignorance and Simplicity of 'em, it were not difficult to establish any unknown or extravagant Religion among them; and to impose any Notions or Fictions upon 'em. For seeing a Kinsman of mine set some Paper a Fire, with a Burning-glass, a Trick they had never before seen, they were like to have Ador'd him for a God; and beg'd he wou'd give them the Characters or Figures of his Name, that they might oppose it against Winds and Storms; which he did, and they held it up in those Seasons, and fancy'd it had a Charm to conquer them; and kept it like a Holy Relique. They are very Superstitious, and call'd him the Great *Peeie*, that is, *Prophet* They show d us their *Indian Peeie* a Youth of about Sixteen Years old, as handsom as Nature cou'd make a Man. They consecrate a beautiful Youth from his Infancy, and all Arts are us'd to compleat him in the finest manner, both in Beauty and Shape: He is bred to all the little Arts and cunning they are capable of; to all the Legerdemain Tricks, and Slight of Hand, whereby he imposes upon the Rabble; and is both a Doctor in Physick and Divinity. And by these Tricks makes the Sick believe he sometimes eases their Pains; by drawing from the afflicted part little Serpents, or odd Flies, or Worms, or any Strange thing; and though they have besides undoubted good Remedies, for almost all their Diseases, they cure the Patient more by Fancy than by Medicines; and make themselves Fear'd, Lov'd, and Reverenc'd. This young *Peeie* had a very young Wife, who seeing my Brother kiss her, came running and kiss'd me; after this, they kiss'd one another, and made it a very great Jest, it being so Novel; and new Admiration and Laughing went round the Multitude, that they never will forget that Ceremony, never before us'd or known. *Caesar* had a mind to see and talk with their War *Captains*, and we were conducted to one of their Houses; where we beheld several of the great *Captains*, who had been at Councel: But so frightful a Vision it was to see 'em no Fancy can create; no such Dreams can represent so dreadful a Spectacle. For my part I took 'em for Hobgoblins, or Fiends, rather than Men; but however their Shapes appear'd, their Souls were very Humane and Noble; but some wanted their Noses, some their Lips, some both Noses and Lips, some their Ears, and others Cut through each Cheek, with long Slashes, through which their Teeth appear'd; they had other several formidable Wounds and Scars, or rather Dismemberings; they had *Comitias*, or little Aprons before 'em; and Girdles of Cotton, with their Knives naked, stuck in it; a Bow at their Backs, and a Quiver of Arrows on their Thighs; and most had Feathers on their Heads of divers Colours. They cry'd, Amora Tigame to us, at our entrance, and were pleas'd we said as much to em; they seated us, and gave us Drink of the best Sort; and wonder'd, as much as the others had done before, to see us. *Caesar* was marvelling as much at their Faces, wondering how they shou'd all be so Wounded in War; he was Impatient to know how they all came by those frightful Marks of Rage or Malice, rather than Wounds got in Noble Battel: They told us, by our Interpreter, That when any War was waging, two Men chosen out by some old *Captain*, whose Fighting was past, and who cou'd only teach the Theory of War, these two Men were to stand in Competition for the Generalship, or Great War Captain; and being brought before the old Judges, now past Labour, they are ask'd, What they dare do to shew they are worthy to lead an Army? When he, who is first ask'd, making no Reply, Cuts of his Nose, and throws it contemptably on the Ground; and the other does something to himself that he thinks surpasses him, and perhaps deprives himself of Lips and an Eye; so they Slash on till one gives out, and many have dy'd in this Debate. And 'its by a passive Valour they shew and prove their Activity; a sort of Courage too Brutal to be applauded by our Black Hero; nevertheless he express'd his Esteem of 'em.

In this Voyage *Caesar* begot so good an understanding between the *Indians* and the *English*, that there were no more Fears, or Heart-burnings during our stay; but we had a perfect, open, and free Trade with 'em: Many things Remarkable, and worthy Reciting, we met with in this short Voyage; because *Caesar* made it his Business to search out and provide for our Entertainment, especially to please his dearly Ador'd *Imoinda*, who was a sharer in all our Adventures; we being resolv'd to make her Chains as easy as we cou'd, and to Compliment the Prince in that manner that most oblig'd him.

As we were coming up again, we met with some *Indians* of strange Aspects; that is, of a larger Size, and other sort of Features, than those of our Country: Our *Indian Slaves*, that Row'd us, ask'd 'em some Questions, but they cou'd not understand us; but shew'd us a long Cotton String, with several Knots on it; and told us, they had been coming from the Mountains so many Moons as there were Knots; they were habited in Skins of a strange Beast, and brought along with 'em Bags of Gold Dust; which, as well as they cou'd give us to understand, came streaming in little small Chanels down the high Mountains, when the Rains fell; and offer'd to be the Convoy to any Body, or Persons, that wou'd go to the Mountains. We carry'd these Men up to *Parham*, where they were kept till the Lord Governour came: And because all the Country was mad to be going on this Golden Adventure, the Governour, by his Letters, commanded (for they sent some of the Gold to him) that a Guard shou'd be set at the Mouth of the River of *Amazons*, (a River so call'd, almost as broad as the River of *Thames*) and prohibited all People from going up that River, it conducting to those Mountains of Gold. But we going off for *England* before the Project was further prosecuted, and the Governour being drown'd in a Hurricane, either the Design dy'd, or the *Dutch* have the Advantage of it: And 'tis to be bemoan'd what his Majesty lost by loosing that part of America.

Though this digression is a little from my Story, however since it contains some Proofs of the Curiosity and Daring of this great Man, I was content to omit nothing of his Character.

his Character. It was thus, for sometime we diverted him; but now *Imoinda* began to shew she was with Child, and did nothing but Sigh and Weep for the Captivity of her Lord, her Self, and the Infant yet Unborn; and believ'd, if it were so hard to gain the Liberty of Two, 'twou'd be more difficult to get that for Three. Her Griefs were so many Darts in the great Heart of *Caesar*; and taking his Opportunity one *Sunday*, when all the Whites were overtaken in Drink, as there were abundance of several Trades, and *Slaves* for

Four Years, that Inhabited among the *Negro* Houses; and *Sunday* was their Day of Debauch, (otherwise they were a sort of Spys upon *Caesar*;) he went pretending out of Goodness to 'em, to Feast amongst 'em; and sent all his Musick, and order'd a great Treat for the whole Gang, about Three Hundred *Negros*; and about a Hundred and Fifty were able to bear Arms, such as they had, which were sufficient to do Execution with Spirits accordingly: For the *English* had none but rusty Swords, that no Strength cou'd draw from a Scabbard; except the People of particular Quality, who took care to Oyl 'em and keep 'em in good Order: The Guns also, unless here and there one, or those newly carri'd from *England*, wou'd do no good or harm; for 'tis the Nature of that County to Rust and Eat up Iron, or any Metals, but Gold and Silver. And they are very Unexpert at the Bow, which the *Negros* and *Indians* are perfect Masters off.

Caesar, having singl'd out these Men from the Women and Children, made an Harangue to 'em of the Miseries, and Ignominies of Slavery; counting up all their Toyls and Sufferings, under such Loads, Burdens, and Drudgeries, as were fitter for Beasts than Men; Senseless Brutes, than Humane Souls. He told 'em it was not for Days, Months, or Years, but for Eternity; there was no end to be of their Misfortunes: They suffer'd not like Men who might find a Glory, and Fortitude in Oppression; but like Dogs that lov'd the Whip and Bell, and fawn'd the more they were beaten: That they had lost the Divine Quality of Men, and were become insensible Asses, fit only to bear; nay worse: an Ass, or Dog, or Horse having done his Duty, cou'd lye down in Retreat, and rise to Work again, and while he did his Duty indur'd no Stripes; but Men, Villanous, Senseless Men, such as they, Toyl'd on all the tedious Week till Black *Friday*; and then, whether they Work'd or not, whether they were Faulty or Meriting, they promiscuously, the Innocent with the Guilty, suffer'd the infamous Whip, the sordid Stripes, from their Fellow *Slaves* till their Blood trickled from all Parts of their Body; Blood, whose every drop ought to be Reveng'd with a Life of some of those Tyrants, that impose it; *And why,* said he, *my dear Friends and Fellow-sufferers, shou'd we be Slaves to an unknown People? Have they Vanquish'd us Nobly in Fight? Have they Wone us in Honourable Battel? And are we, by the chance of War, become their Slaves? This wou'd not anger a Noble Heart, this wou'd not animate a Souldiers Soul; no, but we are Bought and Sold like Apes, or Monkeys, to be the Sport of Women, Fools and Cowards; and the Support of Rogues, Runagades, that have abandon'd their own Countries, for Rapin, Murders, Thefts and Villanies: Do you not hear every Day how they upbraid each other with infamy of Life, below the Wildest Salvages; and shall we render Obedience to such a degenerate Race, who have no one Humane Vertue left, to distinguish 'em from the vilest Creatures? Will you, I say, suffer the Lash from such Hands? They all Reply'd, with one accord, No, no, no;* Caesar *has spoke like a Great Captain; like a Great King.*

After this he wou'd have proceeded, but was interrupted by a tall *Negro* of some more Quality than the rest, his Name was *Tuscan*; who Bowing at the Feet of *Caesar*, cry'd, *My Lord, we have listen'd with Joy and Attention to what you have said; and, were we only Men, wou'd follow so great a Leader through the World: But oh! consider, we are Husbands and Parents too, and have things more dear to us than Life; our Wives and Children unfit for Travel, in these unpassable Woods, Mountains and Bogs; we have not only difficult Lands to overcome, but Rivers to Wade, and Monsters to Incounter; Ravenous Beasts of Prey*—To this, *Caesar* Reply'd, *That Honour was the First Principle in Nature, that was to be Obey'd; but as no Man wou'd pretend to that, without all the Acts of Vertue, Compassion, Charity, Love, Justice and Reason; he found it not inconsistent with that, to take an equal Care of their Wives and Children, as they wou'd of themselves; and that he did not Design, when he led them to Freedom, and Glorious Liberty, that they shou'd leave that better part of themselves to Perish by the Hand of the Tyrant's Whip: But if there were a Woman among them so degenerate from Love and Vertue to chuse Slavery before the pursuit of her Husband, and with the hazard of her Life, to share with him in his Fortunes; that such an one ought to be Abandon'd, and left as a Prey to the common Enemy.*

To which they all Agreed,—and Bowed. After this, he spoke of the Impassable Woods and Rivers; and convinc'd 'em, the more Danger, the more Glory. He told them that he had heard of one *Hannibal* a great Captain, had Cut his Way through Mountains of solid Rocks; and shou'd a few Shrubs oppose them; which they cou'd Fire before 'em? No, 'twas a trifling Excuse to Men resolv'd to die, or overcome. As for Bogs, they are with a little Labour fill'd and harden'd; and the Rivers cou'd be no Obstacle, since they Swam by Nature; at least by Custom, from their First Hour of their Birth: That when the Children were Weary they must carry them by turns, and the Woods and their own Industry wou'd afford them Food. To this they all assented with Joy.

Tuscan then demanded, What he wou'd do? He said, they wou'd Travel towards the Sea; Plant a New Colony, and Defend it by their Valour; and when they cou'd find a Ship, either driven by stress of Weather, or guided by Provide nce that way, they wou'd Sieze it, and make it a Prize, till it had Transported them to their own Countries; at least, they shou'd be made Free in his Kingdom, and be Esteem'd as his Fellow sufferers, and Men that had the Courage, and the Bravery to attempt, at least, for Liberty; and if they Dy'd in the attempt it wou'd be more brave, than to Live in perpetual Slavery.

They bow'd and kiss'd his Feet at this Resolution, and with one accord Vow'd to follow him to Death. And that Night was appointed to begin their March; they made it known to their Wives, and directed them to tie their Hamaca about their Shoulder, and under their Arm like a Scarf; and to lead their Children that cou'd go, and carry those that cou'd not. The Wives who pay an intire Obedience to their Husbands obey'd, and stay'd for 'em, where they were appointed: The Men stay'd but to furnish themselves with what defensive Arms they cou'd get; and All met at the Rendezvous, where *Caesar* made a new incouraging Speech to 'em, and led 'em out.

But, as they cou'd not march far that Night, on Monday early, when the Overseers went to call 'em all together, to go to Work, they were extreamly surpris'd, to find not one upon the Place, but all fled with what Baggage they had. You may imagine this News was not only suddenly spread all over the *Plantation*, but soon reach'd the Neighbouring ones; and we had by Noon about Six hundred Men, they call the *Militia* of the County, that came to assist us in the persute of the Fugitives: But never did one see so comical an Army march forth to War. The Men, of any fashion, wou'd not concern themselves, though it were almost the common Cause; for such Revoltings are very ill Examples, and have very fatal Consequences oftentimes in many Colonies: But they had a Respect for *Caesar*, and all hands were against the *Parhamites*, as they call'd those of *Parham Plantation*; because they did not, in the first place, love the Lord Governor; and secondly, they wou'd have it, that *Caesar* was Ill us'd, and Baffl'd with; and 'tis not impossible but some of the best in the Country was of his Council in this Flight, and depriving us of all the *Slaves*; so that they of the better sort wou'd not meddle in the matter. The Deputy Governor, of whom I have had no great occasion to speak, and who was the most Fawning fair-tongu'd Fellow in the World, and one that pretended the most Friendship to *Caesar*, was now the only violent Man against him; and though he had nothing, and so need fear nothing, yet talk'd and look'd bigger than any Man: He was a Fellow, whose Character is not fit to be mention'd with the worst of the *Slaves*. This Fellow wou'd lead his Army forth to meet *Caesar*; or rather to persue him; most of their Arms were of those sort of cruel Whips they call *Cat with Nine Tayls*; some had rusty useless Guns for show; others old Basket-hilts, whose Blades had never seen the Light in this Age; and others had long Staffs, and Clubs. Mr. *Trefry* went a long, rather to be a Mediator than a Conqueror, in such a Batail; for he foresaw, and knew, if by fighting they put the *Negroes* into dispair, they were a sort of sullen Fellows, that wou'd drown, or kill themselves, before they wou'd yield; and he advis'd that fair means was best: But *Byam* was one that abounded in his own Wit, and wou'd take his own Measures.

It was not hard to find these Fugitives; for as they fled they were forc'd to fire and cut the Woods before 'em, so that Night or Day they persu'd 'em by the light they made, and by the path they had clear'd: But as soon as *Caesar* found he was persu'd, he put himself in a Posture of Defence, placing all the Women and Children in the Reer; and himself, with *Tuscan* by his side, or next to him, all promising to Dye or Conquer. Incourag'd thus, they never stood to Parley, but fell on Pell-mell upon the *English*, and kill'd some, and wounded a good many; they having recourse to their Whips, as the best of their Weapons: And as they observ'd no Order, they perplex'd the Enemy so sorely, with Lashing 'em in the Eyes; and the Women and Children, seeing their Husbands so treated, being of fearful Cowardly Dispositions, and hearing the *English* cry out, *Yield and Live, Yield and be Pardon'd*; they all run in amongst their Husbands and Fathers, and hung about 'em, crying out, *Yield, yield; and leave* Caesar *to their Revenge*; that by degrees the *Slaves* abandon'd *Caesar*, and left him only *Tuscan* and his Heroick *Imoinda*; who, grown big as she was, did nevertheless press near her Lord, having a Bow, and a Quiver full of poyson'd Arrows, which she manag'd with such dexterity, that she wounded several, and shot the *Governor* into the Shoulder; of which Wound he had like to have Dy'd, but that an *Indian* Woman, his Mistress, suck'd the Wound, and cleans'd it from the Venom: But however, he stir'd not from the Place till he had Parlv'd with *Caesar*, who he found was resolv'd to dye Fighting, and wou'd not be Taken; no more wou'd *Tuscan*, or *Imoinda*. But he, more thirsting after Revenge of another sort, than that of depriving him of Life, now made use of all his Art of talking, and dissembling; and besought *Caesar* to yield himself upon Terms, which he himself should propose, and should be Sacredly assented to and kept by him: He told him, It was not that he any longer fear'd him, or cou'd believe the force of Two Men, and a young Heroin, cou'd overcome all them, with all the Slaves now on their side also; but it was the vast Esteem he had for his Person; the desire he had to serve so Gallant a Man; and to hinder himself from the Reproach hereafter, of having been the occasion of the Death of a *Prince*, whose Valour and Magnanimity deserv'd the Empire of the World. He protested to him, he look'd upon this Action, as Gallant and Brave; however tending to the prejudice of his Lord and Master, who wou'd by it have lost so considerable a number of *Slaves*; that this Flight of his shou'd be look'd on as a heat of Youth, and rashness of a too forward Courage, and an unconsider'd impatience of Liberty, and no more; and that he labour'd in vain to accomplish that which they wou'd effectually perform, as soon as any Ship arriv'd that wou'd touch on his Coast. *So that if you will be pleas'd, continued he, to surrender your self, all imaginable Respect shall be paid you; and your Self, your Wife, and Child, if it be here born, shall depart free out of our Land.* But *Caesar* wou'd hear of no Composition; though *Byam* urg'd, If he persu'd, and went on in his Design, he wou'd inevitably Perish, either by great Snakes, wild Beasts, or Hunger; and he ought to have regard to his Wife, whose Condition required ease, and not the fatigues of tedious Travel; where she cou'd not be secur'd from being devoured. But *Caesar* told him, there was no Faith in the White Men, or the Gods they Ador'd; who instructed 'em in Principles so false, that honest Men cou'd not live amongst 'em; though no People profess'd so much, none perform'd so little; that he knew what he had to do, when he dealt with Men of Honour; but with them a Man ought to be eternally on his Guard, and never to Eat and Drink with *Christians* without his Weapon of Defence in his Hand; and, for his own Security, never to credit one Word they spoke. As for the rashness and inconsiderateness of his Action he wou'd confess the Governor is in the right; and that he was asham'd of what he had done, in endeavoring to make those Free, who were by Nature *Slaves*, poor wretched Rogues, fit to be us'd as *Christians* Tools; Dogs, treacherous and cowardly, fit for such Masters; and they wanted only but to be whipt into the knowledge of the *Christian Gods* to be the vilest of all creeping things; to learn to Worship such Deities as had not Power to make 'em Just, Brave, or Honest. In fine, after a thousand things of this Nature, not fit here to be recited, he told *Byam*, he had rather Dye than Live upon the same Earth with such Dogs. But *Trefry* and *Byam* pleaded and protested together so much, that *Trefry* believing the *Governor* to mean what he said; and speaking very cordially himself, generously put himself into *Caesar's* Hands, and took him aside, and perswaded him, even with Tears, to Live, by Surrendring himself, and to name his Conditions. *Caesar* was overcome by his Wit and Reasons, and in consideration of *Imoinda*;

and demanding what he desir'd, and that it shou'd be ratify'd by their Hands in Writing, because he had perceiv'd that was the common way of contract between Man and Man, amongst the Whites: All this was perform'd, and *Tuscan's* Pardon was put in, and they Surrender to the Governor, who walked peaceably down into the *Plantation* with 'em, after giving order to bury their dead. *Caesar* was very much toyl'd with the bustle of the Day; for he had fought like a Fury, and what Mischief was done he and *Tuscan* perform'd alone; and gave their Enemies a fatal Proof that they durst do any thing, and fear'd no mortal Force.

But they were no sooner arriv'd at the Place, where all the Slaves receive their Punishments of Whipping, but they laid Hands on *Caesar* and *Tuscan*, faint with heat and toyl; and, surprising them, Bound them to two several Stakes, and Whipt them in a most deplorable and inhumane Manner, rending the very Flesh from their Bones; especially *Caesar*, who was not perceiv'd to make any Mone, or to alter his Face, only to roul his Eyes on the Faithless *Governor*, and those he believ'd Guilty, with Fierceness and Indignation; and, to compleat his Rage, he saw every one of those *Slaves*, who, but a few Davs before, Ador'd him as something more than Mortal, now had a Whip to give him some Lashes, while he strove not to break his Fetters; though, if he had, it were impossible: But he pronounced a Woe and Revenge from his Eyes, that darted Fire, that 'twas at once both Awful and Terrible to behold.

When they thought they were sufficiently Reveng'd on him, they unty'd him, almost Fainting, with loss of Blood, from a thousand Wounds all over his Body; from which they had rent his Cloaths, and led him Bleeding and Naked as he was; and loaded him all over with Irons; and then rubbed his Wounds, to compleat their Cruelty, with *Indian Pepper*, which had like to have made him raving Mad; and, in this Condition, made him so fast to the Ground that he cou'd not stir, if his Pains and Wounds wou'd have given him leave. They spar'd *Imoinda*, and did not let her see this Barbarity committed towards her Lord, but carry'd her down to *Parham*, and shut her up; which was not in kindness to her, but for fear she shou'd Dye with the Sight, or Miscarry; and then they shou'd loose a young *Slave*, and perhaps the Mother.

You must know, that when the News was brought on Monday Morning, that *Caesar* had betaken himself to the Woods, and carry'd with him all the *Negroes*. We were possess'd with extream Fear, which no perswasions cou'd Dissipate, that he wou'd secure himself till Night; and then, that he wou'd come down and Cut all our Throats. This apprehension made all the Females of us fly down the River, to be secur'd; and while we were away, they acted this Cruelty: For I suppose I had Authority and Interest enough there, had I suspected any such thing, to have prevented it; but we had not gon many Leagues, but the News overtook us that *Caesar* was taken, and Whipt like a common *Slave*. We met on the River with Colonel *Martin*, a Man of great Gallantry, Wit, and Goodness, and whom I have celebrated in a Character of my New *Comedy*, by his own Name, in memory of so brave a Man: He was Wise and Eloquent; and, from the fineness of his Parts, bore a great Sway over the Hearts of all the *Colony*: He was a Friend to *Caesar*, and resented this false Dealing with him very much. We carried him back to *Parham*, thinking to have made an Accomodation; when we came, the First News we heard was, that the *Governor* was Dead of a Wound *Imoinda* had given him; but it was not so well: But it seems he wou'd have the Pleasure of beholding the Revenge he took on *Caesar*; and before the cruel Ceremony was finish'd, he drop'd down; and then they perceiv'd the Wound he had on his Shoulder, was by a venom'd Arrow; which, as I said, his *Indian* Mistress heal'd, by Sucking the Wound.

We were no sooner Arriv'd, but we went up to the *Plantation* to see *Caesar*, whom we found in a very Miserable and Unexpressable Condition; and I have a Thousand times admired how he liv'd, in so much tormenting Pain. We said all things to him, that Trouble, Pitty, and Good Nature cou'd suggest; Protesting our Innocency of the Fact, and our Abhorance of such Cruelties. Making a Thousand Professions of Services to him, and Begging as many Pardons for the Offenders, till we said so much, that he believ'd we had no Hand in his ill Treatment; but told us, he cou'd never Pardon *Byam*; as for *Trefry*, he confess'd he saw his Grief and Sorrow, for his Suffering, which he cou'd not hinder, but was like to have been beaten down by the very *Slaves*, for Speaking in his Defence: But for *Byam*, who was their Leader, their Head;—and shou'd, by his Justice, and Honor, have been an Example to 'em.—For him, he wish'd to Live, to take a dire Revenge of him, and said, *It had been well for him, if he had Sacrific'd me, instead of giving me the contemptable Whip*. He refus'd to Talk much, but Begging us to give him our Hands; he took 'em, and Protested never to lift up his, to do us any Harm. He had a great Respect for Colonel *Martin*, and always took his Counsel, like that of a Parent; and assur'd him, he wou'd obey him in any thing, but his Revenge on *Byam*. *Therefore*, said he, *for his own Safety, let him speedily dispatch me; for if I cou'd dispatch my self, I wou'd not, till that Justice were done to my injur'd Person, and the contempt of a Souldier: No, I wou'd not kill my self, even after a Whiping, but will be content to live with that Infamy, and be pointed at by every grining Slave, till I have compleated my Revenge; and then you shall see that Oroonoko scorns to live with the Indignity that was put on* Caesar. All we cou'd do cou'd get no more Words from him; and we took care to have him put immediately into a healing Bath, to rid him of his Pepper; and order'd a Chirurgeon to anoint him with healing Balm, which he suffer'd, and in some time he began to be able to Walk and Eat; we fail'd not to visit him every Day, and, to that end, had him brought to an apartment at *Parham*.

The *Governor* was no sooner recover'd, and had heard of the menaces of *Caesar*, but he call'd his Council; who (not to disgrace them, or Burlesque the Government there) consisted of such notorious Villains as *Newgate* never transported; and possibly originally were such, who understood neither the Laws of *God* or *Man*; and had no sort of Principles to make 'em worthy the Name

of Men: But, at the very Council Table, wou'd Contradict and Fight with one another; and Swear so bloodily that 'twas terrible to hear, and see 'em. (Some of 'em were afterwards Hang'd, when the *Dutch* took possession of the place; others sent off in Chains:) But calling these special Rulers of the Nation together, and requiring their Counsel in this weighty Affair, they all concluded, that (Damn 'em) it might be their own Cases; and that *Caesar* ought to be made an Example to all the *Negroes*, to fright 'em from daring to threaten their Betters, their Lords and Masters; and, at this rate, no Man was safe from his own *Slaves*; and concluded, *nemine contradicente* that *Caesar* shou'd be Hang'd.

Trefry then thought it time to use his Authority; and told *Byam* his Command did not extend to his Lord's *Plantation*; and that *Parham* was as much exempt from the Law as *White-hall;* and that they ought no more to touch the Servants of the Lord—(who there represented the King's Person) than they cou'd those about the King himself; and that *Parham* was a Sanctuary; and though his Lord were absent in Person, his Power was still in Being there; which he had intrusted with him, as far as the Dominions of his particular *Plantations* reach'd, and all that belong'd to it; the rest of the *Country*, as *Byam* was Lieutenant to his Lord, he might exercise his Tyrany upon. *Trefry* had others as powerful, or more, that int'rested themselves in *Caesar's* Life, and absolutely said, He shou'd be Defended. So turning the *Governor*, and his wise Council, out of Doors, (for they sate at *Parham-house*) they set a Guard upon our Landing Place, and wou'd admit none but those we call'd Friends to us and *Caesar*.

The Governor having remain'd wounded at *Parham*, till his recovery was compleated, *Caesar* did not know but he was still there; and indeed, for the most part, his time was spent there; for he was one that lov'd to Live at other Peoples Expence; and if he were a Day absent, he was Ten present there; and us'd to Play, and Walk, and Hunt, and Fish, with *Caesar*. So that Caesar did not at all doubt, if he once recover'd Strength, but he shou'd find an opportunity of being Reveng'd on him: Though, after such a Revenge, he cou'd not hope to Live; for if he escap'd the Fury of the *English* Mobile, who perhaps wou'd have been glad of the occasion to have kill'd him, he was resolv'd not to survive his Whiping; yet he had, some tender Hours, a repenting Softness, which he called his fits of Coward; wherein he struggl'd with Love for the Victory of his Heart, which took part with his charming *Imoinda* there; but, for the most part, his time was past in melancholy Thought, and black Designs; he consider'd, if he shou'd do this Deed, and Dye, either in the Attempt, or after it, he left his lovely *Imoinda* a Prey, or at best a *Slave*, to the inrag'd Multitude; his great Heart cou'd not indure that Thought. *Perhaps*, said he, *she may be first Ravished by every Brute; exposed first to their nasty Lusts, and then a shameful Death*. No; he could not Live a Moment under that Apprehension, too insupportable to be born. These were his Thoughts, and his silent Arguments with his Heart, as he told us afterwards; so that now resolving not only to kill *Byam*, but all those he thought had inrag'd him; pleasing his great Heart with the fancy'd Slaughter he shou'd make over the whole Face of the *Plantation*. He first resolv'd on a Deed, that (however Horrid it at first appear'd to us all) when we had heard his Reasons, we thought it Brave and Just: Being able to Walk, and, as he believ'd, fit for the Execution of his great Design, he beg'd *Trefry* to trust him into the Air, believing a Walk wou'd do him good; which was granted him, and taking *Imoinda* with him, as he us'd to do in his more happy and calmer Days, he led her up into a Wood, where, after (with a thousand Sighs, and long Gazing silently on her Face, while Tears gust, in spight of him, from his Eyes) he told her his Design first of Killing her, and then his Enemies, and next himself, and the impossibility of Escaping, and therefore he told her the necessity of Dying; he found the Heroick Wife faster pleading for Death than he was to propose it, when she found his fix'd Resolution; and, on her Knees, besought him, not to leave her a Prey to his Enemies. He (griev'd to Death) yet pleased at her noble Resolution, took her up, and imbracing her, with all the Passion and Languishment of a dying Lover, drew his Knife to kill this Treasure of his Soul, this Pleasure of his Eyes; while Tears trickl'd down his Cheeks, hers were Smiling with Joy she shou'd dye by so noble a Hand, and be sent in her own Country, (for that's their Notion of the next World) by him she so tenderly Lov'd, and so truly Ador'd in this; for Wives have a respect for their Husbands equal to what any other People pay a Deity; and when a Man finds any occasion to quit his Wife, if he love her, she dyes by his Hand; if not, he sells her, or suffers some other to kill her. It being thus; you may believe the Deed was soon resolv'd on; and 'tis not to be doubted, but the Parting, the eternal Leave taking of Two such Lovers, so greatly Born, so Sensible, so Beautiful, so Young, and so Fond, must be very Moving, as the Relation of it was to me afterwards.

All that Love cou'd say in such cases, being ended; and all the intermitting Irresolutions being adjusted, the Lovely, Young, and Ador'd Victim lays her self down, before the Sacrificer; while he, with a Hand resolv'd, and a Heart breaking within, gave the Fatal Stroke; first, cutting her Throat, and then severing her, yet Smiling, Face from that Delicate Body, pregnant as it was with Fruits of tend'rest Love. As soon as he had done, he laid the Body decently on Leaves and Flowers; of which he made a Bed, and conceal'd it under the same cover-lid of Nature; only her Face he left yet bare to look on: But when he found she was Dead, and past all Retrieve, never more to bless him with her Eyes, and soft Language; his Grief swell'd up to Rage; he Tore, he Rav'd he Roar'd, like some Monster of the Wood, calling on the lov'd Name of *Imoinda*; a thousand times he turn'd the Fatal Knife that did the Deed, toward his own Heart, with a Resolution to go immediately after her; but dire Revenge, which now was a thousand times more fierce in his Soul than before, prevents him; and he wou'd cry out, *No; since I have sacrificed* Imoinda *to my Revenge, shall I loose that Glory which I have purchas'd so dear, as at the Price of the fairest, dearest, softest Creature that ever Nature made? No, no!* Then, at her Name, Grief wou'd get the ascendant of Rage, and he wou'd lye down by her side, and water her Face with showers of Tears, which never were wont to fall from those Eyes: And however bent he was on his intended Slaughter, he had not power to stir from the Sight of this dear Object, now more Belov'd, and more Ador'd than ever.

He remain'd in this deploring Condition for two Days, and never rose from the Ground where he had made his sad Sacrifice; at last, rousing from her side, and accusing himself with living too long, now *Imoinda* was dead; and that the Deaths of those barbarous Enemies were deferr'd too long, he resolv'd now to finish the great Work; but offering to rise, he found his Strength so decay'd, that he reel'd to and fro, like Boughs assail'd by contrary Winds; so that he was forced to lye down again, and try to summons all his Courage to his Aid; he found his Brains turn round, and his Eyes were dizzy; and Objects appear'd not the same to him they were wont to do; his Breath was short; and all his Limbs surprised with a Faintness he had never felt before: He had not Eat in two Days, which was one occasion of this Feebleness, but excess of Grief was the greatest; yet still he hop'd he shou'd recover Vigour to act his Design; and lay expecting it yet six Days longer; still mourning over the dead Idol of his Heart, and striving every Day to rise, but cou'd not.

In all this time you may believe we were in no little affliction for *Caesar*, and his Wife; some were of Opinion he was escap'd never to return; others thought some Accident had hap'ned to him: But however, we fail'd not to send out an hundred People several ways to search for him; a Party, of about forty, went that way he took; among whom was *Tuscan*, who was perfectly reconcil'd to *Byam*; they had not gon very far into the Wood, but they smelt an unusual Smell, as of a dead Body; for Stinks must be very noisom that can be distinguish'd among such a quantity of Natural Sweets, as every Inch of that Land produces. So that they concluded they shou'd find him dead, or somebody that was so; they past on towards it, as Loathsom as it was, and made such a rusling among the Leaves that lye thick on the Ground, by continual Falling, that *Caesar* heard he was approach'd; and though he had, during the space of these eight Days, endeavor'd to rise, but found he wanted Strength, yet looking up, and seeing his Pursuers, he rose, and reel'd to a Neighbouring Tree, against which he fix'd his Back; and being within a dozen Yards of those that advanc'd, and saw him; he call'd out to them, and bid them approach no nearer, if they wou'd be safe: So that they stood still, and hardly believing their Eyes, that wou'd perswade them that it was *Caesar* that spoke to 'em, so much was he alter'd; they ask'd him, What he had done with his Wife? for they smelt a Stink that almost struck them dead. He, pointing to the dead Body, sighing, cry'd, *Behold her there;* they put off the Flowers that cover'd her with their Sticks, and found she was kill'd; and cry'd out, *Oh Monster! that hast murther'd thy Wife:* Then asking him, Why he did so cruel a Deed? He replied, he had no leasure to answer impertinent Questions; *You may go back,* continued he, *and tell the Faithless Governor, he may thank Fortune that I am breathing my last; and that my Arm is too feeble to obey my Heart, in what it had design'd him:* But his Tongue faultering, and trembling, he cou'd scarce end what he was saying. The *English* taking Advantage by his Weakness, cry'd, *Let us take him alive by all means:* He heard 'em; and, as if he had reviv'd from a Fainting, or a Dream, he cry'd out, *No, Gentlemen, you are deceiv'd; you will find no more* Caesars *to be Whipt; no more find a Faith in me: Feeble as you think me, I have Strength yet left to secure me from a second Indignity.* They swore all a-new, and he only shook his Head, and beheld them with Scorn; then they cry'd out, *Who will venture on this single Man? Will no body?* They stood all silent while *Caesar* replied, *Fatal will be the Attempt to the first Adventurer; let him assure himself,* and, at that Word, held up his Knife in a menacing Posture, *Look ye, ye faithless Crew,* said he, *'tis not Life I seek, nor am I afraid of Dying;* and, at that Word, cut a piece of Flesh from his own Throat, and threw it at 'em, *yet still I wou'd Live if I cou'd, till I had perfected my Revenge. But oh! it cannot be; I feel Life gliding from my Eyes and Heart; and, if I make not haste, I shall yet fall a Victim to the shameful Whip.* At that, he rip'd up his own Belly; and took his Bowels and pull'd 'em out, with what Strength he cou'd; while some, on their Knees imploring, besought him to hold his Hand. But when they saw him tottering, they cry'd out, *Will none venture on him?* A bold *English* cry'd, *Yes, if he were the Devil;* (taking Courage when he saw him almost Dead) and swearing a horrid Oath for his farewell to the World; he rush'd on *Caesar*, with his Arm'd Hand met him so fairly, as stuck him to the Heart, and he fell Dead at his Feet. *Tuscan* seeing that, cry'd out, *I love thee, oh* Caesar; *and therefore will not let thee Dye, if possible:* And, running to him, took him in his Arms; but, at the same time, warding a Blow that *Caesar* made at his Bosom, he receiv'd it quite through his Arm; and *Caesar* having not the Strength to pluck the Knife forth, though he attempted it, *Tuscan* neither pull'd it out himself, nor suffer'd it to be pull'd out; but came down with it sticking in his Arm; and the reason he gave for it was, because the Air shou'd not get into the Wound: They put their Hands a-cross, and carried *Caesar* between Six of 'em, fainted as he was; and they thought Dead, or just Dying; and they brought him to *Parham*, and laid him on a Couch, and had the Chirurgeon immediately to him, who drest his Wounds, and sow'd up his Belly, and us'd means to bring him to Life, which they effected. We ran all to see him; and, if before we thought him so beautiful a Sight, he was now so alter'd, that his Face was like a Death's Head black'd over; nothing but Teeth, and Eyeholes: For some Days we suffer'd no body to speak to him, but caused Cordials to be poured down his Throat, which sustained his Life; and in six or seven Days he recover'd his Senses: For, you must know, that Wounds are almost to a Miracle cur'd in the *Indies*; unless Wounds in the Legs, which rarely ever cure.

When he was well enough to speak, we talk'd to him; and ask'd him some Questions about his Wife, and the Reasons why he kill'd her; and he then told us what I have related of that Resolution, and of his Parting; and he besought us, we would let him Dye, and was extreamly Afflicted to think it was possible he might Live; he assur'd us, if we did not Dispatch him, he wou'd prove very Fatal to a great many. We said all we cou'd to make him Live, and gave him new Assurances; but he begg'd we wou'd not think so poorly of him, or of his love to *Imoinda*, to imagine we cou'd Flatter him to Life again; but the Chirurgeon assur'd him, he cou'd not Live, and therefore he need not Fear. We were all (but *Caesar*) afflicted at this News; and the Sight was gashly; his Discourse was sad; and the earthly Smell about him so strong, that I was perswaded to leave the Place for some time; (being my self-but Sickly, and very apt to fall into Fits of dangerous Illness upon any extraordinary Melancholy) the Servants, and Trefry, and the

Chirurgeons, promis'd all to take what possible care they cou'd of the Life of *Caesar*; and I, taking Boat, went with other Company to Colonel *Martin's*, about three Days Journy down the River; but I was no sooner gon, but the *Governor* taking *Trefry*, about some pretended earnest Business, a Days Journy up the River; having communicated his Design to one *Banister*, a wild *Irish* Man, and one of the Council; a Fellow of absolute Barbarity, and fit to execute any Villany, but was Rich. He came up to *Parham*, and forcibly took Caesar, and had him carried to the same Post where he was Whip'd; and causing him to be ty'd to it, and a great Fire made before him, he told him, he shou'd Dye like a Dog, as he was. *Caesar* replied, this was the first piece of Bravery that ever *Banister* did; and he never spoke Sence till he pronounc'd that Word; and, if he wou'd keep it, he wou'd declare, in the other World, that he was the only Man, of all the Whites, that ever he heard speak Truth. And turning to the Men that bound him, he said, *My Friends, am I to Dye, or to be Whip'd?* And they cry'd, *Whip'd! no; you shall not escape so well:* And then he replied, smiling, *A Blessing on thee;* and assur'd them, they need not tye him, for he wou'd stand fixt, like a Rock; and indure Death so as shou'd encourage them to Dye. *But if you Whip me,* said he, *be sure you tye me fast*.

He had learn'd to take Tobaco; and when he was assur'd he should Dye, he desir'd they would give him a Pipe in his Mouth, ready Lighted, which they did; and the Executioner came, and first cut off his Members, and threw them into the Fire; after that, with an ill-favoured Knife, they cut his Ears, and his Nose, and burn'd them; he still Smoak'd on, as if nothing had touch'd him; then they hack'd off one of his Arms, and still he bore up, and held his Pipe; but at the cutting off the other Arm, his Head sunk, and his Pipe drop'd; and he gave up the Ghost, without a Groan, or a Reproach. My Mother and Sister were by him all the while, but not suffer'd to save him; so rude and wild were the Rabble, and so inhumane were the Justices, who stood by to see the Execution, who after paid dearly enough for their Insolence. They cut *Caesar* in Quarters, and sent them to several of the chief *Plantations*: One Quarter was sent to Colonel *Martin*, who refus'd it; and swore, he had rather see the Quarters of *Banister*, and the *Governor* himself, than those of Caesar, on his *Plantations*; and that he cou'd govern his *Negroes* without Terrifying and Grieving them with frightful Spectacles of a mangl'd King.

Thus Dy'd this Great Man; worthy of a better Fate, and a more sublime Wit than mine to write his Praise; yet, I hope, the Reputation of my Pen is considerable enough to make his Glorious Name to survive to all Ages; with that of the Brave, the Beautiful, and the Constant *Imoinda*.

FINIS.

4.3.2: Reading and Review Questions

1. Why, and to what effect, do you think Behn uses such realistic detail, such concrete particularity, describing plants, animals, clothes, tattoos, and more? How do her descriptions compare with those of Raleigh in *The Discovery of Guiana*?
2. What comment, if any, does Behn make about Christianity through her "pagan" hero Oroonoko?
3. What role, if any, do deception and treachery play in this work, and why? What's the impact of their having occurred both in Africa and Suriname, through both relatives and white slave holders?
4. How does Behn deal with love in this novel, with relations between men and women? How does she involve race and culture with love, and why? How does her way of dealing with love compare with Spenser's?
5. What is the effect—dramatic, aesthetic, moral, etc.—of Oroonoko's torture? Why do you think Behn details his dismemberment for the reader rather than have it happen "offstage?"

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4.4: William Congreve (1760-1729)

Although born in Yorkshire, England, William Congreve grew up and was educated in Ireland where his father took a lieutenant's commission. Congreve studied first at Kilkenny then at Trinity College, Dublin in 1686. Before earning his degree, Congreve left Ireland for Yorkshire where he lived a few years on his grandfather's estate before moving to London and entering Middle Temple to study law. He also wrote.



Image 4.5 | William Congreve
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He wrote well and successfully early on. He followed his popular novella *Incognita: Or, Love and Duty Reconcil'd* (1692) with an even more popular stage comedy, *The Old Bachelor* (1693). He wrote four more plays, with *The Mourning Bride* (1697) being a tragedy and the rest, comedies. Through his comedies, Congreve achieved not only financial success but also enduring fame. His *Love for Love* (1695) won him a full share in a new acting company at Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he served as manager that same year. And his *The Way of the World* (1700) epitomized the wit, urbanity, and the pursuit of pleasure that characterized Restoration Comedy. A contemporary critic, Jeremy Collier (1750-1726), vilified such comedies for their perceived profanity and immorality. Congreve's plays often turn on a marriage plot that also turns on fortune-seeking. Their characters often display foppish, fashionable, and even hedonistic tendencies. Nevertheless, they expose societal hypocrisy with the intent to perform art's best function of leading to right behavior.

In responding to Collier's attack, Congreve defended comedy's usefulness as a means to laugh men out of their vices. In a debased age, not tragedies but comedies fulfill Sydney's adjuration to both delight and instruct: "As vicious People are made asham'd of their Follies or Faults, by seeing them expos'd in a ridiculous manner, so are good People at once both warn'd and diverted at their Expense" ("Amendments of Mr. Collier's False and Imperfect Citations," 1698). Under the sensationalism lay a realism that, like Defoe's *Moll Flanders*, allowed both audience and protagonist means for redemption in a wicked world. And overall glitters Congreve's extraordinarily beautiful expression, style, and structure.

4.4.1: The Way of the World

(1700)

Act I

SCENE I.

A Chocolate-house.

MIRABELL and FAINALL rising from cards. BETTY waiting.

MIRA.

You are a fortunate man, Mr. Fainall.

FAIN.

Have we done?

MIRA.

What you please. I'll play on to entertain you.

FAIN.

No, I'll give you your revenge another time, when you are not so indifferent; you are thinking of something else now, and play too negligently: the coldness of a losing gamester lessens the pleasure of the winner. I'd no more play with a man that slighted his ill fortune than I'd make love to a woman who undervalued the loss of her reputation.

MIRA.

You have a taste extremely delicate, and are for refining on your pleasures.

FAIN.

Prithee, why so reserved? Something has put you out of humour.

MIRA.

Not at all: I happen to be grave to-day, and you are gay; that's all.

FAIN.

Confess, Millamant and you quarrelled last night, after I left you; my fair cousin has some humours that would tempt the patience of a Stoic. What, some coxcomb came in, and was well received by her, while you were by?

MIRA.

Witwoud and Petulant, and what was worse, her aunt, your wife's mother, my evil genius—or to sum up all in her own name, my old Lady Wishfort came in.

FAIN.

Oh, there it is then: she has a lasting passion for you, and with reason.—What, then my wife was there?

MIRA.

Yes, and Mrs. Marwood and three or four more, whom I never saw before; seeing me, they all put on their grave faces, whispered one another, then complained aloud of the vapours, and after fell into a profound silence.

FAIN.

They had a mind to be rid of you.

MIRA.

For which reason I resolved not to stir. At last the good old lady broke through her painful taciturnity with an invective against long visits. I would not have understood her, but Millamant joining in the argument, I rose and with a constrained smile told her, I thought nothing was so easy as to know when a visit began to be troublesome; she reddened and I withdrew, without expecting her reply.

FAIN.

You were to blame to resent what she spoke only in compliance with her aunt.

MIRA.

She is more mistress of herself than to be under the necessity of such a resignation.

FAIN.

What? though half her fortune depends upon her marrying with my lady's approbation?

MIRA.

I was then in such a humour, that I should have been better pleased if she had been less discreet.

FAIN.

Now I remember, I wonder not they were weary of you; last night was one of their cabal-nights: they have 'em three times a week and meet by turns at one another's apartments, where they come together like the coroner's inquest, to sit upon the murdered reputations of the week. You and I are excluded, and it was once proposed that all the male sex should be excepted; but somebody moved that to avoid scandal there might be one man of the community, upon which motion Witwoud and Petulant were enrolled members.

MIRA.

And who may have been the foundress of this sect? My Lady Wishfort, I warrant, who publishes her detestation of mankind, and full of the vigour of fifty-five, declares for a friend and ratafia; and let posterity shift for itself, she'll breed no more.

FAIN.

The discovery of your sham addresses to her, to conceal your love to her niece, has provoked this separation. Had you dissembled better, things might have continued in the state of nature.

MIRA.

I did as much as man could, with any reasonable conscience; I proceeded to the very last act of flattery with her, and was guilty of a song in her commendation. Nay, I got a friend to put her into a lampoon, and compliment her with the imputation of an affair with a young fellow, which I carried so far, that I told her the malicious town took notice that she was grown fat of a sudden; and when she lay in of a dropsy, persuaded her she was reported to be in labour. The devil's in't, if an old woman is to be flattered further, unless a man should endeavour downright personally to debauch her: and that my virtue forbade me. But for the discovery of this amour, I am indebted to your friend, or your wife's friend, Mrs. Marwood.

FAIN.

What should provoke her to be your enemy, unless she has made you advances which you have slighted? Women do not easily forgive omissions of that nature.

MIRA.

She was always civil to me, till of late. I confess I am not one of those coxcombs who are apt to interpret a woman's good manners to her prejudice, and think that she who does not refuse 'em everything can refuse 'em nothing.

FAIN.

You are a gallant man, Mirabell; and though you may have cruelty enough not to satisfy a lady's longing, you have too much generosity not to be tender of her honour. Yet you speak with an indifference which seems to be affected, and confesses you are conscious of a negligence.

MIRA.

You pursue the argument with a distrust that seems to be unaffected, and confesses you are conscious of a concern for which the lady is more indebted to you than is your wife.

FAIN.

Fie, fie, friend, if you grow censorious I must leave you:- I'll look upon the gamesters in the next room.

MIRA.

Who are they?

FAIN.

Petulant and Witwoud.—Bring me some chocolate.

MIRA.

Betty, what says your clock?

BET.

Turned of the last canonical hour, sir.

MIRA.

How pertinently the jade answers me! Ha! almost one a' clock! Looking on his watch. Oh, y'are come!

SCENE II.

MIRABELL and FOOTMAN.

MIRA.

Well, is the grand affair over? You have been something tedious.

SERV.

Sir, there's such coupling at Pancras that they stand behind one another, as 'twere in a country-dance. Ours was the last couple to lead up; and no hopes appearing of dispatch, besides, the parson growing hoarse, we were afraid his lungs would have failed before it came to our turn; so we drove round to Duke's Place, and there they were riveted in a trice.

MIRA.

So, so; you are sure they are married?

SERV.

Married and bedded, sir; I am witness.

MIRA.

Have you the certificate?

SERV.

Here it is, sir.

MIRA.

Has the tailor brought Waitwell's clothes home, and the new liveries?

SERV.

Yes, sir.

MIRA.

That's well. Do you go home again, d'ye hear, and adjourn the consummation till farther order; bid Waitwell shake his ears, and Dame Partlet rustle up her feathers, and meet me at one a' clock by Rosamond's pond, that I may see her before she returns to her lady. And, as you tender your ears, be secret.

SCENE III.

MIRABELL, FAINALL, BETTY.

FAIN.

Joy of your success, Mirabell; you look pleased.

MIRA.

Ay; I have been engaged in a matter of some sort of mirth, which is not yet ripe for discovery. I am glad this is not a cabal- night. I wonder, Fainall, that you who are married, and of consequence should be discreet, will suffer your wife to be of such a party.

FAIN.

Faith, I am not jealous. Besides, most who are engaged are women and relations; and for the men, they are of a kind too contemptible to give scandal.

MIRA.

I am of another opinion: the greater the coxcomb, always the more the scandal; for a woman who is not a fool can have but one reason for associating with a man who is one.

FAIN.

Are you jealous as often as you see Witwoud entertained by Millamant?

MIRA.

Of her understanding I am, if not of her person.

FAIN.

You do her wrong; for, to give her her due, she has wit.

MIRA.

She has beauty enough to make any man think so, and complaisance enough not to contradict him who shall tell her so.

FAIN.

For a passionate lover methinks you are a man somewhat too discerning in the failings of your mistress.

MIRA.

And for a discerning man somewhat too passionate a lover, for I like her with all her faults; nay, like her for her faults. Her follies are so natural, or so artful, that they become her, and those affectations which in another woman would be odious serve but to make her more agreeable. I'll tell thee, Fainall, she once used me with that insolence that in revenge I took her to pieces, sifted her, and separated her failings: I studied 'em and got 'em by rote. The catalogue was so large that I was not without hopes, one day or other, to hate her heartily. To which end I so used myself to think of 'em, that at length, contrary to my design and expectation, they gave me every hour less and less disturbance, till in a few days it became habitual to me to remember 'em without being displeased. They are now grown as familiar to me as my own frailties, and in all probability in a little time longer I shall like 'em as well.

FAIN.

Marry her, marry her; be half as well acquainted with her charms as you are with her defects, and, my life on't, you are your own man again.

MIRA.

Say you so?

FAIN.

Ay, ay; I have experience. I have a wife, and so forth.

SCENE IV.

To them MESSENGER.

MESS.

Is one Squire Witwoud here?

BET.

Yes; what's your business?

MESS.

I have a letter for him, from his brother Sir Wilfull, which I am charged to deliver into his own hands.

BET.

He's in the next room, friend. That way.

SCENE V.

MIRABELL, FAINALL, BETTY.

MIRA.

What, is the chief of that noble family in town, Sir Wilfull Witwoud?

FAIN.

He is expected to-day. Do you know him?

MIRA.

I have seen him; he promises to be an extraordinary person. I think you have the honour to be related to him.

FAIN.

Yes; he is half-brother to this Witwoud by a former wife, who was sister to my Lady Wishfort, my wife's mother. If you marry Millamant, you must call cousins too.

MIRA.

I had rather be his relation than his acquaintance.

FAIN.

He comes to town in order to equip himself for travel.

MIRA.

For travel! Why the man that I mean is above forty.

FAIN.

No matter for that; 'tis for the honour of England that all Europe should know we have blockheads of all ages.

MIRA.

I wonder there is not an act of parliament to save the cr of the nation and prohibit the exportation of fools.

FAIN.

By no means, 'tis better as 'tis; 'tis better to trade with a little loss, than to be quite eaten up with being overstocked.

MIRA.

Pray, are the follies of this knight-errant and those of the squire, his brother, anything related?

FAIN.

Not at all: Witwoud grows by the knight like a medlar grafted on a crab. One will melt in your mouth and t'other set your teeth on edge; one is all pulp and the other all core.

MIRA.

So one will be rotten before he be ripe, and the other will be rotten without ever being ripe at all.

FAIN.

Sir Wilfull is an odd mixture of bashfulness and obstinacy. But when he's drunk, he's as loving as the monster in The Tempest, and much after the same manner. To give bother his due, he has something of good-nature, and does not always want wit.

MIRA.

Not always: but as often as his memory fails him and his commonplace of comparisons. He is a fool with a good memory and some few scraps of other folks' wit. He is one whose conversation can never be approved, yet it is now and then to be endured. He has indeed one good quality: he is not exceptious, for he so passionately affects the reputation of understanding raillery that he will construe an affront into a jest, and call downright rudeness and ill language satire and fire.

FAIN.

If you have a mind to finish his picture, you have an opportunity to do it at full length. Behold the original.

SCENE VI.

To them WITWOUD.

WIT.

Afford me your compassion, my dears; pity me, Fainall, Mirabell, pity me.

MIRA.

I do from my soul.

FAIN.

Why, what's the matter?

WIT.

No letters for me, Betty?

BET.

Did not a messenger bring you one but now, sir?

WIT.

Ay; but no other?

BET.

No, sir.

WIT.

That's hard, that's very hard. A messenger, a mule, a beast of burden, he has brought me a letter from the fool my brother, as heavy as a panegyric in a funeral sermon, or a copy of commendatory verses from one poet to another. And what's worse, 'tis as sure a forerunner of the author as an epistle dedicatory.

MIRA.

A fool, and your brother, Witwoud?

WIT.

Ay, ay, my half-brother. My half-brother he is, no nearer, upon honour.

MIRA.

Then 'tis possible he may be but half a fool.

WIT.

Good, good, Mirabell, LE DROLE! Good, good, hang him, don't let's talk of him.— Fainall, how does your lady? Gad, I say anything in the world to get this fellow out of my head. I beg pardon that I should ask a man of pleasure and the town a question at once so foreign and domestic. But I talk like an old maid at a marriage, I don't know what I say: but she's the best woman in the world.

FAIN.

'Tis well you don't know what you say, or else your commendation would go near to make me either vain or jealous.

WIT.

No man in town lives well with a wife but Fainall. Your judgment, Mirabell?

MIRA.

You had better step and ask his wife, if you would be credibly informed.

WIT.

Mirabell!

MIRA.

Ay.

WIT.

My dear, I ask ten thousand pardons. Gad, I have forgot what I was going to say to you.

MIRA.

I thank you heartily, heartily.

WIT.

No, but prithee excuse me:- my memory is such a memory.

MIRA.

Have a care of such apologies, Witwoud; for I never knew a fool but he affected to complain either of the spleen or his memory.

FAIN.

What have you done with Petulant?

WIT.

He's reckoning his money; my money it was: I have no luck to-day.

FAIN.

You may allow him to win of you at play, for you are sure to be too hard for him at repartee: since you monopolise the wit that is between you, the fortune must be his of course.

MIRA.

I don't find that Petulant confesses the superiority of wit to be your talent, Witwoud.

WIT.

Come, come, you are malicious now, and would breed debates. Petulant's my friend, and a very honest fellow, and a very pretty fellow, and has a smattering— faith and troth, a pretty deal of an odd sort of a small wit: nay, I'll do him justice. I'm his friend, I won't wrong him. And if he had any judgment in the world, he would not be altogether contemptible. Come, come, don't detract from the merits of my friend.

FAIN.

You don't take your friend to be over-nicely bred?

WIT.

No, no, hang him, the rogue has no manners at all, that I must own; no more breeding than a bum-baily, that I grant you:- 'tis pity; the fellow has fire and life.

MIRA.

What, courage?

WIT.

Hum, faith, I don't know as to that, I can't say as to that. Yes, faith, in a controversy he'll contradict anybody.

MIRA.

Though 'twere a man whom he feared or a woman whom he loved.

WIT.

Well, well, he does not always think before he speaks. We have all our failings; you are too hard upon him, you are, faith. Let me excuse him,—I can defend most of his faults, except one or two; one he has, that's the truth on't,—if he were my brother I could

not acquit him—that indeed I could wish were otherwise.

MIRA.

Ay, marry, what's that, Witwoud?

WIT.

Oh, pardon me. Expose the infirmities of my friend? No, my dear, excuse me there.

FAIN.

What, I warrant he's unsincere, or 'tis some such trifle.

WIT.

No, no; what if he be? 'Tis no matter for that, his wit will excuse that. A wit should no more be sincere than a woman constant: one argues a decay of parts, as t'other of beauty.

MIRA.

Maybe you think him too positive?

WIT.

No, no; his being positive is an incentive to argument, and keeps up conversation.

FAIN.

Too illiterate?

WIT.

That? That's his happiness. His want of learning gives him the more opportunities to show his natural parts.

MIRA.

He wants words?

WIT.

Ay; but I like him for that now: for his want of words gives me the pleasure very often to explain his meaning.

FAIN.

He's impudent?

WIT.

No that's not it.

MIRA.

Vain?

WIT.

No.

MIRA.

What, he speaks unseasonable truths sometimes, because he has not wit enough to invent an evasion?

WIT.

Truths? Ha, ha, ha! No, no, since you will have it, I mean he never speaks truth at all, that's all. He will lie like a chambermaid, or a woman of quality's porter. Now that is a fault.

SCENE VII.

To them COACHMAN.

COACH.

Is Master Petulant here, mistress?

BET.

Yes.

COACH.

Three gentlewomen in a coach would speak with him.

FAIN.

O brave Petulant! Three!

BET.

I'll tell him.

COACH.

You must bring two dishes of chocolate and a glass of cinnamon water.

SCENE VIII.

MIRABELL, FAINALL, WITWOUD.

WIT.

That should be for two fasting strumpets, and a bawd troubled with wind. Now you may know what the three are.

MIRA.

You are very free with your friend's acquaintance.

WIT.

Ay, ay; friendship without freedom is as dull as love without enjoyment or wine without toasting: but to tell you a secret, these are trulls whom he allows coachhire, and something more by the week, to call on him once a day at public places.

MIRA.

How!

WIT.

You shall see he won't go to 'em because there's no more company here to take notice of him. Why, this is nothing to what he used to do:- before he found out this way, I have known him call for himself -

FAIN.

Call for himself? What dost thou mean?

WIT.

Mean? Why he would slip you out of this chocolate-house, just when you had been talking to him. As soon as your back was turned— whip he was gone; then trip to his lodging, clap on a hood and scarf and a mask, slap into a hackney-coach, and drive hither to the door again in a trice; where he would send in for himself; that I mean, call for himself, wait for himself, nay, and what's more, not finding himself, sometimes leave a letter for himself.

MIRA.

I confess this is something extraordinary. I believe he waits for himself now, he is so long a coming; oh, I ask his pardon.

SCENE IX.

PETULANT, MIRABELL, FAINALL, WITWOUD, BETTY.

BET.

Sir, the coach stays.

PET.

Well, well, I come. 'Sbud, a man had as good be a professed midwife as a professed whoremaster, at this rate; to be knocked up and raised at all hours, and in all places. Pox on 'em, I won't come. D'ye hear, tell 'em I won't come. Let 'em snivel and cry their hearts out.

FAIN.

You are very cruel, Petulant.

PET.

All's one, let it pass. I have a humour to be cruel.

MIRA.

I hope they are not persons of condition that you use at this rate.

PET.

Condition? Condition's a dried fig, if I am not in humour. By this hand, if they were your—a—a—your what-d'ee-call-'ems themselves, they must wait or rub off, if I want appetite.

MIRA.

What-d'ee-call-'ems! What are they, Witwoud?

WIT.

Empresses, my dear. By your what-d'ee-call-'ems he means Sultana Queens.

PET.

Ay, Roxolanas.

MIRA.

Cry you mercy.

FAIN.

Witwoud says they are -

PET.

What does he say th'are?

WIT.

I? Fine ladies, I say.

PET.

Pass on, Witwoud. Harkee, by this light, his relations—two co-heiresses his cousins, and an old aunt, who loves cater-wauling better than a conventicle.

WIT.

Ha, ha, ha! I had a mind to see how the rogue would come off. Ha, ha, ha! Gad, I can't be angry with him, if he had said they were my mother and my sisters.

MIRA.

No?

WIT.

No; the rogue's wit and readiness of invention charm me, dear Petulant.

BET.

They are gone, sir, in great anger.

PET.

Enough, let 'em trundle. Anger helps complexion, saves paint.

FAIN.

This continence is all dissembled; this is in order to have something to brag of the next time he makes court to Millamant, and swear he has abandoned the whole sex for her sake.

MIRA.

Have you not left off your impudent pretensions there yet? I shall cut your throat, sometime or other, Petulant, about that business.

PET.

Ay, ay, let that pass. There are other throats to be cut.

MIRA.

Meaning mine, sir?

PET.

Not I—I mean nobody—I know nothing. But there are uncles and nephews in the world—and they may be rivals. What then? All's one for that.

MIRA.

How? Harkee, Petulant, come hither. Explain, or I shall call your interpreter.

PET.

Explain? I know nothing. Why, you have an uncle, have you not, lately come to town, and lodges by my Lady Wishfort's?

MIRA.

True.

PET.

Why, that's enough. You and he are not friends; and if he should marry and have a child, yon may be disinherited, ha!

MIRA.

Where hast thou stumbled upon all this truth?

PET.

All's one for that; why, then, say I know something.

MIRA.

Come, thou art an honest fellow, Petulant, and shalt make love to my mistress, thou shalt, faith. What hast thou heard of my uncle?

PET.

I? Nothing, I. If throats are to be cut, let swords clash. Snug's the word; I shrug and am silent.

MIRA.

Oh, raillery, raillery! Come, I know thou art in the women's secrets. What, you're a cabalist; I know you stayed at Millamant's last night after I went. Was there any mention made of my uncle or me? Tell me; if thou hadst but good nature equal to thy wit, Petulant, Tony Witwoud, who is now thy competitor in fame, would show as dim by thee as a dead whiting's eye by a pearl of orient; he would no more be seen by thee than Mercury is by the sun: come, I'm sure thou wo't tell me.

PET.

If I do, will you grant me common sense, then, for the future?

MIRA.

Faith, I'll do what I can for thee, and I'll pray that heav'n may grant it thee in the meantime.

PET.

Well, harkee.

FAIN.

Petulant and you both will find Mirabell as warm a rival as a lover.

WIT.

Pshaw, pshaw, that she laughs at Petulant is plain. And for my part, but that it is almost a fashion to admire her, I should—harkee—to tell you a secret, but let it go no further between friends, I shall never break my heart for her.

FAIN.

How?

WIT.

She's handsome; but she's a sort of an uncertain woman.

FAIN.

I thought you had died for her.

WIT.

Umh—no -

FAIN.

She has wit.

WIT.

'Tis what she will hardly allow anybody else. Now, demme, I should hate that, if she were as handsome as Cleopatra. Mirabell is not so sure of her as he thinks for.

FAIN.

Why do you think so?

WIT.

We stayed pretty late there last night, and heard something of an uncle to Mirabell, who is lately come to town, and is between him and the best part of his estate. Mirabell and he are at some distance, as my Lady Wishfort has been told; and you know she hates Mirabell worse than a quaker hates a parrot, or than a fishmonger hates a hard frost. Whether this uncle has seen Mrs. Millamant or not, I cannot say; but there were items of such a treaty being in embryo; and if it should come to life, poor Mirabell would be in some sort unfortunately fobbed, i'faith.

FAIN.

'Tis impossible Millamant should hearken to it.

WIT.

Faith, my dear, I can't tell; she's a woman and a kind of a humorist.

MIRA.

And this is the sum of what you could collect last night?

PET.

The quintessence. Maybe Witwoud knows more; he stayed longer. Besides, they never mind him; they say anything before him.

MIRA.

I thought you had been the greatest favourite.

PET.

Ay, tete-e-tete; but not in public, because I make remarks.

MIRA.

You do?

PET.

Ay, ay, pox, I'm malicious, man. Now he's soft, you know, they are not in awe of him. The fellow's well bred, he's what you call a—what d'ye-call-'em—a fine gentleman, but he's silly withal.

MIRA.

I thank you, I know as much as my curiosity requires. Fainall, are you for the Mall?

FAIN.

Ay, I'll take a turn before dinner.

WIT.

Ay, we'll all walk in the park; the ladies talked of being there.

MIRA.

I thought you were obliged to watch for your brother Sir Wilfull's arrival.

WIT.

No, no, he comes to his aunt's, my Lady Wishfort; pox on him, I shall be troubled with him too; what shall I do with the fool?

PET.

Beg him for his estate, that I may beg you afterwards, and so have but one trouble with you both.

WIT.

O rare Petulant, thou art as quick as fire in a frosty morning; thou shalt to the Mall with us, and we'll be very severe.

PET.

Enough; I'm in a humour to be severe.

MIRA.

Are you? Pray then walk by yourselves. Let not us be accessory to your putting the ladies out of countenance with your senseless ribaldry, which you roar out aloud as often as they pass by you, and when you have made a handsome woman blush, then you think you have been severe.

PET.

What, what? Then let 'em either show their innocence by not understanding what they hear, or else show their discretion by not hearing what they would not be thought to understand.

MIRA.

But hast not thou then sense enough to know that thou ought'st to be most ashamed thyself when thou hast put another out of countenance?

PET.

Not I, by this hand: I always take blushing either for a sign of guilt or ill-breeding.

MIRA.

I confess you ought to think so. You are in the right, that you may plead the error of your judgment in defence of your practice.

Where modesty's ill manners, 'tis but fit

That impudence and malice pass for wit.

Act II

SCENE I.

St. James's Park.

MRS. FAINALL and MRS. MARWOOD.

MRS. FAIN.

Ay, ay, dear Marwood, if we will be happy, we must find the means in ourselves, and among ourselves. Men are ever in extremes; either doting or averse. While they are lovers, if they have fire and sense, their jealousies are insupportable: and when they cease to love (we ought to think at least) they loathe, they look upon us with horror and distaste, they meet us like the ghosts of what we were, and as from such, fly from us.

MRS. MAR.

True, 'tis an unhappy circumstance of life that love should ever die before us, and that the man so often should outlive the lover. But say what you will, 'tis better to be left than never to have been loved. To pass our youth in dull indifference, to refuse the sweets of life because they once must leave us, is as preposterous as to wish to have been born old, because we one day must be old. For my part, my youth may wear and waste, but it shall never rust in my possession.

MRS. FAIN.

Then it seems you dissemble an aversion to mankind only in compliance to my mother's humour.

MRS. MAR.

Certainly. To be free, I have no taste of those insipid dry discourses with which our sex of force must entertain themselves apart from men. We may affect endearments to each other, profess eternal friendships, and seem to dote like lovers; but 'tis not in our natures long to persevere. Love will resume his empire in our breasts, and every heart, or soon or late, receive and readmit him as its lawful tyrant.

MRS. FAIN.

Bless me, how have I been deceived! Why, you profess a libertine.

MRS. MAR.

You see my friendship by my freedom. Come, be as sincere, acknowledge that your sentiments agree with mine.

MRS. FAIN.

Never.

MRS. MAR.

You hate mankind?

MRS. FAIN.

Heartily, inveterately.

MRS. MAR.

Your husband?

MRS. FAIN.

Most transcendently; ay, though I say it, meritoriously.

MRS. MAR.

Give me your hand upon it.

MRS. FAIN.

There.

MRS. MAR.

I join with you; what I have said has been to try you.

MRS. FAIN.

Is it possible? Dost thou hate those vipers, men?

MRS. MAR.

I have done hating 'em, and am now come to despise 'em; the next thing I have to do is eternally to forget 'em.

MRS. FAIN.

There spoke the spirit of an Amazon, a Penthesilea.

MRS. MAR.

And yet I am thinking sometimes to carry my aversion further.

MRS. FAIN.

How?

MRS. MAR.

Faith, by marrying; if I could but find one that loved me very well, and would be throughly sensible of ill usage, I think I should do myself the violence of undergoing the ceremony.

MRS. FAIN.

You would not make him a cuckold?

MRS. MAR.

No; but I'd make him believe I did, and that's as bad.

MRS. FAIN.

Why had not you as good do it?

MRS. MAR.

Oh, if he should ever discover it, he would then know the worst, and be out of his pain; but I would have him ever to continue upon the rack of fear and jealousy.

MRS. FAIN.

Ingenious mischief! Would thou wert married to Mirabell.

MRS. MAR.

Would I were.

MRS. FAIN.

You change colour.

MRS. MAR.

Because I hate him.

MRS. FAIN.

So do I; but I can hear him named. But what reason have you to hate him in particular?

MRS. MAR.

I never loved him; he is, and always was, insufferably proud.

MRS. FAIN.

By the reason you give for your aversion, one would think it dissembled; for you have laid a fault to his charge, of which his enemies must acquit him.

MRS. MAR.

Oh, then it seems you are one of his favourable enemies. Methinks you look a little pale, and now you flush again.

MRS. FAIN.

Do I? I think I am a little sick o' the sudden.

MRS. MAR. What ails you?

MRS. FAIN. My husband. Don't you see him? He turned short upon me unawares, and has almost overcome me.

SCENE II.

To them FAINALL and MIRABELL.

MRS. MAR.

Ha, ha, ha! he comes opportunely for you.

MRS. FAIN.

For you, for he has brought Mirabell with him.

FAIN.

My dear.

MRS. FAIN.

My soul.

FAIN.

You don't look well to-day, child.

MRS. FAIN.

D'ye think so?

MIRA.

He is the only man that does, madam.

MRS. FAIN.

The only man that would tell me so at least, and the only man from whom I could hear it without mortification.

FAIN.

Oh, my dear, I am satisfied of your tenderness; I know you cannot resent anything from me; especially what is an effect of my concern.

MRS. FAIN.

Mr. Mirabell, my mother interrupted you in a pleasant relation last night: I would fain hear it out.

MIRA.

The persons concerned in that affair have yet a tolerable reputation. I am afraid Mr. Fainall will be censorious.

MRS. FAIN.

He has a humour more prevailing than his curiosity, and will willingly dispense with the hearing of one scandalous story, to avoid giving an occasion to make another by being seen to walk with his wife. This way, Mr. Mirabell, and I dare promise you will oblige us both.

SCENE III.

FAINALL, MRS. MARWOOD.

FAIN.

Excellent creature! Well, sure, if I should live to be rid of my wife, I should be a miserable man.

MRS. MAR.

Ay?

FAIN.

For having only that one hope, the accomplishment of it of consequence must put an end to all my hopes, and what a wretch is he who must survive his hopes! Nothing remains when that day comes but to sit down and weep like Alexander when he wanted other worlds to conquer.

MRS. MAR.

Will you not follow 'em?

FAIN.

Faith, I think not,

MRS. MAR.

Pray let us; I have a reason.

FAIN.

You are not jealous?

MRS. MAR.

Of whom?

FAIN.

Of Mirabell.

MRS. MAR.

If I am, is it inconsistent with my love to you that I am tender of your honour?

FAIN.

You would intimate then, as if there were a fellow-feeling between my wife and him?

MRS. MAR.

I think she does not hate him to that degree she would be thought.

FAIN.

But he, I fear, is too insensible.

MRS. MAR.

It may be you are deceived.

FAIN.

It may be so. I do not now begin to apprehend it.

MRS. MAR.

What?

FAIN.

That I have been deceived, madam, and you are false.

MRS. MAR.

That I am false? What mean you?

FAIN.

To let you know I see through all your little arts.—Come, you both love him, and both have equally dissembled your aversion. Your mutual jealousies of one another have made you clash till you have both struck fire. I have seen the warm confession red'ning on your cheeks, and sparkling from your eyes.

MRS. MAR.

You do me wrong.

FAIN.

I do not. 'Twas for my ease to oversee and wilfully neglect the gross advances made him by my wife, that by permitting her to

be engaged, I might continue unsuspected in my pleasures, and take you oftener to my arms in full security. But could you think, because the nodding husband would not wake, that e'er the watchful lover slept?

MRS. MAR.

And wherewithal can you reproach me?

FAIN.

With infidelity, with loving another, with love of Mirabell.

MRS. MAR.

'Tis false. I challenge you to show an instance that can confirm your groundless accusation. I hate him.

FAIN.

And wherefore do you hate him? He is insensible, and your resentment follows his neglect. An instance? The injuries you have done him are a proof: your interposing in his love. What cause had you to make discoveries of his pretended passion? To undeceive the credulous aunt, and be the officious obstacle of his match with Millamant?

MRS. MAR.

My obligations to my lady urged me: I had professed a friendship to her, and could not see her easy nature so abused by that dissembler.

FAIN.

What, was it conscience then? Professed a friendship! Oh, the pious friendships of the female sex!

MRS. MAR.

More tender, more sincere, and more enduring, than all the vain and empty vows of men, whether professing love to us or mutual faith to one another.

FAIN.

Ha, ha, ha! you are my wife's friend too.

MRS. MAR.

Shame and ingratitude! Do you reproach me? You, you upbraid me? Have I been false to her, through strict fidelity to you, and sacrificed my friendship to keep my love inviolate? And have you the baseness to charge me with the guilt, unmindful of the merit? To you it should be meritorious that I have been vicious. And do you reflect that guilt upon me which should lie buried in your bosom?

FAIN.

You misinterpret my reproof. I meant but to remind you of the slight account you once could make of strictest ties when set in competition with your love to me.

MRS. MAR.

'Tis false, you urged it with deliberate malice. 'Twas spoke in scorn, and I never will forgive it.

FAIN.

Your guilt, not your resentment, begets your rage. If yet you loved, you could forgive a jealousy: but you are stung to find you are discovered.

MRS. MAR.

It shall be all discovered. You too shall be discovered; be sure you shall. I can but be exposed. If I do it myself I shall prevent your baseness.

FAIN.

Why, what will you do?

MRS. MAR.

Disclose it to your wife; own what has past between us.

FAIN.

Frenzy!

MRS. MAR.

By all my wrongs I'll do't. I'll publish to the world the injuries you have done me, both in my fame and fortune: with both I trusted you, you bankrupt in honour, as indigent of wealth.

FAIN.

Your fame I have preserved. Your fortune has been bestowed as the prodigality of your love would have it, in pleasures which we both have shared. Yet, had not you been false I had e'er this repaid it. 'Tis true—had you permitted Mirabell with Millamant to have stolen their marriage, my lady had been incensed beyond all means of reconcilement: Millamant had forfeited the moiety of her fortune, which then would have descended to my wife. And wherefore did I marry but to make lawful prize of a rich widow's wealth, and squander it on love and you?

MRS. MAR.

Deceit and frivolous pretence!

FAIN.

Death, am I not married? What's pretence? Am I not imprisoned, fettered? Have I not a wife? Nay, a wife that was a widow, a young widow, a handsome widow, and would be again a widow, but that I have a heart of proof, and something of a constitution to bustle through the ways of wedlock and this world. Will you yet be reconciled to truth and me?

MRS. MAR.

Impossible. Truth and you are inconsistent.—I hate you, and shall for ever.

FAIN.

For loving you?

MRS. MAR.

I loathe the name of love after such usage; and next to the guilt with which you would asperse me, I scorn you most. Farewell.

FAIN.

Nay, we must not part thus.

MRS. MAR.

Let me go.

FAIN.

Come, I'm sorry.

MRS. MAR.

I care not. Let me go. Break my hands, do—I'd leave 'em to get loose.

FAIN.

I would not hurt you for the world. Have I no other hold to keep you here?

MRS. MAR.

Well, I have deserved it all.

FAIN.

You know I love you.

MRS. MAR.

Poor dissembling! Oh, that—well, it is not yet -

FAIN.

What? What is it not? What is it not yet? It is not yet too late -

MRS. MAR.

No, it is not yet too late—I have that comfort.

FAIN.

It is, to love another.

MRS. MAR.

But not to loathe, detest, abhor mankind, myself, and the whole treacherous world.

FAIN.

Nay, this is extravagance. Come, I ask your pardon. No tears—I was to blame, I could not love you and be easy in my doubts. Pray forbear—I believe you; I'm convinced I've done you wrong; and any way, every way will make amends: I'll hate my wife yet more, damn her, I'll part with her, rob her of all she's worth, and we'll retire somewhere, anywhere, to another world; I'll marry thee—be pacified.— 'Sdeath, they come: hide your face, your tears. You have a mask: wear it a moment. This way, this way: be persuaded.

SCENE IV.

MIRABELL and MRS. FAINALL.

MRS. FAIN.

They are here yet.

MIRA.

They are turning into the other walk.

MRS. FAIN.

While I only hated my husband, I could bear to see him; but since I have despised him, he's too offensive.

MIRA.

Oh, you should hate with prudence.

MRS. FAIN.

Yes, for I have loved with indiscretion.

MIRA.

You should have just so much disgust for your husband as may be sufficient to make you relish your lover.

MRS. FAIN.

You have been the cause that I have loved without bounds, and would you set limits to that aversion of which you have been the occasion? Why did you make me marry this man?

MIRA.

Why do we daily commit disagreeable and dangerous actions? To save that idol, reputation. If the familiarities of our loves had produced that consequence of which you were apprehensive, where could you have fixed a father's name with cr but on a husband? I knew Fainall to be a man lavish of his morals, an interested and professing friend, a false and a designing lover, yet one whose wit and outward fair behaviour have gained a reputation with the town, enough to make that woman stand excused who has suffered herself to be won by his addresses. A better man ought not to have been sacrificed to the occasion; a worse had not answered to the purpose. When you are weary of him you know your remedy.

MRS. FAIN.

I ought to stand in some degree of cr with you, Mirabell.

MIRA.

In justice to you, I have made you privy to my whole design, and put it in your power to ruin or advance my fortune.

MRS. FAIN.

Whom have you instructed to represent your pretended uncle?

MIRA.

Waitwell, my servant.

MRS. FAIN.

He is an humble servant to Foible, my mother's woman, and may win her to your interest.

MIRA.

Care is taken for that. She is won and worn by this time. They were married this morning.

MRS. FAIN.

Who?

MIRA.

Waitwell and Foible. I would not tempt my servant to betray me by trusting him too far. If your mother, in hopes to ruin me, should consent to marry my pretended uncle, he might, like Mosca in the FOX, stand upon terms; so I made him sure beforehand.

MRS. FAIN.

So, if my poor mother is caught in a contract, you will discover the imposture betimes, and release her by producing a certificate of her gallant's former marriage.

MIRA.

Yes, upon condition that she consent to my marriage with her niece, and surrender the moiety of her fortune in her possession.

MRS. FAIN.

She talked last night of endeavouring at a match between Millamant and your uncle.

MIRA.

That was by Foible's direction and my instruction, that she might seem to carry it more privately.

MRS. FAIN.

Well, I have an opinion of your success, for I believe my lady will do anything to get an husband; and when she has this, which you have provided for her, I suppose she will submit to anything to get rid of him.

MIRA.

Yes, I think the good lady would marry anything that resembled a man, though 'twere no more than what a butler could pinch out of a napkin.

MRS. FAIN.

Female frailty! We must all come to it, if we live to be old, and feel the craving of a false appetite when the true is decayed.

MIRA.

An old woman's appetite is depraved like that of a girl. 'Tis the green-sickness of a second childhood, and, like the faint offer of a latter spring, serves but to usher in the fall, and withers in an affected bloom.

MRS. FAIN.

Here's your mistress.

SCENE V.

To them MRS. MILLAMANT, WITWOUD, MINCING.

MIRA.

Here she comes, i'faith, full sail, with her fan spread and streamers out, and a shoal of fools for tenders.—Ha, no, I cry her mercy.

MRS. FAIN.

I see but one poor empty sculler, and he tows her woman after him.

MIRA.

You seem to be unattended, madam. You used to have the BEAU MONDE throng after you, and a flock of gay fine perukes hovering round you.

WIT.

Like moths about a candle. I had like to have lost my comparison for want of breath.

MILLA.

Oh, I have denied myself airs to-day. I have walked as fast through the crowd -

WIT.

As a favourite just disgraced, and with as few followers.

MILLA.

Dear Mr. Witwoud, truce with your similitudes, for I am as sick of 'em -

WIT.

As a physician of a good air. I cannot help it, madam, though 'tis against myself.

MILLA.

Yet again! Mincing, stand between me and his wit.

WIT.

Do, Mrs. Mincing, like a screen before a great fire. I confess I do blaze to-day; I am too bright.

MRS. FAIN.

But, dear Millamant, why were you so long?

MILLA.

Long! Lord, have I not made violent haste? I have asked every living thing I met for you; I have enquired after you, as after a new fashion.

WIT.

Madam, truce with your similitudes.—No, you met her husband, and did not ask him for her.

MIRA.

By your leave, Witwoud, that were like enquiring after an old fashion to ask a husband for his wife.

WIT.

Hum, a hit, a hit, a palpable hit; I confess it.

MRS. FAIN.

You were dressed before I came abroad.

MILLA.

Ay, that's true. Oh, but then I had—Mincing, what had I? Why was I so long?

MINC.

O mem, your laship stayed to peruse a packet of letters.

MILLA.

Oh, ay, letters—I had letters—I am persecuted with letters—I hate letters. Nobody knows how to write letters; and yet one has 'em, one does not know why. They serve one to pin up one's hair.

WIT.

Is that the way? Pray, madam, do you pin up your hair with all your letters? I find I must keep copies.

MILLA.

Only with those in verse, Mr. Witwoud. I never pin up my hair with prose. I think I tried once, Mincing.

MINC.

O mem, I shall never forget it.

MILLA.

Ay, poor Mincing tift and tift all the morning.

MINC.

Till I had the cramp in my fingers, I'll vow, mem. And all to no purpose. But when your laship pins it up with poetry, it fits so pleasant the next day as anything, and is so pure and so crips.

WIT.

Indeed, so crips?

MINC.

You're such a critic, Mr. Witwoud.

MILLA.

Mirabell, did you take exceptions last night? Oh, ay, and went away. Now I think on't I'm angry—no, now I think on't I'm pleased:- for I believe I gave you some pain.

MIRA.

Does that please you?

MILLA.

Infinitely; I love to give pain.

MIRA.

You would affect a cruelty which is not in your nature; your true vanity is in the power of pleasing.

MILLA.

Oh, I ask your pardon for that. One's cruelty is one's power, and when one parts with one's cruelty one parts with one's power, and when one has parted with that, I fancy one's old and ugly.

MIRA.

Ay, ay; suffer your cruelty to ruin the object of your power, to destroy your lover— and then how vain, how lost a thing you'll be! Nay, 'tis true; you are no longer handsome when you've lost your lover: your beauty dies upon the instant. For beauty is the lover's gift: 'tis he bestows your charms:- your glass is all a cheat. The ugly and the old, whom the looking-glass mortifies, yet after commendation can be flattered by it, and discover beauties in it: for that reflects our praises rather than your face.

MILLA.

Oh, the vanity of these men! Fainall, d'ye hear him? If they did not commend us, we were not handsome! Now you must know they could not commend one if one was not handsome. Beauty the lover's gift! Lord, what is a lover, that it can give? Why, one makes lovers as fast as one pleases, and they live as long as one pleases, and they die as soon as one pleases; and then, if one pleases, one makes more.

WIT.

Very pretty. Why, you make no more of making of lovers, madam, than of making so many card-matches.

MILLA.

One no more owes one's beauty to a lover than one's wit to an echo. They can but reflect what we look and say: vain empty things if we are silent or unseen, and want a being.

MIRA.

Yet, to those two vain empty things, you owe two the greatest pleasures of your life.

MILLA.

How so?

MIRA.

To your lover you owe the pleasure of hearing yourselves praised, and to an echo the pleasure of hearing yourselves talk.

WIT.

But I know a lady that loves talking so incessantly, she won't give an echo fair play; she has that everlasting rotation of tongue that an echo must wait till she dies before it can catch her last words.

MILLA.

Oh, fiction; Fainall, let us leave these men.

MIRA.

Draw off Witwoud. *Aside to* MRS. FAINALL.

MRS. FAIN.

Immediately; I have a word or two for Mr. Witwoud.

SCENE VI.

MRS. MILLAMANT, MIRABELL, MINCING.

MIRA.

I would beg a little private audience too. You had the tyranny to deny me last night, though you knew I came to impart a secret to you that concerned my love.

MILLA.

You saw I was engaged.

MIRA.

Unkind! You had the leisure to entertain a herd of fools: things who visit you from their excessive idleness, bestowing on your easiness that time which is the incumbrance of their lives. How can you find delight in such society? It is impossible they should admire you; they are not capable; or, if they were, it should be to you as a mortification: for, sure, to please a fool is some degree of folly.

MILLA.

I please myself.—Besides, sometimes to converse with fools is for my health.

MIRA.

Your health! Is there a worse disease than the conversation of fools?

MILLA.

Yes, the vapours; fools are physic for it, next to assafoetida.

MIRA.

You are not in a course of fools?

MILLA.

Mirabell, if you persist in this offensive freedom you'll displease me. I think I must resolve after all not to have you:- we shan't agree.

MIRA.

Not in our physic, it may be.

MILLA.

And yet our distemper in all likelihood will be the same; for we shall be sick of one another. I shan't endure to be reprimanded nor instructed; 'tis so dull to act always by advice, and so tedious to be told of one's faults, I can't bear it. Well, I won't have you, Mirabell—I'm resolved—I think—you may go—ha, ha, ha! What would you give that you could help loving me?

MIRA.

I would give something that you did not know I could not help it.

MILLA.

Come, don't look grave then. Well, what do you say to me?

MIRA.

I say that a man may as soon make a friend by his wit, or a fortune by his honesty, as win a woman with plain-dealing and sincerity.

MILLA.

Sententious Mirabell! Prithee don't look with that violent and inflexible wise face, like Solomon at the dividing of the child in an old tapestry hanging!

MIRA.

You are merry, madam, but I would persuade you for a moment to be serious.

MILLA.

What, with that face? No, if you keep your countenance, 'tis impossible I should hold mine. Well, after all, there is something very moving in a lovesick face. Ha, ha, ha! Well I won't laugh; don't be peevish. Heigho! Now I'll be melancholy, as melancholy as a watch-light. Well, Mirabell, if ever you will win me, woo me now.— Nay, if you are so tedious, fare you well: I see they are walking away.

MIRA.

Can you not find in the variety of your disposition one moment -

MILLA.

To hear you tell me Foible's married, and your plot like to speed? No.

MIRA.

But how you came to know it -

MILLA.

Without the help of the devil, you can't imagine; unless she should tell me herself. Which of the two it may have been, I will leave you to consider; and when you have done thinking of that, think of me.

SCENE VII.

MIRABELL *alone*.

MIRA.

I have something more.—Gone! Think of you? To think of a whirlwind, though 'twere in a whirlwind, were a case of more steady contemplation, a very tranquillity of mind and mansion. A fellow that lives in a windmill has not a more whimsical dwelling than the heart of a man that is lodged in a woman. There is no point of the compass to which they cannot turn, and by which they are not turned, and by one as well as another; for motion, not method, is their occupation. To know this, and yet continue to be in love, is to be made wise from the dictates of reason, and yet persevere to play the fool by the force of instinct.—Oh, here come my pair of turtles. What, billing so sweetly? Is not Valentine's day over with you yet?

SCENE VIII.

To him WAITWELL, FOIBLE.

MIRA.

Sirrah, Waitwell, why, sure, you think you were married for your own recreation and not for my conveniency.

WAIT.

Your pardon, sir. With submission, we have indeed been solacing in lawful delights; but still with an eye to business, sir. I have instructed her as well as I could. If she can take your directions as readily as my instructions, sir, your affairs are in a prosperous way.

MIRA.

Give you joy, Mrs. Foible.

FOIB.

O—las, sir, I'm so ashamed.—I'm afraid my lady has been in a thousand inquietudes for me. But I protest, sir, I made as much haste as I could.

WAIT.

That she did indeed, sir. It was my fault that she did not make more.

MIRA.

That I believe.

FOIB.

But I told my lady as you instructed me, sir, that I had a prospect of seeing Sir Rowland, your uncle, and that I would put her ladyship's picture in my pocket to show him, which I'll be sure to say has made him so enamoured of her beauty, that he burns with impatience to lie at her ladyship's feet and worship the original.

MIRA.

Excellent Foible! Matrimony has made you eloquent in love.

WAIT.

I think she has profited, sir. I think so.

FOIB.

You have seen Madam Millamant, sir?

MIRA.

Yes.

FOIB.

I told her, sir, because I did not know that you might find an opportunity; she had so much company last night.

MIRA.

Your diligence will merit more. In the meantime— gives money.

FOIB.

O dear sir, your humble servant.

WAIT.

Spouse -

MIRA.

Stand off, sir, not a penny. Go on and prosper, Foible. The lease shall be made good and the farm stocked, if we succeed.

FOIB.

I don't question your generosity, sir, and you need not doubt of success. If you have no more commands, sir, I'll be gone; I'm sure my lady is at her toilet, and can't dress till I come. Oh dear, I'm sure that *looking out.* was Mrs. Marwood that went by in a mask; if she has seen me with you I m sure she'll tell my lady. I'll make haste home and prevent her. Your servant, Sir.—B'w'y, Waitwell.

SCENE IX.

MIRABELL, WAITWELL.

WAIT.

Sir Rowland, if you please. The jade's so pert upon her preferment she forgets herself.

MIRA.

Come, sir, will you endeavour to forget yourself—and transform into Sir Rowland?

WAIT.

Why, sir, it will be impossible I should remember myself. Married, knighted, and attended all in one day! 'Tis enough to make any man forget himself. The difficulty will be how to recover my acquaintance and familiarity with my former self, and fall from my transformation to a reformation into Waitwell. Nay, I shan't be quite the same Waitwell neither—for now I remember me, I'm married, and can't be my own man again.

Ay, there's my grief; that's the sad change of life:

To lose my title, and yet keep my wife.

Act III

SCENE I.

A room in Lady Wishfort's house.

LADY WISHFORT *at her toilet,* PEG *waiting.*

LADY.

Merciful! No news of Foible yet?

PEG.

No, madam.

LADY.

I have no more patience. If I have not fretted myself till I am pale again, there's no veracity in me. Fetch me the red—the red, do you hear, sweetheart? An errant ash colour, as I'm a person. Look you how this wench stirs! Why dost thou not fetch me a little red? Didst thou not hear me, Mopus?

PEG.

The red ratafia, does your ladyship mean, or the cherry brandy?

LADY.

Ratafia, fool? No, fool. Not the ratafia, fool—grant me patience!—I mean the Spanish paper, idiot; complexion, darling. Paint, paint, paint, dost thou understand that, changeling, dangling thy hands like bobbins before thee? Why dost thou not stir, puppet? Thou wooden thing upon wires!

PEG.

Lord, madam, your ladyship is so impatient.—I cannot come at the paint, madam: Mrs. Foible has locked it up, and carried the key with her.

LADY.

A pox take you both.—Fetch me the cherry brandy then.

SCENE II.

LADY WISHFORT.

LADY.

I'm as pale and as faint, I look like Mrs. Qualmsick, the curate's wife, that's always breeding. Wench, come, come, wench, what art thou doing? Sipping? Tasting? Save thee, dost thou not know the bottle?

SCENE III.

LADY WISHFORT, PEG *with a bottle and china cup.*

PEG.

Madam, I was looking for a cup.

LADY.

A cup, save thee, and what a cup hast thou brought! Dost thou take me for a fairy, to drink out of an acorn? Why didst thou not bring thy thimble? Hast thou ne'er a brass thimble clinking in thy pocket with a bit of nutmeg? I warrant thee. Come, fill, fill. So, again. See who that is. *One knocks.* Set down the bottle first. Here, here, under the table:- what, wouldst thou go with the bottle in thy hand like a tapster? As I'm a person, this wench has lived in an inn upon the road, before she came to me, like Maritornes the Asturian in Don Quixote. No Foible yet?

PEG.

No, madam; Mrs. Marwood.

LADY.

Oh, Marwood: let her come in. Come in, good Marwood.

SCENE IV.

To them MRS MARWOOD.

MRS. MAR.

I'm surprised to find your ladyship in DESHABILLE at this time of day.

LADY.

Foible's a lost thing; has been abroad since morning, and never heard of since.

MRS. MAR.

I saw her but now, as I came masked through the park, in conference with Mirabell.

LADY.

With Mirabell? You call my blood into my face with mentioning that traitor. She durst not have the confidence. I sent her to negotiate an affair, in which if I'm detected I'm undone. If that wheedling villain has wrought upon Foible to detect me, I'm ruined. O my dear friend, I'm a wretch of wretches if I'm detected.

MRS. MAR.

O madam, you cannot suspect Mrs. Foible's integrity.

LADY.

Oh, he carries poison in his tongue that would corrupt integrity itself. If she has given him an opportunity, she has as good as put her integrity into his hands. Ah, dear Marwood, what's integrity to an opportunity? Hark! I hear her. Dear friend, retire into my closet, that I may examine her with more freedom— you'll pardon me, dear friend, I can make bold with you—there are books over the chimney— Quarles and Pryn, and the SHORT VIEW OF THE STAGE, with Bunyan's works to entertain you.—Go, you thing, and send her in. *To* PEG.

SCENE V.

LADY WISHFORT, FOIBLE.

LADY.

O Foible, where hast thou been? What hast thou been doing?

FOIB.

Madam, I have seen the party.

LADY.

But what hast thou done?

FOIB.

Nay, 'tis your ladyship has done, and are to do; I have only promised. But a man so enamoured—so transported! Well, if worshipping of pictures be a sin—poor Sir Rowland, I say.

LADY.

The miniature has been counted like. But hast thou not betrayed me, Foible? Hast thou not detected me to that faithless Mirabell? What hast thou to do with him in the park? Answer me, has he got nothing out of thee?

FOIB.

So, the devil has been beforehand with me; what shall I say?—Alas, madam, could I help it, if I met that confident thing? Was I in fault? If you had heard how he used me, and all upon your ladyship's account, I'm sure you would not suspect my fidelity. Nay, if that had been the worst I could have borne: but he had a fling at your ladyship too, and then I could not hold; but, i'faith I gave him his own.

LADY.

Me? What did the filthy fellow say?

FOIB.

O madam, 'tis a shame to say what he said, with his taunts and his fleers, tossing up his nose. Humh, says he, what, you are a-hatching some plot, says he, you are so early abroad, or catering, says he, ferreting for some disbanded officer, I warrant. Half pay is but thin subsistence, says he. Well, what pension does your lady propose? Let me see, says he, what, she must come down pretty deep now, she's superannuated, says he, and -

LADY.

Ods my life, I'll have him—I'll have him murdered. I'll have him poisoned. Where does he eat? I'll marry a drawer to have him poisoned in his wine. I'll send for Robin from Locket's— immediately.

FOIB.

Poison him? Poisoning's too good for him. Starve him, madam, starve him; marry Sir Rowland, and get him disinherited. Oh, you would bless yourself to hear what he said.

LADY.

A villain; superannuated?

FOIB.

Humh, says he, I hear you are laying designs against me too, says he, and Mrs. Millamant is to marry my uncle (he does not suspect a word of your ladyship); but, says he, I'll fit you for that, I warrant you, says he, I'll hamper you for that, says he, you and your old frippery too, says he, I'll handle you -

LADY.

Audacious villain! Handle me? Would he durst? Frippery? Old frippery? Was there ever such a foul-mouthed fellow? I'll be married to-morrow, I'll be contracted tonight.

FOIB.

The sooner the better, madam.

LADY.

Will Sir Rowland be here, say'st thou? When, Foible?

FOIB.

Incontinently, madam. No new sheriff's wife expects the return of her husband after knighthood with that impatience in which Sir Rowland burns for the dear hour of kissing your ladyship's hand after dinner.

LADY.

Frippery? Superannuated frippery? I'll frippery the villain; I'll reduce him to frippery and rags, a tatterdemalion!—I hope to see him hung with tatters, like a Long Lane pent-house, or a gibbet thief. A slander-mouthed railer! I warrant the spendthrift prodigal's in debt as much as the million lottery, or the whole court upon a birthday. I'll spoil his cr with his tailor. Yes, he shall have my niece with her fortune, he shall.

FOIB.

He? I hope to see him lodge in Ludgate first, and angle into Blackfriars for brass farthings with an old mitten.

LADY.

Ay, dear Foible; thank thee for that, dear Foible. He has put me out of all patience. I shall never recompose my features to receive Sir Rowland with any economy of face. This wretch has fretted me that I am absolutely decayed. Look, Foible.

FOIB.

Your ladyship has frowned a little too rashly, indeed, madam. There are some cracks discernible in the white vernish.

LADY.

Let me see the glass. Cracks, say'st thou? Why, I am arrantly flayed: I look like an old peeled wall. Thou must repair me, Foible, before Sir Rowland comes, or I shall never keep up to my picture.

FOIB.

I warrant you, madam: a little art once made your picture like you, and now a little of the same art must make you like your picture. Your picture must sit for you, madam.

LADY.

But art thou sure Sir Rowland will not fail to come? Or will a not fail when he does come? Will he be importunate, Foible, and push? For if he should not be importunate I shall never break decorums. I shall die with confusion if I am forced to advance—oh no, I can never advance; I shall swoon if he should expect advances. No, I hope Sir Rowland is better bred than to put a lady to the necessity of breaking her forms. I won't be too coy neither—I won't give him despair. But a little disdain is not amiss; a little scorn is alluring.

FOIB.

A little scorn becomes your ladyship.

LADY.

Yes, but tenderness becomes me best—a sort of a dyingness. You see that picture has a sort of a—ha, Foible? A swimmingness in the eyes. Yes, I'll look so. My niece affects it; but she wants features. Is Sir Rowland handsome? Let my toilet be removed—I'll dress above. I'll receive Sir Rowland here. Is he handsome? Don't answer me. I won't know; I'll be surprised. I'll be taken by surprise.

FOIB.

By storm, madam. Sir Rowland's a brisk man.

LADY.

Is he? Oh, then, he'll importune, if he's a brisk man. I shall save decorums if Sir Rowland importunes. I have a mortal terror at the apprehension of offending against decorums. Oh, I'm glad he's a brisk man. Let my things be removed, good Foible.

SCENE VI.

MRS. FAINALL, FOIBLE.

MRS. FAIN.

O Foible, I have been in a fright, lest I should come too late. That devil, Marwood, saw you in the park with Mirabell, and I'm afraid will discover it to my lady. FOIB. Discover what, madam?

MRS. FAIN.

Nay, nay, put not on that strange face. I am privy to the whole design, and know that Waitwell, to whom thou wert this morning married, is to personate Mirabell's uncle, and, as such winning my lady, to involve her in those difficulties from which Mirabell only must release her, by his making his conditions to have my cousin and her fortune left to her own disposal.

FOIB.

O dear madam, I beg your pardon. It was not my confidence in your ladyship that was deficient; but I thought the former good correspondence between your ladyship and Mr. Mirabell might have hindered his communicating this secret.

MRS. FAIN.

Dear Foible, forget that.

FOIB.

O dear madam, Mr. Mirabell is such a sweet winning gentleman. But your ladyship is the pattern of generosity. Sweet lady, to be so good! Mr. Mirabell cannot choose but be grateful. I find your ladyship has his heart still. Now, madam, I can safely tell your ladyship our success: Mrs. Marwood had told my lady, but I warrant I managed myself. I turned it all for the better. I told my lady that Mr. Mirabell railed at her. I laid horrid things to his charge, I'll vow; and my lady is so incensed that she'll be contracted to Sir Rowland to-night, she says; I warrant I worked her up that he may have her for asking for, as they say of a Welsh maidenhead.

MRS. FAIN.

O rare Foible!

FOIB.

Madam, I beg your ladyship to acquaint Mr. Mirabell of his success. I would be seen as little as possible to speak to him— besides, I believe Madam Marwood watches me. She has a month's mind; but I know Mr. Mirabell can't abide her. *Calls.* John, remove my lady's toilet. Madam, your servant. My lady is so impatient, I fear she'll come for me, if I stay.

MRS. FAIN.

I'll go with you up the back stairs, lest I should meet her.

SCENE VII.

MRS. MARWOOD *alone.*

MRS. MAR.

Indeed, Mrs. Engine, is it thus with you? Are you become a go-between of this importance? Yes, I shall watch you. Why this wench is the PASSE-PARTOUT, a very master-key to everybody's strong box. My friend Fainall, have you carried it so swimmingly? I

thought there was something in it; but it seems it's over with you. Your loathing is not from a want of appetite then, but from a surfeit. Else you could never be so cool to fall from a principal to be an assistant, to procure for him! A pattern of generosity, that I confess. Well, Mr. Fainall, you have met with your match.—O man, man! Woman, woman! The devil's an ass: if I were a painter, I would draw him like an idiot, a driveller with a bib and bells. Man should have his head and horns, and woman the rest of him. Poor, simple fiend! 'Madam Marwood has a month's mind, but he can't abide her.' 'Twere better for him you had not been his confessor in that affair, without you could have kept his counsel closer. I shall not prove another pattern of generosity; he has not obliged me to that with those excesses of himself, and now I'll have none of him. Here comes the good lady, panting ripe, with a heart full of hope, and a head full of care, like any chymist upon the day of projection.

SCENE VIII.

To her LADY WISHFORT.

LADY.

O dear Marwood, what shall I say for this rude forgetfulness? But my dear friend is all goodness.

MRS. MAR.

No apologies, dear madam. I have been very well entertained.

LADY.

As I'm a person, I am in a very chaos to think I should so forget myself. But I have such an olio of affairs, really I know not what to do. *Calls.* Foible!—I expect my nephew Sir Wilfull ev'ry moment too.—Why, Foible!—He means to travel for improvement.

MRS. MAR.

Methinks Sir Wilfull should rather think of marrying than travelling at his years. I hear he is turned of forty.

LADY.

Oh, he's in less danger of being spoiled by his travels. I am against my nephew's marrying too young. It will be time enough when he comes back, and has acquired discretion to choose for himself.

MRS. MAR.

Methinks Mrs. Millamant and he would make a very fit match. He may travel afterwards. 'Tis a thing very usual with young gentlemen.

LADY.

I promise you I have thought on't—and since 'tis your judgment, I'll think on't again. I assure you I will; I value your judgment extremely. On my word, I'll propose it.

SCENE IX.

To them FOIBLE.

LADY.

Come, come, Foible—I had forgot my nephew will be here before dinner—I must make haste.

FOIB.

Mr. Witwoud and Mr. Petulant are come to dine with your ladyship.

LADY.

Oh dear, I can't appear till I am dressed. Dear Marwood, shall I be free with you again, and beg you to entertain em? I'll make all imaginable haste. Dear friend, excuse me.

SCENE X.

MRS. MARWOOD, MRS. MILLAMANT, MINCING.

MILLA.

Sure, never anything was so unbred as that odious man. Marwood, your servant.

MRS. MAR.

You have a colour; what's the matter?

MILLA.

That horrid fellow Petulant has provoked me into a flame—I have broke my fan— Mincing, lend me yours.—Is not all the powder out of my hair?

MRS. MAR.

No. What has he done?

MILLA.

Nay, he has done nothing; he has only talked. Nay, he has said nothing neither; but he has contradicted everything that has been said. For my part, I thought Witwoud and he would have quarrelled.

MINC.

I vow, mem, I thought once they would have fit.

MILLA.

Well, 'tis a lamentable thing, I swear, that one has not the liberty of choosing one's acquaintance as one does one's clothes. MRS. MAR. If we had that liberty, we should be as weary of one set of acquaintance, though never so good, as we are of one suit, though never so fine. A fool and a doily stuff would now and then find days of grace, and be worn for variety.

MILLA.

I could consent to wear 'em, if they would wear alike; but fools never wear out. They are such DRAP DE BERRI things! Without one could give 'em to one's chambermaid after a day or two.

MRS. MAR.

'Twere better so indeed. Or what think you of the playhouse? A fine gay glossy fool should be given there, like a new masking habit, after the masquerade is over, and we have done with the disguise. For a fool's visit is always a disguise, and never admitted by a woman of wit, but to blind her affair with a lover of sense. If you would but appear barefaced now, and own Mirabell, you might as easily put off Petulant and Witwoud as your hood and scarf. And indeed 'tis time, for the town has found it, the secret is grown too big for the pretence. 'Tis like Mrs. Primly's great belly: she may lace it down before, but it burnishes on her hips. Indeed, Millamant, you can no more conceal it than my Lady Strammel can her face, that goodly face, which in defiance of her Rhenish-wine tea will not be comprehended in a mask.

MILLA.

I'll take my death, Marwood, you are more censorious than a decayed beauty, or a discarded toast:- Mincing, tell the men they may come up. My aunt is not dressing here; their folly is less provoking than your malice.

SCENE XI.

MRS. MILLAMANT, MRS. MARWOOD.

MILLA.

The town has found it? What has it found? That Mirabell loves me is no more a secret than it is a secret that you discovered it to my aunt, or than the reason why you discovered it is a secret.

MRS. MAR.

You are nettled.

MILLA.

You're mistaken. Ridiculous!

MRS. MAR.

Indeed, my dear, you'll tear another fan, if you don't mitigate those violent airs.

MILLA.

O silly! Ha, ha, ha! I could laugh immoderately. Poor Mirabell! His constancy to me has quite destroyed his complaisance for all the world beside. I swear I never enjoined it him to be so coy. If I had the vanity to think he would obey me, I would command him to show more gallantry: 'tis hardly well-bred to be so particular on one hand and so insensible on the other. But I despair to prevail, and so let him follow his own way. Ha, ha, ha! Pardon me, dear creature, I must laugh; ha, ha, ha! Though I grant you 'tis a little barbarous; ha, ha, ha!

MRS. MAR.

What pity 'tis so much fine raillery, and delivered with so significant gesture, should be so unhappily directed to miscarry.

MILLA.

Heh? Dear creature, I ask your pardon. I swear I did not mind you.

MRS. MAR.

Mr. Mirabell and you both may think it a thing impossible, when I shall tell him by telling you -

MILLA.

Oh dear, what? For it is the same thing, if I hear it. Ha, ha, ha!

MRS. MAR.

That I detest him, hate him, madam.

MILLA.

O madam, why, so do I. And yet the creature loves me, ha, ha, ha! How can one forbear laughing to think of it? I am a sibyl if I am not amazed to think what he can see in me. I'll take my death, I think you are handsomer, and within a year or two as young. If you could but stay for me, I should overtake you—but that cannot be. Well, that thought makes me melancholic.—Now I'll be sad.

MRS. MAR.

Your merry note may be changed sooner than you think.

MILLA.

D'ye say so? Then I'm resolved I'll have a song to keep up my spirits.

SCENE XII.

To them MINCING.

MINC.

The gentlemen stay but to comb, madam, and will wait on you.

MILLA.

Desire Mrs.—that is in the next room, to sing the song I would have learnt yesterday. You shall hear it, madam. Not that there's any great matter in it—but 'tis agreeable to my humour.

SONG.

Set by Mr. John Eccles.

I

Love's but the frailty of the mind

When 'tis not with ambition joined;

A sickly flame, which if not fed expires,

And feeding, wastes in self-consuming fires.

II

'Tis not to wound a wanton boy

Or am'rous youth, that gives the joy;

But 'tis the glory to have pierced a swain

For whom inferior beauties sighed in vain.

III

Then I alone the conquest prize,

When I insult a rival's eyes;

If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see

That heart, which others bleed for, bleed for me.

SCENE XIII.

To them PETULANT, WITWOUD.

MILLA.

Is your animosity composed, gentlemen?

WIT.

Raillery, raillery, madam; we have no animosity. We hit off a little wit now and then, but no animosity. The falling out of wits is like the falling out of lovers:- we agree in the main, like treble and bass. Ha, Petulant?

PET.

Ay, in the main. But when I have a humour to contradict -

WIT.

Ay, when he has a humour to contradict, then I contradict too. What, I know my cue. Then we contradict one another like two battledores; for contradictions beget one another like Jews.

PET.

If he says black's black—if I have a humour to say 'tis blue—let that pass—all's one for that. If I have a humour to prove it, it must be granted.

WIT.

Not positively must. But it may; it may.

PET.

Yes, it positively must, upon proof positive.

WIT.

Ay, upon proof positive it must; but upon proof presumptive it only may. That's a logical distinction now, madam.

MRS. MAR.

I perceive your debates are of importance, and very learnedly handled.

PET.

Importance is one thing and learning's another; but a debate's a debate, that I assert.

WIT.

Petulant's an enemy to learning; he relies altogether on his parts.

PET.

No, I'm no enemy to learning; it hurts not me.

MRS. MAR.

That's a sign, indeed, it's no enemy to you.

PET.

No, no, it's no enemy to anybody but them that have it.

MILLA.

Well, an illiterate man's my aversion; I wonder at the impudence of any illiterate man to offer to make love.

WIT.

That I confess I wonder at, too.

MILLA.

Ah, to marry an ignorant that can hardly read or write!

PET.

Why should a man be any further from being married, though he can't read, than he is from being hanged? The ordinary's paid for setting the psalm, and the parish priest for reading the ceremony. And for the rest which is to follow in both cases, a man may do it without book. So all's one for that.

MILLA.

D'ye hear the creature? Lord, here's company; I'll begone.

SCENE XIV.

SIR WILFULL WITWOUD *in a riding dress,* MRS. MARWOOD, PETULANT, WITWOUD, FOOTMAN.

WIT.

In the name of Bartlemew and his Fair, what have we here?

MRS. MAR.

'Tis your brother, I fancy. Don't you know him?

WIT.

Not I: yes, I think it is he. I've almost forgot him; I have not seen him since the revolution.

FOOT.

Sir, my lady's dressing. Here's company, if you please to walk in, in the meantime.

SIR WIL.

Dressing! What, it's but morning here, I warrant, with you in London; we should count it towards afternoon in our parts down in Shropshire:- why, then, belike my aunt han't dined yet. Ha, friend?

FOOT.

Your aunt, sir?

SIR WIL.

My aunt, sir? Yes my aunt, sir, and your lady, sir; your lady is my aunt, sir. Why, what dost thou not know me, friend? Why, then, send somebody hither that does. How long hast thou lived with thy lady, fellow, ha?

FOOT.

A week, sir; longer than anybody in the house, except my lady's woman.

SIR WIL.

Why, then, belike thou dost not know thy lady, if thou seest her. Ha, friend?

FOOT.

Why, truly, sir, I cannot safely swear to her face in a morning, before she is dressed. 'Tis like I may give a shrewd guess at her by this time.

SIR WIL.

Well, prithee try what thou canst do; if thou canst not guess, enquire her out, dost hear, fellow? And tell her her nephew, Sir Wilfull Witwoud, is in the house.

FOOT.

I shall, sir.

SIR WIL.

Hold ye, hear me, friend, a word with you in your ear: prithee who are these gallants?

FOOT.

Really, sir, I can't tell; here come so many here, 'tis hard to know 'em all.

SCENE XV.

SIR WILFULL WITWOUD, PETULANT, WITWOUD, MRS. MARWOOD.

SIR WIL.

Oons, this fellow knows less than a starling: I don't think a knows his own name.

MRS. MAR.

Mr. Witwoud, your brother is not behindhand in forgetfulness. I fancy he has forgot you too.

WIT.

I hope so. The devil take him that remembers first, I say.

SIR WIL.

Save you, gentlemen and lady.

MRS. MAR.

For shame, Mr. Witwoud; why won't you speak to him?—And you, sir.

WIT.

Petulant, speak.

PET.

And you, sir.

SIR WIL.

No offence, I hope? *Salutes* MARWOOD.

MRS. MAR.

No, sure, sir.

WIT.

This is a vile dog, I see that already. No offence? Ha, ha, ha. To him, to him, Petulant, smoke him.

PET.

It seems as if you had come a journey, sir; hem, hem. Surveying him round.

SIR WIL.

Very likely, sir, that it may seem so.

PET.

No offence, I hope, sir?

WIT.

Smoke the boots, the boots, Petulant, the boots; ha, ha, ha!

SIR WILL.

Maybe not, sir; thereafter as 'tis meant, sir.

PET.

Sir, I presume upon the information of your boots.

SIR WIL.

Why, 'tis like you may, sir: if you are not satisfied with the information of my boots, sir, if you will step to the stable, you may enquire further of my horse, sir.

PET.

Your horse, sir! Your horse is an ass, sir!

SIR WIL.

Do you speak by way of offence, sir?

MRS. MAR.

The gentleman's merry, that's all, sir. 'Slife, we shall have a quarrel betwixt an horse and an ass, before they find one another out.—You must not take anything amiss from your friends, sir. You are among your friends here, though it—may be you don't know it. If I am not mistaken, you are Sir Wilfull Witwoud?

SIR WIL.

Right, lady; I am Sir Wilfull Witwoud, so I write myself; no offence to anybody, I hope? and nephew to the Lady Wishfort of this mansion.

MRS. MAR.

Don't you know this gentleman, sir?

SIR WIL.

Hum! What, sure 'tis not—yea by'r lady but 'tis— 'sheart, I know not whether 'tis or no. Yea, but 'tis, by the Wrekin. Brother Antony! What, Tony, i'faith! What, dost thou not know me? By'r lady, nor I thee, thou art so becravated and so beperiwigged. 'Sheart, why dost not speak? Art thou o'erjoyed?

WIT.

Odso, brother, is it you? Your servant, brother.

SIR WIL.

Your servant? Why, yours, sir. Your servant again— 'sheart, and your friend and servant to that—and a— *puff* and a flap-dragon for your service, sir, and a hare's foot and a hare's scut for your service, sir, an you be so cold and so courtly!

WIT.

No offence, I hope, brother?

SIR WIL.

'Sheart, sir, but there is, and much offence. A pox, is this your inns o' court breeding, not to know your friends and your relations, your elders, and your betters?

WIT.

Why, brother Wilfull of Salop, you may be as short as a Shrewsbury cake, if you please. But I tell you 'tis not modish to know relations in town. You think you're in the country, where great lubberly brothers slabber and kiss one another when they meet, like a call of sergeants. 'Tis not the fashion here; 'tis not, indeed, dear brother.

SIR WIL.

The fashion's a fool and you're a fop, dear brother. 'Sheart, I've suspected this— by'r lady I conjectured you were a fop, since you began to change the style of your letters, and write in a scrap of paper gilt round the edges, no bigger than a subpoena. I might expect this when you left off 'Honoured brother,' and 'Hoping you are in good health,' and so forth, to begin with a 'Rat me, knight, I'm so sick of a last night's debauch.' Ods heart, and then tell a familiar tale of a cock and a bull, and a whore and a bottle, and so conclude. You could write news before you were out of your time, when you lived with honest Pumple-Nose, the attorney of Furnival's Inn. You could intreat to be remembered then to your friends round the Wrekin. We could have Gazettes then, and Dawks's Letter, and the Weekly Bill, till of late days.

PET.

'Slife, Witwoud, were you ever an attorney's clerk? Of the family of the Furnivals? Ha, ha, ha!

WIT.

Ay, ay, but that was but for a while. Not long, not long; pshaw, I was not in my own power then. An orphan, and this fellow was my guardian; ay, ay, I was glad to consent to that man to come to London. He had the disposal of me then. If I had not agreed to that, I might have been bound prentice to a feltmaker in Shrewsbury: this fellow would have bound me to a maker of felts.

SIR WIL.

'Sheart, and better than to be bound to a maker of fops, where, I suppose, you have served your time, and now you may set up for yourself.

MRS. MAR.

You intend to travel, sir, as I'm informed?

SIR WIL.

Belike I may, madam. I may chance to sail upon the salt seas, if my mind hold.

PET.

And the wind serve.

SIR WIL.

Serve or not serve, I shan't ask license of you, sir, nor the weathercock your companion. I direct my discourse to the lady, sir. 'Tis like my aunt may have told you, madam? Yes, I have settled my concerns, I may say now, and am minded to see foreign parts. If an how that the peace holds, whereby, that is, taxes abate.

MRS. MAR.

I thought you had designed for France at all adventures.

SIR WIL.

I can't tell that; 'tis like I may, and 'tis like I may not. I am somewhat dainty in making a resolution, because when I make it I keep it. I don't stand shill I, shall I, then; if I say't, I'll do't. But I have thoughts to tarry a small matter in town, to learn somewhat

of your lingo first, before I cross the seas. I'd gladly have a spice of your French as they say, whereby to hold discourse in foreign countries.

MRS. MAR.

Here's an academy in town for that use.

SIR WIL.

There is? 'Tis like there may.

MRS. MAR.

No doubt you will return very much improved.

WIT.

Yes, refined like a Dutch skipper from a whale-fishing.

SCENE XVI.

To them LADY WISHFORT and FAINALL.

LADY.

Nephew, you are welcome.

SIR WIL.

Aunt, your servant.

FAIN.

Sir Wilfull, your most faithful servant.

SIR WIL.

Cousin Fainall, give me your hand.

LADY.

Cousin Witwoud, your servant; Mr. Petulant, your servant. Nephew, you are welcome again. Will you drink anything after your journey, nephew, before you eat? Dinner's almost ready.

SIR WIL.

I'm very well, I thank you, aunt. However, I thank you for your courteous offer. 'Sheart, I was afraid you would have been in the fashion too, and have remembered to have forgot your relations. Here's your cousin Tony, belike, I mayn't call him brother for fear of offence.

LADY.

Oh, he's a rallier, nephew. My cousin's a wit: and your great wits always rally their best friends to choose. When you have been abroad, nephew, you'll understand raillery better. FAINALL *and* MRS. MARWOOD *talk apart*.

SIR WIL.

Why, then, let him hold his tongue in the meantime, and rail when that day comes.

SCENE XVII.

To them MINCING.

MINC.

Mem, I come to acquaint your laship that dinner is impatient.

SIR WIL.

Impatient? Why, then, belike it won't stay till I pull off my boots. Sweetheart, can you help me to a pair of slippers? My man's with his horses, I warrant.

LADY.

Fie, fie, nephew, you would not pull off your boots here? Go down into the hall:- dinner shall stay for you. My nephew's a little unbred: you'll pardon him, madam. Gentlemen, will you walk? Marwood?

MRS. MAR.

I'll follow you, madam,—before Sir Wilfull is ready.

SCENE XVIII.

MRS. MARWOOD, FAINALL.

FAIN.

Why, then, Foible's a bawd, an errant, rank match-making bawd. And I, it seems, am a husband, a rank husband, and my wife a very errant, rank wife,—all in the way of the world. 'Sdeath, to be a cuckold by anticipation, a cuckold in embryo! Sure I was born with budding antlers like a young satyr, or a citizen's child, 'sdeath, to be out-witted, to be out-jilted, out-matrimonied. If I had kept my speed like a stag, 'twere somewhat, but to crawl after, with my horns like a snail, and be outstripped by my wife—'tis scurvy wedlock.

MRS. MAR.

Then shake it off: you have often wished for an opportunity to part, and now you have it. But first prevent their plot:- the half of Millamant's fortune is too considerable to be parted with to a foe, to Mirabell.

FAIN.

Damn him, that had been mine—had you not made that fond discovery. That had been forfeited, had they been married. My wife had added lustre to my horns by that increase of fortune: I could have worn 'em tipt with gold, though my forehead had been furnished like a deputy-lieutenant's hall.

MRS. MAR.

They may prove a cap of maintenance to you still, if you can away with your wife. And she's no worse than when you had her:- I dare swear she had given up her game before she was married.

FAIN.

Hum! That may be -

MRS. MAR.

You married her to keep you; and if you can contrive to have her keep you better than you expected, why should you not keep her longer than you intended?

FAIN.

The means, the means?

MRS. MAR.

Discover to my lady your wife's conduct; threaten to part with her. My lady loves her, and will come to any composition to save her reputation. Take the opportunity of breaking it just upon the discovery of this imposture. My lady will be enraged beyond bounds, and sacrifice niece, and fortune and all at that conjuncture. And let me alone to keep her warm: if she should flag in her part, I will not fail to prompt her.

FAIN.

Faith, this has an appearance.

MRS. MAR.

I'm sorry I hinted to my lady to endeavour a match between Millamant and Sir Wilfull; that may be an obstacle.

FAIN.

Oh, for that matter, leave me to manage him; I'll disable him for that, he will drink like a Dane. After dinner I'll set his hand in.

MRS. MAR.

Well, how do you stand affected towards your lady?

FAIN.

Why, faith, I'm thinking of it. Let me see. I am married already; so that's over. My wife has played the jade with me; well, that's over too. I never loved her, or if I had, why that would have been over too by this time. Jealous of her I cannot be, for I am certain; so there's an end of jealousy. Weary of her I am and shall be. No, there's no end of that; no, no, that were too much to hope. Thus far concerning my repose. Now for my reputation: as to my own, I married not for it; so that's out of the question. And as to my part in my wife's—why, she had parted with hers before; so, bringing none to me, she can take none from me: 'tis against all rule of play that I should lose to one who has not wherewithal to stake.

MRS. MAR.

Besides you forget, marriage is honourable.

FAIN.

Hum! Faith, and that's well thought on: marriage is honourable, as you say; and if so, wherefore should cuckoldom be a discr, being derived from so honourable a root?

MRS. MAR.

Nay, I know not; if the root be honourable, why not the branches?

FAIN.

So, so; why this point's clear. Well, how do we proceed?

MRS. MAR.

I will contrive a letter which shall be delivered to my lady at the time when that rascal who is to act Sir Rowland is with her. It shall come as from an unknown hand—for the less I appear to know of the truth the better I can play the incendiary. Besides, I would not have Foible provoked if I could help it, because, you know, she knows some passages. Nay, I expect all will come out. But let the mine be sprung first, and then I care not if I am discovered.

FAIN.

If the worst come to the worst, I'll turn my wife to grass. I have already a deed of settlement of the best part of her estate, which I wheedled out of her, and that you shall partake at least.

MRS. MAR.

I hope you are convinced that I hate Mirabell now? You'll be no more jealous?

FAIN.

Jealous? No, by this kiss. Let husbands be jealous, but let the lover still believe: or if he doubt, let it be only to endear his pleasure, and prepare the joy that follows, when he proves his mistress true. But let husbands' doubts convert to endless jealousy; or if they have belief, let it corrupt to superstition and blind credulity. I am single and will herd no more with 'em. True, I wear the badge, but I'll disown the order. And since I take my leave of 'em, I care not if I leave 'em a common motto to their common crest. All husbands must or pain or shame endure; The wise too jealous are, fools too secure.

Act IV

SCENE I.

Scene Continues.

LADY WISHFORT *and* FOIBLE.

LADY.

Is Sir Rowland coming, say'st thou, Foible? And are things in order?

FOIB.

Yes, madam. I have put wax-lights in the sconces, and placed the footmen in a row in the hall, in their best liveries, with the coachman and postillion to fill up the equipage.

LADY.

Have you pulvilled the coachman and postillion, that they may not stink of the stable when Sir Rowland comes by?

FOIB.

Yes, madam.

LADY.

And are the dancers and the music ready, that he may be entertained in all points with correspondence to his passion?

FOIB.

All is ready, madam.

LADY.

And—well—and how do I look, Foible?

FOIB.

Most killing well, madam.

LADY.

Well, and how shall I receive him? In what figure shall I give his heart the first impression? There is a great deal in the first impression. Shall I sit? No, I won't sit, I'll walk,—ay, I'll walk from the door upon his entrance, and then turn full upon him. No, that will be too sudden. I'll lie,—ay, I'll lie down. I'll receive him in my little dressing-room; there's a couch—yes, yes, I'll give the first impression on a couch. I won't lie neither, but loll and lean upon one elbow, with one foot a little dangling off, jogging in a thoughtful way. Yes; and then as soon as he appears, start, ay, start and be surprised, and rise to meet him in a pretty disorder.

Yes; oh, nothing is more alluring than a levee from a couch in some confusion. It shows the foot to advantage, and furnishes with blushes and re-composing airs beyond comparison. Hark! There's a coach.

FOIB.

'Tis he, madam.

LADY.

Oh dear, has my nephew made his addresses to Millamant? I ordered him.

FOIB.

Sir Wilfull is set in to drinking, madam, in the parlour.

LADY.

Ods my life, I'll send him to her. Call her down, Foible; bring her hither. I'll send him as I go. When they are together, then come to me, Foible, that I may not be too long alone with Sir Rowland.

SCENE II.

MRS. MILLAMANT, MRS. FAINALL, FOIBLE.

FOIB.

Madam, I stayed here to tell your ladyship that Mr. Mirabell has waited this half hour for an opportunity to talk with you; though my lady's orders were to leave you and Sir Wilfull together. Shall I tell Mr. Mirabell that you are at leisure?

MILLA.

No. What would the dear man have? I am thoughtful and would amuse myself; bid him come another time. There never yet was woman made, Nor shall, but to be cursed. *Repeating and walking about*. That's hard!

MRS. FAIN.

You are very fond of Sir John Suckling to-day, Millamant, and the poets.

MILLA.

He? Ay, and filthy verses. So I am.

FOIB.

Sir Wilfull is coming, madam. Shall I send Mr. Mirabell away?

MILLA.

Ay, if you please, Foible, send him away, or send him hither, just as you will, dear Foible. I think I'll see him. Shall I? Ay, let the wretch come.

Thyrsis, a youth of the inspired train. *Repeating*

Dear Fainall, entertain Sir Wilfull:— thou hast philosophy to undergo a fool; thou art married and hast patience. I would confer with my own thoughts.

MRS. FAIN. I am obliged to you that you would make me your proxy in this affair, but I have business of my own.

SCENE III.

To them SIR WILFULL.

MRS. FAIN.

O Sir Wilfull, you are come at the critical instant. There's your mistress up to the ears in love and contemplation; pursue your point, now or never.

SIR WIL.

Yes, my aunt will have it so. I would gladly have been encouraged with a bottle or two, because I'm somewhat wary at first, before I am acquainted. *This while* MILLAMANT *walks about repeating* to herself. *But I hope, after a time, I shall break my mind—that* is, upon further acquaintance.—So for the present, cousin, I'll take my leave. If so be you'll be so kind to make my excuse, I'll return to my company -

MRS. FAIN.

Oh, fie, Sir Wilfull! What, you must not be daunted.

SIR WIL.

Daunted? No, that's not it; it is not so much for that— for if so be that I set on't I'll do't. But only for the present, 'tis sufficient till further acquaintance, that's all— your servant.

MRS. FAIN.

Nay, I'll swear you shall never lose so favourable an opportunity, if I can help it. I'll leave you together and lock the door.

SCENE IV.

SIR WILFULL, MILLAMANT.

SIR WIL.

Nay, nay, cousin. I have forgot my gloves. What d'ye do? 'Sheart, a has locked the door indeed, I think.—Nay, cousin Fainall, open the door. Pshaw, what a vixen trick is this? Nay, now a has seen me too.—Cousin, I made bold to pass through as it were—I think this door's enchanted.

MILLA.

repeating :—

I prithee spare me, gentle boy, Press me no more for that slight toy.

SIR WIL.

Anan? Cousin, your servant.

MILLA.

That foolish trifle of a heart - Sir Wilfull!

SIR WIL.

Yes—your servant. No offence, I hope, cousin?

MILLA.

repeating :—

I swear it will not do its part, Though thou dost thine, employ'st thy power and art. Natural, easy Suckling!

SIR WIL.

Anan? Suckling? No such suckling neither, cousin, nor stripling: I thank heaven I'm no minor.

MILLA.

Ah, rustic, ruder than Gothic.

SIR WIL.

Well, well, I shall understand your lingo one of these days, cousin; in the meanwhile I must answer in plain English.

MILLA.

Have you any business with me, Sir Wilfull?

SIR WIL.

Not at present, cousin. Yes, I made bold to see, to come and know if that how you were disposed to fetch a walk this evening; if so be that I might not be troublesome, I would have sought a walk with you.

MILLA.

A walk? What then?

SIR WIL.

Nay, nothing. Only for the walk's sake, that's all.

MILLA.

I nauseate walking: 'tis a country diversion; I loathe the country and everything that relates to it.

SIR WIL.

Indeed! Hah! Look ye, look ye, you do? Nay, 'tis like you may. Here are choice of pastimes here in town, as plays and the like, that must be confessed indeed -

MILLA.

Ah, L'ETOURDI! I hate the town too.

SIR WIL.

Dear heart, that's much. Hah! that you should hate 'em both! Hah! 'tis like you may! There are some can't relish the town, and others can't away with the country, 'tis like you may be one of those, cousin.

MILLA.

Ha, ha, ha! Yes, 'tis like I may. You have nothing further to say to me?

SIR WIL.

Not at present, cousin. 'Tis like when I have an opportunity to be more private—I may break my mind in some measure—I conjecture you partly guess. However, that's as time shall try. But spare to speak and spare to speed, as they say.

MILLA.

If it is of no great importance, Sir Wilfull, you will oblige me to leave me: I have just now a little business.

SIR WIL.

Enough, enough, cousin. Yes, yes, all a case. When you're disposed, when you're disposed. Now's as well as another time; and

another time as well as now. All's one for that. Yes, yes; if your concerns call you, there's no haste: it will keep cold as they say. Cousin, your servant. I think this door's locked.

MILLA.

You may go this way, sir.

SIR WIL.

Your servant; then with your leave I'll return to my company.

MILLA.

Ay, ay; ha, ha, ha!

Like Phoebus sung the no less am'rous boy.

SCENE V.

MRS. MILLAMANT, MIRABELL.

MIRA.

Like Daphne she, as lovely and as coy. Do you lock yourself up from me, to make my search more curious? Or is this pretty artifice contrived, to signify that here the chase must end, and my pursuit be crowned, for you can fly no further?

MILLA.

Vanity! No—I'll fly and be followed to the last moment; though I am upon the very verge of matrimony, I expect you should solicit me as much as if I were wavering at the grate of a monastery, with one foot over the threshold. I'll be solicited to the very last; nay, and afterwards.

MIRA.

What, after the last?

MILLA.

Oh, I should think I was poor and had nothing to bestow if I were reduced to an inglorious ease, and freed from the agreeable fatigues of solicitation.

MIRA.

But do not you know that when favours are conferred upon instant and tedious solicitation, that they diminish in their value, and that both the giver loses the grace, and the receiver lessens his pleasure?

MILLA.

It may be in things of common application, but never, sure, in love. Oh, I hate a lover that can dare to think he draws a moment's air independent on the bounty of his mistress. There is not so impudent a thing in nature as the saucy look of an assured man confident of success: the pedantic arrogance of a very husband has not so pragmatical an air. Ah, I'll never marry, unless I am first made sure of my will and pleasure.

MIRA.

Would you have 'em both before marriage? Or will you be contented with the first now, and stay for the other till after grace?

MILLA.

Ah, don't be impertinent. My dear liberty, shall I leave thee? My faithful solitude, my darling contemplation, must I bid you then adieu? Ay-h, adieu. My morning thoughts, agreeable wakings, indolent slumbers, all ye DOUCEURS, ye SOMMEILS DU MATIN,

adieu. I can't do't, 'tis more than impossible—positively, Mirabell, I'll lie a-bed in a morning as long as I please.

MIRA.

Then I'll get up in a morning as early as I please.

MILLA.

Ah! Idle creature, get up when you will. And d'ye hear, I won't be called names after I'm married; positively I won't be called names.

MIRA.

Names?

MILLA.

Ay, as wife, spouse, my dear, joy, jewel, love, sweet-heart, and the rest of that nauseous cant, in which men and their wives are so fulsomely familiar—I shall never bear that. Good Mirabell, don't let us be familiar or fond, nor kiss before folks, like my Lady Fadler and Sir Francis; nor go to Hyde Park together the first Sunday in a new chariot, to provoke eyes and whispers, and then never be seen there together again, as if we were proud of one another the first week, and ashamed of one another ever after. Let us never visit together, nor go to a play together, but let us be very strange and well-bred. Let us be as strange as if we had been married a great while, and as well-bred as if we were not married at all.

MIRA.

Have you any more conditions to offer? Hitherto your demands are pretty reasonable.

MILLA.

Trifles; as liberty to pay and receive visits to and from whom I please; to write and receive letters, without interrogatories or wry faces on your part; to wear what I please, and choose conversation with regard only to my own taste; to have no obligation upon me to converse with wits that I don't like, because they are your acquaintance, or to be intimate with fools, because they may be your relations. Come to dinner when I please, dine in my dressing- room when I'm out of humour, without giving a reason. To have my closet inviolate; to be sole empress of my teatable, which you must never presume to approach without first asking leave. And lastly, wherever I am, you shall always knock at the door before you come in. These articles subscribed, if I continue to endure you a little longer, I may by degrees dwindle into a wife.

MIRA.

Your bill of fare is something advanced in this latter account. Well, have I liberty to offer conditions:— that when you are dwindled into a wife, I may not be beyond measure enlarged into a husband?

MILLA.

You have free leave: propose your utmost, speak and spare not.

MIRA.

I thank you. IMPRIMIS, then, I covenant that your acquaintance be general; that you admit no sworn confidant or intimate of your own sex; no she friend to screen her affairs under your countenance, and tempt you to make trial of a mutual secrecy. No decoy-duck to wheedle you a FOP-SCRAMBLING to the play in a mask, then bring you home in a pretended fright, when you think you shall be found out, and rail at me for missing the play, and disappointing the frolic which you had to pick me up and prove my constancy.

MILLA.

Detestable IMPRIMIS! I go to the play in a mask!

MIRA.

ITEM, I article, that you continue to like your own face as long as I shall, and while it passes current with me, that you endeavour not to new coin it. To which end, together with all vizards for the day, I prohibit all masks for the night, made of oiled skins and I know not what—hog's bones, hare's gall, pig water, and the marrow of a roasted cat. In short, I forbid all commerce with the gentlewomen in what-d'ye-call-it court. ITEM, I shut my doors against all bawds with baskets, and pennyworths of muslin, china, fans, atlases, etc. ITEM, when you shall be breeding -

MILLA.

Ah, name it not!

MIRA.

Which may be presumed, with a blessing on our endeavours -

MILLA.

Odious endeavours!

MIRA.

I denounce against all strait lacing, squeezing for a shape, till you mould my boy's head like a sugar-loaf, and instead of a man-child, make me father to a crooked billet. Lastly, to the dominion of the tea-table I submit; but with proviso, that you exceed not in your province, but restrain yourself to native and simple tea-table drinks, as tea, chocolate, and coffee. As likewise to genuine and authorised tea-table talk, such as mending of fashions, spoiling reputations, railing at absent friends, and so forth. But that on no account you encroach upon the men's prerogative, and presume to drink healths, or toast fellows; for prevention of which, I banish all foreign forces, all auxiliaries to the tea-table, as orange-brandy, all aniseed, cinnamon, citron, and Barbadoes waters, together with ratafia and the most noble spirit of clary. But for cowslip-wine, poppy-water, and all dormitives, those I allow. These provisos admitted, in other things I may prove a tractable and complying husband.

MILLA.

Oh, horrid provisos! Filthy strong waters! I toast fellows, odious men! I hate your odious provisos.

MIRA.

Then we're agreed. Shall I kiss your hand upon the contract? And here comes one to be a witness to the sealing of the deed.

SCENE VI.

To them MRS. FAINALL.

MILLA.

Fainall, what shall I do? Shall I have him? I think I must have him.

MRS. FAIN.

Ay, ay, take him, take him, what should you do?

MILLA.

Well then—I'll take my death I'm in a horrid fright— Fainall, I shall never say it. Well—I think—I'll endure you.

MRS. FAIN.

Fie, fie, have him, and tell him so in plain terms: for I am sure you have a mind to him.

MILLA.

Are you? I think I have; and the horrid man looks as if he thought so too. Well, you ridiculous thing you, I'll have you. I won't be kissed, nor I won't be thanked.—Here, kiss my hand though, so hold your tongue now; don't say a word.

MRS. FAIN.

Mirabell, there's a necessity for your obedience: you have neither time to talk nor stay. My mother is coming; and in my conscience if she should see you, would fall into fits, and maybe not recover time enough to return to Sir Rowland, who, as Foible tells me, is in a fair way to succeed. Therefore spare your ecstasies for another occasion, and slip down the back stairs, where Foible waits to consult you.

MILLA.

Ay, go, go. In the meantime I suppose you have said something to please me.

MIRA.

I am all obedience.

SCENE VII.

MRS. MILLAMANT, MRS. FAINALL.

MRS. FAIN.

Yonder Sir Wilfull's drunk, and so noisy that my mother has been forced to leave Sir Rowland to appease him; but he answers her only with singing and drinking. What they may have done by this time I know not, but Petulant and he were upon quarrelling as I came by.

MILLA.

Well, if Mirabell should not make a good husband, I am a lost thing: for I find I love him violently.

MRS. FAIN.

So it seems; for you mind not what's said to you. If you doubt him, you had best take up with Sir Wilfull.

MILLA.

How can you name that superannuated lubber? foh!

SCENE VIII.

To them WITWOUD *from drinking.*

MRS. FAIN.

So, is the fray made up that you have left 'em?

WIT.

Left 'em? I could stay no longer. I have laughed like ten Christ'nings. I am tipsy with laughing—if I had stayed any longer I should have burst,—I must have been let out and pieced in the sides like an unsized camlet. Yes, yes, the fray is composed; my lady came in like a NOLI PROSEQUI, and stopt the proceedings.

MILLA.

What was the dispute?

WIT. That's the jest: there was no dispute. They could neither of 'em speak for rage; and so fell a sputt'ring at one another like two roasting apples.

SCENE IX.

To them PETULANT *drunk.*

WIT.

Now, Petulant? All's over, all's well? Gad, my head begins to whim it about. Why dost thou not speak? Thou art both as drunk and as mute as a fish.

PET.

Look you, Mrs. Millamant, if you can love me, dear Nymph, say it, and that's the conclusion—pass on, or pass off—that's all.

WIT.

Thou hast uttered volumes, folios, in less than decimo sexto, my dear Lacedemonian. Sirrah, Petulant, thou art an epitomiser of words.

PET.

Witwoud,—you are an annihilator of sense.

WIT.

Thou art a retailer of phrases, and dost deal in remnants of remnants, like a maker of pincushions; thou art in truth (metaphorically speaking) a speaker of shorthand.

PET.

Thou art (without a figure) just one half of an ass, and Baldwin yonder, thy halfbrother, is the rest. A Gemini of asses split would make just four of you.

WIT.

Thou dost bite, my dear mustard-seed; kiss me for that.

PET.

Stand off—I'll kiss no more males—I have kissed your Twin yonder in a humour of reconciliation till he hiccup rises upon my stomach like a radish.

MILLA.

Eh! filthy creature; what was the quarrel?

PET.

There was no quarrel; there might have been a quarrel.

WIT.

If there had been words enow between 'em to have expressed provocation, they had gone together by the ears like a pair of castanets.

PET.

You were the quarrel.

MILLA.

Me?

PET.

If I have a humour to quarrel, I can make less matters conclude premises. If you are not handsome, what then? If I have a humour

to prove it? If I shall have my reward, say so; if not, fight for your face the next time yourself—I'll go sleep.

WIT.

Do, wrap thyself up like a woodlouse, and dream revenge. And, hear me, if thou canst learn to write by to-morrow morning, pen me a challenge. I'll carry it for thee.

PET.

Carry your mistress's monkey a spider; go flea dogs and read romances. I'll go to bed to my maid.

MRS. FAIN.

He's horridly drunk—how came you all in this pickle?

WIT.

A plot, a plot, to get rid of the knight—your husband's advice; but he sneaked off.

SCENE X.

SIR WILFULL, *drunk,* LADY WISHFORT, WITWOUD, MRS. MILLAMANT, MRS. FAINALL.

LADY.

Out upon't, out upon't, at years of discretion, and comport yourself at this rantipole rate!

SIR WIL.

No offence, aunt.

LADY.

Offence? As I'm a person, I'm ashamed of you. Fogh! How you stink of wine! D'ye think my niece will ever endure such a Borachio? You're an absolute Borachio.

SIR WIL.

Borachio?

LADY.

At a time when you should commence an amour, and put your best foot foremost -

SIR WIL.

'Sheart, an you grutch me your liquor, make a bill.—Give me more drink, and take my purse. *Sings* :—

Prithee fill me the glass,

Till it laugh in my face,

With ale that is potent and mellow;

He that whines for a lass

Is an ignorant ass,

For a bumper has not its fellow.

But if you would have me marry my cousin, say the word, and I'll do't. Wilfull will do't, that's the word. Wilfull will do't, that's my

crest,—my motto I have forgot.

LADY.

My nephew's a little overtaken, cousin, but 'tis drinking your health. O' my word, you are obliged to him -

SIR WIL.

IN VINO VERITAS, aunt. If I drunk your health to-day, cousin,—I am a Borachio.— But if you have a mind to be married, say the word and send for the piper; Wilfull will do't. If not, dust it away, and let's have t'other round. Tony—ods-heart, where's Tony?—Tony's an honest fellow, but he spits after a bumper, and that's a fault.

We'll drink and we'll never ha' done, boys, Put the glass then around with the sun, boys, Let Apollo's example invite us; For he's drunk every night, And that makes him so bright, That he's able next morning to light us.

The sun's a good pimple, an honest soaker, he has a cellar at your antipodes. If I travel, aunt, I touch at your antipodes—your antipodes are a good rascally sort of topsy-turvy fellows. If I had a bumper I'd stand upon my head and drink a health to 'em. A match or no match, cousin with the hard name; aunt, Wilfull will do't. If she has her maidenhead let her look to 't; if she has not, let her keep her own counsel in the meantime, and cry out at the nine months' end.

MILLA.

Your pardon, madam, I can stay no longer. Sir Wilfull grows very powerful. Egh! how he smells! I shall be overcome if I stay. Come, cousin.

SCENE XI.

LADY WISHFORT, SIR WILFULL WITWOUD, MR. WITWOUD, FOIBLE.

LADY. Smells? He would poison a tallow-chandler and his family. Beastly creature, I know not what to do with him. Travel, quotha; ay, travel, travel, get thee gone, get thee but far enough, to the Saracens, or the Tartars, or the Turks—for thou art not fit to live in a Christian commonwealth, thou beastly pagan.

SIR WIL. Turks? No; no Turks, aunt. Your Turks are infidels, and believe not in the grape. Your Mahometan, your Mussulman is a dry stinkard. No offence, aunt. My map says that your Turk is not so honest a man as your Christian—I cannot find by the map that your Mufti is orthodox, whereby it is a plain case that orthodox is a hard word, aunt, and *hiccup* Greek for claret. *Sings* :—

To drink is a Christian diversion,

Unknown to the Turk or the Persian.

Let Mahometan fools

Live by heathenish rules,

And be damned over tea-cups and coffee.

But let British lads sing,

Crown a health to the King,

And a fig for your Sultan and Sophy.

Ah, Tony! FOIBLE *whispers* LADY W.

LADY.

Sir Rowland impatient? Good lack! what shall I do with this beastly tumbril? Go lie down and sleep, you sot, or as I'm a person, I'll have you bastinadoed with broomsticks. Call up the wenches with broomsticks.

SIR WIL.

Ahey! Wenches? Where are the wenches?

LADY.

Dear Cousin Witwoud, get him away, and you will bind me to you inviolably. I have an affair of moment that invades me with some precipitation.—You will oblige me to all futurity.

WIT.

Come, knight. Pox on him, I don't know what to say to him. Will you go to a cockmatch?

SIR WIL.

With a wench, Tony? Is she a shake-bag, sirrah? Let me bite your cheek for that.

WIT.

Horrible! He has a breath like a bagpipe. Ay, ay; come, will you march, my Salopian?

SIR WIL.

Lead on, little Tony. I'll follow thee, my Anthony, my Tantony. Sirrah, thou shalt be my Tantony, and I'll be thy pig. And a fig for your Sultan and Sophy.

LADY.

This will never do. It will never make a match,—at least before he has been abroad.

SCENE XII.

LADY WISHFORT, WAITWELL *disguised as for* SIR ROWLAND.

LADY.

Dear Sir Rowland, I am confounded with confusion at the retrospection of my own rudeness,—I have more pardons to ask than the pope distributes in the year of jubilee. But I hope where there is likely to be so near an alliance, we may unbend the severity of decorum, and dispense with a little ceremony.

WAIT.

My impatience, madam, is the effect of my transport; and till I have the possession of your adorable person, I am tantalised on the rack, and do but hang, madam, on the tenter of expectation.

LADY.

You have excess of gallantry, Sir Rowland, and press things to a conclusion with a most prevailing vehemence. But a day or two for decency of marriage -

WAIT.

For decency of funeral, madam! The delay will break my heart—or if that should fail, I shall be poisoned. My nephew will get an inkling of my designs and poison me—and I would willingly starve him before I die—I would gladly go out of the world with that satisfaction. That would be some comfort to me, if I could but live so long as to be revenged on that unnatural viper.

LADY.

Is he so unnatural, say you? Truly I would contribute much both to the saving of your life and the accomplishment of your revenge. Not that I respect myself; though he has been a perfidious wretch to me.

WAIT.

Perfidious to you?

LADY.

O Sir Rowland, the hours that he has died away at my feet, the tears that he has shed, the oaths that he has sworn, the palpitations that he has felt, the trances and the tremblings, the ardours and the ecstasies, the kneelings and the risings, the heart- heavings and the hand-gripings, the pangs and the pathetic regards of his protesting eyes!—Oh, no memory can register.

WAIT.

What, my rival? Is the rebel my rival? A dies.

LADY.

No, don't kill him at once, Sir Rowland: starve him gradually, inch by inch.

WAIT.

I'll do't. In three weeks he shall be barefoot; in a month out at knees with begging an alms; he shall starve upward and upward, 'till he has nothing living but his head, and then go out in a stink like a candle's end upon a save-all.

LADY.

Well, Sir Rowland, you have the way,—you are no novice in the labyrinth of love,— you have the clue. But as I am a person, Sir Rowland, you must not attribute my yielding to any sinister appetite or indigestion of widowhood; nor impute my complacency to any lethargy of continence. I hope you do not think me prone to any iteration of nuptials?

WAIT.

Far be it from me -

LADY.

If you do, I protest I must recede, or think that I have made a prostitution of decorums, but in the vehemence of compassion, and to save the life of a person of so much importance -

WAIT.

I esteem it so -

LADY.

Or else you wrong my condescension -

WAIT.

I do not, I do not -

LADY.

Indeed you do.

WAIT.

I do not, fair shrine of virtue.

LADY.

If you think the least scruple of causality was an ingredient -

WAIT.

Dear madam, no. You are all camphire and frankincense, all chastity and odour.

LADY.

Or that -

SCENE XIII.

To them FOIBLE.

FOIB.

Madam, the dancers are ready, and there's one with a letter, who must deliver it into your own hands.

LADY.

Sir Rowland, will you give me leave? Think favourably, judge candidly, and conclude you have found a person who would suffer racks in honour's cause, dear Sir Rowland, and will wait on you incessantly.

SCENE XIV.

WAITWELL, FOIBLE.

WAIT.

Fie, fie! What a slavery have I undergone; spouse, hast thou any cordial? I want spirits.

FOIB.

What a washy rogue art thou, to pant thus for a quarter of an hour's lying and swearing to a fine lady?

WAIT.

Oh, she is the antidote to desire. Spouse, thou wilt fare the worse for't. I shall have no appetite to iteration of nuptials—this eight-and-forty hours. By this hand I'd rather be a chairman in the dog-days than act Sir Rowland till this time to-morrow.

SCENE XV.

To them LADY *with a letter.*

LADY.

Call in the dancers; Sir Rowland, we'll sit, if you please, and see the entertainment. Dance. Now, with your permission, Sir Rowland, I will peruse my letter. I would open it in your presence, because I would not make you uneasy. If it should make you uneasy, I would burn it—speak if it does—but you may see, the superscription is like a woman's hand.

FOIB.

By heaven! Mrs. Marwood's, I know it,—my heart aches—get it from her! To him.

WAIT.

A woman's hand? No madam, that's no woman's hand: I see that already. That's somebody whose throat must be cut.

LADY.

Nay, Sir Rowland, since you give me a proof of your passion by your jealousy, I promise you I'll make a return by a frank communication. You shall see it—we'll open it together. Look you here. *Reads.* MADAM, THOUGH UNKNOWN TO YOU (look you there, 'tis from nobody that I know.) I HAVE THAT HONOUR FOR YOUR CHARACTER, THAT I THINK MYSELF OBLIGED TO LET YOU KNOW YOU ARE ABUSED. HE WHO PRETENDS TO BE SIR ROWLAND IS A CHEAT AND A RASCAL. O heavens! what's this?

FOIB.

Unfortunate; all's ruined.

WAIT.

How, how, let me see, let me see. Reading. A RASCAL, AND DISGUISED AND SUBORNED FOR THAT IMPOSTURE—O villainy! O villainy!— BY THE CONTRIVANCE OF -

LADY.

I shall faint, I shall die. Oh!

FOIB.

Say 'tis your nephew's hand. Quickly, his plot, swear, swear it! *To him.*

WAIT.

Here's a villain! Madam, don't you perceive it? Don't you see it?

LADY.

Too well, too well. I have seen too much.

WAIT.

I told you at first I knew the hand. A woman's hand? The rascal writes a sort of a large hand: your Roman hand.—I saw there was a throat to be cut presently. If he were my son, as he is my nephew, I'd pistol him.

FOIB.

O treachery! But are you sure, Sir Rowland, it is his writing?

WAIT.

Sure? Am I here? Do I live? Do I love this pearl of India? I have twenty letters in my pocket from him in the same character.

LADY.

How?

FOIB.

Oh, what luck it is, Sir Rowland, that you were present at this juncture! This was the business that brought Mr. Mirabell disguised to Madam Millamant this afternoon. I thought something was contriving, when he stole by me and would have hid his face.

LADY.

How, how? I heard the villain was in the house indeed; and now I remember, my niece went away abruptly when Sir Wilfull was to have made his addresses.

FOIB.

Then, then, madam, Mr. Mirabell waited for her in her chamber; but I would not tell your ladyship to discompose you when you were to receive Sir Rowland.

WAIT.

Enough, his date is short.

FOIB.

No, good Sir Rowland, don't incur the law.

WAIT.

Law? I care not for law. I can but die, and 'tis in a good cause. My lady shall be satisfied of my truth and innocence, though it cost me my life.

LADY.

No, dear Sir Rowland, don't fight: if you should be killed I must never show my face; or hanged,—oh, consider my reputation, Sir Rowland. No, you shan't fight: I'll go in and examine my niece; I'll make her confess. I conjure you, Sir Rowland, by all your love not to fight.

WAIT.

I am charmed, madam; I obey. But some proof you must let me give you: I'll go for a black box, which contains the writings of my whole estate, and deliver that into your hands.

LADY.

Ay, dear Sir Rowland, that will be some comfort; bring the black box.

WAIT.

And may I presume to bring a contract to be signed this night? May I hope so far?

LADY.

Bring what you will; but come alive, pray come alive. Oh, this is a happy discovery.

WAIT.

Dead or alive I'll come—and married we will be in spite of treachery; ay, and get an heir that shall defeat the last remaining glimpse of hope in my abandoned nephew. Come, my buxom widow: E'er long you shall substantial proof receive That I'm an arrant knight -

Act V

SCENE I.

Scene continues.

LADY WISHFORT and FOIBLE.

LADY.

Out of my house, out of my house, thou viper, thou serpent that I have fostered, thou bosom traitress that I raised from nothing! Begone, begone, begone, go, go; that I took from washing of old gauze and weaving of dead hair, with a bleak blue nose, over a chafing-dish of starved embers, and dining behind a traver's rag, in a shop no bigger than a bird-cage. Go, go, starve again, do, do!

FOIB.

Dear madam, I'll beg pardon on my knees.

LADY.

Away, out, out, go set up for yourself again, do; drive a trade, do, with your threepennyworth of small ware, flaunting upon a

packthread, under a brandyseller's bulk, or against a dead wall by a balladmonger. Go, hang out an old frisoneer-gorget, with a yard of yellow colberteen again, do; an old gnawed mask, two rows of pins, and a child's fiddle; a glass necklace with the beads broken, and a quilted night-cap with one ear. Go, go, drive a trade. These were your commodities, you treacherous trull; this was the merchandise you dealt in, when I took you into my house, placed you next myself, and made you governant of my whole family. You have forgot this, have you, now you have feathered your nest?

FOIB.

No, no, dear madam. Do but hear me, have but a moment's patience—I'll confess all. Mr. Mirabell seduced me; I am not the first that he has wheedled with his dissembling tongue. Your ladyship's own wisdom has been deluded by him; then how should I, a poor ignorant, defend myself? O madam, if you knew but what he promised me, and how he assured me your ladyship should come to no damage, or else the wealth of the Indies should not have bribed me to conspire against so good, so sweet, so kind a lady as you have been to me.

LADY.

No damage? What, to betray me, to marry me to a cast serving-man; to make me a receptacle, an hospital for a decayed pimp? No damage? O thou frontless impudence, more than a big- bellied actress!

FOIB.

Pray do but hear me, madam; he could not marry your ladyship, madam. No indeed, his marriage was to have been void in law; for he was married to me first, to secure your ladyship. He could not have bedded your ladyship, for if he had consummated with your ladyship, he must have run the risk of the law, and been put upon his clergy. Yes indeed, I enquired of the law in that case before I would meddle or make.

LADY.

What? Then I have been your property, have I? I have been convenient to you, it seems, while you were catering for Mirabell; I have been broker for you? What, have you made a passive bawd of me? This exceeds all precedent. I am brought to fine uses, to become a botcher of second-hand marriages between Abigails and Andrews! I'll couple you. Yes, I'll baste you together, you and your Philander. I'll Duke's Place you, as I'm a person. Your turtle is in custody already. You shall coo in the same cage, if there be constable or warrant in the parish.

FOIB.

Oh, that ever I was born! Oh, that I was ever married! A bride? Ay, I shall be a Bridewell bride. Oh!

SCENE II.

MRS. FAINALL, FOIBLE.

MRS. FAIN.

Poor Foible, what's the matter?

FOIB.

O madam, my lady's gone for a constable; I shall be had to a justice, and put to Bridewell to beat hemp. Poor Waitwell's gone to prison already.

MRS. FAIN.

Have a good heart, Foible: Mirabell's gone to give security for him. This is all Marwood's and my husband's doing.

FOIB.

Yes, yes; I know it, madam: she was in my lady's closet, and overheard all that you said to me before dinner. She sent the letter to my lady, and that missing effect, Mr. Fainall laid this plot to arrest Waitwell, when he pretended to go for the papers; and in the meantime Mrs. Marwood declared all to my lady.

MRS. FAIN.

Was there no mention made of me in the letter? My mother does not suspect my being in the confederacy? I fancy Marwood has not told her, though she has told my husband.

FOIB.

Yes, madam; but my lady did not see that part. We stifled the letter before she read so far. Has that mischievous devil told Mr. Fainall of your ladyship then?

MRS. FAIN.

Ay, all's out: my affair with Mirabell, everything discovered. This is the last day of our living together; that's my comfort.

FOIB.

Indeed, madam, and so 'tis a comfort, if you knew all. He has been even with your ladyship; which I could have told you long enough since, but I love to keep peace and quietness by my good will. I had rather bring friends together than set 'em at distance. But Mrs. Marwood and he are nearer related than ever their parents thought for.

MRS. FAIN. Say'st thou so, Foible? Canst thou prove this? FOIB. I can take my oath of it, madam; so can Mrs. Mincing. We have had many a fair word from Madam Marwood to conceal something that passed in our chamber one evening when you were at Hyde Park, and we were thought to have gone a-walking. But we went up unawares—though we were sworn to secrecy too: Madam Marwood took a book and swore us upon it: but it was but a book of poems. So long as it was not a bible oath, we may break it with a safe conscience. MRS. FAIN. This discovery is the most opportune thing I could wish. Now, Mincing?

SCENE III.

To them MINCING.

MINC.

My lady would speak with Mrs. Foible, mem. Mr. Mirabell is with her; he has set your spouse at liberty, Mrs. Foible, and would have you hide yourself in my lady's closet till my old lady's anger is abated. Oh, my old lady is in a perilous passion at something Mr. Fainall has said; he swears, and my old lady cries. There's a fearful hurricane, I vow. He says, mem, how that he'll have my lady's fortune made over to him, or he'll be divorced.

MRS. FAIN.

Does your lady or Mirabell know that?

MINC.

Yes mem; they have sent me to see if Sir Wilfull be sober, and to bring him to them. My lady is resolved to have him, I think, rather than lose such a vast sum as six thousand pound. Oh, come, Mrs. Foible, I hear my old lady.

MRS. FAIN.

Foible, you must tell Mincing that she must prepare to vouch when I call her.

FOIB.

Yes, yes, madam.

MINC.

Oh, yes mem, I'll vouch anything for your ladyship's service, be what it will.

SCENE IV.

MRS. FAINALL, LADY WISHFORT, MRS. MARWOOD.

LADY.

O my dear friend, how can I enumerate the benefits that I have received from your goodness? To you I owe the timely discovery of the false vows of Mirabell; to you I owe the detection of the impostor Sir Rowland. And now you are become an intercessor with my son-in-law, to save the honour of my house and compound for the frailties of my daughter. Well, friend, you are enough to reconcile me to the bad world, or else I would retire to deserts and solitudes, and feed harmless sheep by groves and purling streams. Dear Marwood, let us leave the world, and retire by ourselves and be shepherdesses.

MRS. MAR.

Let us first dispatch the affair in hand, madam. We shall have leisure to think of retirement afterwards. Here is one who is concerned in the treaty.

LADY.

O daughter, daughter, is it possible thou shouldst be my child, bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh, and as I may say, another me, and yet transgress the most minute particle of severe virtue? Is it possible you should lean aside to iniquity, who have been cast in the direct mould of virtue? I have not only been a mould but a pattern for you, and a model for you, after you were brought into the world.

MRS. FAIN.

I don't understand your ladyship.

LADY.

Not understand? Why, have you not been naught? Have you not been sophisticated? Not understand? Here I am ruined to compound for your caprices and your cuckoldoms. I must pawn my plate and my jewels, and ruin my niece, and all little enough -

MRS. FAIN.

I am wronged and abused, and so are you. 'Tis a false accusation, as false as hell, as false as your friend there; ay, or your friend's friend, my false husband.

MRS. MAR.

My friend, Mrs. Fainall? Your husband my friend, what do you mean?

MRS. FAIN.

I know what I mean, madam, and so do you; and so shall the world at a time convenient.

MRS. MAR.

I am sorry to see you so passionate, madam. More temper would look more like innocence. But I have done. I am sorry my zeal to serve your ladyship and family should admit of misconstruction, or make me liable to affronts. You will pardon me, madam, if I meddle no more with an affair in which I am not personally concerned.

LADY.

O dear friend, I am so ashamed that you should meet with such returns. You ought to ask pardon on your knees, ungrateful creature; she deserves more from you than all your life can accomplish. Oh, don't leave me destitute in this perplexity! No, stick to me, my good genius.

MRS. FAIN.

I tell you, madam, you're abused. Stick to you? Ay, like a leech, to suck your best blood; she'll drop off when she's full. Madam, you shan't pawn a bodkin, nor part with a brass counter, in composition for me. I defy 'em all. Let 'em prove their aspersions: I know my own innocence, and dare stand a trial.

SCENE V.

LADY WISHFORT, MRS. MARWOOD.

LADY.

Why, if she should be innocent, if she should be wronged after all, ha? I don't know what to think, and I promise you, her education has been unexceptionable. I may say it, for I chiefly made it my own care to initiate her very infancy in the rudiments of virtue, and to impress upon her tender years a young odium and aversion to the very sight of men; ay, friend, she would ha' shrieked if she had but seen a man till she was in her teens. As I'm a person, 'tis true. She was never suffered to play with a male child, though but in coats. Nay, her very babies were of the feminine gender. Oh, she never looked a man in the face but her own father or the chaplain, and him we made a shift to put upon her for a woman, by the help of his long garments, and his sleek face, till she was going in her fifteen.

MRS. MAR.

'Twas much she should be deceived so long.

LADY.

I warrant you, or she would never have borne to have been catechised by him, and have heard his long lectures against singing and dancing and such debaucheries, and going to filthy plays, and profane music meetings, where the lewd trebles squeak nothing but bawdy, and the basses roar blasphemy. Oh, she would have swooned at the sight or name of an obscene play-book—and can I think after all this that my daughter can be naught? What, a whore? And thought it excommunication to set her foot within the door of a playhouse. O dear friend, I can't believe it. No, no; as she says, let him prove it, let him prove it.

MRS. MAR.

Prove it, madam? What, and have your name prostituted in a public court; yours and your daughter's reputation worried at the bar by a pack of bawling lawyers? To be ushered in with an OH YES of scandal, and have your case opened by an old fumbling leacher in a quoif like a man midwife; to bring your daughter's infamy to light; to be a theme for legal punsters and quibblers by the statute; and become a jest, against a rule of court, where there is no precedent for a jest in any record, not even in Doomsday Book. To discompose the gravity of the bench, and provoke naughty interrogatories in more naughty law Latin; while the good judge, tickled with the proceeding, simpers under a grey beard, and fidges off and on his cushion as if he had swallowed cantharides, or sate upon cow-itch.

LADY.

Oh, 'tis very hard!

MRS. MAR.

And then to have my young revellers of the Temple take notes, like prentices at a conventicle; and after talk it over again in Commons, or before drawers in an eating-house.

LADY.

Worse and worse.

MRS. MAR.

Nay, this is nothing; if it would end here 'twere well. But it must after this be consigned by the shorthand writers to the public press; and from thence be transferred to the hands, nay, into the throats and lungs, of hawkers, with voices more licentious than the loud flounder-man's. And this you must hear till you are stunned; nay, you must hear nothing else for some days.

LADY.

Oh 'tis insupportable. No, no, dear friend, make it up, make it up; ay, ay, I'll compound. I'll give up all, myself and my all, my niece and her all, anything, everything, for composition.

MRS. MAR.

Nay, madam, I advise nothing, I only lay before you, as a friend, the inconveniences which perhaps you have overseen. Here comes Mr. Fainall; if he will be satisfied to huddle up all in silence, I shall be glad. You must think I would rather congratulate than condole with you.

SCENE VI.

FAINALL, LADY WISHFORT, MRS. MARWOOD.

LADY.

Ay, ay, I do not doubt it, dear Marwood. No, no, I do not doubt it.

FAIN.

Well, madam, I have suffered myself to be overcome by the importunity of this lady, your friend, and am content you shall enjoy your own proper estate during life, on condition you oblige yourself never to marry, under such penalty as I think convenient.

LADY.

Never to marry?

FAIN.

No more Sir Rowlands,—the next imposture may not be so timely detected.

MRS. MAR.

That condition, I dare answer, my lady will consent to, without difficulty; she has already but too much experienced the perfidiousness of men. Besides, madam, when we retire to our pastoral solitude, we shall bid adieu to all other thoughts.

LADY.

Ay, that's true; but in case of necessity, as of health, or some such emergency -

FAIN.

Oh, if you are prescribed marriage, you shall be considered; I will only reserve to myself the power to choose for you. If your physic be wholesome, it matters not who is your apothecary. Next, my wife shall settle on me the remainder of her fortune, not made over already; and for her maintenance depend entirely on my discretion.

LADY.

This is most inhumanly savage: exceeding the barbarity of a Muscovite husband.

FAIN.

I learned it from his Czarish Majesty's retinue, in a winter evening's conference over brandy and pepper, amongst other secrets of matrimony and policy, as they are at present practised in the northern hemisphere. But this must be agreed unto, and that positively. Lastly, I will be endowed, in right of my wife, with that six thousand pound, which is the moiety of Mrs. Millamant's fortune in your possession, and which she has forfeited (as will appear by the last will and testament of your deceased husband, Sir Jonathan Wishfort) by her disobedience in contracting herself against your consent or knowledge, and by refusing the offered match with Sir Wilfull Witwoud, which you, like a careful aunt, had provided for her.

LADY.

My nephew was NON COMPOS, and could not make his addresses.

FAIN.

I come to make demands—I'll hear no objections.

LADY.

You will grant me time to consider?

FAIN.

Yes, while the instrument is drawing, to which you must set your hand till more sufficient deeds can be perfected: which I will take care shall be done with all possible speed. In the meanwhile I will go for the said instrument, and till my return you may balance this matter in your own discretion.

SCENE VII.

LADY WISHFORT, MRS. MARWOOD.

LADY.

This insolence is beyond all precedent, all parallel. Must I be subject to this merciless villain?

MRS. MAR.

'Tis severe indeed, madam, that you should smart for your daughter's wantonness.

LADY.

'Twas against my consent that she married this barbarian, but she would have him, though her year was not out. Ah! her first husband, my son Languish, would not have carried it thus. Well, that was my choice, this is hers; she is matched now with a witness—I shall be mad, dear friend; is there no comfort for me? Must I live to be confiscated at this rebel-rate? Here come two more of my Egyptian plagues too.

SCENE VIII.

To them MRS. MILLAMANT, SIR WILFULL.

SIR WIL.

Aunt, your servant.

LADY.

Out, caterpillar, call not me aunt; I know thee not.

SIR WIL.

I confess I have been a little in disguise, as they say. 'Sheart! and I'm sorry for't. What would you have? I hope I committed no offence, aunt—and if I did I am willing to make satisfaction; and what can a man say fairer? If I have broke anything I'll pay for't, an it cost a pound. And so let that content for what's past, and make no more words. For what's to come, to pleasure you I'm willing to marry my cousin. So, pray, let's all be friends, she and I are agreed upon the matter before a witness.

LADY.

How's this, dear niece? Have I any comfort? Can this be true?

MILLA.

I am content to be a sacrifice to your repose, madam, and to convince you that I had no hand in the plot, as you were misinformed. I have laid my commands on Mirabell to come in person, and be a witness that I give my hand to this flower of knighthood; and for the contract that passed between Mirabell and me, I have obliged him to make a resignation of it in your ladyship's presence. He is without and waits your leave for admittance.

LADY.

Well, I'll swear I am something revived at this testimony of your obedience; but I cannot admit that traitor,—I fear I cannot fortify myself to support his appearance. He is as terrible to me as a Gorgon: if I see him I swear I shall turn to stone, petrify incessantly.

MILLA.

If you disoblige him he may resent your refusal, and insist upon the contract still. Then 'tis the last time he will be offensive to you.

LADY.

Are you sure it will be the last time? If I were sure of that—shall I never see him again?

MILLA.

Sir Wilfull, you and he are to travel together, are you not?

SIR WIL.

'Sheart, the gentleman's a civil gentleman, aunt, let him come in; why, we are sworn brothers and fellow-travellers. We are to be Pylades and Orestes, he and I. He is to be my interpreter in foreign parts. He has been overseas once already; and with proviso that I marry my cousin, will cross 'em once again, only to bear me company. 'Sheart, I'll call him in,—an I set on't once, he shall come in; and see who'll hinder him. Goes to the door and hems.

MRS. MAR.

This is precious fooling, if it would pass; but I'll know the bottom of it.

LADY.

O dear Marwood, you are not going? MRS. MAR. Not far, madam; I'll return immediately.

SCENE IX.

LADY WISHFORT, MRS. MILLAMANT, SIR WILFULL, MIRABELL.

SIR WIL.

Look up, man, I'll stand by you; 'sbud, an she do frown, she can't kill you. Besides— harkee, she dare not frown desperately, because her face is none of her own. 'Sheart, an she should, her forehead would wrinkle like the coat of a cream cheese; but mum for that, fellow-traveller.

MIRA.

If a deep sense of the many injuries I have offered to so good a lady, with a sincere remorse and a hearty contrition, can but obtain the least glance of compassion. I am too happy. Ah, madam, there was a time—but let it be forgotten. I confess I have deservedly forfeited the high place I once held, of sighing at your feet; nay, kill me not by turning from me in disdain, I come not to plead for favour. Nay, not for pardon: I am a suppliant only for pity:— I am going where I never shall behold you more.

SIR WIL.

How, fellow-traveller? You shall go by yourself then.

MIRA.

Let me be pitied first, and afterwards forgotten. I ask no more.

SIR WIL.

By'r lady, a very reasonable request, and will cost you nothing, aunt. Come, come, forgive and forget, aunt. Why you must an you

are a Christian.

MIRA.

Consider, madam; in reality you could not receive much prejudice: it was an innocent device, though I confess it had a face of guiltiness—it was at most an artifice which love contrived—and errors which love produces have ever been accounted venial. At least think it is punishment enough that I have lost what in my heart I hold most dear, that to your cruel indignation I have offered up this beauty, and with her my peace and quiet; nay, all my hopes of future comfort.

SIR WIL.

An he does not move me, would I may never be o' the quorum. An it were not as good a deed as to drink, to give her to him again, I would I might never take shipping. Aunt, if you don't forgive quickly, I shall melt, I can tell you that. My contract went no farther than a little mouth-glue, and that's hardly dry; one doleful sigh more from my fellow-traveller and 'tis dissolved.

LADY.

Well, nephew, upon your account. Ah, he has a false insinuating tongue. Well, sir, I will stifle my just resentment at my nephew's request. I will endeavour what I can to forget, but on proviso that you resign the contract with my niece immediately.

MIRA.

It is in writing and with papers of concern; but I have sent my servant for it, and will deliver it to you, with all acknowledgments for your transcendent goodness.

LADY.

Oh, he has witchcraft in his eyes and tongue; when I did not see him I could have bribed a villain to his assassination; but his appearance rakes the embers which have so long lain smothered in my breast. Aside.

SCENE X.

To them FAINALL, MRS. MARWOOD.

FAIN.

Your date of deliberation, madam, is expired. Here is the instrument; are you prepared to sign?

LADY.

If I were prepared, I am not impowered. My niece exerts a lawful claim, having matched herself by my direction to Sir Wilfull.

FAIN.

That sham is too gross to pass on me, though 'tis imposed on you, madam.

MILLA.

Sir, I have given my consent.

MIRA.

And, sir, I have resigned my pretensions.

SIR WIL.

And, sir, I assert my right; and will maintain it in defiance of you, sir, and of your instrument. 'Sheart, an you talk of an instrument sir, I have an old fox by my thigh shall hack your instrument of ram vellum to shreds, sir. It shall not be sufficient for a Mittimus or a tailor's measure; therefore withdraw your instrument, sir, or, by'r lady, I shall draw mine.

LADY.

Hold, nephew, hold.

MILLA.

Good Sir Wilfull, respite your valour.

FAIN.

Indeed? Are you provided of your guard, with your single beef-eater there? But I'm prepared for you, and insist upon my first proposal. You shall submit your own estate to my management, and absolutely make over my wife's to my sole use, as pursuant to the purport and tenor of this other covenant. I suppose, madam, your consent is not requisite in this case; nor, Mr. Mirabell, your resignation; nor, Sir Wilfull, your right. You may draw your fox if you please, sir, and make a beargarden flourish somewhere else; for here it will not avail. This, my Lady Wishfort, must be subscribed, or your darling daughter's turned adrift, like a leaky hulk to sink or swim, as she and the current of this lewd town can agree.

LADY.

Is there no means, no remedy, to stop my ruin? Ungrateful wretch! Dost thou not owe thy being, thy subsistance, to my daughter's fortune?

FAIN.

I'll answer you when I have the rest of it in my possession.

MIRA.

But that you would not accept of a remedy from my hands—I own I have not deserved you should owe any obligation to me; or else, perhaps, I could devise -

LADY.

Oh, what? what? To save me and my child from ruin, from want, I'll forgive all that's past; nay, I'll consent to anything to come, to be delivered from this tyranny.

MIRA.

Ay, madam; but that is too late, my reward is intercepted. You have disposed of her who only could have made me a compensation for all my services. But be it as it may, I am resolved I'll serve you; you shall not be wronged in this savage manner.

LADY.

How? Dear Mr. Mirabell, can you be so generous at last? But it is not possible. Harkee, I'll break my nephew's match; you shall have my niece yet, and all her fortune, if you can but save me from this imminent danger.

MIRA.

Will you? I take you at your word. I ask no more. I must have leave for two criminals to appear.

LADY.

Ay, ay, anybody, anybody.

MIRA.

Foible is one, and a penitent.

SCENE XI.

To them MRS. FAINALL, FOIBLE, MINCING.

MRS. MAR.

O my shame! MIRABELL *and* LADY *go to* MRS. FAINALL *and* FOIBLE. These currupt things are brought hither to expose me. *To* FAINALL.

FAIN.

If it must all come out, why let 'em know it, 'tis but the way of the world. That shall not urge me to relinquish or abate one tittle of my terms; no, I will insist the more.

FOIB.

Yes, indeed, madam; I'll take my bible-oath of it.

MINC.

And so will I, mem.

LADY.

O Marwood, Marwood, art thou false? My friend deceive me? Hast thou been a wicked accomplice with that profligate man?

MRS. MAR.

Have you so much ingratitude and injustice to give cr , against your friend, to the aspersions of two such mercenary trulls?

MINC.

Mercenary, mem? I scorn your words. 'Tis true we found you and Mr. Fainall in the blue garret; by the same token, you swore us to secrecy upon Messalinas's poems. Mercenary? No, if we would have been mercenary, we should have held our tongues; you would have bribed us sufficiently.

FAIN.

Go, you are an insignificant thing. Well, what are you the better for this? Is this Mr. Mirabell's expedient? I'll be put off no longer. You, thing, that was a wife, shall smart for this. I will not leave thee wherewithal to hide thy shame: your body shall be naked as your reputation.

MRS. FAIN.

I despise you and defy your malice. You have aspersed me wrongfully—I have proved your falsehood. Go, you and your treacherous—I will not name it, but starve together. Perish.

FAIN.

Not while you are worth a groat, indeed, my dear. Madam, I'll be fooled no longer.

LADY.

Ah, Mr. Mirabell, this is small comfort, the detection of this affair.

MIRA.

Oh, in good time. Your leave for the other offender and penitent to appear, madam.

SCENE XII.

To them WAITWELL *with a box of writings.*

LADY.

O Sir Rowland! Well, rascal?

WAIT.

What your ladyship pleases. I have brought the black box at last, madam.

MIRA.

Give it me. Madam, you remember your promise.

LADY.

Ay, dear sir.

MIRA.

Where are the gentlemen?

WAIT.

At hand, sir, rubbing their eyes,—just risen from sleep.

FAIN.

'Sdeath, what's this to me? I'll not wait your private concerns.

SCENE XIII.

To them PETULANT, WITWOUD.

PET.

How now? What's the matter? Whose hand's out?

WIT.

Hey day! What, are you all got together, like players at the end of the last act?

MIRA.

You may remember, gentlemen, I once requested your hands as witnesses to a certain parchment.

WIT.

Ay, I do, my hand I remember—Petulant set his mark.

MIRA.

You wrong him; his name is fairly written, as shall appear. You do not remember, gentlemen, anything of what that parchment contained? Undoing the box.

WIT.

No.

PET.

Not I. I writ; I read nothing.

MIRA.

Very well, now you shall know. Madam, your promise.

LADY.

Ay, ay, sir, upon my honour.

MIRA.

Mr. Fainall, it is now time that you should know that your lady, while she was at her own disposal, and before you had by your insinuations wheedled her out of a pretended settlement of the greatest part of her fortune -

FAIN.

Sir! Pretended?

MIRA.

Yes, sir. I say that this lady, while a widow, having, it seems, received some cautions respecting your inconstancy and tyranny of temper, which from her own partial opinion and fondness of you she could never have suspected—she did, I say, by the wholesome advice of friends and of sages learned in the laws of this land, deliver this same as her act and deed to me in trust, and to the uses within mentioned. You may read if you please *holding out the parchment , though perhaps what is written on the back may serve* your occasions.

FAIN.

Very likely, sir. What's here? Damnation! *Reads* A DEED OF CONVEYANCE OF THE WHOLE ESTATE REAL OF ARABELLA LANGUISH, WIDOW, IN TRUST TO EDWARD MIRABELL. Confusion!

MIRA.

Even so, sir: 'tis the way of the world, sir; of the widows of the world. I suppose this deed may bear an elder date than what you have obtained from your lady.

FAIN.

Perfidious fiend! Then thus I'll be revenged. *Offers to* run at *MRS. FAINALL*.

SIR WIL.

Hold, sir; now you may make your bear-garden flourish somewhere else, sir.

FAIN.

Mirabell, you shall hear of this, sir; be sure you shall. Let me pass, oaf.

MRS. FAIN.

Madam, you seem to stifle your resentment. You had better give it vent.

MRS. MAR.

Yes, it shall have vent, and to your confusion, or I'll perish in the attempt.

SCENE the Last.

LADY WISHFORT, MRS. MILLAMANT, MIRABELL, MRS. FAINALL, SIR WILFULL, PETULANT, WITWOUD, FOIBLE, MINCING, WAITWELL.

LADY.

O daughter, daughter, 'tis plain thou hast inherited thy mother's prudence.

MRS. FAIN.

Thank Mr. Mirabell, a cautious friend, to whose advice all is owing.

LADY.

Well, Mr. Mirabell, you have kept your promise, and I must perform mine. First, I pardon for your sake Sir Rowland there and Foible. The next thing is to break the matter to my nephew, and how to do that -

MIRA.

For that, madam, give yourself no trouble; let me have your consent. Sir Wilfull is my friend: he has had compassion upon lovers, and generously engaged a volunteer in this action, for our service, and now designs to prosecute his travels.

SIR WIL.

'Sheart, aunt, I have no mind to marry. My cousin's a fine lady, and the gentleman loves her and she loves him, and they deserve one another; my resolution is to see foreign parts. I have set on't, and when I'm set on't I must do't. And if these two gentlemen would travel too, I think they may be spared.

PET.

For my part, I say little. I think things are best off or on.

WIT.

I'gad, I understand nothing of the matter: I'm in a maze yet, like a dog in a dancing school.

LADY.

Well, sir, take her, and with her all the joy I can give you.

MILLA.

Why does not the man take me? Would you have me give myself to you over again?

MIRA.

Ay, and over and over again. *Kisses her hand.* I would have you as often as possibly I can. Well, heav'n grant I love you not too well; that's all my fear.

SIR WIL.

'Sheart, you'll have time enough to toy after you're married, or, if you will toy now, let us have a dance in the meantime; that we who are not lovers may have some other employment besides looking on.

MIRA.

With all my heart, dear Sir Wilfull. What shall we do for music?

FOIB.

Oh, sir, some that were provided for Sir Rowland's entertainment are yet within call. *A dance.*

LADY.

As I am a person, I can hold out no longer: I have wasted my spirits so to-day already that I am ready to sink under the fatigue; and I cannot but have some fears upon me yet, that my son Fainall will pursue some desperate course.

MIRA.

Madam, disquiet not yourself on that account: to my knowledge his circumstances are such he must of force comply. For my part I will contribute all that in me lies to a reunion. In the meantime, madam *to* MRS. FAINALL, let me before these witnesses restore

to you this deed of trust: it may be a means, well managed, to make you live easily together.

From hence let those be warned, who mean to wed,

Lest mutual falsehood stain the bridal-bed:

For each deceiver to his cost may find

That marriage frauds too oft are paid in kind.

Exeunt Omnes.

4.4.2: Reading and Review Questions

1. What moral standards, if any, does Mirabell possess? What kind of a hero is he, do you think? How does he compare to Dryden's concept of the hero?
2. What, if anything, is the target of Congreve's satire in this play? How do you know? How does Congreve's satire compare with Pope's?
3. What sense of its audience does this play possess, do you think? How do you know? How does this sense of its audience affect the play's plot, characters, and setting?
4. What exactly is being negotiated for in Mirabell and Millament's proviso scene? How do you know?
5. Does the agreed upon marriage of Mirabell and Millament make this play's ending a happy one? Why, or why not?

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4.5: Daniel Defoe (1660-1731)

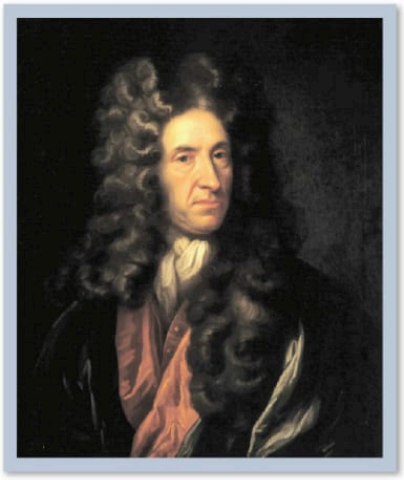


Image 4.6 | Daniel Defoe
Artist | Godfrey Kneller
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Daniel Defoe was born to James Foe, a tallow chandler and "auditor for the Butcher's Company," and Alice, who died when Daniel was eight. He changed his name to Defoe in 1695. He studied at the Reverend James Fisher's school at Dorking, Surrey. As a Dissenter, Defoe could not enter either Oxford or Cambridge, so he studied instead at the Reverend Charles Morton's small college at Newington Green. There he studied not only the classics but also modern languages, geography, and mathematics. Although expected to enter the ministry, Defoe began work as a hose-factor. To find trade goods, he traveled extensively in Europe. In 1684, he married Mary Tuffley, the daughter of a wealthy merchant, who brought with her a considerable dowry.

In 1685, he joined in the doomed Protestant uprising of James Scott, 1st Duke of Monmouth and illegitimate son of Charles II, against the Roman Catholic James II soon after Charles II's death. Defoe may have escaped the ensuing Bloody Assizes (rebels' trials) by fleeing abroad; he certainly received a pardon in 1687. His political position became more stable upon the accession of William III and Mary II.

His financial position was more precarious; he declared bankruptcy in 1692 after failed commercial ventures and shipping losses. Governmental appointments, including his spying for William III and Mary II, floated him. His finances saw fortune and loss, and his political appointments and activities became comparably checkered, or pragmatic. Once he turned to writing, he wrote a number of propagandist pieces, including the parodic *The Shortest Way with Dissenters*.

This oblique attack on the Tories caused Defoe to be arrested, convicted of seditious libel, and sentenced to pay a fine, be jailed, and be pilloried for three days. Those in the pillory could suffer the mercy of the mob, or stoning, a fate that Defoe prevented by entertaining the gathered crowds with stories. Defoe established a spy system for Robert Harley, a representative of Queen Anne's government and became a double agent in service of England's first Prime Minister, Robert Walpole. He published articles in both Tory and Whig journals, articles for and against both parties. He also published over 500 works, ranging from poems to early novels. His failing finances continued to dog him. In 1730, he left home to hide from a creditor and died alone in a rented room. His life ran like his novels, in which movement seems constant. But when movement stops, as when Moll Flanders is held in Newgate Prison, then one has time for reflection and conscience. Because death stops all, Defoe reminds us to be serious: "What is left 'tis hoped will not offend the chastest reader or the modest hearer; and as the best use is made even of the worst story, the moral 'tis hoped will keep the reader serious" (*Moll Flanders*).

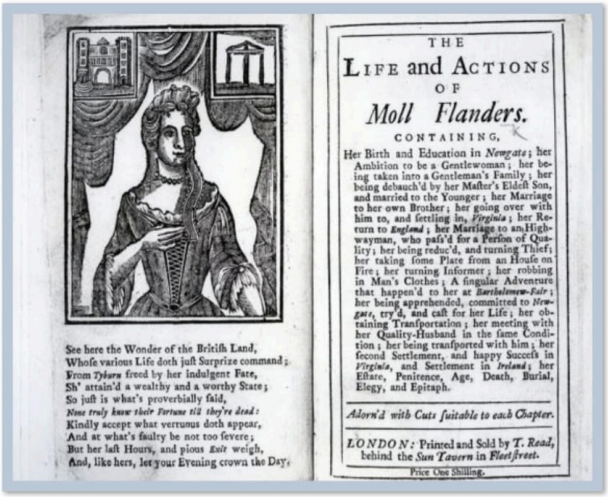


Image 4.7 | *Moll Flanders*
Author | Daniel Defoe
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4.5.1: from *Moll Flanders*

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

The world is so taken up of late with novels and romances, that it will be hard for a private history to be taken for genuine, where the name and other circumstances of the person are concealed; and on this account we must be content to leave the reader to pass his own opinion upon the ensuing sheets, and take it just as he pleases.

The author is here supposed to be writing her own history, and in the very beginning of her account she gives the reasons why she thinks fit to conceal her true name, after which there is no occasion to say any more about that.

It is true that the original of this story is put into new words, and the style of the famous lady we here speak of is a little altered; particularly she is made to tell her own tale in modester words than she told it at first, the copy which came first to hand having been written in language more like one still in Newgate than one grown penitent and humble, as she afterwards pretends to be.

The pen employed in finishing her story, and making it what you now see it to be, has had no little difficulty to put it into a dress fit to be seen, and to make it speak language fit to be read. When a woman debauched from her youth, nay, even being the offspring of debauchery and vice, comes to give an account of all her vicious practices, and even to descend to the particular occasions and circumstances by which she first became wicked, and of all the progressions of crime which she ran through in threescore years, an author must be hard put to it to wrap it up so clean as not to give room, especially for vicious readers, to turn it to his disadvantage.

All possible care, however, has been taken to give no lewd ideas, no immodest turns in the new dressing-up this story; no, not to the worst part of her expressions. To this purpose some of the vicious part of her life, which could not be modestly told, is quite left out, and several other parts are very much shortened. What is left, 'tis hoped, will not offend the chastest reader or the modestest hearer; and as the best use is to be made even of the worst story, the moral, 'tis hoped, will keep the reader serious even where the story might incline him to be otherwise. To give the history of a wicked life repented of necessarily requires that the wicked part should be made as wicked as the real history of it will bear, to illustrate and give a beauty to the penitent part, which is certainly the best and brightest, if related with equal spirit and life.

It is suggested there cannot be the same life, the same brightness and beauty, in relating the penitent part as is in the criminal part. If there is any truth in that suggestion, I must be allowed to say, 'tis because there is not the same taste and relish in the reading; and, indeed, it is too true that the difference lies not in the real worth of the subject so much as in the gust and palate of the reader.

But as this work is chiefly recommended to those who know how to read it, and how to make the good uses of it which the story all along recommends to them, so it is to be hoped that such readers will be much more pleased with the moral than the fable,

with the application than with the relation, and with the end of the writer than with the life of the person written of.

There it in this story abundance of delightful incidents, and all of them usefully applied. There is an agreeable turn artfully given them in the relating, that naturally instructs the reader, either one way or another. The first part of her lewd life with the young gentleman at Colchester has so many happy turns given it to expose the crime, and warn all whose circumstances are adapted to it, of the ruinous end of such things, and the foolish, thoughtless, and abhorred conduct of both the parties, that it abundantly atones for all the lively description she gives of her folly and wickedness.

The repentance of her lover at Bath, and how brought by the just alarm of his fit of sickness to abandon her; the just caution given there against even the lawful intimacies of the dearest friends, and how unable they are to preserve the most solemn resolutions of virtue without divine assistance; these are parts which, to a just discernment, will appear to have more real beauty in them than all the amorous chain of story which introduces it.

In a word, as the whole relation is carefully garbled of all the levity and looseness that was in it, so it is applied, and with the utmost care, to virtuous and religious uses. None can, without being guilty of manifest injustice, cast any reproach upon it, or upon our design in publish advocates for the stage have, in all ages, made this the great argument to persuade people that their plays are useful, and that they ought to be allowed in the most civilised and in the most religious government; namely, that they are applied to virtuous purposes, and that, by the most lively representations, they fail not to recommend virtue and generous principles, and to discourage and expose all sorts of vice and corruption of manners; and were it true that they did so, and that they constantly adhered to that rule as the test of their acting on the theatre, much might be said in their favour.

Throughout the infinite variety of this book, this fundamental is most strictly adhered to; there is not a wicked action in any part of it, but is first or last rendered unhappy and unfortunate; there is not a superlative villain brought upon the stage, but either he is brought to an unhappy end, or brought to be a penitent; there is not an ill thing mentioned, but it is condemned, even in the relation, nor a virtuous, just thing, but it carries its praise along with it. What can more exactly answer the rule laid down, to recommend even those representations of things which have so many other just objections lying against them? namely, of example of bad company, obscene language, and the like.

Upon this foundation this book is recommended to the reader, as a work from every part of which something may be learned, and some just and religious inference is drawn, by which the reader will have something of instruction if he pleases to make use of it.

All the exploits of this lady of fame, in her depredations upon mankind, stand as so many warnings to honest people to beware of them, intimating to them by what methods innocent people are drawn in, plundered, and robbed, and by consequence how to avoid them. Her robbing a little child, dressed fine by the vanity of the mother, to go to the dancing-school, is a good memento to such people hereafter, as is likewise her picking the gold watch from the young lady's side in the park.

Her getting a parcel from a hare-brained wench at the coaches in St John's Street; her booty at the fire, and also at Harwich, all give us excellent warning in such cases to be more present to ourselves in sudden surprises of every sort.

Her application to a sober life and industrious management at last, in Virginia, with her transported spouse, is a story fruitful of instruction to all the unfortunate creatures who are obliged to seek their re-establishment abroad, whether by the misery of transportation or other disaster; letting them know that diligence and application have their due encouragement, even in the remotest part of the world, and that no case can be so low, so despicable, or so empty of prospect, but that an unwearied industry will go a great way to deliver us from it, will in time raise the meanest creature to appear again in the world, and give him a new cast for his life.

These are a few of the serious inferences which we are led by the hand to in this book, and these are fully sufficient to justify any man in recommending it to the world, and much more to justify the publication of it.

There are two of the most beautiful parts still behind, which this story gives some idea of, and lets us into the parts of them, but they are either of them too long to be brought into the same volume, and indeed are, as I may call them, whole volumes of themselves, viz.: 1. The life of her governess, as she calls her, who had run through, it seems, in a few years, all the eminent degrees of a gentlewoman, a whore, and a bawd; a mid wife and a midwife-keeper, as they are called; a pawnbroker, a child-taker, a receiver of thieves, and of stolen goods; and, in a word, herself a thief, a breeder-up of thieves, and the like, and yet at last a penitent.

The second is the life of her transported husband, a highwayman, who, it seems, lived a twelve years' life of successful villainy upon the road, and even at last came off so well as to be a volunteer transport, not a convict; and in whose life there is an incredible variety.

But, as I said, these are things too long to bring in here, so neither can I make a promise of their coming out by themselves.

We cannot say, indeed, that this history is carried on quite to the end of the life of this famous Moll Flanders, for nobody can write their own life to the full end of it, unless they can write it after they are dead. But her husband's life, being written by a third hand, gives a full account of them both, how long they lived together in that country, and how they came both to England again, after about eight years, in which time they were grown very rich, and where she lived, it seems, to be very old, but was not so extraordinary a penitent as she was at first; it seems only that indeed she always spoke with abhorrence of her former life, and of every part of it.

In her last scene, at Maryland and Virginia, many pleasant things happened, which makes that part of her life very agreeable, but they are not told with the same elegancy as those accounted for by herself; so it is still to the more advantage that we break off here.

The Fortunes and Misfortunes of the Famous Moll Flanders

My true name is so well known in the records or registers at Newgate, and in the Old Bailey, and there are some things of such consequence still depending there, relating to my particular conduct, that it is not to be expected I should set my name or the account of my family to this work; perhaps after my death it may be better known; at present it would not be proper, no, not though a general pardon should be issued, even without exceptions of persons or crimes.

It is enough to tell you, that as some of my worst comrades, who are out of the way of doing me harm (having gone out of the world by the steps and the string, as I often expected to go), knew me by the name of Moll Flanders, so you may give me leave to go under that name till I dare own who I have been, as well as who I am.



Image 4.8 | *Prisons and Inmates*
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I have been told, that in one of our neighbour nations, whether it be in France, or where else I know not, they have an order from the king, that when any criminal is condemned, either to die, or to the galleys, or to be transported, if they leave any children, as such are generally unprovided for, by the forfeiture of their parents, so they are immediately taken into the care of the government, and put into an hospital called the House of Orphans, where they are bred up, clothed, fed, taught, and when fit to go out, are placed to trades, or to services, so as to be well able to provide for themselves by an honest, industrious behaviour.

Had this been the custom in our country, I had not been left a poor desolate girl without friends, without clothes, without help or helper, as was my fate; and by which I was not only exposed to very great distresses, even before I was capable either of understanding my case, or how to amend it, but brought into a course of life, scandalous in itself, and which in its ordinary course tended to the swift destruction both of soul and body.

But the case was otherwise here. My mother was convicted of felony for a petty theft, scarce worth naming, viz., borrowing three pieces of fine holland of a certain draper in Cheapside. The circumstances are too long to repeat, and I have heard them related so many ways, that I can scarce tell which is the right account.

However it was, they all agree in this, that my mother pleaded her belly, and, being found quick with child, she was respited for about seven months; after which she was called down, as they term it, to her former judgment, but obtained the favour afterward of being transported to the plantations, and left me about half a year old, and in bad hands you may be sure.

This is too near the first hours of my life for me to relate anything of myself but by hearsay; 'tis enough to mention, that, as I was born in such an unhappy place, I had no parish to have recourse to for my nourishment in my infancy; nor can I give the least account how I was kept alive, other than that, as I have been told, some relation of my mother took me away, but at whose expense, or by whose direction, I know nothing at all of it.

The first account that I can recollect, or could ever learn, of myself, was that I had wandered among a crew of those people they call gipsies, or Egyptians; but I believe it was but a little while that I had been among them, for I had not had my skin discoloured, as they do to all children they carry about with them; nor can I tell how I came among them, or how I got from them.

It was at Colchester, in Essex, that those people left me, and I have a notion in my head that I left them there (that is, that I hid myself and would not go any farther with them), but I am not able to be particular in that account; only this I remember, that being taken up by some of the parish officers of Colchester, I gave an account that I came into the town with the gipsies, but that I would not go any farther with them, and that so they had left me, but whither they were gone, that I knew not; for though they sent round the country to inquire after them, it seems they could not be found.

I was now in a way to be provided for; for though I was not a parish charge upon this or that part of the town by law, yet, as my case came to be known, and that I was too young to do any work, being not above three years old, compassion moved the magistrates of the town to take care of me, and I became one of their own as much as if I had been born in the place.

In the provision they made for me, it was my good hap to be put to nurse, as they call it, to a woman who was indeed poor, but had been in better circumstances, and who got a little livelihood by taking such as I was supposed to be, and keeping them with all necessaries, till they were at a certain age, in which it might be supposed they might go to service, or get their own bread.

This woman had also a little school, which she kept to teach children to read and to work; and having, I say, lived before that in good fashion, she bred up the children with a great deal of art, as well as with a great deal of care.

But, which was worth all the rest, she bred them up very religiously also, being herself a very sober, pious woman; secondly, very housewifely and clean; and, thirdly, very mannerly, and with good behaviour. So that, excepting a plain diet, coarse lodging, and mean clothes, we were brought up as mannerly as if we had been at the dancing-school.

I was continued here till I was eight years old, when I was terrified with news that the magistrates (as I think they called them) had ordered that, I should go to service. I was able to do but very little, wherever I was to go, except it was to run of errands, and be a drudge to some cookmaid, and this they told me often, which put me into a great fright; for I had a thorough aversion to going to service, as they called it, though I was so young; and I told my nurse, that I believed I could get my living without going to service, if she pleased to let me; for she had taught me to work with my needle, and spin worsted, which is the chief trade of that city, and I told her that if she would keep me, I would work for her, and I would work very hard.

I talked to her almost every day of working hard; and, in short, I did nothing but work and cry all day, which grieved the good, kind woman so much, that at last she began to be concerned for me, for she loved me very well.

One day after this, as she came into the room, where all the poor children were at work, she sat down just over against me, not in her usual place as mistress, but as if she had set herself on purpose to observe me and see me work. I was doing something she had set me to, as I remember it was marking some shirts, which she had taken to make, and after a while she began to talk to me. 'Thou foolish child', says she, 'thou art always crying' (for I was crying then). 'Prithee, what dost cry for?' 'Because they will take me away', says I, 'and put me to service, and I can't work house-work.' 'Well, child', says she, 'but though you can't work house-work, you will learn it in time, and they won't put you to hard things at first.' 'Yes, they will', says I; 'and if I can't do it they will beat me, and the maids will beat me to make me do great work, and I am but a little girl, and I can't do it'; and then I cried again, till I could not speak any more.

This moved my good, motherly nurse, so that she resolved I should not go to service yet; so she bid me not cry, and she would speak to Mr Mayor, and I should not go to service till I was bigger.

Well, this did not satisfy me, for to think of going to service at all was such a frightful thing to me, that if she had assured me I should not have gone till I was twenty years old, it would have been the same to me; I should have cried all the time, with the very apprehension of its being to be so at last.

When she saw that I was not pacified yet, she began to be angry with me. ‘And what would you have?’ says she. ‘Don’t I tell you that you shall not go to service till you are bigger?’ ‘Ay’, says I, ‘but then I must go at last.’ ‘Why, what’, said she, ‘is the girl mad? What! Would you be a gentlewoman?’ ‘Yes’, says I, and cried heartily till I roared out again.

This set the old gentlewoman a-laughing at me, as you may be sure it would. ‘Well, madam, forsooth’, says she, gibing at me, ‘you would be a gentlewoman; and how will you come to be a gentlewoman? What! will you do it by your fingers’ ends?’

‘Yes’, says I again, very innocently.

‘Why, what can you earn’, says she; ‘what can you get a day at your work?’

‘Threepence’, said I, ‘when I spin, and fourpence when I work plain work.’

‘Alas! poor gentlewoman’, said she again, laughing, ‘what will that do for thee?’

‘It will keep me’, says I, ‘if you will let me live with you’; and this I said in such a poor, petitioning tone, that it made the poor woman’s heart yearn to me, as she told me afterwards.

‘But’, says she, ‘that will not keep you and buy you clothes too; and who must buy the little gentlewoman clothes?’ says she, and smiled all the while at me.

‘I will work harder then’, says I, ‘and you shall have it all.’

‘Poor child! it won’t keep you’, said she; ‘it will hardly find you in victuals.’

‘Then I would have no victuals’, says I again, very innocently; ‘let me but live with you.’

‘Why, can you live without victuals?’ says she. ‘Yes’, again says I, very much like a child, you may be sure, and still I cried heartily.

I had no policy in all this; you may easily see it was all nature; but it was joined with so much innocence and so much passion that, in short, it set the good, motherly creature a-weeping too, and at last she cried as fast as I did, and then took me and led me out of the teaching-room. ‘Come’, says she, ‘you shan’t go to service; you shall live with me’; and this pacified me for the present.

After this, she going to wait on the Mayor, my story came up, and my good nurse told Mr Mayor the whole tale; he was so pleased with it, that he would call his lady and his two daughters to hear it, and it made mirth enough among them, you may be sure.

However, not a week had passed over, but on a sudden comes Mrs Mayoress and her two daughters to the house to see my old nurse, and to see her school and the children. When they had looked about them a little, ‘Well, Mrs ——’, says the Mayoress to my nurse, ‘and pray which is the little lass that is to be a gentlewoman?’ I heard her, and I was terribly frighted, though I did not know why neither; but Mrs Mayoress comes up to me, ‘Well, miss’, says she, ‘and what are you at work upon?’ The word miss was a language that had hardly been heard of in our school, and I wondered what sad name it was she called me; however, I stood up, made a curtsey, and she took my work out of my hand, looked on it, and said it was very well; then she looked upon one of my hands. ‘Nay, she may come to be a gentlewoman’, says she, ‘for aught I know; she has a lady’s hand, I assure you.’ This pleased me mightily; but Mrs Mayoress did not stop there, but put her hand in her pocket, gave me a shilling, and bid me mind my work, and learn to work well, and I might be a gentlewoman for aught she knew.

All this while my good old nurse, Mrs Mayoress, and all the rest of them, did not understand me at all, for they meant one sort of thing by the word gentlewoman, and I meant quite another; for, alas! all I understood by being a gentlewoman, was to be able to work for myself, and get enough to keep me without going to service, whereas they meant to live great and high, and I know not what.

Well, after Mrs Mayoress was gone, her two daughters came in, and they called for the gentlewoman too, and they talked a long while to me, and I answered them in my innocent way; but always, if they asked me whether I resolved to be a gentlewoman, I answered, ‘Yes’. At last they asked me what a gentlewoman was? That puzzled me much. However, I explained myself negatively, that it was one that did not go to service, to do house-work; they were mightily pleased, and liked my little prattle to them, which, it seems, was agreeable enough to them, and they gave me money too.

As for my money, I gave it all to my mistress-nurse, as I called her, and told her she should have all I got when I was a gentlewoman as well as now. By this and some other of my talk, my old tutoress began to understand what I meant by being a gentlewoman, and that it was no more than to be able to get my bread by my own work; and at last she asked me whether it was

not so.

I told her, yes, and insisted on it, that to do so was to be a gentlewoman; ‘for’, says I, ‘there is such a one’, naming a woman that mended lace and washed the ladies’ laced heads; ‘she’, says I, ‘is a gentlewoman, and they call her madam.’

‘Poor child’, says my good old nurse, ‘you may soon be such a gentle woman as that, for she is a person of ill fame, and has had two bastards.’

I did not understand anything of that; but I answered, ‘I am sure they call her madam, and she does not go to service, nor do house-work’; and therefore I insisted that she was a gentlewoman, and I would be such a gentlewoman as that.

The ladies were told all this again, and they made themselves merry with it, and every now and then Mr Mayor’s daughters would come and see me, and ask where the little gentlewoman was, which made me not a little proud of myself besides. I was often visited by these young ladies, and sometimes they brought others with them; so that I was known by it almost all over the town.

I was now about ten years old, and began to look a little womanish, for I was mighty grave, very mannerly, and as I had often heard the ladies say I was pretty, and would be very handsome, you may be sure it made me not a little proud. However, that pride had no ill effect upon me yet; only, as they often gave me money, and I gave it my old nurse, she, honest woman, was so just as to lay it out again for me, and gave me head dresses, and linen, and gloves, and I went very neat, for if I had rags on, I would always be clean, or else I would dabble them in water myself; but, I say, my good nurse, when I had money given me, very honestly laid it out for me, and would always tell the ladies this or that was bought with their money; and this made them give me more, till at last I was indeed called upon by the magistrates to go out to service. But then I was become so good a workwoman myself, and the ladies were so kind to me, that I was past it; for I could earn as much for my nurse as was enough to keep me; so she told them, that if they would give her leave, she would keep the gentlewoman, as she called me, to be her assistant, and teach the children, which I was very well able to do; for I was very nimble at my work, though I was yet very young.

But the kindness of the ladies did not end here, for when they understood that I was no more maintained by the town as before, they gave me money oftener; and, as I grew up, they brought me work to do for them, such as linen to make, laces to mend, and heads to dress up, and not only paid me for doing them, but even taught me how to do them; so that I was a gentlewoman indeed, as I understood that word; for before I was twelve years old, I not only found myself clothes, and paid my nurse for my keeping, but got money in my pocket too.

The ladies also gave me clothes frequently of their own, or their children’s; some stockings, some petticoats, some gowns, some one thing, some another; and these my old woman managed for me like a mother, and kept them for me, obliged me to mend them, and turn them to the best advantage, for she was a rare housewife.

At last one of the ladies took such a fancy to me that she would have me home to her house, for a month, she said, to be among her daughters.

Now, though this was exceeding kind in her, yet, as my good woman said to her, unless she resolved to keep me for good and all, she would do the little gentlewoman more harm than good. ‘Well’, says the lady, ‘that’s true; I’ll only take her home for a week, then, that I may see how my daughters and she agree, and how I like her temper, and then I’ll tell you more; and in the meantime, if anybody comes to see her as they used to do, you may only tell them you have sent her out to my house.’

This was prudently managed enough, and I went to the lady’s house; but I was so pleased there with the young ladies, and they so pleased with me, that I had enough to do to come away, and they were as unwilling to part with me.

However, I did come away, and lived almost a year more with my honest old woman, and began now to be very helpful to her; for I was almost fourteen years old, was tall of my age, and looked a little womanish; but I had such a taste of genteel living at the lady’s house that I was not so easy in my old quarters as I used to be, and I thought it was fine to be a gentlewoman indeed, for I had quite other notions of a gentlewoman now than I had before; and as I thought that it was fine to be a gentlewoman, so I loved to be among gentlewomen, and therefore I longed to be there again.

When I was about fourteen years and a quarter old, my good old nurse, mother I ought to call her, fell sick and died. I was then in a sad condition indeed, for, as there is no great bustle in putting an end to a poor body’s family when once they are carried to the grave, so the poor good woman being buried, the parish children were immediately removed by the churchwardens; the school was at an end, and the day children of it had no more to do but just stay at home till they were sent somewhere else. As for what she left, a daughter, a married woman, came and swept it all away, and removing the goods, they had no more to say to me than to jest with me, and tell me that the little gentlewoman might set up for herself if she pleased.

I was frighted out of my wits almost, and knew not what to do; for I was, as it were, turned out of doors to the wide world, and that which was still worse, the old, honest woman had two-and-twenty shillings of mine in her hand, which was all the estate the little gentlewoman had in the world; and, when I asked the daughter for it, she huffed me, and told me she had nothing to do with it.

It was true the good, poor woman had told her daughter of it, and that it lay in such a place, that it was the child's money, and had called once or twice for me to give it me, but I was unhappily out of the way, and, when I came back, she was past being in a condition to speak of it. However, the daughter was so honest afterwards as to give it me, though at first she used me cruelly about it.

Now was I a poor gentlewoman indeed, and I was just that very night to be turned into the wide world; for the daughter removed all the goods, and I had not so much as a lodging to go to, or a bit of bread to eat. But it seems some of the neighbours took so much compassion of me as to acquaint the lady in whose family I had been; and immediately she sent her maid to fetch me, and away I went with them bag and baggage, and with a glad heart, you may be sure. The fright of my condition had made such an impression upon me that I did not want now to be a gentlewoman, but was very willing to be a servant, and that any kind of servant they thought fit to have me be.

But my new generous mistress had better thoughts for me. I call her generous, for she exceeded the good woman I was with before in everything, as in estate; I say, in everything except honesty; and for that, though this was a lady most exactly just, yet I must not forget to say on all occasions, that the first, though poor, was as uprightly honest as it was possible.

I was no sooner carried away, as I have said, by this good gentlewoman, but the first lady, that is to say, the Mayoress that was, sent her daughters to take care of me; and another family which had taken notice of me when I was the little gentlewoman sent for me after her, so that I was mightily made of; nay, and they were not a little angry, especially the Mayoress, that her friend had taken me away from her; for, as she said, I was hers by right, she having been the first that took any notice of me. But they that had me would not part with me; and as for me, I could not be better than where I was.

Here I continued till I was between seventeen and eighteen years old, and here I had all the advantages for my education that could be imagined; the lady had masters home to teach her daughters to dance, and to speak French, and to write, and others to teach them music; and, as I was always with them, I learned as fast as they; and though the masters were not appointed to teach me, yet I learned by imitation and inquiry all that they learned by instruction and direction; so that, in short, I learned to dance and speak French as well as any of them, and to sing much better, for I had a better voice than any of them. I could not so readily come at playing the harpsichord or the spinet, because I had no instrument of my own to practise on, and could only come at theirs in the intervals when they left it; but yet I learned tolerably well, and the young ladies at length got two instruments, that is to say, a harpsichord and a spinet too, and then they taught me themselves. But as to dancing, they could hardly help my learning country-dances, because they always wanted me to make up even number; and, on the other hand, they were as heartily willing to learn me everything that they had been taught themselves as I could be to take the learning.

By this means I had, as I have said, all the advantages of education that I could have had if I had been as much a gentlewoman as they were with whom I lived; and in some things I had the advantage of my ladies, though they were my superiors, viz., that mine were all the gifts of nature, and which all their fortunes could not furnish. First, I was apparently handsomer than any of them; secondly, I was better shaped; and, thirdly, I sang better, by which I mean, I had a better voice; in all which you will, I hope, allow me to say, I do not speak my own conceit, but the opinion of all that knew the family.

I had, with all these, the common vanity of my sex, viz., that being really taken for very handsome, or, if you please, for a great beauty, I very well knew it, and had as good an opinion of myself as anybody else could have of me, and particularly I loved to hear anybody speak of it, which happened often, and was a great satisfaction to me.

Thus far I have had a smooth story to tell of myself, and in all this part of my life I not only had the reputation of living in a very good family, and a family noted and respected everywhere for virtue and sobriety, and for every valuable thing, but I had the character too of a very sober, modest, and virtuous young woman, and such I had always been; neither had I yet any occasion to think of anything else, or to know what a temptation to wickedness meant.

But that which I was too vain of, was my ruin, or rather my vanity was the cause of it. The lady in the house where I was had two sons, young gentlemen of extraordinary parts and behaviour, and it was my misfortune to be very well with them both, but they managed themselves with me in a quite different manner.

The eldest, a gay gentleman, that knew the town as well as the country, and, though he had levity enough to do an ill-natured thing, yet had too much judgment of things to pay too dear for his pleasures; he began with that unhappy snare to all women, viz. taking notice upon all occasions how pretty I was, as he called it, how agreeable, how well-carriaged, and the like; and this he contrived

so subtly, as if he had known as well how to catch a woman in his net as a partridge when he went a-setting, for he would contrive to be talking this to his sisters, when, though I was not by, yet he knew I was not so far off but that I should be sure to hear him. His sisters would return softly to him, 'Hush, brother, she will hear you; she is but in the next room.' Then he would put it off and talk softlier, as if he had not known it, and begin to acknowledge he was wrong; and then, as if he had forgot himself, he would speak aloud again, and I, that was so well pleased to hear it, was sure to listen for it upon all occasions.

After he had thus baited his hook, and found easily enough the method how to lay it in my way, he played an open game; and one day, going by his sister's chamber when I was there, he comes in with an air of gaiety. 'Oh, Mrs Betty', said he to me, 'how do you do, Mrs Betty? Don't your cheeks burn, Mrs Betty?' I made a curtsey and blushed, but said nothing. 'What makes you talk so, brother?' said the lady. 'Why', says he, 'we have been talking of her below-stairs this half-hour.'Well', says his sister, 'you can say no harm of her, that I am sure, so 'tis no matter what you have been talking about.' 'Nay', says he, ''tis so far from talking harm of her, that we have been talking a great deal of good, and a great many fine things have been said of Mrs Betty, I assure you; and particularly, that she is the handsomest young woman in Colchester; and, in short, they begin to toast her health in the town.'

'I wonder at you, brother', says the sister. 'Betty wants but one thing, but she had as good want everything, for the market is against our sex just now; and if a young woman has beauty, birth, breeding, wit, sense, manners, modesty, and all to an extreme, yet if she has not money she's nobody, she had as good want them all; nothing but money now recommends a woman; the men play the game all into their own hands.'

Her younger brother, who was by, cried, 'Hold, sister, you run too fast; I am an exception to your rule. I assure you, if I find a woman so accomplished as you talk of, I won't trouble myself about the money.' 'Oh', says the sister, 'but you will take care not to fancy one then without the money.'

'You don't know that neither', says the brother.

'But why, sister', says the elder brother, 'why do you exclaim so about the fortune? You are none of them that want a fortune, whatever else you want.'

'I understand you, brother', replies the lady very smartly; 'you suppose I have the money, and want the beauty; but as times go now, the first will do, so I have the better of my neighbours.'

'Well', says the younger brother, 'but your neighbours may be even with you, for beauty will steal a husband sometimes in spite of money, and, when the maid chances to be handsomer than the mistress, she oftentimes makes as good a market, and rides in a coach before her.'

I thought it was time for me to withdraw, and I did so, but not so far but that I heard all their discourse, in which I heard abundance of fine things said of myself, which prompted my vanity, but, as I soon found, was not the way to increase my interest in the family, for the sister and the younger brother fell grievously out about it; and as he said some very disobliging things to her, upon my account, so I could easily see that she resented them by her future conduct to me, which indeed was very unjust, for I had never had the least thought of what she suspected as to her younger brother; indeed, the elder brother, in his distant, remote way, had said a great many things as in jest, which I had the folly to believe were in earnest, or to flatter myself with the hopes of what I ought to have supposed he never intended.

It happened one day that he came running upstairs, towards the room where his sisters used to sit and work, as he often used to do; and calling to them before he came in, as was his way too, I being there alone, stepped to the door, and said 'Sir, the ladies are not here; they are walked down the garden.' As I stepped forward to say this, he was just got to the door, and, clasping me in his arms, as if it had been by chance, 'Oh, Mrs Betty', says he, 'are you here? That's better still; I want to speak with you more than I do with them'; and then, having me in his arms, he kissed me three or four times.

I struggled to get away, and yet did it but faintly neither, and he held me fast, and still kissed me, till he was out of breath, and, sitting down, says he, 'Dear Betty, I am in love with you.'

His words, I must confess, fired my blood; all my spirits flew about my heart, and put me into disorder enough. He repeated it afterwards several times, that he was in love with me, and my heart spoke as plain as a voice that I liked it; nay, whenever he said 'I am in love with you', my blushes plainly replied 'Would you were, sir.' However, nothing else passed at the time; it was but a surprise, and I soon recovered myself. He had stayed longer with me, but he happened to look out at the window and see his sisters coming up the garden, so he took his leave, kissed me again, told me he was very serious, and I should hear more of him very quickly, and away he went infinitely pleased; and had there not been one misfortune in it, I had been in the right, but the mistake lay here, that Mrs Betty was in earnest, and the gentleman was not.

From this time my head ran upon strange things, and I may truly say I was not myself, to have such a gentleman talk to me of being in love with me, and of my being such a charming creature, as he told me I was. These were things I knew not how to bear; my vanity was elevated to the last degree. It is true I had my head full of pride, but, knowing nothing of the wickedness of the times, I had not one thought of my virtue about me; and, had my young master offered it at first sight, he might have taken any liberty he thought fit with me; but he did not see his advantage, which was my happiness for that time.

It was not long but he found an opportunity to catch me again, and almost in the same posture; indeed, it had more of design in it on his part, though not on my part. It was thus: the young ladies were gone a-visiting with their mother; his brother was out of town; and, as for his father, he had been at London for a week before. He had so well watched me that he knew where I was, though I did not so much as know that he was in the house, and he briskly comes up the stairs, and seeing me at work, comes into the room to me directly, and began just as he did before, with taking me in his arms, and kissing me for almost a quarter of an hour together.

It was his younger sister's chamber that I was in, and, as there was nobody in the house but the maid below-stairs, he was, it may be, the ruder; in short, he began to be in earnest with me indeed. Perhaps he found me a little too easy, for I made no resistance to him while he only held me in his arms and kissed me; indeed, I was too well pleased with it to resist him much.

Well, tired with that kind of work, we sat down, and there he talked with me a great while; he said he was charmed with me, and that he could not rest till he had told me how he was in love with me, and, if I could love him again and would make him happy, I should be the saving of his life, and many such fine things. I said little to him again, but easily discovered that I was a fool, and that I did not in the least perceive what he meant.

Then he walked about the room, and, taking me by the hand, I walked with him; and by-and-by, taking his advantage, he threw me down upon the bed, and kissed me there most violently; but, to give him his due, offered no manner of rudeness to me—only kissed me a great while. After this he thought he had heard somebody come upstairs, so he got off from the bed, lifted me up, professing a great deal of love for me; but told me it was all an honest affection, and that he meant no ill to me, and with that put five guineas into my hand, and went downstairs.

I was more confounded with the money than I was before with the love, and began to be so elevated that I scarce knew the ground I stood on. I am the more particular in this, that, if it comes to be read by any innocent young body, they may learn from it to guard themselves against the mischiefs which attend an early knowledge of their own beauty. If a young woman once thinks herself handsome, she never doubts the truth of any man that tells her he is in love with her; for if she believes herself charming enough to captivate him, 'tis natural to expect the effects of it.

This gentleman had now fired his inclination as much as he had my vanity, and, as if he had found that he had an opportunity, and was sorry he did not take hold of it, he comes up again in about half-an-hour, and falls to work with me again just as he did before, only with a little less introduction.

And first, when he entered the room, he turned about and shut the door. 'Mrs Betty', said he, 'I fancied before somebody was coming upstairs, but it was not so; however', adds he, 'if they find me in the room with you, they shan't catch me a-kissing of you.' I told him I did not know who should be coming upstairs, for I believed there was nobody in the house but the cook and the other maid, and they never came up those stairs. 'Well, my dear', says he, ''tis good to be sure, however'; and so he sits down, and we began to talk. And now, though I was still on fire with his first visit, and said little, he did as it were put words in my mouth, telling me how passionately he loved me, and that, though he could not till he came to his estate, yet he was resolved to make me happy then, and himself too; that is to say, to marry me, and abundance of such things, which I, poor fool, did not understand the drift of, but acted as if there was no kind of love but that which tended to matrimony; and if he had spoken of that, I had no room, as well as no power, to have said no; but we were not come to that length yet.

We had not sat long, but he got up, and, stopping my very breath with kisses, threw me upon the bed again; but then he went further with me than decency permits me to mention, nor had it been in my power to have denied him at that moment had he offered much more than he did.

However, though he took these freedoms with me, it did not go to that which they call the last favour, which, to do him justice, he did not attempt; and he made that self-denial of his a plea for all his freedoms with me upon other occasions after this. When this was over he stayed but a little while, but he put almost a handful of gold in my hand, and left me a thousand protestations of his passion for me, and of his loving me above all the women in the world.

It will not be strange if I now began ta think; but, alas! it was but with very little solid reflection. I had a most unbounded stock of vanity and pride, and but a very little stock of virtue. I did indeed cast some times with myself what my young master aimed

at, but thought of nothing but the fine words and the gold; whether he intended to marry me or not seemed a matter of no great consequence to me; nor did I so much as think of making any capitulation for myself till he made a kind of formal proposal to me, as you shall hear presently.

Thus I gave up myself to ruin without the least concern, and am a fair memento to all young women whose vanity prevails over their virtue. Nothing was ever so stupid on both sides. Had I acted as became me, and resisted as virtue and honour required, he had either desisted his attacks, finding no room to expect the end of his design, or had made fair and honourable proposals of marriage; in which case, whoever blamed him, nobody could have blamed me. In short, if he had known me, and how easy the trifle he aimed at was to be had, he would have troubled his head no further, but have given me four or five guineas, and have lain with me the next time he had come at me. On the other hand, if I had known his thoughts, and how hard he supposed I would be to be gained, I might have made my own terms, and, if I had not capitulated for an immediate marriage, I might for a maintenance till marriage, and might have had what I would; for he was rich to excess, besides what he had in expectation; but I had wholly abandoned all such thoughts, and was taken up only with the pride of my beauty, and of being beloved by such a gentleman. As for the gold, I spent whole hours in looking upon it; I told the guineas over a thousand times a day. Never poor vain creature was so wrapt up with every part of the story as I was, not considering what was before me, and how near my ruin was at the door; and indeed I think I rather wished for that ruin than studied to avoid it.

In the meantime, however, I was cunning enough not to give the least room to any in the family to imagine that I had the least correspondence with him, I scarce ever looked towards him in public, or answered if he spoke to me; when, but for all that, we had every now and then a little encounter, where we had room for a word or two, and now and then a kiss, but no fair opportunity for the mischief intended; and especially considering that he made more circumlocution than he had occasion for; and the work appearing difficult to him, he really made it so.

But as the devil is an unwearied tempter, so he never fails to find an opportunity for the wickedness he invites to. It was one evening that I was in the garden, with his two younger sisters and himself, when he found means to convey a note into my hand, by which he told me that he would to-morrow desire me publicly to go of an errand for him, and that I should see him somewhere by the way.

Accordingly, after dinner, he very gravely says to me, his sisters being all by, 'Mrs Betty, I must ask a favour of you.' 'What's that?' says the second sister. 'Nay, sister', says he very gravely, 'if you can't spare Mrs Betty to-day, any other time will do.' Yes, they said, they could spare her well enough; and the sister begged pardon for asking. 'Well, but', says the eldest sister, 'you must tell Mrs Betty what it is; if it be any private business that we must not hear, you may call her out. There she is.' 'Why, sister', says the gentleman very gravely, 'what do you mean? I only desire her to go into the High Street' (and then he pulls out a turnover) 'to such a shop'; and then he tells them a long story of two fine neckcloths he had bid money for, and he wanted to have me go and make an errand to buy a neck to that turnover that he showed, and if they would not take my money for the neckcloths, to bid a shilling more, and haggle with them; and then he made more errands, and so continued to have such petty business to do that I should be sure to stay a good while.

When he had given me my errands, he told them a long story of a visit he was going to make to a family they all knew, and where was to be such-and-such gentlemen, and very formally asked his sisters to go with him, and they as formally excused themselves, because of company that they had notice was to come and visit them that afternoon; all which, by the way, he had contrived on purpose.

He had scarce done speaking but his man came up to tell him that Sir W——H—— 's coach stopped at the door; so he runs down, and comes up again immediately. 'Alas!' says he aloud, 'there's all my mirth spoiled at once; Sir W—— has sent his coach for me, and desires to speak with me.' It seems this Sir W—— was a gentleman who lived about three miles off, to whom he had spoke on purpose to lend him his chariot for a particular occasion, and had appointed it to call for him, as it did, about three o'clock.

Immediately he calls for his best wig, hat, and sword, and, ordering his man to go to the other place to make his excuse—that was to say, he made an excuse to send his man away—he prepares to go into the coach. As he was going, he stopped awhile, and speaks mighty earnestly to me about his business, and finds an opportunity to say very softly 'Come away, my dear, as soon as ever you can.' I said nothing, but made a curtsey, as if I had done so to what he said in public. In about a quarter of an hour I went out too; I had no dress other than before, except that I had a hood, a mask, a fan, and a pair of gloves in my pocket: so that there was not the least suspicion in the house. He waited for me in a back-lane which he knew I must pass by, and the coachman knew whither to go, which was to a certain place, called Mile End, where lived a confidant of his, where we went in, and where was all the convenience in the world to be as wicked as we pleased.

When we were together he began to talk very gravely to me, and to tell me he did not bring me there to betray me; that his passion for me would not suffer him to abuse me; that he resolved to marry me as soon as he came to his estate; that in the meantime, if

I would grant his request, he would maintain me very honourably; and made me a thousand protestations of his sincerity and of his affection to me; and that he would never abandon me, and, as I may say, made a thousand more preambles than he need to have done.

However, as he pressed me to speak, I told him I had no reason to question the sincerity of his love to me after so many protestations, but—, and there I stopped, as if I left him to guess the rest. 'But what, my dear?' says he. 'I guess what you mean: what if you should be with child? Is not that it? Why, then', says he, 'I'll take care of you, and provide for you, and the child too; and that you may see I am not in jest', says he, 'here's an earnest for you', and with that he pulls out a silk purse with a hundred guineas in it, and gave it me; 'and I'll give you such another', says he, 'every year till I marry you.'

My colour came and went at the sight of the purse, and with the fire of his proposal together, so that I could not say a word, and he easily perceived it; so, putting the purse into my bosom, I made no more resistance to him, but let him do just what he pleased, and as often as he pleased; and thus I finished my own destruction at once, for from this day, being forsaken of my virtue and my modesty, I had nothing of value left to recommend me, either to God's blessing or man's assistance.

But things did not end here. I went back to the town, did the business he directed me to, and was at home before anybody thought me long. As for my gentleman, he stayed out till late at night, and there was not the least suspicion in the family either on his account or on mine.

We had after this frequent opportunities to repeat our crime, and especially at home, when his mother and the young ladies went abroad a-visiting, which he watched so narrowly as never to miss; knowing always beforehand when they went out, and then failed not to catch me all alone, and securely enough; so that we took our fill of our wicked pleasures for near half-a-year; and yet, which was the most to my satisfaction, I was not with child.

But, before this half-year was expired, his younger brother, of whom I have made some mention in the beginning of the story, falls to work with me; and he, finding me alone in the garden one evening, begins a story of the same kind to me, made good, honest professions of being in in love with me, and, in short, proposes fairly and honourably to marry me.

I was now confounded, and driven to such an extremity as the like was never known to me. I resisted the proposal with obstinacy, and began to arm myself with arguments. I laid before him the inequality of the match, the treatment I should meet with in the family, the ingratitude it would be to his good father and mother, who had taken me into their house upon such generous principles, and when I was in such a low condition; and, in short, I said everything to dissuade him that I could imagine except telling him the truth, which would indeed have put an end to it all, but that I durst not think of mentioning.

But here happened a circumstance that I did not expect indeed, which put me to my shifts; for this young gentleman, as he was plain and honest, so he pretended to nothing but what was so too; and, knowing his own innocence, he was not so careful to make his having a kindness for Mrs Betty a secret in the house as his brother was. And though he did not let them know that he had talked to me about it, yet he said enough to let his sisters perceive he loved me, and his mother saw it too, which, though they took no notice of to me, yet they did to him, and immediately I found their carriage to me altered more than ever before.

I saw the cloud, though I did not foresee the storm. It was easy, I say, to see their carriage was altered, and that it grew worse and worse every day, till at last I got information that I should in a very little while be desired to remove.

I was not alarmed at the news, having a full satisfaction that I should be provided for; and especially considering that I had reason every day to expect I should be with child, and that then I should be obliged to remove without any pretences for it.

After some time the younger gentleman took an opportunity to tell me that the kindness he had for me had got vent in the family. He did not charge me with it, he said, for he knew well enough which way it came out. He told me his way of talking had been the occasion of it, for that he did not make his respect for me so much a secret as he might have done, and the reason was, that he was at a point, that if I would consent to have him, he would tell them all openly that he loved me, and that he intended to marry me; that it was true his father and mother might resent it, and be unkind, but he was now in a way to live, being bred to the law, and he did not fear maintaining me; and that, in short, as he believed I would not be ashamed of him, so he was resolved not to be ashamed of me, and that he scorned to be afraid to own me now, whom he resolved to own after I was his wife, and therefore I had nothing to do but to give him my hand, and he would answer for all the rest.

I was now in a dreadful condition indeed, and now I repented heartily my easiness with the eldest brother; not from any reflection of conscience, for I was a stranger to those things, but I could not think of being a whore to one brother and a wife to the other. It came also into my thoughts that the first brother had promised to make me his wife when he came to his estate; but I presently remembered, what I had often thought of, that he had never spoken a word of having me for a wife after he had conquered me

for a mistress; and indeed, till now, though I said I thought of it often, yet it gave no disturbance at all, for as he did not seem in the least to lessen his affection to me, so neither did he lessen his bounty, though he had the discretion himself to desire me not to lay out a penny in clothes, or to make the least show extraordinary, because it would necessarily give jealousy in the family, since everybody knew I could come at such things no manner of ordinary way, but by some private friendship, which they would presently have suspected.

I was now in a great strait, and knew not what to do; the main difficulty was this; the younger brother not only laid close siege to me, but suffered it to be seen. He would come into his sister's room, and his mother's room, and sit down, and talk a thousand kind things to me even before their faces; so that the whole house talked of it, and his mother reproved him for it, and their carriage to me appeared quite altered. In short, his mother had let fall some speeches, as if she intended to put me out of the family; that is, in English, to turn me out of doors. Now I was sure this could not be a secret to his brother, only that he might think, as indeed nobody else yet did, that the youngest brother had made any proposal to me about it; but as I could easily see that it would go further, so I saw likewise there was an absolute necessity to speak of it to him, or that he would speak of it to me, but knew not whether I should break it to him or let it alone till he should break it to me.

Upon serious consideration, for indeed now I began to consider things very seriously, and never till now, I resolved to tell him it first; and it was not long before I had an opportunity, for the very next day his brother went to London upon some business, and the family being out a-visiting, just as it happened before, and as indeed was often the case, he came according to his custom to spend an hour or two with Mrs Betty.

When he had sat down a while, he easily perceived there was an alteration in my countenance, that I was not so free and pleasant with him as I used to be, and particularly, that I had been a-crying; he was not long before he took notice of it, and asked me in very kind terms what was the matter, and if anything troubled me. I would have put it off if I could, but it was not to be concealed; so after suffering many importunities to draw that out of me, which I longed as much as possible to disclose, I told him that it was true something did trouble me, and something of such a nature that I could hardly conceal from him, and yet that I could not tell how to tell him of it neither; that it was a thing that not only surprised me, but greatly perplexed me, and that I knew not what course to take, unless he would direct me. He told me with great tenderness, that let it be what it would, I should not let it trouble me, for he would protect me from all the world.

I then began at a distance, and told him I was afraid the ladies had got some secret information of our correspondence; for that it was easy to see that their conduct was very much changed towards me, and that now it was come to pass that they frequently found fault with me, and sometimes fell quite out with me, though I never gave them the least occasion; that whereas I used always to lie with the elder sister, I was lately put to lie by myself, or with one of the maids; and that I had overheard them several times talking very unkindly about me; but that which confirmed it all was, that one of the servants had told me that she had heard I was to be turned out, and that it was not safe for the family that I should be any longer in the house.

He smiled when he heard of this, and I asked him how he could make so light of it, when he must needs know that if there was any discovery I was undone, and that it would hurt him, though not ruin him, as it would me. I upbraided him, that he was like the rest of his sex, that, when they had the character of a woman at their mercy, often times made it their jest, and at least looked upon it as a trifle, and counted the ruin of those they had had their will of as a thing of no value.

He saw me warm and serious, and he changed his style immediately; he told me he was sorry I should have such a thought of him; that he had never given me the least occasion for it, but had been as tender of my reputation as he could be of his own; that he was sure our correspondence had been managed with so much address, that not one creature in the family had so much as a suspicion of it; that if he smiled when I told him my thoughts, it was at the assurance he lately received, that out understanding one another was not so much as guessed at, and that when he had told me how much reason he had to be easy, I should smile as he did, for he was very certain it would give me a full satisfaction.

'This is a mystery I cannot understand', says I, 'or how it should be to my satisfaction that I am to be turned out of doors; for if our correspondence is not discovered, I know not what else I have done to change the faces of the whole family to me, who formerly used me with so much tenderness, as if I had been one of their own children.'

'Why, look you, child', says he, 'that they are uneasy about you, that is true; but that they have the least suspicion of the case as it is, and as it respects you and I, is so far from being true, that they suspect my brother Robin; and, in short, they are fully persuaded he makes love to you; nay, the fool has put it into their heads too himself, for he is continually bantering them about it, and making a jest of himself, I confess I think he is wrong to do so, because he cannot but see it vexes them, and makes them unkind to you; but it is a satisfaction to me, because of the assurance it gives me, that they do not suspect me in the least, and I hope this will be to your satisfaction too.'

‘So it is’, says I, ‘one way; but this does not reach my case at all, nor is this the chief thing that troubles me, though I have been concerned about that too.’ ‘What is it, then?’ says he. With which, I fell into tears, and could say nothing to him at all. He strove to pacify me all he could, but began at last to be very pressing upon me to tell what it was. At last I answered, that I thought I ought to tell him too, and that he had some right to know it; besides, that I wanted his direction in the case, for I was in such perplexity that I knew not what course to take, and then I related the whole affair to him. I told him how imprudently his brother had managed himself, in making himself so public; for that if he had kept it a secret; I could but have denied him positively, without giving any reason for it, and he would in time have ceased his solicitations; but that he had the vanity; first, to depend upon it that I would not deny him, and then had taken the freedom to tell his design to the whole house.

I told him how far I had resisted him, and how sincere and honourable his offers were; ‘but’, says I, ‘my case will be doubly hard; for as they carry it ill to me now, because he desires to have me, they’ll carry it worse when they shall find I have denied him; and they will presently say, there’s something else in it, and that I am married already to somebody else, or that I would never refuse a match so much above me as this was.’

This discourse surprised him indeed very much. He told me that it was a critical point indeed for me to manage, and he did not see which way I should get out of it; but he would consider of it, and let me know next time we met, what resolution he was come to about it; and in the meantime desired I would not give my consent to his brother, nor yet give him a flat denial, but that I would hold him in suspense a while.

I seemed to start at his saying, I should not give him my consent. I told him, he knew very well I had no consent to give; that he had engaged himself to marry me, and that I was thereby engaged to him; that he had all along told me I was his wife, and I looked upon myself as effectually so as if the ceremony had passed; and that it was from his own mouth that I did so, he having all along persuaded me to call myself his wife.

‘Well, my dear’, says he, ‘don’t be concerned at that now; if I am not your husband, I’ll be as good as a husband to you; and do not let those things trouble you now, but let me look a little further into this affair, and I shall be able to say more next time we meet.'

He pacified me as well as he could with this, but I found he was very thoughtful, and that, though he was very kind to me, and kissed me a thousand times, and more I believe, and gave me money too, yet he offered no more all the while we were together, which was above two hours, and which I much wondered at, considering how it used to be, and what opportunity we had.

His brother did not come from London for five or six days, and it was two days more before he got an opportunity to talk with him; but then getting him by himself, he talked very close to him about it, and the same evening found means (for we had a long conference together) to repeat all their discourse to me, which, as near as I can remember, was to the purpose following. He told him he heard strange news of him since he went, viz., that he made love to Mrs Betty. ‘Well’, says his brother, a little angrily, ‘and what then? What has anybody to do with that?’ ‘Nay’, says his brother, ‘don’t be angry, Robin; I don’t pretend to have anything to do with it, but I find they do concern themselves about it, and that they have used the poor girl ill about it, which I should take as done to myself.’ ‘Whom do you mean by they?’ says Robin. ‘I mean my mother and the girls’, says the elder brother.

‘But hark ye’, says his brother, ‘are you in earnest? Do you really love the girl?’ ‘Why, then’, says Robin, ‘I will be free with you; I do love her above all the women in the world, and I will have her, let them say and do what they will. I believe the girl will not deny me.’

It stuck me to the heart when he told me this, for though it was most rational to think I would not deny him, yet I knew in my own conscience I must, and I saw my ruin in my being obliged to do so; but I knew it was my business to talk otherwise then, so I interrupted him in his story thus: ‘Ay!’, said I, ‘does he think I cannot deny him? But he shall find I can deny him for all that.’ ‘Well, my dear’, says he, ‘but let me give you the whole story as it went on between us, and then say what you will.’ Then he went on and told me that he replied thus: ‘But, brother, you know she has nothing, and you may have several ladies with good fortunes.’ ‘’Tis no matter for that’, said Robin; ‘I love the girl, and I will never please my pocket in marrying, and not please my fancy.’ ‘And so, my dear’, adds he, ‘there is no opposing him.’

‘Yes, yes’, says I; ‘I can oppose him; I have learned to say No, now, though I had not learnt it before; if the best lord in the land offered me marriage now, I could very cheerfully say No to him.’

‘Well, but, my dear’, says he, ‘what can you say to him? You know, as you said before, he will ask you many questions about it, and all the house will wonder what the meaning of it should be.’

‘Why’, says I, smiling, ‘I can stop all their mouths at one clap by telling him, and them too, that I am married already to his elder brother.’ He smiled a little too at the word, but I could see it startled him, and he could not hide the disorder it put him into.

However, he returned, ‘Why, though that may be true in some sense, yet I suppose you are but in jest when you talk of giving such an answer as that; it may not be convenient on many accounts.’

‘No, no’, says I pleasantly, ‘I am not so fond of letting that secret come out, without your consent.’

‘But what, then, can you say to them’, says he, ‘when they find you positive against a match which would be apparently so much to your advantage?’ ‘Why’, says I, ‘should I be at a loss? First, I am not obliged to give them any reason; on the other hand, I may tell them I am married already, and stop there, and that will be a full stop too to him, for he can have no reason to ask one question after it.’

‘Ay!’ says he; ‘but the whole house will tease you about that, and if you deny them positively, they will be disobliged at you, and suspicious besides.’

‘Why’, says I, ‘what can I do? What would you have me do? I was in strait enough before, as I told you, and acquainted you with the circumstances, that I might have your advice.’

‘My dear’, says he, ‘I have been considering very much upon it, you may be sure, and though the advice has many mortifications in it to me, and may at first seem strange to you, yet, all things considered, I see no better way for you than to let him go on, and, if you find him hearty and in earnest, marry him.’

I gave him a look full of horror at those words, and turning pale as death, was at the very point of sinking down out of the chair I sat in; when, giving a start, ‘My dear’, says he aloud, ‘what’s the matter with you? Where are you a-going?’, and a great many such things; and with jogging and calling to me fetched me a little to myself, though it was a good while before I fully recovered my senses, and was not able to speak for several minutes.

When I was fully recovered he began again. ‘My dear’, says he, ‘I would have you consider seriously of it. You may see plainly how the family stand in this case, and they would be stark mad if it was my case, as it is my brother’s; and for aught I see it would be my ruin and yours too.’

‘Ay!’ says I, still speaking angrily; ‘are all your protestations and vows to be shaken by the dislike of the family? Did I not always object that to you, and you made a light thing of it, as what you were above, and would not value; and is it come to this now? Is this your faith and honour, your love, and the solidity of your promises?’

He continued perfectly calm, notwithstanding all my reproaches, and I was not sparing of them at all; but he replied at last, ‘My dear, I have not broken one promise with you yet; I did tell you I would marry you when I was come to my estate; but you see my father is a hale, healthy man, and may live these thirty years still, and not be older than several are round us in the town; and you never proposed my marrying you sooner, because you know it might be my ruin; and as to the rest, I have not failed you in anything.’

I could not deny a word of this. ‘But why, then’, says I, ‘can you persuade me to such a horrid step as leaving you, since you have not left me? Will you allow no affection, no love on my side, where there has been so much on your side? Have I made you no returns? Have I given no testimony of my sincerity and of my passion? Are the sacrifices I have made of honour and modesty to you no proof of my being tied to you in bonds too strong to be broken?’

‘But here, my dear’, says he, ‘you may come into a safe station, and appear with honour, and the remembrance of what we have done may be wrapped up in an eternal silence, as if it had never happened; you shall always have my sincere affection, only then it shall be honest, and perfectly just to my brother; you shall be my dear sister, as now you are my dear—’ and there he stopped.

Your dear whore’, says I, ‘you would have said, and you might as well have said it; but I understand you. However, I desire you to remember the long discourses you have had with me, and the many hours’ pains you have taken to persuade me to believe myself an honest woman; that I was your wife intentionally, and that it was as effectual a marriage that had passed between us as if we had been publicly wedded by the parson of the parish. You know these have been your own words to me.’

I found this was a little too close upon him, but I made it up in what follows. He stood stock-still for a while, and said nothing, and I went on thus: ‘You cannot’, says I, ‘without the highest injustice, believe that I yielded upon all these persuasions without a love not to be questioned, not to be shaken again by anything that could happen afterward. If you have such dishonourable thoughts of me, I must ask you what foundation have I given for such a suggestion? If, then, I have yielded to the importunities of my affection, and if I have been persuaded to believe that I am really your wife, shall I now give the lie to all those arguments, and call myself your whore, or mistress, which is the same thing? And will you transfer me to your brother? Can you transfer my affection?

Can you bid me cease loving you, and bid me love him? Is it in my power, think you, to make such a change at demand? No, sir', said I, 'depend upon it 'tis impossible, and whatever the change on your side may be, I will ever be true; and I had much rather, since it is come that unhappy length, be your whore than your brother's wife.'

He appeared pleased and touched with the impression of this last discourse, and told me that he stood where he did before; that he had not been unfaithful to me in any one promise he had ever made yet, but that there were so many terrible things presented themselves to his view in the affair before me, that he had thought of the other as a remedy, only that he thought this would not be an entire parting us, but we might love as friends all our days, and perhaps with more satisfaction than we should in the station we were now in; that he durst say, I could not apprehend anything from him as to betraying a secret, which could not but be the destruction of us both if it came out; that he had but one question to ask of me that could lie in the way of it, and, if that question was answered, he could not but think still it was the only step I could take.

I guessed at his question presently, viz. whether I was not with child. As to that, I told him, he need not be concerned about it, for I was not with child. 'Why, then, my dear', says he, 'we have no time to talk further now. Consider of it; I cannot but be of the opinion still, that it will be the best course you can take.' And with this he took his leave, and the more hastily too, his mother and sisters ringing at the gate just at the moment he had risen up to go.

He left me in the utmost confusion of thought; and he easily perceived it the next day, and all the rest of the week, but he had no opportunity to come at me all that week, till the Sunday after, when I, being indisposed, did not go to church, and he, making some excuse, stayed at home.

And now he had me an hour and half again by myself, and we fell into the same arguments all over again; at last I asked him warmly, what opinion he must have of my modesty, that he could suppose I should so much as entertain a thought of lying with two brothers, and assured him it could never be. I added, if he was to tell me that he would never see me more, than which nothing but death could be more terrible, yet I could never entertain a thought so dishonourable to myself, and so base to him; and therefore, I entreated him, if he had one grain of respect or affection left for me, that he would speak no more of it to me, or that he would pull his sword out and kill me. He appeared surprised at my obstinacy, as he called it; told me I was unkind to myself; and unkind to him in it; that it was a crisis unlooked for upon us both, but that he did not see any other way to save us both from ruin, and therefore he thought it the more unkind; but that if he must say no more of it to me, he added, with an unusual coldness, that he did not know anything else we had to talk of; and so he rose up to take his leave. I rose up too, as if with the same indifference; but when he came to give me as it were a parting kiss, I burst out into such a passion of crying that, though I would have spoke, I could not, and, only pressing his hand, seemed to give him the adieu, but cried vehemently.

He was sensibly moved with this; so he sat down again, and said a great many kind things to me, but still urged the necessity of what he had proposed; all the while insisting, that, if I did refuse, he would notwithstanding provide for me; but letting me plainly see that he would decline me in the main point—nay, even as a mistress; making it a point of honour not to lie with the woman that, for aught he knew, might one time or other come to be his brother's wife.

The bare loss of him as a gallant was not so much my affliction as the loss of his person, whom indeed I loved to distraction; and the loss of all the expectations I had, and which I always built my hopes upon, of having him one day for my husband. These things oppressed my mind so much, that, in short, the agonies of my mind threw me into a high fever, and long it was, that none in the family expected my life.

I was reduced very low indeed, and was often delirious; but nothing lay so near me, as the fear that when I was light-headed, I should say something or other to his prejudice. I was distressed in my mind also to see him, and so he was to see me, for he really loved me most passionately; but it could not be; there was not the least room to desire it on one side or other.

It was near five weeks that I kept my bed; and, though the violence of my fever abated in three weeks, yet it several times returned; and the physicians said two or three times, they could do no more for me, but that they must leave nature and the distemper to fight it out. After the end of five weeks I grew better, but was so weak, so altered, and recovered so slowly, that the physicians apprehended I should go into a consumption; and, which vexed me most, they gave their opinion that my mind was oppressed, that something troubled me, and, in short, that I was in love. Upon this, the whole house set upon me to press me to tell whether I was in love or not, and with whom; but as I well might, I denied my being in love at all.

They had on this occasion a squabble one day about me at table that had like to put the whole family in an uproar. They happened to be all at table but the father; as for me, I was ill, and in my chamber. At the beginning of the talk, the old gentlewoman, who had sent me somewhat to eat, bid her maid go up and ask me if I would have any more; but the maid brought down word I had not eaten half what she had sent me already. 'Alas', says the old lady, 'that poor girl! I am afraid she will never be well.' 'Well!' says the elder brother; 'how should Mrs Betty be well? They say she is in love.' 'I believe nothing of it' says the old gentlewoman, 'I don't

know', says the elder sister, 'what to say to it; they have made such a rout about her being so handsome, and so charming, and I know not what, and that in her hearing too; that has turned the creature's head, I believe, and who knows what possessions may follow such doings? For my part, I don't know what to make of it.'

'Why, sister, you must acknowledge she is very handsome', says the elder brother. 'Ay, and a great deal handsomer than you, sister', says Robin, 'and that's your mortification.' 'Well, well, that is not the question' says his sister; 'the girl is well enough, and she knows it; she need not be told of it to make her vain.'

'We don't talk of her being vain', says the elder brother, 'but of her being in love; maybe she is in love with herself; it seems my sisters think so.'

'I would she was in love with me', says Robin; 'I'd quickly put her out of her pain.' 'What d'ye mean by that, son?' says the old lady; 'how can you talk so?' 'Why, madam', says Robin again, very honestly, 'do you think I'ld let the poor girl die for love, and of me, too, that is so near at hand to be had?' 'Fie, brother!', says the second sister, 'how can you talk so? Would you take a creature that has not a groat in the world?' 'Prithee, child', says Robin, 'beauty's a portion, and good humour with it is a double portion; I wish thou hadst half her stock of both for thy portion.' So there was her mouth stopped.

'I find', says the eldest sister, 'if Betty is not in love, my brother is. I wonder he has not broke his mind to Betty; I warrant she won't say No.' 'They that yield when they are asked', says Robin, 'are one step before them that were never asked to yield, and two steps before them that yield before they are asked; and that's an answer to you, sister.'

This fired the sister, and she flew into a passion, and said, things were come to that pass that it was time the wench, meaning me, was out of the family; and but that she was not fit to be turned out, she hoped her father and mother would consider of it, as soon as she could be removed.

Robin replied, that was for the master and mistress of the family, who were not to be taught by one that had so little judgment as his eldest sister.

It ran up a great deal further; the sister scolded, Robin rallied and bantered, but poor Betty lost ground by it extremely in the family. I heard of it, and cried heartily, and the old lady came up to me, somebody having told her that I was so much concerned about it. I complained to her that it was very hard the doctors should pass such a censure upon me, for which they had no ground; and that it was still harder, considering the circumstances I was under in the family; that I hoped I had done nothing to lessen her esteem for me, or given any occasion for the bickering between her sons and daughters, and had more need to think of a coffin than of being in love, and begged she would not let me suffer in her opinion for anybody's mistakes but my own.

She was sensible of the justice of what I said, but told me, since there had been such a clamour among them, and that her younger son talked after such a rattling way as he did, she desired I would be so faithful to her as to answer her but one question sincerely. I told her I would, and with the utmost plainness and sincerity. Why, then, the question was, whether there was anything between her son Robert and me. I told her with all the protestations of sincerity that I was able to make, and as I might well do, that there was not, nor ever had been; I told her that Mr Robert had rattled and jested, as she knew it was his way, and that I took it always as I supposed he meant it, to be a wild airy way of discourse that had no signification in it; and assured her that there was not the least tittle of what she understood by it between us; and that those who had suggested it had done me a great deal of wrong, and Mr Robert no service at all.

The old lady was fully satisfied, and kissed me, spoke cheerfully to me, and bid me take care of my health and want for nothing, and so took her leave. But when she came down she found the brother and all his sisters together by the ears; they were angry, even to passion, at his upbraiding them with their being homely, and having never had any sweethearts, never having been asked the question, their being so forward as almost to ask first, and the like. He rallied them with Mrs Betty; how pretty, how good-humoured, how she sung better than they did, and danced better, and how much handsomer she was; and in doing this he omitted no ill-natured thing that could vex them. The old lady came down in the height of it, and to stop it, told them the discourse she had had with me, and how I answered, that there was nothing between Mr Robert and I.

'She's wrong there', says Robin, 'for if there was not a great deal between us, we should be closer together than we are. I told her I loved her hugely', says he, 'but I could never make the jade believe I was in earnest. 'I do not know how you should', says his mother; 'nobody in their senses could believe you were in earnest, to talk so to a poor girl whose circumstances you know so well.'

'But prithee, son', adds she, 'since you tell us you could not make her believe you were in earnest, what must we believe about it? For you ramble so in your discourse that nobody knows whether you are in earnest or in jest; but as I find the girl, by your own confession, has answered truly, I wish you would do so too, and tell me seriously, so that I may depend upon it, is there anything

in it or no? Are you in earnest or no? Are you distracted, indeed, or are you not? 'Tis a weighty question; I wish you would make us easy about it.'

'By my faith, madam', says Robin, ''tis in vain to mince the matter, or tell any more lies about it; I am in earnest, as much as a man is that's going to be hanged. If Mrs Betty would say she loved me, and that she would marry me, I'ld have her to-morrow morning fasting, and say. "To have and to hold", instead of eating my breakfast.'

'Well', says the mother, 'then there's one son lost'; and she said it in a very mournful tone, as one greatly concerned at it. 'I hope not, madam' says Robin; 'no man is lost when a good wife has found him.' 'Why, but, child', says the old lady, 'she is a beggar.' 'Why, then, madam, she has the more need of charity', says Robin; 'I'll take her off the hands of the parish, and she and I'll beg together.' 'It's bad jesting with such things', says the mother. 'I don't jest, madam', says Robin; 'we'll come and beg your pardon, madam, and your blessing, madam, and my father's.' 'This is all out of the way, son', says the mother. 'If you are in earnest you are undone.' 'I am afraid not', says he, 'for I am really afraid she won't have me, After all my sister's huffing, I believe I shall never be able to persuade her to it.'

'That's a fine tale, indeed. She is not so far gone neither. Mrs Betty is no fool', says the youngest sister. 'Do you think she has learned to say No, any more than other people?' 'No, Mrs Mirth-wit', says Robin, 'Mrs Betty's no fool, but Mrs Betty may be engaged some other way, and what then?' 'Nay', says the eldest sister, 'we can say nothing to that. Who must it be to, then? She is never out of the doors; it must be between you.' 'I have nothing to say to that', says Robin. 'I have been examined enough; there's my brother. If it must be between us, go to work with him.'

This stung the elder brother to the quick, and he concluded that Robin had discovered something. However, he kept himself from appearing disturbed. 'Prithee', says he, 'don't go to sham your stories off upon me; I tell you I deal in no such ware; I have nothing to say to no Mrs Bettys in the parish'; and with that he rose up and brushed off. 'No', says the eldest sister, 'I dare answer for my brother; he knows the world better.'

Thus the discourse ended; but it left the eldest brother quite confounded. He concluded his brother had made a full discovery, and he began to doubt whether I had been concerned in it or not; but with all his management, he could not bring it about to get at me. At last, he was so perplexed that he was quite desperate, and resolved he would see me whatever came of it. In order to this, he contrived it so, that one day after dinner, watching his eldest sister, till he could see her go upstairs, he runs after her. 'Hark ye, sister', says he, 'where is this sick woman? May not a body see her?' 'Yes', says the sister, 'I believe you may; but let me go in first a little, and I'll tell you.' So she ran up to the door, and gave me notice, and presently called to him again. 'Brother', says she, 'you may come in, if you please.' So in he came, just in the same kind of rant. 'Well', says he at the door, as he came in, 'where's this sick body that's in love? How do ye do, Mrs Betty?' I would have got up out of my chair, but was so weak I could not for a good while; and he saw it, and his sister too; and she said, 'Come, do not strive to stand up; my brother desires no ceremony, especially now you are so weak.' 'No, no, Mrs Betty, pray sit still', says he; and so sits himself down in a chair over against me, and appeared as if he was mighty merry.

He talked a deal of rambling stuff to his sister and to me; sometimes of one thing, sometimes another, on purpose to amuse her, and every now and then would turn it upon the old story. 'Poor Mrs Betty', says he, 'it is a sad thing to be in love; why, it has reduced you sadly.' At last I spoke a little. 'I am glad to see you so merry, sir', says I; 'but I think the doctor might have found something better to do than to make his game of his patients. If I had been ill of no other distemper, I know the proverb too well to have let him come to me.' 'What proverb? 'says he. 'What:

Where love is the case,

The doctor's an ass

Is not that it, Mrs Betty?' I smiled, and said nothing. 'Nay', says he, 'I think the effect has proved it to be love; for it seems the doctor has done you little service; you mend very slowly, they say. I doubt there's somewhat in it, Mrs Betty; I doubt you are sick of the incurables.' I smiled, and said, 'No, indeed, sir, that's none of my distemper.'

We had a deal of such discourse, and sometimes others that signified as little. By-and-by he asked me to sing them a song, at which I smiled, and said my singing days were over. At last he asked me if he should play upon his flute to me; his sister said she believed my head could not bear it. I bowed, and said, 'Pray, madam, do not hinder it; I love the flute very much.' Then his sister said, 'Well, do, then, brother.' With that he pulled out the key of his closet. 'Dear sister', says he, 'I am very lazy; do step and fetch my flute; it lies in such a drawer', naming a place where he was sure it was not, that she might be a little while a-looking for it.

As soon as she was gone, he related the whole story to me of the discourse his brother had about me, and his concern about it,

which was the reason of his contriving this visit. I assured him I had never opened my mouth either to his brother or to anybody else. I told him the dreadful exigence I was in; that my love to him, and his offering to have me forget that affection and remove it to another, had thrown me down; and that I had a thousand times wished I might die rather than recover, and to have the same circumstances to struggle with as I had before. I added that I foresaw that as soon as I was well I must quit the family, and that, as for marrying his brother, I abhorred the thoughts of it after what had been my case with him, and that he might depend upon it I would never see his brother again upon that subject; that if he would break all his vows, and oaths, and engagements with me, be that between his conscience and himself; but he should never be able to say that I, whom he had persuaded to call myself his wife, and who had given him the liberty to use me as a wife, was not as faithful to him as a wife ought to be, whatever he might be to me.

He was going to reply, and had said that he was sorry I could not be persuaded, and was a-going to say more, but he heard his sister a-coming, and so did I; and yet I forced out these few words as a reply, that I could never be persuaded to love one brother and marry the other. He shook his head, and said, 'Then I am ruined', meaning himself; and that moment his sister entered the room, and told him she could not find the flute. 'Well', says he merrily, 'this laziness won't do'; so he gets up, and goes himself to look for it, but comes back without it too; not but that he could have found it, but he had no mind to play; and, besides, the errand he sent his sister on was answered another way; for he only wanted to speak to me, which he had done, though not much to his satisfaction.

I had, however, a great deal of satisfaction in having spoken my mind to him in freedom, and with such an honest plainness, as I have related; and though it did not at all work the way I desired, that is to say, to oblige the person to me the more, yet it took from him all possibility of quitting me but by a downright breach of honour, and giving up all the faith of a gentleman, which he had so often engaged by, never to abandon me, but to make me his wife as soon as he came to his estate.

It was not many weeks after this before I was about the house again, and began to grow well; but I continued melancholy and retired, which amazed the whole family, except he that knew the reason of it; yet it was a great while before he took any notice of it, and I, as backward to speak as he, carried as respectfully to him, but never offered to speak a word that was particular of any kind whatsoever; and this continued for sixteen or seventeen weeks; so that, as I expected every day to be dismissed the family, on account of what distaste they had taken another way, in which I had no guilt, I expected to hear no more of this gentleman, after all his solemn vows, but to be ruined and abandoned.

At last I broke the way myself in the family for my removing; for being talking seriously with the old lady one day, about my own circumstances, and how my distemper had left a heaviness upon my spirits, the old lady said, 'I am afraid, Betty, what I have said to you about my son has had some influence upon you, and that you are melancholy on his account; pray, will you let me know how the matter stands with you both, if it may not be improper? For, as for Robin, he does nothing but rally and banter when I speak of it to him.' 'Why, truly, madam', said I, 'that matter stands as I wish it did not, and I shall be very sincere with you in it, whatever befalls me. Mr Robert has several times proposed marriage to me, which is what I had no reason to expect, my poor circumstances considered; but I have always resisted him, and that perhaps in terms more positive than became me, considering the regard that I ought to have for every branch of your family; but', said I, 'madam, I could never so far forget my obligations to you and all your house, to offer to consent to a thing which I knew must needs be disobliging to you, and have positively told him that I would never entertain a thought of that kind unless I had your consent, and his father's also, to whom I was bound by so many invincible obligations.'

'And is this possible, Mrs Betty?' says the old lady. 'Then you have been much juster to us than we have been to you; for we have all looked upon you as a kind of a snare to my son, and I had a proposal to make you for your removing, for fear of it; but I had not yet mentioned it you, because I was afraid of grieving you too much, lest it should throw you down again; for we have a respect for you still, though not so much as to have it be the ruin of my son; but if it be as you say, we have all wronged you very much.'

'As to the truth of what I say, madam', said I, 'I refer to your son himself; if he will do me any justice, he must tell you the story just as I have told it.'

Away goes the old lady to her daughters and tells them the whole story, just as I had told it her; and they were surprised at it, you may be sure, as I believed they would be. One said she could never have thought it; another said Robin was a fool; a third said she would not believe a word of it, and she would warrant that Robin would tell the story another way. But the old lady, who was resolved to go to the bottom of it before I could have the least opportunity of acquainting her son with what had passed, resolved, too, that she would talk with her son immediately, and to that purpose sent for him, for he was gone but to a lawyer's house in the town, and upon her sending he returned immediately.

Upon his coming up to them, for they were all together, 'Sit down, Robin', says the old lady; 'I must have some talk with you.' 'With all my heart, madam', says Robin, looking very merry. 'I hope it is about a good wife, for I am at a great loss in that affair.' 'How

can that be?' says his mother. 'Did not you say you resolved to have Mrs Betty?' 'Ay, madam', says Robin; 'but there is one that has forbid the banns. 'Forbid the banns! Who can that be?' 'Even Mrs Betty herself, says Robin. 'How so?' says his mother. 'Have you asked her the question, then?' 'Yes, indeed, madam', says Robin; 'I have attacked her in form five times since she was sick, and am beaten off; the jade is so stout she won't capitulate nor yield upon any terms, except such as I can't effectually grant.' 'Explain yourself, says the mother, 'for I am surprised; I do not understand you. I hope you are not in earnest.'

'Why, madam', says he, 'the case is plain enough upon me, it explains itself; she won't have me, she says; is not that plain enough? I think 'tis plain, and pretty rough too.' 'Well, but', says the mother, 'you talk of conditions that you cannot grant; what does she want—a settlement? Her jointure ought to be according to her portion; what does she bring?' 'Nay, as to fortune', says Robin, 'she is rich enough; I am satisfied in that point; but 'tis I that am not able to come up to her terms, and she is positive she will not have me without.'

Here the sisters put in. 'Madam', says the second sister, ''tis impossible to be serious with him; he will never give a direct answer to anything; you had better let him alone, and talk no more of it; you know how to dispose of her out of his way.' Robin was a little warmed with his sister's rudeness, but he was even with her presently. 'There are two sorts of people, madam', says he, turning to his mother, 'that there is no contending with; that is, a wise body and a fool; 'tis a little hard I should engage with both of them together.'

The younger sister then put in. 'We must be fools indeed', says she, 'in my brother's opinion, that he should make us believe he has seriously asked Mrs Betty to marry him, and she has refused him.'

'Answer, and answer not, says Solomon' replied her brother. 'When your brother had said that he had asked her no less than five times, and that she positively denied him, methinks a younger sister need not question the truth of it, when her mother did not.' 'My mother, you see, did not understand it' says the second sister. 'There's some difference', says Robin, 'between desiring me to explain it, and telling me she did not believe it.'

'Well, but, son', says the old lady, 'if you are disposed to let us into the mystery of it, what were those hard conditions?' 'Yes, madam', says Robin, 'I had done it before now, if the teasers here had not worried me by way of interruption. The conditions are, that I bring my father and you to consent to it, and without that she protests she will never see me more upon that head; and the conditions, as I said, I suppose I shall never be able to grant. I hope my warm sisters will be answered now, and blush a little.'

This answer was surprising to them all, though less to the mother, because of what I had said to her. As to the daughters, they stood mute a great while; but the mother said, with some passion, 'Well, I heard this before, but I could not believe it; but if it is so, then we have all done Betty wrong, and she has behaved better than I expected.' 'Nay', says the eldest sister, 'if it is so, she has acted handsomely indeed.' 'I confess', says the mother, 'it was none of her fault, if he was enough fool to take a fancy to her; but to give such an answer to him, shows more respect to us than I can tell how to express; I shall value the girl the better for it, as long as I know her.' 'But I shall not', says Robin, 'unless you will give your consent.' 'I'll consider of that awhile' says the mother; 'I assure you, if there were not some other objections, this conduct of hers would go a great way to bring me to consent.' 'I wish it would go quite through with it', says Robin; 'if you had as much thought about making me easy as you have about making me rich, you would soon consent to it.'

'Why, Robin', says the mother again, 'are you really in earnest? Would you fain have her?' 'Really, madam', says Robin, 'I think 'tis hard you should question me again upon that head. I won't say that I will have her. How can I resolve that point, when you see I cannot have her without your consent? But this I will say, I am earnest, that I will never have anybody else, if I can help it. Betty or nobody is the word, and the question, which of the two, shall be in your breast to decide, madam, provided only, that my good-humoured sisters here may have no vote in it.'

All this was dreadful to me, for the mother began to yield, and Robin pressed her home in it. On the other hand, she advised with the eldest son, and he used all the arguments in the world to persuade her to consent; alleging his brother's passionate love for me, and my generous regard to the family, in refusing my own advantages upon such a nice point of honour, and a thousand such things. And as to the father, he was a man in a hurry of public affairs and getting money, seldom at home, thoughtful of the main chance, but left all those things to his wife.

You may easily believe, that when the plot was thus, as they thought, broke out, it was not so difficult or so dangerous for the elder brother, whom nobody suspected of anything, to have a freer access than before; nay, the mother, which was just as he wished, proposed it to him to talk with Mrs Betty. 'It may be, son', said she, 'you may see farther into the thing than I, and see if she has been so positive as Robin says she has been, or no.' This was as well as he could wish, and he, as it were, yielding to talk with me at his mother's request, she brought me to him into her own chamber, told me her son had some business with me at her request, and then she left us together, and he shut the door after her.

He came back to me and took me in his arms, and kissed me very tenderly; but told me it was now come to that crisis, that I should make myself happy or miserable as long as I lived; that if I could not comply to his desire, we should both be ruined. Then he told me the whole story between Robin, as he called him, and his mother, and his sisters, and himself, as above. ‘And now, dear child’, says he, ‘consider what it will be to marry a gentleman of a good family, in good circumstances, and with the consent of the whole house, and to enjoy all that the world can give you; and what, on the other hand, to be sunk into the dark circumstances of a woman that has lost her reputation; and that though I shall be a private friend to you while I live, yet as I shall be suspected always, so you will be afraid to see me, and I shall be afraid to own you.’

He gave me no time to reply, but went on with me thus: ‘What has happened between us, child, so long as we both agree to do so, may be buried and forgotten. I shall always be your sincere friend, without any inclination to nearer intimacy when you become my sister; and we shall have all the honest part of conversation without any reproaches between us of having done amiss. I beg of you to consider it, and do not stand in the way of your own safety and prosperity; and to satisfy you that I am sincere’, added he, ‘I here offer you five hundred pounds to make you some amends for the freedoms I have taken with you, which we shall look upon as some of the follies of our lives, which ’tis hoped we may repent of.’

He spoke this in so much more moving terms than it is possible for me to express, that you may suppose as he held me above an hour and a half in this discourse; so he answered all my objections, and fortified his discourse with all the arguments that human wit and art could devise.

I cannot say, however, that anything he said made impression enough upon me so as to give me any thought of the matter, till he told me at last very plainly, that if I refused, he was sorry to add that he could never go on with me in that station as we stood before; that, though he loved me as well as ever, and that I was as agreeable to him, yet the sense of virtue had not so forsaken him as to suffer him to lie with a woman that his brother courted to make his wife; that if he took his leave of me, with a denial from me in this affair, whatever he might do for me in the point of support, grounded on his first engagement of maintaining me, yet he would not have me be surprised that he was obliged to tell me he could not allow himself to see me any more; and that, indeed, I could not expect it of him.

I received this last part with some tokens of surprise and disorder, and had much ado to avoid sinking down, for indeed I loved him to an extravagance not easy to imagine; but he perceived my disorder, and entreated me to consider seriously of it; assured me that it was the only way to preserve our mutual affection; that in this station we might love as friends, with the utmost passion, and with a love of relation untainted, free from our own just reproaches, and free from other people’s suspicions; that he should ever acknowledge his happiness owing to me; that he would be debtor to me as long as he lived, and would be paying that debt as long as he had breath. Thus he wrought me up, in short, to a kind of hesitation in the matter; having the dangers on one side represented in lively figures, and, indeed, heightened by my imagination of being turned out to the wide world a mere cast-off whore, for it was no less, and perhaps exposed as such, with little to provide for myself, with no friend, no acquaintance in the whole world, out of that town, and there I could not pretend to stay. All this terrified me to the last degree, and he took care upon all occasions to lay it home to me in the worst colours. On the other hand, he failed not to set forth the easy, prosperous life which I was going to live.

He answered all that I could object from affection, and from former engagements, with telling me the necessity that was before us of taking other measures now; and as to his promises of marriage, the nature of things, he said, had put an end of that, by the probability of my being his brother’s wife, before the time to which his promises all referred.

Thus, in a word, I may say, he reasoned me out of my reason; he conquered all my arguments, and I began to see a danger that I was in, which I had not considered of before, and that was, of being dropped by both of them, and left alone in the world to shift for myself.

This, and his persuasion, at length prevailed with me to consent, though with so much reluctance, that it was easy to see I should go to church like a bear to the stake. I had some little apprehensions about me, too, lest my new spouse, who, by the way, I had not the least affection for, should be skilful enough to challenge me on another account, upon our first coming to bed together; but whether he did it with design or not, I know not, but his elder brother took care to make him very much fuddled before he went to bed, so that I had the satisfaction of a drunken bedfellow the first night. How he did it I know not, but I concluded that he certainly contrived it, that his brother might be able to make no judgment of the difference between a maid and a married woman; nor did he ever entertain any notions of it, or disturb his thoughts about it.

I should go back a little here, to where I left off. The elder brother having thus managed me, his next business was to manage his mother, and he never left till he had brought her to acquiesce and be passive, even without acquainting the father, other than by post letters; so that she consented to our marrying privately, leaving her to manage the father afterwards.

Then he cajoled with his brother, and persuaded him what service he had done him, and how he had brought his mother to consent, which, though true, was not indeed done to serve him, but to serve himself; but thus diligently did he cheat him, and had the thanks of a faithful friend for shifting off his whore into his brother's arms for a wife. So naturally do men give up honour and justice, and even Christianity, to secure themselves.

I must now come back to brother Robin, as we always called him, who having got his mother's consent, as above, came big with the news to me, and told me the whole story of it, with a sincerity so visible, that I must confess it grieved me that I must be the instrument to abuse so honest a gentleman. But there was no remedy; he would have me, and I was not obliged to tell him that I was his brother's whore, though I had no other way to put him off; so I came gradually into it, and behold we were married.

Modesty forbids me to reveal the secrets of the marriage-bed, but nothing could have happened more suitable to my circumstances than that, as above, my husband was so fuddled when he came to bed that he could not remember in the morning whether he had had any conservation with me or no, and I was obliged to tell him he had, though, in reality, he had not, that I might be sure he could make no inquiry about anything else.

It concerns the story in hand very little to enter into the further particulars of the family, or of myself, for the five years that I lived with this husband, only to observe that I had two children by him, and that at the end of the five years he died. He had been really a very good husband to me, and we lived very agreeably together; but as he had not received much from them, and had in the little time he lived acquired no great matters, so my circumstances were not great, nor was I much mended by the match. Indeed, I had preserved the elder brother's bonds to me to pay me £500, which he offered me for my consent to marry his brother; and this, with what I had saved of the money he formerly gave me, and about as much more by my husband, left me a widow with about £1200 in my pocket.

My two children were, indeed, taken happily off of my hands by my husband's father and mother, and that was all they got by Mrs Betty. I confess I was not suitably affected with the loss of my husband; nor can I say that I ever loved him as I ought to have done, or was suitable to the good usage I had from him, for he was a tender, kind, good-humoured man as any woman could desire; but his brother being so always in my sight, at least while we were in the country, was a continual snare to me; and I never was in bed with my husband, but I wished myself in the arms of his brother. And though his brother never offered me the least kindness that way after our marriage, but carried it just as a brother ought to do, yet it was impossible for me to do so to him; in short, I committed adultery and incest with him every day in my desires, which, without doubt, was as effectually criminal.

Before my husband died his elder brother was married, and we being then removed to London, were written to by the old lady to come and be at the wedding. My husband went, but I pretended indisposition, so I stayed behind; for, in short, I could not bear the sight of his being given to another woman, though I knew I was never to have him myself.

I was now, as above, left loose to the world, and being still young and handsome, as everybody said of me, and I assure you I thought myself so, and with a tolerable fortune in my pocket, I put no small value upon myself. I was courted by several very considerable tradesmen, and particularly very warmly by one, a linen-draper, at whose house, after my husband's death, I took a lodging, his sister being my acquaintance. Here I had all the liberty and opportunity to be gay and appear in company that I could desire, my landlord's sister being one of the maddest, gayest things alive, and not so much mistress of her virtue as I thought at first she had been. She brought me into a world of wild company, and even brought home several persons, such as she liked well enough to gratify, to see her pretty widow. Now, as fame and fools make an assembly, I was here wonderfully caressed, had abundance of admirers, and such as called themselves lovers; but I found not one fair proposal among them all. As for their common design, that I understood too well to be drawn into any more snares of that kind. The case was altered with me; I had money in my pocket, and had nothing to say to them. I had been tricked once by that cheat called love, but the game was over; I was resolved now to be married or nothing, and to be well married or not at all.

I loved the company, indeed, of men of mirth and wit, and was often entertained with such, as I was also with others; but I found by just observation, that the brightest men came upon the dullest errand; that is to say, the dullest as to what I aimed at. On the other hand, those who came with the best proposals were the dullest and most disagreeable part of the world. I was not averse to a tradesman; but then I would have a tradesman, forsooth, that was something of a gentleman too; that when my husband had a mind to cary me to the court, or to the play, he might become a sword, and look as like a gentleman as another man; and not like one that had the mark of his apron-strings upon his coat, or the mark of his hat upon his periwig; that should look as if he was set on to his sword, when his sword was put on to him, and that carried his trade in his countenance.

Well, at last I found this amphibious creature, this land-water thing, called a gentleman-tradesman; and as a just plague upon my folly, I was catched in the very snare which, as I might say, I laid for myself.

This was a draper too, for though my comrade would have bargained for me with her brother, yet when they came to the point, it

was, it seems, for a mistress, and I kept true to this notion, that a woman should never be kept for a mistress that had money to make herself a wife.

Thus my pride, not my principle, my money, not my virtue, kept me honest; though, as it proved, I found I had much better have been sold by my she-comrade to her brother, than have sold myself as I did to a tradesman, that was a rake, gentleman, shopkeeper, and beggar, all together.

But I was hurried on (by my fancy to a gentleman) to ruin myself in the grossest manner that ever woman did; for my new husband coming to a lump of money at once, fell into such a profusion of expense, that all I had, and all he had, would not have held it out above one year.

He was very fond of me for about a quarter of a year, and what I got by that was, that I had the pleasure of seeing a great deal of my money spent upon myself. 'Come, my dear', says he to me one day, 'shall we go and take a turn into the country for a week?' 'Ay, my dear', says I; 'whither would you go?' 'I care not whither', says he; 'but I have a mind to look like quality for a week; we'll go to Oxford', says he. 'How' says I, 'shall we go? I am no horsewoman, and 'tis too far for a coach.' 'Too far!' says he; 'no place is too far for a coach-and-six. If I carry you out, you shall travel like a duchess.' 'Hum', says I, 'my dear, 'tis a frolic; but if you have a mind to it, I don't care.' Well, the time was appointed; we had a rich coach, very good horses, a coachman, postillion, and two footmen in very good liveries; a gentleman on horseback, and a page with a feather in his hat upon another horse. The servants all called him my lord, and I was her honour the Countess, and thus we travelled to Oxford, and a pleasant journey we had; for, give him his due, not a beggar alive knew better how to be a lord than my husband. We saw all the rarities at Oxford; talked with two or three fellows of colleges about putting a nephew, that was left to his lordship's care, to the university, and of their being his tutors. We diverted ourselves with bantering several other poor scholars, with the hopes of being at least his lordship's chaplain and putting on a scarf; and thus having lived like quality indeed, as to expense, we went away for Northampton, and, in a word, in about twelve days' ramble came home again, to the tune of about £93 expense.

Vanity is the perfection of a fop. My husband had this excellence, that he valued nothing of expense. As his history, you may he sure, has very little weight in it, 'tis enough to tell you that in about two years and a quarter he broke, got into a sponging-house, being arrested in an action too heavy for him to give bail to, so he sent for me to come to him.

It was no surprise to me, for I had foreseen some time before that all was going to wreck, and had been taking care to reserve something, if I could, for myself; but when he sent for me, he behaved much better than I expected. He told me plainly he had piayed the fool, and suffered himself to be surprised, which he might have prevented; that now he foresaw he could not stand it, and therefore he would have me go home, and in the night take away everything I had in the house of any value, and secure it; and after that, he told me that if I could get away £100 or £200 in goods out of the shop, I should do it; 'only', says he, 'let me know nothing of it, neither what you take or whither you carry it; for as for me', says he, 'I am resolved to get out of this house and be gone; and if you never hear of me more, my dear', says he, 'I wish you well; I am only sorry for the injury I have done you.' He said some very handsome things to me indeed at parting; for I told you he was a gentleman, and that was all the benefit I had of his being so; that he used me very handsomely, even to the last, only spent all I had, and left me to rob the creditors for something to subsist on.

However, I did as he bade me, that you may be sure; and having thus taken my leave of him, I never saw him more, for he found means to break out of the bailiff's house that night, or the next; how, I knew not, for I could come at no knowledge of anything, more than this, that he came home about three o'clock in the morning, caused the rest of his goods to be removed into the Mint, and the shop to be shut up; and having raised what money he could, he got over to France, from whence I had one or two letters from him, and no more.

I did not see him when he came home, for he having given me such Instructions as above, and I having made the best of my time, I had no more business back again at the house, not knowing but I might have been stopped there by the creditors; for a commission of bankrupt being soon after issued, they might have stopped me by orders from the commisioners. But my husband, having desperately got out from the bailiff's by letting himself down from almost the top of the house to the top of another building, and leaping from thence, which was almost two stories, and which was enough indeed to have broken his neck, he came home and got away his goods before the creditors could come to seize; that is to say, before they could get out the commission, and be ready to send their officers to take possession.

My husband was so civil to me, for still I say he was much of a gentleman, that in the first letter he wrote me, he let me know where he had pawned twenty pieces of fine holland for £30, which were worth above £90, and enclosed me the token for the taking them up, paying the money, which I did, and made in time above £100 of them, having leisure to cut them, and sell them to private families, as opportunity offered.

However, with all this, and all that I had secured before, I found, upon casting things up, my case was very much altered, and my fortune much lessened; for, including the hollands and a parcel of fine muslins, which I carried off before, and some plate and other things, I found I could hardly muster up £500; and my condition was very odd, for though I had no child (I had had one by my gentleman draper, but it was buried), yet I was a widow bewitched, I had a husband and no husband, and I could not pretend to marry again, though I knew well enough my husband would never see England any more, if he lived fifty years. Thus, I say, I was limited from marriage, what offer soever might be made me; and I had not one friend to advise with in the condition I was in, at least not one whom I could trust the secret of my circumstances to; for if the commissioners were to have been informed where I was, I should have been fetched up, and all I had saved be taken away.

Upon these apprehensions, the first thing I did was to go quite out of my knowledge, and go by another name. This I did effectually, for I went into the Mint too, took lodgings in a very private place, dressed me up in the habit of a widow, and called myself Mrs Flanders.

Here, however, I concealed myself, and though my new acquaintance knew nothing of me, yet I soon got a great deal of company about me; and whether it be that women are scarce among the people that generally are to be found there, or that some consolations in the miseries of that place are more requisite than on other occasions, I soon found that an agreeable woman was exceedingly valuable among the sons of affliction there; and that those that could not pay half-a-crown in the pound to their creditors, and run in debt at the sign of the Bull for their dinners, would yet find money for a supper, if they liked the woman.

However, I kept myself safe yet, though I began, like my Lord Rochester's mistress, that loved his company, but would not admit him further, to have the scandal of a whore without the joy; and upon this score, tired with the place, and with the company too, I began to think of removing.

It was indeed a subject of strange reflection to me, to see men in the most perplexed circumstances, who were reduced some degrees below being ruined, whose families were objects of their own terror and other people's charity, yet while a penny lasted, nay, even beyond it, endeavouring to drown their sorrow in their wickedness; heaping up more guilt upon themselves, labouring to forget former things, which now it was the proper time to remember, making more work for repentance, and sinning on, as a remedy for sin past.

But it is none of my talent to preach; these men were too wicked even for me. There was something horrid and absurd in their way of sinning, for it was all a force even upon themselves; they did not only act against conscience, but against nature, and nothing was more easy than to see how sighs would interrupt their songs, and paleness and anguish sit upon their brows, in spite of the forced smiles they put on; nay, sometimes it would break out at their very mouths, when they had parted with their money for a lewd treat or a wicked embrace. I have heard them, turning about, fetch a deep sigh, and cry, 'What a dog am I! Well, Betty, my dear, I'll drink thy health, though'; meaning the honest wife, that perhaps had not a half-crown for herself and three or four children. The next morning they were at their penitentials again, and perhaps the poor weeping wife comes over to him, either brings him some account of what his creditors are doing, and how she and the children are turned out of doors, or some other dreadful news; and this adds to his self-reproaches; but when he has thought and pored on it till he is almost mad, having no principles to support him, nothing within him or above him to comfort him, but finding it all darkness on every side, he flies to the same relief again, viz. to drink it away, debauch it away, and falling into company of men in just the same condition with himself, he repeats the crime, and thus he goes every day one step onward of his way to destruction.

I was not wicked enough for such fellows as these. Yet, on the contrary, I began to consider here very seriously what I had to do; how things stood with me, and what course I ought to take. I knew I had no friends, no, not one friend or relation in the world; and that little I had left apparently wasted, which when it was gone, I saw nothing but misery and starving was before me. Upon these considerations, I say, and filled with horror at the place I was in, I resolved to be gone.

I had made an acquaintance with a sober, good sort of a woman, who was a widow too, like me, but in better circumstances. Her husband had been a captain of a ship, and having had the misfortune to be cast away coming home from the West Indies, was so reduced by the loss, that though he had saved his life then, it broke his heart, and killed him afterwards; and his widow being pursued by the creditors, was forced to take shelter in the Mint. She soon made things up with the help of friends, and was at liberty again; and finding that I rather was there to be concealed, than by any particular prosecutions, and finding also that I agreed with her, or rather she with me, in a just abhorrence of the place and of the company, she invited me to go home with her, till I could put myself in some posture of settling in the world to my mind; withal telling me, that it was ten to one but some good captain of a ship might take a fancy to me, and court me, in that part of the town where she lived.

I accepted of her offer, and was with her half a year, and should have been longer, but in that interval what she proposed to me happened to herself, and she married very much to her advantage. But whose fortune soever was upon the increase, mine seemed to be upon the wane, and I found nothing present, except two or three boatswains, or such fellows; but as for the commanders,

they were generally of two sorts. 1. Such as, having good business, that is to say, a good ship, resolved not to marry, but with advantage. 2. Such as, being out of employ, wanted a wife to help them to a ship; I mean (1) a wife who, having some money, could enable them to hold a good part of a ship themselves, so to encourage owners to come in; or (2) a wife who, if she had not money, had friends who were concerned in shipping, and so could help to put the young man into a good ship; and neither of these was my case, so I looked like one that was to lie on hand.

This knowledge I soon learned by experience, viz., that the state of things was altered as to matrimony, that marriages were here the consequences of politic schemes, for forming interests, carrying on business, and that love had no share, or but very little, in the matter.

That, as my sister-in-law at Colchester had said, beauty, wit, manners, sense, good humour, good behaviour, education, virtue, piety, or any other qualification, whether of body or mind, had no power to recommend; that money only made a woman agreeable; that men chose mistresses indeed by the gust of their affection, and it was requisite for a whore to be handsome, well-shaped, have a good mien, and a graceful behaviour; but that for a wife, no deformity would shock the fancy, no ill qualities the judgment; the money was the thing; the portion was neither crooked, or monstrous, but the money was always agreeable, whatever the wife was.

On the other hand, as the market ran all on the men's side, I found the women had lost the privilege of saying no; that it was a favour now for a woman to have the question asked, and if any young lady had so much arrogance as to counterfeit a negative, she never had the opportunity of denying twice, much less of recovering that false step, and accepting what she had seemed to decline. The men had such choice everywhere, that the case of the women was very unhappy; for they seemed to ply at every door, and if the man was by great chance refused at one house, he was sure to be received at the next.

Besides this, I observed that the men made no scruple to set themselves out and to go a-fortune-hunting, as they call it, when they had really no fortune themselves to demand it, or merit to deserve it; and they carried it so high, that a woman was scarce allowed to inquire after the character or estate of the person that pretended to her. This I had an example of in a young lady at the next house to me, and with whom I had contracted an intimacy; she was courted by a young captain, and though she had near £2000 to her fortune, she did but inquire of some of his neighbours about his character, his morals, or substance, and he took occasion at the next visit to let her know, truly, that he took it very ill, and that he should not give her the trouble of his visits any more. I heard of it, and I had begun my acquaintance with her. I went to see her upon it; she entered into a close conversation with me about it, and unbosomed herself very freely. I perceived presently that though she thought herself very ill used, yet she had no power to resent it; that she was exceedingly piqued she had lost him, and particularly that another of less fortune had gained him.

I fortified her mind against such a meanness, as I called it; I told her, that as low as I was in the world, I would have despised a man that should think I ought to take him upon his own recommendation only; also I told her, that as she had a good fortune, she had no need to stoop to the disaster of the times; that it was enough that the men could insult us that had but little money, but if she suffered such an affront to pass upon her without resenting it, she would be rendered low prized upon all occasions; that a woman can never want an opportunity to be revenged of a man that has used her ill, and that there were ways enough to humble such a fellow as that, or else certainly women were the most unhappy creatures in the world.

She was very well pleased with the discourse, and told me seriously that she would be very glad to make him sensible of her resentment, and either to bring him on again or have the satisfaction of her revenge being as public as possible.

I told her, that if she would take my advice, I would tell her how she should obtain her wishes in both those things; and that I would engage I would bring the man to her door again, and make him beg to be let in. She smiled at that, and soon let me see, that if he came to her door, her resentment was not so great to let him stand long there.

However, she listened very willingly to my offer of advice; so I told her that the first thing she ought to do was a piece of justice to herself, namely, that whereas he had reported among the ladies that he had left her, and pretended to give the advantage of the negative to himself, she should take care to have it well spread among the women, which she could not fail of an opportunity to do, that she had inquired into his circumstances, and found he was not the man he pretended to be. 'Let them be told, too, madam', said I, 'that he was not the man you expected, and that you thought it was not safe to meddle with him; that you heard he was of an ill temper, and that he boasted how he had used the women ill upon many occasions, and that particularly he was debauched in his morals', &c. The last of which, indeed, had some truth in it; but I did not find that she seemed to like him much the worse for that part.

She came most readily into all this, and immediately she went to work to find instruments. She had very little difficulty in the search, for telling her story in general to a couple of her gossips, it was the chat of the tea-table all over that part of the town, and

I met with it wherever I visited; also, as it was known that I was acquainted with the young lady herself, my opinion was asked very often, and I confirmed it with all the necessary aggravations, and set out his character in the blackest colours; and as a piece of secret intelligence, I added what the gossips knew nothing of, viz., that I had heard he was in very bad circumstances; that he was under a necessity of a fortune to support his interest with the owners of the ship he commanded; that his own part was not paid for, and if it was not paid quickly, his owners would put him out of the ship, and his chief mate was likely to command it, who offered to buy that part which the captain had promised to take.

I added, for I was heartily piqued at the rogue, as I called him, that I had heard a rumour too, that he had a wife alive at Plymouth, and another in the West Indies, a thing which they all knew was not very uncommon for such kind of gentlemen.

This worked as we both desired it, for presently the young lady at the next door, who had a father and mother that governed both her and her fortune, was shut up, and her father forbid him the house. Also in one place more the woman had the courage, however strange it was, to say no; and he could try nowhere but he was reproached with his pride, and that he pretended not to give the women leave to inquire into his character, and the like.

By this time he began to be sensible of this mistake; and seeing all the women on that side of the water alarmed, he went over to Ratcliff, and got access to some of the ladies there; but though the young women there too were, according to the fate of the day, pretty willing to be asked, yet such was his ill luck, that his character followed him over the water; so that though he might have had wives enough, yet it did not happen among the women that had good fortunes, which was what he wanted.

But this was not all; she very ingeniously managed another thing herself, for she got a young gentleman, who was a relation, to come and visit her two or three times a week in a very fine chariot and good liveries, and her two agents, and I also, presently spread a report all over that this gentleman came to court her; that he was a gentleman of a thousand pounds a year, and that he was fallen in love with her, and that she was going to her aunt's in the city, because it was inconvenient for the gentleman to come to her with his coach to Rotherhithe, the streets being so narrow and difficult.

This took immediately. The captain was laughed at in all companies, and was ready to hang himself; he tried all the ways possible to come at her again, and wrote the most passionate letters to her in the world; and in short, by great application, obtained leave to wait on her again, as he said, only to clear his reputation.

At this meeting she had her full revenge of him; for she told him, she wondered what he took her to be, that she should admit any man to a treaty of so much consequence as that of marriage without inquiring into circumstances; that if he thought she was to be huffed into wedlock, and that she was in the same circumstances which her neighbours might be in, viz. to take up with the first good Christian that came, he was mistaken; that, in a word, his character was really bad, or he was very ill beholden to his neighbours; and that unless he could clear up some points, in which she had justly been prejudiced, she had no more to say to him, but give him the satisfaction of knowing that she was not afraid to say no, either to him, or any man else.

With that she told him what she had heard, or rather raised herself by my means, of his character; his not having paid for the part he pretended to own of the ship he commanded; of the resolution of his owners to put him out of the command, and to put his mate in his stead; and of the scandal raised on his morals; his having been reproached with such-and-such women, and his having a wife at Plymouth, and another in the West Indies, and she asked him whether she had not good reason, if things were not cleared up, to refuse him, and to insist upon having satisfation in points so significant as they were.

He was so confounded at her discourse that he could not answer a word, and she began to believe that all was true, by his disorder, though she knew that she had been the raiser of those reports herself.

After some time he recovered a little, and from that time was the most humble, modest, and importunate man alive in his courtship.

She asked him if he thought she was so at her last shift that she could or ought to bear such treatment, and if he did not see that she did not want those who thought it worth their while to come farther to her than he did; meaning the gentleman whom she had brought to visit her by way of sham.

She brought him by these tricks to submit to all possible measures to satisfy her, as well of his circumstances as of his behaviour. He brought her undeniable evidence of his having paid for his part of the ship; he brought her certificates from his owners, that the report of their intending to remove him from the command of the ship was false and groundless; in short, he was quite the reverse of what he was before.

Thus I convinced her, that if the men made their advantage of our sex in the affair of marriage, upon the supposition of there

being such a choice to be had, and of the women being so easy, it was only owing to this, that the women wanted courage to maintain their ground, and that, according to my Lord Rochester:

A woman's ne'er so ruined but she can

Revenge herself on her undoer, man.

After these things this young lady played her part so well, that though she resolved to have him, and that indeed having him was the main bent of her design, yet she made his obtaining her to be to him the most difficult thing in the world; and this she did, not by a haughty, reserved carriage, but by a just policy, playing back upon him his own game; for as he pretended, by a kind of lofty carriage, to place himself above the occasion of character, she broke with him upon that subject, and at the same time that she made him submit to all possible inquiry after his affairs, she apparently shut the door against his looking into her own.

It was enough to him to obtain her for a wife. As to what she had, she told him plainly, that as he knew her circumstances, it was but just she should know his and though at the same time he had only known her circumstances by common fame, yet he had made so many protestations of his passion for her, that he could ask no more but her hand to his grand request, and the like ramble according to the custom of lovers. In short, he left himself no room to ask any more questions about her estate, and she took the advantage of it, for she placed part of her fortune so in trustees, without letting him know anything of it, that it was quite out of his reach, and made him be very well contented with the rest.

It is true she was pretty well besides, that is to say, she had about £1400 in money, which she gave him; and the other, after some time, she brought to light as a perquisite to herself, which he was to accept as a mighty favour, seeing, though it was not to be his, it might ease him in the article of her particular expenses; and I must add, that by this conduct, the gentleman himself became not only more humble in his applications to her to obtain her, but also was much the more an obliging husband when he had her. I cannot but remind the ladies how much they place themselves below the common station of a wife, which, if I may be allowed not to be partial, is low enough already; I say, they place themselves below their common station, and prepare their own mortifications, by their submitting so to be insulted by the men beforehand, which I confess I see no necessity of.

This relation may serve, therefore, to let the ladies see, that the advantage is not so much on the other side as the men think it is; and that though it may be true, the men have but too much choice among us, and that some women may be found who will dishonour themselves, be cheap, and too easy to come at, yet if they will have women worth having, they may find them as uncomfortable as ever, and that those that are otherwise have often such deficiencies, when had, as rather recommend the ladies that are difficult, than encourage the men to go on with their easy courtship, and expect wives equally valuable that will come at first call.

Nothing is more certain than that the ladies always gain of the men by keeping their ground, and letting their pretended lovers see they can resent being slighted, and that they are not afraid of saying no. They insult us mightily, with telling us of the number of women; that the wars, and the sea, and trade, and other incidents have carried the men so much away, that there is no proportion between the numbers of the sexes; but I am far from granting that the number of the women is so great, or the number of the men so small; but if they will have me tell the truth, the disadvantage of the women is a terrible scandal upon the men, and it lies here only; namely, that the age is so wicked, and the sex so debauched, that, in short, the number of such men as an honest woman ought to meddle with is small indeed, and it is but here and there that a man is to be found who is fit for an honest woman to venture upon.

But the consequence even of that too amounts to no more than this, that women ought to be the more nice; for how do we know the just character of the man that makes the offer? To say that the woman should be the more easy on this occasion, is to say we should be the forwarder to venture because of the greatness of the danger, which is very absurd.

On the contrary, the women have ten thousand times the more reason to be wary and backward, by how much the hazard of being betrayed is the greater; and would the ladies act the wary part, they would discover every cheat that offered; for, in short, the lives of very few men now-a-days will bear a character; and if the ladies do but make a little inquiry, they would soon be able to distinguish the men and deliver themselves. As for women that do not think their own safety worth their own thought, that, impatient of their present state, run into matrimony as a horse rushes into the battle, I can say nothing to them but this, that they are a sort of ladies that are to be prayed for among the rest of distempered people, and they look like people that venture their estates in a lottery where there is a hundred thousand blanks to one prize.

No man of common-sense will value a woman the less for not giving up herself at the first attack, or for not accepting his proposal without inquiring into his person or character; on the contrary, he must think her the weakest of all creatures, as the rate of men now goes; in short, he must have a very contemptible opinion of her capacities, that having but one cast for her life, shall cast that

life away at once, and make matrimony, like death, be a leap in the dark.

I would fain have the conduct of my sex a little regulated in this particular, which is the same thing in which, of all the parts of life, I think at this time we suffer most in: 'tis nothing but lack of courage, the fear of not being married at all, and of that frightful state of life called an old maid. This, I say, is the woman's snare; but would the ladies once but get above that fear, and manage rightly, they would more certainly avoid it by standing their ground, in a case so absolutely necessary to their felicity, than by exposing themselves as they do; and if they did not marry so soon, they would make themselves amends by marrying safer. She is always married too soon who gets a bad husband, and she is never married too late who gets a good one; in a word, there is no woman, deformity or lost reputation excepted, but if she manages well may be married safely one time or other; but if she precipitates herself, it is ten thousand to one but she is undone.

But I come now to my own case, in which there was at this time no little nicety. The circumstances I was in made the offer of a good husband the most necessary thing in the world to me, but I found soon that to be made cheap and easy was not the way. It soon began to be found that the widow had no fortune, and to say this was to say all that was ill of me, being well-bred, handsome, witty, modest, and agreeable; all which I had allowed to my character, whether justly or no is not to the purpose; I say, all these would not do without the dross. In short, the widow, they said, had no money.

I resolved, therefore, that it was necessary to change my station, and make a new appearance in some other place, and even to pass by another name if I found occasion.

I communicated my thoughts to my intimate friend, the captain's lady, whom I had so faithfully served in her case with the captain, and who was as ready to serve me in the same kind as I could desire. I made no scruple to lay my circumstances open to her; my stock was but low, for I had made but about £540 at the close of my last affair, and I had wasted some of that; however, I had about £460 left, a great many very rich clothes, a gold watch, and some jewels, though of no extraordinary value, and about £30 or £40 left in linen not disposed of.

My dear and faithful friend, the captain's wife, was so sensible of the service I had done her in the affair above, that she was not only a steady friend to me, but, knowing my circumstances, she frequently made me presents as money came into her hands, such as fully amounted to a maintenance, so that I spent none of my own; and at last she made this unhappy proposal to me, viz., that as we had observed, as above, how the men made no scruple to set themselves out as persons meriting a woman of fortune of their own, it was but just to deal with them in their own way, and, if it was possible, to deceive the deceiver.

The captain's lady, in short, put this project into my head, and told me if I would be ruled by her I should certainly get a husband of fortune, without leaving him any room to reproach me with want of my own. I told her that I would give up myself wholly to her directions, and that I would have neither tongue to speak or feet to step in that affair but as she should direct me, depending that she would extricate me out of every difficulty that she brought me into, which she said she would answer for.

The first step she put me upon was to call her cousin, and go to a relation's house of hers in the country, where she directed me, and where she brought her husband to visit me; and calling me cousin, she worked matters so about, that her husband and she together invited me most passionately to come to town and live with them, for they now lived in a quite different place from where they were before. In the next place, she tells her husband that I had at least £1500 fortune, and that I was like to have a great deal more.

It was enough to tell her husband this; there needed nothing on my side. I was but to sit still and wait the event, for it presently went all over the neighbourhood that the young widow at Captain ———'s was a fortune, that she had at least £1500, and perhaps a great deal more, and that the captain said so; and if the captain was asked at any time about me, he made no scruple to affirm it, though he knew not one word of the matter other than that his wife had told him so; and in this he thought no harm, for he really believed it to be so. With the reputation of this fortune, I presently found myself blessed with admirers enough (and that I had my choice of men), as they said they were, which, by the way, confirms what I was saying before. This being my case, I, who had a subtle game to play, had nothing now to do but to single out from them all the properest man that might be for my purpose; that is to say, the man who was most likely to depend upon the hearsay of fortune, and not inquire too far into the particulars; and unless I did this I did nothing, for my case would not bear much inquiry.

I picked out my man without much difficulty, by the judgment I made of his way of courting me. I had let him run on with his protestations that he loved me above all the world; that if I would make him happy, that was enough; all which I knew was upon supposition that I was very rich, though I never told him a word of it myself.

This was my man; but I was to try him to the bottom; and indeed in that consisted my safety, for if he balked, I knew I was undone, as surely as he was undone if he took me; and if I did not make some scruple about his fortune, it was the way to lead him to raise

some about mine; and first, therefore, I pretended on all occasions to doubt his sincerity; and told him perhaps he only courted me for my fortune. He stopped my mouth in that part with the thunder of his protestations as above, but still I pretended to doubt.

One morning he pulls off his diamond ring, and writes upon the glass of the sash in my chamber this line:

You I love, and you alone.

I read it, and asked him to lend me the ring, with which I wrote under it, thus:

And so in love says every one.

He takes his ring again, and writes another line thus:

Virtue alone is an estate.

I borrowed it again, and I wrote under it:

But money's virtue, gold is fate.

He coloured as red as fire to see me turn so quick upon him, and in a kind of rage told me he would conquer me, and wrote again thus:

I scorn your gold, and yet I love.

I ventured all upon the last cast of poetry, as you'll see, for I wrote boldly under his last:

I'm poor; let's see how kind you'll prove.

This was a sad truth to me; whether he believed me or no I could not tell; I supposed then that he did not. However, he flew to me, took me in his arms, and, kissing me very eagerly, and with the greatest passion imaginable, he held me fast till he called for a pen and ink, and told me he could not wait the tedious writing on a glass, but pulling out a piece of paper, he began and wrote again:

Be mine with all your poverty.

I took his pen, and followed immediately, thus:

Yet secretly you hope I lie.

He told me that was unkind, because it was not just, and that I put him upon contradicting me, which did not consist with good manners, and, therefore, since I had insensibly drawn him into this poetical scribble, he begged I would not oblige him to break it off. So he writes again:

Let love alone be our debate.

I wrote again:

She loves enough that does not hate.

This he took for a favour, and so laid down the cudgels, that is to say, the pen; I say, he took it for a favour, and a mighty one it was, if he had known all. However, he took it as I meant it, that is, to let him think I was inclined to go on with him, as indeed I had reason to do, for he was the best-humoured merry sort of a fellow that I ever met with; and I often reflected how doubly criminal it was to deceive such a man; but that necessity, which pressed me to a settlement suitable to my con dition, was my authority for it; and certainly his affection to me, and the goodness of his temper, however they might argue against using him ill, yet they strongly argued to me that he would better take the disappointment than some fierytempered wretch, who might have nothing to recommend him but those passions which would serve only to make a woman miserable. Besides, though I had jested with him (as he supposed it) so often about my poverty, yet when he found it to be true, he had foreclosed all manner of objection, seeing, whether he was in jest or in earnest, he had declared he took me without any regard to my portion, and, whether I was in jest or in earnest, I had declared myself to be very poor; so that, in a word, I had him fast both ways; and though he might say afterwards he was cheated, yet he could never say that I had cheated him.

He pursued me close after this, and as I saw there was no need to fear losing him, I played the indifferent part with him longer than prudence might otherwise have dictated to me; but I considered how much this caution and indifference would give me the advantage over him when I should come to own my circumstances to him; and I managed it the more warily, because I found he inferred from thence that I either had the more money or the more judgment, and would not venture at all.

I took the freedom one day to tell him that it was true I had received the compliment of a lover from him, namely, that he would take me without inquiring into my fortune, and I would make him a suitable return in this, viz., that I would make as little inquiry into his as consisted with reason, but I hoped he would allow me to ask some questions, which he should answer or not as he thought fit; one of these questions related to our manner of living, and the place where, because I had heard he had a great plantation in Virginia, and I told him I did not care to be transported.

He began from this discourse to let me voluntarily into all his affairs, and to tell me in a frank, open way all his circumstances, by which I found he was very well to pass in the world; but that great part of his estate consisted of three plantations, which he had in Virginia, which brought him in a very good income of about 300 a year, but that if he was to live upon them, would bring him in four times as much. 'Very well', thought I; 'you shall carry me thither, then, as soon as you please, though I won't tell you so beforehand.'

I jested with him about the figure he would make in Virginia; but I found he would do anything I desired, so I turned my tale. I told him I had good reason not to desire to go there to live; because if his plantations were worth so much there, I had not a fortune suitable to a gentleman of £1200 a year, as he said his estate would be.

He replied, he did not ask what my fortune was; he had told me from the beginning he would not, and he would be as good as his word; but whatever it was, he assured me he would never desire me to go to Virginia with him, or go thither himself without me, unless I made it my choice. All this, you may be sure, was as I wished, and indeed nothing could have happened more perfectly agreeable. I carried it on as far as this with a sort of indifferency that he often wondered at, and I mention it the rather to intimate again to the ladies that nothing but want of courage for such an indifferency makes our sex so cheap, and prepares them to be ill used as they are; would they venture the loss of a pretending fop now and then, who carries it high upon the point of his own merit, they would certainly be slighted less and courted more. Had I discovered really what my great fortune was, and that in all I had not full £500 when he expected £1500, yet I hooked him so fast, and played him so long, that I was satisfied he would have had me in my worst circumstances; and indeed it was less a surprise to him when he learnt the truth than it would have been, because having not the least blame to lay on me, who had carried it with an air of indifference to the last, he could not say one word, except that indeed he thought it had been more, but that, if it had been less, he did not repent his bargain; only that he should not be able to maintain me so well as he intended.

In short, we were married, and very happily married on my side, I assure you, as to the man; for he was the best-humoured man that ever woman had, but his circumstances were not so good as I imagined, as, on the other hand, he had not bettered himself so much as he expected.

When we were married, I was shrewdly put to it to bring him that little stock I had, and to let him see it was no more; but there was a necessity for it, so I took my opportunity one day when we were alone, to enter into a short dialogue with him about it. 'My dear', said I, 'we have been married a fortnight; is it not time to let you know whether you have got a wife with something or with nothing?' 'Your own time for that, my dear', says he; 'I am satisfied I have got the wife I love; I have not troubled you much', says he, 'with my inquiry after it.'

'That's true', said I, 'but I have a great difficulty about it, which I scarce know how to manage.' 'What's that, my dear?' says he. 'Why', says I, 'tis a little hard upon me, and 'tis harder upon you; I am told that Captain' (meaning my friend's husband) 'has told you I had a great deal more than ever I pretended to have, and I am sure I never employed him so to do.'

'Well', says he, 'Captain may have told me so, but what then? If you have not so much, that may lie at his door, but you never told me what you had, so I have no reason to blame you if you have nothing at all.'

'That is so just', said I, 'and so generous that it makes my having but a little a double affliction to me.'

'The less you have, my dear', says he, 'the worse for us both; but I hope your affliction is not caused for fear I should be unkind to you for want of a portion. No, no, if you have nothing, tell me plainly; I may perhaps tell the captain he has cheated me, but I can never say you have, for did not you give it under your hand that you was poor? and so I ought to expect you to be.'

'Well', said I, 'my dear, I am glad I have not been concerned in deceiving you before marriage. If I deceive you since, 'tis ne'er the worse; that I am poor, 'tis too true, but not so poor as to have nothing neither'; so I pulled out some bank bills and gave him

about £160. ‘There is something, my dear’, says I, ‘and not quite all neither.’

I had brought him so near to expecting nothing, by what I had said before, that the money, though the sum was small in itself, was doubly welcome; he owned it was more than he looked for, and that he did not question by my discourse to him, but that my fine clothes, gold watch, and a diamond ring or two, had been all my fortune.

I let him please himself with that £160 two or three days, and then having been abroad that day, and as if I had been to fetch it, I brought him £100 more home in gold, and told him there was a little more portion for him; and, in short, in about a week more, I brought him £180 more, and about £60 in linen, which I made him believe I had been obliged to take with the £100 which I gave him in gold, as a composition for a debt of £660, being little more than five shillings in the pound, and over valued too.

‘And now, my dear’, says I to him, ‘I am very sorry to tell you that I have given you my whole fortune.’ I added that if the person who had my £600 had not abused me, I had been worth £1000 to him, but that, as it was, I had been faithful, and reserved nothing to myself, but if it had been more he should have had it.

He was so obliged by the manner, and so pleased with the sum, for he had been in a terrible fright lest it had been nothing at all, that he accepted it very thankfully. And thus I got over the fraud of passing for a fortune without money, and cheating a man into marrying me on pretence of it; which, by the way, I take to be one of the most dangerous steps a woman can take, and in which she runs the most hazards of being ill-used afterwards.

My husband, to give him his due, was a man of infinite good nature, but he was no fool; and finding his income not suited to the manner of living which he had intended, if I had brought him what he expected, and being under a disappointment in his return of his plantations in Virginia, he discovered many times his inclination of going over to Virginia, to live upon his own; and often would be magnifying the way of living there, how cheap, how plentiful, how pleasant, and the like.

I began presently to understand his meaning, and I took him up very plainly one morning, and told him that I did so; that I found his estate turned to no account at this distance, compared to what it would do if he lived upon the spot, and that I found he had a mind to go and live there; that I was sensible he had been disappointed in a wife, and that finding his expectations not answered that way, I could do no less, to make him amends, than tell him that I was very willing to go to Virginia with him and live there.

He said a thousand kind things to me upon the subject of my making such a proposal to him. He told me, that though he was disappointed in his expectations of a fortune, he was not disappointed in a wife, and that I was all to him that a wife could be, but that this offer was so kind, that it was more than he could express,

To bring the story short, we agreed to go. He told me that he had a very good house there, well furnished; that his mother lived in it, and one sister, which was all the relations he had; that as soon as he came there, they would remove to another house, which was her own for life, and his after her decease; so that I should have all the house to myself; and I found it all exactly as he said.

We put on board the ship which we went in a large quantity of good furniture for our house, with stores of linen and other necessaries, and a good cargo for sale, and away we went.

To give an account of the manner of our voyage, which was long and full of dangers, is out of my way; I kept no journal, neither did my husband. All that I can say is, that after a terrible passage, frighted twice with dreadful storms, and once with what was still more terrible, I mean a pirate, who came on board and took away almost all our provisions; and which would have been beyond all to me, they had once taken my husband, but by entreaties were prevailed with to leave him; I say, after all these terrible things, we arrived in York River in Virginia, and coming to our plantation, we were received with all the tenderness and affection, by my husband’s mother, that could be expressed.

We lived here all together, my mother-in-law, at my entreaty, continuing in the house, for she was too kind a mother to be parted with; my husband likewise continued the same at first, and I thought myself the happiest creature alive, when an odd and surprising event put an end to all that felicity in a moment, and rendered my condition the most uncomfortable in the world.

My mother was a mighty cheerful, good-humoured old woman—I may call her so, for her son was above thirty; I say she was very pleasant, good company, and used to entertain me, in particular, with abundance of stories to divert me, as well of the country we were in as of the people.

Among the rest, she often told me how the greatest part of the inhabitants of that colony came thither in very indifferent circumstances from England; that, generally speaking, they were of two sorts; either, first, such as were brought over by masters of ships to be sold as servants; or, second, such as are transported after having been found guilty of crimes punishable with death.

‘When they come here’, says she, ‘we make no difference; the planters buy them, and they work together in the field, till their time is out. When ’tis expired’, said she, ‘they have encouragement given them to plant for themselves; for they have a certain number of acres of land allotted them by the country, and they go to work to clear and cure the land, and then to plant it with tobacco and corn for their own use; and as the merchants will trust them with tools and necessaries, upon the credit of their crop before it is grown, so they again plant every year a little more than the year before, and so buy whatever they want with the crop that is before them. Hence, child’, says she, ‘many a Newgate-bird becomes a great man, and we have’, continued she, ‘several justices of the peace, officers of the trained bands, and magistrates of the towns they live in, that have been burnt in the hand.’

She was going on with that part of the story, when her own part in it interrupted her, and with a great deal of good-humoured confidence, she told me she was one of the second sort of inhabitants herself; that she came away openly, having ventured too far in a particular case, so that she was become a criminal; ‘And here’s the mark of it, child’ says she, and showed me a very fine white arm and hand, but branded in the inside of the hand, as in such cases it must be.

This story was very moving to me, but my mother, smiling, said, ‘You need not think such a thing strange, daughter, for some of the best men in the country are burnt in the hand, and they are not ashamed to own it. There’s Major ——’, says she, ‘he was an eminent pickpocket; there’s Justice Ba——r, was a shoplifter, and both of them were burnt in the hand; and I could name you several such as they are.’

We had frequent discourses of this kind, and abundance of instances she gave me of the like. After some time, as she was telling some stories of one that was transported but a few weeks ago, I began in an intimate kind of way to ask her to tell me something of her own story, which she did with the utmost plainness and sincerity; how she had fallen into very ill company in London in her young days, occasioned by her mother sending her frequently to carry victuals to a kinswoman of hers who was a prisoner in Newgate, in a miserable starving condition, who was afterwards condemned to die, but having got respite by pleading her belly, perished afterwards in the prison.

Here my mother-in-law ran out in a long account of the wicked practices in that dreadful place. ‘And, child’, says my mother, ’perhaps you may know little of it, or, it may be, have heard nothing about it; but depend upon it’, says she, ‘we all know here that there are more thieves and rogues made by that one prison of Newgate than by all the clubs and societies of villains in the nation; ’tis that cursed place’, says my mother, ‘that half peoples this colony.’

Here she went on with her own story so long, and in so particular a manner, that I began to be very uneasy; but coming to one particular that required telling her name, I thought I should have sunk down in the place. She perceived I was out of order, and asked me if I was not well, and what ailed me. I told her I was so affected with the melancholy story she had told that it had overcome me, and I begged of her to talk no more of it. ‘Why, my dear’, says she, very kindly, ‘what need these things trouble you? These passages were long before your time, and they give me no trouble at all now; nay, I look back on them with a particular satisfaction, as they have been a means to bring me to this place.’ Then she went on to tell me how she fell into a good family, where behaving herself well, and her mistress dying, her master married her, by whom she had my husband and his sister, and that by her diligence and good management after her husband’s death, she had improved the plantations to such a degree as they then were, so that most of the estate was of her getting, not of her husband’s, for she had been a widow upwards of sixteen years.

I heard this part of the story with very little attention, because I wanted much to retire and give vent to my passions; and let any one judge what must be the anguish of my mind when I came to reflect that this was certainly no more or less than my own mother, and that I had now had two children, and was big with another by my own brother, and lay with him still every night.

I was now the most unhappy of all women in the world. Oh! had the story never been told me, all had been well; it had been no crime to have lain with my husband, if I had known nothing of it.

I had now such a load on my mind that it kept me perpetually waking; to reveal it I could not find would be to any purpose, and yet to conceal it would be next to impossible; nay, I did not doubt but I should talk in my sleep, and tell my husband of it whether I would or no. If I discovered it, the least thing I could expect was to lose my husband, for he was too nice and too honest a man to have continued my husband after he had known I had been his sister; so that I was perplexed to the last degree.

I leave it to any man to judge what difficulties presented to my view. I was away from my native country, at a distance prodigious, and the return to me impassable. I lived very well, but in a circumstance insufferable in itself. If I had discovered myself to my mother, it might be difficult to convince her of the particulars, and I had no way to prove them. On the other hand, if she had questioned or doubted me, I had been undone, for the bare suggestion would have immediately separated me from my husband, without gaining my mother or him; so that between the surprise on one hand, and the uncertainty on the other, I had been sure to be undone.

In the meantime, as I was but too sure of the fact, I lived therefore in open avowed incest and whoredom, and all under the appearance of an honest wife; and though I was not much touched with the crime of it, yet the action had something in it shocking to nature, and made my husband even nauseous to me. However, upon the most sedate consideration, I resolved that it was absolutely necessary to conceal it all, and not make the least discovery of it either to mother or husband; and thus I lived with the greatest pressure imaginable for three years more. During this time my mother used to be frequently telling me old stories of her former adventures, which, however, were no ways pleasant to me; for by it, though she did not tell it me in plain terms, yet I could understand, joined with what I heard myself, of my first tutors, that in her younger days she had been whore and thief; but I verily believe she had lived to repent sincerely of both, and that she was then a very pious, sober, and religious woman.

Well, let her life have been what it would then, it was certain that my life was very uneasy to me; for I lived, as I have said, but in the worst sort of whoredom, and as I could expect no good of it, so really no good issue came of it, and all my seeming prosperity wore off, and ended in misery and destruction. It was some time, indeed, before it came to this, for everything went wrong with us afterwards, and that which was worse, my husband grew strangely altered, froward, jealous, and unkind, and I was as impatient of bearing his carriage, as the carriage was unreasonable and unjust. These things proceeded so far, and we came at last to be in such ill terms with one another, that I claimed a promise of him, which he entered willingly into with me when I consented to come from England with him, viz., that if I did not like to live there, I should come away to England again when I pleased, giving him a year's warning to settle his affairs.

I say, I now claimed this promise of him, and I must confess I did it not in the most obliging terms that could be neither; but I insisted that he treated me ill, that I was remote from my friends, and could do myself no justice, and that he was jealous without cause, my conversation having been unblamable, and he having no pretence for it, and that to remove to England would take away all occasion from him.

I insisted so peremptorily upon it, that he could not avoid coming to a point, either to keep his word with me or to break it; and this, notwith standing he used all the skill he was master of, and employed his mother and other agents to prevail with me to alter my resolutions; indeed, the bottom of the thing lay at my heart, and that made all his endeavours fruitless, for my heart was alienated from him. I loathed the thoughts of bedding with him, and used a thousand pretences of illness and humour to prevent his touching me, fearing nothing more than to be with child again, which to be sure would have prevented, or at least delayed, my going over to England.

However, at last I put him so out of humour that he took up a rash and fatal resolution, that, in short, I should not go to England; that though he had promised me, yet it was an unreasonable thing; that it would be ruinous to his affairs, would unhinge his whole family, and be next to an undoing him in the world; that therefore I ought not to desire it of him, and that no wife in the world that valued her family and her husband's prosperity, would insist upon such a thing.

This plunged me again, for when I considered the thing calmly, and took my husband as he really was, a diligent, careful man in the main, and that he knew nothing of the dreadful circumstances that he was in, I could not but confess to myself that my proposal was very unreasonable, and what no wife that had the good of her family at heart would have desired.

But my discontents were of another nature; I looked upon him no longer as a husband, but as a near relation, the son of my own mother, and I resolved somehow or other to be clear of him, but which way I did not know.

It is said by the ill-natured world, of our sex, that if we are set on a thing, it is impossible to turn us from our resolutions; in short, I never ceased poring upon the means to bring to pass my voyage, and came that length with my husband at last, as to propose going without him. This provoked him to the last degree, and he called me not only an unkind wife, but an unnatural mother, and asked me how I could entertain such a thought without horror, as that of leaving my two children (for one was dead) without a mother, and never to see them more. It was true, had things been right, I should not have done it, but now, it was my real desire never to see them, or him either, any more; and as to the charge of unnatural, I could easily answer it to myself, while I knew that the whole relation was unnatural in the highest degree.

However, there was no bringing my husband to anything; he would neither go with me, nor let me go without him, and it was out of my power to stir without his consent, as any one that is acquainted with the constitution of that country knows very well.

We had many family quarrels about it, and they began to grow up to a dangerous height; for as I was quite estranged from him in affection, so I took no heed to my words, but sometimes gave him language that was provoking; in short, I strove all I could to bring him to a parting with me, which was what above all things I desired most.

He took my carriage very ill, and indeed he might well do so, for at last I refused to bed with him, and carrying on the breach upon all occasions to extremity, he told me once he thought I was mad, and if I did not alter my conduct, he would put me under cure;

that is to say, into a madhouse. I told him he should find I was far enough from mad, and that it was not in his power, or any other villain's, to murder me. I confess at the same time I was heartily frighted at his thoughts of putting me into a madhouse, which would at once have destroyed all the pos sibility of bringing the truth out; for that then no one would have given credit to a word of it.

This therefore brought me to a resolution, whatever came of it, to lay open my whole case; but which way to do it, or to whom, was an inextricable difficulty, when another quarrel with my husband happened, which came up to such an extreme as almost pushed me on to tell it him all to his face; but though I kept it in so as not to come to the particulars, I spoke so much as put him into the utmost confusion, and in the end brought out the whole story.

He began with a calm expostulation upon my being so resolute to go to England; I defended it, and one hard word bringing on another, as is usual in all family strife, he told me I did not treat him as if he was my husband, or talk of my children as if I was a mother; and, in short, that I did not deserve to be used as a wife; that he had used all the fair means possible with me; that he had argued with all the kindness and calmness that a husband or a Christian ought to do, and that I made him such a vile return, that I treated him rather like a dog than a man, and rather like the most contemptible stranger than a husband; that he was very loth to use violence with me, but that, in short, he saw a necessity of it now, and that for the future he should be obliged to take such measures as should reduce me to my duty.

My blood was now fired to the utmost, and nothing could appear more provoked. I told him, for his fair means and his foul, they were equally contemned by me; that for my going to England, I was resolved on it, come what would; and that as to treating him not like a husband, and not showing myself a mother to my children, there might be something more in it than he understood at present; but I thought fit to tell him thus much, that he neither was my lawful husband, nor they lawful children, and that I had reason to regard neither of them more than I did.

I confess I was moved to pity him when I spoke it, for he turned pale as death, and stood mute as one thunderstruck, and once or twice I thought he would have fainted; in short, it put him in a fit something like an apoplex; he trembled, a sweat or dew ran off his face, and yet he was cold as a clod, so that I was forced to fetch something to keep life in him. When he recovered of that, he grew sick and vomited, and in a little after was put to bed, and the next morning was in a violent fever.

However, it went off again, and he recovered, though but slowly, and when he came to be a little better, he told me I had given him a mortal wound with my tongue, and he had only one thing to ask before he desired an explanation. I interrupted him, and told him I was sorry I had gone so far, since I saw what disorder it put him into, but I desired him not to talk to me of explanations, for that would but make things worse.

This heightened his impatience, and, indeed, perplexed him beyond all bearing; for now he began to suspect that there was some mystery yet unfolded, but could not make the least guess at it; all that ran in his brain was, that I had another husband alive, but I assured him there was not the least of that in it; indeed, as to my other husband, he was effectually dead to me, and had told me I should look on him as such, so I had not the least uneasiness ou that score.

But now I found the thing too far gone to conceal it much longer, and my husband himself gave me an opportunity to ease myself of the secret, much to my satisfaction. He had laboured with me three or four weeks, but to no purpose, only to tell him whether I had spoken those words only to put him in a passion, or whether there was anything of truth in the bottom of them. But I continued inflexible, and would explain nothing, unless he would first consent to my going to England, which he would never do, he said, while he lived; on the other hand, I said it was in my power to make him willing when I pleased nay, to make him entreat me to go; and this increased his curiosity, and made him importunate to the highest degree.

At length he tells all this story to his mother, and sets her upon me to get it out of me, and she used her utmost skill indeed; but I put her to a full stop at once, by telling her that the mystery of the whole matter lay in herself; that it was my respect to her had made me conceal it; and that, in short, I could go no farther, and therefore conjured her not to insist upon it.

She was struck dumb at this suggestion, and could not tell what to say or to think; but laying aside the supposition as a policy of mine, continued her importunity on account of her son, and, if possible, to make up the breach between us two. As to that, I told her that it was indeed a good design in her, but that it was impossible to be done; and that if I should reveal to her the truth of what she desired, she would grant it to be impossible, and cease to desire it. At last I seemed to be prevailed on by her importunity, and told her I dare trust her with a secret of the greatest importance, and she would soon see that this was so, and that I would consent to lodge it in her breast, if she would engage solemnly not to acquaint her son with it without my consent.

She was long in promising this part, but rather than not come at the main secret she agreed to that too, and after a great many other preliminaries, I began, and told her the whole story. First I told her how much she was concerned in all the unhappy breach

which had happened between her son and me, by telling me her own story and her London name; and that the surprise she saw I was in was upon that occasion. Then I told her my own story, and my name, and assured her, by such other tokens as she could not deny, that I was no other, nor more or less, than her own child, her daughter, born of her body in Newgate; the same that had saved her from the gallows by being in her belly, and that she left in such-and-such hands when she was transported.

It is impossible to express the astonishment she was in; she was not inclined to believe the story, or to remember the particulars; for she immediately foresaw the confusion that must follow in the family upon it; but everything concurred so exactly with the stories she had told me of herself, and which, if she had not told me, she would perhaps have been content to have denied, that she had stopped her own mouth, and she had nothing to do but take me about the neck and kiss me, and cry most vehemently over me, without speaking one word for a long time together. At last she broke out: 'Unhappy child!' says she, 'what miserable chance could bring thee hither? and in the arms of my son, too! Dreadful girl!', says she, 'why, we are all undone! Married to thy own brother! Three children, and two alive, all of the same flesh and blood! My son and my daughter lying together as husband and wife!—all confusion and distraction! Miserable family! What will become of us? What is to be said? What is to be done?' And thus she ran on a great while; nor had I any power to speak, or if I had, did I know what to say, for every word wounded me to the soul. With this kind of amazement we parted for the first time, though my mother was more surprised than I was, because it was more news to her than to me. However, she promised again that she would say nothing of it to her son till we had talked of it again.

It was not long, you may be sure, before we had a second conference upon the same subject; when, as if she had been willing to forget the story she had told me of herself, or to suppose that I had forgot some of the particular, she began to tell them with alterations and omissions; but I refreshed her memory in many things which I supposed she had forgot, and then came in so opportunely with the whole history, that it was impossible for her to go from it; and then she fell into her rhapsodies again, and exclamations at the severity of her misfortunes. When these things were a little over with her, we fell into a close debate about what should be first done before we gave an account of the matter to my husband. But to what purpose could be all our consultations? We could neither of us see our way through it, or how it could be safe to open such a scene to him. It was impossible to make any judgment, or give any guess at what temper he would receive it in, or what measures he would take upon it; and if he should have so little government of himself as to make it public, we easily foresaw that it would be the ruin of the whole family; and if at last he should take the advantage the law would give him, he might put me away with disdain, and leave me to sue for the little portion that I had, and perhaps waste it all in the suit, and then be a beggar; and thus I should see him, perhaps, in the arms of another wife in a few months, and be myself the most miserable creature alive.

My mother was as sensible of this as I; and, upon the whole, we knew not what to do. After some time we came to more sober resolutions, but then it was with this misfortune too, that my mother's opinion and mine were quite different from one another, and indeed inconsistent with one another; for my mother's opinion was, that I should bury the whole thing entirely, and continue to live with him as my husband, till some other event should make the discovery of it more convenient; and that in the meantime she would endeavour to reconcile us together again, and restore our mutual comfort and family peace; that we might lie as we used to do together, and so let the whole matter remain a secret as close as death; 'for, child', says she, 'we are both undone if it comes out.'

To encourage me to this, she promised to make me easy in my circumstances, and to leave me what she could at her death, secured for me separately from my husband; so that if it should come out afterwards, I should be able to stand on my own feet, and procure justice too from him. This proposal did not agree with my judgment, though it was very fair and kind in my mother; but my thoughts ran quite another way.

As to keeping the thing in our own breasts, and letting it all remain as it was, I told her it was impossible; and I asked her now she could think I could bear the thoughts of lying with my own brother. In the next place I told her that her being alive was the only support of the discovery, and that while she owned me for her child, and saw reason to be satisfied that I was so, nobody else would doubt it; but that if she should die before the discovery, I should be taken for an impudent creature that had forged such a thing to go away from my husband, or should be counted crazed and distracted. Then I told her how he had threatened already to put me into a madhouse, and what concern I had been in about it, and how that was the thing that drove me to the necessity of discovering it to her as I had done.

From all which I told her, that I had, on the most serious reflections I was able to make in the case, come to this resolution, which I hoped she would like, as a medium between both, viz., that she should use her endeavours with her son to give me leave to go for England, as I had desired, and to furnish me with a sufficient sum of money, either in goods along with me, or in bills for my support there, all along suggesting that he might one time or other think it proper to come over to me.

That when I was gone, she should then, in cold blood, discover the case to him gradually, and as her own discretion, should guide; so that he might not be surprised with it, and fly out into any passions and excesses; and that she should concern herself to

prevent his slighting the children, or marrying again, unless he had a certain account of my being dead.

This was my scheme, and my reasons were good; I was really alienated from him in the consequence of these things; indeed I mortally hated him as a husband; and it was impossible to remove that riveted aversion I had to him; at the same time, it being an unlawful, incestuous living, added to that aversion, and everything added to make cohabiting with him the most nauseous thing to me in the world; and I think verily it was come to such a height, that I could almost as willingly have embraced a dog, as have let him offer anything of that kind to me, for which reason I could not bear the thoughts of coming between the sheets with him. I cannot say that I was right in carrying it such a length, while at the same time I did not resolve to discover the thing to him; but I am giving an account of what was, not of what ought or ought not to be.

In this directly opposite opinion to one another my mother and I continued a long time, and it was impossible to reconcile our judgments; many disputes we had about it, but we could never either of us yield our own, or bring over the other.

I insisted on my aversion to lying with my own brother, and she insisted upon its being impossible to bring him to consent to my going to England; and in this uncertainty we continued, not differing so as to quarrel, or anything like it, but so as not to be able to resolve what we should do to make up that terrible breach.

At last I resolved on a desperate course, and told my mother my resolution, viz., that, in short, I would tell him of it myself. My mother was frighted to the last degree at the very thoughts of it; but I bid her be easy, told her I would do it gradually and softly, and with all the art and good humour I was mistress of, and time it also as well as I could, taking him in good humour too. I told her I did not question but if I could be hypocrite enough to feign more affection to him than I really had, I should succeed in all my design, and we might part by consent, and with a good agreement, for I might love him well enough for a brother, though I could not for a husband.

All this while he lay at my mother to find out, if possible, what was the meaning of that dreadful expression of mine, as he called it, which I mentioned before; namely, that I was not his lawful wife, nor my children his legal children. My mother put him off, told him she could bring me to no explanations, but found there was something that disturbed me very much, and she hoped she should get it out of me in time, and in the meantime recommended to him earnestly to use me more tenderly, and win me with his usual good carriage; told him of his terrifying and affrighting me with his threats of sending me to a madhouse and the like, and advised him not to make a woman desperate on any account whatever.

He promised her to soften his behaviour, and bid her assure me that he loved me as well as ever, and that he had no such design as that of sending me to a madhouse, whatever he might say in his passion; also he desired my mother to use the same persuasions to me too, and we might live together as we used to do.

I found the effects of this treaty presently. My husband's conduct was immediately altered, and he was quite another man to me; nothing could be kinder and more obliging than he was to me upon all occasions; and I could do no less than make some return to it, which I did as well as I could, but it was but in an awkward manner at best, for nothing was more frightful to me than his caresses, and the apprehensions of being with child again by him was ready to throw me into fits; and this made me see that there was an absolute necessity of breaking the case to him without any more delay, which, however, I did with all the caution and reserve imaginable.

He had continued his altered carriage to me near a month, and we began to live a new kind of life with one another, and could I have satisfied myself to have gone on with it, I believe it might have continued as long as we had continued alive together. One evening, as we were sitting and talking together under a little awning, which served as an arbour at the entrance into the garden, he was in a very pleasant, agreeable humor, and said abundance of kind things to me relating to the pleasure of our present good agreement, and the disorders of our past breach, and what a satisfaction it was to him that we had room to hope we should never have any more of it.

I fetched a deep sigh, and told him there was nobody in the world could be more delighted than I was in the good agreement we had always kept up, or more afflicted with the breach of it; but I was sorry to tell him that there was an unhappy circumstance in our case, which lay too close to my heart, and which I knew not how to break to him, that rendered my part of it very miserable, and took from me all the comfort of the rest.

He importuned me to tell him what it was. I told him I could not tell how to do it; that while it was concealed from him, I alone was unhappy, but if he knew it also, we should be both so; and that, there fore, to keep him in the dark about it was the kindest thing that I could do, and it was on that account alone that I kept a secret from him, the very keeping of which, I thought, would first or last be my destruction.

It is impossible the express his surprise at this relation, and the double importunity which he used with me to discover it to him. He told me I could not be called kind to him, nay, I could not be faithful to him, if I concealed it from him. I told him I thought so too, and yet I could not do it. He went back to what I had said before to him, and told me he hoped it did not relate to what I said in my passion, and that he had resolved to forget all that as the effect of a rash, provoked spirit. I told him I wished I could forget it all too, but that it was not to be done, the impression was too deep, and it was impossible.

He then told me he was resolved not to differ with me in anything, and that therefore he would importune me no more about it, resolving to acquiesce in whatever I did or said; only begged I would then agree, that whatever it was, it should no more interrupt our quiet and our mutual kindness.

This was the most provoking thing he could have said to me, for I really wanted his further importunities, that I might be prevailed with to bring out that which indeed was like death to me to conceal. So I answered him plainly that I could not say I was glad not to be importuned, though I could not tell how to comply. ‘But come, my dear’, said I, ‘what conditions will you make with me upon the opening this affair to you?’

‘Any conditions in the world’, said he ‘that you can in reason desire of me.’ ‘Well’, said I, ‘come, give it me under your hand, that if you do not find I am in any fault, or that I am willingly concerned in the causes of the misfortunes that is to follow, you will not blame me, use me the worse, do me any injury, or make me be the sufferer for that which is not my fault.’

‘That’, says he, ‘is the most reasonable demand in the world; not to blame you for that which is not your fault. Give me a pen and ink’, says he; so I ran in and fetched pen, ink, and paper, and he wrote the condition down in the very words I had proposed it, and signed it with his name. ‘Well’, says he, ‘what is next, my dear?’ ‘Why’, says I, ‘the next is, that you will not blame me for not discovering the secret to you before I knew it.’ ‘Very just again’, says he; ‘with all my heart’; so he wrote down that also, and signed it.

‘Well, my dear’, says I, ‘then I have but one condition more to make with you, and that is, that as there is nobody concerned in it but you and I, you shall not discover it to any person in the world, except your own mother; and that in all the measures you shall take upon the discovery, as I am equally concerned in it with you, though as innocent as yourself, you shall do nothing in a passion, nothing to my prejudice, or to your mother’s prejudice, without my knowledge and consent.’

This a little amazed him, and he wrote down the words distincly, but read them over and over before he signed them, hesitating at them several times, and repeating them: ‘My mother’s prejudice! and your prejudice? What mysterious thing can this be?’ However, at last he signed it.

‘Well’, says I, ‘my dear, I’ll ask you no more under your hand; but as you are to hear the most unexpected and surprising thing that perhaps ever befell any family in the world, I beg you to promise me you will receive it with composure and a presence of mind suitable to a man of sense.’

‘I’ll do my utmost’, says he, ‘upon condition you will keep me no longer in suspense, for you terrify me with all these preliminaries.’

‘Well, then’, says I, ‘it is this: As I told you before in a heat that I was not your lawful wife, and that our children were not legal children, so I must let you know now in calmness, and in kindness, but with affliction enough, that I am your own sister, and you my own brother, and that we are both the children of our mother now alive, and in the house, who is convinced of the truth of it, in a manner not to be denied or contradicted.’

I saw him turn pale and look wild; and I said, ‘Now remember your promise, and receive it with presence of mind; for who could have said more to prepare you for it than I have done?’ However, I called a servant, and got him a little glass of rum (which is the usual dram of the country), for he was fainting away.

When he was a little recovered I said to him, ‘This story, you may be sure, requires a long explanation, and, therefore, have patience and compose your mind to hear it out, and I’ll make it as short as I can’; and with this, I told him what I thought was needful of the fact, and particularly how my mother came to discover it to me, as above. ‘And now, my dear’, says I, ‘you will see reason for my capitulations, and that I neither have been the cause of this matter, nor could be so, and that I could know nothing of it before now.’

‘I am fully satisfied of that’, says he, ‘but ’tis a dreadful surprise to me; however, I know a remedy for it all, and a remedy that shall put an end to all your difficulties, without your going to England.’ ‘That would be strange’, said I, ‘as all the rest.’ ‘No, no’, says he, ‘I’ll make it easy; there’s nobody in the way of it all but myself.’ He looked a little disordered when he said this, but I did not apprehend anything from it at that time, believing, as it used to be said, that they who do those things never talk of them, or that

they who talk of such things never do them.

But things were not come to their height with him, and I observed he became pensive and melancholy; and in a word, as I thought, a little distempered in his head. I endeavoured to talk him into temper, and into a kind of scheme for our government in the affair, and sometimes he would be well, and talk with some courage about it; but the weight of it lay too heavy upon his thoughts, and went so far that he made two attempts upon himself, and in one of them had actually strangled himself, and had not his mother come into the room in the very moment, he had died; but with the help of a negro servant, she cut him down and recovered him.

Things were now come to a lamentable height. My pity for him now began to revive that affection which at first I really had for him, and I endeavoured sincerely, by all the kind carriage I could, to make up the breach; but, in short, it had gotten too great a head, it preyed upon his spirits, and it threw him into a lingering consumption, though it happened not to be mortal. In this distress I did not know what to do, as his life was apparently declining, and I might perhaps have married again there, very much to my advantage, had it been my business to have stayed in the country; but my mind was restless too; I hankered after coming to England, and nothing would satisfy me without it.

In short, by an unwearied importunity, my husband, who was apparently decaying, as I observed, was at last prevailed with; and so my fate pushing me on, the way was made clear for me, and my mother concurring, I obtained a very good cargo for my coming to England.

When I parted with my brother (for such I am now to call him), we agreed that after I arrived, he should pretend to have an account that I was dead in England, and so might marry again when he would. He promised, and engaged to me to correspond with me as a sister, and to assist and support me as long as I lived; and that if he died before me, he would leave sufficient to his mother to take care of me still, in the name of a sister, and he was in some respects just to this; but it was so oddly managed that I felt the disappointments very sensibly afterwards, as you shall hear in its time.

I came away in the month of August, after I had been eight years in that country; and now a new scene of misfortunes attended me, which perhaps few women have gone through the like.

We had an indifferent good voyage till we came just upon the coast of England, and where we arrived in two-and-thirty days, but were then ruffled with two or three storms, one of which drove us away to the coast of Ireland, and we put in at Kinsale. We remained there about thirteen days, got some refreshment on shore, and put to sea again, though we met with very bad weather again, in which the ship sprung her mainmast, as they called it. But we got at last into Milford Haven, in Wales, where, though it was remote from our port, yet having my foot safe upon the firm ground of the isle of Britain, I resolved to venture it no more upon the waters, which had been so terrible to me; so getting my clothes and money on shore, with my bills of loading and other papers, I resolved to come for London, and leave the ship to get to her port as she could; the port thither she was bound was to Bristol, where my brother's chief correspondent lived.

I got to London in about three weeks, where I heard a little while after that the ship was arrived at Bristol, but at the same time had the misfortune to know that by the violent weather she had been in, and the breaking of her mainmast, she had great damage on board, and that a great part of her cargo was spoiled.

I had now a new scene of life upon my hands, and a dreadful appearance it had. I was come away with a kind of final farewell. What I brought with me was indeed considerable, had it come safe, and by the help of it I might have married again tolerably well; but as it was, I was reduced to between two or three hundred pounds in the whole, and this without any hope of recruit. I was entirely without friends, nay even so much as without acquaintances, for I found it was absolutely necessary not to revive former acquaintance; and as for my subtle friend that set me up formerly for a fortune, she was dead, and her husband also.

The looking after my cargo of goods soon after obliged me to take a journey to Bristol, and during my attendance upon that affair I took the diversion of going to Bath, for as I was still far from being old, so my humour, which was always gay, continued so to an extreme; and being now, as it were, a woman of fortune, though I was a woman without a fortune, I expected something or other might happen in the way that might mend my circumstances, as had been my case before.

Bath is a place of gallantry enough; expensive, and full of snares. I went thither, indeed, in the view of taking what might offer; but I must do myself that justice as to protest I meant nothing but in an honest way, nor had any thoughts about me at first that looked the way which after wards I suffered them to be guided.

Here I stayed the whole latter season, as it is called there, and contracted some unhappy acquaintance, which rather prompted the follies I fell afterwards into than fortified me against them. I lived pleasantly enough, kept good company, that is to say, gay, fine company; but had the discouragement to find this way of living sunk me exceedingly, and that as I had no settled income,

so spending upon the main stock was but a certain kind of bleeding to death; and this gave me many sad reflections. However, I shook them off, and still flattered myself that something or other might offer for my advantage.

But I was in the wrong place for it. I was not now at Redriff, where if I had set myself tolerably up, some honest sea captain or other might have talked with me upon the honourable terms of matrimony; but I was at Bath, where men find a mistress sometimes, but very rarely look for a wife; and consequently all the particular acquaintances a woman can expect there must have some tendency that way.

I had spent the first season well enough; for though I had contracted some acquaintance with a gentleman who came to Bath for his diversion, yet I had entered into no felonious treaty. I had resisted some casual offers of gallantry, and had managed that way well enough. I was not wicked enough to come into the crime for the mere vice of it, and I had no extraordinary offers that tempted me with the main thing which I wanted.

However, I went this length the first season, viz. I contracted an acquaintance with a woman in whose house I lodged, who, though she did not keep an ill house, yet had none of the best principles in herself. I had on all occasions behaved myself so well as not to get the least slur upon my reputation, and all the men that I had conversed with were of so good reputation that I had not gotten the least reflection by conversing with them; nor did any of them seem to think there was room for a wicked correspondence if they had offered it; yet there was one gentleman, as above, who always singled me out for the diversion of my company, as he called it, which, as he was pleased to say, was very agreeable to him, but at that time there was no more in it.

I had many melancholy hours at Bath after all the company was gone; for though I went to Bristol sometimes for the disposing my effects, and for recruits of money, yet I chose to come back to Bath for my residence, because, being on good terms with the woman in whose house I lodged in the summer, I found that during the winter I lived rather cheaper there than I could do anywhere else. Here, I say, I passed the winter as heavily as I had passed the autumn cheerfully; but having contracted a nearer intimacy with the said woman, in whose house I lodged, I could not avoid communicating something of what lay hardest upon my mind, and particularly the narrowness of my circumstances. I told her also, that I had a mother and a brother in Virginia in good circumstances; and as I had really written back to my mother in particular to represent my condition, and the great loss I had received, so I did not fail to let my new friend know that I expected a supply from thence, and so indeed I did; and as the ships went from Bristol to York River, in Virginia, and back again generally in less time than from London, and that my brother corresponded chiefly at Bristol, I thought it was much better for me to wait here for my returns than to go to London.

My new friend appeared sensibly affected with my condition, and indeed was so very kind as to reduce the rate of my living with her to so low a price during the winter, that she convinced me she got nothing by me; and as for lodging, during the winter I paid nothing at all.

When the spring season came on, she continued to be as kind to me as she could, and I lodged with her for a time, till it was found necessary to do otherwise. She had some persons of character that frequently lodged in her house, and in particular the gentleman who, as I said, singled me out for his companion in the winter before; and he came down again with another gentleman in his company and two servants, and lodged in the same house. I suspected that my landlady had invited him thither, letting him know that I was still with her; but she denied it.

It a word, this gentleman came down and continued to single me out for his peculiar confidence. He was a complete gentleman, that must be confessed, and his company was agreeable to me, as mine, if I might believe him, was to him. He made no professions to me but of an extraordinary respect, and he had such an opinion of my virtue, that, as he often professed, he believed, if he should offer anything else, I should reject him with contempt. He soon understood from me that I was a widow; that I had arrived at Bristol from Virginia by the last ships; and that I waited at Bath till the next Virginia fleet should arrive, by which I expected considerable effects. I understood by him that he had a wife, but that the lady was distempered in her head, and was under the conduct of her own relations, which he consented to, to avoid any reflection that might be cast upon him for mismanaging her cure; and in the meantime he came to Bath to divert his thoughts under such a melancholy circumstance.

My landlady, who of her own accord encouraged the correspondence on all occasions, gave me an advantageous character of him, as of a man of honour, and of virtue, as well as of a great estate. And indeed I had reason to say so of him too; for though we lodged both on a floor, and he had frequently come into my chamber, even when I was in bed, and I also into his, yet he never offered anything to me further than a kiss, or so much as solicited me to anything till long after, as you shall hear.

I frequently took notice to my landlady of his exceeding modesty, and she again used to tell me she believed it was so from the beginning; however, she used to tell me that she thought I ought to expect some gratifications from him for my company, for indeed he did as it were engross me. I told her I had not given him the least occasion to think I wanted it, or that I would accept of it from him. She told me she would take that part upon her, and she managed it so dexterously, that the first time we were

together alone, after she had talked with him, he began to inquire a little into my circumstances, as how I had subsisted myself since I came on shore, and whether I did not want money. I stood off very boldly. I told him that though my cargo of tobacco was damaged, yet that it was not quite lost; that the merchant that I had been consigned to had so honestly managed for me that I had not wanted, and that I hoped, with frugal management, I should make it hold out till more would come, which I expected by the next fleet; that in the meantime I had retrenched my expenses, and whereas I kept a maid last season, now I lived without; and whereas I had a chamber and a dining-room then on the first floor, I now had but one room, two pair of stairs, and the like ; 'but I live', said I, 'as well satisfied now as then'; adding, that his company had made me live much more cheerfully than otherwise I should have done, for which I was much obliged to him; and so I put off all room for any offer at the present. It was not long before he attacked me again, and told me he found that I was backward to trust him with the secret of my circumstances, which he was sorry for; assuring me that he inquired into it with no design to satisfy his own curiosity, but merely to assist me if there was any occasion; but since I would not own myself to stand in need of any assistance, he had but one thing more to desire of me, and that was, that I would promise him that when I was any way straitened, I would frankly tell him of it, and that I would make use of him with the same freedom that he made the offer; adding, that I should always find I had a true friend, though perhaps I was afraid to trust him.

I omitted nothing that was fit to be said by one infinitely obliged, to let him know that I had a due sense of his kindness; and indeed from that time I did not appear so much reserved to him as I had done before, though still within the bounds of the strictest virtue on both sides; but how free soever our conversation was, I could not arrive to that freedom which he desired, viz., to tell him I wanted money, though I was secretly very glad of his offer.

Some weeks passed after this, and still I never asked him for money; when my landlady, a cunning creature, who had often pressed me to it, but found that I could not do it, makes a story of her own inventing, and comes in bluntly to me when we were together, 'Oh, widow!' says she, 'I have bad news to tell you this morning.' 'What is that?' said I. 'Are the Virginia ships taken by the French?'; for that was my fear. 'No, no', says she, 'but the man you sent to Bristol yesterday for money is come back, and says he has brought none.'

I could by no means like her project; I thought it looked too much like prompting him, which he did not want, and I saw that I should lose nothing by being backward, so took her up short. 'I can't imagine why he should say so' said I; for I assure you he brought me all the money and I sent him for, and here it is 'said I (pulling out my purse with about twelve guineas in it); and added, 'I intend you shall have most of it by-and-by.'

He seemed distasted a little at her talking as she did, as well as I, taking it, as I fancied he would, as something forward of her; but when he saw me give such an answer, he came immediately to himself. The next morning we talked of it again, when I found he was fully satisfied; and, smiling, said he hoped I would not want money, and not tell him of it, and that I had promised him otherwise. I told him I had been very much dissatisfied at my landlady's talking so publicly the day before of what she had nothing to do with; but I supposed she wanted what I owed her, which was about eight guineas, which I had resolved to give her, and had given it her the same night.

He was in a mighty good humour when he heard me say I had paid her, and it went off into some other discourse at that time. But the next morning, he having heard me up before him, he called to me, and I answered. He asked me to come into his chamber; he was in bed when I came in, and he made me come and sit down on his bedside, for he said he had something to say to me. After some very kind expressions, he asked me if I would be very honest to him, and give a sincere answer to one thing he would desire of me. After some little cavil with him at the word 'sincere', and asking him if I had ever given him any answers which were not sincere, I promised him I would. Why, then, his request was, he said, to let him see my purse. I immediately put my hand into my pocket, and laughing at him, pulled it out, and there was in it three guineas and a half. Then he asked me if there was all the money I had. I told him no, laughing again, not by a great deal.

Well, then, he said, he would have me promise to go and fetch him all the money I had, every farthing. I told him I would, and I went into my chamber, and fetched him a little private drawer, where I had about six guineas more, and some silver, and threw it all down upon the bed, and told him there was all my wealth, honestly to a shilling. He looked a little at it, but did not tell it, and huddled it all into the drawer again, and then reaching his pocket, pulled out a key, and bade me open a little walnut-tree box he had upon the table, and bring him such a drawer, which I did. In this drawer there was a great deal of money in gold, I believe near two hundred guineas, but I knew not how much. He took the drawer, and taking me by the hand, made me put it in and take a whole handful; I was backward at that, but he held my hand hard in his hand, and put it into the drawer, and made me take out as many guineas almost as I could well take up at once.

When I had done so, he made me put them into my lap, and took my little drawer, and poured out all my own money among his, and bade me get me gone, and carry it all into my own chamber.

I relate this story the more particularly, because of the good-humour of it, and to show the temper with which we conversed. It was not long after this, but he began every day to find fault with my clothes, with my laces, and head-dresses, and, in a word, pressed me to buy better, which, by the way, I was willing enough to do, though I did not seem to be so. I loved nothing in the world better than fine clothes; but I told him I must housewife the money he had lent me, or else I should not be able to pay him again. He then told me, in a few words, that as he had a sincere respect for me, and knew my circumstances, he had not lent me that money, but given it me, and that he thought I had merited it from him, by giving him my company so entirely as I had done. After this he made me take a maid, and keep house, and his friend being gone, he obliged me to diet him, which I did very willingly, believing, as it appeared, that I should lose nothing by it, nor did the woman of the house fail to find her account in it too.

We had lived thus near three months, when the company beginning to wear away at Bath, he talked of going away, and fain he would have me to go to London with him. I was not very easy in that proposal, not knowing what posture I was to live in there, or how he might use me. But while this was in debate, he fell very sick; he had gone out to a place in Somersetshire, called Shepton, and was there taken very ill, and so ill that he could not travel; so he sent his man back to Bath, to beg me that I would hire a coach and come over to him. Before he went, he had left his money and other things of value with me, and what to do with them I did not know, but I secured them as well as I could, and locked up the lodgings and went to him, where I found him very ill indeed, so I persuaded him to be carried in a litter to Bath, where was more help and better advice to be had.

He consented, and I brought him to Bath, which was about fifteen miles, as I remember. Here he continued very ill of a fever, and kept his bed five weeks, all which time I nursed him and tended him as carefully as if I had been his wife; indeed, if I had been his wife I could not have done more. I sat up with him so much and so often, that at last, indeed, he would not let me sit up any longer, and then I got a pallet-bed into his room, and lay in it just at his bed's feet.

I was indeed sensibly affected with his condition, and with the apprehensions of losing such a friend as he was, and was like to be to me, and I used to sit and cry by him many hours together. At last he grew better, and gave hopes that he would recover, as indeed he did, though very slowly.

Were it otherwise than what I am going to say, I should not be back ward to disclose it, as it is apparent I have done in other cases; but I affirm, through all this conversation, abating the coming into the chamber when I or he was in bed, and the necessary offices of attending him night and day when he was sick, there had not passed the least immodest word or action between us. Oh that it had been so to the last!

After some time he gathered strength and grew well apace, and I would have removed my pallet-bed, but he would not let me, till he was able to venture himself without anybody to sit up with him, when I removed to my own chamber.

He took many occasions to express his sense of my tenderness for him; and when he grew well he made me a present of fifty guineas for my care, and, as he called it, hazarding my life to save his.

And now he made deep protestations of a sincere inviolable affection for me, but with the utmost reserve for my virtue and his own. I told him I was fully satisfied of it. He carried it that length that he protested to me, that if he was naked in bed with me, he would as sacredly preserve my virtue as he would defend it, if I was assaulted by a ravisher. I believed him, and told him I did so; but this did not satisfy him; he would, he said, wait for some opportunity to give me an undoubted testimony of it.

It was a great while after this that I had occasion, on my business, to go to Bristol, upon which he hired me a coach, and would go with me; and now indeed our intimacy increased. From Bristol he carried me to Gloucester, which was merely a journey of pleasure, to take the air; and here it was our hap to have no lodgings in the inn, but in one large chamber with two beds in it. The master of the house going 'vith us to show his rooms, and coming into that room, said very frankly to him, 'Sir, it is none of my business to inquire whether the lady be your spouse or no, but if not, you may lie as honestly in these two beds as if you were in two chambers', and with that he pulls a great curtain which drew quite across the room, and effectually divided the beds. 'Well', says my friend, very readily, 'these beds will do; and as for the rest, we are too near akin to lie together, though we may lodge near one another'; and this put an honest face on the thing too. When we came to go to bed, he decently went out of the room till I was in bed, and then went to bed in the other bed, but lay there talking to me a great while.

At last, repeating his usual saying, that he could lie naked in the bed with me, aud not offer me the least injury, he starts out of his bed. And now, my dear', says he, 'you shall see how just I will be to you, and that I can keep my word'; and away he comes to my bed.

I resisted a little, but I must confess I should not have resisted him much, if he had not made those promises at all; so after a little struggle, I lay still and let him come to bed. When he was there he took me in his arms, and so I lay all night with him, but he

had no more to do with me, or offered anything to me other than embracing me as I say in his arms, no, not the whole night, but rose up and dressed him in the morning, and left me as innocent for him as I was the day I was born. This was a surprising thing to me, and perhaps may be so to others who know how the laws of nature work; for he was a vigorous, brisk person. Nor did he act thus on a principle of religion at all, but of mere affection; insisting on it that, though I was to him the most agreeable woman in the world, yet, because he loved me, he could not injure me.

I own it was a noble principle, but as it was what I never saw before, so it was perfectly amazing. We travelled the rest of the journey as we did before, and came back to Bath, where, as he had opportunity to come to me when he would, he often repeated the same moderation, and I frequently lay with him, and although all the familiarities of man and wife were common to us, yet he never once offered to go any further, and he valued himself much upon it I do not say that I was so wholly pleased with it as he thought I was, for I own I was much wickeder than he.

We lived thus near two years, only with this exception, that he went three times to London in that time, and once he continued there four months; but, to do him justice, he always supplied me with money to subsist on very handsomely.

Had we continued thus, I confess we had much to boast of; but, as wise men say, it is ill venturing too near the brink of a command. So we found it; and here again I must do him the justice to own that the first breach was not on his part. It was one night that we were in bed together warm and merry, and having drunk, I think, a little more both of us than usual, though not in the least to disorder us, when, after some other follies which I cannot name, and being clasped close in his arms, I told him (I repeat it with shame and horror of soul) that I could find in my heart to discharge him of his engagement for one night and no more.

He took me at my word immediately, and after that there was no resisting him; neither indeed had I any mind to resist him any more.

Thus the government of our virtue was broken, and I exchanged the place of friend for that unmusical, harsh-sounding title of whore. In the morning we were both at our penitentials; I cried very heartily, he expressed himself very sorry; but that was all either of us could do at that time, and the way being thus cleared, and the bars of virtue and conscience thus removed, we had the less to struggle with.

It was but a dull kind of conversation that we had together for all the rest of that week; I looked on him with blushes, and every now and then started that melancholy objection, 'What if I should be with child now? What will become of me then?' He encouraged me by telling me, that as long as I was true to him, he would be so to me; and since it was gone such a length (which indeed he never intended), yet if I was with child, he would take care of that and me too. This hardened us both. I assured him if I was with child, I would die for want of a midwife rather than name him as the father of it; and he assured me I should never want if I should be with child. These mutual assurances hardened us in the thing, and after this we repeated the crime as often as we pleased, till at length, as I feared, so it came to pass, and I was indeed with child.

After I was sure it was so, and I had satisfied him of it too, we began to think of taking measures for the managing it, and I proposed trusting the secret to my landlady, and asking her advice, which he agreed to. My landlady, a woman (as I found) used to such things, made light of it; she said she knew it would come to that at last, and made us very merry about it. As I said above, we found her an experienced old lady at such work; she undertook everything, engaged to procure a midwife and a nurse, to satisfy all inquiries, and bring us off with reputation, and she did so very dexterously indeed.

When I grew near my time, she desired my gentleman to go away to London, or make as if he did so. When he was gone, she acquainted the parish officers that there was a lady ready to lie in at her house, but that she knew her husband very well, and gave them, as she pretended, an account of his name, which she called Sir Walter Cleave; telling them he was a worthy gentleman, and that she would answer for all inquiries, and the like. This satisfied the parish officers presently, and I lay in in as much credit as I could have done if I had really been my Lady Cleave; and was assisted in my travail by three or four of the best citizens' wives of Bath, which, however, made me a little the more expensive to him. I often expressed my concern to him about that part, but he bid me not be concerned at it.

As he had furnished me very sufficiently with money for the extraordinary expenses of my lying in, I had everything very handsome about me, but did not affect to be so gay or extravagant neither; besides, knowing the world, as I had done, and that such kind of things do not often last long, I took care to lay up as much money as I could for a wet day, as I called it; making him believe it was all spent upon the extraordinary appearance of things in my lying in.

By this means, with what he had given me as above, I had at the end of my lying in two hundred guineas by me, including also what was left of my own.

I was brought to bed of a fine boy indeed, and a charming child it was; and when he heard of it, he wrote me a very kind obliging letter about it, and then told me he thought it would look better for me to come away for London as soon as I was up and well, that he had provided apartments for me at Hammersmith, as if I came only from London, and that after a while I should go back to Bath, and he would go with me.

I liked his offer very well, and hired a coach on purpose, and taking my child and a wet-nurse to tend and suckle it, and a maid-servant with me, away I went for London.

He met me at Reading in his own chariot, and taking me into that, left the servant and the child in the hired coach, and so he brought me to my new lodgings at Hammersmith; with which I had abundance of reason to be very well pleased, for they were very handsome rooms.

And now I was indeed in the height of what I might call prosperity, and I wanted nothing but to be a wife, which, however, could not be in this case, and therefore on all occasions I studied to save what I could, as I said above, against the time of scarcity; knowing well enough that such things as these do not always continue; that men that keep mistresses often change them, grow weary of them, or jealous of them, or something or other; and sometimes the ladies that are thus well used, are not careful by a prudent conduct to preserve the esteem of their persons, or the nice article of their fidelity, and then they are justly cast off with contempt.

But I was secured in this point, for as I had no inclination to change, so I had no manner of acquaintance, so no temptation to look any farther. I kept no company but in the family where I lodged, and with a clergyman's lady at next door; so that when he was absent I visited nobody, nor did he ever find me out of my chamber or parlour whenever he came down; if I went anywhere to take the air, it was always with him.

The living in this manner with him, and his with me, was certainly the most undesigned thing in the world; he often protested to me that when he became first acquainted with me, and even to the very night when we first broke in upon our rules, he never had the least design of lying with me; that he always had a sincere affection for me, but not the least real inclination to do what he had done. I assured him I never suspected him; that, if I had, I should not so easily have yielded to the freedoms which brought it on, but that it was all a surprise, and was owing to our having yielded too far to our mutual inclinations that night; and indeed I have often observed since, and leave it as a caution to the readers of this story, that we ought to be cautious of gratifying our inclinations in loose and lewd freedoms, lest we find our resolutions of virtue fail us in the juncture when their assistance should be most necessary.

It is true that from the first hour I began to converse with him, I resolved to let him lie with me, if he offered it; but it was because I wanted his help, and knew of no other way of securing him. But when we were that night together, and, as I have said, had gone such a length, I found my weakness; the inclination was not to be resisted, but I was obliged to yield up all even before he asked it.

However, he was so just to me that he never upbraided me with that; nor did he ever express the least dislike of my conduct on any other occasion, but always protested he was as much delighted with my company as he was the first hour we came together.

It is true that he had no wife, that is to say, she was no wife to him, but the reflections of conscience oftentimes snatch a man, especially a man of sense, from the arms of a mistress, as it did him at last, though on another occasion.

On the other hand, though I was not without secret reproaches of my own conscience for the life I led, and that even in the greatest height of the satisfaction I ever took, yet I had the terrible prospect of poverty and starving, which lay on me as a frightful spectre, so that there was no looking behind me; but as poverty brought me into it, so fear of poverty kept me in it, and I frequently resolved to leave it quite off, if I could but come to lay up money enough to maintain me. But these were thoughts of no weight, and whenever he came to me they vanished; for his company was so delightful, that there was no being melancholy when he was there; the reflections were all the subject of those hours when I was alone.

I lived six years in this happy but unhappy condition, in which time I brought him three children, but only the first of them lived; and though I removed twice in that six years, yet I came back the sixth year to my first lodgings at Hammersmith. Here it was that I was one morning surprised with a kind but melancholy letter from my gentleman, intimating that he was very ill; and was afraid he should have another fit of sickness, but that his wife's relations being in the house with him, it would not be practicable to have me with him, which, however, he expressed his great dissatisfaction in, and that he wished I could be allowed to tend and nurse him as I did before.

I was very much concerned at this account, and was very impatient to know how it was with him. I waited a fortnight or

thereabouts, and heard nothing, which surprised me, and I began to be very uneasy indeed. I think, I may say, that for the next fortnight I was near to distracted. It was my particular difficulty, that I did not know directly where he was; for I understood at first he was in the lodgings of his wife's mother; but having removed myself to London, I soon found, by the help of the direction I had for writing my letters to him, how to inquire after him, and there I found that he was at a house in Bloomsbury, whither he had removed his whole family; and that his wife and wife's mother were in the same house, though the wife was not suffered to know that she was in the same house with her husband.

Here I also soon understood that he was at the last extremity, which made me almost at the last extremity, too, to have a true account. One night I had the curiosity to disguise myself like a servant-maid, in a round cap and straw hat, and went to the door, as sent by a lady of his neighbourhood, where he lived before, and giving master and mistress's service, I said I was sent to know how Mr —— did, and how he had rested that night. In delivering this message I got the opportunity I desired; for, speaking with one of the maids, I held a long gossip's tale with her, and had all the particulars of his illness, which I found was a pleurisy attended with a cough and fever. She told me also who was in the house, and how his wife was, who, by her relation, they were in some hopes might recover her understanding; but as to the gentleman himself, the doctors said there was very little hopes of him, that in the morning they thought he had been dying, and that he was but little better then, for they did not expect that he could live over the next night.

This was heavy news for me, and I began now to see an end of my prosperity, and to see that it was well I had played the good housewife, and saved something while he was alive, for now I had no view of my own living before me.

It lay very heavy upon my mind, too, that I had a son, a fine lovely boy, above five years old, and no provision made for it, at least that I knew of. With these considerations, and a sad heart, I went home that evening and began to cast with myself how I should live, and in what manner to bestow myself, for the residue of my life.

You may be sure I could not rest without inquiring again very quickly what was become of him; and not venturing to go myself, I sent several sham messengers, till after a fortnight's waiting longer, I found that there was hopes of his life, though he was still very ill; then I abated my sending to the house, and in some time after, I learnt in the neighbour hood that he was about house, and then that he was abroad again.

I made no doubt then but that I should soon hear of him, and began to comfort myself with my circumstances being, as I thought, recovered. I waited a week, and two weeks, and with much surprise near two months, and heard nothing, but that, being recovered, he was gone into the country for the air after his distemper. After this it was yet two months more, and then I understood he was come to his city house again, but still I heard nothing from him.

I had written several letters for him, and directed them as usual, and found two or three of them had been called for, but not the rest. I wrote again in a more pressing manner than ever, and in one of them let him know that I must be forced to wait on him myself, representing my circumstances, the rent of lodgings to pay, and the provision for the child wanting, and my own deplorable condition, destitute of subsistence after his most solemn engagement to take care of and provide for me. I took a copy of this letter, and finding it lay at the house near a month, and was not called for, I found means to have the copy of it put into his hands at a coffeehouse where I had found he had used to go.

This letter forced an answer from him, by which, though I found I was to be abandoned, yet I found he had sent a letter to me some time before, desiring me to go down to Bath again. Its contents I shall come to presently. It is true that sickbeds are the times when such correspondences as this are looked on with different countenances, and seen with other eyes than we saw them with before: my lover had been at the gates of death, and at the very brink of eternity; and, it seems, struck with a due remorse, and with sad reflections upon his past life of gallantry and levity; and among the rest, his criminal correspondence with me, which was indeed neither more or less than a long-continued life of adultery, had represented itself as it really was, not as it had been formerly thought by him to be, and he looked upon it now with a just abhorrence.

I cannot but observe also, and leave it for the direction of my sex in such cases of pleasure, that whenever sincere repentance succeeds such a crime as this, there never fails to attend a hatred of the object; and the more the affection might seem to be before, the hatred will be more in proportion. It will always be so; indeed it cannot be otherwise; for there cannot be a true and sincere abhorrence of the offence, and the love to the cause of it remain; there will, with an abhorrence of the sin, be found a detestation of the fellow-sinner; you can expect no other.

I found it so here, though good manners, and justice in this gentleman, kept him from carrying it on to any extreme; but the short history of his part in this affair was thus; he perceived by my last letter, and by the rest, which he went for after, that I was not gone to Bath, and that his first letter had not come to my hand, upon which he writes me this following:

Madam, I am surprised that my letter, dated the 8th of last month, did not come to your hand; I give you my word it was delivered at your lodgings, and to the hands of your maid.

I need not acquaint you with what has been my condition for some time past; and how, having been at the edge of the grave, I am, by the unexpected and undeserved mercy of Heaven, restored again. In the condition I have been in, it cannot be strange to you that our unhappy correspondence has not been the least of the burthens which lay upon my conscience. I need say no more; those things that must be repented of, must also be reformed.

I wish you would think of going back to Bath. I enclose you here a bill for £50 for clearing yourself at your lodgings, and carrying you down, and hope it will be no surprise to you to add, that on this account only, and not for any offence given me on your side, I can see you no more. I will take due care of the child; leave him where he is, or take him with you, as you please. I wish you the like reflections, and that they may be to your advantage.—I am, &c.

I was struck with this letter as with a thousand wounds; the reproaches of my own conscience were such as I cannot express, for I was not blind to my own crime; and I reflected that I might with less offence have continued with my brother, since there was no crime in our marriage on that score, neither of us knowing it.

But I never once reflected that I was all this while a married woman, a wife to Mr ——, the linen-draper, who, though he had left me by the necessity of his circumstances, had no power to discharge me from the marriage contract which was between us, or to give me a legal liberty to marry again; so that I had been no less than a whore and an adulteress all this while. I then reproached myself with the liberties I had taken, and how I had been a snare to this gentleman, and that indeed I was principal in the crime; that now he was mercifully snatched out of the gulf by a convincing work upon his mind, but that I was left, as if I was abandoned by Heaven, to a continuing in my wickedness.

Under these reflections I continued very pensive and sad for near a month, and did not go down to Bath, having no inclination to be with the woman whom I was with before, lest, as I thought, she should prompt me to some wicked course of life again, as she had done, and besides, I was loth she should know I was cast off as above.

And now I was greatly perplexed about my little boy. It was death to me to part with the child, and yet when I considered the danger of being one time or other left with him to keep without being able to support him, I then resolved to leave him; but then I concluded to be near him myself too, that I might have the satisfaction of seeing him, without the care of providing for him. So I sent my gentleman a short letter that I had obeyed his orders in all things but that of going back to Bath; that however parting from him was a wound to me that I could never recover, yet that I was fully satisfied his reflections were just, and would be very far from desiring to obstruct his reformation.

Then I represented my own circumstances to him in the most moving terms. I told him that those unhappy distresses which first moved him to a generous friendship for me, would, I hoped, move him to a little concern for me now, though the criminal part of our correspondence, which I believe neither of us intended to fall into at that time, was broken off; that I desired to repent as sincerely as he had done, but entreated him to put me in some condition that I might not be exposed to temptations from the frightful prospect of poverty and distress; and if he had the least apprehensions of my being troublesome to him, I begged he would put me in a posture to go back to my mother in Virgiuia, from whence he knew I came, and that would put an end to all his fears on that account. I concluded, that if he would send me £50 more to facilitate my going away, I would send him back a general release, and would promise never to disturb him more with any importunities; unless it were to hear of the well-doing of the child, who, if I found my mother living, and my circumstances able, I would send for, and take him also off his hands.

This was indeed all a cheat thus far, viz., that I had no intention to go to Virginia, as the account of my former affairs there may convince anybody of; but the business was to get this last £50 of him, if possible, knowing well enough it would be the last penny I was ever to expect. However, the argument I used, namely, of giving him a general release, and never troubling him any more, prevailed effectually, and he sent me a bill for the money by a person who brought with him a general release for me to sign, and which I frankly signed; and thus, though full sore against my will, a final end was put to this affair.

And here I cannot but reflect upon the unhappy consequence of too great freedoms between persons stated as we were, upon the pretence of innocent intentions, love of friendship, and the like; for the flesh has generally so great a share in those friendships, that it is great odds but inclination prevails at last over the most solemn resolutions; and that vice breaks in at the breaches of decency, which really innocent friendship ought to preserve with the greatest strictness. But I leave the readers of these things to their own just reflections, which they will be more able to make effectual than I, who so soon forgot myself, and am therefore but a very indifferent monitor.

I was now a single person again, as I may call myself; I was loosed from all the obligations either of wedlock or mistress-ship in

the world, except my husband the linen-draper, whom I having not now heard from in almost fifteen years, nobody could blame me for thinking myself entirely freed from; seeing also he had at his going away told me, that if I did not hear frequently from him, I should conclude he was dead, and I might freely marry again to whom I pleased.

I now began to cast up my accounts. I had by many letters, and much importunity, and with the intercession of my mother too, had a second return of some goods from my brother, as I now call him, in Virginia, to make up the damage of the cargo I brought away with me, and this too was upon the condition of my sealing a general release to him, which, though I thought hard, yet I was obliged to promise. I managed so well in this case, that I got my goods away before the release was signed, and then I always found something or other to say to evade the thing, and to put off the signing it at all; till at length I pretended I must write to my brother before I could do it.

Including this recruit, and before I got the last £50, I found my strength to amount, put all together, to about £400, so that with that I had above £450. I had saved £100 more, but I met with a disaster with that, which was this—that a goldsmith in whose hands I had trusted it broke, so I lost £70 of my money, the man's composition not making above £30 out of his £100. I had a little plate, but not much, and was well enough stocked with clothes and linen.

With this stock I had the world to begin again; but you are to consider that I was not now the same woman as when I lived at Rotherhithe; for, first of all, I was near twenty years older, and did not look the better for my age, nor for my rambles to Virginia and back again; and though I omitted nothing that might set me out to advantage, except painting, for that I never stooped to, yet there would always be some difference seen between five-and-twenty and two-and-forty.

I cast about innumerable ways for my future state of life, and began to consider very seriously what I should do, but nothing offered. I took care to make the world take me for something more than I was, and had it given out that I was a fortune, and that my estate was in my own hands, the last of which was very true, the first of it was as above. I had no acquaintance, which was one of my worst misfortunes, and the consequence of that was, I had no adviser, and, above all, I had nobody to whom I could in confidence commit the secret of my circumstances; and I found by experience, that to be friendless is the worst condition, next to being in want, that a woman can be reduced to: I say a woman, because 'tis evident men can be their own advisers and their own directors, and know how to work themselves out of difficulties and into business better than women; but if a woman has no friend to communicate her affairs to, and to advise and assist her, 'tis ten to one but she is undone; nay, and the more money she has, the more danger she is in of being wronged and deceived; and this was my case in the affair of the £100 which I left in the hands of the goldsmith, as above, whose credit, it seems, was upon the ebb before, but I, that had nobody to consult with, knew nothing of it, and so lost my money.

When a woman is thus left desolate and void of counsel, she is just like a bag of money or a jewel dropt on the highway, which is a prey to the next comer; if a man of virtue and upright principles happens to find it, he will have it cried, and the owner may come to hear of it again; but how many times shall such a thing fall into hands that will make no scruple of seizing it for their own, to once that it shall come into good hands?

This was evidently my case, for I was now a loose, unguided creature, and had no help, no assistance, no guide for my conduct; I knew what I aimed at, and what I wanted, but knew nothing how to pursue the end by direct means. I wanted to be placed in a settled state of living, and had I happened to meet with a sober, good husband, I should have been as true a wife to him as virtue itself could have formed. If I had been otherwise, the vice came in always at the door of necessity, not at the door of inclination; and I understood too well, by the want of it, what the value of a settled life was, to do anything to forfeit the felicity of it; nay, I should have made the better wife for all the difficulties I had passed through, by a great deal; nor did I in any of the times that I had been a wife give my husbands the least uneasiness on account of my behaviour.

But all this was nothing; I found no encouraging prospect. I waited; I lived regularly, and with as much frugality as became my circumstances; but nothing offered, nothing presented, and the main stock wasted apace. What to do I knew not; the terror of approaching poverty lay hard upon my spirits. I had some money, but where to place it I knew not, nor would the interest of it maintain me, at least not in London.

At length a new scene opened. There was in the house where I lodged a northcountry gentlewoman, and nothing was more frequent in her discourse than her account of the cheapness of provisions, and the easy way of living in her country; how plentiful and how cheap everything was, what good company they kept, and the like; till at last I told her she almost tempted me to go and live in her country; for I that was a widow, though I had sufficient to live on, yet had no way of increasing it; and that London was an extravagant place; that I found I could not live here under £100 a year, unless I kept no company, no servant, made no appearance, and buried myself in privacy, as if I was obliged to it by necessity.

I should have observed, that she was always made to believe, as every body else was, that I was a great fortune, or at least that

I had three or four thousand pounds, if not more, and all in my own hands; and she was mighty sweet upon me when she thought me inclined in the least to go into her country. She said she had a sister lived near Liverpool; that her brother was a considerable gentleman there, and had a great estate also in Ireland; that she would go down there in about two months, and, if I would give her my company thither, I should be as welcome as herself for a month or more as I pleased, till I should see how I liked the country; and if I thought fit to live there, she would undertake they would take care, though they did not entertain lodgers themselves, they would recommend me to some agreeable family, where I should be placed to my content.

If this woman had known my real circumstances, she would never have laid so many snares, and taken so many weary steps, to catch a poor desolate creature that was good for little when it was caught; and indeed I, whose case was almost desperate, and thought I could not be much worse, was not very anxious about what might befall me, provided they did me no personal injury; so I suffered myself, though not without a great deal of invitation, and great professions of sincere friendship and real kindness—I say, I suffered myself to be prevailed upon to go with her, and accordingly I put myself in a posture for a journey, though I did not absolutely know whither I was to go.

And now I found myself in great distress; what little I had in the world was all in money, except, as before, a little plate, some linen, and my clothes; as for household stuff, I had little or none, for I had lived always in lodgings; but I had not one friend in the world with whom to trust that little I had, or to direct me how to dispose of it. I thought of the bank, and of the other companies in London, but I had no friend to commit the management of it to, and to keep and carry about me bank bills, tallies, orders, and such things, I looked upon as unsafe; that if they were lost, my money was lost, and then I was undone; and, on the other hand, I might be robbed, and perhaps murdered in a strange place for them; and what to do I knew not.

It came into my thoughts one morning that I would go to the bank myself, where I had often been to receive the interests of some bills I had, and where I had found the clerk, to whom I applied myself, very honest to me, and particularly so fair one time, that when I had mistold my money, and taken less than my due, and was coming away, he set me to rights and gave me the rest, which he might have put into his own pocket.

I went to him and asked if he would trouble himself to be my adviser, who was a poor friendless widow, and knew not what to do. He told me, if I desired his opinion of anything within the reach of his business, he would do his endeavour that I should not be wronged, but that he would also help me to a good, sober person of his acquaintance, who was a clerk in such business too, though not in their house, whose judgment was good, and whose honesty I might depend upon; 'for', added he, 'I will answer for him, and for every step he takes; if he wrongs you, madam, of one farthing, it shall lie at my door; and he delights to assist people in such cases—he does it as an act of charity.'

I was a little at a stand at this discourse; but after some pause I told him I had rather have depended upon him, because I had found him honest, but if that could not be, I would take his recommendation sooner than any one's else. 'I dare say, madam', says he, 'that you will be as well satisfied with my friend as with me, and he is thoroughly able to assist you, which I am not.' It seems he had his hands full of the business of the bank, and had engaged to meddle with no other business than that of his office: he added, that his friend should take nothing of me for his advice or assistance, and this indeed encouraged me.

He appointed the same evening, after the bank was shut, for me to meet him and his friend. As soon as I saw his friend, and he began but to talk of the affair, I was fully satisfied I had a very honest man to deal with; his countenance spoke it; and his character, as I heard afterwards, was everywhere so good, that I had no room for any more doubts upon me.

After the first meeting, in which I only said what I had said before, he appointed me to come the next day, telling me I might in the meantime satisfy myself of him by inquiry, which, however, I knew not how to do, having no acquaintance myself.

Accordingly I met him the next day, when I entered more freely with him into my case. I told him my circumstances at large: that I was a widow come over from America, perfectly desolate and friendless; that I had a little money, and but a little, and was almost distracted for fear of losing it, having no friend in the world to trust with the management of it; that I was going into the North of England to live cheap, that my stock might not waste; that I would willingly lodge my money in the bank, but that I durst not carry the bills about me; and how to correspond about it, or with whom, I knew not.

He told me I might lodge the money in the bank as an account, and its being entered in the books would entitle me to the money at any time; and if I was in the north I might draw bills on the cashier, and receive it when I would; but that then it would be esteemed as running cash, and the bank would give no interest for it; that I might buy stock with it, and so it would lie in store for me, but that then if I wanted to dispose of it, I must come up to town to transfer it, and even it would be with some difficulty I should receive the half-yearly dividend, unless I was here in person, or had some friend I could trust with having the stock in his name to do it for me, and that would have the same difficulty in it as before; and with that he looked hard at me and smiled a little. At last says he, 'Why do you not get a head-steward, madam, that may take you and your money together, and then you would

have the trouble taken off of your hands?' 'Ay, sir, and the money too, it may be', said I; 'for truly I find the hazard that way is as much as 'tis t'other way'; but I remember I said secretly to myself, 'I wish you would ask me the question fairly; I would consider very seriously on it before I said No.'

He went on a good way with me, and I thought once or twice he was in earnest, but, to my real affliction, I found at last he had a wife; but when he owned he had a wife he shook his head, and said with some concern, that indeed he had a wife, and no wife. I began to think he had been in the condition of my late lover, and that his wife had been lunatic, or some such thing. However, we had not much more discourse at that time, but he told me he was in too much hurry of business then, but that if I would come home to his house after their business was over, he would consider what might be done for me, to put my affairs in a posture of security. I told him I would come, and desired to know where he lived. He gave me a direction in writing, and when he gave it me he read it to me, and said, 'There 'tis, madam, if you dare trust yourself with me.' 'Yes, sir', said I; 'I believe I may venture to trust you with myself, for you have a wife, you say, and I don't want a husband; besides, I dare trust you with my money, which is all I have in the world, and if that were gone, I may trust myself anywhere.'

He said some things in jest that were very handsome and mannerly, and would have pleased me very well if they had been in earnest; but that passed over, I took the directions, and appointed to be at his house at seven o'clock the same evening.

When I came he made several proposals for my placing my money in the bank, in order to my having interest for it; but still some difficulty or other came in the way, which he objected as not safe; and I found such a sincere disinterested honesty in him, that I began to think I had certainly found the honest man I wanted, and that I could never put myself into better hands; so I told him with a great deal of frankness that I had never met with a man or woman yet that I could trust, or in whom I could think myself safe, but that I saw he was so disinterestedly concerned for my safety, that would I freely trust him with the management of that little I had, if he would accept to be steward for a poor widow that could give him no salary.

He smiled, and, standing up, with great respect saluted me. He told me he could not but take it very kindly that I had so good an opinion of him; that he would not deceive me; that he would do anything in his power to serve me, and expect no salary; but that he could not by any means accept of a trust that might bring him to be suspected of self-interest, and that if I should die he might have disputes with my executors, which he should be very loth to encumber himself with.

I told him if those were all his objections I would soon remove them, and convince him that there was not the least room for any difficulty; for that, first, as for suspecting him, if ever, now was the time to suspect him, and not to put the trust into his hands; and whenever I did suspect him, he could but throw it up then, and refuse to go on. Then, as to executors, I assured him I had no heirs, nor any relations in England, and I would have neither heirs or executors but himself, unless I should alter my conditions, and then his trust and trouble should cease together, which, however, I had no prospect of yet; but I told him, if I died as I was, it should be all his own, and he would deserve it by being so faithful to me, as I was satisfied he would be.

He changed his countenance at this discourse, and asked me how I came to have so much goodwill for him; and looking very much pleased, said he might very lawfully wish he was single for my sake. I smiled, and told him, that as he was not, my offer could have no design upon him, and to wish was not to be allowed, 'twas criminal to his wife.

He told me I was wrong; 'for', says he, 'as I said before, I have a wife and no wife, and 'twould be no sin to wish her hanged.' 'I know nothing of your circumstances that way, sir', said I; 'but it cannot be innocent to wish your wife dead.' 'I tell you', says he again, 'she is a wife and no wife; you don't know what I am, or what she is.'

'That's true', said I, 'sir, I don't know what you are; but I believe you to be an honest man, and that's the cause of all my confidence in you.'

'Well, well', says he, 'and so I am; but I am something too, madam; for', says he, 'to be plain with you, I am a cuckold, and she is a whore.' He spoke it in a kind of jest, but it was with such an awkward smile, that I perceived it stuck very close to him, and he looked dismally when he said it.

'That alters the case indeed, sir', said I, 'as to that part you were speaking of; but a cuckold, you know, may be an honest man; it does not alter that case at all. Besides, I think', said I, 'since your wife is so dishonest to you, you are too honest to her to own her for your wife; but that', said I, 'is what I have nothing to do with.' 'Nay', says he, 'I do think to clear my hands of her; for, to be plain with you, madam', added he, 'I am no contented cuckold neither: on the other hand, I assure you it provokes me to the highest degree, but I can't help myself; she that will be a whore, will be a whore.'

I waived the discourse, and began to talk of my business; but I found he could not have done with it, so I let him alone, and he went on to tell me all the circumstances of his case, too long to relate here; particularly, that having been out of England some

time before he came to the post he was in, she had had two children in the meantime by an officer in the army; and that when he came to England, and, upon her submission, took her again, and maintained her very well, yet she ran away from him with a linen-draper's apprentice, robbed him of what she could come at, and continued to live from him still; 'so that, madam', says he, 'she is a whore not by necessity, which is the common bait, but by inclination, and for the sake of the vice.'

Well, I pitied him, and wished him well rid of her, and still would have talked of my business, but it would not do. At last he looked steadily at me. 'Look you, madam', says he, 'you came to ask advice of me, and I will serve you as faithfully as if you were my own sister; but I must turn the tables, since you oblige me to do it, and are so friendly to me, and I think I must ask advice of you. Tell me, what must a poor abused fellow do with a whore? What can I do to do myself justice upon her?'

'Alas! sir', says I, 'tis a case too nice for me to advise in, but it seems to me she has run away from you, so you are rid of her fairly; what can you desire more?' 'Ay, she is gone indeed', said he, 'but I am not clear of her for all that.' 'That's true', says I; 'she may indeed run you into debt, but the law has furnished you with methods to prevent that also; you may cry her down, as they call it.'

'No, no', says he, 'that is not the case; I have taken care of all that; 'tis not that part that I speak of, but I would be rid of her that I might marry again.'

'Well, sir", says I, 'then you must divorce her; if you can prove what you say, you may certainly get that done, and then you are free.'

'That's very tedious and expensive', says he.

'Why', says I, 'if you can get any woman you like to take your word, I suppose your wife would not dispute the liberty with you that she takes herself.'

'Ay', says he, 'but it would be hard to bring an honest woman to do that; and for the other sort', says he, 'I have had enough of her to meddle with any more whores.'

It occurred to me presently, 'I would have taken your word with all my heart, if you had but asked me the question'; but that was to myself.

To him I replied, 'Why, you shut the door against any honest woman accepting you, for you condemn all that should venture upon you, and conclude that a woman that takes you now can't be honest.'

'Why', says he, 'I wish you would satisfy me that an honest woman would take me; I'd venture it'; and then turns short upon me, 'Will you take me, madam?'

'That's not a fair question', says I, 'after what you have said; however, lest you should think I wait only a recantation of it, I shall answer you plainly, No, not I; my business is of another kind with you; and I did not expect you would have turned my serious application to you, in my distracted case, into a comedy.'

'Why, madam', says he, 'my case is as distracted as yours can be, and I stand in as much need of advice as you do, for I think if I have not relief somewhere I shall be mad myself, and I know not what course to take, I protest to you.'

'Why, sir', says I, ''tis easier to give advice in your case than mine.' 'Speak, then', says he, 'I beg of you, for now you encourage me.'

'Why', says I, 'if your case is so plain, you may be legally divorced, and then you may find honest women enough to ask the question of fairly; the sex is not so scarce that you can want a wife.'

'Well, then', said he, 'I am in earnest; I'll take your advice; but shall I ask you one question seriously beforehand?'

'Any question', said I; 'but that you did before.'

'No, that answer will not do', said he, 'for, in short, that is the question I shall ask.'

'You may ask what questions you please, but you have my answer to that already' said I; 'besides, sir', said I, 'can you think so ill of me as that I would give any answer to such a question beforehand? Can any woman alive believe you in earnest, or think you design anything but to banter her?'

‘Well, well’, says he, ‘I do not banter you, I am in earnest; consider of it.’

‘But, sir’, says I, a little gravely, ‘I came to you about my own business; I beg of you to let me know what you will advise me to do?’

‘I will be prepared’, says he, ‘against you come again.’

‘Nay’, says I, ‘you have forbid my coming any more.’

‘Why so?’ said he, and looked a little surprised.

‘Because’, said I, ‘you can’t expect I should visit you on the account you talk of.’

‘Well’, says he, ‘you shall promise to come again, however, and I will not say any more of it till I have the divorce. But I desire you’ll prepare to be better conditioned when that’s done, for you shall be the woman, or I will not be divorced at all, I owe it to your unlooked-for kindness, if to nothing else, but I have other reasons too.’

He could not have said anything in the world that pleased me better; however, I knew that the way to secure him was to stand off while the thing was so remote, as it appeared to be, and that it was time enough to accept of it when he was able to perform it. So I said very respectfully to him, it was time enough to consider of these things when he was in a condition to talk of them; in the meantime, I told him, I was going a great way from him, and he would find objects enough to please him better. We broke off here for the present, and he made me promise him to come again the next day, for my own business, which after some pressing I did; though had he seen farther into me, I wanted no pressing on that account.

I came the next evening accordingly, and brought my maid with me, to let him see that I kept a maid. He would have had me let the maid have stayed, but I would not, but ordered her aloud to come for me again about nine o’clock. But he forbid that, and told me he would see me safe home, which I was not very well pleased with, supposing he might do that to know where I lived, and inquire into my character and circumstances. However, I ventured that, for all the people there knew of me was to my advantage; and all the character he had of me was, that I was a woman of fortune, and that I was a very modest, sober body; which, whether true or not in the main, yet you may see how necessary it is for all women who expect anything in the world, to preserve the character of their virtue, even when perhaps they may have sacrificed the thing itself.

I found, and was not a little pleased with it, that he had provided a supper for me. I found also he lived very handsomely, and had a house very handsomely furnished, and which I was rejoiced at indeed, for I looked upon it as all my own.

We had now a second conference upon the subject-matter of the last. He laid his business very home indeed; he protested his affection to me, and indeed I had no room to doubt it; he declared that it began from the first moment I talked with him, and long before I had mentioned leaving my effects with him. ‘’Tis no matter when it began’ thought I; if it will but hold, ’twill be well enough.’ He then told me how much the offer I had made of trusting him with my effects had engaged him. ‘So I intended it should’, thought I, ‘but then I thought you had been a single man too.’ After we had supped, I observed he pressed me very hard to drink two or three glasses of wine, which, however, I declined, but drank one glass or two. He then told me he had a proposal to make to me, which I should promise him I would not take ill if I should not grant it. I told him I hoped he would make no dishonourable proposal to me, especially in his own house, and that, if it was such, I desired he would not mention it, that I might not be obliged to offer any resentment to him that did not become the respect I professed for him, and the trust I had placed in him, in coming to his house; and begged of him he would give me leave to go away, and accordingly began to put on my gloves and prepare to be gone, though at the same time I no more intended it than he intended to let me.

Well, he importuned me not to talk of going; he assured me he was very far from offering any such thing to me that was dishonourable, and, if I thought so, he would choose to say no more of it.

had to say, depending that he would say nothing unworthy of himself, or unfit for me to hear. Upon this, he told me his proposal was this: that I would marry him, though he had not yet obtained the divorce from the whore his wife; and, to satisfy me that he meant honourably, he would promise not to desire me to live with him, or go to bed to him till the divorce was obtained. My heart said Yes to this offer at first word, but it was necessary to play the hypocrite a little more with him; so I seemed to decline the motion with some warmth as unfair, told him that such a proposal could be of no signification but to entangle us both in great difficulties; for, if he should not at last obtain the divorce, yet we could not dissolve the marriage, neither could we proceed in it; so that, if he was disappointed in the divorce, I left him to consider what a condition we should both be in.

In short, I carried on the argument against this so far, that I convinced him it was not a proposal that had any sense in it; then he went from it to another, viz. that I would sign and seal a contract with him, conditioning to marry him as soon as the divorce was

obtained, and to be void if he could not get it.

I told him that was more rational than the other; but as this was the first time that ever I could imagine him weak enough to be in earnest, I did not use to say yes at first asking; I would consider of it. I played with this lover as an angler does with a trout: I found I had him fast on the hook; so I jested with his new proposal, and put him off. I told him he knew little of me, and bade him inquire about me; I let him also go home with me to my lodging, though I would not ask him to go in, for I told him it was not decent.

In short, I ventured to avoid signing a contract, and the reason why I did it was because the lady that had invited me to go with her into Lancashire insisted so positively upon it, and promised me such great fortunes and fine things there, that I was tempted to go and try. 'Perhaps', said I, 'I may mend myself very much'; and then I made no scruple of quiting my honest citizen, whom I was not so much in love with as not to leave him for a richer.

In a word, I avoided a contract; but told him I would go into the north, that he would know where to write to me by the business I had intrusted him with; that I would give him a sufficient pledge of my respect for him, for I would leave almost all I had in the world in his hands; and I would thus far give him my word, that as soon as he had sued out the divorce, if he would send me an account of it, I would come up to London, and that then we would talk seriously of the matter.

It was a base design I went with, that I must confess, though I was invited thither with a design much worse, as the sequel will discover. Well, I went with my friend, as I called her, into Lancashire. All the way we went she caressed me with the utmost appearance of a sincere, unassembled affection; treated me, except my coach-hire, all the way; and her brother brought a gentleman's coach to Warrington to receive us, and we were carried from thence to Liverpool with as much ceremony as I could desire.

We were also entertained at a merchant's house in Liverpool three or four days very handsomely; I forbear to tell his name, because of what followed. Then she told me she would carry me to an uncle's house of hers where we should be nobly entertained; and her uncle, as she called him, sent a coach and four horses for us, and we were carried near forty miles I know not whither.

We came, however, to a gentleman's seat, where was a numerous family, a large park, extraordinary company indeed, and where she was called cousin. I told her, if she had resolved to bring me into such company as this, she should have let me have furnished myself with better clothes. The ladies took notice of that, and told me very genteelly they did not value people in their own country so much by their clothes as they did in London; that their cousin had fully informed them of my quality, and that I did not want clothes to set me off; in short, they entertained me not like what I was, but like what they thought I had been, namely, a widow lady of a great fortune.

The first discovery I made here was, that the family were all Roman Catholics, and the cousin too; however nobody in the world could behave better to me, and I had all the civility shown that I could have had if I had been of their opinion. The truth is, I had not so much principle of any kind as to be nice in point of religion; and I presently learned to speak favourably of the Romish Church; particularly, I told them I saw little but the prejudice of education in all the differences that were among Christians about religion, and if it had so happened that my father had been a Roman Catholic, I doubted not but I should have been as well pleased with their religion as my own.

This obliged them in the highest degree, and as I was besieged day and night with good company and pleasant discourse, so I had two or three old ladies that lay at me upon the subject of religion too. I was so complaisant that I made no scruple to be present at their mass, and to conform to all their gestures as they showed me the pattern, but I would not come too cheap; so that I only in the main encouraged them to expect that I would turn Roman Catholic if I was instructed in the Catholic doctrine, as they called it; and so the matter rested.

I stayed here about six weeks; and then my conductor led me back to a country village, about six miles from Liverpool, where her brother, as she called him, came to visit me in his own chariot, with two footmen in a good livery; and the next thing was to make love to me. As it happened to me, one would think I could not have been cheated, and indeed I thought so myself, having a safe card at home, which I resolved not to quit unless I could mend myself very much. However, in all appearance this brother was a match worth my listening to, and the least his estate was valued at was £1000 a year, but the sister said it was worth £1500 a year, and lay most of it in Ireland.

I that was a great fortune, and passed for such, was above being asked how much my estate was; and my false friend, taking it upon a foolish hearsay, had raised it from £500 to £5000, and by the time she came into the country she called it £15,000. The Irishman, for such I understood him to be, was stark mad at this bait; in short, he courted me, made me presents, and ran in debt like a madman for the expenses of his courtship. He had, to give him his due, the appearance of an extraordinary fine

gentleman; he was tall, well-shaped, and had an extraordinary address; talked as naturally of his park and his stables, of his horses, his gamekeepers, his woods, his tenants, and his servants, as if he had been in a mansion-house, and I had seen them all about me.

He never so much as asked me about my fortune or estate, but assured me that when we came to Dublin he would jointure me in £600 a year in good land, and that he would enter into a deed of settlement, or contract, here for the performance of it.

This was such language indeed as I had not been used to, and I was here beaten out of all my measures; I had a she-devil in my bosom, every hour telling me how great her brother lived. One time she would come for my orders, how I would have my coach painted, and how lined; and another time, what clothes my page should wear: in short, my eyes were dazzled, I had now lost my power of saying no, and, to cut the story short, I consented to be married; but to be more private, we were carried farther into the country and married by a priest, which I was assured would marry us as effectually as a Church of England parson.

I cannot say but I had some reflections in this affair upon the dishonourable forsaking my faithful citizen, who loved me sincerely, and who was endeavouring to quit himself of a scandalous whore by whom he had been barbarously used, and promised himself infinite happiness in his new choice; which choice was now giving up herself to another in a manner almost as scandalous as hers could be.

But the glittering show of a great estate and of fine things which the deceived creature that was now my deceiver represented every hour to my imagination hurried me away, and gave me no time to think of London, or of anything there, much less of the obligation I had to a person of infinitely more real merit than what was now before me.

But the thing was done; I was now in the arms of my new spouse, who appeared still the same as before; great even to magnificence, and nothing less than a thousand pounds a year could support the ordinary equipage he appeared in.

After we had been married about a month, he began to talk of my going to West Chester in order to embark for Ireland. However, he did not hurry me, for we stayed near three weeks longer, and then he sent to Chester for a coach to meet us at the Black Rock, as they call it, over against Liverpool. Thither we went in a fine boat they call a pinnace, with six oars; his servants, and horses, and baggage going in a ferry-boat. He made his excuse to me, that he had no acquaintance at Chester, but he would go before and get some handsome apartments for me at a private house. I asked him how long we should stay at Chester. He said, not at all, any longer than one night or two, but he would immediately hire a coach to go to Holyhead. Then I told him he should by no means give himself the trouble to get private lodgings for one night or two, for that Chester being a great place, I made no doubt but there would be very good inns and accommodation enough; so we lodged at an inn not far from the Cathedral; I forget what sign it was at.

Here my spouse, talking of my going to Ireland, asked me if I had no affairs to settle at London before we went off. I told him no, not of any great consequence, but what might be done as well by letter from Dublin. ‘Madam’, says he very respectfully, ‘I suppose the greatest part of your estate, which my sister tell me is most of it in money in the Bank of England, lies secure enough; but in case it required transferring, or any way altering its property, it might be necessary to go up to London and settle those things before we went over.’

I seemed to look strange at it, and told him I knew not what he meant; that I had no effects in the Bank of England that I knew of, and I hoped he could not say that I had ever told him I had. No, he said, I had not told him so, but his sister had said the greatest part of my estate lay there; ‘and I only mentioned it, my dear’, said he, ‘that if there was any occasion to settle it, or order anything about it, we might not be obliged to the hazard and trouble of another voyage back again’; for, he added, that he did not care to venture me too much upon the sea.

I was surprised at this talk, and began to consider what the meaning of it must be; and it presently occurred to me that my friend, who called him brother, had represented me in colours which were not my due; and I thought that I would know the bottom of it before I went out of England, and before I should put myself into I know not whose hands in a strange country.

Upon this I called his sister into my chamber the next morning, and letting her know the discourse her brother and I had been upon, I conjured her to tell me what she had said to him, and upon what foot it what that she had made this marriage. She owned that she had told him that I was a great fortune, and said that she was told so at London. ‘Told so?’, says I warmly; ‘did I ever tell you so?’ ‘No’, she said, it was true I never did tell her so, but I had said several times that what I had was in my own disposal. ‘I did so’, returned I very quick, ‘but I never told you I had anything called a fortune; nor that I had £100, or the value of £100, in the world. And how did it consist with my being a fortune’, said I, ‘that I should come here into the North of England with you, only upon the account of living cheap?’ At these words, which I spoke warm and high, my husband came into the room, and I desired him to come in and sit down, for I had something of moment to say before them both, which it was absolutely necessary

he should hear.

He looked a little disturbed at the assurance with which I seemed to speak it, and came and sat down by me, having first shut the door; upon which I began, for I was very much provoked, and turning myself to him, 'I am afraid', says I, 'my dear' (for I spoke with kindness on his side), 'that you have a very great abuse put upon you, and an injury done you never to be repaired in your marrying me, which, however, as I have had no hand in it, I desire I may be fairly acquitted of it, and that the blame may lie where it ought and nowhere else, for I wash my hands of every part of it.' 'What injury can be done me, my dear', says he, 'in marrying you? I hope it is, to my honour and advantage every way.' 'I will soon explain it to you', says I, 'and I fear there will be no reason to think yourself well used; but I will convince you, my dear', says I again, 'that I have had no hand in it.'

He looked now scared and wild, and began, I believed, to suspect what followed; however, looking towards me, and saying only, 'Go on', he sat silent, as if to hear what I had more to say; so I went on. 'I asked you last night', said I, speaking to him, 'if ever I made any boast to you of my estate, or ever told you I had any estate in the Bank of England or anywhere else, and you owned I had not, as is most true; and I desire you will tell me here, before your sister, if ever I gave you any reason from me to think so, or that ever we had any discourse about it'; and he owned again I had not, but said I had appeared always as a woman of fortune, and he depended on it that I was so, and hoped he was not deceived. 'I am not inquiring whether you have been deceived', said I; 'I fear you have, and I too; but I am clearing myself from being concerned in deceiving you. I have been now asking your sister if ever I told her of any fortune or estate I had, or gave her any particulars of it; and she owns I never did. And pray madam', said I, 'be so just to me, to charge me if you can, if ever I pretended to you that I had an estate; and why, if I had, should I ever come down into this country with you on purpose to spare that little I had, and live cheap?' She could not deny one word, but said she had been told in London that I had a great fortune, and that it lay in the Bank of England.

'And now, dear sir', said I, turning myself to my new spouse again, 'be so just to me as to tell me who has abused both you and me so much as to make you believe I was a fortune, and prompt you to court me to this marriage?' He could not speak a word, but pointed to her; and, after some more pause, flew out in the most furious passion that ever I saw a man in my life, cursing her, and calling her all the whores and hard names he could think of; and that she had ruined him, declaring that she had told him I had £15,000, and that she was to have £500 of him for procuring this match for him. He then added, directing his speech to me that she was none of his sister, but had been his whore for two years before; that she had had £100 of him in part of this bargain, and that he was utterly undone if things were as I said; and in his raving he swore he would let her heart's blood out immediately, which frightened her and me too. She cried, said she had been told so in the house where I lodged. But this aggravated him more than before, that she should put so far upon him, and run things such a length upon no other authority than a hearsay; and then, turning to me again, said very honestly, he was afraid we were both undone; 'for, to be plain, my dear, I have no estate', says he; 'what little I had, this devil has made me run out in putting me into this equipage,' She took the opportunity of his being earnest in talking with me, and got out of the room, and I never saw her more.

I was confounded now as much as he, and knew not what to say. I thought many ways that I had the worst of it; but his saying he was undone, and that he had no estate neither, put me into a mere distraction. 'Why', says I to him, 'this has been a hellish juggle, for we are married here upon the foot of a double fraud: you are undone by the disappointment, it seems; and if I had had a fortune I had been cheated too, for you say you have nothing.'

'You would indeed have been cheated, my dear', says he, 'but you would not have been undone, for £15,000 would have maintained us both very handsomely in this country; and I had resolved to have dedicated every groat of it to you; I would not have wronged you of a shilling, and the rest I would have made up in my affection to you, and tenderness of you, as long as I lived.'

This was very honest indeed, and I really believe he spoke as he intended, and that he was a man that was as well qualified to make me happy, as to his temper and behaviour, as any man ever was; but his having no estate, and being run into debt on this ridiculous account in the country, made all the prospect dismal and dreadful, and I knew not what to say or what to think.

I told him it was very unhappy that so much love and so much good nature as I discovered in him should be thus precipitated into misery; that I saw nothing before us but ruin; for, as to me, it was my unhappiness, that what little I had was not able to relieve us a week, and with that I pulled out a bankbill of £20 and eleven guineas, which I told him I had saved out of my little income, and that by the account that creature had given me of the way of living in that country, I expected it would maintain me three or four years; that if it was taken from me, I was left destitute, and he knew what the condition of a woman must be if she had no money in her pocket; however, I told him, if he would take it, there it was.

He told me with great concern, and I thought I saw tears in his eyes, that he would not touch it; that he abhorred the thoughts of stripping me and making me miserable; that he had fifty guineas left, which was all he had in the world, and he pulled it out and threw it down on the table, bidding me take it, though he were to starve for want of it.

I returned, with the same concern for him, that I could not bear to hear him talk so; that, on the contrary, if he could propose any probable method of living, I would do anything that became me, and that I would live as narrow as he could desire.

He begged of me to talk no more at that rate, for it would make him distracted; he said he was bred a gentleman, though he was reduced to a low fortune, and that there was but one way left which he could think of, and that would not do, unless I could answer him one question, which, however, he said he would not press me to. I told him I would answer it honestly; whether it would be to his satisfaction or no, that I could not tell.

'Why, then, my dear, tell me plainly', says he, 'will the little you have keep us together in any figure, or in any station or place, or will it not?'

It was my happiness that I had not discovered myself or my circumstances at all—no, not so much as my name; and seeing there was nothing to be expected from him, however good-humoured and however honest he seemed to be, but to live on what I knew would soon be wasted, I resolved to conceal everything but the bank bill and eleven guineas; and I would have been very glad to have lost that and have been set down where he took me up. I had indeed another bank bill about me of £30, which was the whole of what I brought with me, as well to subsist on in the country, as not knowing what might offer; because this creature, the go-between that had thus betrayed us both, had made me believe strange things of marrying to my advantage, and I was not willing to be without money, whatever might happen. This bill I concealed, and that made me the freer of the rest, in consideration of circumstances, for I really pitied him heartily.

But to return to this question, I told him I never willingly deceived him, and I never would. I was very sorry to tell him that the little I had would not subsist us? that it was not sufficient to subsist me alone in the south country, and that this was the reason that made me put myself into the hands of that woman who called him brother, she having assured me that I might board very handsomely at a town called Manchester, where I had not yet been, for about £6 a year; and my whole income not being above £15 a year, I thought I might live easy upon it, and wait for better things.

He shook his head and remained silent, and a very melancholy evening we had; however, we supped together, and lay together that night, and when we had almost supped he looked a little better' and more cheerful, and called for a bottle of wine. 'Come, my dear', says he, 'though the case is bad, it is to no purpose to be dejected. Come, be as easy as you can; I will endeavour to find out some way or other to live; it you can but subsist yourself, that is better than nothing. I must try the world again; a man ought to think like a man; to be discouraged is to yield to the misfortune.' With this he filled a glass, and drank to me, holding my hand all the while the wine went down, and protesting his main concern was for me.

It was really a true, gallant spirit he was of, and it was the more grievous to me. 'Tis something of relief even to be undone by a man of honour, rather than by a scoundrel; but here the greatest disappointment was on his side, for he had really spent a great deal of money, and it was very remarkable on what poor terms she proceeded. First, the baseness of the creature herself is to be observed, who, for the getting £100 herself, could be content to let him spend three or four more, though perhaps it was all he had in the world, and more than all; when she had not the least ground more than a little tea-table chat, to say that I had any estate, or was a fortune, or the like. It is true the design of deluding a woman of fortune, if I had been so, was base enough; the putting the face of great things upon poor circumstances was a fraud, and bad enough; but the case a little differed too, and that in his favour, for he was not a rake that made a trade to delude women, and, as some have done, get six or seven fortunes after one another, and then rifle and run away from them; but he was already a gentleman, unfortunate and low, but had lived well; and though, if I had had a fortune, I should have been enraged at the slut for betraying me; yet really for the man, a fortune would not have been ill bestowed on him, for he was a lovely person indeed, of generous principles, good sense, and of abundance of good humour.

We had a great deal close conversation that night, for we neither of us slept much; he was as penitent for having put all those cheats upon me as if it had been felony, and that he was going to execution; he offered me again every shilling of the money he had about him, and said he would go into the army and seek for more.

I asked him why he would be so unkind to carry me into Ireland, when I might suppose he could not have subsisted me there. He took me in his arms. 'My dear', said he, 'I never designed to go to Ireland at all, much less to have carried you thither, but came hither to be out of the observation of the people, who had heard what I pretended to, and that nobody might ask me for money before I was furnished to supply them.'

'But, where then', said I, 'were we to have gone next?'

'Why, my dear', said he, 'I'll confess the whole scheme to you as I had laid it: I purposed here to ask you something about your estate, as you see I did, and when you, as I expected you would, had entered into some account of the particulars, I would have

made an excuse to have put off our voyage to Ireland for some time, and so have gone for London. Then, my dear', says he, 'I resolved to have confessed all the circumstances of my own affairs to you, and let you know I had indeed made use of these artifices to obtain your consent to marry me, but had now nothing to do but to ask your pardon, and to tell you how abundantly I would endeavour to make you forget what was past, by the felicity of the days to come.'

'Truly', said I to him, 'I find you would soon have conquered me; and it is my affliction now that I am not in a condition to let you see how easily I should have been reconciled to you, and have passed by all the tricks you had put upon me, in recompense of so much good humour. But, my dear', said I, 'what can we do now? We are both undone; and what better are we for our being reconciled, seeing we have nothing to live on?'

We proposed a great many things, but nothing could offer where there was nothing to begin with. He begged me at last to talk no more of it, for, he said, I would break his heart; so we talked of other things a little, till at last he took a husband's leave of me, and so went to sleep.

He rose before me in the morning; and, indeed, having lain awake almost all night, I was very sleepy, and lay till near eleven o'clock. In this time he took his horses, and three servants, and all his linen and baggage, and away he went, leaving a short but moving letter for me on the table, as follows:

My Dear, I am a dog; I have abused you; but I have been drawn in to do it by a base creature, contrary to my principle and the general practice of my life. Forgive me, my dear! I ask you pardon with the greatest sincerity; I am the most miserable of men, in having deluded you. I have been so happy to possess you, and am now so wretched as to be forced to fly from you. Forgive me, my dear; once more I say, forgive me! I am not able to see you ruined by me, and myself unable to support you. Our marriage is nothing; I shall never be able to see you again; I here discharge you from it; if you can marry to your advantage, do not decline it on my account. I here swear to you on my faith, and on the word of a man of honour, I will never disturb your repose if I should know of it, which, however, is not likely. On the other hand, if you should not marry, and if good fortune should befall me, it shall be all yours, wherever you are.

I have put some of the stock of money I have left into your pocket; take places for yourself and your maid in the stage-coach, and go for London. I hope it will bear your charges thither, without breaking into your own. Again I sincerely ask your pardon, and will do so as often as I shall ever think of you. Adieu, my dear, for ever!—I am, yours most affectionately, J. E.

Nothing that ever befell me in my life sank so deep into my heart as this farewell. I reproached him a thousand times in my thoughts for leaving me, for I would have gone with him through the world, if I had begged my bread. I felt in my pocket, and there I found ten guineas, his gold watch, and two little rings, one a small diamond ring, worth only about £6, and the other a plain gold ring.

I sat down and looked upon these things two hours together, and scarce spoke a word, till my maid interrupted me by telling me my dinner was ready. I ate but little, and after dinner I fell into a violent fit of crying, every now and then calling him by his name, which was James. 'O Jemmy!' said I, 'come back, come back. I'll give you all I have; I'll beg, I'll starve with you.' And thus I ran raving about the room several times, and then sat down between whiles, and then walked about again, called upon him to come back, and then cried again; and thus I passed the afternoon, till about seven o'clock, when it was near dusk in the evening, being August, when, to my unspeakable surprise, he comes back into the inn, and comes directly up into my chamber.

I was in the greatest confusion imaginable, and so was he too. I could not imagine what should be the occasion of it, and began to be at odds with myself whether to be glad or sorry; but my affection biassed all the rest, and it was impossible to conceal my joy, which was too great for smiles, for it burst out into tears. He was no sooner entered the room, but he ran to me and took me in his arms, holding me fast, and almost stopping my breath with his kisses, but spoke not a word. At length I began, 'My dear', said I, how could you go away from me?'—to which he gave no answer, for it was impossible for him to speak.

When our ecstasies were a little over, he told me he was gone above fifteen miles, but it was not in his power to go any farther without coming back to see me again and to take his leave of me once more.

I told him how I had passed my time, and how loud I had called him to come back again. He told me he heard me very plain upon Delamere Forest, at a place about twelve miles off. I smiled. 'Nay', says he, 'do not think I am in jest, for if ever I heard your voice in my life, I heard you call me aloud, and sometimes I thought I saw you running after me.' Why', said I, 'what did I say?', for I had not named the words to him. You called aloud', says he, 'and said, "O Jemmy! O Jemmy! come back, come back".'

I laughed at him. 'My dear', says he, 'do not laugh, for, depend upon it, I heard your voice as plain as you hear mine now; if you please, I'll go before a magistrate and make oath of it.' I then began to be amazed and surprised, and indeed frighted, and told

him what I had really done, and how I had called after him, as above. When we had amused our selves a while about this, I said to him, 'Well, you shall go away from me no more; I'll go all over the world with you rather.' He told me it would be a very difficult thing for him to leave me, but since it must be, he hoped I would make it as easy to me as I could; but as for him, it would be his destruction, that he foresaw.

However, he told me that he had considered he had left me to travel to London alone, which was a long journey; and that as he might as well go that way as any way else, he was resolved to see me hither, or near it; and if he did go away then without taking his leave, I should not take it ill of him; and this he made me promise.

He told me how he had dismissed his three servants, sold their horses, and sent the fellows away to seek their fortunes, and all in a little time, at a town on the road, I know not where; 'and', says he, 'it cost me some tears all alone by myself, to think how much happier they were than their master, for they could go to the next gentleman's house to see for a service, whereas', said he, 'I knew not whither to go, or what to do with myself.'

I told him I was so completely miserable in parting with him, that I could not be worse; and that now he was come again, I would not go from him, if he would take me with him, let him go whither he would. And in the meantime I agreed that we would go together to London; but I could not be brought to consent he should go away at last and not take his leave of me, but told him, jesting, that if he did, I would call him back again as loud as I did before. Then I pulled out his watch, and gave it him back, and his two rings, and his ten guineas; but he would not take them, which made me very much suspect that he resolved to go off upon the road, and leave me.

The truth is, the circumstances he was in, the passionate expressions of his letter, the kind, gentlemanly treatment I had from him in all the affair, with the concern he showed for me in it, his manner of parting with that large share which he gave me of his litile stock left all these had joined to make such impressions on me, that I could not bear the thoughts of parting with him.

Two days after this we quitted Chester, I in the stage-coach, and he on horseback. I dismissed my maid at Chester. He was very much against my being without a maid, but she being hired in the country (keeping no servant at London), I told him it would have been barbarous to have taken the poor wench, and have turned her away as soon as I came to town; and it would also have been a needless charge on the road; so I satisfied him, and he was easy on that score.

He came with me as far as Dunstable, within thirty miles of London, and then he told me fate and his own misfortunes obliged him to leave me, and that it was not convenient for him to go to London, for reasons which it was of no value to me to know, and I saw him preparing to go. The stage-coach we were in did not usually stop at Dunstable, but I desiring it for a quarter of an hour, they were content to stand at an inn-door a while, and we went into the house.

Being in the inn, I told him I had but one favour more to ask him, and that was, that since he could not go any farther, he would give me leave to stay a week or two in the town with him, that we might in that time think of something to prevent such a ruinous thing to us both as a final separation would be; and that I had something of moment to offer to him, which perhaps he might find practicable to our advantage.

This was too reasonable a proposal to be denied, so he called the landlady of the house, and told her his wife was taken ill, and so ill that she could not think of going any farther in a stage-coach, which had tired her almost to death, and asked if she could not get us a lodging for two or three days in a private house, where I might rest me a little, for the journey had been too much for me. The landlady, a good sort of a woman, well-bred, and very obliging, came immediately to see me; told me she had two or three very good rooms in a part of the house quite out of the noise, and if I saw them she did not doubt but I would like them, and I should have one of her maids, that should do nothing else but wait on me. This was so very kind, that I could not but accept of it; so I went to look on the rooms, and liked them very well, and indeed they were extraordinarily furnished, and very pleasant lodgings; so we paid the stage coach, took out our baggage, and resolved to stay here a while.

Here I told him I would live with him now till all my money was spent, but would not let him spend a shilling of his own. We had some kind squabble about that, but I told him it was the last time I was like to enjoy his company, and I desired that he would let me be master in that thing only, and he should govern in everything else; so he acquiesced.

Here one evening, taking a walk into the fields, I told him I would now make the proposal to him I had told him of; accordingly I related to him how I had lived in Virginia, that I had a mother I believed was alive there still, though my husband was dead some years. I told him that had not my effects miscarried, which, by the way, I magnified pretty much, I might have been fortune good enough to him to have kept us from being parted in this manner. Then I entered into the manner of people's settling in those countries, how they had a quantity of land given them by the constitution of the place; and if not, that it might be purchased at so easy a rate that it was not worth naming.

I then gave him a full and distinct account of the nature of planting; how with carrying over but two or three hundred pounds' value in English goods, with some servants and tools, a man of application would presently lay a foundation for a family, and in a few years would raise an estate.

I let him into the nature of the product of the earth, how the ground was cured and prepared, and what the usual increase of it was; and demonstrated to him, that in a very few years, with such a beginning, we should be as certain of being rich as we were now certain of being poor.

He was surprised at my discourse; for we made it the whole subject of our conversation for near a week together, in which time I laid it down in black and white, as we say, that it was morally impossible, with a supposition of any reasonable good conduct, but that we must thrive there and do very well.

Then I told him what measures I would take to raise such a sum as £300, or thereabouts; and I argued with him how good a method it would be to put an end to our misfortunes, and restore our circumstances in the world, to what we had both expected; and I added, that after seven years we might be in a posture to leave our plantation in good hands, and come over again and receive the income of it, and live here and enjoy it; and I gave him examples of some that had done so, and lived now in very good figure in London.

In short, I pressed him so to it, that he almost agreed to it, but still something or other broke it off; till at last he turned the tables, and began to talk almost to the same purpose of Ireland.

He told me that a man that could confine himself to a country life, and that could but find stock to enter upon any land, should have farms there for £50 a year, as good as were let here for £200 a year; that the produce was such, and so rich the land, that if much was not laid up, we were sure to live as handsomely upon it as a gentleman of £3000 a year could do in England; and that he had laid a scheme to leave me in London, and go over and try; and if he found he could lay a handsome foundation of living, suitable to the respect he had for me, as he doubted not he should do, he would come over and fetch me.

I was dreadfully afraid that upon such a proposal he would have taken me at my word, viz. to turn my little income into money, and let him carry it over into Ireland and try his experiment with it; but he was too just to desire it, or to have accepted it if I had offered it; and he anticipated me in that, for he added, that he would go and try his fortune that way, and if he found he could do anything at it to live, then by adding mine to it when I went over, we should live like ourselves; but that he would not hazard a shilling of mine till he had made the experiment with a little, and he assured me that if he found nothing to be done in Ireland, he would then come to me and join in my project for Virginia.

He was so earnest upon his project being to be tried first, that I could not withstand him; however, he promised to let me hear from him in a very little time after his arriving there, to let me know whether his prospect answered his design, that if there was not a probability of success, I might take the occasion to prepare for our other voyage, and then, he assured me, he would go with me to America with all his heart.

I could bring him to nothing further than this, and which entertained us near a month, during which I enjoyed his company, which was the most entertaining that ever I met with in my life before. In this time he let me into part of the story of his own life, which was indeed surprising, and full of an infinite variety, sufficient to fill up a much brighter history, for its adventures and incidents, than any I ever saw in print; but I shall have occasion to say more of him hereafter.

We parted at last, though with the utmost reluctance on my side; and indeed he took his leave very unwillingly too, but necessity obliged him, for his reasons were very good why he would not come to London, as I understood more fully afterwards.

I gave him a direction how to write to me, though still I reserved the grand secret, which was not to let him ever know my true name, who I was, or where to be found; he likewise let me know how to write a letter to him, so that he said he would be sure to receive it.

I came to London the next day after we parted, but did not go directly to my old lodgings, but for another nameless reason took a private lodging in St John's Street, or, as it is vulgarly called, St Jones's, near Clerkenwell; and here, being perfectly alone, I had leisure to sit down and reflect seriously upon the last seven months' ramble I had made, for I had been abroad no less. The pleasant hours I had with my last husband I looked back on with an infinite deal of pleasure; but that pleasure was very much lessened when I found some time after that I was really with child.

This was a perplexing thing, because of the difficulty which was before me where I should get leave to lie in, it being one of the nicest things in the world at that time of day for a woman that was a stranger, and had no friends, to be entertained in that

circumstance without security, which I had not, neither could I procure any.

I had taken care all this while to preserve a correspondence with my friend at the bank, or rather he took care to correspond with me, for he wrote to me once a week; and though I had not spent my money so fast as to want any from him, yet I often wrote also to let him know I was alive. I had left directions in Lancashire, so that I had these letters conveyed to me; and during my recess at St Jones's I received a very obliging letter from him, assuring me that his process for a divorce went on with success, though he met with some difficulties in it that he did not expect.

I was not displeased with the news that his process was more tedious than he expected; for though I was in no condition to have had him yet, not being so foolish to marry him when I knew myself to be with child by another man, as some I know have ventured to do, yet I was not willing to lose him, and, in a word, resolved to have him, if he continued in the same mind, as soon as I was up again; for I saw apparently I should hear no more from my other husband; and as he had all along pressed me to marry, and had assured me he would not be at all disgusted at it, or ever offer to claim me again, so I made no scruple to resolve to do it if I could, and if my other friend stood to his bargain; and I had a great deal of reason to be assured that he would, by the letters he wrote to me, which were the kindest and most obliging that could be.

I now grew big, and the people where I lodged perceived it, and began to take notice of it to me, and as far as civility would allow, intimated that I must think of removing. This put me to extreme perplexity, and I grew very melancholy, for indeed I knew not what course to take; I had money, but no friends, and was like now to have a child upon my hands to keep, which was a difficulty I had never had upon me yet, as my story hitherto makes appear.

In the course of this affair I fell very ill, and my melancholy really increased my distemper. My illness proved at length to be only an ague, but my apprehensions were really that I should miscarry. I should not say apprehensions, for indeed I would have been glad to miscarry, but I could never entertain so much as a thought of taking anything to make me miscarry; I abhorred, I say, so much as the thought of it.

However, speaking of it, the gentlewoman who kept the house proposed to me to send for a midwife. I scrupled it at first, but after some time consented, but told her I had no acquaintance with any midwife, and so left it to her.

It seems the mistress of the house was not so great a stranger to such cases as mine was as I thought at first she had been, as will appear presently; and she sent for a midwife of the right sort that is to say, the right sort for me.

The woman appeared to be an experienced woman in her business, I mean as a midwife; but she had another calling too, in which she was as expert as most women, if not more. My landlady had told her I was very melancholy, and that she believed that had done me harm; and once, be fore me, said to her, 'Mrs B——, I believe this lady's trouble is of a kind that is pretty much in your way, and therefore if you can do anything for her, pray do, for she is a very civil gentlewoman'; and so she went out of the room.

I really did not understand her, but my Mother Midnight began very seriously to explain what she meant, as soon as she was gone. 'Madam', says she, 'you seem not to understand what your landlady means; and when you do, you need not let her know at all that you do so.'

'She means that you are under some circumstances that may render your lyingin difficult to you, and that you are not willing to be exposed. I need say no more, but to tell you, that if you think fit to communicate so much of your case to me as is necessary, for I do not desire to pry into those things, I perhaps may be in a condition to assist you, and to make you easy, and remove all your dull thoughts upon that subject.'

Every word this creature said was a cordial to me, and put new life and new spirit into my very heart; my blood began to circulate immediately, and I was quite another body; I ate my victuals again, and grew better presently after it. She said a great deal more to the same purpose, and then having pressed me to be free with her, and promised in the solemnest manner to be secret, she stopped a little, as if waiting to see what impression it made on me, and what I would say.

I was too sensible of the want I was in of such a woman not to accept her offer; I told her my case was partly as she guessed, and partly not, for I was really married, and had a husband, though he was so remote at that time as that he could not appear publicly.

She took me short, and told me that was none of her business; all the ladies that came under her care were married women to her. 'Every woman', says she, 'that is with child has a father for it', and whether that father was a husband or no husband was no business of hers; her business was to assist me in my present circumstances, whether I had a husband or no; 'for, madam', says she, 'to have a husband that cannot appear is to have no husband, and therefore whether you are a wife or a mistress is all one to me.'

I found presently, that, whether I was a whore or a wife, I was to pass for a whore here; so I let that go. I told her it was true, as she said, but that, however, if I must tell her my case, I must tell it her as it was; so I related it as short as I could, and I concluded it to her. 'I trouble you with this, madam', said I, 'not that, as you said before, it is much to the purpose in your affair; but this is to the purpose, namely, that I am not in any pain about being seen, or being concealed, for 'tis perfectly indifferent to me; but my difficulty is, that I have no acquaintance in this part of the nation.'

'I understand you, madam', says she; 'you have no security to bring to prevent the parish impertinences usual in such cases, and perhaps', says she, 'do not know very well how to dispose of the child when it comes.' 'The last', says I, 'is not so much my concern as the first.' 'Well, madam', answers the midwife, 'dare you put yourself into my hands? I live in such a place; though I do not inquire after you, you may inquire after me. My name is B——; I live in such a street'—naming the street—' at the sign of The Cradle. My profession is a midwife, and I have many ladies that come to my house to lie in. I have given security to the parish in general to secure them from any charge from what shall come into the world under my roof. I have but one question to ask in the whole affair, madam', says she, 'and if that be answered, you shall be entirely easy of the rest.'

I presently understood what she meant, and told her, 'Madam, I believe I understand you. I thank God, though I want friends in this part of the world, I do not want money, so far as may be necessary, though I do not abound in that neither': this I added, because I would not make her expect great things, 'Well, madam', says she, 'that is the thing, indeed, without which nothing can be done in these cases; and yet', says she, you shall see that I will not impose upon you, or offer anything that is unkind to you, and you shall know everything beforehand, that you may suit yourself to the occasion, and be either costly or sparing as you see fit.'

I told her she seemed to be so perfectly sensible of my condition, that I had nothing to ask of her but this, that as I had money sufficient, but not a great quantity, she would order it so that I might be at as little superfluous charge as possible.

She replied, that she should bring in an account of the expenses of it in two or three shapes; I should choose as I pleased; and I desired her to do so.

The next day she brought it, and the copy of her three bills was as follows:

	£	s	d
1. For three months' lodging in her house, including my diet, at 10s. a week	6	0	0
2. For a nurse for the month, and use of childbed linen	1	10	0
3. For a minister to christen the child, and to the godfathers and clerk	1	10	0
4. For a supper at the christening if I had five friends at it	1	0	0
For her fees as a midwife, and the taking off the trouble of the parish	3	3	0
To her maidservant attending	0	10	0
	£13	13	0

This was the first bill; the second was in the same terms:

	£	s	d
1. For three months' lodging and diet, &c. at 20s. a week	12	0	0
2. For a nurse for the month, and the use of linen and lace	2	10	0
3. For the minister to christen the child, &c., as above	2	0	0
4. For a supper and for sweetmeats	3	3	0
For her fees as above	3	5	0
To a servant-maid	1	0	0
	£25	18	0

This was the second-rate bill; the third, she said, was for a degree higher, and when the father or friends appeared:

	£	s	d
1. For three months' lodging and diet, having two rooms and a garret for a servant	30	0	0
2. For a nurse for the month, and the finest suit of child-bed linen	4	4	0
3. For the minister to christen the child, &c.	2	10	0
4. For a supper, the gentlemen to send in the wine	3	3	0
For my fees, &c.	10	10	0
The maid, besides their own maid, only	0	10	0
	£53	14	0

I looked upon all the three bills, and smiled, and told her I did not see but that she was very reasonable in her demands, all things considered, and I did not doubt but her accommodations were good.

She told me I should be a judge of that when I saw them. I told her I was sorry to tell her that I feared I must be her lowest-rated customer; 'and perhaps, madam', said I, 'you will make me the less welcome upon that account.' 'No, not at all', said she; 'for where I have one of the third sort, I have two of the second and four of the first, and I get as much by them in proportion as by any; but if you doubt my care of you, I will allow any friend you have to see if you are well waited on or no.'

Then she explained the particulars of her bill. 'In the first place, madam', said she, 'I would have you observe that here is three months keeping you at but 10s. a week; I undertake to say you will not complain of my table. I suppose', says she, 'you do not live cheaper where you are now?' 'No, indeed', said I, 'nor so cheap, for I give 6s. per week for my chamber, and find my own diet, which costs me a great deal more.'

'Then, madam', says she, 'If the child should not live, as it sometimes happens, there is the minister's article saved; and, if you have no friends to come, you may save the expense of a supper; so that take those articles out, madam', says she, 'your lying-in will not cost you above £5.3s more than your ordinary charge of living.'

This was the most reasonable thing that I ever heard of; so I smiled, and told her I would come and be a customer; but I told her also, that as I had two months and more to go, I might perhaps be obliged to stay longer with her than three months, and desired to know if she would not be obliged to remove me before it was proper. 'No,' she said; her house was large, and besides, she never put anybody to remove, that had lain in, till they were willing to go; and if she had more ladies offered, she was not so ill-beloved among her neighbours but she could provide accommodation for twenty, if there was occasion.

I found she was an eminent lady in her way, and, in short, I agreed to put myself into her hands. She then talked of other things, looked about into my accommodations where I was, found fault with my wanting attendance and conveniences, and that I should not be used so at her house. I told her I was shy of speaking, for the woman of the house looked stranger, or at least I thought so, since I had been ill, because I was with child; and I was afraid she would put some affront or other upon me, supposing that I had been able to give but a slight account of myself.

'O dear', says she, 'her ladyship is no stranger to these things; she has tried to entertain ladies in your condition, but could not secure the parish; and besides, such a nice lady, as you take her to be. However, since you are a-going, you shall not meddle with her, but I'll see you are a little better looked after while you are here, and it shall not cost you the more neither.'

I did not understand her; however, I thanked her, so we parted. The next morning she sent me a chicken roasted and hot, and a bottle of sherry, and ordered the maid to tell me, that she was to wait on me every day as long as I stayed there.

This was surprisingly good and kind, and I accepted it very willingly. At night she sent to me again, to know if I wanted anything, and to order the maid to come to her in the morning for dinner. The maid had orders to make me some chocolate in the morning before she came away, and at noon she brought me the sweetbread of a breast of veal, whole, and a dish of soup for my dinner; and after this manner she nursed me up at a distance, so that I was mightily well pleased, and quickly well, for indeed my dejections before were the principal part of my illness.

I expected, as is usually the case among such people, that the servant she sent me would have been some impudent brazen wench of Drury Lane breeding, and I was very uneasy upon that account; so I would not let her lie in the house the first night, but had my eyes about me as narrowly as if she had been a public thief.

My gentlewoman guessed presently what was the matter, and sent her back with a short note, that I might depend upon the honesty of her maid; that she would be answerable for her upon all accounts; and that she took no servants without very good security. I was then perfectly easy; and indeed the maid's behaviour spoke for itself, for a modester, quieter, soberer girl never came into anybody's family, and I found her so afterwards.

As soon as I was well enough to go abroad, I went with the maid to see the house, and to see the apartment I was to have; and everything was so handsome and so clean, that, in short, I had nothing to say, but was wonderfully pleased with what I had met with, which, considering the melancholy circumstances I was in, was beyond what I looked for.

It might be expected that I should give some account of the nature of the wicked practices of this woman, in whose hands I was now fallen; but it would be but too much encouragement to the vice, to let the world see what easy measures were here taken to rid the women's burthen of a child clandestinely gotten. This grave matron had several sorts of practice, and this was one, that if a child was born, though not in her house (for she had the occasion to be called to many private labours), she had people always ready, who for a piece of money would take the child off their hands, and off from the hands of the parish too; and those children, as she said, were honestly taken care of. What should become of them all, considering so many, as by her account she was concerned with, I cannot conceive.

I had many times discourses upon that subject with her; but she was full of this argument, that she saved the life of many an innocent lamb, as she called them, which would perhaps have been murdered; and of many a woman, who, made desperate by the misfortune, would otherwise be tempted to destroy their children. I granted her that this was true, and a very commendable thing, provided the poor children fell into good hands afterwards, and were not abused and neglected by the nurses. She answered, that she always took care of that, and had no nurses in her business but what were very good people, and such as might be depended upon.

I could say nothing to the contrary, and so was obliged to say, 'Madam, I do not question but you do your part, but what those people do is the main question'; and she stopped my mouth again with saying she took the utmost care about it.

The only thing I found in all her conversation on these subjects, that gave me any distaste, was, that one time in discoursing about my being to far gone with child, she said something that looked as if she could help me off with my burthen sooner, if I was willing; or, in English, that she could give me something to make me miscarry, if I had a desire to put an end to my troubles that way; but I soon let her see that I abhorred the thoughts of it; and, to do her justice, she put it off so cleverly, that I could not say she really intended it, or whether she only mentioned the practice as a horrible thing; for she couched her words so well, and took my meaning so quickly, that she gave her negative before I could explain myself.

To bring this part into as narrow a compass as possible, I quitted my lodging at St Jones's, and went to my new governess, for so they called her in the house, and there I was indeed treated with so much courtesy, so carefully looked to, and everything so well, that I was surprised at it, and could not at first see what advantage my governess made of it; but I found afterwards that she professed to make no profit of the lodgers' diet, nor indeed could she get much by it, but that her profit lay in the other articles of her management, and she made enough that way, I assure you; for 'tis scarce credible what practice she had, as well abroad as at home, and yet all upon the private account, or, in plain English, the whoring account.

While I was in her house, which was near four months, she had no less than twelve ladies of pleasure brought to bed within doors, and I think she had two-andthirty, or thereabouts, under her conduct without doors; whereof one, as nice as she was with me, was lodged with my old landlady at St Jones's.

This was a strange testimony of the growing vice of the age, and as bad as I had been myself, it shocked my very sense; I began to nauseate the place I was in, and, above all, the practice; and yet I must say that I never saw, or do I believe there was to be seen, the least indecency in the house the whole time I was there.

Not a man was ever seen to come upstairs, except to visit the lying-in ladies within their month, nor then without the old lady with them, who made it a piece of the honour of her management that no man should touch a woman, no, not his own wife, within the month; nor would she permit any man to lie in the house upon any pretence whatever, no, not though it was with his own wife; and her saying for it was, that she cared not how many children were born in her house, but she would have none got there if she could help it.

It might perhaps be carried farther than was needful, but it was an error of the right hand, if it was an error, for by this she kept up the reputation, such as it was, of her business, and obtained this character, that though she did take care of the women when they were debauched, yet she was not instrumental to their being debauched at all; and yet it was a wicked trade she drove too.

While I was here, and, before I was brought to bed, I received a letter from my trustee at the bank, full of kind, obliging things, and earnestly pressing me to return to London; it was near a fortnight old when it came to me, because it had first been sent into Lancashire, and then returned to me. He concluded with telling me that he had obtained a decree against his wife, and that he would be ready to make good his engagement to me, if I would accept of him, adding a great many pro testations of kindness and affection, such as he would have been far from offering if he had known the circumstances I had been in, and which, as it was, I had been very far from deserving.

I returned an answer to this letter, and dated it at Liverpool, but sent it by a messenger, alleging that it came in cover to a friend in town. I gave him joy of his deliverance, but raised some scruples at the lawfulness of his marrying again, and told him I supposed he would consider very seriously upon that point before he resolved on it, the consequence being too great for a man of his judgment to venture rashly upon; so concluded wishing him very well in whatever he resolved, without letting him into anything of my own mind, or giving any answer to his proposal of my coming to London to him, but mentioned at a distance my intention to return the latter end of the year, this being dated in April.

I was brought to bed about the middle of May, and had another brave boy, and myself in as good condition as usual on such occasions. My governess did her part as a midwife with the greatest art and dexterity imaginable, and far beyond all that ever I had had any experience of before.

Her care of me in my travail, and after in my lying-in, was such, that if she had been my own mother it could not have been better. Let none be encouraged in their loose practices from this dexterous lady's management, for she has gone to her place, and I dare say has left nothing behind her that can or will come up to it.

I think I had been brought to bed about twenty days, when I received another letter from my friend at the bank, with the surprising news that he had obtained a final sentence of divorce against his wife, and had served her with it on such a day, and that he had such an answer to give to all my scruples about his marrying again as I could not expect, and as he had no desire of; for that his wife, who had been under some remorse before for her usage of him, as soon as she heard that he had gained his point, had very unhappily destroyed herself that same evening.

He expressed himself very handsomely as to his being concerned at her disaster, but cleared himself of having any hand in it, and that he had only done himself justice in a case in which he was notoriously injured and abused. However, he said that he was extremely afflicted at it, and had no view of any satisfaction left in this world, but only in the hope that I would come and relieve him by my company; and then he pressed me violently indeed to give him some hopes, that I would at least come up to town and let him see me, when he would further enter into discourse about it.

I was exceedingly surprised at the news, and began now seriously to reflect on my circumstances, and the inexpressible misfortune it was to have a child upon my hands; and what to do in it knew not. At last I opened my case at a distance to my governess; I appeared melancholy for several days, and she lay at me continually to know what troubled me. I could not for my life tell her that I had an offer of marriage, after I had so often told her that I had a husband, so that I really knew not what to say to her. I owned I had something which very much troubled me, but at the same time told her I could not speak of it to any one alive.

She continued importuning me several days, but it was impossible, I told her, for me to commit the secret to anybody. This, instead of being an answer to her, increased her importunities; she urged her having been trusted with the greatest secrets of this nature, that it was her business to conceal everything, and that to discover things of that nature would be her ruin. She asked me if ever I had found her tattling of other people's affairs, and how could I suspect her? She told me, to unfold myself to her was telling it to nobody; that she was silent as death; that it must be a very strange case indeed, that she could not help me out of; but to conceal it was to deprive myself of all possible help, or means of help, and to deprive her of the opportunity of serving me. In short, she had such a bewitching eloquence, and so great a power of persuasion, that there was no concealing anything from her.

So I resolved to unbosom myself to her. I told her the history of my Lancashire marriage, and how both of us had been disappointed; how we came together, and how we parted; how he discharged me, as far as lay in him, and gave me free liberty to marry again, protesting that if he knew it he would never claim me, or disturb or expose me; that I thought I was free, but was dreadfully afraid to venture, for fear of the consequences that might follow in case of a discovery.

Then I told her what a good offer I had; showed her my friend's letters, inviting me to London, and with what affection they were written, but blotted out the name, and also the story about the disaster of his wife, only that she was dead.

She fell a-laughing at my scruples about marrying, and told me the other was no marriage, but a cheat on both sides; and that, as we were parted by mutual consent, the nature of the contract was destroyed, and the obligation was mutually discharged. She had arguments for this at the tip of her tongue; and, in short, reasoned me out of my reason; not but that it was too by the help of

my own inclination.

But then came the great and main difficulty, and that was the child; this, she told me, must be removed, and that so as that it should never be possible for any one to discover it. I knew there was no marrying without concealing that I had had a child, for he would soon have discovered by the age of it, that it was born, nay, and gotten too, since my parley with him, and that would have destroyed all the affair.

But it touched my heart so forcibly to think of parting entirely with the child, and, for aught I knew, of having it murdered, or starved by neglect and ill-usage, which was much the same, that I could not think of it without horror. I wish all those women who consent to the disposing their children out of the way, as it is called, for decency sake, would consider that 'tis only a contrived method for murder; that is to say, killing their children with safety.

It is manifest to all that understand anything of children, that we are born into the world helpless, and uncapable either to supply our own wants or so much as make them known; and that without help we must perish; and this help requires not only an assisting hand, whether of the mother or somebody else, but there are two things necessary in that assisting hand, that is, care and skill; without both which, half the children that are born would die, nay, though they were not to be denied food, and one-half more of those that remained would be cripples or fools, lose their limbs, and perhaps their sense. I question not but that these are partly the reasons why affection was placed by nature in the hearts of mothers to their children; without which they would never be able to give themselves up, as 'tis necessary they should, to the care and waking pains needful to the support of children.

Since this care is needful to the life of children, to neglect them is to murder them; again, to give them up to be managed by those people who have none of that needful affection placed by nature in them, is to neglect them in the highest degree; nay, in some it goes farther, and is in order to their being lost; so that 'tis an intentional murder, whether the child lives or dies.

All those things represented themselves to my view, and that in the blackest and most frightful form; and, as I was very free with my governess, whom I had now learned to call mother, I represented to her all the dark thoughts which I had about it, and told her what distress I was in. She seemed graver by much at this part than at the other; but as she was hardened in these things beyond all possibility of being touched with the religious part, and the scruples about the murder, so she was equally impenetrable in that part which related to affection. She asked me if she had not been careful and tender of me in my lying-in, as if I had been her own child. I told her I owned she had. 'Well, my dear', says she, 'and when you are gone, what are you to me? And what would it be to me if you were to be hanged? Do you think there are not women who, as it is their trade, and they get their bread by it, value themselves upon their being as careful of children as their own mothers? Yes, yes, child', says she, 'fear it not; how were we nursed ourselves? Are you sure you were nursed up by your own mother? and yet you look fat and fair, child', says the old beldam; and with that she stroked me over the face. 'Never be concerned, child', says she, going on in her drolling way; 'I have no murderers about me; I employ the best nurses that can be had, and have as few children miscarry under their hands as there would if they were all nursed by mothers; we want neither care nor skill.'

She touched me to the quick when she asked if I was sure that I was nursed by my own mother; on the contrary, I was sure I was not; and I trembled and looked pale at the very expression. Sure, said I to myself, this creature cannot be a witch, or have any conversation with a spirit, that can inform her what I was, before I was able to know it myself; and I looked at her as if I had been frighted; but reflecting that it could not be possible for her to know anything about me, that went off, and I began to be easy, but it was not presently.

She perceived the disorder I was in, but did not know the meaning of it; so she ran on in her wild talk upon the weakness of my supposing that children were murdered because they were not all nursed by the mother, and to persuade me that the children she disposed of were as well used as if the mothers had the nursing of them themselves.

'It may be true, mother', says I, 'for aught I know, but my doubts are very strongly grounded.' 'Come, then', says she, 'let's hear some of them.' 'Why, first', says I, 'you give a piece of money to these people to take the child off the parent's hands, and to take care of it as long as it lives. Now we know, mother', said I, 'that those are poor people, and their gain consists in being quit of the charge as soon as they can; how can I doubt but that, as it is best for them to have the child die, they are not over solicitous about its life?'

'This is all vapours and fancy', says she; 'I tell you their credit depends upon the child's life, and they are as careful as any mother of you all.'

'O mother', says I, 'if I was but sure my little baby would be carefully looked to, and have justice done it, I should be happy; but it is impossible I can be satisfied in that point unless I saw it, and to see it would be ruin and destruction, as my case now stands; so what to do I know not.'

‘A fine story!’ says the governess. ‘You would see the child, and you would not see the child; you would be concealed and discovered both together. These are things impossible, my dear, and so you must e’en do as other conscientious mothers have done before you, and be contented with things as they must be, though not as you wish them to be.’

I understood what she meant by conscientious mothers; she would have said conscientious whores, but she was not willing to disoblige me, for really in this case I was not a whore, because legally married, the force of my former marriage excepted.

However, let me be what I would, I was not come up to that pitch of hardness common to the profession; I mean, to be unnatural, and regardless of the safety of my child; and I preserved this honest affection so long, that I was upon the point of giving up my friend at the bank, who lay so hard at me to come to him, and marry him, that there was hardly any room to deny him.

At last my old governess came to me, with her usual assurance. ‘Come, my dear’, says she, ‘I have found out a way how you shall be at a certainty that your child shall be used well, and yet the people that take care of it shall never know you.’

‘O mother’, says I, ‘if you can do so, you will engage me to you for ever.’ ‘Well’, says she, ‘are you willing to be at some small annual expense, more than what we usually give to the people we contract with?’ ‘Ay’, says I, ‘with all my heart, provided I may be concealed.’ ‘As to that’, says she, ‘you shall be secure, for the nurse shall never dare to inquire about you; and you shall once or twice a year go with me and see your child, and see how ’tis used, and be satisfied that it is in good hands, nobody knowing who you are.’

‘Why’, said I, ‘do you think that when I come to see my child, I shall be able to conceal my being the mother of it? Do you think that possible?’

‘Well’, says she, ‘if you discover it, the nurse shall be never the wiser; she shall be forbid to take any notice. If she offers it, she shall lose the money which you are to be supposed to give her, and the child be taken from her too.’

I was very well pleased with this. So the next week a countrywoman was brought from Hertford, or thereabouts, who was to take the child off our hands entirely, for £10 in money. But if I would allow £5 a year more to her, she would be obliged to bring the child to my governess’s house as often as we desired, or we should come down and look at it, and see how well she used it.

The woman was a very wholesome-looked, likely woman, a cottager’s wife, but she had very good clothes and linen, and everything well about her; and with a heavy heart and many a tear, I let her have my child. I had been down at Hertford, and looked at her and at her dwelling, which I liked well enough; and I promised her great things if she would be kind to the child, so she knew at first word that I was the child’s mother. But she seemed to be so much out of the way, and to have no room to inquire after me, that I thought I was safe enough. So, in short, I consented to let her have the child, and I gave her £10; that is to say, I gave it to my governess, who gave it the poor woman before my face, she agreeing never to return the child to me, or to claim anything more for its keeping, or bringing up; only that I promised, if she took a great deal of care of it, I would give her something more as often as I came to see it; so that I was not bound to pay the £5, only that I promised my governess I would do it. And thus my great care was over, after a manner, which, though it did not at all satisfy my mind, yet was the most convenient for me, as my affairs then stood, of any that could be thought of at that time.

I then began to write to my friend at the bank in a more kindly style, and particularly about the beginning of July I sent him a letter, that I purposed to be in town some time in August. He returned me an answer in the most passionate terms imaginable, and desired me to let him have timely notice, and he would come and meet me two days’ journey. This puzzled me scurvily, and I did not know what answer to make to it. Once I was resolved to take the stage-coach to West Chester, on purpose only to have the satisfaction of coming back, that he might see me really come in the same coach; for I had a jealous thought, though I had no ground for it at all, lest he should think I was not really in the country.

I endeavoured to reason myself out of it, but it was in vain; the impression lay so strong on my mind, that it was not to be resisted. At last it came as an addition to my new design of going into the country, that it would be an excellent blind to my old governess, and would cover entirely all my other affairs, for she did not know in the least whether my new lover lived in London or in Lancashire; and when I told her my resolution; she was fully persuaded it was in Lancashire.

Having taken my measures for this journey, I let her know it, and sent the maid that tended me from the beginning to take a place for me in the coach. She would have had me let the maid have waited on me down to the last stage, and come up again in the waggon, but I convinced her it would not be convenient. When I went away, she told me she would enter into no measures for correspondence, for she saw evidently that my affection to my child would cause me to write to her, and to visit her too, when I came to town again. I assured her it would, and so took my leave, well satisfied to have been freed from such a house, however good my accommodations there had been.

I took the place in the coach not to its full extent, but to a place called Stone, in Cheshire, where I not only had no manner of business, but not the least acquaintance with any person in the town. But I knew that with money in the pocket one is at home anywhere; so I lodged there two or three days, till, watching my opportunity, I found room in another stage-coach, and took passage-back again for London, sending a letter to my gentleman that I should be such a certain day at Stony Stratford, where the coachman told me he was to lodge.

It happened to be a chance coach that I had taken up, which, having been hired on purpose to carry some gentlemen to West Chester, who were going for Ireland, was now returning, and did not tie itself up to exact times or places, as the stages did; so that, having been obliged to lie still on Sunday, he had time to get himself ready to come out, which otherwise he could not have done.

His warning was so short, that he could not reach Stony Stratford time enough to be with me at night, but he met me at a place called Brickhill the next morning, just as we were coming into the town.

I confess I was very glad to see him, for I thought myself a little disappointed over-night. He pleased me doubly too by the figure he came in, for he brought a very handsome gentleman's coach and four horses, with a servant to attend him.

He took me out of the stage-coach immediately, which stopped at an inn in Brickhill; and putting into the same inn, he set up his own coach, and bespoke his dinner. I asked him what he meant by that, for I was for going forward with the journey. He said, No, I had need of a little rest upon the road, and that was a very good sort of a house, though it was but a little town; so we would go no farther that night, whatever came of it.

I did not press him much, for since he had come so far to meet me, and put himself to so much expense, it was but reasonable I should oblige him a little too; so I was easy as to that point.

After dinner we walked to see the town, to see the church, and to view the fields and the country, as is usual for strangers to do; and our landlord was our guide in going to see the church. I observed my gentleman inquired pretty much about the parson, and I took the hint immediately, that he certainly would propose to be married; and it followed presently, that, in short, I would not refuse him; for, to be plain, with my circumstances I was in no condition now to say no; I had no reason now to run any more such hazards.

But while these thoughts ran round in my head, which was the work but of a few moments, I observed my landlord took him aside and whispered to him, though not very softly neither, for so much I overheard: 'Sir, if you shall have occasion—— 'the rest I could not hear, but it seems it was to this purpose: 'Sir, if you shall have occasion for a minister, I have a friend a little way off that will serve you, and be as private as you please.' My gentleman answered loud enough for me to hear, 'Very well, I believe I shall.'

I was no sooner come back to the inn, but he fell upon me with irresistible words, that since he had had the good fortune to meet me, and everything concurred, it would be hastening his felicity if I would put an end to the matter just there. 'What do you mean?' says I, colouring a little, 'What, in an inn, and on the road! Bless us all', said I, 'how can you talk so?' 'Oh, I can talk so very well', says he; 'I came on purpose to talk so, and I'll show you that I did'; and with that he pulls out a great bundle of papers. 'You fright me', said I, 'what are all these?' 'Don't be frighted, my dear', said he, and kissed me. This was the first time that he had been so free to call me my dear; then he repeated it, 'Don't be frighted; you shall see what it is all'; then he laid them all abroad. There was first the deed or sentence of divorce from his wife, and the full evidence of her playing the whore; then there was the certificates of the minister and churchwardens of the parish where she lived, proving that she was buried, and intimating the manner of her death; the copy of the coroner's warrant for a jury to sit upon her, and the verdict of the jury, who brought it in *Non compos mentis*. All this was to give me satisfaction, though, by the way, I was not so scrupulous, had he known all, but that I might have taken him without it; however, I looked them all over as well as I could, and told him that this was all very clear indeed, but that he need not have brought them out with him, for it was time enough. Well, he said, it might be time enough for me, but no time but the present time was time enough for him.

There were other papers rolled up, and I asked him what they were. Why, ay', says he, 'that's the question I wanted to have you ask me'; so he takes out a little shagreen case, and gives me out of it a very fine diamond ring. I could not refuse it, if I had a mind to do so, for he put it upon my finger; so I only made him a curtsey. Then he takes out another ring: 'And this', says he, 'is for another occasion', and puts that into his pocket. 'Well, but let me see it, though', says I, and smiled; 'I guess what it is; I think you are mad.' 'I should have been mad if I had done less', says he; and still he did not show it me, and I had a great mind to see it; so, says I, 'Well, but let me see it.' 'Hold', says he; 'first look here'; then he took up the roll again, and read it, and, behold! it was a licence for us to be married. 'Why', says I, 'are you distracted? You were fully satisfied, sure, that I would yield at first word, or resolved to take no denial.' 'The last is certainly the case', said he. 'But you may be mistaken', said I. 'No, no', says he; 'I must not be denied, I can't be denied'; and with that he fell to kissing me so violently I could not get rid of him.

There was a bed in the room, and we were walking to and again, eager in the discourse; at last, he takes me by surprise in his arms, and threw me on the bed, and himself with me, and holding me still fast in his arms, but without the least offer of any indecency, courted me to consent with such repeated entreaties and arguments, protesting his affection and vowing he would not let me go till I had promised him, that at last I said, 'Why, you resolve not to be denied indeed, I think.' 'No, no', says he, 'I must not be denied, I won't be denied, I can't be denied.' Well, well', said I, and, giving him a slight kiss, 'then you shan't be denied; let me get up.'

He was so transported with my consent, and the kind manner of it, that I began to think once he took it for a marriage, and would not stay for the form; but I wronged him, for he took me by the hand, pulled me up again, and then, giving me two or three kisses, thanked me for my kind yielding to him; and was so overcome with the satisfaction of it that I saw tears stand in his eyes.

I turned from him, for it filled my eyes with tears too, and asked him leave to retire a little to my chamber. If I had a grain of true repentance for an abominable life of twenty-four years past, it was then. 'Oh, what a felicity is it to mankind', said I to myself, 'that they cannot see into the hearts of one another! How happy had it been if I had been wife to a man of so much honesty and so much affection from the beginning!'

Then it occurred to me, 'What an abominable creature am I! And how is this innocent gentleman going to be abused by me! How little does he think, that having divorced a whore, he is throwing himself into the arms of another!—that he is going to marry one that has lain with two brothers, and has had three children by her own brother! one that was born in Newgate, whose mother was a whore, and is now a transported thief!—one that has lain with thirteen men, and has had a child since he saw me! Poor gentleman!', said I, 'what is he going to do?' After this reproaching myself was over, it followed thus: 'Well, if I must be his wife, if it please God to give me grace, I'll be a true wife to him, and love him suitably to the strange excess of his passion for me; I will make him amends, by what he shall see, for the abuses I put upon him, which he does not see.'

He was impatient for my coming out of my chamber, but, finding me long, he went downstairs and talked with my landlord about the parson.

My landlord, an officious though well-meaning fellow, had sent away for the clergyman, and when my gentleman began to speak to him of sending for him, 'Sir', says he to him, 'my friend is in the house'; so without any more words he brought them together. When he came to the minister, he asked him if he would venture to marry a couple of strangers that were both willing. The parson said that Mr —— had said something to him of it; that he hoped it was no clandestine business; that he seemed to be a grave gentleman, and he supposed madam was not a girl, so that the consent of friends should be wanted. 'To put you out of doubt of that', says my gentleman, 'read this paper'; and out he pulls the licence. 'I am satisfied', says the minister, 'where is the lady?' 'You shall see her presently', says my gentleman.

When he had said thus he comes upstairs, and I was by that time come out of my room; so he tells me the minister was below, and that upon showing him the licence he was free to marry us with all his heart, 'but he asks to see you'; so he asked if I would let him come up.

'Tis time enough', said I, 'in the morning, is it not?' 'Why', said he, 'my dear, he seemed to scruple whether it was not some young girl stolen from her parents, and I assured him we were both of age to command our own consent; and that made him ask to see you.' 'Well', said I, 'do as you please'; so up they bring the parson, and a merry, good sort of gentleman he was. He had been told, it seems, that we had met there by accident; that I came in a Chester coach, and my gentleman in his own coach to meet me; that we were to have met last night at Stony-Stratford, but that he could not reach so far. 'Well, sir', says the parson, 'every ill turn has some good in it. The disappointment, sir', says he to my gentleman, 'was yours, and the good turn is mine, for if you had met at Stony-Stratford I had not had the honour to marry you. Landlord, have you a Common Prayer Book?'

I started as if I had been frighted. 'Sir', says I, 'what do you mean? What, to marry in an inn, and at night too!' 'Madam', says the minister, 'if you will have it be in the church, you shall; but I assure you your marriage will be as firm here as in the church; we are not tied by the canons to marry nowhere but in the church; and, as for the time of day, it does not at all weigh in this case; our princes are married in their chambers, and at eight or ten o'clock at night.'

I was a great while before I could be persuaded, and pretended not to be willing at all to be married but in the church. But it was all grimace; so I seemed at last to be prevailed on, and my landlord and his wife and daughter were called up. My landlord was father and clerk and all together, and we were married, and very merry we were; though I confess the self-reproaches which I had upon me before lay close to me, and extorted every now and then a deep sigh from me, which my bridegroom took notice of, and endeavoured to encourage me, thinking, poor man, that I had some little hesitations at the step I had taken so hastily.

We enjoyed ourselves that evening completely, and yet all was kept so private in the inn that not a servant in the house knew of

it, for my landlady and her daughter waited on me, and would not let any of the maids come upstairs. My landlady's daughter I called my bridemaid; and, sending for a shopkeeper the next morning, I gave the young woman a good suit of knots, as good as the town would afford, and finding it was a lacemaking town, I gave her mother a piece of bone-lace for a head.

One reason that my landlord was so close was that he was unwilling that the minister of the parish should hear of it; but for all that somebody heard of it, so as that we had the bells set a-ringing the next morning early, and the music, such as the town would afford, under our window. But my landlord brazened it out that we were married before we came thither, only that, being his former guests, we would have our wedding-supper at his house.

We could not find in our hearts to stir the next day; for, in short, having been disturbed by the bells in the morning, and having perhaps not slept over much before, we were so sleepy afterwards that we lay in bed till almost twelve o'clock.

I begged my landlady that we might have no more music in the town, nor ringing of bells, and she managed it so well that we were very quiet; but an odd passage interrupted all my mirth for a good while. The great room of the house looked into the street, and I had walked to the end of the room, and it being a pleasant, warm day, I had opened the window, and was standing at it for some air, when I saw three gentlemen ride by, and go into an inn just against us.

It was not to be concealed, nor did it leave me any room to question it, but the second of the three was my Lancashire husband. I was frighted to death; I never was in such a consternation in my life; I thought I should have sunk into the ground; my blood ran chill in my veins, and I trembled as if I had been in a cold fit of an angue. I say, there was no room to question the truth of it; I knew his clothes, I knew his horse, and I knew his face.

The first reflection I made was that my husband was not by to see my disorder, and that I was very glad of. The gentlemen had not been long in the house but they came to the window of their room, as is usual; but my window was shut, you may be sure. However, I could not keep from peeping at them, and there I saw him again, heard him call to one of the servants for something he waited, and received all the terrifying confirmations of its being the same person that were possible to be had.

My next concern was to know what was his business there; but that was impossible. Sometimes my imagination formed an idea of one frightful thing, sometimes of another; sometimes I thought he had discovered me, and was come to upbraid me with ingratitude and breach of honour; then I fancied he was coming upstairs to insult me; and innumerable thoughts came into my head, of what was never in his head, nor ever could be, unless the devil had revealed it to him.

I remained in the fright near two hours, and scarce ever kept my eye from the window or door of the inn where they were. At last, hearing a great clutter in the passage of their inn, I ran to the window, and, to my great satisfaction, I saw them all three go out again and travel on westward. Had they gone towards London, I should have been still in a fright, lest I should meet him again, and that he should know me; but he went the contrary way, and so I was eased of that disorder.

We resolved to be going the next day, but about six o'clock at night we were alarmed with a great uproar in the street, and people riding as if they had been out of their wits; and what was it but a hue-and-cry after three highwaymen, that had robbed two coaches and some travellers near Dunstable Hill, and notice had, it seems, been given that they had been seen at Brickhill, at such a house, meaning the house where those gentlemen had been.

The house was immediately beset and searched, but there were witnesses enough that the gentlemen had been gone above three hours. The crowd having gathered about, we had the news presently; and I was heartily concerned now another way. I presently told the people of the house, that I durst say those were honest persons, for that I knew one of the gentle men to be a very honest person, and of a good estate in Lancashire.

The constable who came with the hue-and-cry was immediately informed of this, and came over to me to be satisfied from my own mouth; and I assured him that I saw the three gentlemen as I was at the window; that I saw them afterwards at the windows of the room they dined in; that I saw them take horse, and I would assure him I knew one of them to be such a man, that he was a gentleman of a very good estate, and an undoubted character in Lancashire, from whence I was just now upon my journey.

The assurance with which I delivered this gave the mob gentry a check, and gave the constable such satisfaction, that he immediately sounded a retreat, told his people these were not the men, but that he had an account they were very honest gentlemen; and so they went all back again. What the truth of the matter was I knew not, but certain it was that the coaches were robbed at Dunstable Hill, and £560 in money taken; besides, some of the lace merchants that always travel that way had been visited too. As to the three gentlemen, that remains to be explained hereafter.

Well, this alarm stopped us another day, though my spouse told me it was always safest travelling after a robbery, for that the

thieves were sure to be gone far enough off when they had alarmed the country: but I was uneasy, and indeed principally lest my old acquaintance should be upon the road still, and should chance to see me.

I never lived four pleasanter days together in my life. I was a mere bride all this while, and my new spouse strove to make me easy in everything. O could this state of life have continued! How had all my past troubles been forgot, and my future sorrows been avoided! But I had a past life of a most wretched kind to account for, some of it in this world is well as in another.

We came away the fifth day; and my landlord, because he saw me uneasy, mounted himself, his son, and three honest country fellows with good fire-arms, and, without telling us of it, followed the coach, and would see us safe into Dunstable.

We could do no less than treat them very handsomely at Dunstable, which cost my spouse about ten or twelve shillings, and something he gave the men for their time too, but my landlord would take nothing for himself.

This was the most happy contrivance for me that could have fallen out; for, had I come to London unmarried, I must either have come to him for the first night's entertainment, or have discovered to him that I had not one acquaintance in the whole city of London, that could receive a poor bride for the first night's lodging with her spouse. But now I made no scruple of going directly home with him, and there I took possession at once of a house well furnished, and a husband in very good circumstances, so that I had a prospect of a very happy life, if I knew how to manage it; and I had leisure to consider of the real value of the life I was likely to live. How different it was to be from the loose part I had acted before, and how much happier a life of virtue and sobriety is, than that which we call a life of pleasure!

O had this particular scene of life lasted, or had I learnt from that time I enjoined it, to have tasted the true sweetness of it, and had I not fallen into that poverty which is the sure bane of virtue, how happy had I been, not only here, but perhaps for ever! for while I lived thus, I was really a penitent for all my life past. I looked back on it with abhorrence, and might truly be said to hate myself for it. I often reflected how my lover at Bath, struck by the hand of God, repented and abandoned me, and refused to see me any more, though he loved me to an extreme; but I, prompted by that worst of devils, poverty, returned to the vile practice, and made the advantage of what they call a handsome face be the relief to my necessities, and beauty be a pimp to vice.

Now I seemed landed in a safe harbour, after the stormy voyage of life past was at an end, and I began to be thankful for my deliverance. I sat many an hour by myself, and wept over the remembrance of past follies, and the dreadful extravagances of a wicked life, and sometimes I flattered myself that I had sincerely repented.

But there are temptations which it is not in the power of human nature to resist, and few know what would be their case, if driven to the same exigencies. As covetousness is the root of all evil, so poverty is the worst of all snares, But I waive that discourse till I come to the experiment.

I lived with this husband in the utmost tranquillity; he was a quiet, sensible, sober man; virtuous, modest, sincere, and in his business diligent and just. His business was in a narrow compass, and his income sufficient to a plentiful way of living in the ordinary way. I do not say to keep an equipage, and make a figure, as the world calls it, nor did I expect it, or desire it; for, as I abhorred the levity and extravagance of my former life, so I chose now to live retired, frugal, and within ourselves. I kept no company, made no visits; minded my family, and obliged my husband; and this kind of life became a pleasure to me.

We lived in an uninterrupted course of ease and content for five years, when a sudden blow from an almost invisible hand blasted all my happiness, and turned me out into the world in a condition the reverse of all that had been before it.

My husband, having trusted one of his fellow-clerks with a sum of money, too much for our fortunes to bear the loss of, the clerk failed, and the loss fell very heavy on my husband; yet it was not so great but that, if he had had courage to have looked his misfortunes in the face, his credit was so good that, as I told him, he would easily recover it; for to sink under trouble is to double the weight, and he that will die in it, shall die in it.

It was in vain to speak comfortably to him; the wound had sunk too deep; it was a stab that touched the vitals; he grew melancholy and disconsolate, and from thence lethargic, and died. I foresaw the blow, and was extremely oppressed in my mind, for I saw evidently that if he died I was undone.

I had had two children by him, and no more, for it began to be time for me to leave bearing children, for I was now eight-and-forty, and I suppose if he had lived I should have had no more.

I was now left in a dismal and disconsolate case indeed, and in several things worse than ever. First, it was past the flourishing time with me, when I might expect to be courted for a mistress; that agreeable part had declined some time, and the ruins only

appeared of what had been; and that which was worse than all was this, that I was the most dejected, disconsolate creature alive. I that had encouraged my husband, and endeavoured to support his spirits under his trouble, could not support my own; I wanted that spirit in trouble which I told him was so necessary for bearing the burthen.

But my case was indeed deplorable, for I was left perfectly friendless and helpless, and the loss my husband had sustained had reduced his circumstances so low, that though indeed I was not in debt, yet I could easily foresee that what was left would not support me long; that it wasted daily for subsistence, so that it would be soon all spent, and then I saw nothing before me but the utmost distress; and this represented itself so lively to my thoughts, that it seemed as if it was come, before it was really very near; also my very apprehensions doubled the misery, for I fancied every sixpence that I paid for a loaf of bread was the last I had in the world, and that to-morrow I was to fast, and be starved to death.

In this distress I had no assistant, no friend to comfort or advise me; I sat and cried and tormented myself night and day, wringing my hands, and sometimes raving like a distracted woman; and indeed I have often wondered it had not affected my reason, for I had the rapours to such a degree, that my understanding was sometimes quite lost in fancies and imaginations,

I lived two years in this dismal condition, wasting that little I had, weeping continually over my dismal circumstances, and, as it were, only bleeding to death, without the least hope or prospect of help; and now I had cried so long, and so often, that tears were exhausted, and I began to be desperate, for I grew poor apace.

For a little relief, I had put off my house and took lodgings; and as I was reducing my living, so I sold off most of my goods, which put a little money in my pocket, and I lived near a year upon that, spending very sparingly, and ekeing things out to the utmost; but still when I looked before me, my heart would sink within me at the inevitable approach of misery and want. O let none read this part without seriously reflecting on the circumstances of a desolate state, and how they would grapple with want of friends and want of bread; it will certainly make them think not of sparing what they have only, but of looking up to heaven for support, and of the wise man's prayer, 'Give me not poverty, lest I steal,'

Let them remember that a time of distress is a time of dreadful temptation, and all the strength to resist is taken away; poverty presses, the soul is made desperate by distress, and what can be done? It was one evening, when being brought, as I may say, to the last gasp, I think I may truly say I was distracted and raving, when prompted by I know not what spirit, and, as it were, doing I did not know what, or why, I dressed me (for I had still pretty good clothes), and went out. I am very sure I had no manner of design in my head when I went out; I neither knew or considered where to go, or on what business; but as the devil carried me out, and laid his bait for me, so he brought me, to be sure, to the place, for I knew not whither I was going, or what I did.

Wandering thus about, I knew not whither, I passed by an apothecary's shop in Leadenhall Street, where I saw lie on a stool just before the counter a little bundle wrapped in a white cloth; beyond it stood a maid servant with her back to it, looking up towards the top of the shop, where the apothecary's apprentice, as I suppose, was standing upon the counter, with his back also to the door, and a candle in his hand, looking and reaching up to the upper shelf, for something he wanted, so that both were engaged, and nobody else in the shop.

This was the bait; and the devil who laid the snare prompted me, as if he had spoke, for I remember, and shall never forget it, 'twas like a voice spoken over my shoulder, 'Take the bundle; be quick; do it this moment.' It was no sooner said but I stepped into the shop, and with my back to the wench, as if I had stood up for a cart that was going by, I put my hand behind me and took the bundle, and went off with it, the maid or fellow not perceiving me, or any one else.

It is impossible to express the horror of my soul all the while I did it. When I went away I had no heart to run, or scarce to mend my pace. I crossed the street indeed, and went down the first turning I came to, and I think it was a street that went through into Fenchurch Street; from thence I crossed and turned through so many ways and turnings, that I could never tell which way it was, nor where I went; I felt not the ground I stepped on, and the farther I was out of danger, the faster I went, till, tired and out of breath, I was forced to sit down on a little bench at a door, and then found I was got into Thames Street, near Billingsgate. I rested me a little and went on; my blood was all in a fire; my heart beat as if I was in a sudden fright. In short, I was under such a surprise that I knew not whither I was agoing, or what to do.

After I had tired myself thus with walking a long way about, and so eagerly, I began to consider, and make home to my lodging, where I came about nine o'clock at night.

What the bundle was made up for, or on what occasion laid where I found it, I knew not, but when I came to open it, I found there was a suit of childbedlinen in it, very good, and almost new, the lace very fine; there was a silver porringer of a pint, a small silver mug, and six spoons, with some other linen, a good smock, and three silk handkerchiefs, and in the mug a paper, 18s. 6d. in money.

All the while I was opening these things I was under such dreadful impressions of fear, and in such terror of mind, though I was perfectly safe, that I cannot express the manner of it. I sat me down, and cried most vehemently. 'Lord', said I, 'what am I now?—a thief! Why, I shall be taken next time, and be carried to Newgate, and be tried for my life!' And with that I cried again a long time, and I am sure, as poor as I was, if I had durst for fear, I would certainly have carried the things back again; but that went off after a while. Well, I went to bed for that night, but slept little; the horror of the fact was upon my mind, and I knew not what I said or did all night, and all the next day. Then I was impatient to hear some news of the loss; and would fain know how it was, whether they were a poor body's goods, or a rich. 'Perhaps', said I, 'it may be some poor widow like me, that had packed up these goods to go and sell them for a little bread for herself and a poor child, and are now starving and breaking their hearts for want of that little they would have fetched.' And this thought tormented me worse than all the rest, for three or four days.

But my own distresses silenced all these reflections, and the prospect of my own starving, which grew every day more frightful to me, hardened my heart by degrees. It was then particularly heavy upon my mind, that I had been reformed, and had, as I hoped, repented of all my past wickedness; that I had lived a sober, grave, retired life for several years, but now I should be driven by the dreadful necessity of my circumstances to the gates of destruction, soul and body; and two or three times I fell upon my knees, praying to God, as well as I could, for deliverance; but I cannot but say, my prayers had no hope in them. I knew not what to do; it was all fear without, and dark within; and I reflected on my past life as not repented of, that Heaven was now beginning to punish me, and would make me as miserable as I had been wicked.

Had I gone on here I had perhaps been a true penitent; but I had an evil counsellor within, and he was continually prompting me to relieve myself by the worst means; so one evening he tempted me again by the same wicked impulse that had said 'Take that bundle' to go out again and seek for what might happen.

I went out now by daylight, and wandered about I knew not whither, and in search of I knew not what, when the devil put a snare in my way of a dreadful nature indeed, and such a one as I have never had before or since. Going through Aldersgate Street, there was a pretty little child had been at a dancing-school, and was agoing home all alone; and my prompter, like a true devil, set me upon this innocent creature. I talked to it, and it prattled to me again, and I took it by the hand and led it along till I came to a paved alley that goes into Bartholomew Close, and I led it in there. The child said that was not its way home. I said, 'Yes, my dear, it is; I'll show you the way home.' The child had a little necklace on of gold beads, and I had my eye upon that, and in the dark of the alley I stooped, pretending to mend the child's clog that was loose, and took off her necklace, and the child never felt it, and so led the child on again. Here, I say, the devil put me upon killing the child in the dark alley, that it might not cry, but the very thought frighted me so that I was ready to drop down; but I turned the child about and bade it go back again, for that was not its way home; the child said, so she would; and I went through into Bartholomew Close, and then turned round to another passage that goes into Long Lane, so away into Charterhouse Yard, and out into St John's Street; then crossing into Smithfield, went down Chick Lane, and into Field Lane, to Holborn Bridge, when, mixing with the crowd of people usually passing there, it was not possible to have been found out; and thus I made my second sally into the world.

The thoughts of this booty put out all the thoughts of the first, and the reflections I had made wore quickly off; poverty hardened my heart, and my own necessities made me regardless of anything. The last affair left no great concern upon me, for as I did the poor child no harm, I only thought I had given the parents a just reproof for their negligence, in leaving the poor lamb to come home by itself, and it would teach them to take more care another time.

This string of beads was worth about £12 or £14. I suppose it might have been formerly the mother's, for it was too big for the child's wear, but that, perhaps, the vanity of the mother to have her child look fine at the dancing-school had made her let the child wear it; and no doubt the child had a maid sent to take care of it, but she, like a careless jade, was taken up perhaps with some fellow that had met her, and so the poor baby wandered till it fell into my hands.

However, I did the child no harm; I did not so much as fright it, for I had a great many tender thoughts about me yet, and did nothing but what, as I may say, mere necessity drove me to.

I had a great many adventures after this, but I was young in the business, and did not know how to manage, otherwise than as the devil put things into my head; and, indeed, he was seldom backward to me. One adventure I had which was very lucky to me. I was going through Lombard Street in the dusk of the evening, just by the end of Three King Court, when on a sudden comes a fellow running by me as swift as lightning, and throws a bundle that was in his hand just behind me, as I stood up against the corner of the house at the turning into the alley. Just as he threw it in, he said, 'God bless you, mistress, let it lie there a little', and away he runs. After him comes two more, and immediately a young fellow without his hat, crying, 'Stop thief!' They pursued the two last fellows so close, that they were forced to drop what they had got, and one of them was taken into the bargain; the other got off free.

I stood stock-still all this while, till they came back, dragging the poor fellow they had taken, and lugging the things they had

found, extremely well satisfied that they had recovered the booty and taken the thief; and thus they passed by me, for I looked only like one who stood up while the crowd was gone.

Once or twice I asked what was the matter, but the people neglected answering me, and I was not very importunate; but after the crowd was wholly passed, I took my opportunity to turn about and take up what was behind me and walk away. This, indeed, I did with less disturbance than I had done formerly, for these things I did not steal, but they were stolen to my hand. I got safe to my lodgings with this cargo, which was a piece of fine black lustring silk, and a piece of velvet; the latter was but part of a piece of about eleven yards; the former was a whole piece of near fifty yards. It seems it was a mercer's shop that they had rifled. I say rifled, because the goods were so considerable that they had lost; for the goods that they recovered were pretty many, and I believe came to about six or seven several pieces of silk. How they came to get so many I could not tell; but as I had only robbed the thief, I made no scruple at taking these goods, and being very glad of them too.

I had pretty good luck thus far, and I made several adventures more, though without small purchase, yet with good success, but I went in daily dread that some mischief would befall me, and that I should certainly come to be hanged at last. The impression this made on me was too strong to be slighted, and it kept me from making attempts that, for aught I knew, might have been very safely performed; but one thing I cannot omit, which was a bait to me many a day. I walked frequently out into the villages round the town to see if nothing would fall in my way there; and going by a house near Stepney, I saw on the window-board two rings, one a small diamond ring, and the other a plain gold ring, to be sure laid there by some thoughtless lady, that had more money than forecast, perhaps only till she washed her hands.

I walked several times by the window to observe if I could see whether there was anybody in the room or no, and I could see nobody, but still I was not sure. It came presently into my thoughts to rap at the glass, as if I wanted to speak with somebody, and if anybody was there they would be sure to come to the window, and then I would tell them to remove those rings, for that I had seen two suspicious fellows take notice of them. This was a ready thought. I rapped once or twice, and nobody came, when I thrust hard against the square of glass, and broke it with little noise, and took out the two rings, and walked away; the diamond ring was worth about £3, and the other about 9s.

I was now at a loss for a market for my goods, and especially for my two pieces of silk. I was very loth to dispose of them for a trifle, as the poor unhappy thieves in general do, who, after they have ventured their lives for perhaps a thing of value, are forced to sell it for a song when they have done; but I was resolved I would not do thus, whatever shift I made; however, I did not well know what course to take. At last I resolved to go to my old governess, and acquaint myself with her again. I had punctually supplied the £5 a year to her for my little boy as long as I was able, but at last was obliged to put a stop to it. However, I had written a letter to her, wherein I had told her that my circumstances were reduced; that I had lost my husband, and that I was not able to do it any longer, and begged the poor child might not suffer too much for its mother's misfortunes.

I now made her a visit, and I found that she drove something of the old trade still, but that she was not in such flourishing circumstances as before; for she had been sued by a certain gentleman who had had his daughter stolen from him, and who, it seems, she had helped to convey away; and it was very narrowly that she escaped the gallows. The expense also had ravaged her, so that her house was but meanly furnished, and she was not in such repute for her practice as before; however, she stood upon her legs, as they say, and as she was a bustling woman, and had some stock left, she was turned pawnbroker, and lived pretty well.

She received me very civilly, and with her usual obliging manner told me she would not have the less respect for me for my being reduced; that she had taken care my boy was very well looked after, though I could not pay for him, and that the woman that had him was easy, so that I needed not to trouble myself about him till I might be better able to do it effectually.

I told her I had not much money left, but that I had some things that were money's worth, if she could tell me how I might turn them into money. She asked what it was I had. I pulled out the string of gold beads, and told her it was one of my husband's presents to me; then I showed her the two parcels of silk, which I told her I had from Ireland, and brought up to town with me, and the little diamond ring. As to the small parcel of plate and spoons, I had found means to dispose of them myself before; and as for the childbed-linen I had, she offered me to take it herself, believing it to have been my own. She told me that she was turned pawnbroker, and that she would sell those things for me as pawned to her; and so she sent presently for proper agents that bought them, being in her hands, without any scruple, and gave good prices too.

I now began to think this necessary woman might help me a little in my low condition to some business, for I would gladly have turned my hand to any honest employment if I could have got it; but honest business did not come within her reach. If I had been younger perhaps she might have helped me, but my thoughts were off of that kind of livelihood, as being quite out of the way after fifty, which was my case, and so I told her.

She invited me at last to come, and be at her house till I could find something to do, and it should cost me very little, and this I

gladly accepted of; and now living a little easier, I entered into some measures to have my little son by my last husband taken off; and this she made easy too, reserving a payment only of £5 a year, if I could pay it. This was such a help to me, that for a good while I left off the wicked trade that I had so newly taken up; and gladly I would have got work, but that was very hard to do for one that had no acquaintance.

However, at last I got some quilting work for ladies' beds, petticoats, and the like; and this I liked very well, and worked very hard, and with this I began to live; but the diligent devil, who resolved I should continue in his service, continually prompted me to go out and take a walk, that is to say, to see if anything would offer in the old way.

One evening I blindly obeyed his summons, and fetched a long circuit through the streets, but met with no purchase; but not content with that, I went out the next evening too, when, going by an alehouse, I saw the door of a little room open, next the very street, and on the table a silver tankard, things much in use in publichouses at that time. It seems some company had been drinking there, and the careless boys had forgot to take it away.

I went into the box frankly, and setting the silver tankard on the corner of the bench, I sat down before it, and knocked with my foot; a boy came presently, and I bade him fetch me a pint of warm ale, for it was cold weather; the boy ran, and I heard him go down the cellar to draw the ale. While the boy was gone, another boy came, and cried, 'D'ye call?' I spoke with a melancholy air, and said, 'No; the boy is gone for a pint of ale for me.'

While I sat here, I heard the woman in the bar say, 'Are they all gone in the five?' which was the box I sat in, and the boy said, 'Yes.' 'Who fetched the tankard away?' says the woman.' I did', says another boy; 'that's it', pointing, it seems, to another tankard, which he had fetched from another box by mistake; or else it must be, that the rogue forgot that he had not brought it in, which certainly he had not.

I heard all this much to my satisfaction, for I found plainly that the tankard was not missed, and yet they concluded it was fetched away; so I drank my ale, called to pay, and as I went away I said, 'Take care of your plate, child', meaning a silver pint mug which he brought me to drink in. The boy said, 'Yes, madam, very welcome', and away I came.

I came home to my governess, and now I thought it was a time to try her, that if I might be put to the necessity of being exposed she might offer me some assistance. When I had been at home some time, and had an opportunity of talking to her, I told her I had a secret of the greatest consequence in the world to commit to her, if she had respect enough for me to keep it a secret. She told me she had kept one of my secrets faithfully; why should I doubt her keeping another? I told her the strangest thing in the world had befallen me, even without any design, and so told her the whole story of the tankard. 'And have you brought it away with you, my dear?' says she. 'To be sure I have', says I, and showed it her. 'But what shall I do now?' says I; 'must not I carry it again?'

'Carry it again!' says she. 'Ay, if you want to go to Newgate.' 'Why', says I, 'they can't be so base to stop me, when I carry it to them again?' You don't know those sort of people, child', says she; 'they'll not only carry you to Newgate, but hang you too, without any regard to the honesty of returning it; or bring in an account of all the other tankards as they have lost, for you to pay for.' 'What must I do, then?' says I. 'Nay', says she, 'as you have played the cunning part and stole it, you must e'en keep it; there's no going back now. Besides, child', says she, 'don't you want it more than they do. I wish you could light of such a bargain once a week.'

This gave me a new notion of my governess, and that, since she was turned pawnbroker, she had a sort of people about her that were none of the honest ones that I had met with there before.

I had not been long there but I discovered it more plainly than before, for every now and then I saw hilts of swords, spoons, forks, tankards, and all such kind of ware brought in, not to be pawned, but to be sold downright; and she bought them all without asking any questions, but had good bargains, as I found by her discourse.

I found also that in following this trade she always melted down the plate she bought, that it might not be challenged; and she came to me and told me one morning that she was going to melt, and if I would, she would put my tankard in, that it might not be seen by anybody. I told her, with all my heart; so she weighed it, and allowed me the full value in silver again; but I found she did not do so to the rest of her customers.

Some time after this, as I was at work, and very melancholy, she begins to ask me what the matter was. I told her my heart was very heavy; I had little work and nothing to live on, and knew not what course to take. She laughed, and told me I must go out again and try my fortune; it might be that I might meet with another piece of plate. 'O mother!', says I, 'that is a trade that I have no skill in, and if I should be taken I am undone at once.' Says she, 'I could help you to a schoolmistress that shall make you as dexterous as herself.' I trembled at that proposal, for hitherto I had had no confederates nor any acquaintance among that tribe. But she conquered all my modesty, and all my fears; and in a little time, by the help of this confederate, I grew as impudent a thief

and as dexterous, as ever Moll Cutpurse was, though, if fame does not belie her, not half so handsome.

The comrade she helped me to dealt in three sorts of craft, viz. shop-lifing, stealing of shops-books and pocket-books, and taking off gold watches from the ladies' sides; and this last she did so dexterously that no woman ever arrived to the perfection of that art, like her. I liked the first and the last of these things very well, and I attended her some time in the practice, just as a deputy attends a midwife, without any pay.

At length she put me to, practice. She had shown me her art, and I had several times unhooked a watch from her own side with great dexterity. At last she showed me a prize, and this was a young lady with child, who had a charming watch. The thing was to be done as she came out of the church. She goes on one side of the lady, and pretends, just as she came to the steps, to fall, and fell against the lady with so much violence as put her into a great fright, and both cried out terribly. In the very moment that she jostled the lady, I had hold of the watch, and holding it the right way, the start she gave drew the hook out, and she never felt it. I made off immediately, and left my schoolmistress to come out of her fright gradually, and the lady too; and presently the watch was missed. 'Ay', says my comrade, 'then it was those rogues that thrust me down, I warrant ye; I wonder the gentlewoman did not miss her watch before, then we might have taken them.'

She humoured the thing so well that nobody suspected her, and I was got home a full hour before her. This was my first adventure in company. The watch was indeed a very fine one, and had many trinkets about it, and my governess allowed us £20 for it, of which I had half. And thus I was entered a complete thief, hardened to a pitch above all the reflections of conscience or modesty, and to a degree which I never thought possible in me.

Thus the devil, who began, by the help of an irresistible poverty, to push me into this wickedness, brought me to a height beyond the common rate, even when my necessities were not so terrifying; for I had now got into a little vein of work, and, as I was not at a loss to handle my needle, it was very probable I might have got my bread honestly enough.

I must say, that if such a prospect of work had presented itself at first, when I began to feel the approach of my miserable circumstances— I say, had such a prospect of getting bread by working presented itself then, I had never fallen into this wicked trade, or into such a wicked gang as I was now embarked with; but practice had hardened me, and I grew audacious to the last degree; and the more so, because I had carried it on so long, and had never been taken; for, in a word, my new partner in wickedness and I went on together so long, without being ever detected, that we not only grew bold, but we grew rich, and we had at one time oneand-twenty gold watches in our hands.

I remember that one day being a little more serious than ordinary, and finding I had so good a stock beforehand as I had, for I had near £200 in money for my share, it came strongly into my mind, no doubt from some kind spirit, if such there be, that as at first poverty excited me, and my distresses drove me to these dreadful shifts, so seeing those distresses were now relieved, and I could also get something towards a maintenance by working, and had so good a bank to support me, why should I not now leave off, while I was well? that I could not expect to go always free; and if I was once surprised, I was undone.

This was doubtless the happy minute, when, if I had hearkened to the blessed hint, from whatsoever hand it came, I had still a cast for an easy life. But my fate was otherwise determined; the busy devil that drew me in had too fast hold of me to let me go back; but as poverty brought me in, so avarice kept me in, till there was no going back. As to the arguments which my reason dictated for persuading me to lay down, avarice stepped in and said, "Go on; you have had very good luck; go on till you have gotten four or five hundred pounds, and then you shall leave off, and then you may live easy without working at all."

Thus I, that was once in the devil's clutches, was held fast there as with a charm, and had no power to go without the circle, till I was engulfed in labyrinths of trouble too great to get out at all.

However, these thoughts left some impression upon me, and made me act with some more caution than before and more than my directors used for themselves. My comrade, as I called her (she should have been called my teacher), with another of her scholars, was the first in the misfortune; for, happening to be upon the hunt for purchase, they made an attempt upon a linen-draper in Cheapside, but were snapped by a hawk's-eyed journeyman, and seized with two pieces of cambric, which were taken also upon them.

This was enough to lodge them both in Newgate, were they had the misfortune to have some of their former sins brought to remembrance. Two other indictments being brought against them, and the facts being proved upon them, they were both condemned to die. They both pleaded their bellies, and were both voted quick with child; though my tutoress was no more with child than I was.

I went frequently to see them, and condole with them, expecting that it would be my turn next; but the place gave me so much

horror, reflecting that it was the place of my unhappy birth, and of my mother's misfortunes, that I could not bear it, so I left off going to see them.

And, oh! could I but have taken warning by their disasters, I had been happy still, for I was yet free, and had nothing brought against me; but it could not be, my measure was not yet filled up.

My comrade, having the brand of an old offender, was executed; the young offender was spared, having obtained a reprieve, but lay starving a long while in prison, till at last she got her name into what they call a circuit pardon, and so came off.

This terrible example of my comrade frighted me heartily, and for a good while I made no excursions; but one night, in the neighbourhood of my governess's house, they cried 'Fire'! My governess looked out, for we were all up, and cried immediately that such a gentlewoman's house was all of a light fire atop, and so indeed it was. Here she gives me a jog. 'Now, child', says she, 'there is a rare opportunity, the fire being so near that you may go to it before the street is blocked up with the crowd.' She presently gave me my cue. 'Go, child', says she, 'to the house, and run in and tell the lady, or anybody you see, that you come to help them, and that you came from such a gentlewoman; that is, one of her acquaintance farther up the street.'

Away I went, and, coming to the house, I found them all in confusion, you may be sure. I ran in, and finding one of the maids, 'Alas! sweetheart', said I, 'how came this dismal accident? Where is your mistress? Is she safe? And where are the children? I come from Madam —— to help you.' Away runs the maid, 'Madam, madam', says she, screaming as loud as she could yell, 'here is a gentlewoman come from Madam —— to help us,' The poor woman, half out of her wits, with a bundle under her arm, and two little children, comes towards me, 'Madam', says I, 'let me carry the poor children to Madam ——; she desires you to send them; she'll take care of the poor lambs', and so I takes one of them out of her hand, and she lifts the other up into my arms. 'Ay, do, for God's sake' says she, 'carry them. Oh I thank her for her kindness.' 'Have you anything else to secure, madam?' says I; 'she will take care of it.' 'Oh dear!', says she, 'God bless her; take this bundle of plate and carry it to her too. Oh, she is a good woman! Oh, we are utterly ruined, undone! 'And away she runs from me out of her wits, and the maids after her, and away comes I with the two children and the bundle.

I was no sooner got into the street but I saw another woman come to me. 'Oh!', says she, 'mistress', in a piteous tone, 'you will let fall the child. Come, come, this is a sad time; let me help you'; and immediately lays hold of my bundle to carry it for me. 'No', says I; 'if you will help me, take the child by the hand, and lead it for me but to the upper end of the street; I'll go with you and satisfy you for your pains.'

She could not avoid going, after what I said; but the creature, in short, was one of the same business with me, and wanted nothing but the bundle; however, she went with me to the door, for she could not help it. When we were come there I whispered her, 'Go, child', said I, 'I understand your trade; you may meet with purchase enough.'

She understood me and walked off. I thundered at the door with the children, and as the people were raised before by the noise of the fire, I was soon let in, and I said, 'Is madam awake? Pray tell her Mrs —— desires the favour of her to take the two children in; poor lady, she will be undone, their house is all of a flame.' They took the children in very civilly, pitied the family in distress, and away came I with my bundle. One of the maids asked me if I was not to leave the bundle too. I said, 'No, sweetheart, 'tis to go to another place; it does not belong to them,'

I was a great way out of the hurry now, and so I went on and brought the bundle of plate, which was very considerable, straight home to my old governess. She told me she would not look into it, but bade me go again and look for more.

She gave me the like cue to the gentlewoman of the next house to that which was on fire, and I did my endeavour to go, but by this time the alarm of fire was so great, and so many engines playing, and the street so thronged with people, that I could not get near the house whatever I could do; so I came back again to my governess's, and taking the bundle up into my chamber, I began to examine it. It is with horror that I tell what a treasure I found there; 'tis enough to say that, besides most of the family plate, which was considerable, I found a gold chain, an old-fashioned thing, the locket of which was broken, so that I suppose it had not been used some years, but the gold was not the worse for that; also a little box of burying rings, the lady's wedding-ring, and some broken bits of old lockets of gold, a gold watch, and a purse with about £24 value in old pieces of gold coin, and several other things of value.

This was the greatest and the worst prize that ever I was concerned in; for indeed, though, as I have said above, I was hardened now beyond the power of all reflection in other cases, yet it really touched me to the very soul when I looked into this treasure, to think of the poor disconsolate gentlewoman who had lost so much besides, and who would think, to be sure, that she had saved her plate and best things; how she would be surprised when she should find that she had been deceived, and that the person that took her children and her goods had not come, as was pretended, from the gentlewoman in the next street, but that the children

had been put upon her without her own knowledge.

I say, I confess the inhumanity of this action moved me very much, and made me relent exceedingly, and tears stood in my eyes upon that subject; but with all my sense of its being cruel and inhuman, I could never find in my heart to make any restitution. The reflection wore off, and I quickly forgot the circumstances that attended it.

Nor was this all; for though by this job I was become considerably richer than before, yet the resolution I had formerly taken of leaving off this horrid trade when I had gotten a little more, did not return, but I must still get more; and the avarice had such success, that I had no more thoughts of coming to a timely alteration of life, though without it I could expect no safety, no tranquillity in the possession of what I had gained; a little more, and a little more, was the case still.

At length, yielding to the importunities of my crime, I cast off all remorse, and all the reflections on that head turned to no more than this, that I might perhaps come to have one booty more that might complete all; but though I certainly had that one booty, yet every hit looked towards another, and was so encouraging to me to go on with the trade, that I had no gust to the laying it down.

In this condition, hardened by success, and resolving to go on, I fell into the snare in which I was appointed to meet with my last reward for this kind of life. But even this was not yet, for I met with several successful adventures more in this way.

My governess was for a while really concerned for the misfortune of my comrade that had been hanged, for she knew enough of my governess to have sent her the same way, and which made her very uneasy; indeed she was in a very great fright.

It is true that when she was gone, and had not told what she knew, my governess was easy as to that point, and perhaps glad she was hanged, for it was in her power to have obtained a pardon at the expense of her friends; but the loss of her, and the sense of her kindness in not making her market of what she knew, moved my governess to mourn very sincerely for her. I comforted her as well as I could, and she in return hardened me to merit more completely the same fate.

However, as I have said, it made me the more wary, and particularly I was very shy of shoplifting, especially among the mercers and drapers, who are a set of fellows that have their eyes very much about them. I made a venture or two among the lace folks and the milliners, and particularly at one shop where two young women were newly set up, and had not been bred to the trade, There I carried off a piece of bone-lace, worth six or seven pounds, and a paper of thread. But this was but once; it was a trick that would not serve again.

It was always reckoned a safe job when we heard of a new shop, and especially when the people were such as were not bred to shops. Such may depend upon it that they will be visited once or twice at their beginning, and they must be very sharp indeed if they can prevent it.

I made another adventure or two after this, but they were but trifles. Nothing considerable offering for a good while, I began to think that I must give over trade in earnest; but my governess, who was not willing to lose me, and expected great things of me, brought me one day into company with a young woman and a fellow that went for her husband, though, as it appeared afterwards, she was not his wife, but they were partners in the trade they carried on, and in something else too. In short, they robbed together, lay together, were taken together, and at last were hanged together.

I came into a kind of league with these two by the help of my governess, and they carried me out into three or four adventures, where I rather saw them commit some coarse and unhandy robberies, in which nothing but a great stock of impudence on their side, and gross negligence on the people's side who were robbed, could have made them successful, So I resolved from that time forward to be very cautious how I adventured with them; and, indeed, when two or three unlucky projects were proposed by them, I declined the offer, and persuaded them against it. One time they particularly proposed robbing a watchmaker of three gold watches, which they had eyed in the daytime, and found the place where he laid them. One of them had so many keys of all kinds, that he made no question to open the place where the watchmaker had laid them; and so we made a kind of an appointment; but when I came to look narrowly into the thing, I found they proposed breaking open the house, and this I would not embark in, so they went without me. They did get into the house by main force, and broke up the locked place where the watches were, but found but one of the gold watches, and a silver one, which they took, and got out of the house again very clear. But the family being alarmed, cried out!, 'Thieves!', and the man was pursued and taken; the young woman had got off too, but unhappily was stopped at a distance, and the watches found upon her. And thus I had a second escape, for they were convicted, and both hanged, being old offenders, though but young people; and as I said before that they robbed together, so now they hanged together, and there ended my new partnership.

I began now to be very wary, having so narrowly escaped a scouring, and having such an example before me; but I had a new

tempter, who prompted me every day—I mean my governess; and now a prize presented, which as it came by her management, so she expected a good share of the booty. There was a good quantity of Flanders lace lodged in a private house, where she had heard of it, and Flanders lace being prohibited, it was a good booty to any custom-house officer that could come at it. I had a full account from my governess, as well of the quantity as of the very place where it was concealed; so I went to a custom-house officer, and told him I had a discovery to make to him, if he would assure me that I should have my due share of the reward. This was so just an offer, that nothing could be fairer; so he agreed, and taking a constable and me with him, we beset the house. As I told him I could go directly to the place, he left it to me; and the hole being very dark, I squeezed myself into it, with a candle in my hand, and so reached the pieces out to him, taking care as I gave him some so to secure as much about myself as I could conveniently dispose of. There was near £300 worth of lace in the whole, and I secured about £50 worth of it myself. The people of the house were not owners of the lace, but a merchant who had entrusted them with it; so that they were not so surprised as I thought they would be.

I left the officer overjoyed with his prize, and fully satisfied with what he had got, and appointed to meet him at a house of his own directing, where I came after I had disposed of the cargo I had about me, of which he had not the least suspicion. When I came he began to capitulate, believing I did not understand the right I had in the prize, and would fain have put me off with £20; but I let him know that I was not so ignorant as he supposed I was; and yet I was glad, too, that he offered to bring me to a certainty. I asked £100, and he rose up to £30; I fell to £80, and he rose again to £40; in a word, he offered £50, and I consented, only demanding a piece of lace, which I thought came to about £8 or £9, as if it had been for my own wear, and he agreed to it. So I got £50 in money paid me that same night, and made an end of the bargain; nor did he ever know who I was, or where to inquire for me, so that if it had been discovered that part of the goods were embezzled, he could have made no challenge upon me for it.

I very punctually divided this spoil with my governess, and I passed with her from this time for a very dexterous manager in the nicest cases. I found that this last was the best and easiest sort of work that was in my way, and I made it my business to inquire out prohibited goods, and after buying some, usually betrayed them, but none of these discoveries amounted to anything considerable, not like that I related just now; but I was cautious of running the great risks which I found others did, and in which they miscarried every day.

The next thing of moment was an attempt at a gentlewoman's gold watch. It happened in a crowd, at a meeting-house, where I was in very great danger of being taken. I had full hold of her watch, but giving a great jostle as if somebody had thrust me against her, and in the juncture giving the watch a fair pull, I found it would not come, so I let it go that moment, and cried as if I had been killed, that somebody had trod upon my foot, and that there was certainly pickpockets there, for somebody or other had given a pull at my watch; for you are to observe that on these adventures we always went very well dressed, and I had very good clothes on, and & gold watch by my side, as like a lady as other folks.

I had no sooner said so but the other gentlewoman cried out 'A pickpocket', too, for somebody, she said, had tried to pull her watch away.

When I touched her watch I was close to her, but when I cried out I stopped as it were short, and the crowd bearing her forward a little, she made a noise too, but it was at some distance from me, so that she did not in the least suspect me & but when she cried out, 'A pickpocket', somebody cried out, 'Ay, and here has been another; this gentlewoman has been attempted too.'

At that very instant, a little farther in the crowd, and very luckily too, they cried out 'A pickpocket' again, and really seized a young fellow in the very fact. This, though unhappy for the wretch, was very opportunely for my case, though I had carried it handsomely enough before; but now it was out of doubt, and all the loose part of the crowd ran that way, and the poor boy was delivered up to the rage of the street, which is a cruelty I need not describe, and which, however, they are always glad of, rather than be sent to Newgate, where they lie often a long time, and sometimes they are hanged, and the best they can look for, if they are convicted, is to be transported.

This was a narrow escape to me, and I was so frighted that I ventured no more at gold watches a great while. There were indeed many circumstances in this adventure which assisted to my escape; but the chief was, that the woman whose watch I had pulled at was a fool; that is to say, she was ignorant of the nature of the attempt, which one would have thought she should not have been, seeing she was wise enough to fasten her watch so that it could not be slipped up; but she was in such a fright that she had no thought about her; for she, when she felt the pull, screamed out, and pushed herself forward, and put all the people about her into disorder, but said not a word of her watch, or of a pickpocket, for at least two minutes, which was time enough for me, and to spare; for as I had cried out behind her, as I have said, and bore myself back in the crowd as she bore forward, there were several people, at least seven or eight, the throng being still moving on, that were got between me and her in that time, and then I crying out 'A pickpocket' rather sooner than she, she might as well be the person suspected as I, and the people were confused in their inquiry; whereas, had she, with a presence of mind needful on such an occasion, as soon as she felt the pull, not screamed out as she did, but turned immediately round and seized the next body that was behind her, she had infallibly taken me.

This is a direction not of the kindest sort to the fraternity, but 'tis certainly a key to the clue of a pickpocket's motions; and whoever can follow it, will as certainly catch the thief as he will be sure to miss if he does not.

I had another adventure, which puts this matter out of doubt, and which may be an instruction for posterity in the case of a pickpocket. My good old governess, to give a short touch at her history, though she had left off the trade, was, as I may say, born a pickpocket, and, as I understood afterward, had run through all the several degrees of that art, and yet had been taken but once, when she was so grossly detected that she was convicted, and ordered to be transported; but being a woman of a rare tongue, and withal having money in her pocket, she found means, the ship putting into Ireland for provisions, to get on shore there, where she practised her old trade some years; when falling into another sort of company, she turned midwife and procuress, and played a hundred pranks, which she gave me a little history of, in confidence between us as we grew more intimate; and it was to this wicked creature that I owed all the dexterity I arrived to, in which there were few that ever went beyond me, or that practised so long without any misfortune.

It was after those adventures in Ireland, and when she was pretty well known in that country, that she left Dublin, and came over to England, where the time of her transportation being not expired, she left her former trade, for fear of falling into bad hands again, for then she was sure to have gone to wreck. Here she set up the same trade she had followed in Ireland, in which she soon, by her admirable management and a good tongue, arrived to the height which I have already described, and indeed began to be rich, though her trade fell again afterwards

I mention thus much of the history of this woman here, the better to account for the concern she had in the wicked life I was now leading, into all the particulars of which she led me, as it were, by the hand, and gave me such directions, and I so well followed them, that I grew the greatest artist of my time, and worked myself out of every danger with such dexterity, that when several more of my comrades ran them selves into Newgate, by that time they had been half a year at the trade, I had now practised upwards of five years, and the people at Newgate did not so much as know me; they had heard much of me indeed, and often expected me there, but I always got off, though many times in the extremest danger.

One of the greatest dangers I was now in, was that I was too well known among the trade, and some of them, whose hatred was owing rather to envy than any injury I had done them, began to be angry that I should always escape when they were always catched and hurried to Newgate. These were they that gave me the name of Moll Flanders; for it was no more of affinity with my real name, or with any of the names I had ever gone by, than black is of kin to white, except that once, as before, I called myself Mrs. Flanders, when I sheltered myself in the Mint; but that these rogues never knew, nor could I ever learn how they came to give me the name, or what the occasion of it was.

I was soon informed that some of these who were gotten fast into Newgate had vowed to impeach me; and as I knew that two or three of them were but too able to do it, I was under a great concern, and kept within doors for a good while. But my governess, who was partner in my success, and who now played a sure game, for she had no share in the hazard—I say, my governess was something impatient of my leading such a useless, unprofitable life, as she called it; and she laid a new contrivance for my going abroad, and this was to dress me up in men's clothes, and so put me into a new kind of practice.

I was tall and personable, but a little too smooth-faced for a man; however, as I seldom went abroad but in the night, it did well enough; but it was long before I could behave in my new clothes. It was impossible to be so nimble, so ready, so dexterous at these things in a dress contrary to nature; and as I did everything clumsily, so I had neither the success or easiness of escape that I had before, and I resolved to leave it off; but that resolution was confirmed soon after by the following accident.

As my governess had disguised me like a man, so she joined me with a man, a young fellow that was nimble enough at his business, and for about three weeks we did very well together. Our principal trade was watching shopkeepers' counters, and slipping off any kinds of goods we could see carelessly laid anywhere, and we made several good bargains, as we called them, at this work. And as we kept always together, so we grew very intimate, yet he never knew that I was not a man, nay, though several times went home with him to his lodgings, according as our business directed, and four or five times lay with him all night. But our design lay another way, and it was absolutely necessary to me to conceal my sex from him, as appeared afterwards. The circumstances of our living, coming in late, and having such business to do as required that nobody should be trusted with coming into our lodgings, were such as made it impossible to me to refuse lying whith him, unless I would have owned my sex; and as it was, I effectually concealed myself.

But his ill, and my good, fortune soon put an end to this life, which I must own I was sick of too. We had made several prizes in this new way of business, but the last would have been extraordinary. There was a shop in a certain street which had a warehouse behind it that looked into another street, the house making the corner.

Through the window of the warehouse we saw lying on the counter or showboard, which was just before it, five pieces of silks,

besides other stuffs, and though it was almost dark, yet the people, being busy in the fore-shop, had not had time to shut up those windows, or else had forgot it.

This the young fellow was so overjoyed with, that he could not restrain himself. It lay within his reach, he said, and he swore violently to me that he would have it, if he broke down the house for it. I dissuaded him a little, but saw there was no remedy; so he ran rashly upon it, slipped out a square out of the sash window dexterously enough, and got four pieces of the silks, and came with them towards me, but was immediately pursued with a terrible clutter and noise. We were standing together indeed, but I had not taken any of the goods out of his hand, when I said to him hastily, 'You are undone!' He ran like lightning, and I too, but the pursuit was hotter after him, because he had the goods. He dropped two of the pieces, which stopped them a little, but the crowd increased, and pursued us both. They took him soon after with the other two pieces, and then the rest followed me. I ran for it and got into my governess's house, whither some quick-eyed people followed me so warmly as to fix me there. They did not immediately knock at the door, by which I got time to throw of my disguise and dress me in my own clothes; besides, when they came there, my governess, who had her tale ready, kept her door shut, and called out to them and told them there was no man come in there. The people affirmed there did a man come in there, and swore they would break open the door.

My governess, not at all surprised, spoke calmly to them, told them they should very freely come and search her house, if they would bring a constable, and let in none but such as the constable would admit, for it was unreasonable to let in a whole crowd. This they could not refuse, though they were a crowd. So a constable was fetched immediately, and she very freely opened the door; the constable kept the door, and the men he appointed searched the house, my governess going with them from room to room. When she came to my room she called to me, and said aloud, 'Cousin, pray open the door; here's some gentlemen that must come and look into your room.'

I had a little girl with me, which was my governess's grandchild, as she called her; and I bade her open the door, and there sat I at work with a great litter of things about me, as if I had been at work all day, being undressed, with only night-clothes on my head, and a loose morninggown about me. My governess made a kind of excuse for their disturbing me, telling partly the occasion of it, and that she had no remedy but to open the doors to them, and let them satisfy themselves, for all she could say would not satisfy them. I sat still, and bid them search if they pleased, for if there was anybody in the house, I was sure they were not in my room; and for the rest of the house, I had nothing to say to that, I did not understand what they looked for.

Everyhing looked so innocent and so honest about me, that they treated me civiller than I expected; but it was not till they had searched the room to a nicety, even under the bed, and in the bed, and everywhere else, where it was possible anything could be hid. When they had done, and could find nothing, they asked my pardon and went down.

This was indeed probable enough, and the justice satisfied himself with giving her an oath that she had not received or admitted any man into her house to conceal him, or protect or hide him from justice. This oath she might justly take, and did so, and so she was dismissed.

It is easy to judge what a fright I was in upon this occasion, and it was impossible for my governess ever to bring me to dress in that disguise again; for, as I told her, I should certainly betray myself.

My poor partner in this mischief was now in a bad case, for he was carried away before my Lord Mayor, and by his worship committed to Newgate, and the people that took him were so willing, as well as able, to prosecute him, that they offered themselves to enter into recognisances to appear at the sessions, and pursue the charge against him.

However, he got his indictment deferred, upon promise to discover his accomplices, and particularly the man that was concerned with him in this robbery; and he failed not to do his endeavour, for he gave in my name, whom he called Gabriel Spencer, which was the name I went by to him; and here appeared the wisdom of my concealing myself from him, without which I had been undone.

He did all he could to discover this Gabriel Spencer; he described me; he discovered the place where he said I lodged; and, in a word, all the particulars that he could of my dwelling; but having concealed the main circumstances of my sex from him, I had a vast advantage, and he could never hear of me. He brought two or three families into trouble by his endeavouring to find me out, but they knew nothing of me, any more than that he had a fellow with him that they had seen, but knew nothing of. And as to my governess, though she was the means of his coming to me, yet it was done at second-hand, and he knew nothing of her neither.

This turned to his disadvantage; for having promised discoveries, but not being able to make it good, it was looked upon as trifling, and he was the more fiercely pursued by the shopkeeper.

I was, however, terribly uneasy all this while, and that I might be quite out of the way, I went away from my governess for a while;

but not knowing whither to wander, I took a maid-servant with me, and took the stage-coach to Dunstable, to my old landlord and landlady, where I lived so handsomely with my Lancashire husband. Here I told her a formal story, that I expected my husband every day from Ireland, and that I had sent a letter to him that I would meet him at Dunstable at her house, and that he would certainly land, if the wind was fair, in a few days; so that I was come to spend a few days with them till he could come, for he would either come post, or in the West Chester coach, I knew not which; but whichsoever it was, he would be sure to come to that house to meet me.

My landlady was mighty glad to see me, and my landlord made such a stir with me, that if I had been a princess I could not have been better used, and here I might have been welcome a month or two if I had thought fit.

But my business was of another nature. I was very uneasy (though so well disguised that it was scarce possible to detect me) lest this fellow should find me out; and though he could not charge me with the robbery, having persuaded him not to venture, and having done nothing of it myself, yet he might have charged me with other things, and have bought his own life at the expense of mine.

This filled me with horrible apprehensions. I had no resource, no friend, no confidant but my old governess, and I knew no remedy but to put my life into her hands; and so I did, for I let her know where to send to me, and had several letters from her while I stayed here. Some of them almost scared me out of my wits; but at last she sent me the joyful news that he was hanged, which was the best news to me that I had heard a great while.

I had stayed here five weeks, and lived very comfortably indeed, the secret anxiety of my mind excepted. But when I received this letter I looked pleasantly again, and told my landlady that I had received a letter from my spouse in Ireland, that I had the good news of his being very well, but had the bad news that his business would not permit him to come away so soon as he expected, and so I was like to go back again without him.

My landlady complimented me upon the good news, however, that I had heard he was well. ‘For I have observed, madam’, says she, ‘you han’t been so pleasant as you used to be; you have been over head and ears in care for him, I dare say’, says the good woman; ‘’tis easy to be seen there’s an alteration in you for the better’ says she. ‘Well, I am sorry the squire can’t come yet’ says my landlord; ‘I should have been heartily glad to have seen him. When you have certain news of his coming, you’ll take a step hither again, madam’, says he; ‘you shall be very welcome whenever you please to come.’

With all these fine compliments we parted, and I came merry enough to London, and found my governess as well pleased as I was. And now she told me she would never recommend any partner to me again, for she always found, she said, that I had the best luck when I ventured by myself. And so indeed I had, for I was seldom in any danger when I was by myself, or if I was, I got out of it with more dexterity than when I was entangled with the dull measures of other people, who had perhaps less forecast, and were more impatient than I; for though I had as much courage to venture as any of them, yet I used more caution before I undertook a thing, and had more presence of mind to bring myself off.

I have often wondered even at my own hardiness another way, that when all my companions were surprised, and fell so suddenly into the hand of justice, yet I could not all this while enter into one serious resolution to leave off this trade, and especially considering that I was now very far from being poor; that the temptation of necessity, which is the general introduction of all such wickedness, was now removed; that I had near £500 by me in ready money, on which I might have lived very well, if I had thought fit to have retired; but, I say, I had not so much as the least inclination to leave off; no, not so much as I had before, when I had but £200 beforehand, and when I had no such frightful examples before my eyes as these were. From hence ’tis evident, that when once we are hardened in crime, no fear can affect us, no example give us any warning.

I had indeed one comrade, whose fate went very near me for a good while, though I wore it off too in time. That case was indeed very unhappy. I had made a prize of a piece of very good damask in a mercer’s shop, and went clear off myself, but had conveyed the piece to this companion of mine, when we went out of the shop, and she went one way, I went another. We had not been long out of the shop but the mercer missed the piece of stuff, and sent his messengers, one one way, and one another, and they presently seized her that had the piece, with the damask upon her; as for me, I had very luckily stepped into a house where there was a lace chamber, up one pair of stairs, and had the satisfaction, or the terror, indeed, of looking out of the window, and seeing the poor creature dragged away to the justice, who immediately committed her to Newgate.

I was careful to attempt nothing in the lace chamber, but tumbled their goods pretty much to spend time; then bought a few yards of edging, and paid for it, and came away very sad-hearted indeed, for the poor woman who was in tribulation for what I only had stolen.

Here again my old caution stood me in good stead; though I often robbed with these people, yet I never let them know who I was,

nor could they ever find out my lodging, though they often endeavoured to watch me to it. They all knew me by the name of Moll Flanders, though even some of them rather believed I was she than knew me to be so. My name was public among them indeed, but how to find me out they knew not, nor so much as how to guess at my quarters, whether they were at the east end of the town or the west; and this wariness was my safety upon all these occasions.

I kept close a great while upon the occasion of this woman's disaster. I knew that if I should do anything that should miscarry, and should be carried to prison, she would be there, and ready to witness against me, and perhaps save her life at my expense. I considered that I began to be very well known by name at the Old Bailey, though they did not know my face, and that if I should fall into their hands, I should be treated as an old offender; and for this reason I was resolved to see what this poor creature's fate should be before I stirred, though several times in her distress I conveyed money to her for her relief.

At length she came to her trial. She pleaded she did not steal the things, but that one Mrs Flanders, as she heard her called (for she did not know her), gave the bundle to her after they came out of the shop, and bade her carry it home. They asked her where this Mrs Flanders was, but she could not produce her, neither could she give the least account of me; and the mercer's men swearing positively that she was in the shop when the goods were stolen, that they immediately missed them, and pursued her, and found them upon her, thereupon the jury brought her in guilty; but the court considering that she really was not the person that stole the goods, and that it was very possible she could not find out this Mrs Flanders, meaning me, though it would save her life, which indeed was true, they allowed her to be transported; which was the utmost favour she could obtain, only that the court told her, if she could in the meantime produce the said Mrs Flanders, they would intercede for her pardon; that is to say, if she could find me out, and hang me, she should not be transported. This I took care to make impossible to her, and so she was shipped off in pursuance of her sentence a little while after.

I must repeat it again, that the fate of this poor woman troubled me exceedingly, and I began to be very pensive, knowing that I was really the instrument of her disaster; but my own life, which was so evidently in danger, took off my tenderness: and seeing she was not put to death, I was easy at her transportation, because she was then out of the way of doing me any mischief, whatever should happen.

The disaster of this woman was some months before that of the last-recited story, and was indeed partly the occasion of my governess proposing to dress me up in men's clothes, that I might go about unobserved; but I was soon tired of that disguise, as I have said, for it exposed me to too many difficulties.

I was now easy as to all fear of witnesses against me, for all those that had either been concerned with me, or that knew me by the name of Moll Flanders, were either hanged or transported; and if I should have had the misfortune to be taken, I might call myself anything else, as well as Moll Flanders and, no old sins could be placed to my account; so I began to run a-tick again, with the more freedom, and several successful adventures I made, though not such as I had made before.

We had at that time another fire happened not a great way off from the place where my governess lived, and I made an attempt there as before; but as I was not soon enough before the crowd of people came in, and could not get to the house I aimed at, instead of a prize, I got a mischief, which had almost put a period to my life and all my wicked doings together; for the fire being very furious, and the people in a great fright in removing their goods, and throwing them out of window, a wench from out of a window threw a feather-bed just upon me. It is true, the bed being soft, it broke no bones; but as the weight was great, and made greater by the fall, it beat me down, and laid me dead for a while: nor did the people concern themselves much to deliver me from it, or to recover me at all; but I lay like one dead and neglected a good while, till somebody going to remove the bed out of the way, helped me up. It was indeed a wonder the people in the house had not thrown other goods out after it, and which might have fallen upon it, and then I had been inevitably killed; but I was reserved for further afflictions.

This accident, however, spoiled my market for that time, and I came home to my governess very much hurt and frighted, and it was a good while before she could set me upon my feet again.

It was now a merry time of the year, and Bartholomew Fair was begun. I had never made any walks that way, nor was the fair of much advantage to me; but I took a turn this year into the cloisters, and there I fell into one of the raffling shops. It was a thing of no great consequence to me, but there came a gentleman extremely well dressed and very rich, and as 'tis frequent to talk to everybody in those shops, he singled me out, and was very particular with me. First he told me he would put in for me to raffle, and did so; and some small matter coming to his lot, he presented it to me I think it was a feather muff; then he continued to keep talking to me with a more than common appearance of respect, but still very civil, and much like a gentleman.

He held me in talk so long, till at last he drew me out of the raffling place to the shop-door, and then to take a walk in the cloister, still talking of a thousand things cursorily without anything to the purpose. At last he told me that he was charmed with my company, and asked me if I durst trust myself in a coach with him; he told me he was a man of honour, and would not offer

anything to me unbecoming him. I seemed to decline it a while, but suffered myself to be importuned a little, and then yielded.

I was at a loss in my thoughts to conclude at first what this gentleman designed; but I found afterward he had had some drink in his head, and that he was not very unwilling to have some more. He carried me to the Spring Garden, at Knightsbridge, where we walked in the gardens, and he treated me very handsomely; but I found he drank freely. He pressed me also to drink, but I declined it.

Hitherto he kept his word with me, and offered me nothing amiss. We came away in the coach again, and he brought me into the streets, and by this time it was near ten o'clock at night, when he stopped the coach at a house where, it seems, he was acquainted, and where they made no scruple to show us upstairs into a room with a bed in it. At first I seemed to be unwilling to go up, but after a few words I yielded to that too, being indeed willing to see the end of it, and in hopes to make something of it at last. As for the bed, &c., I was not much concerned about that part.

Here he began to be a little freer with me than he had promised; and I by little and little yielded to everything, so that, in a word, he did what he pleased with, me; I need say no more. All this while he drank freely too, and about one in the morning we went into the coach again. The air and the shaking of the coach made the drink get more up in his head, and he grew uneasy, and was for acting over again what he had been doing before; but as I thought my game now secure, I resisted, and brought him to be a little still, which had not lasted five minutes but he fell fast asleep.

I took this opportunity to search him to a nicety. I took a gold watch, with a silk purse of gold, his fine full-bottom periwig and silver-fringed gloves, his sword and fine snuff-box, and gently opening the coachdoor, stood ready to jump out while the coach was going on; but the coach stopping in the narrow street beyond Temple Bar to let another coach pass, I got softly out, fastened the door again, and gave my gentleman and the coach the slip together.

This was an adventure indeed unlooked for, and perfectly undesigned by me; though I was not so past the merry part of life as to forget how to behave, when a fop so blinded by his appetite should not know an old woman from a young. I did not indeed look so old as I was by ten or twelve years; yet I was not a young wench of seventeen, and it was easy enough to be distinguished. There is nothing so absurd, so surfeiting, so ridiculous, as a man heated by wine in his head, and a wicked gust in his inclination together; he is in the possession of two devils at once, and can no more govern himself by his reason than a mill can grind without water; vice tramples upon all that was in him that had any good in it; nay, his very sense is blinded by its own rage, and he acts absurdities even in his view; such as drinking more, when he is drunk already; picking up a common woman, without any regard to what she is or who she is; whether sound or rotten, clean or unclean; whether ugly or handsome, old or young; and so blinded as not really to distinguish. Such a man is worse than lunatic; prompted by his vicious head, he no more knows what he is doing than this wretch of mine knew when I picked his pocket of his watch and his purse of gold.

These are the men of whom Solomon says, 'They go like an ox to the slaughter, till a dart strikes through their liver—'an admirable description, by the way, of the foul disease, which is a poisonous deadly contagion mingling with the blood, whose centre or fountain is in the liver; from whence, by the swift circulation of the whole mass, that dreadful nauseous plague strikes immediately through his liver, and his spirits are infected, his vitals stabbed through as with a dart.

It is true this poor unguarded wretch was in no danger from me, though I was greatly apprehensive at first what danger I might be in from him; but he was really to be pitied in one respect, that he seemed to be a good sort of a man in himself: a gentleman that had no harm in his design; a man of sense, and of a fine behaviour, a comely handsome person, a sober and solid countenance, a charming beautiful face, and everything that could be agreeable; only had unhappily had some drink the night before; had not been in bed, as he told me when we were together; was hot, and his blood fired with wine, and in that condition his reason, as it were asleep, had given him up.

As for me, my business was his money, and what I could make of him; and after that, if I could have found out any way to have done it, I would have sent him safe home to his house and to his family, for 'twas ten to one but he had an honest, virtuous wife and innocent children, that were anxious for his safety, and would have been glad to have gotten him home, and taken care of him, till he was restored to himself; and then with what shame and regret would he look back upon himself! how would he reproach himself with associating himself with a whore! picked up in the worst of all holes, the cloister, among the dirt and filth of the town! how would he be trembling for fear he had got the pox, for fear a dart had struck through his liver, and hate himself every time he looked back upon the madness and brutality of his debauch! how would he, if he had any principles of honour, abhor the thought of giving any ill distemper, if he had it, as for aught he knew he might, to his modest and virtuous wife, and thereby sowing the contagion in the life-blood of his posterity!

Would such gentlemen but consider the contemptible thoughts which the very women they are concerned with, in such cases as these, have of them, it would be a surfeit to them. As I said above, they value not the pleasure, they are raised by no inclination

to the man, the passive jade thinks of no pleasure but the money; and when he is, as it were, drunk in the ecstasies of his wicked pleasure, her hands are in his pockets for what she can find there, and of which he can no more be sensible in the moment of his folly than he can fore-think of it when he goes about it.

I knew a woman that was so dexterous with a fellow, who indeed deserved no better usage, that while he was busy with her another way, conveyed his purse with twenty guineas in it out of his fob-pocket, where he had put it for fear of her, and put another purse with gilded counters in it into the room of it. After he had done he says to her, 'Now han't you picked my pocket?' She jested with him, and told him she supposed he had not much to lose; he put his hand to his fob, and with his fingers felt that his purse was there, which fully satisfied him, and so she brought off his money. And this was a trade with her; she kept a sham gold watch and a purse of counters in her pocket to be ready on all such occasions, and I doubt not practised it with success.

I came home with this last booty to my governess,, and really when I told her the story, it so affected her that she was hardly able to forbear tears, to think how such a gentleman ran a daily risk of being undone, every time a glass of wine got into his head.

But as to the purchase I got, and how entirely I stripped him, she told me it pleased her wonderfully. 'Nay, child', says she, 'the usage may, for aught I know, do more to reform him than all the sermons that ever he will hear in his life.' And if the remainder of the story be true, so it did.

I found the next day she was wonderful inquisitive about this gentleman; the description I gave her of him, his dress, his person, his face, all concurred to make her think of a gentleman whose character she knew. She mused a while, and I going on in the particulars, says she. 'I lay £100 I know the man.'

'I am sorry if you do', says I, 'for I would not have him exposed on any account in the world; he has had injury enough already, and I would not be instrumental to do him any more.' 'No, no', says she; 'I will do him no injury, but you may let me satisfy my curiosity a little, for if it is he, I warrant you I find it out.' I was a little startled at that, and I told her, with an apparent concern in my face, that by the same rule he might find me out, and then I was undone. She returned warmly, 'Why, do you think I will betray you, child? No, no', says she, 'not for all he is worth in the world. I have kept your counsel in worse things than these? sure you may trust me in this.' So I said no more.

She laid her scheme another way, and without acquainting me with it, but she was resolved to find it out. So she goes to a certain friend of hers, who was acquainted in the family that she guessed at, and told her she had some extraordinary business with such a gentleman (who, by the way, was no less than a baronet and of a very good family), and that she knew not how to come at him without somebody to introduce her. Her friend promised her readily to do it, and accordingly goes to the house to see if the gentleman was in town.

The next day she comes to my governess and tells her that Sir —— was at home, but that he had met with a disaster and was very ill, and there was no speaking to him. 'What disaster?' says my governess hastily, as if she was surprised at it. 'Why', says her friend, 'he had been at Hampstead to visit a gentleman of his acquaintance, and as he came back again, he was set upon and robbed; and having got a little drink too, as they suppose, the rogues abused him, and he is very ill.' 'Robbed!' says my governess, 'and what did they take from him?' 'Why', says her friend, 'they took his gold watch and his gold snuff-box, his fine periwig, and what money he had in his pocket, which was considerable, to be sure, for Sir —— never goes without a purse of guineas about him.'

'Pshaw!', says my old governess, jeering, 'I warrant you he has got drunk now, and got a whore, and she has picked his pocket, and so he comes home to his wife and tells her he has been robbed; that's an old sham; a thousand such tricks are put upon the poor women every day.'

'Fie!' says her friend; 'I find you don't know Sir ——; why, he is as civil a gentleman, there is not a finer man, nor a soberer, modester person in the whole city; he abhors such things; there's nobody that knows him will think such a thing of him.' 'Well, well', says my governess, 'that's none of my business; if it was, I warrant I should find there was something of that in it; your modest men in common opinion are sometimes no better than other people, only they keep a better character, or, if you please, are the better hypocrites.'

'No, no', says her friend, 'I can assure you Sir —— is no hypocrite; he is really an honest, sober gentleman, and he has certainly been robbed.' 'Nay', says my governess, 'it may be he has; it is no business of mine, I tell you; I only want to speak with him; my business is of another nature.' 'But', says her friend, 'let your business be of what nature it will, you cannot see him yet, for he is not fit to be seen, for he is very ill, and bruised very much.' 'Ay', says my governess, 'nay, then he has fallen into bad hands, to be sure.' And then she asked gravely, 'Pray, where is he bruised?' 'Why, in his head', says her friend, 'and one of his hands, and his face, for they used him barbarously.' 'Poor gentleman', says my governess. 'I must wait, then, till he recovers'; and adds, 'I hope it

will not be long.'

Away she comes to me, and tells me this story. 'I have found out your fine gentleman, and a fine gentleman he was', says she; 'but, mercy on him, he is in a sad pickle now. I wonder what the d—— you have done to him; why, you have almost killed him.' I looked at her with disorder enough. 'I killed him!' says I; 'you must mistake the person; I am sure I did nothing to him; he was very well when I left him', said I, 'only drunk and fast asleep.' 'I know nothing of that', says she; 'but he is in a sad pickle now'; and so she told me all that her friend had said. 'Well, then', says I, 'he fell into bad hands after I left him, for I left him safe enough.'

About ten days after, my governess goes again to her friend, to introduce her to this gentleman; sne had inquired other ways in the meantime, and found that he was about again, so she got leave to speak with him.

She was a woman of an admirable address, and wanted nobody to introduce her; she told her tale much better than I shall be able to tell it for her, for she was mistress of her tongue, as I said already. She told him that she came, though a stranger, with a single design of doing him a service, and he should find she had no other end in it; that as she came purely on so friendly an account, she begged a promise from him, that if he did not accept what she should officiously propose, he would not take it ill that she meddled with what was not her business; she assured him that as what she had to say was a secret that belonged to him only, so whether he accepted her offer or not, it should remain a secret to all the world, unless he exposed it himself; nor should his refusing her service in it make her so little show her respect as to do him the least injury, so that he should be entirely at liberty to act as he thought fit.

He looked very shy at first, and said he knew nothing that related to him that required much secrecy; that he had never done any man any wrong, and cared not what anybody might say of him; that it was no part of his character to be unjust to anybody, nor could he imagine in what any man could render him any service; but that if it was as she said, he could not take it ill from any one that should endeavour to serve him; and so, as it were, left her at liberty either to tell him or not to tell him, as she thought fit.

She found him so perfectly indifferent, that she was almost afraid to enter into the point with him; but, however, after some other circumlocutions, she told him, that by a strange and unaccountable accident she came to have a particular knowledge of the late unhappy adventure he had fallen into, and that in such a manner that there was nobody in the world but herself and him that were acquainted with it, no, not the very person that was with him.

He looked a little angrily at first. 'What adventure?' said he. 'Why, sir', said she, "of your being robbed coming from Knightsbr—; Hampstead, sir, I should say', says she. 'Be not surprised, sir', says she, 'that I am able to tell you every step you took that day from the cloister in Smithfield to the Spring Garden at Knightsbridge, and thence to the —— in the Strand, and how you were left asleep in the coach afterwards. I say, let not this surprise you, for, sir, I do not come to make a booty of you, I ask nothing of you, and I assure you the woman that was with you knows nothing who you are, and never shall; and yet perhaps I may serve you further still, for I did not come barely to let you know that I was informed of these things, as if I wanted a bribe to conceal them; assure yourself, sir', said she, 'that whatever you think fit to do or say to me, it shall be all a secret, as it is, as much as if I were in my grave.'

He was astonished at her discourse, and said gravely to her, 'Madam, you are a stranger to me, but it is very unfortunate that you should be let into the secret of the worst action of my life, and a thing that I am justly ashamed of, in which the only satisfaction I had was, that I thought it was known only to God and my own conscience.' 'Pray, sir', says she, 'do not reckon the discovery of it to me to be any part of your misfortune. It was a thing, I believe, you were surprised into, and perhaps the woman used some art to prompt you to it. However, you will never find any just cause', said she, 'to repent that I came to hear of it; nor can your mouth be more silent in it than I have been, and ever shall be.'

'Well', says he, 'but let me do some justice to the woman too; whoever she is, I do assure you she prompted me to nothing, she rather declined me. It was my own folly and madness that brought me into it all; ay, and brought her into it too; I must give her her due so far. As to what she took from me, I could expect no less from her in the condition I was in, and to this hour I know not whether she robbed me or the coachman; if she did it, I forgive her. I think all gentlemen that do so should be used in the same manner; but I am more concerned for some other things than I am for all that she took from me.'

My governess now began to come into the whole matter, and he opened himself freely to her. First, she said to him, in answer to what he had said about me, 'I am glad, sir, you are so just to the person that you were with. I assure you she is a gentlewoman, and no woman of thf town; and however you prevailed with her as you did, I am sure 'tis no her practice. You ran a great venture indeed, sir; but if that be part of your care, you may be perfectly easy, for I do assure you no man has touched her before you, since her husband, and he has been dead now almost eight years.'

It appeared that this was his grievance, and that he was in a very great fright about it; however, when my governess said this to

him, he appeared very well pleased, and said, 'Well, madam, to be plain with you, if I was satisfied of that, the temptation was great, and perhaps she was poor, and wanted it.' 'If she had not been poor, sir', says she, 'I assure you she would never have yielded to you; and as her poverty first prevailed with you to let you do as you did, so the same poverty prevailed with her to pay herself at last, when she saw you was in such a condition, that if she had not done it, perhaps the next coachman or chairman might have done it more to your hurt.'

'Well', says he, 'much good may it do her. I say again, all the gentlemen that do so ought to be used in the same manner, and then they would be cautious of themselves. I have no concern about it, but on the score which you hinted at before.' Here he entered into some freedoms with her on the subject of what passed between us, which are not so proper for a woman to write, and the great terror that was upon his mind with relation to his wife, for fear he should have received any injury from me, and should communicate it farther; and asked her at last if she could not procure him an opportunity to speak with me. My governess gave him further assurances of my being a woman clear from any such thing, and that he was as entirely safe in that respect as he was with his own lady; but, as for seeing me, she said, it might be of dangerous consequence; but, however, that she would talk with me, and let him know, endeavouring at the same time to persuade him not to desire it, and that it could be of no service to him, seeing she hoped he had no desire to renew the correspondence, and that on my account it was a kind of putting my life in his hands.

He told her he had a great desire to see me, that he would give her any assurances that were in his power not to take any advantages of me, and that in the first place he would give me a general release from all demands of any kind. She insisted how it might tend to further divulging the secret, and might be injurious to him, entreating him not to press for it; so at length he desisted.

They had some discourse upon the subject of the things he had lost, and he seemed to be very desirous of his gold watch, and told her, if she could procure that for him, he would willingly give as much for it as it was worth. She told him she would endeavour to procure it for him, and leave the valuing it to himself,

Accordingly the next day she carried the watch, and he gave her thirty guineas for it, which was more than I should have been able to make of it, though it seems it cost much more. He spoke something of his periwig, which it seems cost him threescore guineas, and his snuff-box; and in a few days more she carried them too, which obliged him very much, and he gave her thirty more. The next day I sent him his fine sword and cane gratis, and demanded nothing of him, but had no mind to see him, unless he might be satisfied I knew who he was, which he was not willing to.

Then he entered into a long talk with her of the manner how she came to know all this matter. She formed a long tale of that part; how she had it from one that I had told the whole story to, and that was to help me dispose of the goods; and this confidante brought things to her, she being by profession a pawnbroker; and she, hearing of his worship's disaster, guessed at the thing in general; that having gotten the things into her hands, she had resolved to come and try as she had done. She then gave him repeated assurances that it should never go out of her mouth, and though she knew the woman very well, yet she had not let her know, meaning me, anything of who the person was, which, by the way, was false; but, however, it was not to his damage, for I never opened my mouth of it to anybody.

I had a great many thoughts in my head about my seeing him again, and was often sorry that I had refused it. I was persuaded that if I had seen him, and let him know that I knew him, I should have made some advantage of him, and perhaps have had some maintenance from him; and though it was a life wicked enough, yet it was not so full of danger as this I was engaged in. However, those thoughts wore off, and I declined seeing him again, for that time; but my governess saw him often, and he was very kind to her, giving her something almost every time he saw her. One time in particular she found him very merry, and, as she thought, he had some wine in his head then, and he pressed her again to let him see the woman that, as he said, had bewitched him so that night, my governess, who was from the beginning for my seeing him, told him he was so desirous of it that she could almost yield to it, if she could prevail upon me; adding that if he would please to come to her house in the evening, she would endeavour it, upon his repeated assurances of forgetting what was past.

Accordingly she came to me, and told me all the discourse; in short, she soon biassed me to consent, in a case which I had some regret in my mind for declining before; so I prepared to see him. I dressed me to all the advantage possible, I assure you, and for the first time used a little art; I say for the first time, for I had never yielded to the baseness of paint before, having always had vanity enough to believe I had no need of it.

At the hour appointed he came; and as she observed before, so it was plain still, that he had been drinking, though very far from what we call being in drink. He appeared exceeding pleased to see me, and entered into a long discourse with me upon the whole affair. I begged his pardon very often for my share of it, protested I had not any such design when first I met him, that I had not gone out with him but that I took him for a very civil gentleman, and that he made me so many promises of offering no incivility

to me.

He alleged the wine he drank, and that he scarce knew what he did, and that if it had not been so, he should never have taken the freedom with me he had done. He protested to me that he never touched any woman but me since he was married to his wife, and it was a surprise upon him; complimented me upon being so particularly agreeable to him, and the like; and talked so much of that kind, till I found he had talked himself almost into a temper to do the thing again. But I took him up short. I protested I had never suffered any man to touch me since my husband died, which was near eight years. He said he believed it; and added that madam had intimated as much to him, and that it was his opinion of that part which made him desire to see me again; and, since he had once broken in upon his virtue with me and found no ill consequences, he could be safe in venturing again; and so, in short, he went on to what I expected, and to what will not bear relating.

My old governess had foreseen it, as well as I, and therefore led him into a room which had not a bed in it, and yet had a chamber within it which had a bed, whither we withdrew for the rest of the night; and, in short, after some time being together, he went to bed, and lay there all night. I withdrew, but came again undressed before it was day, and lay with him the rest of the time.

Thus, you see, having committed a crime once is a sad handle to the committing of it again; all the reflections wear off when the temptation renews itself. Had I not yielded to see him again, the corrupt desire in him had worn off, and 'tis very probable he had never fallen into it with anybody else, as I really believe he had not done before.

When he went away, I told him I hoped he was satisfied he had not been robbed again. He told me he was fully satisfied in that point, and putting his hand in his pocket, gave me five guineas, which was the first money I had gained that way for many years.

I had several visits of the like kind from him, but he never came into a settled way of maintenance, which was what I would have been best pleased with. Once, indeed, he asked me how I did to live, I answered him pretty quick, that I assured him I had never taken that course that I took with him, but that indeed I worked at my needle, and could just maintain myself; that sometimes it was as much as I was able to do, and I shifted hard enough.

He seemed to reflect upon himself that he should be the first person to lead me into that which he assured me he never intended to do himself; and it touched him a little, he said, that he should be the cause of his own sin and mine too. He would often make just reflections also upon the crime itself, and upon the particular circumstances of it, with respect to himself; how wine introduced the inclinations, how the devil led him to the place, and found out an object to tempt him, and he made the moral always himself.

When these thoughts were upon him he would go away, and perhaps not come again in a month's time or longer; but then, as the serious part wore off, the lewd part would wear in, and then he came prepared for the wicked part. Thus we lived for some time; though he did not keep, as they call it, yet he never failed doing things that were handsome, and sufficient to maintain me without working, and, which was better, without following my old trade.

But this affair had its end too; for after about a year, I found that he did not come so often as usual, and at last he left it off altogether without any dislike or bidding adieu; and so there was an end of that short scene of life, which added no great store to me, only to make more work for repentance.

During this interval I confined myself pretty much at home; at least, being thus provided for, I made no adventures, no, not for a quarter of a year after; but then finding the fund fail, and being loth to spend upon the main stock, I began to think of my old trade, and to look abroad into the street; and my first step was lucky enough.

I had dressed myself up in a very mean habit, for as I had several shapes to appear in, I was now in an ordinary stuff gown, a blue apron, and a straw hat; and I placed myself at the door of the Three Cups Inn in St John's Street. There were several carriers used the inn, and the stage-coaches for Earner, for Totteridge, and other towns that way stood always in the street in the evening, when they prepared to set out, so that I was ready for anything that offered. The meaning was this; people come frequently with bundles and small parcels to those inns, and call for such carriers or coaches as they want, to carry them into the country; and there generally attend women, porters' wives or daughters, ready to take in such things for the people that employ them.

It happened very oddly that I was standing at the inn-gate, and a woman that stood there before, and which was the porter's wife belonging to the Barnet stagecoach, having observed me, asked if I waited for any of the coaches. I told her, yes, I waited for my mistress, that was coming to go to Barnet. She asked me who was my mistress, and I told her any madam's name that came next me; but it seemed I happened upon a name, a family of which name lived at Hadley, near Barnet.

I said no more to her, or she to me, a good while; but by-and-by, somebody calling her at a door a little way off, she desired me

that if anybody called for the Barnet coach, I would step and call her at the house, which it seems was an alehouse. I said 'Yes', very readily, and away she went.

She was no sooner gone but comes a wench and a child, puffing and sweating, and asks for the Barnet coach. I answered presently, 'Here.' 'Do you belong to the Barnet coach?' says she. 'Yes, sweetheart', said I; 'what do you want?' 'I want room for two passengers', says she. 'Where are they, sweetheart?' said I. 'Here's this girl; pray let her go into the coach', says she; 'and I'll go and fetch my mistress.' 'Make haste, then, sweetheart', says I, 'for we may be full else.' The maid had a great bundle under her arm; so she put the child into the coach, and I said, 'You had best put your bundle into the coach too.' 'No', said she; 'I am afraid somebody should slip it away from the child.' 'Give it me, then' said I. 'Take it, then', says she; 'and be sure you take care of it.' 'I'll answer for it', said I, 'if it were £20 value.' 'There, take it, then', says she, and away she goes.

As soon as I got the bundle, and the maid was out of sight, I goes on towards the alehouse, where the porter's wife was, so that if I had met her, I had then only been going to give her the bundle and to call her to her business, as if I was going away, and could stay no longer; but as I did not meet her, I walked away, and turning into Charterhouse Lane, made off through Charterhouse Yard, into Long Lane, then into Bartholomew, Close, so into Little Britain, and through the Bluecoat Hospital, to Newgate Street.

To prevent being known, I pulled off my blue apron, and wrapt the bundle in it, which was made up in a piece of painted calico; I also wrapt up my straw hat in it, and so put the bundle upon my head; and it was very well that I did thus, for coming through the Bluecoat Hospital, who should I meet but the wench that had given me the bundle to hold. It seems she was going with her mistress, whom she had been to fetch, to the Barnet coaches.

I saw she was in haste, and I had no business to stop her; so away she went, and I brought my bundle safe to my governess. There was no money, plate, or jewels in it, but a very good suit of Indian damask, a gown and petticoat, a laced head and ruffles of very good Flanders lace, and some other things, such as I knew very well the value of.

This was not indeed my own invention, but was given me by one that practised it with success, and my governess liked it extremely; and indeed tried it again several times, though never twice near the same place; for the next time I tried in Whitechapel, just by the corner of Petticoat Lane, where the coaches stand that go out to Stratford and Bow, and that side of the country; and another time at the Flying Horse without Bishopsgate, where the Cheston coaches then lay; and I had always the good luck to come off with some booty.

Another time I placed myself at a warehouse by the water-side, where the coasting vessels from the north come, such as Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Sunderland, and other places. Here, the warehouse being shut, comes a young fellow with a letter; and he wanted a box and a hamper that was come from Newcastle-uponTyne, I asked him if he had the marks of it; so he shows me the letter, by virtue of which he was to ask for it, and which gave an account of the contents, the box being full of linen and the hamper full of glass ware. I read the letter, and took care to see the name, and the marks, the name of the person that sent the goods, and the name of the person they were sent to; then I bade the messenger come in the morning, for that the warehouse-keeper would not be there any more that night.

Away went I, and wrote a letter from Mr, John Richardson of Newcastle to his dear cousin, Jemmy Cole, in London, with an account that he had sent by such a vessel (for I remembered all the particulars to a tittle) so many pieces of huckaback linen, and so many ells of Dutch holland, and the like, in a box, and a hamper of flint glasses from Mr Henzill's glass-house; and that the box was marked I. C. No. I, and the hamper was directed by a label on the cording.

About an hour after, I came to the warehouse, found the warehouse-keeper, and had the goods delivered me without any scruple; the value of the linen being about £22.

I could fill up this whole discourse with the variety of such adventures, which daily invention directed to, and which I managed with the utmost dexterity, and always with success.

At length—as when does the pitcher come safe home that goes so often to the well?—I fell into some broils, which though they could not affect me fatally, yet made me known, which was the worst thing next to being found guilty that could befall me.

I had taken up the disguise of a widow's dress; it was without any real design in view, but only waiting for anything that might offer, as I often did. It happened that while I was going along a street in Covent Garden, there was a great cry of 'Stop thief! stop thief!' Some artists had, it seems, put a trick upon a shopkeeper, and being pursued, some of them fled one way and some another; and one of them was, they said, dressed up in widow's weeds, upon which the mob gathered about me, and some said I was the person, others said no. Immediately came the mercer's journeyman, and he swore aloud I was the person, and so seized on me. However, when I was brought back by the mob to the mercer's shop, the master of the house said freely that I was not the

woman, and would have let me go immediately, but another fellow said gravely, ‘Pray stay till Mr ——’, meaning the journeyman, ‘comes back, for he knows her’; so they kept me near half-an-hour.

They had called a constable, and he stood in the shop as my jailer. In talking with the constable I inquired where he lived, and what trade he was; the man not apprehending in the least what happened afterwards, readily told me his name, and where he lived; and told me, as a jest, that I might be sure to hear of his name when I came to the Old Bailey. The servants likewise used me saucily, and had much ado to keep their hands off me; the master indeed was civiller to me than they; but he would not let me go, though he owned I was not in his shop before.

I began to be a little surly with him, and told him I hoped he would not take it ill if I made myself amends upon him another time; and desired I might send for friends to see me have right done. No, he said, he could give no such liberty; I might ask it when I came before the justice of the peace; and seeing I threatened him, he would take care of me in the meantime, and would lodge me safe in Newgate. I told him it was his time now, but it would be mine by-and-by, and governed my passion as well as I was able. However, I spoke to the constable to call me a porter, which he did, and then I called for pen, ink, and paper, but they would let me have none. I asked the porter his name, and where he lived, and the poor man told it me very willingly. I bade him observe and remember how I was treated there; that he saw I was detained there by force. I told him I should want him in another place, and it should not be the worse for him to speak. The porter said he would serve me with all his heart. ‘But, madam’, says he, ‘let me hear them refuse to let you go, then I may be able to speak the plainer.’

With that, I spoke aloud to the master of the shop, and said, ‘Sir, you know in your own conscience that I am not the person you look for, and that I was not in your shop before; therefore I demand that you detain me here no longer, or tell me the reason of your stopping me.’ The fellow grew surlier upon this than before, and said he would do neither till he thought fit. ‘Very well’, said I to the constable and to the porter; ‘you will be pleased to remember this, gentlemen, another time.’ The porter said, ‘Yes, madam’; and the constable began not to like it, and would have persuaded the mercer to dismiss him, and let me go, since, as he said, he owned I was not the person. ‘Good sir’, says the mercer to him tauntingly, ‘are you a justice of peace or a constable? I charged you with her; pray do your duty.’ The constable told him, a little moved, but very handsomely, ‘I know my duty, and what I am, sir; I doubt you hardly know what you are doing.’ They had some other hard words, and in the meantime the journeymen, impudent and unmanly to the last degree, used me barbarously, and one of them, the same that first seized upon me, pretended he would search me, and began to lay hands on me. I spit in his face, called out to the constable, and bade him take notice of my usage. ‘And pray, Mr Constable’, said I, ‘ask that villain’s name’, pointing to the man. The constable reproved him decently, told him that he did not know what he did, for he knew that his master acknowledged I was not the person; ‘and’, says the constable, ‘I am afraid your master is bringing himself, and me too, into trouble, if this gentlewoman comes to prove who she is, and where she was, and it appears that she is not the woman you pretend to.’ ‘D——n her’, says the fellow again, with an impudent, hardened face; ‘she is the lady, you may depend upon it; I’ll swear she is the same body that was in the shop, and that I gave the piece of satin that is lost into her own hand. You shall hear more of it when Mr William and Mr Anthony (those were other journeymen) come back; they will know her again as well as I.’

Just as the insolent rogue was talking thus to the constable, comes back Mr William and Mr Anthony, as he called them, and a great rabble with them, bringing along with them the true widow that I was pretended to be; and they came sweating and blowing into the shop, and with a great deal of triumph, dragging the poor creature in a most butcherly manner up towards their master, who was in the backshop; and they cried out aloud, ‘Here’s the widow, sir; we have catched her at last.’ ‘What do you mean by that?’ says the master. ‘Why, we have her already; there she sits, and Mr —— says he can swear this is she.’ The other man, whom they called Mr. Anthony, replied, ‘Mr —— may say what he will and swear what he will, but this is the woman, and there’s the remnant of satin she stole; I took it out of her clothes with my own hand.’

I now began to take a better heart, but smiled, and said nothing; the master looked pale; the constable turned about and looked at me. ‘Let ’em alone, Mr Constable’, said I; ‘let ’em go on.’ The case was plain and could not be denied, so the constable was charged with the right thief, and the mercer told me very civilly he was sorry for the mistake, and hoped I would not take it ill; that they had so many things of this nature put upon them every day that they could not be blamed for being very sharp in doing themselves justice. ‘Not take it ill, sir!’ said I. ‘How can I take it well? If you had dismissed me when your insolent fellow seized on me in the street and brought me to you, and when you yourself acknowledged I was not the person, I would have put it by, and not have taken it ill, because of the many ill things I believe you have put upon you daily; but your treatment of me since has been insufferable, and especially that of your servant; I must and will have reparation for that.’

Then he began to parley with me, said he would make me any reason able satisfaction, and would fain have had me told him what it was I expected. I told him I should not be my own judge; the law should decide it for me; and as I was to be carried before a magistrate, I should let him hear there what I had to say. He told me there was no occasion to go before the justice now; I was at liberty to go where I pleased; and calling to the constable, told him he might let me go, for I was discharged. The constable said calmly to him, ‘Sir, you asked me just now if I knew whether I was a constable or a justice, and bade me do my duty, and charged

me with this gentlewoman as a prisoner. Now, sir, I find you do not understand what is my duty, for you would make me a justice indeed; but I must tell you it is not in my power; I may keep a prisoner when I am charged with him, but 'tis the law and the magistrate alone that can discharge that prisoner; therefore, 'tis a mistake, sir; I must carry her before a justice now, whether you think well of it or not.' The mercer was very high with the constable at first; but the constable happening to be not a hired officer, but a good, substantial kind of man (I think he was a corn-chandler), and a man of good sense, stood to his business, would not discharge me without going to a justice of the peace, and I insisted upon it too. When the mercer saw that, 'Well', says he to the constable, 'you may carry her where you please; I have nothing to say to her.' 'But, sir', says the constable, 'you will go with us, I hope, for 'tis you that charged me with her.' 'No, not I', says the mercer; 'I tell you I have nothing to say to her.' 'But pray, sir, do', says the constable; 'I desire it of you for your own sake, for the justice can do nothing without you.' 'Prithee, fellow', says the mercer, 'go about your business; I tell you I have nothing to say to the gentlewoman. I charge you in the king's name to dismiss her.' 'Sir', says the constable, 'I find you don't know what it is to be a constable; I beg of you, don't oblige me to be rude to you.' 'I think I need not; you are rude enough already', says the mercer. 'No, sir', says the constable, 'I am not rude; you have broken the peace in bringing an honest woman out of the street, when she was about her lawful occasions, confining her in your shop, and ill-using her here by your servants; and now can you say I am rude to you? I think I am civil to you in not commanding you in the king's name to go with me, and charging every man I see that passes your door to aid and assist me in carrying you by force; this you know I have power to do, and yet I forbear it, and once more entreat you to go with me.' Well, he would not for all this, and gave the constable ill language. However, the constable kept his temper, and would not be provoked; and then I put in and said, 'Come, Mr. Constable, let him alone; I shall find ways enough to fetch him before a magistrate, I don't fear that; but there's that fellow', says I, 'he was the man that seized on me as I ways innocently going along the street, and you are a witness of his violence with me since; give me leave to charge you with him, and carry him before a justice.' 'Yes, madam', says the constable; and, turning to the fellow, 'Come, young gentleman', says he to the journeyman, 'you must go along with us; I hope you are not above the constable's power, though your master is.'

The fellow looked like a condemned thief, and hung back, then looked at his master, as if he could help him; and he, like a fool, encouraged the fellow to be rude, and he truly resisted the constable, and pushed him back with a good force when he went to lay hold on him, at which the constable knocked him down, and called out for help. Immediately the shop was filled with people, and the constable seized the master and man, and all his servants.

The first ill consequence of this fray was, that the woman who was really the thief made off, and got clear away in the crowd, and two others that they had stopped also; whether they were really guilty or not, that I can say nothing to.

By this time some of his neighbours having come in, and seeing how things went, had endeavoured to bring the mercer to his senses, and he began to be convinced that he was in the wrong; and so at length we went all very quietly before the justice, with a mob of about five hundred people at our heels; and all the way we went I could hear the people ask what was the matter, and others reply and say, a mercer had stopped a gentlewoman instead of a thief, and had afterwards taken the thief, and now the gentlewoman had taken the mercer, and was carrying him before the justice. This pleased the people strangely, and made the crowd increase, and they cried out as they went, 'Which is the rogue? which is the mercer?' and especially the women. Then when they saw him they cried out, 'That's he, that's he'; and every now and then came a good dab of dirt at him; and thus we marched a good while, till the mercer thought fit to desire the constable to call a coach to protect himself from the rabble; so we rode the rest of the way, the constable and I, and the mercer and his man.

When we came to the justice, which was an ancient gentleman in Bloomsbury, the constable giving first a summary account of the matter, the justice bade me speak, and tell what I had to say. And first he asked my name, which I was very loth to give, but there was no remedy; so I told him my name was Mary Flanders, that I was a widow, my husband being a sea-captain, died on a voyage to Virginia; and some other circumstances I told which he could never contradict, and that I lodged at present in town, with such a person, naming my governess; but that I was preparing to go over to America, where my husband's effects lay, and that I was going that day to buy some clothes to put myself into second mourning, but had not yet been in any shop, when that fellow, pointing to the mercer's journeyman, came rushing upon me with such fury as very much frighted me, and carried me back to his master's shop, where, though his master acknowledged I was not the person, yet he would not dismiss me, but charged a constable with me.

Then I proceeded to tell how the journeymen treated me; how they would not suffer me to send for any of my friends; how afterwards they found the real thief, and took the goods they had lost upon her, and all the particulars as before.

Then the constable related his case; his dialogue with the mercer about discharging me, and at last his servant's refusing to go with him, when I had charged him with him, and his master encouraging him to do so, and at last his striking the constable, and the like, all as I have told it already.

The justice then heard the mercer and his man. The mercer indeed made a long harangue of the great loss they have daily by the

lifters and thieves; that it was easy for them to mistake, and that when he found it, he would have dismissed me, &c., as above. As to the journeyman, he had very little to say, but that he pretended other of the servants told him that I was really the person.

Upon the whole, the justice first of all told me very courteously I was discharged; that he was very sorry that the mercer's man should, in his eager pursuit, have so little discretion as to take up an innocent person for a guilty; that if he had not been so unjust as to detain me afterwards, he believed I would have forgiven the first affront; that, however, it was not in his power to award me any reparation, other than by openly reproving them, which he should do; but he supposed I would apply to such methods as the law directed; in the meantime he would bind him over.

But as to the breach of the peace committed by the journeyman, he told me he should give me some satisfaction for that, for he should commit him to Newgate for assaulting the constable, and for assaulting of me also.

Accordingly he sent the fellow to Newgate for that assault, and his master gave bail, and so we came away; but I had the satisfaction of seeing the mob wait upon them both, as they came out, hallooing and throwing stones and dirt at the coaches they rode in; and so I came home.

After this hustle, coming home and telling my governess the story, she falls a-laughing at me. 'Why are you so merry?' says I; 'the story has not so much laughing-room in it as you imagine. I am sure I have had a great deal of hurry and fright too, with a pack of ugly rogues.' 'Laugh!' says my governess; 'I laugh, child, to see what a lucky creature you are; why, this job will be the best bargain to you that ever you made in your life, if you manage it well. I warrant you, you shall make the mercer pay £500 for damages, besides what you shall get of the journeyman.'

I had other thoughts of the matter than she had; and especially, because I had given in my name to the justice of peace; and I knew that my name was so well known among the people at Hick's Hall, the Old Bailey, and such places, that if this cause came to be tried openly, and my name came to be inquired into, no court would give much damages, for the reputation of a person of such a character. However, I was obliged to begin a prosecution in form, and accordingly my governess found me out a very creditable sort of man to manage it, being an attorney of very good business, and of good reputation, and she was certainly in the right of this; for had she employed a pettifogging hedge solicitor, or a man not known, I should have brought it to but little.

I met this attorney, and gave him all the particulars at large, as they are recited above; and he assured me it was a case, as he said, that he did not question but that a jury would give very considerable damages; so taking his full instructions, he began the prosecution, and the mercer being arrested, gave bail. A few days after his giving bail, he comes with his attorney to my attorney, to let him know that he desired to accommodate the matter; that it was all carried on in the heat of an unhappy passion; that his client, meaning me, had a sharp provoking tongue, and that I used them ill, gibing at them and jeering them, even while they believed me to be the very person, and that I had provoked them, and the like.

My attorney managed as well on my side; made them believe I was a widow of fortune, that I was able to do myself justice, and had great friends to stand by me too, who had all made me promise to sue to the utmost, if it cost me a thousand pounds, for that the affronts I had received were insufferable.

However, they brought my attorney to this, that he promised he would not blow the coals; that if I inclined to an accommodation, he would not hinder me, and that he would rather persuade me to peace than to war; for which they told him he should be no loser; all which he told me very honestly, and told me that if they offered him any bribe, I should certainly know it; but, upon the whole, he told me very honestly that, if I would take his opinion, he would advise me to make it up with them, for that as they were in a great fright, and were desirous above all things to make it up, and knew that, let it be what it would, they must bear all the costs, he believed they would give me freely more than any jury would give upon a trial. I asked him what he thought they would be brought to; he told me he could not tell as to that, but he would tell me more when I saw him again.

Some time after this they came again, to know if he had talked with me. He told them he had; that he found me not so averse to an accommodation as some of my friends were, who resented the disgrace offered me, and set me on; that they blowed the coals in secret, prompting me to revenge, or to do myself justice, as they called it; so that he could not tell what to say to it; he told them he would do his endeavour to persuade me, but he ought to be able to tell me what proposal they made. They pretended they could not make any proposal, because it might be made use of against them; and he told them, that by the same rule he could not make any offers, for that might be pleaded in abatement of what damages a jury might be inclined to give. However, after some discourse, and mutual promises that no advantage should be taken on either side by what was transacted then, or at any other of those meetings, they came to a kind of a treaty; but so remote, and so wide from one another, that nothing could be expected from it; for my attorney demanded £500 and charges, and they offered £50 without charges; so they broke off, and the mercer proposed to have a meeting with me myself; and my attorney agreed to that very readily.

My attorney gave me notice to come to this meeting in good clothes, and with some state, that the mercer might see I was something more than I seemed to be that time they had me. Accordingly I came in a new suit of second mourning, according to what I had said at the justice's. I set myself out, too, as well as a widow's dress would admit; my governess also furnished me with a good pearl necklace, that shut in behind with a locket of diamonds, which she had in pawn; and I had a very good gold watch by my side; so that I made a very good figure; and, as I stayed till I was sure they were come, I came in a coach to the door, with my maid with me.

When I came into the room the mercer was surprised. He stood up and made his bow, which I took a little notice of, and but a little, and went and sat down where my own attorney had appointed me to sit, for it was his house. After a while the mercer said, he did not know me again, and began to make some compliments. I told him I believed he did not know me, at first; and that, if he had, he would not have treated me as he did.

He told me he was very sorry for what had happened, and that it was to testify the willingness he had to make all possible reparation that he had appointed this meeting; that he hoped I would not carry things to extremity, which might be not only too great a loss to him, but might be the ruin of his business and shop, in which case I might have the satisfaction of repaying an injury with an injury ten times greater; but that I would then get nothing, whereas he was willing to do me any justice that was in his power, without putting himself or me to the trouble or charge of a suit at law.

I told him I was glad to hear him talk so much more like a man of sense than he did before; that it was true, acknowledgment in most cases of affronts was counted reparation sufficient; but this had gone too far to be made up so; that I was not revengeful, nor did I seek his ruin, or any man's else, but that all my friends were unanimous not to let me so far neglect my character as to adjust a thing of this kind without reparation; that to be taken up for a thief was such an indignity as could not be put up with; that my character was above being treated so by any that knew me, but because in my condition of a widow I had been careless of myself, I might be taken for such a creature; but that for the particular usage I had from him afterward, and then I repeated all as before; it was so provoking, I had scarce patience to repeat it.

He acknowledged all, and was mighty humble indeed; he came up to £100 and to pay all the law charges, and added that he would make me a present of a very good suit of clothes. I came down to £300, and demanded that I should publish an advertisement of the particulars in the common newspapers.

This was a clause he never could comply with. However, at last he came up, by good management of my attorney, to £150 and a suit of black silk clothes; and there, as it were, at my attorney's request, I complied, he paying my attorney's bill and charges, and gave us a good supper into the bargain.

When I came to receive the money, I brought my governess with me, dressed like an old duchess, and a gentleman very well dressed, who, we pretended, courted me, but I called him cousin, and the lawyer was only to hint privately to them that this gentleman courted the widow.

He treated us handsomely indeed, and paid the money cheerfully enough; so that it cost him £200 in all, or rather more. At our last meeting, when all was agreed, the case of the journeyman came up, and the mercer begged very hard for him; told me he was a man that had kept a shop of his own, and been in good business, had a wife and several children, and was very poor, that he had nothing to make satisfaction with, but should beg my pardon on his knees. I had no spleen at the saucy rogue, nor were his submission anything to me, since there was nothing to be got by him, so I thought it was as good to throw that in generously as not; so I told him I did not desire the ruin of any man, and therefore at his request I would forgive the wretch, it was below me to seek any revenge.

When we were at supper he brought the poor fellow in to make his acknowledgment, which he would have done with as much mean humility as his offence was with insulting pride; in which he was an instance of complete baseness of spirit, imperious, cruel, and relentless when upper most, abject and low-spirited when down. However, I abated his cringes, told him I forgave him, and desired he might withdraw, as if I did not care for the sight of him, though I had forgiven him.

I was now in good circumstances indeed, if I could have known my time for leaving off, and my governess often said I was the richest of the trade in England; and so I believe I was, for I had £700 by me in money, besides clothes, rings, some plate, and two gold watches, and all of them stolen; for I had innumerable jobs, besides these I have mentioned. Oh! had I even now had the grace of repentance, I had still leisure to have looked back upon my follies, and have made some reparation; but the satisfaction I was to make for the public mischiefs I had done was yet left behind; and I could not forbear going abroad again, as I called it now, any more than I could when my extremity really drove me out for bread.

It was not long after the affair with the mercer was made up, that I went out in an equipage quite different from any I had ever

appeared in before. I dressed myself like a beggar-woman, in the coarsest and most despicable rags I could get, and I walked about peering and peeping into every door and window I came near; and, indeed, I was in such a plight now that I knew as ill how to behave in as ever I did in any. I naturally abhorred dirt and rags; I had been bred up tight and cleanly, and could be no other, whatever condition I was in, so that this was the most uneasy disguise to me that ever I put on. I said presently to myself that this would not do, for this was a dress that everybody was shy and afraid of; and I thought everybody looked at me as if they were afraid I should come near them, lest I should take something from them, or afraid to come near me, lest they should get something from me. I wandered about all the evening the first time I went out, and made nothing of it, and came home again wet, draggled, and tired. However, I went out again the next night, and then I met with a little adventure, which had like to have cost me dear. As I was standing near a tavern door, there comes a gentleman on horseback, and lights at the door, and wanting to go into the tavern, he calls one of the drawers to hold his horse. He stayed pretty long in the tavern, and the drawer heard his master call, and thought he would be angry with him. Seeing me stand by him, he called to me. 'Here, woman', says he, 'hold this horse awhile, till I go in; if the gentleman comes, he'll give you something.' 'Yes', says I, and takes the horse, and walks off with him soberly, and carried him to my governess.

This had been a booty to those that had understood it; but never was poor thief more at a loss to know what to do with anything that was stolen; for when I came home, my governess was quite confounded, and what to do with the creature we neither of us knew. To send him to a stable was doing nothing, for it was certain that notice would be given in the *Gazette,* and the horse described, so that we durst not go to fetch it again.

All the remedy we had for this unlucky adventure was to go and set up the horse at an inn, and send a note by a porter to the tavern, that the gentleman's horse that was lost at such a time, was left at such an inn, and that he might be had there; that the poor woman that held him, having led him about the street, not being able to lead him back again, had left him there. We might have waited till the owner had published, and offered a reward, but we did not care to venture the receiving the reward.

So this was a robbery and no robbery, for little was lost by it, and nothing was got by it, and I was quite sick of going out in a beggar's dress; it did not answer at all, and besides, I thought it ominous and threatening.

While I was in this disguise, I fell in with a parcel of folks of a worse kind than any I ever sorted with, and I saw a little into their ways too. These were coiners of money, and they made some very good offers to me, as to profit; but the part they would have had me embark in was the most dangerous. I mean that of the very working of the die, as they call it, which, had I been taken, had been certain death, and that at a stake; I say, to be burnt to death at a stake; so that though I was to appearance but a beggar, and they promised mountains of gold and silver to me to engage, yet it would not do. 'Tis true, if I had been really a beggar, or had been desperate as when I began, I might, perhaps, have closed with it; for what care they to die, that cannot tell how to live? But at present that was not my condition, at least, I was for no such terrible risks as those; besides, the very thought of being burnt at a stake struck terror to my very soul, chilled my blood, and gave me the vapours to such a degree, as I could not think of it without trembling.

This put an end to my disguise too, for though I did not like the proposal, yet I did not tell them so, but seemed to relish it, and promised to meet again. But I durst see them no more; for if I had seen them, and not complied, though I had declined it with the greatest assurances of secrecy in the world, they would have gone near to have murdered me, to make sure work, and make themselves easy, as they call it. What kind of easiness that is, they may best judge that understand how easy men are that can murder people to prevent danger.

This and horse-stealing were things quite out of my way, and I might easily resolve I would have no more to say to them. My business seemed to lie another way, and though it had hazard enough in it too, yet it was more suitable to me, and what had more of art in it, and more chances for a coming off if a surprise should happen.

I had several proposals made also to me about that time, to come into a gang of housebreakers; but that was a thing I had no mind to venture at neither, any more than I had at the coining trade.

I offered to go along with two men and a woman, that made it their business to get into houses by stratagem. I was willing enough to venture, but there were three of them already, and they did not care to part, nor I to have too many in a gang; so I did not close with them, and they paid dear for their next attempt.

But at length I met with a woman that had often told me what adventures she had made, and with success, at the waterside, and I closed with her, and we drove on our business pretty well. One day we came among some Dutch people at St Catharine's, where we went on pretence to buy goods that were privately got on shore. I was two or three times in a house where we saw a good quantity of prohibited goods, and my companion once brought away three pieces of Dutch black silk that turned to good account, and I had my share of it; but in all the journeys I made by myself, I could not get an opportunity to do anything, so I laid it aside,

for I had been there so often that they began to suspect something.

This baulked me a little, and I resolved to push at something or other, for I was not used to come back so often without purchase; so the next day I dressed myself up fine, and took a walk to the other end of the town. I passed through the Exchange in the Strand, but had no notion of finding anything to do there, when on a sudden I saw a great clutter in the place, and all the people, shopkeepers as well as others, standing up and staring; and what should it be but some great duchess coming into the Exchange, and they said the queen was coming. I set myself close up to a shop-side with my back to the counter, as if to let the crowd pass by, when, keeping my eye on a parcel of lace which the shopkeeper was showing to some ladies that stood by me, the shopkeeper and her maid were so taken up with looking to see who was a-coming, and what shop they would go to, that I found means to slip a paper of lace into my pocket, and come clear off with it; so the lady-milliner paid dear enough for her gaping after the queen.

I went off from the shop, as if driven along by the throng, and, mingling myself with the crowd, went out at the other door of the Exchange, and so got away before they missed their lace; and, because I would not be followed, I called a coach, and shut myself up in it. I had scarce shut the coach doors, but I saw the milliner's maid and five or six more come running out into the street, and crying out as if they were frighted. They did not cry 'Stop, thief!', because nobody ran away, but I could hear the word, 'robbed' and 'lace' two or three times, and saw the wench wringing her hands, and run staring to and again, like one scared. The coachman that had taken me up was getting up into the box, but was not quite up, and the horses had not begun to move, so that I was terrible uneasy, and I took the packet of lace and laid it ready to have dropped it out at the flap of the coach, which opens before, just behind the coachman; but to my great satisfaction, in less than a minute the coach began to move, that is to say, as soon as the coachman had got up and spoken to his horses; so he drove away, and I brought off my purchase, which was worth near £20.

The next day I dressed me up again, but in quite different clothes, and walked the same way again, but nothing offered till I came into St James's Park. I saw abundance of fine ladies in the park, walking in the Mall, and among the rest there was a little miss, a young lady of about twelve or thirteen years old, and she had a sister, as I supposed, with her, that might be about nine. I observed the biggest had a fine gold watch on, and a good necklace of pearl, and they had a footman in livery with them; but, as it is not usual for the footmen to go behind the ladies in the Mall, so I observed the footman stopped at their going into the Mall, and the biggest of the sisters spoke to him, to bid him be just there when they came back.

When I heard her dismiss the footman, I stepped up to him, and asked him what little lady that was? and held a little chat with him, about what a pretty child it was with her, and how genteel and well carriaged the eldest would be: how womanish, and how grave; and the fool of a fellow told me presently who she was; that she was Sir Thomas —— 's eldest daughter, of Essex, and that she was a great fortune; that her mother was not come to town yet; but she was with Sir William —— 's lady at her lodgings in Suffolk Street, and a great deal more; that they had a maid and a woman to wait on them, besides Sir Thomas's coach, the coachman, and himself; and that young lady was governess to the whole family, as well here as at home; and told me abundance of things, enough for my business.

I was well dressed, and had my gold watch as well as she; so I left the footman, and I puts myself in a rank with this lady, having stayed till she had taken one turn in the Mall, and was going forward again; by and by I saluted her by her name, with the title of Lady Betty. I asked her when she heard from her father; when my lady her mother would be in town, and how she did.

I talked so familiarly to her of her whole family, that she could not suspect but that I knew them all intimately. I asked her why she would come abroad without Mrs Chime with her (that was the name of her woman) to take care of Mrs Judith, that was her sister. Then I entered into a long chat with her about her sister; what a fine little lady she was, and asked her if she had learned French; and a thousand such little things, when on a sudden the guards came, and the crowd ran to see the king go by to the Parliament House.

The ladies ran all to the side of the Mall, and I helped my lady to stand upon the edge of the boards on the side of the Mall, that she might be high enough to see; and took the little one and lifted her quite up; during which, I took care to convey the gold watch so clean away from the Lady Betty, that she never missed it till the crowd was gone, and she was gotten into the middle of the Mall.

I took my leave in the very crowd, and said, as if in haste, 'Dear Lady Betty, take care of your little sister.' And so the crowd did as it were thrust me away, and that I was unwilling to take my leave.

The hurry in such cases is immediately over, and the place clear as soon as the king is gone by; but as there is always a great running and clutter just as the king passes, so having dropped the two little ladies, and done my business with them, without any miscarriage, I kept hurrying on among the crowd, as if I ran to see the king, and so I kept before the crowd till I came to the end of the Mall, when the king going on toward the Horse Guards, I went forward to the passage, which went then through against the end of the Haymarket, and there I bestowed a coach upon myself, and made off; and I confess I have not yet been so good as my

word, viz. to go and visit my Lady Betty.

I was once in the mind to venture staying with Lady Betty till she missed the watch, and so have made a great outcry about it with her, and have got her into her coach, and put myself in the coach with her, and have gone home with her; for she appeared so fond of me, and so perfectly deceived by my so readily talking to her of all her relations and family, that I thought it was very easy to push the thing further, and to have got at least the necklace of pearl; but when I considered that, though the child would not perhaps have suspected me, other people might, and that if I was searched I should be discovered, I thought it was best to go off with what I had got.

I came accidentally afterwards to hear, that when the young lady missed her watch, she made a great outcry in the park, and sent her footman up and down to see if he could find me, she having described me so perfectly that he knew it was the same person that had stood and talked so long with him, and asked him so many questions about them; but I was gone far enough out of their reach before she could come at her footman to tell him the story.

I made another adventure after this, of a nature different from all I had been concerned in yet, and this was at a gaming-house near Covent Garden.

I saw several people go in and out; and I stood in the passage a good while with another woman with me, and seeing a gentleman go up that seemed to be of more than ordinary fashion, I said to him, 'Sir, pray don't they give women leave to go up?' 'Yes, madam', says he, 'and to play too, if they please.' 'I mean so, sir', said I. And with that he said he would introduce me if I had a mind; so I followed him to the door, and he looking in, 'There, madam', says he, 'are the gamesters, if you have a mind to venture.' I looked in, and said to my comrade aloud, 'Here's nothing but men; I won't venture.' At which one of the gentlemen cried out, 'You need not be afraid, madam, here's none but fair gamesters; you are very welcome to come and set what you please.' So I went a little nearer and looked on, and some of them brought me a chair, and I sat down and saw the box and dice go round apace; then I said to my comrade, 'The gentlemen play too high for us; come, let us go.'

The people were all very civil, and one gentleman encouraged me, and said, 'Come, madam, if you please to venture, if you dare trust me, I'll answer for it you shall have nothing put upon you here.' 'No, sir', said I, smiling; 'I hope the gentlemen would not cheat a woman.' But still I declined venturing, though I pulled out a purse with money in it, that they might see I did not want money.

After I had sat awhile, one gentleman said to me, jeering, 'Come, madam, I see you are afraid to venture for yourself; I always had good luck with the ladies, you shall set for me, if you won't set for yourself.' I told him, 'Sir, I should be very loth to lose your money', though I added, 'I am pretty lucky too; but the gentlemen play so high, that I dare not venture my own.'

'Well, well', says he, 'there's ten guineas, madam; set them for me'; so I took the money and set, himself looking on. I run out the guineas by one and two at a time, and then the box coming to the next man to me, my gentleman gave me ten guineas more, and made me set five of them at once, and the gentleman who had the box threw out, so there was five guineas of his money again. He was encouraged at this, and made me take the box, which was a bold venture: however, I held the box so long that I gained him his whole money, and had a handful of guineas in my lap; and, which was the better luck, when I threw out, I threw but at one or two of those that had set me, and so went off easy.

When I was come this length, I offered the gentleman all the gold, for it was his own; and so would have had him play for himself, pretending that I did not understand the game well enough. He laughed, and said if I had but good luck, it was no matter whether I understood the game or no; but I should not leave off. However, he took out the fifteen guineas that he had put in first, and bade me play with the rest. I would have him to have seen how much I had got, but he said, 'No, no, don't tell them, I believe you are very honest, and 'tis bad luck to tell them'; so I played on.

I understood the game well enough, though I pretended I did not, and played cautiously, which was to keep a good stock in my lap, out of which I every now and then conveyed some into my pocket, but in such a manner as I was sure he could not see it.

I played a great while, and had very good luck for him; but the last time I held the box they set me high, and I threw boldly at all, and held the box till I had gained near fourscore guineas, but lost above half of It back at the last throw; so I got up, for I was afraid I should lose it all back again, and said to him, 'Pray come, sir, now, and take it and play for yourself; I think I have done pretty well for you.' He would have had me play on, but it grew late, and I desired to be excused. When I gave it up to him, I told him I hoped he would give me leave to tell it now, that I might see what he had gained, and how lucky I had been for him; when I told them, there were threescore and three guineas. 'Ay', says I, 'if it had not been for that unlucky throw, I had got you a hundred guineas.' So I gave him all the money, but he would not take it till I had put my hand into it, and taken some for myself, and bid me please myself. I refused it, and was positive I would not take it myself; if he had a mind to do anything of that kind, it should

be all his own doings.

The rest of the gentlemen, seeing us striving, cried, ‘Give it her all’; but I absolutely refused that. Then one of them said, ‘D—n ye, Jack, halve it with her; don’t you know you should be always on even terms with the ladies.’ So, in short, he divided it with me, and I brought away thirty guineas, besides about forty-three which I had stole privately, which I was sorry for, because he was so generous.

Thus I brought home seventy-three guineas, and let my old governess see what good luck I had at play. However, it was her advice that I should not venture again, and I took her counsel, for I never went there any more; for I knew as well as she, if the itch of play came in, I might soon lose that, and all the rest of what I had got.

Fortune had smiled upon me to that degree, and I had thriven so much, and my governess too, for she always had a share with me, that really the old gentlewoman began to talk of leaving off while we were well, and being satisfied with what we had got; but I know not what fate guided me, I was as backward to it now, as she was when I proposed it to her before, and so in an ill hour we gave over the thoughts of it for the present, and, in a word, I grew more hardened and audacious than ever, and the success I had made my name as famous as any thief of my sort ever had been.

I had sometimes taken the liberty to play the same game over again, which is not according to practice, which however succeeded not amiss; but generally I took up new figures, and contrived to appear in new shapes every time I went abroad.

It was now a rumbling time of the year, and the gentlemen being most of them gone out of town, Tunbridge, and Epsom, and such places, were full of people. But the city was thin, and I thought our trade felt it a little, as well as others; so that at the latter end of the year I joined myself with a gang, who usually go every year to Stew-bridge Fair, and from thence to Bury Fair, in Suffolk. We promised ourselves great things here, but when I came to see how things were, I was weary of it presently; for except mere picking of pockets, there was little worth meddling with; neither if a booty had been made, was it so easy carrying it off, nor was there such a variety of occasion for business in our way, as in London; all that I made of the whole journey was a gold watch at Bury Fair, and a small parcel of linen at Cambridge, which gave me occasion to take leave of the place. It was an old bite, and I thought might do with a country shopkeeper, though in London it would not.

I bought at a linendraper’s shop, not in the fair, but in the town of Cambridge, as much fine Holland, and other things, as came to about £7; when I had done I bade them be sent to such an inn, where I had taken up my being the same morning, as if I was to lodge there that night.

I ordered the draper to send them home to me, about such an hour, to the inn where I lay, and I would pay him his money. At the time appointed the draper sends the goods, and I placed one of our gang at the chamber door, and when the innkeeper’s maid brought the messenger to the door, who was a young fellow, an apprentice, almost a man, she tells him her mistress was asleep, but if he would leave the things, and call in about an hour, I should be awake, and he might have the money. He left the parcel very readily, and goes his way, and in about half-anhour my maid and I walked off, and that very evening I hired a horse, and a man to ride before me, and went to Newmarket, and from thence got my passage in a coach that was not quite full to Bury St Edmunds, where, as I told you, I could make but little of my trade, only at a little country operahouse I got a gold watch from a lady’s side, who was not only intolerably merry, but a little fuddled, which made my work much easier.

I made off with this little booty to Ipswich, and from thence to Harwich, where I went into an inn, as if I had newly arrived from Holland, not doubting but I should make some purchase among the foreigners that came on shore there; but I found them generally empty of things of value, except what was in their portmanteaus and Dutch hampers, which were always guarded by footmen; however, I fairly got one of their portmanteaus one evening out of the chamber where the gentleman lay, the footman being fast asleep on the bed, and I suppose very drunk.

The room in which I lodged lay next to the Dutchman’s, and having dragged the heavy thing with much ado out of the chamber into mine, I went out into the street to see if I could find any possibility of carrying it off. I walked about a great while, but could see no probability either of getting out the thing, or of conveying away the goods that were in it, the town being so small, and I a perfect stranger in it; so I was returning with a resolution to carry it back again, and leave it where I found it. Just at that very moment I heard a man make a noise to some people to make haste, for the boat was going to put off, and the tide would be spent. I called the fellow: ‘What boat is it, friend’, said I, ‘that you belong to?’ ‘The Ipswich wherry, madam’, says he. ‘When do you go off?’ says I. ‘This moment, madam’, says he; ‘do you want to go thither?’ ‘Yes’, said I, ‘if you can stay till I fetch my things.’ ‘Where are your things, madam?’ says he. ‘At such an inn’, said I. ‘Well, I’ll go with you, madam’, says he, very civilly, ‘and bring them for you.’ ‘Come away then’, says I, and takes him with me.

The people of the inn were in a great hurry, the packet-boat from Holland being just come in, and two coaches just come also

with passengers from London for another packet-boat that was going off for Holland, which coaches were to go back next day with the passengers that were just landed. In this hurry it was that I came to the bar, and paid my reckoning, telling my landlady I had gotten my passage by sea in a wherry.

These wherries are large vessels, with good accommodation for carrying passengers from Harwich to London; and though they are called wherries, which is a word used in the Thames for a small boat, rowed with one or two men, yet these are vessels able to carry twenty passengers, and ten or fifteen tons of goods, and fitted to bear the sea. All this I had found out by inquiring the night before into the several ways of going to London.

My landlady was very courteous, took my money for the reckoning, but was called away, all the house being in a hurry. So I left her, took the fellow up into my chamber, gave him the trunk, or portmanteau, for it was like a trunk, and wrapped it about with an old apron, and he went directly to his boat with it, and I after him, nobody asking us the least question about it. As for the drunken Dutch footman, he was still asleep, and his master with other foreign gentlemen at supper, and very merry below; so I went clean off with it to Ipswich, and going in the night, the people of the house knew nothing but that I was gone to London by the Harwich wherry, as I had told my landlady.

I was plagued at Ipswich with the custom-house officers, who stopped my trunk, as I called it, and would open and search it. I was willing, I told them, that they should search it, but my husband had the key, and that he was not yet come from Harwich; this I said, that if upon searching it they should find all the things be such as properly belonged to a man rather than a woman, it should not seem strange to them. However, they being positive to open the trunk, I consented to have it broken open, that is to say, to have the lock taken off, which was not difficult.

They found nothing for their turn, for the trunk had been searched before; but they discovered several things much to my satisfaction, as particularly a parcel of money in French pistoles, and some Dutch ducatoons, or rix-dollars, and the rest was chiefly two periwigs, wearing-linen, razors, wash-balls, perfumes, and other useful things necessary for a gentleman, which all passed for my husband's, and so I was quit of them.

It was now very early in the morning, and not light, and I knew not well what course to take; for I made no doubt but I should be pursued in the morning, and perhaps be taken with the things about me; so I resolved upon taking new measures. I went publicly to an inn in the town with my trunk, as I called it, and having taken the substance out, I did not think the lumber of it worth my concern; however, I gave it the landlady of the house with a charge to take care of it, and lav it up safe till I should come again, and away I walked into the street.

When I was got into the town a great way from the inn, I met with an ancient woman who had just opened her door, and I fell into chat with her, and asked her a great many wild questions or things all remote to my purpose and design; but in my discourse I found by her how the town was situated, that I was in a street which went out towards Hadley, but that such a street went towards the water-side, such a street went into the heart of the town, and at last, such a street went towards Colchester, and so the London road lay there.

I had soon my ends of this old woman, for I only wanted to know which was the London road, and away I walked as fast as I could; not that I intended to go on foot, either to London or to Colchester, but I wanted to get quietly away from Ipswich.

I walked about two or three miles, and then I met a plain countryman, who was busy about some husbandry work, I did not know what, and I asked him a great many questions, first, not much to the purpose, but at last told him I was going for London, and the coach was full, and I could not get a passage, and asked him if he could not tell me where to hire a horse that would carry double, and an honest man to ride before me to Colchester, so that I might get a place there in the coaches. The honest clown looked earnestly at me, and said nothing for above half a minute, when, scratching his poll, 'A horse, say you, and to Colchester, to carry double? Why yes, mistress, alack-a-day, you may have horses enough for money.' 'Well, friend', says I, 'that I take for granted; I don't expect it without money.' 'Why, but mistress', says he, 'how much are you willing to give?' 'Nay', says I again, 'friend, I don't know what your rates are in the country here, for I am a stranger; but if you can get one for me, get it as cheap as you can, and I'll give you somewhat for your pains.'

'Why, that's honestly said, too', says the countryman. 'Not so honest, neither', said I to myself, 'if thou knewest all.' 'Why, mistress', says he, 'I have a horse that will carry double, and I don't much care if I go myself with you, an' you like.' 'Will you?' says I; 'well, I believe you are an honest man; if you will, I shall be glad of it; I'll pay you in reason.' 'Why, look ye, mistress', says he, 'I won't be out of reason with you; then if I carry you to Colchester, it will be worth five shillings for myself and my horse, for I shall hardly come back to-night.'

In short, I hired the honest man and his horse; but when we came to a town upon the road (I do not remember the name of it, but

it stands upon a river), I pretended myself very ill, and I could go no farther that night, but if he would stay there with me, because I was a stranger, I would pay him for himself and his horse with all my heart.

This I did because I knew the Dutch gentlemen and their servants would be upon the road that day, either in the stage-coaches or riding post, and I did not know but the drunken fellow, or somebody else that might have seen me at Harwich, might see me again, and I thought that in one day's stop they would be all gone by.

We lay all that night there, and the next morning it was not very early when I set out, so that it was near ten o'clock by the time I got to Colchester. It was no little pleasure that I saw the town where I had so many pleasant days, and I made many inquiries after the good old friends I had once had there, but could make little out; they were all dead or removed. The young ladies had been all married or gone to London; the old gentleman, and the old lady that had been my early benefactress, all dead; and, which troubled me most, the young gentleman my first lover, and afterwards my brother-in-law, was dead; but two sons, men grown, were left of him, but they too were transplanted to London.

I dismissed my old man here, and stayed incognito for three or four days in Colchester, and then took a passage in a waggon, because I would not venture being seen in the Harwich coaches. But I needed not have used so much caution, for there was nobody in Harwich but the woman of the house could have known me; nor was it rational to think that she, considering the hurry she was in, and that she never saw me but once, and that by candle-light, should have ever discovered me.

I was now returned to London, and though by the accident of the last adventure I got something considerable, yet I was not fond of any more country rambles; nor should I have ventured abroad again if I had carried the trade on to the end of my days. I gave my governess a history of my travels; she liked the Harwich journey well enough, and in discoursing of these things between ourselves she observed that a thief, being a creature that watches the advantages of other people's mistakes, 'tis impossible but that to one that is vigilant and industrious many opportunities must happen, and therefore she thought that one so exquisitely keen in the trade as I was, would scarce fail of something wherever I went.

On the other hand, every branch of my story, if duly considered, may be useful to honest people, and afford a due caution to people of some sort or other to guard against the like surprises, and to have their eyes about them when they have to do with strangers of any kind, for 'tis very seldom that some snare or other is not in their way. The moral, indeed, of all my history is left to be gathered by the senses and judgment of the reader; I am not qualified to preach to them. Let the experience of one creature completely wicked, and completely miserable, be a storehouse of useful warning to those that read.

I am drawing now towards a new variety of life. Upon my return, being hardened by a long race of crime, and success unparalleled, I had, as I have said, no thoughts of laying down a trade, which, if I was to judge by the example of others, must, however, end at last in misery and sorrow.

It was on the Christmas Day following, in the evening, that, to finish a long train of wickedness, I went abroad to see what might offer in my way; when, going by a working silversmith's in Forster Lane, I saw a tempting bait indeed, and not to be resisted by one of my occupation, for the shop had nobody in it, and a great deal of loose plate lay in the window, and at the seat of the man, who, I suppose, worked at one side of the shop.

I went boldly in, and was just going to lay my hand upon a piece of plate, and might have done it, and carried it clear off, for any care that the men who belonged to the shop had taken of it; but an officious fellow in a house on the other side of the way, seeing me go in, and that there was nobody in the shop, comes running over the street, and without asking me what I was, or who, seizes upon me, and cries out for the people of the house.

I had not touched anything in the shop, and seeing a glimpse of somebody running over, I had so much presence of mind as to knock very hard with my foot on the floor of the house, and was just calling out too, when the fellow laid hands on me.

However, as I had always most courage when I was in most danger, so when he laid hands on me, I stood very high upon it, that I came in to buy half-a-dozen of silver spoons; and to my good fortune, it was a silversmith's that sold plate, as well as worked plate for other shops. The fellow laughed at that part, and put such a value upon the service that he had done his neighbour, that he would have it be, that I came not to buy, but to steal; and raising a great crowd, I said to the master of the shop, who by this time was fetched home from some neighbouring place, that it was in vain to make a noise, and enter into talk there of the case; the fellow had insisted that I came to steal, and he must prove it, and I desired we might go before a magistrate without any more words; for I began to see I should be too hard for the man that had seized me.

The master and mistress of the shop were really not so violent as the man from t'other side of the way; and the man said, 'Mistress, you might come into the shop with a good design for aught I know, but it seemed a dangerous thing for you to come into such

a shop as mine is, when you see nobody there; and I cannot do so little justice to my neighbour, who was so kind, as not to acknowledge he had reason on his side; though, upon the whole, I do not find you attempted to take anything, and I really know not what to do in it.' I pressed him to go before a magistrate with me, and if anything could be proved on me, that was like a design, I should willingly submit, but if not, I expected reparation.

Just while we were in this debate, and a crowd of people gathered about the door, came by Sir T. B., an alderman of the city, and justice of the peace, and the goldsmith hearing of it, entreated his worship to come in and decide the case.

Give the goldsmith his due, he told his story with a great deal of justice and moderation, and the fellow that had come over, and seized upon me, told his with as much heat and foolish passion, which did me good still. It came then to my turn to speak, and I told his worship that I was a stranger in Londen, being newly come out of the north; that I lodged in such a place, that I was passing this street, and went into a goldsmith's shop to buy half-a-dozen of spoons. By great good luck I had an old silver spoon in my pocket, which I pulled out, and told him I had carried that spoon to match it with half-a-dozen of new ones, that it might match some I had in the country; that seeing nobody in the shop, I knocked with my foot very hard to make the people hear, and had also called aloud with my voice; 'tis true, there was loose plate in the shop, but that nobody could say I had touched any of it; that a fellow came running into the shop out of the street, and laid hands on me in a furious manner, in the very moment while I was calling for the people of the house; that if he had really had a mind to have done his neighbour any service, he should have stood at a distance, and silently watched to see whether I had touched anything or no, and then have taken me in the fact. 'That is very true', says Mr Alderman, and turning to the fellow that stopped me, he asked him if it was true that I knocked with my foot? He said, yes, I had knocked, but that might be because of his coming. 'Nay', says the alderman, taking him short, 'now you contradict yourself, for just now you said she was in the shop with her back to you, and did not see you till you came upon her.' Now it was true that my back was partly to the street, but yet as my business was of a kind that required me to have eyes every way, so I really had a glance of him running over, as I said before, though he did not perceive it.

After a full hearing, the alderman gave it as his opinion, that his neighbour was under a mistake, and that I was innocent, and the goldsmith acquiesced in it too, and his wife, and so I was dismissed; but, as I was going to depart, Mr Alderman said, 'But hold, madam, if you were designing to buy spoons, I hope you will not let my friend here lose his customer by the mistake.' I readily answered, 'No, sir, I'll buy the spoons still, if he can match my odd spoon, which I brought for a pattern', and the goldsmith showed me some of the very same fashion. So he weighed the spoons, and they came to 35s., so I pulls out my purse to pay him, in which I had near twenty guineas, for I never went without such a sum about me, whatever might happen, and I found it of use at other times as well as now.

When Mr Alderman saw my money, he said, 'Well, madam, now I am satisfied you were wronged, and it was for this reason that I moved you should buy the spoons, and stayed till you had bought them, for, if you had not had money to pay for them, I should have suspected that you did not come into the shop to buy, for the sort of people who come upon those designs that you have been charged with, are seldom troubled with much gold in their pockets, as I see you are.'

I smiled, and told his worship, that then I owed something of his favour to my money, but I hope he saw reason also in the justice he had done me before. He said, yes, he had, but this had confirmed his opinion, and he was fully satisfied now of my having been injured. So I came well off from an affair in which I was at the very brink of destruction.

It was but three days after this, that, not at all made cautious by my former danger, as I used to be, and still pursuing the art which I had so long been employed in, I ventured into a house where I saw the doors open, and furnished myself, as I thought verily without being perceived, with two pieces of flowered silks, such as they call brocaded silk, very rich. It was not a mercer's shop, nor a warehouse of a mercer, but looked like a private dwelling-house, and was, it seems, inhabited by a man that sold goods for a weaver to the mercers, like a broker or factor.

That I may make short of the black part of this story, I was attacked by two wenches that came open-mouthed at me just as I was going out at the door, and one of them pulled me back into the room, while the other shut the door upon me. I would have given them good words, but there was no room for it, two fiery dragons could not have been more furious; they tore my clothes, bullied and roared, as if they would have murdered me; the mistress of the house came next, and then the master, and all outrageous.

I gave the master very good words, told him the door was open, and things were a temptation to me, that I was poor and distressed, and poverty was what many could not resist, and begged him, with tears, to have pity on me. The mistress of the house was moved with compassion, and inclined to have let me go, and had almost persuaded her husband to it also, but the saucy wenches were run even before they were sent, and had fetched a constable, and then the master said he could not go back, I must go before a justice, and answered his wife, that he might come into trouble himself if he should let me go.

The sight of a constable, indeed, struck me, and I thought I should have sunk into the ground. I fell into faintings, and indeed the

people themselves thought I would have died, when the woman argued again for me, and entreated her husband, seeing they had lost nothing, to let me go. I offered him to pay for the two pieces, whatever the value was, though I had not got them, and argued that as he had his goods, and had really lost nothing, it would be cruel to pursue me to death, and have my blood for the bare attempt of taking them. I put the constable in mind, too, that I had broke no doors, nor carried anything away; and when I came to the justice, and pleaded there that I had neither broken anything to get in, nor carried anything out, the justice was inclined to have released me; but the first saucy jade that stopped me, affirming that I was going out with the goods, but that she stopped me and pulled me back, the justice upon that point committed me, and I was carried to Newgate, that horrid place! My very blood chills at the mention of its name; the place where so many of my comrades had been locked up, and from whence they went to the fatal tree; the place where my mother suffered so deeply, where I was brought into the world, and from whence I expected no redemption, but by an infamous death: to conclude, the place that had so long expected me, and which with so much art and success I had so long avoided.

I was now fixed indeed; 'tis impossible to describe the terror of my mind, when I was first brought in, and when I looked round upon all the horrors of that dismal place. I looked on myself as lost, and that I had nothing to think of but of going out of the world, and that with the utmost infamy: the hellish noise, the roaring, swearing and clamour, the stench and nastiness, and all the dreadful afflicting things that I saw there, joined to make the place seem an emblem of hell itself, and a kind of an entrance into it.

Now I reproached myself with the many hints I had had, as I have mentioned above, from my own reason, from the sense of my good circumstances, and of the many dangers I had escaped, to leave off while I was well, and how I had withstood them all, and hardened my thoughts against all fear. It seemed to me that I was hurried on by an inevitable fate to this day of misery, and that now I was to expiate all my offences at the gallows; that I was now to give satisfaction to justice with my blood, and that I was to come to the last hour of my life and of my wickedness together. These things poured themselves in upon my thoughts in a confused manner, and left me overwhelmed with melancholy and despair.

Then I repented heartily of all my life past, but that repentance yielded me no satisfaction, no peace, no, not in the least, because, as I said to myself, it was repenting after the power of further sinning was taken away. I seemed not to mourn that I had committed such crimes, and for the fact, as it was an offence against God and my neighbour, but that I was to be punished for it. I was a penitent, as I thought, not that I had sinned, but that I was to suffer, and this took away all the comfort of my repentance in my own thoughts.

I got no sleep for several nights or days after I came into that wretched place, and glad I would have been for some time to have died there, though I did not consider dying as it ought to be considered neither; indeed, nothing could be filled with more horror to my imagination than the very place, nothing was more odious to me than the company that was there. Oh! if I had but been sent to any place in the world, and not to Newgate, I should have thought myself happy.

In the next place, how did the hardened wretches that were there before me triumph over me! What! Mrs Flanders come to Newgate at last? What! Mrs Mary, Mrs Molly, and after that plain Moll Flanders! They thought the devil had helped me, they said, that I had reigned so long; they expected me there many years ago, they said, and was I come at last? Then they flouted me with dejections, welcomed me to the place, wished me joy, bid me have a good heart, not be cast down, things might not be so bad as I feared, and the like; then called for brandy, and drank to me, but put it all up to my score, for they told me I was but just come to the college, as they called it, and sure I had money in my pocket, though they had none.

I asked one of this crew how long she had been there. She said four months. I asked her how the place looked to her when she first came into it. 'Just as it did now to me', says she, 'dreadful and frightful'; that she thought she was in hell; 'and I believe so still', adds she, 'but it is natural to me now, I don't disturb myself about it.' 'I suppose', says I, 'you are in no danger of what is to follow? 'Nay', says she, 'you are mistaken there, I am sure, for I am under sentence, only I pleaded my belly, but am no more with child than the judge that tried me, and I expect to be called down next session.' This 'calling down' is calling down to their former judgment, when a woman has been respited for her belly, but proves not to be with child, or if she has been with child, and has been brought to bed. 'Well', says I, 'and are you thus easy?' 'Ay', says she, 'I can't help myself; what signifies being sad? If I am hanged, there's an end of me.' And away she turned, dancing, and sings as she goes, the following piece of Newgate wit:

'If I swing by the string,

I shall hear the bell ring,

And then there's an end of poor Jenny.'

I mention this because it would be worth the observation of any prisoner, who shall hereafter fall into the same misfortune, and

come to that dreadful place of Newgate, how time, necessity, and conversing with the wretches that are there familiarises the place to them; how at last they become reconciled to that which at first was the greatest dread upon their spirits in the world, and are as impudently cheerful and merry in their misery as they were when out of it.

I cannot say, as some do, this devil is not so black as he is painted; for indeed no colours can represent that place to the life, nor any soul conceive aright of it but those who have been sufferers there. But how hell should become by degrees so natural, and not only tolerable, but even agreeable, is a thing unintelligible but by those who have experienced it, as I have.

The same night that I was sent to Newgate, I sent the news of it to my old governess, who was surprised at it, you may be sure, and spent the night almost as ill out of Newgate, as I did in it.

The next morning she came to see me; she did what she could to comfort me, but she saw that was to no purpose; however, as she said, to sink under the weight was but to increase the weight; she immediately applied herself to all the proper methods to prevent the effects of it, which we feared, and first she found out the two fiery jades that had surprised me. She tampered with them, persuaded them, offered them money, and, in a word, tried all imaginable ways to prevent a prosecution; she offered one of the wenches £100 to go away from her mistress, and not to appear against me, but she was so resolute, that though she was but a servant-maid at £3 a year wages, or thereabouts, she refused it, and would have refused, as my governess said she believed, if she had offered her £500. Then she attacked the other maid; she was not so hardhearted as the other, and sometimes seemed inclined to be merciful; but the first wench kept her up, and would not so much as let my governess talk with her, but threatened to have her up for tampering with the evidence.

Then she applied to the master, that is to say, the man whose goods had been stolen, and particularly to his wife, who was inclined at first to have some compassion for me; she found the woman the same still, but the man alleged he was bound to prosecute, and that he should forfeit his recognizance.

My governess offered to finds friend that should get his recognizance off of the file, as they call it, and that he should not suffer; but it was not possible to convince him that he could be safe any way in the world but by appearing against me; so I was to have three witnesses of fact against me, the master and his two maids; that is to say, I was as certain to be cast for my life as I was that I was alive, and I had nothing to do but to think of dying. I had but a sad foundation to build upon for that, as I said before, for all my repentance appeared to me to be only the effect of my fear of death; not a sincere regret for the wicked life that I had lived; and which had brought this misery upon me, or for the offending my Creator, who was now suddenly to be my judge.

I lived many days here under the utmost horror; I had death, as it were, in view, and thought of nothing, night or day, but of gibbets and halters, evil spirits and devils; it is not to be expressed how I was harassed, between the dreadful apprehensions of death, and the terror of my conscience reproaching me with my past horrible life.

The ordinary of Newgate came to me, and talked a little in his way, but all his divinity ran upon confessing my crime, as he called it (though he knew not what I was in for), making a full discovery, and the like, without which he told me God would never forgive me; and he said so little to the purpose that I had no manner of consolation from him; and then to observe the poor creature preaching confession and repentance to me in the morning, and find him drunk with brandy by noon, this had something in it so shocking, that I began to nauseate the man, and his work too by degrees, for the sake of the man; so that I desired him to trouble me no more.

I know not how it was, but by the indefatigable application of my diligent governess I had no bill preferred against me the first session, I mean to the grand jury, at Guildhall; so I had another month or five weeks before me, and without doubt this ought to have been accepted by me as so much time given me for reflection upon what was past, and preparation for what was to come. I ought to have esteemed it as a space given me for repentance, and have employed it as such, but it was not in me. I was sorry, as before, for being in Newgate, but had few signs of repentance about me.

On the contrary, like the water in the hollows of mountains, which petrifies and turns into stone whatever it is suffered to drop upon; so the continual conversing with such a crew of hell-hounds had the same common operation upon me as upon other people. I degenerated into stone; I turned first stupid and senseless, and then brutish and thoughtless, and at last raving mad as any of them; in short, I became as naturally pleased and easy with the place as if indeed I had been born there.

It is scarce possible to imagine that our natures should be capable of so much degeneracy as to make that pleasant and agreeable, that in itself is the most complete misery. Here was a circumstance than I think it is scarce possible to mention a worse: I was as exquisitely miserable as it was possible for any one to be that had life and health, and money to help them, as I had.

I had a weight of guilt upon me, enough to sink any creature who had the least power of reflection left, and had any sense upon them of the happiness of this life, or the misery of another. I had at first some remorse indeed, but no repentance; I had now neither remorse or repentance. I had a crime charged on me, the punishment of which was death; the proof so evident, that there was no room for me so much as to plead not guilty, I had the name of an old offender, so that I had nothing to expect but death, neither had I myself any thoughts of escaping; and yet a certain strange lethargy of soul possessed me. I had no trouble, no apprehensions, no sorrow about me; the first surprise was gone; I was, I may well say, I know not how; my senses, my reason, nay, my conscience, were all asleep; my course of life for forty years had been a horrid complication of wickedness, whoredom, adultery, incest, lying, theft; and, in a word, everything but murder and treason had been my practice, from the age of eighteen, or thereabouts, to threescore; and now I was engulfed in the misery of punishment, and had an infamous death at the door; and yet I had no sense of my condition, no thought of heaven or hell, at least that went any farther than a bare flying touch, like the stitch or pain that gives a hint and goes off. I neither had a heart to ask God's mercy, or indeed to think of it. And in this, I think, I have given a brief description of the completest misery on earth.

All my terrifying thoughts were past, the horrors of the place were become familiar, and I felt no more uneasiness at the noise and clamours of the prison, than they did who made that noise; in a word, I was become a mere Newgate-bird, as wicked and as outrageous as any of them; nay, I scarce retained the habit and custom of good breeding and manners which all along till now ran through my conversation; so thorough a degeneracy had possessed me, that I was no more the something that I had been, than if I had never been otherwise than what I was now.

In the middle of this hardened part of my life, I had another sudden surprise, which called me back a little to that thing called sorrow, which, indeeed, I began to be past the sense of before. They told me one night that there was brought into the prison late the night before three highwaymen, who had committed a robbery somewhere on Hounslow Heath, I think it was, and were pursued to Uxbridge by the country, and there taken after a gallant resistance, in which many of the country people were wounded, and some killed.

It is not to be wondered that we prisoners were all desirous enough to see these brave, topping gentlemen, that were talked up to be such as their fellows had not been known, and especially because it was said they would in the morning be removed into the press-yard, having given money to the head master of the prison, to be allowed the liberty of that better place. So we that were women placed ourselves in the way, that we would be sure to see them; but nothing could express the amazement and surprise I was in, when the first man that came out, I knew to be my Lancashire husband, the same with whom I lived so well at Dunstable, and the same who I afterwards saw at Brickhill, when I was married to my last husband, as has been related.

I was struck dumb at the sight, and knew neither what to say, or what to do; he did not know me, and that was all the present relief I had: I quitted my company, and retired as much as that dreadful place suffers anybody to retire, and cried vehemently for a great while. 'Dreadful creature that I am', said I; 'how many poor people have I made miserable! How many desperate wretches have I sent to the devil! 'This gentleman's misfortunes I placed all to my own account. He had told me at Chester he was ruined by that match, and that his fortunes were made desperate on my account; for that thinking I had been a fortune, he was run into debt more than he was able to pay; that he would go into the army, and carry a musket, or buy a horse and take a tour, as he called it; and though I never told him that I was a fortune, and so did not actually deceive him myself, yet I did encourage the having it thought so, and so I was the occasion originally of his mischief.

The surprise of this thing only struck deeper in my thoughts, and gave me stronger reflections than all that had befallen me before. I grieved day and night, and the more for that they told me he was the captain of the gang, and that he had committed so many robberies; that Hind, or Whitney, or the Golden Farmer were fools to him; that he would surely be hanged, if there were no more men left in the country; and that there would be abundance of people come in against him.

I was overwhelmed with grief for him; my own case gave me no disturbance compared to this, and I loaded myself with reproaches on his account. I bewailed my misfortunes, and the ruin he was now come to, at such a rate that I relished nothing now as I did before and the first reflections I made upon the horrid life I had lived began to return upon me; and as these things returned, my abhorrence of the place, and of the way of living in it, returned also; in a word, I was perfectly changed and become another body

While I was under these influences of sorrow for him, came notice to me that the next sessions there would be a bill preferred to the grand jury against me, and that I should be tried for my life. My temper was touched before, the wretched boldness of spirit which I had acquired abated, and conscious guilt began to flow in my mind. In short, I began to think, and to think indeed is one real advance from hell to heaven. All that hardened state and temper of soul, which I said so much of before, is but a deprivation of thought; he that is restored to his thinking, is restored to himself.

As soon as I began, I say, to think, the first thing that occurred to me broke out thus: 'Lord! what will become of me? I shall be cast, to be sure, and there is nothing beyond that but death! I have no friends; what shall I do? I shall be certainly cast! Lord, have

mercy upon me! What will become of me?' This was a sad thought, you will say, to be the first, after so long time, that had started in my soul of that kind, and yet even this was nothing but fright at what was to come; there was not a word of sincere repentance in it all. However, I was dreadfully dejected, and disconsolate to the last degree; and as I had no friend to communicate my distressed thoughts to, it lay so heavy upon me that it threw me into fits and swoonings several times a day. I sent for my old governess, and she, give her her due, acted the part of a true friend. She left no stone unturned to prevent the grand jury finding the bill. She went to several of the jurymen, talked with them, and endeavoured to possess them with favourable dispositions, on account that nothing was taken away, and no house broken, &c.; but all would not do; the two wenches swore home to the fact, and the jury found the bill for robbery and housebreaking, that is, for felony and burglary.

I sank down when they brought the news of it, and after I came to myself I thought I should have died with the weight of it. My governess acted a true mother to me; she pitied me, she cried with me and for me, but she could not help me; and, to add to the terror of it, 'twas the discourse all over the house that I should die for it. I could hear them talk it among themselves very often, and see them shake their heads, and say they were sorry for it, and the like, as is usual in the place. But still nobody came to tell me their thoughts, till at last one of the keepers came to me privately, and said, with a sigh, 'Well, Mrs Flanders, you will be tried a Friday' (this was but a Wednesday); 'what do you intend to do?' I turned as white as a clout, and said, 'God knows what I shall do; for my part, I know not what to do.' 'Why', says he, 'I won't flatter you; I would have you prepare for death, for I doubt you will be cast; and as you are an old offender, I doubt you will find but little mercy, They say', added he, 'your case is very plain, and that the witnesses swear so home against you, there will be no standing it.'

This was a stab into the very vitals of one under such a burthen, and I could not speak a word, good or bad, for a great while. At last I burst out into tears, and said to him, 'Oh, sir, what must I do?; 'Do!' says he; 'send for a minister, and talk with him; for, indeed, Mrs Flanders, unless you have very good friends, you are no woman for this world.'

This was plain dealing indeed, but it was very harsh to me; at least I thought it so. He left me in the greatest confusion imaginable, and all that night I lay awake. And now I began to say my prayers, which I had scarce done before since my last husband's death, or from a little while after. And truly I may well call it saying my prayers, for I was in such a confusion, and had such horror upon my mind, that though I cried, and repeated several times the ordinary expression of 'Lord, have mercy upon me!' I never brought myself to any sense of being a miserable sinner, as indeed I was, and of confessing my sins to God, and begging pardon for the sake of Jesus Christ. I was overwhelmed with the sense of my condition, being tried for my life, and being sure to be executed, and on this account I cried out all night, 'Lord! what will become of me? Lord what shall I do? Lord, have mercy upon me! 'and the like.

My poor afflicted governess was now as much concerned as I, and a great deal more truly penitent, though she had no prospect of being brought to a sentence. Not but that she deserved it as much as I, and so she said herself; but she had not done anything for many years, other than receiving what I and others had stolen, and encouraging us to steal it. But she cried and took on, like a distracted body, wringing her hands, and crying out that she was undone, that she believed there was a curse from heaven upon her, that she should be damned, that she had been the destruction of all her friends, that she brought such a one, and such a one to the gallows; and there she reckoned up ten or eleven people, some of which I have given an account of, that came to untimely ends; and that now she was the occasion of my ruin, for she had persuaded me to go on, when I would have left off. I interrupted her there. 'No, mother, no', said I; 'don't speak of that, for you would have had me left off when I got the mercer's money again, and when I came home from Harwich, and I would not hearken to you; therefore you have not been to blame; it is I only have ruined myself, I have brought myself to this misery'; and thus we spent many hours together.

Well, there was no remedy; the prosecution went on, and on the Thursday I was carried down to the sessions-house, where I was arraigned, as they called it, and the next day I was appointed to be tried. At the arraignment I pleaded 'Not guilty', and well I might, for I was indicted for felony and burglary; that is, for feloniously stealing two pieces of brocaded silk, value £46, the goods of Anthony Johnson, and for breaking open the doors; whereas I knew very well they could not pretend I had broken up the doors, or so much as lifted up a latch.

On the Friday I was brought to my trial. I had so exhausted my spirits with crying for two or three days before, that I slept better the Thursday night than I expected, and had more courage for my trial than I thought possible for me to have.

When the trial began, and the indictment was read, I would have spoke, but they told me the witnesses must be heard first, and then I should have time to be heard. The witnesses were the two wenches, a couple of hard-mouthed jades indeed, for though the thing was truth in the main, yet they aggravated it to the utmost extremity, and swore I had the goods wholly in my possession, that I hid them among my clothes, that I was going off with them, that I had one foot over the threshold when they discovered themselves, and then I put t'other over, so that I was quite out of the house in the street with the goods before they took me, and then they seized me, and took the goods upon me. The fact in general was true, but I insisted upon it, that they stopped me before I had set my foot clear of the threshold. But that did not argue much, for I had taken the goods, and was bringing them

away, if I had not been taken.

I pleaded that I had stole nothing, they had lost nothing, that the door was open, and I went in with design to buy. If, seeing nobody in the house, I had taken any of them up in my hand, it could not be concluded that I intended to steal them, for that I never carried them farther than the door, to look on them with the better light.

The Court would not allow that by any means, and made a kind of a jest of my intending to buy the goods, that being no shop for the selling of anything; and as to carrying them to the door to look at them, the maids made their impudent mocks upon that, and spent their wit upon it very much; told the Court I had looked at them sufficiently, and approved them very well, for I had packed them up, and was a-going with them.

In short, I was found guilty of felony, but acquitted of the burglary, which was but small comfort to me, the first bringing me to a sentence of death, and the last would have done no more. The next day I was carried down to receive the dreadful sentence, and when they came to ask me what I had to say why sentence should not pass, I stood mute a while, but some body prompted me aloud to speak to the judges, for that they could represent things favourably for me. This encouraged me, and I told them I had nothing to say to stop the sentence, but that I had much to say to bespeak the mercy of the Court; that I hoped they would allow something in such a case for the circumstances of it; that I had broken no doors, had carried nothing off; that nobody had lost anything; that the person whose goods they were was pleased to say he desired mercy might be shown (which indeed he very honestly did); that, at the worst, it was the first offence, and that I had never been before any court of justice before; and, in a word, I spoke with more courage than I thought I could have done, and in such a moving tone, and though with tears, yet not so many tears as to obstruct my speech, that I could see it moved others to tears that heard me.

The judges sat grave and mute, gave me an easy hearing, and time to say all that I would, but, saying neither yes or no to it, pronounced the sentence of death upon me, a sentence to me like death itself, which founded me. I had no more spirit left in me. I had no tongue to speak, or eyes to look up either to God or man.

My poor governess was utterly disconsolate, and she that was my comforter before, wanted comfort now herself; and sometimes mourning, some times raging, was as much out of herself as any mad woman in Bedlam. Nor was she only disconsolate as to me, but she was struck with horror at the sense of her own wicked life, and began to look back upon it with a taste quite different from mine, for she was penitent to the highest degree for her sins, as well as sorrowful for the misfortune. She sent for a minister, too, a serious, pious, good man, and applied herself with such earnestness, by his assistance, to the work of sincere repentance, that I believe, and so did the minister too, that she was a true penitent; and, which is still more, she was not only so for the occasion, and at that juncture, but she continued so, as I was informed, to the day of her death.

It is rather to be thought of than expressed what was now my condition. I had nothing before me but death; and as I had no friends to assist me, I expected nothing but to find my name in the dead warrant, which was to come for the execution, next Friday, of five more and myself.

In the meantime my poor distressed governess sent me a minister, who at her request came to visit me. He exhorted me seriously to repent of all my sins, and to dally no longer with my soul; not flattering myself with hopes of life, which, he said, he was informed there was no room to expect, but unfeignedly to look up to God with my whole soul, and to cry for pardon in the name of Jesus Christ. He backed his discourses with proper quotations of Scripture, encouraging the greatest sinner to repent, and turn from their evil way; and when he had done, he kneeled down and prayed with me.

It was now that, for the first time, I felt any real signs of repentance. I now began to look back upon my past life with abhorrence, and having a kind of view into the other side of time, the things of life, as I believe they do with everybody at such a time, began to look with a different aspect, and quite another shape, than they did before. The views of felicity, the joy, the griefs of life, were quite other things; and I had nothing in my thoughts but what was so infinitely superior to what I had known in life, that it appeared to be the greatest stupidity to lay a weight upon anything, though the most valuable in this world.

The word eternity represented itself with all its incomprehensible additions, and I had such extended notions of it that I know not how to express them. Among the rest, how absurd did every pleasant thing look, I mean, that we had counted pleasant before, when I reflected that these sordid trifles were the things for which we forfeited eternal felicity.

With these reflections came in of mere course severe reproaches for my wretched behaviour in my past life; that I had forfeited all hope of happiness in the eternity that I was just going to enter into; and, on the contrary, was entitled to all that was miserable; and all this with the frightful addition of its being also eternal.

I am not capable of reading lectures of instruction to anybody, but I relate this in the very manner in which things then appeared

to me, as far as I am able, but infinitely short of the lively impressions which they made on my soul at that time; indeed, those impressions are not to be explained by words, or, if they are, I am not mistress of words to express them. It must be the work of every sober reader to make just reflections, as their own circumstances may direct; and this is what every one at some time or other may feel something of; I mean, a clearer sight into things to come than they had here, and a dark view of their own concern in them.

But I go back to my own case. The minister pressed me to tell him, as far as I thought convenient, in what state I found myself as to the sight I had of things beyond life. He told me he did not come as ordinary of the place, whose business it is to extort confessions from prisoners, for the further detecting of other offenders; that his business was to move me to such freedom of discourse as might serve to disburthen my own mind, and furnish him to administer comfort to me as far as was in his power; and assured me, that whatever I said to him should remain with him, and be as much a secret as if it was known only to God and myself; and that he desired to know nothing of me, but to qualify him to give proper advice to me, and to pray to God for me.

This honest, friendly way of treating me unlocked all the sluices of my passions. He brke into my very soul by it; and I unravelled all the wickedness of my life to him. In a word, I gave him an abridgment of this whole history; I gave him the picture of my conduct for fifty years in miniature.

I hid nothing from him, and he in return exhorted me to a sincere repentance, explained to me what he meant by repentance, and then drew out such a scheme of infinite mercy, proclaimed from heaven to sinners of the greatest magnitude, that he left me nothing to say, that looked like despair, or doubting of being accepted; and in this condition he left me the first night.

He visited me again the next morning, and went on with his method of explaining the terms of divine mercy, which according to him consisted of nothing more difficult than that of being sincerely desirous of it, and willing to accept it; only a sincere regret for, and hatred of, those things which rendered me so just an object of divine vengeance. I am not able to repeat the excellent discourses of this extraordinary man; all that I am able to do, is to say that he revived my heart, and brought me into such a condition that I never knew anything of in my life before. I was covered with shame and tears for things past, and yet had at the same time a secret surprising joy at the prospect of being a true penitent, and obtaining the comfort of a penitent I mean the hope of being forgiven; and so swift did thoughts circulate, and so high did the impressions they had made upon me run, that I thought I could freely have gone out that minute to execution, without any uneasiness at all, casting my soul entirely into the arms of infinite mercy as a penitent.

The good gentleman was so moved with a view of the influence which he saw these things had on me, that he blessed God he had come to visit me, and resolved not to leave me till the last moment.

It was no less than twelve days after our receiving sentence before any were ordered for execution, and then the dead warrant, as they call it, came down, and I found my name was among them. A terrible blow this was to my new resolutions; indeed my heart sank within me, and I swooned away twice, one after another, but spoke not a word. The good minister was sorely afflicted for me, and did what he could to comfort me, with the same arguments and the same moving eloquence that he did before, and left me not that evening so long as the prison-keepers would suffer him to stay in the prison, unless he would be locked up with me all night, which he was not willing to be.

I wondered much that I did not see him all the next day, it being but the day before the time appointed for execution; and I was greatly discouraged and dejected, and indeed almost sank for want of that comfort which he had so often, and with such success, yielded me in his former visits. I waited with great impatience, and under the greatest oppression of spirits imaginable, till about four o'clock, when he came to my apartment; for I had obtained the favour, by the help of money, nothing being to be done in that place without it, not to be kept in the condemned hole, among the rest of the prisoners who were to die, but to have a little dirty chamber to myself.

My heart leaped within me for joy when I heard his voice at the door, even before I saw him; but let any one judge what kind of motion I found in my soul, when, after having made a short excuse for his not coming, he showed me that his time had been employed on my account, that he had obtained a favourable report from the Recorder in my case, and, in short, that he had brought me a reprieve.

He used all the caution that he was able in letting me know what it would have been double cruelty to have concealed; for as grief had overset me before, so did joy overset me now, and I fell into a more dangerous swooning than at first, and it was not without difficulty that I was re covered at all.

The good man having made a very Christian exhortation to me not to let the joy of my reprieve put the remembrance of my past sorrow out of my mind, and told me that he must leave me, to go and enter the reprieve in the books, and show it to the sheriffs,

he stood up just before his going away, and in a very earnest manner prayed to God for me, that my repentance might be made unfeigned and sincere; and that my coming back, as it were, into life again might not be a returning to the follies of life, which I had made such solemn resolutions to forsake. I joined heartily in that petition, and must needs say I had deeper impressions upon my mind all that night, of the mercy of God in sparing my life, and a greater detestation of my sins, from a sense of that goodness, than I had in all my sorrow before.

This may be thought inconsistent in itself, and wide from the business of this book; particularly, I reflect that many of those who may be pleased and diverted with the relation of the wicked part of my story may not relish this, which is really the best part of my life, the most advantageous to myself, and the most instructive to others. Such, however, will I hope, allow me liberty to make my story complete. It would be a severe satire on such to say they do not relish the repentance as much as they do the crime; and they had rather the history were a complete tragedy, as it was very likely to have been.

But I go on with my relation. The next morning there was a sad scene indeed in the prison. The first thing I was saluted with in the morning was the tolling of the great bell at St Sepulchre's, which ushered in the day. As soon as it began to toll, a dismal groaning and crying was heard from the condemned hole, where there lay six poor souls, who were to be executed that day, some for one crime, some for another, and two for murder.

This was followed by a confused clamour in the house, among the several prisoners, expressing their awkward sorrows for the poor creatures that were to die, but in a manner extremely differing one from another. Some cried for them; some brutishly huzzaed, and wished them a good journey; some damned and cursed those that had brought them to it, many pitying them, and some few, but very few, praying for them.

There was hardly room for so much composure of mind as was required for me to bless the merciful Providence that had, as it were, snatched me out of the jaws of this destruction. I remained, as it were, dumb and silent, overcome with the sense of it, and not able to express what I had in my heart; for the passions on such occasions as these are certainly so agitated as not to be able presently to regulate their own motions.

All the while the poor condemned creatures were preparing for death, and the ordinary, as they call him, was busy with them, disposing them to submit to their sentence—I say, all this while I was seized with a fit of trembling, as much as I could have been if I had been in the same condition as I was the day before; I was so violenty agitated by this surprising fit that I shook as if it had been an ague, so that I could not speak or look but like one distracted. As soon as they were all put into the carts and gone, which, however, I had not courage enough to see—I say, as soon as they were gone, I fell into a fit of crying involuntarily, as a mere distemper, and yet so violent, and it held me so long, that I knew not what course to take, nor could I stop, or put a check to it, no, not with all the strength and courage I had.

This fit of crying held me near two hours, and, as I believe, held me till they were all out of the world, and then a most humble, penitent, serious kind of joy succeeded; a real transport it was, or passion of thankfulness, and in this I continued most part of the day.

In the evening the good minister visited me again, and fell to his usual good discourses. He congratulated my having a space yet allowed me for repentance, whereas the state of those six poor creatures was determined, and they were now past the offers of salvation; he pressed me to retain the same sentiments of the things of life that I had when I had a view of eternity; and, at the end of all, told me that I should not conclude that all was over, that a reprieve was not a pardon, that he could not answer for the effects of it; however, I had this mercy, that I had more time given me, and it was my business to improve that time.

This discourse left a kind of sadness on my heart, as if I might expect the affair would have a tragical issue still, which, however, he had no certainty of; yet I did not at that time question him about it, he having said he would do his utmost to bring it to a good end, and that he hoped he might, but he would not have me be secure; and the consequence showed that he had reason for what he said.

It was about a fortnight after this, that I had some just apprehensions that I should be included in the dead warrant at the ensuing sessions; and it was not without great difficulty, and at last an humble petition for transportation, that I avoided it, so ill was I beholding to fame, and so prevailing was the report of being an old offender; though in that they did not do me strict justice, for I was not in the sense of the law an old offender, whatever I was in the eye of the judge, for I had never been before them in a judicial way before; so the judges could not charge me with being an old offender, but the Recorder was pleased to represent my case as he thought fit.

I had now a certainty of life indeed, but with the hard conditions of being ordered for transportation, which was, I say, a hard condition in itself, but not when comparatively considered; and therefore I shall make no comments upon the sentence, nor upon

the choice I was put to. We all shall choose anything rather than death, especially when 'tis attended with an uncomfortable prospect beyond it, which was my case.

The good minister, whose interest, though a stranger to me, had obtained me the reprieve, mourned sincerely for his part. He was in hopes, he said, that I should have ended my days under the influence of good instruction, that I might not have forgot my former distresses, and that I should not have been turned loose again among such a wretched crew as are thus sent abroad, where, he said, I must have more than ordinary secret assistance from the grace of God, if I did not turn as wicked again as ever.

I have not for a good while mentioned my governess, who had been dangerously sick, and, being in as near a view of death by her disease as I was by my sentence, was a very great penitent; I say, I have not mentioned her, nor indeed did I see her in all this time; but being now recovering, and just able to come abroad, she came to see me.

I told her my condition, and what a different flux and reflux of fears and hopes I had been agitated with; I told her what I had escaped, and upon what terms; and she was present when the minister expressed his fears of my relapsing again into wickedness upon my falling into the wretched company that are generally transported. Indeed I had a melancholy reflection upon it in my own mind, for I knew what a dreadful gang was always sent away together, and said to my governess that the good minister's fears were not without cause. 'Well, well', says she, 'but I hope you will not be tempted with such a horrid example as that.' And as soon as the minister was gone, she told me she would not have me discouraged, for perhaps ways and means might be found to dispose of me in a particular way, by myself, of which she would talk further with me afterward.

I looked earnestly at her, and thought she looked more cheerfully than she usually had done, and I entertained immediately a thousand notions of being delivered, but could not for my life imagine the methods, or think of one that was feasible; but I was too much concerned in it to let her go from me without explaining herself, which, though she was very loth to do, yet, as I was still pressing, she answered me in a few words, thus: 'Why, you have money, have you not? Did you ever know one in your life that was transported and had a hundred pounds in his pocket, I'll warrant ye, child?' says she.

I understood her presently, but told her I saw no room to hope for anything but a strict execution of the order, and as it was a severity that was esteemed a mercy, there was no doubt but it would be strictly observed. She said no more but this: 'We will try what can be done'; and so we parted. I lay in the prison near fifteen weeks after this. What the reason of it was I know not, but at the end of this time I was put on board of a ship in the Thames, and with me a gang of thirteen as hardened vile creatures as ever Newgate produced in my time; and it would really well take up a history longer than mine to describe the degrees of impudence and audacious villainy that those thirteen were arrived to, and the manner of their behaviour in the voyage; of which I have a very diverting account by me, which the captain of the ship who carried them over gave me, and which he caused his mate to write down at large.

It may, perhaps, be thought trifling to enter here into a relation of all the little incidents which attended me in this interval of my circumstances; I mean between the final order for my transportation and the time of going on board the ship; and I am too near the end of my story to allow room for it; but something relating to me and my Lancashire husband I must not omit.

He had, as I have observed already, been carried from the master's side of the ordinary prison into the press-yard, with three of his comrades, for they found another to add to them after some time; here, for what reason I knew not, they were kept without being brought to a trial almost three months. It seems they found means to bribe or buy off some who were to come in against them, and they wanted evidence to convict them. After some puzzle on this account, they made shift to get proof enough against two of them to carry them off; but the other two, of which my Lancashire husband was one, lay still in suspense. They had, I think, one positive evidence against each of them, but the law obliging them to have two witnesses, they could make nothing of it. Yet they were resolved not to part with the men neither, not doubting but evidence would at last come in; and in order to this, I think publication was made that such prisoners were taken, and any one might come to the prison and see them.

I took this opportunity to satisfy my curiosity, pretending I had been robbed in the Dunstable coach, and that I would go to see the two high waymen. But when I came into the press-yard, I so disguised myself, and muffled my face up so that he could see little of me, and knew nothing of who I was; but when I came back, I said publicly that I knew them very well.

Immediately it was all over the prison that Moll Flanders would turn evidence against one of the highwaymen, and that I was to come off by it from the sentence of transportation.

They heard of it, and immediately my husband desired to see this Mrs Flanders that knew him so well, and was to be an evidence against him; and accordingly I had leave to go to him. I dressed myself up as well as the best clothes that I suffered myself ever to appear in there would allow me, and went to the press-yard, but had a hood over my face. He said little to me at first, but asked me if I knew him. I told him, 'Yes, very well'; but, as I concealed my face, so I counterfeited my voice too, that he had no guess at

who I was. He asked me where I had seen him, I told him between Dunstable and Brickhill; but turning to the keeper that stood by, I asked if I might not be admitted to talk with him alone. He said, 'Yes, yes', and so very civilly withdrew.

As soon as he was gone, and I had shut the door, I threw off my hood, and bursting out into tears, 'My dear', said I, 'do you not know me?' He turned pale, and stood speechless, like one thunderstruck, and, not able to conquer the surprise, said no more but this, 'Let me sit down'; and sitting down by the table, leaning his head on his hand, fixed his eyes on the ground as one stupid. I cried so vehemently, on the other hand, that it was a good while ere I could speak any more; but after I had given vent to my passion, I repeated the same words, 'My dear, do you not know me?' At which he answered, 'Yes', and said no more a good while.

After some time continuing in the surprise, as above, he cast up his eyes towards me, and said, 'How could you be so cruel?' I did not really understand what he meant; and I answered, 'How can you call me cruel?' 'To come to me', says he, 'in such a place at this, is it not to insult me? I have not robbed you, at least not on the highway.'

I perceived by this, that he knew nothing of the miserable circumstances I was in, and thought that, having got intelligence of his being there, I had come to upbraid him with his leaving me. But I had too much to say to him to be affronted, and told him in a few words, that I was far from coming to insult him, but at best I came to condole mutually; that he would be easily satisfied that I had no such view, when I should tell him that my condition was worse than his, and that many ways. He looked a little concerned at the expression of my condition being worse than his, but, with a kind of a smile, said, 'How can that be? When you see me fettered, and in Newgate, and two of my companions executed already, can you say your condition is worse than mine?'

'Come, my dear', says I, 'we have a long piece of work to do, if I should be to relate, or you to hear, my unfortunate history; but if you will hear it, you will soon conclude with me that my condition is worse than yours.' 'How is that possible', says he, 'when I expect to be cast for my life the very next sessions?' 'Yes', says I, ''tis very possible, when I shall tell you that I have been cast for my life three sessions ago, and am now under sentence of death; is not my case worse than yours?'

Then, indeed, he stood silent again, like one struck dumb, and after a little while he starts up. 'Unhappy couple!' says he; 'how can this be possible?' I took him by the hand. 'Come, my dear', said I, 'sit down, and let us compare our sorrows. I am a prisoner in this very house, and in a much worse circumstance than you, and you will be satisfied I do not come to insult you when I tell you the particulars.' And with this we sat down together, and I told him so much of my story as I thought convenient, bringing it at last to my being reduced to great poverty, and representing myself as fallen into some company that led me to relieve my distresses by a way that I had been already unacquainted with, and that, they making an attempt on a tradesman's house, I was seized upon, for having been but just at the door, the maid-servant pulling me in; that I neither had broke any lock or taken anything away, and that, notwithstanding that, I was brought in guilty and sentenced to die; but that the judges having been made sensible of the hardship of my circumstances, had obtained leave for me to be transported.

I told him I fared the worse for being taken in the prison for one Moll Flanders, who was a famous successful thief, that all of them had heard of, but none of them had ever seen; but that, as he knew, was none of my name. But I placed all to the account of my ill fortune, and that under this name I was dealt with as an old offender, though this was the first thing they had ever known of me. I gave him a long account of what had befallen me since I saw him, but told him I had seen him since he might think I had; then gave him an account how I had seen him at Brickhill; how he was pursued, and how, by giving an account that I knew him, and that he was a very honest gentleman, the hue-and-cry was stopped, and the high constable went back again.

He listened most attentively to all my story, and smiled at the particulars, being all of them infinitely below what he had been at the head of; but when I came to the story of Little Brickhill he was surprised. 'And was it you, my dear', said he, 'that gave the check to the mob at Brickhill?' 'Yes', said I: 'it was I indeed.' Then I told him the particulars which I had observed of him there. Why, then', said he, 'it was you that saved my life at that time, and I am glad I owe my life to you, for I will pay the debt to you now, and I'll deliver you from the present condition you are in, or I will die in the attempt.'

I told him, by no means; it was a risk too great, not worth his running the hazard of, and for a life not worth his saving. 'Twas no matter for that, he said; it was a life worth all the world to him; a life that had given him a new life; 'for', says he, 'I was never in real danger, but that time, till the last minute when I was taken.' Indeed, his danger then lay in his believing he had not been pursued that way; for they had gone off from Hockley quite another way, and had come over the enclosed country into Brickhill, and were sure they had not been seen by anybody.

Here he gave a long history of his life, which indeed would make a very strange history, and be infinitely diverting. He told me that he took the road about twelve years before he married me; that the woman which called him brother, was not any kin to him, but one that belonged to their gang, and who, keeping correspondence with them, lived always in town, having great acquaintance; that she gave them perfect intelligence of persons going out of town, and that they had made several good booties by her correspondence; that she thought she had fixed a fortune for him, when she brought me to him, but happened to be disappointed,

which he really could not blame her for; that if I had had an estate, which she was informed I had, he had resolved to leave off the road and live a new life, but never to appear in public till some general pardon had been passed, or till he could, for money, have got his name into some particular pardon, so that he might have been perfectly easy; but that, as it had proved other wise, he was obliged to take up the old trade again.

He gave a long account of some of his adventures, and particularly one where he robbed the West Chester coaches near Lichfield, when he got a very great booty; and after that, how he robbed five graziers in the west, going to Burford Fair, in Wiltshire, to buy sheep. He told me he got so much money on those two occasions that, if he had known where to have found me, he would certainly have embraced my proposal of going with me to Virginia, or to have settled in a plantation, or some other of the English colonies in America.

He told me he wrote three letters to me, directed according to my order, but heard nothing from me. This indeed I knew to be true, but the letters coming to my hand in the time of my latter husband, I could do nothing in it, and therefore gave no answer, that so he might believe they had miscarried.

Being thus disappointed, he said he carried on the old trade ever since, though, when he had gotten so much money, he said, he did not run such desperate risks as he did before. Then he gave me some account of several hard and desperate encounters which he had with gentlemen on the road, who parted too hardly with their money, and showed me some wounds he had received; and he had one or two very terrible wounds indeed, particularly one by a pistol-bullet, which broke his arm, and another with a sword, which ran him quite through the body, but that missing his vitals, he was cured again; one of his comrades having kept with him so faithfully, and so friendly, as that he assisted him in riding near eighty miles before his arm was set, and then got a surgeon in a considerable city, remote from the place where it was done, pretending they were gentleman travelling towards Carlisle, that they had been attacked on the road by highwaymen, and that one of them had shot him into the arm.

This, he said, his friend managed so well that they were not suspected, but lay still till he was cured. He gave me also so many distinct accounts of his adventures, that it is with great reluctance that I decline the relating them; but this is my own story, not his.

I then inquired into the circumstances of his present case, and what it was he expected when he came to be tried. He told me, that they had no evidence against him; for that, of the three robberies which they were all charged with, it was his good fortune that he was but in one of them, and that there was but one witness to be had to that fact, which was not sufficient; but that it was expected some others would come in, and that he thought, when he first saw me, I had been one that came of that errand; but that if nobody came in against him he hoped he should be cleared; that he had some intimation, that if he would submit to transport himself, he might be admitted to it without a trial; but that he could not think of it with any temper, and thought he could much easier submit to be hanged.

I blamed him for that; first, because if he was transported, there might be an hundred ways for him, that was a gentleman, and a bold enterprising man, to find his way back again, and perhaps some ways and means to come back before he went. He smiled at that part, and said he should like the last the best of the two, for he had a kind of horror upon his mind at his being sent to the plantations, as the Romans sent slaves to work in the mines; that he thought the passage into another state much more tolerable at the gallows, and that this was the general notion of all the gentlemen who were driven by the exigence of their fortunes to take the road; that at the place of execution there was at least an end of all the miseries of the present state; and as for what was to follow, a man was, in his opinion, as likely to repent sincerely in the last fortnight of his life, under the agonies of a jail and the condemned hole, as he would ever be in the woods and wildernesses of America; that servitude and hard labour were things gentlemen could never stoop to; that it was but the way to force them to be their own executioners, which was much worse; and that he could not have any patience when he did but think of it.

I used the utmost of my endeavour to persuade him, and joined that known woman's rhetoric to it—I mean that of tears. I told him the infamy of a public execution was certainly a greater pressure upon the spirits of a gentleman than any mortifications that he could meet with abroad; that he had at least in the other a chance for his life, whereas here he had none at all; that it was the easiest thing in the world for him to manage the captain of a ship, who were, generally speaking, men of good humour; and a small matter of conduct, especially if there was any money to be had, would make way for him to buy himself off when he came to Virginia.

He looked wishfully at me, and I guessed he meant that he had no money; but I was mistaken, his meaning was another way. 'You hinted just now, my dear', said he, 'that there might be a way of coming back before I went, by which I understood you that it might be possible to buy it off here. I had rather give £200 to prevent going, than £100 to be set at liberty when I came there.' 'That is, my dear', said I, 'because you do not know the place as well as I do.' 'That may be' said he; 'and yet I believe, as well as you know it, you would do the same, unless it is because, as you told me, you have a mother there.'

I told him, as to my mother, she must be dead many years before; and as for any other relations that I might have there, I knew them not; that since my misfortunes had reduced me to the condition I had been in for some years, I had not kept up any correspondence with them; and that he would easily believe I should find but a cold reception from them if I should be put to make my first visit in the condition of a transported felon; that therefore, if I went thither, I resolved not to see them; but that I had many views in going there, which took off all the uneasy part of it; and if he found himself obliged to go also, I should easily instruct him how to manage himself, so as never to go a servant at all, especially since I found he was not destitute of money, which was the only friend in such a condition.

He smiled, and said he did not tell me he had money. I took him up short, and told him I hoped he did not understand by my speaking that I should expect any supply from him if he had money; that, on the other hand, though I had not a great deal, yet I did not want, and while I had any I would rather add to him than weaken him, seeing, whatever he had, I knew in the case of transportation he would have occasion of it all.

He expressed himself in a most tender manner upon that head. He told me what money he had was not a great deal, but that he would never hide any of it from me if I wanted it, and assured me he did not speak with any such apprehensions; that he was only intent upon what I had hinted to him; that here he knew what to do, but there he should be the most helpless wretch alive.

I told him he frighted himself with that which had no terror in it; that if he had money, as I was glad to hear he had, he might not only avoid the servitude supposed to be the consequence of transportation, but begin the world upon such a new foundation as he could not fail of success in, with but the common application usual in such cases; that he could not but call to mind I had recommended it to him many years before, and proposed it for restoring our fortunes in the world; and I would tell him now, that to convince him both of the certainty of it, and of my being fully acquainted with the method, and also fully satisfied in the probability of success, he should first see me deliver myself from the necessity of going over at all, and then that I would go with him freely, and of my own choice, and perhaps carry enough with me to satisfy him; that I did not offer it for want of being able to live without assistance from him, but that I thought our mutual misfortunes had been such as were sufficient to reconcile us both to quitting this part of the world, and living where nobody could upbraid us with what was past, and without the agonies of a condemned hole to drive us to it, where we should look back on all our past disasters with infinite satisfaction, when we should consider that our enemies should entirely forget us, and that we should live as new people in a new world, nobody having anything to say to us, or we to them.

I pressed this home to him with so many arguments and answered all his own passionate objections so effectually, that he embraced me, and told me I treated him with such a sincerity as overcame him; that he would take my advice, and would strive to submit to his fate in hope of having the comfort of so faithful a counsellor and such a companion in his misery. But still he put me in mind of what I had mentioned before, namely, that there might be some way to get off before he went, and that it might be possible to avoid going at all, which he said would be much better. I told him he should see, and be fully satisfied that I would do my utmost in that part too, and if it did not succeed, yet that I would make good the rest.

We parted after this long conference with such testimonies of kindness and affection as I thought were equal, if not superior, to that at our parting at Dunstable; and now I saw more plainly the reason why he then declined coming with me toward London, and why, when we parted there, he told me it was not convenient to come to London with me, as he would otherwise have done. I have observed that the account of his life would have made a much more pleasing history than this of mine; and, indeed, nothing in it was more strange than this part, viz. that he carried on that desperate trade full five-and-twenty years, and had never been taken, the success he had met with had been so very uncommon, and such that sometimes he had lived handsomely and retired in one place for a year or two at a time, keeping himself and a manservant to wait on him, and has often sat in the coffeehouses and heard the very people whom he had robbed give account of their being robbed, and of the places and circumstances, so that he could easily remember that it was the same.

In this manner it seems he lived near Liverpool at the time he unluckily married me for a fortune. Had I been the fortune he expected, I verily believe he would have taken up and lived honestly.

He had with the rest of his misfortunes the good luck not to be actually upon the spot when the robbery was done which they were committed for, and so none of the persons robbed could swear to him. But it seems as he was taken with the gang, one hard-mouthed countryman swore home to him; and according to the publication they had made, they expected more evidence against him, and for that reason he was kept in hold.

However, the offer which was made to him of transportation was made, as I understood, upon the intercession of some great person who pressed him hard to accept of it; and as he knew there were several that might come in against him I thought his friend was in the right, and I lay at him night and day to delay it no longer.

At last, with much difficulty, he gave his consent; and as he was not therefore admitted to transportation in court, and on his petition, as I was, so he found himself under a difficulty to avoid embarking himself, as I had said he might have done; his friend having given security for him that he should transport himself, and not return within the term.

This hardship broke all my measures, for the steps I took afterwards for my own deliverance were hereby rendered wholly ineffectual, unless I would abandon him, and leave him to go to America by himself, than which he protested he would much rather go directly to the gallows.

I must now return to my own case. The time of my being transported was near at hand; my governess, who continued my fast friend, had tried to obtain a pardon, but it could not be done unless with an expense too heavy for my purse, considering that to be left empty, unless I had resolved to return to my old trade, had been worse than transportation, because there I could live, here I could not. The good minister stood very hard on another account to prevent my being transported also; but he was answered that my life had been given me at his first solicitations, and therefore he ought to ask no more. He was sensibly grieved at my going, because, as he said, he feared I should lose the good impressions which a prospect of death had at first made on me, and which were since increased by his instructions; and the pious gentleman was exceedingly concerned on that account.

On the other hand, I was not so solicitous about it now, but I concealed my reasons for it from the minister, and to the last he did not know but that I went with the utmost reluctance and affliction.

It was in the month of February that I was, with thirteen other convicts, delivered to a merchant that traded to Virginia, on board a ship riding, in Deptford Reach. The officer of the prison delivered us on board, and the master of the vessel gave a discharge for us.

We were for that night clapped under hatches, and kept so close that I thought I should have been suffocated for want of air; and the next morning the ship weighed, and fell down the river to a place called Bugby's Hole, which was done, as they told us, by the agreement of the merchant, that all opportunity of escape should be taken from us. However, when the ship came thither and cast anchor, we were permitted to come upon the deck, but not upon the quarter-deck, that being kept particularly for the captain and for passengers.

When, by the noise of the men over my head and the motion of the ship, I perceived they were under sail, I was at first greatly surprised, fearing we should go away, and that our friends would not be admitted to see us; but I was easy soon after, when I found they had come to an anchor, and that we had notice given by some of the men that the next morning we should have the liberty to come upon deck, and to have our friends come to see us.

All that night I lay upon the hard deck as the other prisoners did, but we had afterwards little cabins allowed for such as had any bedding to lay in them, and room to stow any box or trunk for clothes, and linen if we had it (which might well be put in), for some of them had neither shirt or shift, linen or woollen, but what was on their backs, or one farthing of money to help themselves; yet I did not find but they fared well enough in the ship, especially the women, who got money of the seamen for washing their clothes, &c., sufficient to purchase anything they wanted.

When the next morning we had the liberty to come upon deck, I asked one of the officers whether I might not be allowed to send a letter on shore to let my friends know where we lay, and to get some necessary things sent to me. This was the boatswain, a very civil, courteous man, who told me I should have any liberty that I desired, that he could allow me with safety. I told him I desired no other; and he answered, the ship's boat would go up to London next tide, and he would order my letter to be carried.

Accordingly, when the boat went off, the boatswain came and told me the boat was going off, that he went in it himself, and if my letter was ready, he would take care of it. I had prepared pen, ink, and paper be forehand, and had gotten a letter ready directed to my governess, and enclosed another to my fellow-prisoner, which, however, I did not let her know was my husband, not to the last. In that to my governess, I let her know where the ship lay, and pressed her to send me what things she had got ready for me for my voyage. When I gave the boatswain the letter, I gave him a shilling with it, which I told him was for the charge of a porter, which I had entreated him to send with the letter as soon as he came on shore, that if possible I might have an answer brought back by the same hand, that I might know what was become of my things; 'For, sir', says I, 'if the ship should go away before I have them, I am undone.'

I took care, when I gave him the shilling, to let him see I had a little better furniture about me than the ordinary prisoners; that I had a purse, and in it a pretty deal of money; and I found that the very sight of it immediately furnished me with very different treatment from what I should otherwise have met with; for though he was courteous indeed before, in a kind of natural compassion to me, as a woman in distress, yet he was more than ordinarily so afterwards, and procured me to be better treated in the ship than, I say, I might otherwise have been; as shall appear in its place.

He very honestly delivered my letter to my governess's own hands, and brought me back her answer; and when he gave it me, gave me the shilling again. 'There', says he, 'there's your shilling again too, for I delivered the letter myself.' I could not tell what to say, I was surprised at the thing; but after some pause I said, 'Sir, you are too kind; it had been but reasonable that you had paid yourself coachhire then.'

'No, no', says he, 'I am overpaid. What is that gentlewoman? Is she your sister?'

'No, sir', said I, 'she is no relation to me, but she is a dear friend, and all the friends I have in the world.' 'Well', says he, 'there are few such friends. Why, she cries after you like a child.' 'Ay', says I again, 'she would give a hundred pounds, I believe, to deliver me from this dreadful condition.'

'Would she so?' says he. 'For half the money I believe I could put you in a way how to deliver yourself.' But this he spoke softly that nobody could hear.

'Alas! sir', said I, 'but then that must be such a deliverance as, if I should be taken again, would cost me my life.' 'Nay', said he, 'if you were once out of the ship, you must look to yourself afterwards; that I can say nothing to.' So we dropped the discourse for that time.

In the meantime, my governess, faithful to the last moment, conveyed my letter to the prison to my husband, and got an answer to it, and the next day came down herself, bringing me, in the first place, a sea-bed, as they call it, and all its ordinary furniture. She brought me also a sea-chest—that is, a chest, such as are made for seamen, with all the conveniences in it, and filled with everything almost that I could want; and in one of the corners of the chest, where there was a private drawer, was my bank of money—that is to say, so much of it as I had resolved to carry with me; for I ordered part of my stock to be left behind, to be sent afterwards in such goods as I should want when I came to settle; for money in that country is not of much use, where all things are bought for tobacco; much more is it a great loss to carry in from hence.

But my case was particular; it was by no means proper for me to go without money or goods, and for a poor convict that was to be sold as soon as I came on shore, to carry a cargo of goods would be to have notice taken of it, and perhaps to have them seized; so I took part of my stock with me thus, and left the rest with my governess.

My governess brought me a great many other things, but it was not proper for me to appear too well, at least till I knew what kind of a captain we should have. When she came into the ship, I thought she would have died indeed; her heart sank at the sight of me, and at the thoughts of parting with me in that condition; and she cried so intolerably, I could not for a long time have any talk with her.

I took that time to read my fellow-prisoner's letter, which greatly perplexed me. He told me it would be impossible for him to be discharged time enough for going in the same ship, and which was more than all, he began to question whether they would give him leave to go in what ship he pleased, though he did voluntarily transport himself; but that they would see him put on board such a ship as they should direct, and that he would be charged upon the captain as other convict prisoners were; so that he began to be in despair of seeing me till he came to Virginia, which made him almost desperate; seeing that, on the other hand, if I should not be there, if any accident of the sea, or of mortality, should take me away, he should be the most undone creature in the world.

This was very perplexing, and I knew not what course to take. I told my governess the story of the boatswain, and she was mighty eager with me to treat with him; but I had no mind to it, till I heard whether my husband, or fellowprisoner, so she called him, could be at liberty to go with me or no. At last I was forced to let her into the whole matter, except only that of his being my husband. I told her that I had made a positive agreement with him to go, if he could get the liberty of going in the same ship, and I found he had money.

Then I told her what I proposed to do when we came there, how we could plant, settle, and, in short, grow rich without any more adventures; and, as a great secret, I told her we were to marry as soon as he came on board.

She soon agreed cheerfully to my going when she heard this, and she made it her business from that time to get him delivered in time, so that he might go in the same ship with me, which at last was brought to pass, though with great difficulty, and not without all the forms of a transported convict, which he really was not, for he had not been tried, and which was a great mortification to him. As our fate was now determined, and we were both on board, actually bound to Virginia, in the despicable quality of transported convicts, destined to be sold for slaves, I for five years, and he under bonds and security not to return to England any more, as long as he lived, he was very much dejected and cast down; the mortification of being brought on board as he was, like a prisoner, piqued him very much, since it was first told him he should transport himself, so that he might go as a gentleman at

liberty. It is true he was not ordered to be sold when he came there as we were, and for that reason he was obliged to pay for his passage to the captain, which we were not; as to the rest, he was as much at a loss as a child what to do with himself, but by directions.

However, I lay in an uncertain condition full three weeks, not knowing whether I should have my husband with me or no, and therefore not resolved how or in what manner to receive the honest boatswain's proposal, which indeed he thought a little strange.

At the end of this time, behold my husband came on board. He looked with a dejected, angry countenance; his great heart was swelled with rage and disdain, to be dragged along with three keepers of Newgate, and put on board like a convict, when he had not so much as been brought to a trial. He made loud complaints of it by his friends, for it seems he had some interest; but they got some check in their application, and were told he had had favour enough, and that they had received such an account of him, since the last grant of his transportation, that he ought to think himself very well treated that he was not prosecuted anew. This answer quieted him, for he knew too much what might have happened, and what he had room to expect; and now he saw the goodness of that advice to him, which prevailed with him to accept of the offer of transportation. And after his chagrin at these hell-hounds, as he called them, was a little over, he looked more composed, began to be cheerful, and as I was telling him how glad I was to have him once more out of their hands, he took me in his arms, and acknowledged with great tenderness that I had given him the best advice possible. 'My dear', says he, 'thou hast twice saved my life; from henceforward it shall be employed for you, and I'll always take your advice.'

Our first business was to compare our stock. He was very honest to me, and told me his stock was pretty good when he came into the prison, but that living there as he did like a gentleman, and, which was much more, the making of friends and soliciting his case, had been very expensive; and, in a word, all his stock left was £108, which he had about him in gold.

I gave him an account of my stock as faithfully, that is to say, what I had taken with me; for I was resolved, whatever should happen, to keep what I had left in reserve; that in case I should die, what I had was enough to give him, and what was left in my governess's hands would be her own, which she had well deserved of me indeed.

My stock which I had with me was £246 some odd shillings; so that we had £354 between us, but a worse gotten estate was never put together to begin the world with.

Our greatest misfortune as to our stock was that it was in money, an unprofitable cargo to be carried to the plantations. I believe his was really all he had left in the world, as he told me it was; but I, who had between £700 and £800 in bank when this disaster befell me, and who had one of the faithfullest friends in the world to manage it for me, considering she was a woman of no principles, had still £300 left in her hand, which I had reserved, as above; besides, I had some very valuable things with me, as particularly two gold watches, some small pieces of plate, and some rings all stolen goods. With this fortune, and in the sixty-first year of my age I launched out into a new world, as I may call it, in the condition only of a poor convict, ordered to be transported in respite from the gallows. My clothes were poor and mean, but not ragged or dirty, and none knew in the whole ship that I had anything of value about me.

However, as I had a great many very good clothes and linen in abundance, which I had ordered to be packed up in two great boxes, I had them shipped on board, not as my goods, but as consigned to my real name in Virginia; and had the bills of loading in my pocket; and in these boxes was my plate and watches, and everything of value, except my money, which I kept by itself in a private drawer in my chest, and which could not be found, or opened, if found, without spliting the chest to pieces.

The ship began now to fill; several passengers came on board, who were embarked on no criminal account, and these had accommodations assigned them in the great cabin and other parts of the ship, whereas we, as convicts, were thrust down below, I know not where. But when my husband came on board, I spoke to the boatswain, who had so early given me hints of his friendship. I told him he had befriended me in many things, and I had not made any suitable return to him, and with that I put a guinea into his hand. I told him that my husband was now come on board; that though we were under the present misfortunes, yet we had been persons of a different character from the wretched crew that we came with, and desired to know whether the captain might not be moved to admit us to some conveniences in the ship, for which we would make him what satisfaction he pleased, and that we would gratify him for his pains in procuring this for us. He took the guinea, as I could see, with great satisfaction, and assured me of his assistance.

Then he told us he did not doubt but that the captain, who was one of the best-humoured gentlemen in the world, would be easily brought to accommodate us, as well as we could desire, and, to make me easy, told me he would go up the next tide on purpose to speak to him about it. The next morning happening to sleep a little longer than ordinary, when I got up and began to look abroad, I saw the boatswain among the men in his ordinary business. I was a little melancholy at seeing him there, and going forward to speak to him, he saw me, and came towards me, but, not giving him time to speak first, I said, smiling, 'I doubt, sir, you

have forgot us, for I see you are very busy.' He returned presently, 'Come along with me, and you shall see.' So he took me into the great cabin, and there sat a good sort of a gentlemanly man writing, and a great many papers before him.

'Here', says the boatswain to him that was a-writing, 'is the gentlewoman that the captain spoke to you of.' And turning to me, he said, 'I have been so far from forgetting your business, that I have been up at the captain's house, and have represented faithfully what you said of your being furnished with conveniences for yourself and your husband; and the captain has sent this gentleman, who is mate of the ship, down on purpose to show you everything, and to accommodate you to your content, and bid me assure you that you shall not be treated like what you were expected to be, but with the same respect as other passengers are treated.'

The mate then spoke to me, and, not giving me time to thank the boatswain for his kindness, confirmed what the boatswain had said, and added that it was the captain's delight to show himself kind and charitable, especially to those that were under any misfortunes; and with that he showed me several cabins built up, some in the great cabin, and some partitioned off, out of the steerage, but opening into the great cabin, on purpose for passengers, and gave me leave to choose where I would. I chose a cabin in the steerage, in which were very good conveniences to set our chest and boxes, and a table to eat on.

The mate then told me that the boatswain had given so good a character of me and of my husband, that he had orders to tell me we should eat with him, if we thought fit, during the whole voyage, on the common terms of passengers; that we might lay in some fresh provisions if we pleased; or if not, he should lay in his usual store, and that we should have share with him. This was very reviving news to me, after so many hardships and afflictions. I thanked him, and told him the captain should make his own terms with us, and asked him leave to go and tell my husband of it, who was not very well, and was not yet out of his cabin. Accordingly I went, and my husband, whose spirits were still so much sunk with the indignity (as he understood it) offered him, that he was scarce yet himself, was so revived with the account I gave him of the reception we were like to have in the ship, that he was quite another man, and new vigour and courage appeared in his very countenance. So true is it, that the greatest spirits, when overwhelmed by their afflictions, are subject to the greatest dejections.

After some little pause to recover himself, my husband came up with me, and gave the mate thanks for the kindness which he had expressed to us, and sent suitable acknowledgments by him to the captain, offering to pay him by advance, whatever he demanded for our passage, and for the conveniences he had helped us to. The mate told him that the captain would be on board in the afternoon, and that he would leave all that to him. Accordingly, in the afternoon, the captain came, and we found him the same courteous, obliging man that the boatswain had represented him; and he was so well pleased with my husband's conversation, that, in short, he would not let us keep the cabin we had chosen, but gave us one that, as I said before, opened into the great cabin.

Nor were his conditions exorbitant, or the man craving and eager to make a prey of us, but for fifteen guineas we had our whole passage and provisions, ate at the captain's table, and were very handsomely entertained.

The captain lay himself in the other part of the great cabin, having let his roundhouse, as they call it, to a rich planter, who went over with his wife and three children, who ate by themselves. He had some other ordinary passengers, who quartered in the steerage; and as for our old fraternity, they were kept under the hatches, and came very little on the deck.

I could not refrain acquainting my governess with what had happened; it was but just that she, who was really concerned for me, should have part in my good fortune. Besides, I wanted her assistance to supply me with several necessaries, which before I was shy of letting anybody see me have; but now I had a cabin, and room to set things in, I ordered abundance of good things for our comfort in the voyage; as brandy, sugar lemons, &c., to make punch, and treat our benefactor, the captain; and abundance of things for eating and drinking; also a larger bed, and bedding proportioned to it; so that, in a word, we resolved to want for nothing.

All this while I had provided nothing for our assistance when we should come to the place, and begin to call ourselves planters; and I was far from being ignorant of what was needful on that occasion; particularly all sorts of tools for the planter's work, and for building; and all kinds of house furniture, which, if to be bought in the country, must necessarily cost double the price.

I discoursed that point with my governess, and she went and waited upon the captain, and told him that she hoped ways might be found out for her two unfortunate cousins, as she called us, to obtain our freedom when we came into the country, and so entered into a discourse with him about the means and terms also, of which I shall say more in its place; and, after thus sounding the captain, she let him know, though we were unhappy in the circumstance that occasioned our going, yet that we were not unfurnished to set ourselves to work in the country, and were resolved to settle and live there as planters. The captain readily offered his assistance, told her the method of entering upon such business, and how easy, nay, how certain it was for industrious people to recover their fortunes in such a manner. 'Madam', says he,' 'tis no reproach to any man in that country to have been sent over in worse circumstances than I perceive your cousins are in, provided they do but apply with good judgment to the business

of the place when they come there.'

She then inquired of him what things it was necessary we should carry over with us, and he, like a knowing man, told her thus: 'Madam, your cousins first must procure somebody to buy them as servants, in conformity to the conditions of their transportation, and then, in the name of that person, they may go about what they will; they may either purchase some plantations already begun, or they may purchase land of the government of the country, and begin where they please, and both will be done reasonably.' She bespoke his favour in the first article, which he promised to her to take upon himself, and indeed faithfully performed it. And as to the rest, he promised to recommend us to such as should give us the best advice, and not to impose upon us, which was as much as could be desired.

She then asked him if it would not be necessary to furnish us with a stock of tools and materials for the business of planting; and he said, 'Yes, by all means.' Then she begged his assistance in that, and told him she would furnish us with everything that was convenient, whatever it cost her. He accordingly gave her a list of things necessary for a planter, which, by his account, came to about fourscore or a hundred pounds. And, in short, she went about as dexterously to buy them as if she had been an old Virginia merchant; only that she bought, by my direction, above twice as much of everything as he had given her a list of.

These she put on board in her own name, took his bills of loading for them, and endorsed those bills of loading to my husband, insuring the cargo afterwards in her own name; so that we were provided for all events and for all disasters.

I should have told you that my husband gave her all his own stock of £108, which, as I have said, he had about him in gold, to lay out thus, and I gave her a good sum besides; so that I did not break into the stock which I had left in her hands at all, but after all we had near £200 in money, which was more than enough for our purpose.

In this condition, very cheerful, and indeed joyful at being so happily accommodated, we set sail from Bugby's Hole to Gravesend, where the ship lay about ten days more, and where the captain came on board for good and all. Here the captain offered us a civility which, indeed, we had no reason to expect, namely, to let us go on shore and refresh ourselves, upon giving our words that we would not go from him, and that we would return peaceably on board again. This was such an evidence of his confidence in us that it overcame my husband, who, in a mere principle of gratitude, told him, as he could not in any capacity make a suitable return for such a favour, so he could not think of accepting it, nor could he be easy that the captain should run such a risk. After some mutual civilities, I gave my husband a purse, in which was eighty guineas, and he put it into the captain's hand. 'There, captain', says he, 'there's part of a pledge for our fidelity, if we deal dishonestly with you on any account, 'tis your own.' And on this we went on shore.

Indeed, the captain had assurance enough of our resolutions to go, for that, having made such provision to settle there, it did not seem rational that we would choose to remain here at the peril of life, for such it must have been. In a word, we went all on shore with the captain, and supped together in Gravesend, where we were very merry, stayed all night, lay at the house where we supped, and came all very honestly on board again with him in the morning. Here we bought ten dozen bottles of good beer, some wine, some fowls, and such things as we thought might be acceptable on board.

My governess was with us all this while, and went round with us into the Downs, as did also the captain's wife, with whom she went back. I was never so sorrowful at parting with my own mother as I was at parting with her, and I never saw her more. We had a fair easterly wind the third day after we came to the Downs, and we sailed from thence the 10th of April. Nor did we touch any more at any place, till being driven on the coast of Ireland by a very hard gale of wind, the ship came to an anchor in a little bay, near a river whose name I remember not, but they said the river came down from Limerick, and that it was the largest river in Ireland.

Here, being detained by bad weather for some time, the captain, who continued the same kind, good-humoured man as at first, took us two on shore with him again. He did it now in kindness to my husband indeed, who bore the sea very ill, especially when it blew so hard. Here we bought again store of fresh provisions, beef, pork, mutton, and fowls, and the captain stayed to pickle up five or six barrels of beef, to lengthen out the ship's store. We were here not above five days, when the weather turning mild, and a fair wind, we set sail again, and in two-and-forty days came safe to the coast of Virginia.

When we drew near to the shore the captain called me to him, and told me that he found by my discourse I had some relations in the place, and that I had been there before, and so he supposed I understood the custom in their disposing the convict prisoners when they arrived. I told him I did not; and that, as to what relations I had in the place, he might be sure I would make myself known to none of them while in the circumstances of a prisoner, and that, as to the rest, we left ourselves entirely to him to assist us, as he was pleased to promise us he would do. He told me I must get somebody in the place to come and buy me as a servant, and who must answer for me to the governor of the country if he demanded me. I told him we should do as he should direct; so he brought a planter to treat with him, as it were, for the purchase of me for a servant, my husband not being ordered to be sold, and there I was formally sold to him, and went ashore with him. The captain went with us and carried us to a certain house, whether it

was to be called a tavern or not I know not, but we had a bowl of punch there made of rum, &c., and were very merry. After some time, the planter gave us a certificate of discharge, and an acknowledgment of having served him faithfully, and I was free from him the next morning to go whither I would.

For this piece of service the captain demanded of me six thousand weight of tobacco, which he said he was accountable for to his freighter, and which we immediately bought for him, and made him a present of twenty guineas besides, with which he was abundantly satisfied. It is not proper to enter here into the particulars of what part of the colony of Virginia we settled in, for divers reasons; it may suffice to mention that we went into the great river of Potomac, the ship being bound thither; and there we intended to have settled at first, though afterwards we altered our minds.

The first thing I did of moment after having gotten all our goods on shore, and placed them in a storehouse, which, with a lodging, we hired at the small place or village where we landed; I say, the first thing was to inquire after my mother, and after my brother (that fatal person whom I married as a husband, as I have related at large). A little inquiry furnished me with information that Mrs ——, that is my mother, was dead; that my brother, or husband, was alive, and, which was worse, I found he was removed from the plantation where I lived, and lived with one of his sons in a plantation just by the place where we landed, and had hired a warehouse.

I was a little surprised at first, but as I ventured to satisfy myself that he could not know me, I was not only perfectly easy, but had a great mind to see him, if it was possible, without his seeing me. In order to do that, I found out by inquiry the plantation where he lived, and with a woman of the place whom I got to help me, like what we call a charwoman, I rambled about towards the place as if I had only a mind to see the country and look about me. At last I came so near that I saw the dwelling-house. I asked the woman whose plantation that was; she said it belonged to such a man, and looking out a little to our right hands, 'There', says she, 'is the gentleman that owns the plantatation, and his father with him.' 'What are their Christian names?' said I. 'I know not', said she, 'what the old gentleman's name is, but his son's name is Humphry; and I believe', says she, 'the father's is so too.' You may guess, if you can, what a confused mixture of joy and fright possessed my thoughts upon this occasion, for I immediately knew that this was nobody else but my own son, by that father she showed me, who was my own brother. I had no mask, but I ruffled my hoods so about my face that I depended upon it that after above twenty years' absence, and withal not expecting anything of me in that part of the world, he would not be able to know me. But I need not have used all that caution, for he was grown dim-sighted by some distemper which had fallen upon his eyes, and could but just see well enough to walk about, and not run against a tree or into a ditch. As they drew near to us I said, 'Does he know you, Mrs Owen?' (so they called the woman,) 'Yes', she said, 'if he hears me speak, he will know me; but he can't see well enough to know me or anybody else'; and so she told me the story of his sight, as I have related. This made me secure, and so I threw open my hoods again, and let them pass by me. It was a wretched thing for a mother thus to see her own son, a handsome, comely young gentleman in flourishing circumstances, and durst not make herself known to him, and durst not take any notice of him. Let any mother of children that reads this consider it, and but think with what anguish of mind I restrained myself; what yearnings of soul I had in me to embrace him, and weep over him; and how I thought all my entrails turned within me, that my very bowels moved, and I knew not what to do, as I now know not how to express those agonies! When he went from me I stood gazing and trembling, and looking after him as long as I could see him; then sitting down on the grass, just at a place I had marked, I made as if I lay down to rest me, but turned from her, and lying on my face wept, and kissed the ground that he had set his foot on.

I could not conceal my disorder so much from the woman, but that she perceived it, and thought I was not well, which I was obliged to pretend was true; upon which she pressed me to rise, the ground being damp and dangerous, which I did, and walked away.

As I was going back again, and still talking of this gentleman and his son, a new occasion of melancholy offered itself, thus. The woman began, as if she would tell me a story to divert me; 'There goes', says she, 'a very odd tale among the neighbours where this gentleman formerly lived.' 'What was that? 'said I. 'Why', says she, 'that old gentleman going to England, when he was a young man, fell in love with a young lady there, one of the finest women that ever was seen here, and married her, and brought her over hither to his mother, who was then living. He lived here several years with her', continued she, 'and had several children by her, of which the young gentleman that was with him now was one; but, after some time, the old gentlewoman, his mother, talking to her of something relating to herself and of her circumstances in England, which were bad enough, the daughter-inlaw began to be very much surprised and uneasy; and, in short, in examining farther into things, it appeared past all contradiction that she, the old gentlewoman, was her own mother, and that consequently that son was her own brother, which struck the family with horror, and put them into such confusion, that it had almost ruined them all. The young woman would not live with him, he for a time went distracted, and at last the young woman went away for England, and has never been heard of since.'

It is easy to believe that I was strangely affected with this story, but 'tis impossible to describe the nature of my disturbance. I seemed astonished at the story, and asked her a thousand questions about the particulars, which I found she was thoroughly acquainted with. At last I began to inquire into the circumstances of the family, how the old gentlewoman, I mean my mother,

died, and how she left what she had; for my mother had promised me, very solemnly, that when she died she would do something for me, and leave it so, as that, if I was living, I should, one way or other, come at it, without its being in the power of her son, my brother and husband, to prevent it. She told me she did not know exactly how it was ordered, but she had been told that my mother had left a sum of money, and had tied her plantation for the payment of it, to be made good to the daughter, if ever she could be heard of, either in England or else where; and that the trust was left with this son, whom we saw with his father.

This was news too good for me to make light of, and you may be sure filled my heart with a thousand thoughts, what course I should take, and in what manner I should make myself known, or whether I should ever make myself known or no.

Here was a perplexity that I had not indeed skill to manage myself in, neither knew I what course to take, It lay heavy upon my mind night and day. I could neither sleep or converse, so that my husband perceived it, wondered what ailed me, and strove to divert me, but it was all to no purpose. He pressed me to tell him what it was troubled me, but I put it off, till at last importuning me continually, I was forced to form a story which yet had a plain truth to lay it upon too. I told him I was troubled because I found we must shift our quarters and alter our scheme of settling, for that I found I should be known if I stayed in that part of the country for that my mother being dead, several of my relations were come into that part where we then was, and that I must either discover myself to them, which in our present circumstances was not proper on many accounts, or remove; and which to do I knew not, and that this it was that made me melancholy.

He joined with me in this, that it was by no means proper for me to make myself known to anybody in the circumstances in which we then were; and therefore he told me he would be willing to remove to any part of the country, or even to any other country if I thought fit. But now I had another difficulty, which was, that if I removed to another colony, I put myself out of the way of ever making a due search after those things which my mother had left; again, I could never so much as think of breaking the secret of my former marriage to my new husband; it was not a story would bear telling, nor could I tell what might be the consequences of it: it was impossible, too, without making it public all over the country, as well who I was, as what I now was also.

This perplexity continued a great while, and made my spouse very uneasy; for he thought I was not open with him, and did not let him into every part of my grievance; and he would often say he wondered what he had done, that I would not trust him, whatever it was, especially if it was grievous and afflicting. The truth is, he ought to have been trusted with everything, for no man could deserve better of a wife; but this was a thing I knew not how to open to him, and yet having nobody to disclose any part of it to, the burthen was too heavy for my mind; for, let them say what they please of our sex not being able to keep a secret, my life is a plain conviction to me of the contrary; but be it our sex, or the men's sex, a secret of moment should always have a confidant, a bosom friend to whom we may communicate the joy of it, or the grief of it, be it which it will, or it will be a double weight upon the spirits, and perhaps become even insupportable in itself; and this I appeal to human testimony for the truth of.

And this is the cause why many times men as well as women, and men of the greatest and best qualities other ways, yet have found themselves weak in this part, and have not been able to bear the weight of a secret joy or of a secret sorrow, but have been obliged to disclose it, even for the mere giving vent to themselves, and to unbend the mind, oppressed with the weights which attended it. Nor was this any token of folly at all, but a natural consequence of the thing; and such people, had they struggled longer with the oppression, would certainly have told it in their sleep, and disclosed the secret, let it have been of what fatal nature soever, without regard to the person to whom it might be exposed. This necessity of nature is a thing which works sometimes with such vehemency in the minds of those who are guilty of any atrocious villainy, such as a secret murder in particular, that they have been obliged to discover it, though the consequence has been their own destruction. Now, though it may be true that the divine justice ought to have the glory of all those discoveries and confessions, yet 'tis as certain that Providence, which ordinarily works by the hands of nature, makes use here of the same natural causes to produce those extraordinary effects.

I could give several remarkable instances of this in my long conversation with crime and with criminals. I knew one fellow that, while I was a prisoner in Newgate, was one of those they called then night-fliers. I know not what word they may have understood it by since, but he was one who by connivance was admitted to go abroad every evening, when he played his pranks, and furnished those honest people they call thief-catchers with business to find out the next day, and restore for a reward what they had stolen the evening before. This fellow was as sure to tell in his sleep all that he had done, and every step he had taken, what he had stolen, and where, as sure as if he had engaged to tell it waking, and therefore he was obliged, after he had been out, to lock himself up, or be locked up by some of the keepers that had him in fee, that nobody should hear him; but, on the other hand, if he had told all the particulars, and given a full account of his rambles, and success to any comrade, any brother thief, or to his employers, as I may justly call them, then all was well, and he slept as quietly as other people.

As the publishing this account of my life is for the sake of the just moral of every part of it, and for instruction, caution, warning, and improvement to every reader, so this will not pass, I hope, for an unnecessary digression, concerning some people being obliged to disclose the greatest secrets either of their own or other people's affairs.

Under the oppression of this weight, I laboured in the case I have been naming; and the only relief I found for it was to let my husband into so much of it as I thought would convince him of the neccessity there was for us to think of settling in some other part of the world; and the next consideration before us was, which part of the English settlements we should go to. My husband was a perfect stranger to the country, and had not yet so much as a geographical knowledge of the situation of the several places; and I, that, till I wrote this, did not know what the word geographical signified, had only a general knowledge from long conversation with people that came from or went to several places; but this I knew, that Maryland, Pennsylvania, East and West Jersey, New York, and New England lay all north of Virginia, and that they were consequently, all colder climates, to which, for that very reason, I had an aversion. For that as I naturally loved warm weather, so now I grew into years, I had a stronger inclination to shun a cold climate. I therefore considered of going to Carolina, which is the most southern colony of the English on the continent; and hither I proposed to go, the rather because I might with ease come from thence at any time, when it might be proper to inquire after my mother's effects, and to demand them.

With this resolution, I proposed to my husband our going away from where we was, and carrying our effects with us to Carolina, where we resolved to settle; for my husband readily agreed to the first part, viz., it was not at all proper to stay where we was, since I had assured him we should be known there; and the rest I concealed from him.

But now I found a new difficulty upon me. The main affair grew heavy upon my mind still, and I could not think of going out of the country without somehow or other making inquiry into the grand affair of what my mother had done for me; nor could I with any patience bear the thought of going away, and not make myself known to my old husband (brother), or to my child, his son; only I would fain have had it done without my new husband having any knowledge of it, or they having any knowledge of him.

I cast about innumerable ways in my thoughts how this might be done. I would gladly have sent my husband away to Carolina, and have come after myself, but this was impracticable; he would not stir without me, being himself unacquainted with the country, and with the methods of settling anywhere. Then I thought we would both go first, and that when we were settled I should come back to Virginia; but even then I knew he would never part with me, and be left there alone. The case was plain; he was bred a genleman, and was not only unacquainted; but indolent, and when we did settle, would much rather go into the woods with his gun, which they call there hunting, and which is the ordinary work of the Indians; I say, he would much rather do that than attend to the natural business of the plantation.

These were, therefore, difficulties unsurmountable, and such as I knew not what to do in. I had such strong impressions on my mind about discovering myself to my old husband, that I could not withstand them; and the rather, because it ran in my thoughts, that if I did not while he lived, I might in vain endeavour to convince my son afterward that I was really the same person, and that I was his mother, and so might both lose the assistance and comfort of the relation, and lose whatever it was my mother had left me; and yet, on the other hand, I could never think it proper to discover the circumstances I was in, as well relating to the having a husband with me as to my being brought over as a criminal; on both which accounts it wat absolutely necessary to me to remove from the place where I was, and come again to him, as from another place and in another figure.

Upon those considerations, I went on with telling my husband the absolute necessity there was of our not settling in Potomac River, that we should presently be made public there; whereas if we went to any other place in the world, we could come in with as much reputation as any family that came to plant; that, as it was always agreeable to the inhabitants to have families come among them to plant, who brought substance with them, so we should be sure of agreeable reception, and without any possibility of a discovery of our circumstances.

I told him too, that as I had several relations in the place where we was, and that I durst not now let myself be known to them, because they would soon come to know the occasion of my coming over, which would be to expose myself to the last degree; so I had reason to believe that my mother, who died here, had left me something, and perhaps considerable, which it might be very well worth my while to inquire after; but that this too could not be done without exposing us publicly, unless we went from hence; and then, wherever we settled, I might come, as it were, to visit and to see my brother and nephews, make myself known, inquire after what was my due, be received with respect, and, at the same time, have justice done me; whereas, if I did it now, I could expect nothing but with trouble, such as exacting it by force, receiving it with curses and reluctance, and with all kinds of affronts, which he would not perhaps bear to see; that in case of being obliged to legal proofs of being really her daughter, I might be at a loss, be obliged to have recourse to England, and, it may be, to fail at last, and so lose it. With these arguments, and having thus acquainted my husband with the whole secret, so far as was needful to him, we resolved to go and seek a settlement in some other colony, and at first Carolina was the place pitched upon.

In order to this we began to make inquiry for vessels going to Carolina, and in a very little while got information, that on the other side the bay, as they call it, namely, in Maryland, there was a ship which came from Carolina, loaden with rice and other goods, and was going back again thither. On this news we hired a sloop to take in our goods, and taking, as it were, a final farewell of Potomac River, we went with all our cargo over to Maryland.

This was a long and unpleasant voyage, and my spouse said it was worse to him than all the voyage from England, because the weather was bad, the water rough, and the vessel small and inconvenient. In the next place, we were full a hundred miles up Potomac River, in a part they call Westmorland County; and, as that river is by far the greatest in Virginia, and I have heard say it is the greatest river in the world that falls into another river, and not directly into the sea, so we had base weather in it, and were frequently in great danger; for though they call it but a river, 'tis frequently so broad, that when we were in the middle we could not see land on either side for many leagues together. Then we had the great bay of Chesapeake to cross, which is, where the river Potomac falls into it, near thirty miles broad, so that our voyage was full two hundred miles, in a poor, sorry sloop, with all our treasure, and if any accident had happened to us we might at last have been very miserable; supposing we had lost our goods and saved our lives only, and had then been left naked and destitute, and in a wild, strange place, not having one friend or acquaintance in all that part of the world. The very thoughts of it gives me some horror, even since the danger is past.

Well, we came to the place in five days' sailing; I think they call it Philip's Point; and behold, when we came thither, the ship bound to Carolina was loaded and gone away but three days before. This was a disappointment; but, however, I, that was to be discouraged with nothing, told my husband that since we could not get passage to Carolina, and that the country we was in was very fertile and good, we would see if we could find out anything for our turn where we was, and that if he liked things we would settle here.

We immediately went on shore, but found no conveniences just at that place, either for our being on shore, or preserving our goods on shore, but was directed by a very honest Quaker, whom we found there, to go to a place about sixty miles east; that is to say, nearer the mouth of the bay, where he said he lived, and where we should be accommodated, either to plant or to wait for any other place to plant in that might be more convenient; and he invited us with so much kindness that we agreed to go, and the Quaker himself went with us.

Here we bought us two servants, viz. an English woman-servant, just come on shore from a ship of Liverpool, and a negro man servant, things absolutely necessary for all people that pretended to settle in that country. This honest Quaker was very helpful to us, and when we came to the place that he proposed, found us out a convenient storehouse for our goods, and lodging for ourselves and servants; and about two months or thereabout, afterwards, by his direction, we took up a large piece of land from the government of that country, in order to form our plantation, and so we laid the thoughts of going to Carolina wholly aside, having been very well received here, and accommodated with a convenient lodging till we could prepare things, and have land enough cured, and materials provided, for building us a house, all which we managed by the direction of the Quaker; so that in one year's time we had near fifty acres of land cleared, part of it enclosed, and some of it planted with tobacco, though not much; besides, we had garden-ground, and corn sufficient to supply our servants with roots and herbs and bread.

And now I persuaded my husband to let me go over the bay again, and inquire after my friends. He was the willinger to consent to it now, because he had business upon his hands sufficient to employ him, besides his gun to divert him, which they call hunting there, and which he greatly delighted in; and indeed we used to look at one another, sometimes with a great deal of pleasure, reflecting how much better that was, not than Newgate only, but than the most prosperous of our circumstances in the wicked trade we had been both carrying on.

Our affair was now in a very good posture; we purchased of the proprietors of the colony as much land for £35, paid in ready money, as would make a sufficient plantation to us as long as we could either of us live; and as for children, I was past anything of that kind.

But our good fortune did not end here. I went, as I have said, over the bay, to the place where my brother, once a husband, lived; but I did not go to the same village where I was before, but went up another great river, on the east side of the river Potomac, called Rappahannoc River, and by this means came on the back of his plantation, which was large, and by the help of a navigable creek, that ran into the Rappahannoc, I came very near it.

I was now fully resolved to go up point-blank to my brother (husband), and to tell him who I was; but not knowing what temper I might find him in, or how much out of temper, rather, I might .make him by such a rash visit, I resolved to write a letter to him first, to let him know who I was, and that I was come not to give him any trouble upon the old relation, which I hoped was entirely forgot, but that I applied to him as a sister to a brother, desiring his assistance in the case of that provision which our mother, at her decease, had left for my support, and which I did not doubt but he would do me justice in, especially considering that I was come thus far to look after it.

I said some very tender, kind things in the letter about his son, which I told him he knew to be my own child, and that as I was guilty of nothing in marrying him, any more than he was in marrying me, neither of us having then known our being at all related to one another, so I hoped he would allow me the most passionate desire of once seeing my own and only child, and of showing something of the infirmities of a mother in preserving a violent affection for him, who had never been able to retain any thought

of me one way or other.

I did believe that, having received this letter, he would immediately give it to his son to read, his eyes being, I knew, so dim that he could not see to read it; but it fell out better than so, for as his sight was dim, so he had allowed his son to open all letters that came to his hand for him, and the old gentleman being from home, or out of the way when my messenger came, my letter came directly to my son's hand, and he opened and read it.

He called the messenger in, after some little stay, and asked him where the person was who gave him that letter. The messenger told him the place, which was about seven miles off; so he bid him stay, and ordering a horse to be got ready, and two servants, away he came to me with the messenger. Let any one judge the consternation I was in when my messenger came back and told me the old gentleman was not at home, but his son was come along with him, and was just coming up to me. I was perfectly confounded, for I knew not whether it was peace or war, nor could I tell how to behave; however, I had but a very few moments to think, for my son was at the heels of the messenger, and, coming up into my lodgings, asked the fellow at the door something. I suppose it was, for I did not hear it, which was the gentlewoman that sent him; for the messenger said, 'There she is, sir'; at which he comes directly up to me, kisses me, took me in his arms, embraced me with so much passion that he could not speak, but I could feel his breast heave and throb like a child, that cries, but sobs, and cannot cry it out.

I can neither express or describe the joy that touched my very soul when I found, for it was easy to discover that part, that he came not as a stranger, but as a son to a mother, and indeed a son who had never before known what a mother of his own was; in short, we cried over one another a considerable while, when at last he broke out first. 'My dear mother', says he, 'are you still alive? I never expected to have seen your face.' As for me, I could say nothing a great while.

After we had both recovered ourselves a little, and were able to talk, he told me how things stood. He told me he had not showed my letter to his father, or told him anything about it; that what his grandmother left me was in his hands, and that he would do me justice to my full satisfaction; that as to his father, he was old and infirm both in body and mind; that he was very fretful and passionate, almost blind, and capable of nothing; and he questioned whether he would know how to act in an affair which was of so nice a nature as this; and that therefore he had come himself, as well to satisfy himself in seeing me, which he could not restrain himself from, as also to put it into my power to make a judgment, after I had seen how things were, whether I would discover myself to his father or no.

This was really so prudently and wisely managed, that I found my son was a man of sense, and needed no direction from me. I told him I did not wonder that his father was as he had described him, for that his head was a little touched before I went away; and principally his disturbance was because I could not be persuaded to live with him as my husband, after I knew that he was my brother; that as he knew better than I what his father's present condition was, I should readily join with him in such measures as he would direct; that I was indifferent as to seeing his father, since I had seen him first, and he could not have told me better news than to tell me that what his grandmother had left me was entrusted in his hands, who, I doubted not, now he knew who I was, would, as he said, do me justice. I inquired then, how long my mother had been dead, and where she died, and told so many particulars of the family, that I left him no room to doubt the truth of my being really and truly his mother.

My son then inquired where I was, and how I had disposed myself. I told him I was on the Maryland side of the bay, at the plantation of a particular friend, who came from England in the same ship with me; that as for that side of the bay where he was, I had no habitation. He told me I should go home with him, and live with him, if I pleased, as long as I lived; that as to his father, he knew nobody, and would never so much as guess at me. I considered of that a little, and told him, that though it was really no little concern to me to live at a distance from him, yet I could not say it would be the most comfortable thing in the world to me to live in the house with him, and to have that unhappy object always before me, which had been such a blow to my peace before; that, though I should be glad to have his company (my son), or to be as near him as possible, yet I could not think of being in the house where I should be also under constant restraint for fear of betraying myself in my discourse, nor should I be able to refrain some expressions in my conversing with him as my son, that might discover the whole affair, which would by no means be convenient.

He acknowledged that I was right in all this. 'But then, dear mother', says he, 'you shall be as near me as you can.' So he took me with him on horseback to a plantation, next to his own, and where I was as well entertained as I could have been in his own. Having left me there, he went away home, telling me he would talk of the main business the next day; and having first called me his aunt, and given a charge to the people, who it seems were his tenants, to treat me with all possible respect, about two hours after he was gone, he sent me a maid-servant and a negro boy to wait on me, and provisions ready dressed for my supper; and thus I was as if I had been in a new world, and began almost to wish that I had not brought my Lancashire husband from England at all.

However, that wish was not hearty neither, for I loved my Lancashire husband entirely, as I had ever done from the beginning; and

he merited it as much as it was possible for a man to do; but that by the way.

The next morning my son came to visit me again, almost as soon as I was up. After a little discourse, he first of all pulled out a deerskin bag, and gave it me, with five-and-fifty Spanish pistoles in it, and told me that was to supply my expenses from England, for though it was not his business to inquire, yet he ought to think I did not bring a great deal of money out with me, it not being usual to bring much money into that country. Then he pulled out his grandmother's will, and read it over to me, whereby it appeared that she left a plantation on York River to me, with the stock of servants and cattle upon it, and had given it in trust to this son of mine for my use, whenever he should hear of me, and to my heirs, if I had any children, and in default of heirs, to whomsoever I should by will dispose of it; but gave the income of it, till I should be heard of, to my said son; and if I should not be living, then it was to him, and his heirs.

This plantation, though remote from him, he said he did not let out, but managed it by a head-clerk, as he did another that was his father's, that lay hard by it, and went over himself three or four times a year to look after it. I asked him what he thought the plantation might be worth. He said, if I would let it out, he would give me about £60 a year for it; but if I would live on it, then it would be worth much more, and he believed would bring me in about £150 a year. But, seeing I was likely either to settle on the other side the bay, or might perhaps have a mind to go back to England, if I would let him be my steward he would manage it for me, as he had done for himself, and that he believed he should be able to send me as much tobacco from it as would yield me about £100 a year, sometimes more.

This was all strange news to me, and things I had not been used to; and really my heart began to look up more seriously than I think it ever did before, and to look with great thankfulness to the hand of Providence, which had done such wonders for me, who had been myself the greatest wonder of wickedness perhaps that had been suffered to live in the world. And I must again observe, that not on this occasion only, but even on all other occasions of thankfulness, my past wickedness and abominable life never looked so monstrous to me, and I never so completely abhorred it, and reproached myself with it, as when I had a sense upon me of Providence doing good to me, while I had been making those vile returns on my part.

But I leave the reader to improve these thoughts, as no doubt they will see cause, and I go on to the fact. My son's tender carriage and kind offers fetched tears from me, almost all the while he talked with me. Indeed, I could scarce discourse with him but in the intervals of my passion; however, at length I began, and expressing myself with wonder at my being so happy to have the trust of what I had left, put into the hands of my own child, I told him, that as to the inheritance of it, I had no child but him in the world, and was now past having any if I should marry, and therefore would desire him to get a writing drawn, which I was ready to execute, by which I would, after me, give it wholly to him and to his heirs. And in the meantime, smiling, I asked him what made him continue a bachelor so long. His answer was kind and ready, that Virginia did not yield any great plenty of wives, and that since I talked of going back to England, I should send him a wife from London.

This was the substance of our first day's conversation, the pleasantest day that ever passed over my head in my life, and which gave me the truest satisfaction. He came every day after this, and spent great part of his time with me, and carried me about to several of his friends' houses, where I was entertained with great respect. Also I dined several times at his own house, when he took care always to see his halfdead father so out of the way that I never saw him, or he me. I made him one present, and it was all I had of value, and that was one of the gold watches, of which, I said, I had two in my chest, and this I happened to have with me, and gave it him at his third visit. I told him I had nothing of any value to bestow but that, and I desired he would now and then kiss it for my sake. I did not, indeed, tell him that I stole it from a gentlewoman's side, at a meeting-house in London. That's by the way.

He stood a little while hesitating, as if doubtful whether to take it or no. But I pressed it on him, and made him accept it, and it was not much less worth than his leather pouch full of Spanish gold; no, though it were to be reckoned as if at London, whereas it was worth twice as much there. At length he took it, kissed it, told me the watch should be a debt upon him that he would be paying as long as I lived.

A few days after, he brought the writings of gift and the scrivener with him, and I signed them very freely, and delivered them to him with a hundred kisses; for sure nothing ever passed between a mother and a tender, dutiful child with more affection. The next day he brings me an obligation under his hand and seal, whereby he engaged himself to manage the plantation for my account, and to remit the produce to my order wherever I should be; and withal, obliged himself to make up the produce £100 a year to me. When he had done so, he told me that as I came to demand before the crop was off, I had a right to the produce of the current year; and so he paid £100 in Spanish pieces of eight, and desired me to give him a receipt for it as in full for that year, ending at Christmas following; this being about the latter end of August.

I stayed here above five weeks, and indeed had much ado to get away then. Nay, he would have come over the bay with me, but I would by no means allow it However, he would send me over in a sloop of his own, which was built like a yacht, and served him as

well for pleasure as business. This I accepted of, and so, after the utmost expression both of duty and affection, he let me come away, and I arrived safe in two days at my friend's the Quaker's.

I brought over with me, for the use of our plantation, three horses, with harness and saddles, some hogs, two cows, and a thousand other things, the gift of the kindest and tenderest child that ever woman had. I related to my husband all the particulars of this voyage, except that I called my son my cousin; and first, I told him that I had lost my watch, which he seemed to take as a misfortune; but then I told him how kind my cousin had been, that my mother had left me such a plantation, and that he had preserved it for me, in hopes some time or other he should hear from me; then I told him that I had left it to his management, that he would render me a faithful account of its produce; and then I pulled him out the £100 in silver, as the first year's produce; and then pulling out the deerskin purse with the pistoles, 'And here, my dear', says I, 'is the gold watch.' Says my husband, 'So is Heaven's goodness sure to work the same effects, in all sensible minds, where mercies touch the heart!', lifted up both his hands, and with an ecstasy of joy, 'What is God a-doing', says he, 'for such an ungrateful dog as I am!' Then I let him know what I had brought over in the sloop, besides all this; I mean the horses, hogs, and cows, and other stores for our plantation; all which added to his surprise, and filled his heart with thankfulness; and from this time forward I believe he was as sincere a penitent and as thoroughly a reformed man as ever God's goodness brought back from a profligate, a highwayman, and a robber. I could fill a larger history than this with the evidences of this truth, but that I doubt that part of the story will not be equally diverting as the wicked part.

But this is to be my own story, not my husband's. I return therefore to my own part. We went on with our own plantation, and managed it with the help and direction of such friends as we got there, and especially the honest Quaker, who proved a faithful, generous, and steady friend to us; and we had very good success, for having a flourishing stock to begin with, as I have said, and this being now increased by the addition of £150 sterling in money, we enlarged our number of servants, built us a very good house, and cured every year a great deal of land. The second year I wrote to my old governess, giving her part with us of the joy of our success and ordered her how to lay out the money I had left with her, which was £250 as above, and to send it to us in goods, which she performed with her usual kindness and fidelity, and all this arrived safe to us.

Here we had a supply of all sorts of clothes, as well for my husband as for myself; and I took especial care to buy for him all those things that I knew he delighted to have; as two good long wigs, two silver-hilted swords, three or four fine fowlingpieces, a fine saddle with holsters and pistols very handsome, with a scarlet cloak; and, in a word, everything I could think of to oblige him, and to make him appear, as he really was, a very fine gentleman. I ordered a good quantity of such household stuff as we wanted, with linen for us both. As for myself, I wanted very little of clothes or linen, being very well furnished before. The rest of my cargo consisted in iron-work of all sorts, harness for horses, tools, clothes for servants, and woollencloth, stuffs, serges, stockings, shoes, hats, and the like, such as servants wear; and whole pieces also, to make up for servants, all by direction of the Quaker; and all this cargo arrived safe, and in good condition, with three women-servants, lusty wenches, which my old governess had picked up for me, suitable enough to the place, and to the work we had for them to do, one of which happened to come double, having been got with child by one of the seamen in the ship, as she owned afterwards, before the ship got so far as Gravesend; so she brought us out a stout boy, about seven months after our landing.

My husband, you may suppose, was a little surprised at the arriving of this cargo from England; and talking with me one day after he saw the particulars, 'My dear', says he, 'what is the meaning of all this? I fear, you will run us too deep in debt: when shall we be able to make returns for it all?' I smiled, and told him that it was all paid for; and then I told him that, not knowing what might befall us in the voyage, and considering what our circumstances might expose us to, I had not taken my whole stock with me, that I had reserved so much in my friend's hands, which now we were come over safe, and settled in a way to live, I had sent for, as he might see.

He was amazed, and stood awhile telling upon his fingers, but said nothing. At last he began thus: 'Hold, let's see', says he, telling upon his fingers still, and first on his thumb; 'there's £246 in money at first, then two gold watches, diamond rings, and plate', says he, upon the fore finger. Then upon the next finger, 'Here's a plantation on York River, £100 a year, then £150 in money, then a sloop-load of horses, cows, hogs, and stores'; and so on to the thumb again. 'And now', says he, 'a cargo cost £250 in England, and worth here twice the money.' 'Well', says I, 'what do you make of all that?' 'Make of it?' says he. 'Why, who says I was deceived when I married a wife in Lancashire? I think I have married a fortune, and a very good fortune too', says he.

In a word, we were now in very considerable circumstances, and every year increasing; for our new plantation grew upon our hands insensibly, and in eight years which we lived upon it, we brought it to such a pitch that the produce was at least £300 sterling a year: I mean, worth so much in England.

After I had been a year at home again, I went over the bay to see my son, and to receive another year's income of my plantation; and I was surprised to hear, just at my landing there, that my old husband was dead, and had not been buried above a fortnight. This, I confess, was not disagreeable news, because now I could appear as I was, in a married condition; so I told my son before

I came from him that I believed I should marry a gentleman who had a plantation near mine; and though I was legally free to marry, as to any obligation that was on me before, yet that I was shy of it lest the plot should some time or other be revived, and it might make a husband uneasy. My son, the same kind, dutiful, and obliging creature as ever, treated me now at his own house, paid me my hundred pounds, and sent me home again loaded with presents.

Some time after this, I let my son know I was married, and invited him over to see us, and my husband wrote a very obliging letter to him also, inviting him to come and see him; and he came accordingly some months after, and happened to be there just when my cargo from England came in, which I let him believe belonged all to my husband's estate, and not to me.

It must be observed that when the old wretch, my brother (husband) was dead, I then freely gave my husband an account of all that affair, and of this cousin, as I called him before, being my own son by that mistaken match. He was perfectly easy in the account, and told me he should have been easy if the old man, as we called him, had been alive. 'For', said he, 'it was no fault of yours, nor of his; it was a mistake impossible to be prevented.' He only reproached him with desiring me to conceal it, and to live with him as a wife, after I knew that he was my brother; that, he said, was a vile part. Thus all these little difficulties were made easy, and we lived together with the greatest kindness and comfort imaginable. We are now grown old; I am come back to England, being almost, seventy years of age, my husband sixty-eight, having performed much more than the limited terms of my transportation; and now, notwithstanding all the fatigues and all the miseries we have both gone through, we are both in good heart and health. My husband remained there some time after me to settle our affairs, and at first I had intended to go back to him, but at his desire I altered that resolution, and he is come over to England also, where we resolve to spend the remainder of our years in sincere penitence for the wicked lives we have lived.

4.5.2: Reading and Review Questions

1. What role does acting play in Moll's development as a character, and why?
2. What's the effect of Defoe's writing about criminal acts in such detail, with such concrete details? Why does he do that, do you think?
3. Why does Moll continue to commit crimes even when she's no longer impoverished? What motivates her, and why? What's Defoe's purpose here, do you think?
4. What relationship, if any, does money have to goodness in this book? Why does Moll end in a state of such prosperity, do you think?
5. What is Defoe's attitude towards art, towards the uses and abuses of art, do you think? How does his attitude compare with Chaucer's, Spenser's, Sydney's, or Milton's? How do you know?

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4.6: Anne Finch, Countess of Winchilsea (1661-1720)



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Anne Finch published a collection of poetry; she wrote in various poetic forms, including elegies, pastorals, epistles, and ballads. She also wrote drama and an epilogue.

Anne Finch's parents, Sir William Kingsmill and Anne Haslewood, both hailed from the landed gentry. Both died before Ann reached the age of three. She was then left in the care of a stepfather, an uncle, and a grandmother. Her father had taken the unusual step of providing for his daughter's education in his will. Ann received an excellent education in English poetry and drama, the classics, and modern languages. She later advocated women's education as a neglected right and means to elevate women's position in society.

Probably due to her parents' connections to royalty, Finch in 1683 entered the household of Mary of Modena Duchess of York, the second (and Roman Catholic) wife of James Stuart, Duke of York, the heir to the throne. The next year, she married Heanage Finch (1657-1726), a soldier and member of the Duke of York's retinue.

Their marriage thrived. Her husband encouraged Finch's writing, editing and transcribing her work and seeing to its private—though anonymous—circulation among friends. Her husband also remained loyal to the Stuarts after the deposition of James II and the ascension of William III and Mary II to the throne. Consequently estranged from the court, Finch and her husband removed to Eastwell Park in Kent, the country seat of his nephew, the 4th Earl of Winchilsea. Ann remained there with only sporadic visits to London and the Spa at Tunbridge Wells, to seek cure for ailments deemed due to "nerves."

Despite living in comparative retirement, Finch remained active as a writer, sharing her work among friends. Her Pindaric Ode "The Spleen" was included in *Gildon's Miscellany*, published in 1701. Finch's husband became the 5th Earl of Winchilsea after his nephew's death in 1712; the couple then returned to London, where Finch entered the public world of letters, socializing with writers like Alexander Pope, Jonathan Swift, and John Gay (1685-1732). Swift lauded Finch's poetry in his own "Apollo Outwitted" (1711).

Finch often wrote in the classical style, using classical forms that she imbued with her own experience and views— particularly on the position of women in society. In and through her poetry, Finch contested the gendered occupations and opportunities to which women were limited, belying the objectifications and relative positions that defined and confined women. She achieved poetic fame both during and after her lifetime. The nineteenth century Romantics, including William Wordsworth (1770-1850), embraced Finch's imagination and originality, particularly in her depictions of nature.

4.6.1: "The Introduction"

Did I, my lines intend for public view,

How many censures, would their faults pursue,

Some would, because such words they do affect,

Cry they’re insipid, empty, and uncorrect.

And many have attained, dull and untaught,

The name of wit only by finding fault.

True judges might condemn their want of wit,

And all might say, they’re by a woman writ.

Alas! a woman that attempts the pen,

Such an intruder on the rights of men,

Such a presumptuous creature, is esteemed,

The fault can by no virtue be redeemed.

They tell us we mistake our sex and way;

Good breeding, fashion, dancing, dressing, play

Are the accomplishments we should desire;

To write, or read, or think, or to inquire

Would cloud our beauty, and exhaust our time,

And interrupt the conquests of our prime;

Whilst the dull manage of a servile house

Is held by some our outmost art, and use.

Sure ’twas not ever thus, nor are we told

Fables, of women that excelled of old;

To whom, by the diffusive hand of Heaven

Some share of wit, and poetry was given.

On that glad day, on which the Ark returned,

The holy pledge, for which the land had mourned,

The joyful tribes, attend it on the way,

The Levites do the sacred charge convey,

Whilst various instruments, before it play;

Here, holy virgins in the concert join

The louder notes, to soften, and refine,

And with alternate verse complete the hymn divine.

Lo! the young Poet, after God's own heart,

By Him inspired, and taught the Muses' art,

Returned from conquest, a bright chorus meets,

That sing his slain ten thousand in the streets.

In such loud numbers they his acts declare,

Proclaim the wonders of his early war,

That Saul upon the vast applause does frown,

And feels its mighty thunder shake the crown.

What, can the threatened judgment now prolong?

Half of the kingdom is already gone;

The fairest half, whose influence guides the rest,

Have David's empire o'er their hearts confessed.

A woman here, leads fainting Israel on,

She fights, she wins, she triumphs with a song,

Devout, majestic, for the subject fit,

And far above her arms, exalts her wit;

Then, to the peaceful, shady palm withdraws,

And rules the rescued nation, with her laws.

How are we fall'n, fall'n by mistaken rules?

And education's, more than nature's fools,

Debarred from all improvements of the mind,

And to be dull, expected and designed;

And if some one would soar above the rest,

With warmer fancy, and ambition pressed,

So strong th' opposing faction still appears,

The hopes to thrive can ne'er outweigh the fears,

Be cautioned then my Muse, and still retired;

Nor be despised, aiming to be admired;

Conscious of wants, still with contracted wing,

To some few friends, and to thy sorrows sing;

For groves of laurel thou wert never meant;

Be dark enough thy shades, and be thou there content.

4.6.2: “A Nocturnal Reverie”

In such a night, when every louder wind

Is to its distant cavern safe confined;

And only gentle Zephyr fans his wings,

And lonely Philomel, still waking, sings;

Or from some tree, famed for the owl’s delight,

She, hollowing clear, directs the wand’rer right:

In such a night, when passing clouds give place,

Or thinly veil the heav’ns’ mysterious face;

When in some river, overhung with green,

The waving moon and the trembling leaves are seen;

When freshened grass now bears itself upright,

And makes cool banks to pleasing rest invite,

Whence springs the woodbind, and the bramble-rose,

And where the sleepy cowslip sheltered grows;

Whilst now a paler hue the foxglove takes,

Yet checkers still with red the dusky brakes

When scatter’d glow-worms, but in twilight fine,

Shew trivial beauties, watch their hour to shine;

Whilst Salisb’ry stands the test of every light,

In perfect charms, and perfect virtue bright:

When odors, which declined repelling day,

Through temp’rate air uninterrupted stray;

When darkened groves their softest shadows wear,

And falling waters we distinctly hear;

When through the gloom more venerable shows

Some ancient fabric, awful in repose,

While sunburnt hills their swarthy looks conceal,

And swelling haycocks thicken up the vale:

When the loosed horse now, as his pasture leads,

Comes slowly grazing through th’ adjoining meads,

Whose stealing pace, and lengthened shade we fear,

Till torn-up forage in his teeth we hear:

When nibbling sheep at large pursue their food,

And unmolested kine rechew the cud;

When curlews cry beneath the village walls,

And to her straggling brood the partridge calls;

Their shortlived jubilee the creatures keep,

Which but endures, whilst tyrant man does sleep;

When a sedate content the spirit feels,

And no fierce light disturbs, whilst it reveals;

But silent musings urge the mind to seek

Something, too high for syllables to speak;

Till the free soul to a composedness charmed,

Finding the elements of rage disarmed,

O’er all below a solemn quiet grown,

Joys in th’ inferior world, and thinks it like her own:

In such a night let me abroad remain,

Till morning breaks, and all’s confused again;

Our cares, our toils, our clamors are renewed,

Or pleasures, seldom reached, again pursued.

4.6.3: “To the Nightingale”

Exert thy voice, sweet harbinger of spring!

This moment is thy time to sing,

This moment I attend to praise,

And set my numbers to they lays.

Free as thine shall be my song;

As they music, short, or long.

Poets, wild as thee, were born,

Pleasing best when unconfined,

When to please is least designed,

Soothing but their cares to rest;

Cares do still their thoughts molest,

And still th' unhappy poet's breast,

Like thine, when best he sings, is placed against a thorn.

She begins, Let all be still!

Muse, they promise now fulfill!

Sweet, oh! sweet, still sweeter yet

Can thy words such accents fit,

Canst thou syllables refine,

Melt a sense that shall retain

Still some spirit of the brain,

Till with sounds like these it join.

'Twill not be! then change thy note;

Let division shake thy throat.

Hark! Division now she tries;

Yet as far the Muse outflies.

Cease then, prithee, cease thy tune;

Trifler, wilt thou sing till *June?*

Till thy business all lies waste,

And the time of building's past!

Thus we poets that have speech,

Unlike what they forests teach,

If a fluent vein be shown

That's transcendant to our own,

Criticize, reform, or preach,

Or censure what we cannot reach.

4.6.4: Reading and Review Questions

1. Why, and to what effect, does Finch anticipate the censure that male critics will probably bring against her writing? How does she characterize these critics? How does she herself obliquely, allusively, and directly characterize women? How does her

characterization of women's compare with Cavendish's?
2. To what extent, if any, does Finch elevate the role and purpose of poetry in human life? Why? How does her view of poetry compare with Spenser's, Sidney's, and Milton's?
3. In what ways, and to what effect, does Finch personify nature in "A Nocturnal Reverie" or "To the Nightingale?" Does she rely on literary tropes, or conventions? Does she rely on observation? Both or neither?
4. Finch seems to reverse the archetypes of night and day, shade and light, in "The Introduction" and "A Nocturnal Reverie." What values is she preferring, and why?
5. What profitable work does the unconfined song of the Nightingale effect, for whom and how?

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4.7: Jonathan Swift (1667-1745)

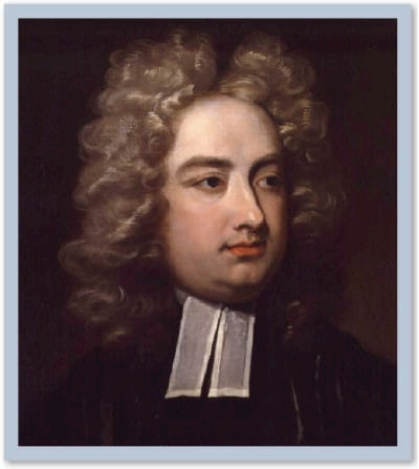


Image 4.10 | Jonathan Swift
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Born in Dublin posthumously to an Anglican father Jonathan Swift and Anglican mother, Jonathan Swift depended on the generosity of his uncle for both his upbringing and education. He studied at Kilkenny School and then at Trinity College, Dublin, from which he graduated in 1689.

After a frustratingly unproductive stint in England as personal secretary to Sir William Temple (1628-1699), a family friend and diplomat with connections to the Royal Court, Swift returned to Ireland where he was ordained as an Anglican priest. After an appointment to a church in Northern Ireland, followed by again unproductive work in England with Temple and then with Charles Berkeley, 2nd Earl of Berkeley (1649-1710), Swift took an ecclesiastical living near Dublin. He also began a long, probably platonic relationship with a woman named Esther Johnson (1681-1728) with whom he lived in close emotional contact for the rest of her life. The letters he wrote her, collected in *Journal to Stella* (1766), give an intimate view of Swift's political and religious activities and friendships.

At Temple's encouragement, Swift wrote laudatory poetry. On his own initiative, he wrote satire, beginning with *A Tale of a Tub* (1704) which he published anonymously, a satire on excesses in religion, politics, human pride, literature, science—and much else. Swift's hopes for his church career were tied to politics, and he eventually allied himself with the Tory party and its resistance to Dissenters and nonconformists. On their behalf, Swift wrote propagandist satire in *The Examiner*. He became particularly close to the activities and political ambitions of Robert Harley and Henry St. John, 1st Viscount Bolingbroke, the most prominent Tory rulers. Their debacle and loss of power cost Swift a hoped-for Bishopric in the English Church. Queen Anne, personally offended by *A Tale of a Tub* which she thought obscene, effectively exiled Swift to Ireland by appointing him as the Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin.

His political and moral acumen persisted strong, leading him to write the *Drapier's Letters to the People of Ireland* (1724-35), pamphlets against British corruption and exploitation of the Irish economy. These pamphlets made Swift a hero to the Irish. Although published anonymously, the Irish populace knew their writer's identity; despite charges of sedition against the writer and offers of reward for identifying the writer, the Irish never informed against Swift. He further vilified British exploitation of Irish resources in *A Modest Proposal for Preventing the Children of Poor People of Ireland from Being a Burden to Their Parents* (1729). It offers a literal rendition of this exploitation by suggesting the Irish sell their children as food to the wealthy.

His *Gulliver's Travels* (1726) vilified humankind for its misdirected pride and various atrocities against humanity. The force, range, and bitterness of this text's indictment against humans who wrongly assume their own rationality strike home even today. Generations of critics resisted its satire, considering it the work of a madman. Indeed, Swift did decline into senility and dependency (Samuel Johnson later claimed that Swift in this condition was displayed as an object of entertainment). *Gulliver's Travels'* prose style shifts markedly among its four books, suggesting a possible mental incoherence. The beauties and wonders of Lilliput are pushed aside in Brobdingnag, with its stinking giants, and Houyhnhnm land, with the vicious and howling Yahoos. But Swift had a very serious point to make about human nature, one that he seemed to want to drive home (and against which his

readers, and parishioners, may have been dully resistant). So he was artful and deft but also heavy-handed and blunt. By having the Houyhnhnms (“superior” horses) reject Gulliver for being a complete Yahoo (humans), Swift shows that humans are not rational animals but only capable of rationality. The distinction, and its consequences, was too important for Swift not to want to drive it home however he could. After his death, Swift was buried near Esther Johnson in St. Patrick’s.

4.7.1: Gulliver’s Travels

PART I

Chapter I

My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire: I was the third of five sons. He sent me to Emanuel College in Cambridge at fourteen years old, where I resided three years, and applied myself close to my studies; but the charge of maintaining me, although I had a very scanty allowance, being too great for a narrow fortune, I was bound apprentice to Mr. James Bates, an eminent surgeon in London, with whom I continued four years. My father now and then sending me small sums of money, I laid them out in learning navigation, and other parts of the mathematics, useful to those who intend to travel, as I always believed it would be, some time or other, my fortune to do. When I left Mr. Bates, I went down to my father: where, by the assistance of him and my uncle John, and some other relations, I got forty pounds, and a promise of thirty pounds a year to maintain me at Leyden: there I studied physic two years and seven months, knowing it would be useful in long voyages.

Soon after my return from Leyden, I was recommended by my good master, Mr. Bates, to be surgeon to the Swallow, Captain Abraham Pannel, commander; with whom I continued three years and a half, making a voyage or two into the Levant, and some other parts. When I came back I resolved to settle in London; to which Mr. Bates, my master, encouraged me, and by him I was recommended to several patients. I took part of a small house in the Old Jewry; and being advised to alter my condition, I married Mrs. Mary Burton, second daughter to Mr. Edmund Burton, hosier, in Newgate-street, with whom I received four hundred pounds for a portion.

But my good master Bates dying in two years after, and I having few friends, my business began to fail; for my conscience would not suffer me to imitate the bad practice of too many among my brethren. Having therefore consulted with my wife, and some of my acquaintance, I determined to go again to sea. I was surgeon successively in two ships, and made several voyages, for six years, to the East and West Indies, by which I got some addition to my fortune. My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient and modern, being always provided with a good number of books; and when I was ashore, in observing the manners and dispositions of the people, as well as learning their language; wherein I had a great facility, by the strength of my memory.

The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate, I grew weary of the sea, and intended to stay at home with my wife and family. I removed from the Old Jewry to Fetter Lane, and from thence to Wapping, hoping to get business among the sailors; but it would not turn to account. After three years expectation that things would mend, I accepted an advantageous offer from Captain William Prichard, master of the Antelope, who was making a voyage to the South Sea. We set sail from Bristol, May 4, 1699, and our voyage was at first very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas; let it suffice to inform him, that in our passage from thence to the East Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the north-west of Van Diemen’s Land. By an observation, we found ourselves in the latitude of 30 degrees 2 minutes south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labour and ill food; the rest were in a very weak condition. On the 5th of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable’s length of the ship; but the wind was so strong, that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labour while we were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves, and in about half an hour the boat was overset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell; but conclude they were all lost. For my own part, I swam as fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom; but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth; and by this time the storm was much abated. The declivity was so small, that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o’clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants; at least I was in so weak a condition, that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired, and with that, and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay

down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, about nine hours; for when I awaked, it was just day-light. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir: for, as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my arm-pits to my thighs. I could only look upwards; the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me; but in the posture I lay, could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin; when, bending my eyes downwards as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the mean time, I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud, that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill but distinct voice, Hekinah degul: the others repeated the same words several times, but then I knew not what they meant. I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness. At length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground; for, by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and at the same time with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it ceased I heard one of them cry aloud Tolgo phonac; when in an instant I felt above a hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which, pricked me like so many needles; and besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body, (though I felt them not), and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a groaning with grief and pain; and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but by good luck I had on a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still, and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself: and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw. But fortune disposed otherwise of me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows; but, by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers increased; and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work; when turning my head that way, as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it: from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable. But I should have mentioned, that before the principal person began his oration, he cried out three times, Langro dehul san (these words and the former were afterwards repeated and explained to me); whereupon, immediately, about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak.

He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him, whereof one was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness. I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand, and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness; and being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me, that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food. The hurgo (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learnt) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above a hundred of the inhabitants mounted and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I ate them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket bullets.

They supplied me as fast as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign, that I wanted drink. They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me; and being a most ingenious people, they slung up, with great dexterity, one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top; I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more; but they had none to give me. When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times as they did at first, Hekinah degul. They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, Borach mevolah; and when they saw the vessels in the air, there was a universal shout of Hekinah degul. I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my

body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honour I made them--for so I interpreted my submissive behaviour--soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality, to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence. However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature as I must appear to them. After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his imperial majesty. His excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue; and producing his credentials under the signet royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determinate resolution, often pointing forwards, which, as I afterwards found, was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant; whither it was agreed by his majesty in council that I must be conveyed. I answered in few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over his excellency's head for fear of hurting him or his train) and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty. It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hand in a posture to show that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs to let me understand that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment. Whereupon I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds; but again, when I felt the smart of their arrows upon my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them, and observing likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens to let them know that they might do with me what they pleased. Upon this, the hurgo and his train withdrew, with much civility and cheerful countenances. Soon after I heard a general shout, with frequent repetitions of the words Peplom selan; and I felt great numbers of people on my left side relaxing the cords to such a degree, that I was able to turn upon my right, and to ease myself with making water; which I very plentifully did, to the great astonishment of the people; who, conjecturing by my motion what I was going to do, immediately opened to the right and left on that side, to avoid the torrent, which fell with such noise and violence from me. But before this, they had daubed my face and both my hands with a sort of ointment, very pleasant to the smell, which, in a few minutes, removed all the smart of their arrows. These circumstances, added to the refreshment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nourishing, disposed me to sleep. I slept about eight hours, as I was afterwards assured; and it was no wonder, for the physicians, by the emperor's order, had mingled a sleepy potion in the hogsheads of wine.

It seems, that upon the first moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground, after my landing, the emperor had early notice of it by an express; and determined in council, that I should be tied in the manner I have related, (which was done in the night while I slept;) that plenty of meat and drink should be sent to me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city.

This resolution perhaps may appear very bold and dangerous, and I am confident would not be imitated by any prince in Europe on the like occasion. However, in my opinion, it was extremely prudent, as well as generous: for, supposing these people had endeavoured to kill me with their spears and arrows, while I was asleep, I should certainly have awaked with the first sense of smart, which might so far have roused my rage and strength, as to have enabled me to break the strings wherewith I was tied; after which, as they were not able to make resistance, so they could expect no mercy.

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics, by the countenance and encouragement of the emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. This prince has several machines fixed on wheels, for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largest men of war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long, and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which, it seems, set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me, as I lay. But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords, of the bigness of packthread, were fastened by hooks to many bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords, by many pulleys fastened on the poles; and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung into the engine, and there tied fast. All this I was told; for, while the operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me towards the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopped a while, to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep; they climbed up into the engine, and advancing very softly to my face, one of them, an officer in the guards, put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently; whereupon they stole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my waking so suddenly. We made a long march the remaining part of the day, and, rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches, and half with bows

and arrows, ready to shoot me if I should offer to stir. The next morning at sun-rise we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates about noon. The emperor, and all his court, came out to meet us; but his great officers would by no means suffer his majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopped there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom; which, having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked upon as profane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate fronting to the north was about four feet high, and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground: into that on the left side, the king's smith conveyed fourscore and eleven chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with six-and-thirty padlocks. Over against this temple, on the other side of the great highway, at twenty feet distance, there was a turret at least five feet high. Here the emperor ascended, with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above a hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and, in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand at several times, who mounted my body by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued, to forbid it upon pain of death. When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up, with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people, at seeing me rise and walk, are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and forwards in a semicircle, but, being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in, and lie at my full length in the temple.

Chapter II

When I found myself on my feet, I looked about me, and must confess I never beheld a more entertaining prospect. The country around appeared like a continued garden, and the enclosed fields, which were generally forty feet square, resembled so many beds of flowers. These fields were intermingled with woods of half a stang, (1) and the tallest trees, as I could judge, appeared to be seven feet high. I viewed the town on my left hand, which looked like the painted scene of a city in a theatre.

I had been for some hours extremely pressed by the necessities of nature; which was no wonder, it being almost two days since I had last disburdened myself. I was under great difficulties between urgency and shame. The best expedient I could think of, was to creep into my house, which I accordingly did; and shutting the gate after me, I went as far as the length of my chain would suffer, and discharged my body of that uneasy load. But this was the only time I was ever guilty of so uncleanly an action; for which I cannot but hope the candid reader will give some allowance, after he has maturely and impartially considered my case, and the distress I was in. From this time my constant practice was, as soon as I rose, to perform that business in open air, at the full extent of my chain; and due care was taken every morning before company came, that the offensive matter should be carried off in wheel-barrows, by two servants appointed for that purpose. I would not have dwelt so long upon a circumstance that, perhaps, at first sight, may appear not very momentous, if I had not thought it necessary to justify my character, in point of cleanliness, to the world; which, I am told, some of my maligners have been pleased, upon this and other occasions, to call in question.

When this adventure was at an end, I came back out of my house, having occasion for fresh air. The emperor was already descended from the tower, and advancing on horse-back towards me, which had like to have cost him dear; for the beast, though very well trained, yet wholly unused to such a sight, which appeared as if a mountain moved before him, reared up on its hinder feet: but that prince, who is an excellent horseman, kept his seat, till his attendants ran in, and held the bridle, while his majesty had time to dismount. When he alighted, he surveyed me round with great admiration; but kept beyond the length of my chain. He ordered his cooks and butlers, who were already prepared, to give me victuals and drink, which they pushed forward in a sort of vehicles upon wheels, till I could reach them. I took these vehicles and soon emptied them all; twenty of them were filled with meat, and ten with liquor; each of the former afforded me two or three good mouthfuls; and I emptied the liquor of ten vessels, which was contained in earthen vials, into one vehicle, drinking it off at a draught; and so I did with the rest. The empress, and young princes of the blood of both sexes, attended by many ladies, sat at some distance in their chairs; but upon the accident that happened to the emperor's horse, they alighted, and came near his person, which I am now going to describe. He is taller by almost the breadth of my nail, than any of his court; which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders.

His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip and arched nose, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three quarters old, of which he had reigned about seven in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him, I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off: however, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived in the description. His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it between the Asiatic and the European; but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand to defend himself, if I should happen to break loose; it

was almost three inches long; the hilt and scabbard were gold enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate; and I could distinctly hear it when I stood up. The ladies and courtiers were all most magnificently clad; so that the spot they stood upon seemed to resemble a petticoat spread upon the ground, embroidered with figures of gold and silver. His imperial majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers: but neither of us could understand a syllable. There were several of his priests and lawyers present (as I conjectured by their habits), who were commanded to address themselves to me; and I spoke to them in as many languages as I had the least smattering of, which were High and Low Dutch, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and Lingua Franca, but all to no purpose. After about two hours the court retired, and I was left with a strong guard, to prevent the impertinence, and probably the malice of the rabble, who were very impatient to crowd about me as near as they durst; and some of them had the impudence to shoot their arrows at me, as I sat on the ground by the door of my house, whereof one very narrowly missed my left eye. But the colonel ordered six of the ringleaders to be seized, and thought no punishment so proper as to deliver them bound into my hands; which some of his soldiers accordingly did, pushing them forward with the butt-ends of their pikes into my reach. I took them all in my right hand, put five of them into my coat-pocket; and as to the sixth, I made a countenance as if I would eat him alive. The poor man squalled terribly, and the colonel and his officers were in much pain, especially when they saw me take out my penknife: but I soon put them out of fear; for, looking mildly, and immediately cutting the strings he was bound with, I set him gently on the ground, and away he ran. I treated the rest in the same manner, taking them one by one out of my pocket; and I observed both the soldiers and people were highly delighted at this mark of my clemency, which was represented very much to my advantage at court.

Towards night I got with some difficulty into my house, where I lay on the ground, and continued to do so about a fortnight; during which time, the emperor gave orders to have a bed prepared for me. Six hundred beds of the common measure were brought in carriages, and worked up in my house; a hundred and fifty of their beds, sewn together, made up the breadth and length; and these were four double: which, however, kept me but very indifferently from the hardness of the floor, that was of smooth stone. By the same computation, they provided me with sheets, blankets, and coverlets, tolerable enough for one who had been so long inured to hardships.

As the news of my arrival spread through the kingdom, it brought prodigious numbers of rich, idle, and curious people to see me; so that the villages were almost emptied; and great neglect of tillage and household affairs must have ensued, if his imperial majesty had not provided, by several proclamations and orders of state, against this inconveniency. He directed that those who had already beheld me should return home, and not presume to come within fifty yards of my house, without license from the court; whereby the secretaries of state got considerable fees.

In the mean time the emperor held frequent councils, to debate what course should be taken with me; and I was afterwards assured by a particular friend, a person of great quality, who was as much in the secret as any, that the court was under many difficulties concerning me. They apprehended my breaking loose; that my diet would be very expensive, and might cause a famine. Sometimes they determined to starve me; or at least to shoot me in the face and hands with poisoned arrows, which would soon despatch me; but again they considered, that the stench of so large a carcass might produce a plague in the metropolis, and probably spread through the whole kingdom. In the midst of these consultations, several officers of the army went to the door of the great council-chamber, and two of them being admitted, gave an account of my behaviour to the six criminals above-mentioned; which made so favourable an impression in the breast of his majesty and the whole board, in my behalf, that an imperial commission was issued out, obliging all the villages, nine hundred yards round the city, to deliver in every morning six beeves, forty sheep, and other victuals for my sustenance; together with a proportionable quantity of bread, and wine, and other liquors; for the due payment of which, his majesty gave assignments upon his treasury:--for this prince lives chiefly upon his own demesnes; seldom, except upon great occasions, raising any subsidies upon his subjects, who are bound to attend him in his wars at their own expense. An establishment was also made of six hundred persons to be my domestics, who had board-wages allowed for their maintenance, and tents built for them very conveniently on each side of my door. It was likewise ordered, that three hundred tailors should make me a suit of clothes, after the fashion of the country; that six of his majesty's greatest scholars should be employed to instruct me in their language; and lastly, that the emperor's horses, and those of the nobility and troops of guards, should be frequently exercised in my sight, to accustom themselves to me. All these orders were duly put in execution; and in about three weeks I made a great progress in learning their language; during which time the emperor frequently honoured me with his visits, and was pleased to assist my masters in teaching me. We began already to converse together in some sort; and the first words I learnt, were to express my desire "that he would please give me my liberty;" which I every day repeated on my knees. His answer, as I could comprehend it, was, "that this must be a work of time, not to be thought on without the advice of his council, and that first I must LUMOS KELMIN PESSO DESMAR LON EMPOSO;" that is, swear a peace with him and his kingdom. However, that I should be used with all kindness. And he advised me to "acquire, by my patience and discreet behaviour, the good opinion of himself and his subjects." He desired "I would not take it ill, if he gave orders to certain proper officers to search me; for probably I might carry about me several weapons, which must needs be dangerous things, if they answered the bulk of so prodigious a person." I said, "His majesty should be satisfied; for I was ready to strip myself, and turn up my pockets before him." This I delivered part in words, and part in signs. He replied, "that, by the laws of the kingdom, I must be searched

by two of his officers; that he knew this could not be done without my consent and assistance; and he had so good an opinion of my generosity and justice, as to trust their persons in my hands; that whatever they took from me, should be returned when I left the country, or paid for at the rate which I would set upon them." I took up the two officers in my hands, put them first into my coat-pockets, and then into every other pocket about me, except my two fobs, and another secret pocket, which I had no mind should be searched, wherein I had some little necessaries that were of no consequence to any but myself. In one of my fobs there was a silver watch, and in the other a small quantity of gold in a purse. These gentlemen, having pen, ink, and paper, about them, made an exact inventory of every thing they saw; and when they had done, desired I would set them down, that they might deliver it to the emperor. This inventory I afterwards translated into English, and is, word for word, as follows:

"IMPRIMIS, In the right coat-pocket of the great man-mountain" (for so I interpret the words QUINBUS FLESTRIN,) "after the strictest search, we found only one great piece of coarse-cloth, large enough to be a foot-cloth for your majesty's chief room of state. In the left pocket we saw a huge silver chest, with a cover of the same metal, which we, the searchers, were not able to lift. We desired it should be opened, and one of us stepping into it, found himself up to the mid leg in a sort of dust, some part whereof flying up to our faces set us both a sneezing for several times together. In his right waistcoat-pocket we found a prodigious bundle of white thin substances, folded one over another, about the bigness of three men, tied with a strong cable, and marked with black figures; which we humbly conceive to be writings, every letter almost half as large as the palm of our hands. In the left there was a sort of engine, from the back of which were extended twenty long poles, resembling the pallisados before your majesty's court: wherewith we conjecture the man-mountain combs his head; for we did not always trouble him with questions, because we found it a great difficulty to make him understand us. In the large pocket, on the right side of his middle cover" (so I translate the word RANFULO, by which they meant my breeches,) "we saw a hollow pillar of iron, about the length of a man, fastened to a strong piece of timber larger than the pillar; and upon one side of the pillar, were huge pieces of iron sticking out, cut into strange figures, which we know not what to make of. In the left pocket, another engine of the same kind. In the smaller pocket on the right side, were several round flat pieces of white and red metal, of different bulk; some of the white, which seemed to be silver, were so large and heavy, that my comrade and I could hardly lift them. In the left pocket were two black pillars irregularly shaped: we could not, without difficulty, reach the top of them, as we stood at the bottom of his pocket. One of them was covered, and seemed all of a piece: but at the upper end of the other there appeared a white round substance, about twice the bigness of our heads. Within each of these was enclosed a prodigious plate of steel; which, by our orders, we obliged him to show us, because we apprehended they might be dangerous engines. He took them out of their cases, and told us, that in his own country his practice was to shave his beard with one of these, and cut his meat with the other. There were two pockets which we could not enter: these he called his fobs; they were two large slits cut into the top of his middle cover, but squeezed close by the pressure of his belly. Out of the right fob hung a great silver chain, with a wonderful kind of engine at the bottom. We directed him to draw out whatever was at the end of that chain; which appeared to be a globe, half silver, and half of some transparent metal; for, on the transparent side, we saw certain strange figures circularly drawn, and though we could touch them, till we found our fingers stopped by the lucid substance. He put this engine into our ears, which made an incessant noise, like that of a water-mill: and we conjecture it is either some unknown animal, or the god that he worships; but we are more inclined to the latter opinion, because he assured us, (if we understood him right, for he expressed himself very imperfectly) that he seldom did any thing without consulting it. He called it his oracle, and said, it pointed out the time for every action of his life. From the left fob he took out a net almost large enough for a fisherman, but contrived to open and shut like a purse, and served him for the same use: we found therein several massy pieces of yellow metal, which, if they be real gold, must be of immense value.

"Having thus, in obedience to your majesty's commands, diligently searched all his pockets, we observed a girdle about his waist made of the hide of some prodigious animal, from which, on the left side, hung a sword of the length of five men; and on the right, a bag or pouch divided into two cells, each cell capable of holding three of your majesty's subjects. In one of these cells were several globes, or balls, of a most ponderous metal, about the bigness of our heads, and requiring a strong hand to lift them: the other cell contained a heap of certain black grains, but of no great bulk or weight, for we could hold above fifty of them in the palms of our hands.

"This is an exact inventory of what we found about the body of the manmountain, who used us with great civility, and due respect to your majesty's commission. Signed and sealed on the fourth day of the eighty-ninth moon of your majesty's auspicious reign.

CLEFRIN FRELOCK, MARSI FRELOCK."

When this inventory was read over to the emperor, he directed me, although in very gentle terms, to deliver up the several particulars. He first called for my scimitar, which I took out, scabbard and all. In the mean time he ordered three thousand of his choicest troops (who then attended him) to surround me at a distance, with their bows and arrows just ready to discharge; but I did not observe it, for mine eyes were wholly fixed upon his majesty. He then desired me to draw my scimitar, which, although it had got some rust by the sea water, was, in most parts, exceeding bright. I did so, and immediately all the troops gave a shout between terror and surprise; for the sun shone clear, and the reflection dazzled their eyes, as I waved the scimitar to and fro in my hand. His majesty, who is a most magnanimous prince, was less daunted than I could expect: he ordered me to return it into the

scabbard, and cast it on the ground as gently as I could, about six feet from the end of my chain. The next thing he demanded was one of the hollow iron pillars; by which he meant my pocket pistols. I drew it out, and at his desire, as well as I could, expressed to him the use of it; and charging it only with powder, which, by the closeness of my pouch, happened to escape wetting in the sea (an inconvenience against which all prudent mariners take special care to provide,) I first cautioned the emperor not to be afraid, and then I let it off in the air. The astonishment here was much greater than at the sight of my scimitar. Hundreds fell down as if they had been struck dead; and even the emperor, although he stood his ground, could not recover himself for some time. I delivered up both my pistols in the same manner as I had done my scimitar, and then my pouch of powder and bullets; begging him that the former might be kept from fire, for it would kindle with the smallest spark, and blow up his imperial palace into the air. I likewise delivered up my watch, which the emperor was very curious to see, and commanded two of his tallest yeomen of the guards to bear it on a pole upon their shoulders, as draymen in England do a barrel of ale. He was amazed at the continual noise it made, and the motion of the minute-hand, which he could easily discern; for their sight is much more acute than ours: he asked the opinions of his learned men about it, which were various and remote, as the reader may well imagine without my repeating; although indeed I could not very perfectly understand them. I then gave up my silver and copper money, my purse, with nine large pieces of gold, and some smaller ones; my knife and razor, my comb and silver snuff-box, my handkerchief and journal-book. My scimitar, pistols, and pouch, were conveyed in carriages to his majesty's stores; but the rest of my goods were returned me.

I had as I before observed, one private pocket, which escaped their search, wherein there was a pair of spectacles (which I sometimes use for the weakness of mine eyes,) a pocket perspective, and some other little conveniences; which, being of no consequence to the emperor, I did not think myself bound in honour to discover, and I apprehended they might be lost or spoiled if I ventured them out of my possession.

Chapter III

My gentleness and good behaviour had gained so far on the emperor and his court, and indeed upon the army and people in general, that I began to conceive hopes of getting my liberty in a short time. I took all possible methods to cultivate this favourable disposition. The natives came, by degrees, to be less apprehensive of any danger from me. I would sometimes lie down, and let five or six of them dance on my hand; and at last the boys and girls would venture to come and play at hide-and-seek in my hair. I had now made a good progress in understanding and speaking the language. The emperor had a mind one day to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceed all nations I have known, both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers, performed upon a slender white thread, extended about two feet, and twelve inches from the ground. Upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

This diversion is only practised by those persons who are candidates for great employments, and high favour at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth, or liberal education. When a great office is vacant, either by death or disgrace (which often happens,) five or six of those candidates petition the emperor to entertain his majesty and the court with a dance on the rope; and whoever jumps the highest, without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to show their skill, and to convince the emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the straight rope, at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the summerset several times together, upon a trencher fixed on a rope which is no thicker than a common pack-thread in England. My friend Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, is, in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer; the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater, when the ministers themselves are commanded to show their dexterity; for, by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far that there is hardly one of them who has not received a fall, and some of them two or three. I was assured that, a year or two before my arrival, Flimnap would infallibly have broke his neck, if one of the king's cushions, that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.

There is likewise another diversion, which is only shown before the emperor and empress, and first minister, upon particular occasions. The emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads of six inches long; one is blue, the other red, and the third green. These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the emperor has a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favour. The ceremony is performed in his majesty's great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any other country of the new or old world. The emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates advancing, one by one, sometimes leap over the stick, sometimes creep under it, backward and forward, several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the emperor holds one end of the stick, and his first minister the other; sometimes the minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the blue-coloured silk; the red is given to the next, and the green to the third, which they all wear girt twice round about the middle; and you see few great persons about this court who are not adorned with one of these girdles.

The horses of the army, and those of the royal stables, having been daily led before me, were no longer shy, but would come up to my very feet without starting. The riders would leap them over my hand, as I held it on the ground; and one of the emperor's huntsmen, upon a large courser, took my foot, shoe and all; which was indeed a prodigious leap. I had the good fortune to divert the emperor one day after a very extraordinary manner. I desired he would order several sticks of two feet high, and the thickness of an ordinary cane, to be brought me; whereupon his majesty commanded the master of his woods to give directions accordingly; and the next morning six woodmen arrived with as many carriages, drawn by eight horses to each. I took nine of these sticks, and fixing them firmly in the ground in a quadrangular figure, two feet and a half square, I took four other sticks, and tied them parallel at each corner, about two feet from the ground; then I fastened my handkerchief to the nine sticks that stood erect; and extended it on all sides, till it was tight as the top of a drum; and the four parallel sticks, rising about five inches higher than the handkerchief, served as ledges on each side. When I had finished my work, I desired the emperor to let a troop of his best horses twenty-four in number, come and exercise upon this plain. His majesty approved of the proposal, and I took them up, one by one, in my hands, ready mounted and armed, with the proper officers to exercise them. As soon as they got into order they divided into two parties, performed mock skirmishes, discharged blunt arrows, drew their swords, fled and pursued, attacked and retired, and in short discovered the best military discipline I ever beheld. The parallel sticks secured them and their horses from falling over the stage; and the emperor was so much delighted, that he ordered this entertainment to be repeated several days, and once was pleased to be lifted up and give the word of command; and with great difficulty persuaded even the empress herself to let me hold her in her close chair within two yards of the stage, when she was able to take a full view of the whole performance. It was my good fortune, that no ill accident happened in these entertainments; only once a fiery horse, that belonged to one of the captains, pawing with his hoof, struck a hole in my handkerchief, and his foot slipping, he overthrew his rider and himself; but I immediately relieved them both, and covering the hole with one hand, I set down the troop with the other, in the same manner as I took them up. The horse that fell was strained in the left shoulder, but the rider got no hurt; and I repaired my handkerchief as well as I could: however, I would not trust to the strength of it any more, in such dangerous enterprises.

About two or three days before I was set at liberty, as I was entertaining the court with this kind of feat, there arrived an express to inform his majesty, that some of his subjects, riding near the place where I was first taken up, had seen a great black substance lying on the around, very oddly shaped, extending its edges round, as wide as his majesty's bedchamber, and rising up in the middle as high as a man; that it was no living creature, as they at first apprehended, for it lay on the grass without motion; and some of them had walked round it several times; that, by mounting upon each other's shoulders, they had got to the top, which was flat and even, and, stamping upon it, they found that it was hollow within; that they humbly conceived it might be something belonging to the man-mountain; and if his majesty pleased, they would undertake to bring it with only five horses. I presently knew what they meant, and was glad at heart to receive this intelligence. It seems, upon my first reaching the shore after our shipwreck, I was in such confusion, that before I came to the place where I went to sleep, my hat, which I had fastened with a string to my head while I was rowing, and had stuck on all the time I was swimming, fell off after I came to land; the string, as I conjecture, breaking by some accident, which I never observed, but thought my hat had been lost at sea. I entreated his imperial majesty to give orders it might be brought to me as soon as possible, describing to him the use and the nature of it: and the next day the waggoners arrived with it, but not in a very good condition; they had bored two holes in the brim, within an inch and half of the edge, and fastened two hooks in the holes; these hooks were tied by a long cord to the harness, and thus my hat was dragged along for above half an English mile; but, the ground in that country being extremely smooth and level, it received less damage than I expected.

Two days after this adventure, the emperor, having ordered that part of his army which quarters in and about his metropolis, to be in readiness, took a fancy of diverting himself in a very singular manner. He desired I would stand like a Colossus, with my legs as far asunder as I conveniently could. He then commanded his general (who was an old experienced leader, and a great patron of mine) to draw up the troops in close order, and march them under me; the foot by twentyfour abreast, and the horse by sixteen, with drums beating, colours flying, and pikes advanced. This body consisted of three thousand foot, and a thousand horse. His majesty gave orders, upon pain of death, that every soldier in his march should observe the strictest decency with regard to my person; which however could not prevent some of the younger officers from turning up their eyes as they passed under me: and, to confess the truth, my breeches were at that time in so ill a condition, that they afforded some opportunities for laughter and admiration.

I had sent so many memorials and petitions for my liberty, that his majesty at length mentioned the matter, first in the cabinet, and then in a full council; where it was opposed by none, except Skyresh Bolgolam, who was pleased, without any provocation, to be my mortal enemy. But it was carried against him by the whole board, and confirmed by the emperor. That minister was GALBET, or admiral of the realm, very much in his master's confidence, and a person well versed in affairs, but of a morose and sour complexion. However, he was at length persuaded to comply; but prevailed that the articles and conditions upon which I should be set free, and to which I must swear, should be drawn up by himself. These articles were brought to me by Skyresh Bolgolam in person attended by two under-secretaries, and several persons of distinction. After they were read, I was demanded to swear to the performance of them; first in the manner of my own country, and afterwards in the method prescribed by their

laws; which was, to hold my right foot in my left hand, and to place the middle finger of my right hand on the crown of my head, and my thumb on the tip of my right ear. But because the reader may be curious to have some idea of the style and manner of expression peculiar to that people, as well as to know the article upon which I recovered my liberty, I have made a translation of the whole instrument, word for word, as near as I was able, which I here offer to the public.

“Golbasto Momarem Evlame Gurdilo Shefin Mully Ully Gue, most mighty Emperor of Lilliput, delight and terror of the universe, whose dominions extend five thousand BLUSTRUGS (about twelve miles in circumference) to the extremities of the globe; monarch of all monarchs, taller than the sons of men; whose feet press down to the centre, and whose head strikes against the sun; at whose nod the princes of the earth shake their knees; pleasant as the spring, comfortable as the summer, fruitful as autumn, dreadful as winter: his most sublime majesty proposes to the man-mountain, lately arrived at our celestial dominions, the following articles, which, by a solemn oath, he shall be obliged to perform:--

“1st, The man-mountain shall not depart from our dominions, without our license under our great seal.

“2d, He shall not presume to come into our metropolis, without our express order; at which time, the inhabitants shall have two hours warning to keep within doors.

“3d, The said man-mountain shall confine his walks to our principal high roads, and not offer to walk, or lie down, in a meadow or field of corn.



Image 4.11 | Lilliput and Blefescu
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“4th, As he walks the said roads, he shall take the utmost care not to trample upon the bodies of any of our loving subjects, their horses, or carriages, nor take any of our subjects into his hands without their own consent.

“5th, If an express requires extraordinary despatch, the manmountain shall be obliged to carry, in his pocket, the messenger and horse a six days journey, once in every moon, and return the said messenger back (if so required) safe to our imperial presence.

“6th, He shall be our ally against our enemies in the island of Blefuscu, and do his utmost to destroy their fleet, which is now preparing to invade us.

“7th, That the said man-mountain shall, at his times of leisure, be aiding and assisting to our workmen, in helping to raise certain great stones, towards covering the wall of the principal park, and other our royal buildings.

“8th, That the said man-mountain shall, in two moons’ time, deliver in an exact survey of the circumference of our dominions, by a computation of his own paces round the coast.

“Lastly, That, upon his solemn oath to observe all the above articles, the said man-mountain shall have a daily allowance of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724[1] of our subjects, with free access to our royal person, and other marks of our favour. Given at our palace at Belfaborac, the twelfth day of the ninety-first moon of our reign.”

I swore and subscribed to these articles with great cheerfulness and content, although some of them were not so honourable as I could have wished; which proceeded wholly from the malice of Skyresh Bolgolam, the high-admiral: whereupon my chains were

immediately unlocked, and I was at full liberty. The emperor himself, in person, did me the honour to be by at the whole ceremony. I made my acknowledgements by prostrating myself at his majesty's feet: but he commanded me to rise; and after many gracious expressions, which, to avoid the censure of vanity, I shall not repeat, he added, "that he hoped I should prove a useful servant, and well deserve all the favours he had already conferred upon me, or might do for the future."

The reader may please to observe, that, in the last article of the recovery of my liberty, the emperor stipulates to allow me a quantity of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 Lilliputians. Some time after, asking a friend at court how they came to fix on that determinate number, he told me that his majesty's mathematicians, having taken the height of my body by the help of a quadrant, and finding it to exceed theirs in the proportion of twelve to one, they concluded from the similarity of their bodies, that mine must contain at least 1724 of theirs, and consequently would require as much food as was necessary to support that number of Lilliputians. By which the reader may conceive an idea of the ingenuity of that people, as well as the prudent and exact economy of so great a prince.

Chapter IV

The first request I made, after I had obtained my liberty, was, that I might have license to see Mildendo, the metropolis; which the emperor easily granted me, but with a special charge to do no hurt either to the inhabitants or their houses. The people had notice, by proclamation, of my design to visit the town. The wall which encompassed it is two feet and a half high, and at least eleven inches broad, so that a coach and horses may be driven very safely round it; and it is flanked with strong towers at ten feet distance. I stepped over the great western gate, and passed very gently, and sidling, through the two principal streets, only in my short waistcoat, for fear of damaging the roofs and eaves of the houses with the skirts of my coat. I walked with the utmost circumspection, to avoid treading on any stragglers who might remain in the streets, although the orders were very strict, that all people should keep in their houses, at their own peril. The garret windows and tops of houses were so crowded with spectators, that I thought in all my travels I had not seen a more populous place. The city is an exact square, each side of the wall being five hundred feet long. The two great streets, which run across and divide it into four quarters, are five feet wide. The lanes and alleys, which I could not enter, but only view them as I passed, are from twelve to eighteen inches. The town is capable of holding five hundred thousand souls: the houses are from three to five stories: the shops and markets well provided.

The emperor's palace is in the centre of the city where the two great streets meet. It is enclosed by a wall of two feet high, and twenty feet distance from the buildings. I had his majesty's permission to step over this wall; and, the space being so wide between that and the palace, I could easily view it on every side. The outward court is a square of forty feet, and includes two other courts: in the inmost are the royal apartments, which I was very desirous to see, but found it extremely difficult; for the great gates, from one square into another, were but eighteen inches high, and seven inches wide. Now the buildings of the outer court were at least five feet high, and it was impossible for me to stride over them without infinite damage to the pile, though the walls were strongly built of hewn stone, and four inches thick. At the same time the emperor had a great desire that I should see the magnificence of his palace; but this I was not able to do till three days after, which I spent in cutting down with my knife some of the largest trees in the royal park, about a hundred yards distant from the city. Of these trees I made two stools, each about three feet high, and strong enough to bear my weight. The people having received notice a second time, I went again through the city to the palace with my two stools in my hands. When I came to the side of the outer court, I stood upon one stool, and took the other in my hand; this I lifted over the roof, and gently set it down on the space between the first and second court, which was eight feet wide. I then stept over the building very conveniently from one stool to the other, and drew up the first after me with a hooked stick. By this contrivance I got into the inmost court; and, lying down upon my side, I applied my face to the windows of the middle stories, which were left open on purpose, and discovered the most splendid apartments that can be imagined. There I saw the empress and the young princes, in their several lodgings, with their chief attendants about them. Her imperial majesty was pleased to smile very graciously upon me, and gave me out of the window her hand to kiss.

But I shall not anticipate the reader with further descriptions of this kind, because I reserve them for a greater work, which is now almost ready for the press; containing a general description of this empire, from its first erection, through along series of princes; with a particular account of their wars and politics, laws, learning, and religion; their plants and animals; their peculiar manners and customs, with other matters very curious and useful; my chief design at present being only to relate such events and transactions as happened to the public or to myself during a residence of about nine months in that empire.

One morning, about a fortnight after I had obtained my liberty, Reldresal, principal secretary (as they style him) for private affairs, came to my house attended only by one servant. He ordered his coach to wait at a distance, and desired I would give him an hours audience; which I readily consented to, on account of his quality and personal merits, as well as of the many good offices he had done me during my solicitations at court. I offered to lie down that he might the more conveniently reach my ear, but he chose rather to let me hold him in my hand during our conversation. He began with compliments on my liberty; said "he might pretend to some merit in it;" but, however, added, "that if it had not been for the present situation of things at court, perhaps I might not have obtained it so soon. For," said he, "as flourishing a condition as we may appear to be in to foreigners, we labour

under two mighty evils: a violent faction at home, and the danger of an invasion, by a most potent enemy, from abroad. As to the first, you are to understand, that for about seventy moons past there have been two struggling parties in this empire, under the names of TRAMECKSAN and SLAMECKSAN, from the high and low heels of their shoes, by which they distinguish themselves. It is alleged, indeed, that the high heels are most agreeable to our ancient constitution; but, however this be, his majesty has determined to make use only of low heels in the administration of the government, and all offices in the gift of the crown, as you cannot but observe; and particularly that his majesty's imperial heels are lower at least by a DRURR than any of his court (DRURR is a measure about the fourteenth part of an inch). The animosities between these two parties run so high, that they will neither eat, nor drink, nor talk with each other. We compute the TRAMECKSAN, or high heels, to exceed us in number; but the power is wholly on our side. We apprehend his imperial highness, the heir to the crown, to have some tendency towards the high heels; at least we can plainly discover that one of his heels is higher than the other, which gives him a hobble in his gait. Now, in the midst of these intestine disquiets, we are threatened with an invasion from the island of Blefuscu, which is the other great empire of the universe, almost as large and powerful as this of his majesty. For as to what we have heard you affirm, that there are other kingdoms and states in the world inhabited by human creatures as large as yourself, our philosophers are in much doubt, and would rather conjecture that you dropped from the moon, or one of the stars; because it is certain, that a hundred mortals of your bulk would in a short time destroy all the fruits and cattle of his majesty's dominions: besides, our histories of six thousand moons make no mention of any other regions than the two great empires of Lilliput and Blefuscu. Which two mighty powers have, as I was going to tell you, been engaged in a most obstinate war for six-and-thirty moons past. It began upon the following occasion. It is allowed on all hands, that the primitive way of breaking eggs, before we eat them, was upon the larger end; but his present majesty's grandfather, while he was a boy, going to eat an egg, and breaking it according to the ancient practice, happened to cut one of his fingers. Whereupon the emperor his father published an edict, commanding all his subjects, upon great penalties, to break the smaller end of their eggs. The people so highly resented this law, that our histories tell us, there have been six rebellions raised on that account; wherein one emperor lost his life, and another his crown. These civil commotions were constantly fomented by the monarchs of Blefuscu; and when they were quelled, the exiles always fled for refuge to that empire. It is computed that eleven thousand persons have at several times suffered death, rather than submit to break their eggs at the smaller end. Many hundred large volumes have been published upon this controversy: but the books of the Big-endians have been long forbidden, and the whole party rendered incapable by law of holding employments. During the course of these troubles, the emperors of Blefusca did frequently expostulate by their ambassadors, accusing us of making a schism in religion, by offending against a fundamental doctrine of our great prophet Lustrog, in the fifty-fourth chapter of the Blundecral (which is their Alcoran). This, however, is thought to be a mere strain upon the text; for the words are these: 'that all true believers break their eggs at the convenient end.'

And which is the convenient end, seems, in my humble opinion to be left to every man's conscience, or at least in the power of the chief magistrate to determine. Now, the Big-endian exiles have found so much credit in the emperor of Blefuscu's court, and so much private assistance and encouragement from their party here at home, that a bloody war has been carried on between the two empires for sixand-thirty moons, with various success; during which time we have lost forty capital ships, and a much a greater number of smaller vessels, together with thirty thousand of our best seamen and soldiers; and the damage received by the enemy is reckoned to be somewhat greater than ours. However, they have now equipped a numerous fleet, and are just preparing to make a descent upon us; and his imperial majesty, placing great confidence in your valour and strength, has commanded me to lay this account of his affairs before you."

I desired the secretary to present my humble duty to the emperor; and to let him know, "that I thought it would not become me, who was a foreigner, to interfere with parties; but I was ready, with the hazard of my life, to defend his person and state against all invaders."

Chapter V

The empire of Blefuscu is an island situated to the north-east of Lilliput, from which it is parted only by a channel of eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet seen it, and upon this notice of an intended invasion, I avoided appearing on that side of the coast, for fear of being discovered, by some of the enemy's ships, who had received no intelligence of me; all intercourse between the two empires having been strictly forbidden during the war, upon pain of death, and an embargo laid by our emperor upon all vessels whatsoever. I communicated to his majesty a project I had formed of seizing the enemy's whole fleet; which, as our scouts assured us, lay at anchor in the harbour, ready to sail with the first fair wind. I consulted the most experienced seamen upon the depth of the channel, which they had often plumbed; who told me, that in the middle, at high-water, it was seventy GLUMGLUFFS deep, which is about six feet of European measure; and the rest of it fifty GLUMGLUFFS at most. I walked towards the north-east coast, over against Blefuscu, where, lying down behind a hillock, I took out my small perspective glass, and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor, consisting of about fifty men of war, and a great number of transports: I then came back to my house, and gave orders (for which I had a warrant) for a great quantity of the strongest cable and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as packthread and the bars of the length and size of a knitting-needle. I trebled the cable to make it stronger, and for the same reason I twisted three of the iron bars together, bending the extremities into a hook. Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back

to the north-east coast, and putting off my coat, shoes, and stockings, walked into the sea, in my leathern jerkin, about half an hour before high water. I waded with what haste I could, and swam in the middle about thirty yards, till I felt ground. I arrived at the fleet in less than half an hour. The enemy was so frightened when they saw me, that they leaped out of their ships, and swam to shore, where there could not be fewer than thirty thousand souls. I then took my tackling, and, fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each, I tied all the cords together at the end. While I was thus employed, the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face, and, beside the excessive smart, gave me much disturbance in my work. My greatest apprehension was for mine eyes, which I should have infallibly lost, if I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I kept, among other little necessaries, a pair of spectacles in a private pocket, which, as I observed before, had escaped the emperor's searchers. These I took out and fastened as strongly as I could upon my nose, and thus armed, went on boldly with my work, in spite of the enemy's arrows, many of which struck against the glasses of my spectacles, but without any other effect, further than a little to discompose them. I had now fastened all the hooks, and, taking the knot in my hand, began to pull; but not a ship would stir, for they were all too fast held by their anchors, so that the boldest part of my enterprise remained. I therefore let go the cord, and leaving the hooks fixed to the ships, I resolutely cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving about two hundred shots in my face and hands; then I took up the knotted end of the cables, to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men of war after me.

The Blefuscudians, who had not the least imagination of what I intended, were at first confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables, and thought my design was only to let the ships run adrift or fall foul on each other: but when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and saw me pulling at the end, they set up such a scream of grief and despair as it is almost impossible to describe or conceive. When I had got out of danger, I stopped awhile to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands and face; and rubbed on some of the same ointment that was given me at my first arrival, as I have formerly mentioned. I then took off my spectacles, and waiting about an hour, till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo, and arrived safe at the royal port of Lilliput.

The emperor and his whole court stood on the shore, expecting the issue of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, who was up to my breast in water. When I advanced to the middle of the channel, they were yet more in pain, because I was under water to my neck. The emperor concluded me to be drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in a hostile manner: but he was soon eased of his fears; for the channel growing shallower every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing, and holding up the end of the cable, by which the fleet was fastened, I cried in a loud voice, "Long live the most puissant king of Lilliput!" This great prince received me at my landing with all possible encomiums, and created me a NARDAC upon the spot, which is the highest title of honour among them.

His majesty desired I would take some other opportunity of bringing all the rest of his enemy's ships into his ports. And so unmeasureable is the ambition of princes, that he seemed to think of nothing less than reducing the whole empire of Blefuscu into a province, and governing it, by a viceroy; of destroying the Bigendian exiles, and compelling that people to break the smaller end of their eggs, by which he would remain the sole monarch of the whole world. But I endeavoured to divert him from this design, by many arguments drawn from the topics of policy as well as justice; and I plainly protested, "that I would never be an instrument of bringing a free and brave people into slavery." And, when the matter was debated in council, the wisest part of the ministry were of my opinion.

This open bold declaration of mine was so opposite to the schemes and politics of his imperial majesty, that he could never forgive me. He mentioned it in a very artful manner at council, where I was told that some of the wisest appeared, at least by their silence, to be of my opinion; but others, who were my secret enemies, could not forbear some expressions which, by a side-wind, reflected on me. And from this time began an intrigue between his majesty and a junto of ministers, maliciously bent against me, which broke out in less than two months, and had like to have ended in my utter destruction. Of so little weight are the greatest services to princes, when put into the balance with a refusal to gratify their passions.

About three weeks after this exploit, there arrived a solemn embassy from Blefuscu, with humble offers of a peace, which was soon concluded, upon conditions very advantageous to our emperor, wherewith I shall not trouble the reader. There were six ambassadors, with a train of about five hundred persons, and their entry was very magnificent, suitable to the grandeur of their master, and the importance of their business. When their treaty was finished, wherein I did them several good offices by the credit I now had, or at least appeared to have, at court, their excellencies, who were privately told how much I had been their friend, made me a visit in form. They began with many compliments upon my valour and generosity, invited me to that kingdom in the emperor their master's name, and desired me to show them some proofs of my prodigious strength, of which they had heard so many wonders; wherein I readily obliged them, but shall not trouble the reader with the particulars.

When I had for some time entertained their excellencies, to their infinite satisfaction and surprise, I desired they would do me the honour to present my most humble respects to the emperor their master, the renown of whose virtues had so justly filled the whole world with admiration, and whose royal person I resolved to attend, before I returned to my own country. Accordingly,

the next time I had the honour to see our emperor, I desired his general license to wait on the Blefuscudian monarch, which he was pleased to grant me, as I could perceive, in a very cold manner; but could not guess the reason, till I had a whisper from a certain person, “that Flimnap and Bolgolam had represented my intercourse with those ambassadors as a mark of disaffection;” from which I am sure my heart was wholly free. And this was the first time I began to conceive some imperfect idea of courts and ministers.

It is to be observed, that these ambassadors spoke to me, by an interpreter, the languages of both empires differing as much from each other as any two in Europe, and each nation priding itself upon the antiquity, beauty, and energy of their own tongue, with an avowed contempt for that of their neighbour; yet our emperor, standing upon the advantage he had got by the seizure of their fleet, obliged them to deliver their credentials, and make their speech, in the Lilliputian tongue. And it must be confessed, that from the great intercourse of trade and commerce between both realms, from the continual reception of exiles which is mutual among them, and from the custom, in each empire, to send their young nobility and richer gentry to the other, in order to polish themselves by seeing the world, and understanding men and manners; there are few persons of distinction, or merchants, or seamen, who dwell in the maritime parts, but what can hold conversation in both tongues; as I found some weeks after, when I went to pay my respects to the emperor of Blefuscu, which, in the midst of great misfortunes, through the malice of my enemies, proved a very happy adventure to me, as I shall relate in its proper place.

The reader may remember, that when I signed those articles upon which I recovered my liberty, there were some which I disliked, upon account of their being too servile; neither could anything but an extreme necessity have forced me to submit. But being now a NARDAC of the highest rank in that empire, such offices were looked upon as below my dignity, and the emperor (to do him justice), never once mentioned them to me. However, it was not long before I had an opportunity of doing his majesty, at least as I then thought, a most signal service. I was alarmed at midnight with the cries of many hundred people at my door; by which, being suddenly awaked, I was in some kind of terror. I heard the word BURGLUM repeated incessantly: several of the emperor’s court, making their way through the crowd, entreated me to come immediately to the palace, where her imperial majesty’s apartment was on fire, by the carelessness of a maid of honour, who fell asleep while she was reading a romance. I got up in an instant; and orders being given to clear the way before me, and it being likewise a moonshine night, I made a shift to get to the palace without trampling on any of the people. I found they had already applied ladders to the walls of the apartment, and were well provided with buckets, but the water was at some distance. These buckets were about the size of large thimbles, and the poor people supplied me with them as fast as they could: but the flame was so violent that they did little good. I might easily have stifled it with my coat, which I unfortunately left behind me for haste, and came away only in my leathern jerkin. The case seemed wholly desperate and deplorable; and this magnificent palace would have infallibly been burnt down to the ground, if, by a presence of mind unusual to me, I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I had, the evening before, drunk plentifully of a most delicious wine called GLIMIGRIM, (the Blefuscudians call it FLUNEC, but ours is esteemed the better sort,) which is very diuretic. By the luckiest chance in the world, I had not discharged myself of any part of it. The heat I had contracted by coming very near the flames, and by labouring to quench them, made the wine begin to operate by urine; which I voided in such a quantity, and applied so well to the proper places, that in three minutes the fire was wholly extinguished, and the rest of that noble pile, which had cost so many ages in erecting, preserved from destruction.

It was now day-light, and I returned to my house without waiting to congratulate with the emperor: because, although I had done a very eminent piece of service, yet I could not tell how his majesty might resent the manner by which I had performed it: for, by the fundamental laws of the realm, it is capital in any person, of what quality soever, to make water within the precincts of the palace. But I was a little comforted by a message from his majesty, “that he would give orders to the grand justiciary for passing my pardon in form:” which, however, I could not obtain; and I was privately assured, “that the empress, conceiving the greatest abhorrence of what I had done, removed to the most distant side of the court, firmly resolved that those buildings should never be repaired for her use: and, in the presence of her chief confidents could not forbear vowing revenge.”

Chapter VI

Although I intend to leave the description of this empire to a particular treatise, yet, in the mean time, I am content to gratify the curious reader with some general ideas. As the common size of the natives is somewhat under six inches high, so there is an exact proportion in all other animals, as well as plants and trees: for instance, the tallest horses and oxen are between four and five inches in height, the sheep an inch and half, more or less: their geese about the bigness of a sparrow, and so the several gradations downwards till you come to the smallest, which to my sight, were almost invisible; but nature has adapted the eyes of the Lilliputians to all objects proper for their view: they see with great exactness, but at no great distance. And, to show the sharpness of their sight towards objects that are near, I have been much pleased with observing a cook pulling a lark, which was not so large as a common fly; and a young girl threading an invisible needle with invisible silk. Their tallest trees are about seven feet high: I mean some of those in the great royal park, the tops whereof I could but just reach with my fist clenched. The other vegetables are in the same proportion; but this I leave to the reader’s imagination.

I shall say but little at present of their learning, which, for many ages, has flourished in all its branches among them: but their manner of writing is very peculiar, being neither from the left to the right, like the Europeans, nor from the right to the left, like the Arabians, nor from up to down, like the Chinese, but aslant, from one corner of the paper to the other, like ladies in England.

They bury their dead with their heads directly downward, because they hold an opinion, that in eleven thousand moons they are all to rise again; in which period the earth (which they conceive to be flat) will turn upside down, and by this means they shall, at their resurrection, be found ready standing on their feet. The learned among them confess the absurdity of this doctrine; but the practice still continues, in compliance to the vulgar.

There are some laws and customs in this empire very peculiar; and if they were not so directly contrary to those of my own dear country, I should be tempted to say a little in their justification. It is only to be wished they were as well executed. The first I shall mention, relates to informers. All crimes against the state, are punished here with the utmost severity; but, if the person accused makes his innocence plainly to appear upon his trial, the accuser is immediately put to an ignominious death; and out of his goods or lands the innocent person is quadruply recompensed for the loss of his time, for the danger he underwent, for the hardship of his imprisonment, and for all the charges he has been at in making his defence; or, if that fund be deficient, it is largely supplied by the crown. The emperor also confers on him some public mark of his favour, and proclamation is made of his innocence through the whole city.

They look upon fraud as a greater crime than theft, and therefore seldom fail to punish it with death; for they allege, that care and vigilance, with a very common understanding, may preserve a man's goods from thieves, but honesty has no defence against superior cunning; and, since it is necessary that there should be a perpetual intercourse of buying and selling, and dealing upon credit, where fraud is permitted and connived at, or has no law to punish it, the honest dealer is always undone, and the knave gets the advantage. I remember, when I was once interceding with the emperor for a criminal who had wronged his master of a great sum of money, which he had received by order and ran away with; and happening to tell his majesty, by way of extenuation, that it was only a breach of trust, the emperor thought it monstrous in me to offer as a defence the greatest aggravation of the crime; and truly I had little to say in return, farther than the common answer, that different nations had different customs; for, I confess, I was heartily ashamed. (2)

Although we usually call reward and punishment the two hinges upon which all government turns, yet I could never observe this maxim to be put in practice by any nation except that of Lilliput. Whoever can there bring sufficient proof, that he has strictly observed the laws of his country for seventy-three moons, has a claim to certain privileges, according to his quality or condition of life, with a proportionable sum of money out of a fund appropriated for that use: he likewise acquires the title of SNILPALL, or legal, which is added to his name, but does not descend to his posterity. And these people thought it a prodigious defect of policy among us, when I told them that our laws were enforced only by penalties, without any mention of reward. It is upon this account that the image of Justice, in their courts of judicature, is formed with six eyes, two before, as many behind, and on each side one, to signify circumspection; with a bag of gold open in her right hand, and a sword sheathed in her left, to show she is more disposed to reward than to punish.

In choosing persons for all employments, they have more regard to good morals than to great abilities; for, since government is necessary to mankind, they believe, that the common size of human understanding is fitted to some station or other; and that Providence never intended to make the management of public affairs a mystery to be comprehended only by a few persons of sublime genius, of which there seldom are three born in an age: but they suppose truth, justice, temperance, and the like, to be in every man's power; the practice of which virtues, assisted by experience and a good intention, would qualify any man for the service of his country, except where a course of study is required. But they thought the want of moral virtues was so far from being supplied by superior endowments of the mind, that employments could never be put into such dangerous hands as those of persons so qualified; and, at least, that the mistakes committed by ignorance, in a virtuous disposition, would never be of such fatal consequence to the public weal, as the practices of a man, whose inclinations led him to be corrupt, and who had great abilities to manage, to multiply, and defend his corruptions.

In like manner, the disbelief of a Divine Providence renders a man incapable of holding any public station; for, since kings avow themselves to be the deputies of Providence, the Lilliputians think nothing can be more absurd than for a prince to employ such men as disown the authority under which he acts.

In relating these and the following laws, I would only be understood to mean the original institutions, and not the most scandalous corruptions, into which these people are fallen by the degenerate nature of man. For, as to that infamous practice of acquiring great employments by dancing on the ropes, or badges of favour and distinction by leaping over sticks and creeping under them, the reader is to observe, that they were first introduced by the grandfather of the emperor now reigning, and grew to the present height by the gradual increase of party and faction.

Ingratitude is among them a capital crime, as we read it to have been in some other countries: for they reason thus; that whoever makes ill returns to his benefactor, must needs be a common enemy to the rest of mankind, from whom he has received no obligation, and therefore such a man is not fit to live.

Their notions relating to the duties of parents and children differ extremely from ours. For, since the conjunction of male and female is founded upon the great law of nature, in order to propagate and continue the species, the Lilliputians will needs have it, that men and women are joined together, like other animals, by the motives of concupiscence; and that their tenderness towards their young proceeds from the like natural principle: for which reason they will never allow that a child is under any obligation to his father for begetting him, or to his mother for bringing him into the world; which, considering the miseries of human life, was neither a benefit in itself, nor intended so by his parents, whose thoughts, in their love encounters, were otherwise employed. Upon these, and the like reasonings, their opinion is, that parents are the last of all others to be trusted with the education of their own children; and therefore they have in every town public nurseries, where all parents, except cottagers and labourers, are obliged to send their infants of both sexes to be reared and educated, when they come to the age of twenty moons, at which time they are supposed to have some rudiments of docility. These schools are of several kinds, suited to different qualities, and both sexes. They have certain professors well skilled in preparing children for such a condition of life as befits the rank of their parents, and their own capacities, as well as inclinations. I shall first say something of the male nurseries, and then of the female.

The nurseries for males of noble or eminent birth, are provided with grave and learned professors, and their several deputies. The clothes and food of the children are plain and simple. They are bred up in the principles of honour, justice, courage, modesty, clemency, religion, and love of their country; they are always employed in some business, except in the times of eating and sleeping, which are very short, and two hours for diversions consisting of bodily exercises. They are dressed by men till four years of age, and then are obliged to dress themselves, although their quality be ever so great; and the women attendant, who are aged proportionably to ours at fifty, perform only the most menial offices. They are never suffered to converse with servants, but go together in smaller or greater numbers to take their diversions, and always in the presence of a professor, or one of his deputies; whereby they avoid those early bad impressions of folly and vice, to which our children are subject.

Their parents are suffered to see them only twice a year; the visit is to last but an hour; they are allowed to kiss the child at meeting and parting; but a professor, who always stands by on those occasions, will not suffer them to whisper, or use any fondling expressions, or bring any presents of toys, sweetmeats, and the like.

The pension from each family for the education and entertainment of a child, upon failure of due payment, is levied by the emperor's officers.

The nurseries for children of ordinary gentlemen, merchants, traders, and handicrafts, are managed proportionably after the same manner; only those designed for trades are put out apprentices at eleven years old, whereas those of persons of quality continue in their exercises till fifteen, which answers to twenty-one with us: but the confinement is gradually lessened for the last three years.

In the female nurseries, the young girls of quality are educated much like the males, only they are dressed by orderly servants of their own sex; but always in the presence of a professor or deputy, till they come to dress themselves, which is at five years old. And if it be found that these nurses ever presume to entertain the girls with frightful or foolish stories, or the common follies practised by chambermaids among us, they are publicly whipped thrice about the city, imprisoned for a year, and banished for life to the most desolate part of the country. Thus the young ladies are as much ashamed of being cowards and fools as the men, and despise all personal ornaments, beyond decency and cleanliness: neither did I perceive any difference in their education made by their difference of sex, only that the exercises of the females were not altogether so robust; and that some rules were given them relating to domestic life, and a smaller compass of learning was enjoined them: for their maxim is, that among peoples of quality, a wife should be always a reasonable and agreeable companion, because she cannot always be young. When the girls are twelve years old, which among them is the marriageable age, their parents or guardians take them home, with great expressions of gratitude to the professors, and seldom without tears of the young lady and her companions.

In the nurseries of females of the meaner sort, the children are instructed in all kinds of works proper for their sex, and their several degrees: those intended for apprentices are dismissed at seven years old, the rest are kept to eleven.

The meaner families who have children at these nurseries, are obliged, besides their annual pension, which is as low as possible, to return to the steward of the nursery a small monthly share of their gettings, to be a portion for the child; and therefore all parents are limited in their expenses by the law. For the Lilliputians think nothing can be more unjust, than for people, in subservience to their own appetites, to bring children into the world, and leave the burthen of supporting them on the public. As to persons of quality, they give security to appropriate a certain sum for each child, suitable to their condition; and these funds are always managed with good husbandry and the most exact justice.

The cottagers and labourers keep their children at home, their business being only to till and cultivate the earth, and therefore their education is of little consequence to the public: but the old and diseased among them, are supported by hospitals; for begging is a trade unknown in this empire.

And here it may, perhaps, divert the curious reader, to give some account of my domestics, and my manner of living in this country, during a residence of nine months, and thirteen days. Having a head mechanically turned, and being likewise forced by necessity, I had made for myself a table and chair convenient enough, out of the largest trees in the royal park. Two hundred sempstresses were employed to make me shirts, and linen for my bed and table, all of the strongest and coarsest kind they could get; which, however, they were forced to quilt together in several folds, for the thickest was some degrees finer than lawn. Their linen is usually three inches wide, and three feet make a piece. The sempstresses took my measure as I lay on the ground, one standing at my neck, and another at my mid-leg, with a strong cord extended, that each held by the end, while a third measured the length of the cord with a rule of an inch long. Then they measured my right thumb, and desired no more; for by a mathematical computation, that twice round the thumb is once round the wrist, and so on to the neck and the waist, and by the help of my old shirt, which I displayed on the ground before them for a pattern, they fitted me exactly. Three hundred tailors were employed in the same manner to make me clothes; but they had another contrivance for taking my measure. I kneeled down, and they raised a ladder from the ground to my neck; upon this ladder one of them mounted, and let fall a plumb-line from my collar to the floor, which just answered the length of my coat: but my waist and arms I measured myself. When my clothes were finished, which was done in my house (for the largest of theirs would not have been able to hold them), they looked like the patch-work made by the ladies in England, only that mine were all of a colour.

I had three hundred cooks to dress my victuals, in little convenient huts built about my house, where they and their families lived, and prepared me two dishes a-piece. I took up twenty waiters in my hand, and placed them on the table: a hundred more attended below on the ground, some with dishes of meat, and some with barrels of wine and other liquors slung on their shoulders; all which the waiters above drew up, as I wanted, in a very ingenious manner, by certain cords, as we draw the bucket up a well in Europe. A dish of their meat was a good mouthful, and a barrel of their liquor a reasonable draught. Their mutton yields to ours, but their beef is excellent. I have had a sirloin so large, that I have been forced to make three bites of it; but this is rare. My servants were astonished to see me eat it, bones and all, as in our country we do the leg of a lark. Their geese and turkeys I usually ate at a mouthful, and I confess they far exceed ours. Of their smaller fowl I could take up twenty or thirty at the end of my knife.

One day his imperial majesty, being informed of my way of living, desired “that himself and his royal consort, with the young princes of the blood of both sexes, might have the happiness,” as he was pleased to call it, “of dining with me.” They came accordingly, and I placed them in chairs of state, upon my table, just over against me, with their guards about them. Flimnap, the lord high treasurer, attended there likewise with his white staff; and I observed he often looked on me with a sour countenance, which I would not seem to regard, but ate more than usual, in honour to my dear country, as well as to fill the court with admiration. I have some private reasons to believe, that this visit from his majesty gave Flimnap an opportunity of doing me ill offices to his master. That minister had always been my secret enemy, though he outwardly caressed me more than was usual to the moroseness of his nature. He represented to the emperor “the low condition of his treasury; that he was forced to take up money at a great discount; that exchequer bills would not circulate under nine per cent. below par; that I had cost his majesty above a million and a half of SPRUGS” (their greatest gold coin, about the bigness of a spangle) “and, upon the whole, that it would be advisable in the emperor to take the first fair occasion of dismissing me.”

I am here obliged to vindicate the reputation of an excellent lady, who was an innocent sufferer upon my account. The treasurer took a fancy to be jealous of his wife, from the malice of some evil tongues, who informed him that her grace had taken a violent affection for my person; and the court scandal ran for some time, that she once came privately to my lodging. This I solemnly declare to be a most infamous falsehood, without any grounds, further than that her grace was pleased to treat me with all innocent marks of freedom and friendship. I own she came often to my house, but always publicly, nor ever without three more in the coach, who were usually her sister and young daughter, and some particular acquaintance; but this was common to many other ladies of the court. And I still appeal to my servants round, whether they at any time saw a coach at my door, without knowing what persons were in it. On those occasions, when a servant had given me notice, my custom was to go immediately to the door, and, after paying my respects, to take up the coach and two horses very carefully in my hands (for, if there were six horses, the postillion always unharnessed four,) and place them on a table, where I had fixed a movable rim quite round, of five inches high, to prevent accidents. And I have often had four coaches and horses at once on my table, full of company, while I sat in my chair, leaning my face towards them; and when I was engaged with one set, the coachmen would gently drive the others round my table. I have passed many an afternoon very agreeably in these conversations. But I defy the treasurer, or his two informers (I will name them, and let them make the best of it) Clustril and Drunlo, to prove that any person ever came to me INCOGNITO, except the secretary Reldresal, who was sent by express command of his imperial majesty, as I have before related. I should not have dwelt so long upon this particular, if it had not been a point wherein the reputation of a great lady is so nearly concerned, to say nothing of my own; though I then had the honour to be a NARDAC, which the treasurer himself is not; for all the world knows, that he is only a GLUMGLUM, a title inferior by one degree, as that of a marquis is to a duke in England; yet I allow he preceded me in

right of his post. These false informations, which I afterwards came to the knowledge of by an accident not proper to mention, made the treasurer show his lady for some time an ill countenance, and me a worse; and although he was at last undeceived and reconciled to her, yet I lost all credit with him, and found my interest decline very fast with the emperor himself, who was, indeed, too much governed by that favourite.

Chapter VII

Before I proceed to give an account of my leaving this kingdom, it may be proper to inform the reader of a private intrigue which had been for two months forming against me. I had been hitherto, all my life, a stranger to courts, for which I was unqualified by the meanness of my condition.

I had indeed heard and read enough of the dispositions of great princes and ministers, but never expected to have found such terrible effects of them, in so remote a country, governed, as I thought, by very different maxims from those in Europe.

When I was just preparing to pay my attendance on the emperor of Blefuscu, a considerable person at court (to whom I had been very serviceable, at a time when he lay under the highest displeasure of his imperial majesty) came to my house very privately at night, in a close chair, and, without sending his name, desired admittance. The chairmen were dismissed; I put the chair, with his lordship in it, into my coat-pocket: and, giving orders to a trusty servant, to say I was indisposed and gone to sleep, I fastened the door of my house, placed the chair on the table, according to my usual custom, and sat down by it. After the common salutations were over, observing his lordship's countenance full of concern, and inquiring into the reason, he desired "I would hear him with patience, in a matter that highly concerned my honour and my life." His speech was to the following effect, for I took notes of it as soon as he left me:-

"You are to know," said he, "that several committees of council have been lately called, in the most private manner, on your account; and it is but two days since his majesty came to a full resolution.

"You are very sensible that Skyresh Bolgolam" (GALBET, or high-admiral) "has been your mortal enemy, almost ever since your arrival. His original reasons I know not; but his hatred is increased since your great success against Blefuscu, by which his glory as admiral is much obscured. This lord, in conjunction with Flimnap the high-treasurer, whose enmity against you is notorious on account of his lady, Limtoc the general, Lalcon the chamberlain, and Balmuff the grand justiciary, have prepared articles of impeachment against you, for treason and other capital crimes."

This preface made me so impatient, being conscious of my own merits and innocence, that I was going to interrupt him; when he entreated me to be silent, and thus proceeded:--

"Out of gratitude for the favours you have done me, I procured information of the whole proceedings, and a copy of the articles; wherein I venture my head for your service.

"'Articles of Impeachment against QUINBUS FLESTRIN, (the Man-Mountain.)

ARTICLE I.

"'Whereas, by a statute made in the reign of his imperial majesty Calin Deffar Plune, it is enacted, that, whoever shall make water within the precincts of the royal palace, shall be liable to the pains and penalties of high-treason; notwithstanding, the said Quinbus Flestrin, in open breach of the said law, under colour of extinguishing the fire kindled in the apartment of his majesty's most dear imperial consort, did maliciously, traitorously, and devilishly, by discharge of his urine, put out the said fire kindled in the said apartment, lying and being within the precincts of the said royal palace, against the statute in that case provided, etc. against the duty, etc.

ARTICLE II.

"'That the said Quinbus Flestrin, having brought the imperial fleet of Blefuscu into the royal port, and being afterwards commanded by his imperial majesty to seize all the other ships of the said empire of Blefuscu, and reduce that empire to a province, to be governed by a viceroy from hence, and to destroy and put to death, not only all the Big-endian exiles, but likewise all the people of that empire who would not immediately forsake the Big-endian heresy, he, the said Flestrin, like a false traitor against his most auspicious, serene, imperial majesty, did petition to be excused from the said service, upon pretence of unwillingness to force the consciences, or destroy the liberties and lives of an innocent people.

ARTICLE III.

"'That, whereas certain ambassadors arrived from the Court of Blefuscu, to sue for peace in his majesty's court, he, the said Flestrin, did, like a false traitor, aid, abet, comfort, and divert, the said ambassadors, although he knew them to be servants to a prince who was lately an open enemy to his imperial majesty, and in an open war against his said majesty.

ARTICLE IV.

"'That the said Quinbus Flestrin, contrary to the duty of a faithful subject, is now preparing to make a voyage to the court and empire of Blefuscu, for which he has received only verbal license from his imperial majesty; and, under colour of the said license, does falsely and traitorously intend to take the said voyage, and thereby to aid, comfort, and abet the emperor of Blefuscu, so lately an enemy, and in open war with his imperial majesty aforesaid.'

"There are some other articles; but these are the most important, of which I have read you an abstract.

"In the several debates upon this impeachment, it must be confessed that his majesty gave many marks of his great lenity; often urging the services you had done him, and endeavouring to extenuate your crimes. The treasurer and admiral insisted that you should be put to the most painful and ignominious death, by setting fire to your house at night, and the general was to attend with twenty thousand men, armed with poisoned arrows, to shoot you on the face and hands. Some of your servants were to have private orders to strew a poisonous juice on your shirts and sheets, which would soon make you tear your own flesh, and die in the utmost torture. The general came into the same opinion; so that for a long time there was a majority against you; but his majesty resolving, if possible, to spare your life, at last brought off the chamberlain.

"Upon this incident, Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, who always approved himself your true friend, was commanded by the emperor to deliver his opinion, which he accordingly did; and therein justified the good thoughts you have of him. He allowed your crimes to be great, but that still there was room for mercy, the most commendable virtue in a prince, and for which his majesty was so justly celebrated. He said, the friendship between you and him was so well known to the world, that perhaps the most honourable board might think him partial; however, in obedience to the command he had received, he would freely offer his sentiments. That if his majesty, in consideration of your services, and pursuant to his own merciful disposition, would please to spare your life, and only give orders to put out both your eyes, he humbly conceived, that by this expedient justice might in some measure be satisfied, and all the world would applaud the lenity of the emperor, as well as the fair and generous proceedings of those who have the honour to be his counsellors. That the loss of your eyes would be no impediment to your bodily strength, by which you might still be useful to his majesty; that blindness is an addition to courage, by concealing dangers from us; that the fear you had for your eyes, was the greatest difficulty in bringing over the enemy's fleet, and it would be sufficient for you to see by the eyes of the ministers, since the greatest princes do no more.

"This proposal was received with the utmost disapprobation by the whole board. Bolgolam, the admiral, could not preserve his temper, but, rising up in fury, said, he wondered how the secretary durst presume to give his opinion for preserving the life of a traitor; that the services you had performed were, by all true reasons of state, the great aggravation of your crimes; that you, who were able to extinguish the fire by discharge of urine in her majesty's apartment (which he mentioned with horror), might, at another time, raise an inundation by the same means, to drown the whole palace; and the same strength which enabled you to bring over the enemy's fleet, might serve, upon the first discontent, to carry it back; that he had good reasons to think you were a Big-endian in your heart; and, as treason begins in the heart, before it appears in overt-acts, so he accused you as a traitor on that account, and therefore insisted you should be put to death.

"The treasurer was of the same opinion: he showed to what straits his majesty's revenue was reduced, by the charge of maintaining you, which would soon grow insupportable; that the secretary's expedient of putting out your eyes, was so far from being a remedy against this evil, that it would probably increase it, as is manifest from the common practice of blinding some kind of fowls, after which they fed the faster, and grew sooner fat; that his sacred majesty and the council, who are your judges, were, in their own consciences, fully convinced of your guilt, which was a sufficient argument to condemn you to death, without the formal proofs required by the strict letter of the law.

"But his imperial majesty, fully determined against capital punishment, was graciously pleased to say, that since the council thought the loss of your eyes too easy a censure, some other way may be inflicted hereafter. And your friend the secretary, humbly desiring to be heard again, in answer to what the treasurer had objected, concerning the great charge his majesty was at in maintaining you, said, that his excellency, who had the sole disposal of the emperor's revenue, might easily provide against that evil, by gradually lessening your establishment; by which, for want of sufficient for you would grow weak and faint, and lose your appetite, and consequently, decay, and consume in a few months; neither would the stench of your carcass be then so dangerous, when it should become more than half diminished; and immediately upon your death five or six thousand of his majesty's subjects might, in two or three days, cut your flesh from your bones, take it away by cart-loads, and bury it in distant parts, to prevent infection, leaving the skeleton as a monument of admiration to posterity.

“Thus, by the great friendship of the secretary, the whole affair was compromised. It was strictly enjoined, that the project of starving you by degrees should be kept a secret; but the sentence of putting out your eyes was entered on the books; none dissenting, except Bolgolam the admiral, who, being a creature of the empress, was perpetually instigated by her majesty to insist upon your death, she having borne perpetual malice against you, on account of that infamous and illegal method you took to extinguish the fire in her apartment.

“In three days your friend the secretary will be directed to come to your house, and read before you the articles of impeachment; and then to signify the great lenity and favour of his majesty and council, whereby you are only condemned to the loss of your eyes, which his majesty does not question you will gratefully and humbly submit to; and twenty of his majesty’s surgeons will attend, in order to see the operation well performed, by discharging very sharp-pointed arrows into the balls of your eyes, as you lie on the ground.

“I leave to your prudence what measures you will take; and to avoid suspicion, I must immediately return in as private a manner as I came.”

His lordship did so; and I remained alone, under many doubts and perplexities of mind.

It was a custom introduced by this prince and his ministry (very different, as I have been assured, from the practice of former times,) that after the court had decreed any cruel execution, either to gratify the monarch’s resentment, or the malice of a favourite, the emperor always made a speech to his whole council, expressing his great lenity and tenderness, as qualities known and confessed by all the world. This speech was immediately published throughout the kingdom; nor did any thing terrify the people so much as those encomiums on his majesty’s mercy; because it was observed, that the more these praises were enlarged and insisted on, the more inhuman was the punishment, and the sufferer more innocent. Yet, as to myself, I must confess, having never been designed for a courtier, either by my birth or education, I was so ill a judge of things, that I could not discover the lenity and favour of this sentence, but conceived it (perhaps erroneously) rather to be rigorous than gentle. I sometimes thought of standing my trial, for, although I could not deny the facts alleged in the several articles, yet I hoped they would admit of some extenuation. But having in my life perused many state-trials, which I ever observed to terminate as the judges thought fit to direct, I durst not rely on so dangerous a decision, in so critical a juncture, and against such powerful enemies. Once I was strongly bent upon resistance, for, while I had liberty the whole strength of that empire could hardly subdue me, and I might easily with stones pelt the metropolis to pieces; but I soon rejected that project with horror, by remembering the oath I had made to the emperor, the favours I received from him, and the high title of NARDAC he conferred upon me. Neither had I so soon learned the gratitude of courtiers, to persuade myself, that his majesty’s present seventies acquitted me of all past obligations.

At last, I fixed upon a resolution, for which it is probable I may incur some censure, and not unjustly; for I confess I owe the preserving of mine eyes, and consequently my liberty, to my own great rashness and want of experience; because, if I had then known the nature of princes and ministers, which I have since observed in many other courts, and their methods of treating criminals less obnoxious than myself, I should, with great alacrity and readiness, have submitted to so easy a punishment. But hurried on by the precipitancy of youth, and having his imperial majesty’s license to pay my attendance upon the emperor of Blefuscu, I took this opportunity, before the three days were elapsed, to send a letter to my friend the secretary, signifying my resolution of setting out that morning for Blefuscu, pursuant to the leave I had got; and, without waiting for an answer, I went to that side of the island where our fleet lay. I seized a large man of war, tied a cable to the prow, and, lifting up the anchors, I stripped myself, put my clothes (together with my coverlet, which I carried under my arm) into the vessel, and, drawing it after me, between wading and swimming arrived at the royal port of Blefuscu, where the people had long expected me: they lent me two guides to direct me to the capital city, which is of the same name. I held them in my hands, till I came within two hundred yards of the gate, and desired them “to signify my arrival to one of the secretaries, and let him know, I there waited his majesty’s command.” I had an answer in about an hour, “that his majesty, attended by the royal family, and great officers of the court, was coming out to receive me.” I advanced a hundred yards. The emperor and his train alighted from their horses, the empress and ladies from their coaches, and I did not perceive they were in any fright or concern. I lay on the ground to kiss his majesty’s and the empress’s hands. I told his majesty, “that I was come according to my promise, and with the license of the emperor my master, to have the honour of seeing so mighty a monarch, and to offer him any service in my power, consistent with my duty to my own prince;” not mentioning a word of my disgrace, because I had hitherto no regular information of it, and might suppose myself wholly ignorant of any such design; neither could I reasonably conceive that the emperor would discover the secret, while I was out of his power; wherein, however, it soon appeared I was deceived.

I shall not trouble the reader with the particular account of my reception at this court, which was suitable to the generosity of so great a prince; nor of the difficulties I was in for want of a house and bed, being forced to lie on the ground, wrapped up in my coverlet.

Chapter VIII

Three days after my arrival, walking out of curiosity to the north-east coast of the island, I observed, about half a league off in the sea, somewhat that looked like a boat overturned. I pulled off my shoes and stockings, and, wailing two or three hundred yards, I found the object to approach nearer by force of the tide; and then plainly saw it to be a real boat, which I supposed might by some tempest have been driven from a ship. Whereupon, I returned immediately towards the city, and desired his imperial majesty to lend me twenty of the tallest vessels he had left, after the loss of his fleet, and three thousand seamen, under the command of his vice-admiral. This fleet sailed round, while I went back the shortest way to the coast, where I first discovered the boat. I found the tide had driven it still nearer. The seamen were all provided with cordage, which I had beforehand twisted to a sufficient strength. When the ships came up, I stripped myself, and waded till I came within a hundred yards off the boat, after which I was forced to swim till I got up to it. The seamen threw me the end of the cord, which I fastened to a hole in the fore-part of the boat, and the other end to a man of war; but I found all my labour to little purpose; for, being out of my depth, I was not able to work. In this necessity I was forced to swim behind, and push the boat forward, as often as I could, with one of my hands; and the tide favouring me, I advanced so far that I could just hold up my chin and feel the ground. I rested two or three minutes, and then gave the boat another shove, and so on, till the sea was no higher than my arm-pits; and now, the most laborious part being over, I took out my other cables, which were stowed in one of the ships, and fastened them first to the boat, and then to nine of the vessels which attended me; the wind being favourable, the seamen towed, and I shoved, until we arrived within forty yards of the shore; and, waiting till the tide was out, I got dry to the boat, and by the assistance of two thousand men, with ropes and engines, I made a shift to turn it on its bottom, and found it was but little damaged.

I shall not trouble the reader with the difficulties I was under, by the help of certain paddles, which cost me ten days making, to get my boat to the royal port of Blefuscu, where a mighty concourse of people appeared upon my arrival, full of wonder at the sight of so prodigious a vessel. I told the emperor “that my good fortune had thrown this boat in my way, to carry me to some place whence I might return into my native country; and begged his majesty’s orders for getting materials to fit it up, together with his license to depart;” which, after some kind expostulations, he was pleased to grant.

I did very much wonder, in all this time, not to have heard of any express relating to me from our emperor to the court of Blefuscu. But I was afterward given privately to understand, that his imperial majesty, never imagining I had the least notice of his designs, believed I was only gone to Blefuscu in performance of my promise, according to the license he had given me, which was well known at our court, and would return in a few days, when the ceremony was ended. But he was at last in pain at my long absence; and after consulting with the treasurer and the rest of that cabal, a person of quality was dispatched with the copy of the articles against me. This envoy had instructions to represent to the monarch of Blefuscu, “the great lenity of his master, who was content to punish me no farther than with the loss of mine eyes; that I had fled from justice; and if I did not return in two hours, I should be deprived of my title of NARDAC, and declared a traitor.” The envoy further added, “that in order to maintain the peace and amity between both empires, his master expected that his brother of Blefuscu would give orders to have me sent back to Lilliput, bound hand and foot, to be punished as a traitor.”

The emperor of Blefuscu, having taken three days to consult, returned an answer consisting of many civilities and excuses. He said, “that as for sending me bound, his brother knew it was impossible; that, although I had deprived him of his fleet, yet he owed great obligations to me for many good offices I had done him in making the peace. That, however, both their majesties would soon be made easy; for I had found a prodigious vessel on the shore, able to carry me on the sea, which he had given orders to fit up, with my own assistance and direction; and he hoped, in a few weeks, both empires would be freed from so insupportable an encumbrance.”

With this answer the envoy returned to Lilliput; and the monarch of Blefuscu related to me all that had passed; offering me at the same time (but under the strictest confidence) his gracious protection, if I would continue in his service; wherein, although I believed him sincere, yet I resolved never more to put any confidence in princes or ministers, where I could possibly avoid it; and therefore, with all due acknowledgments for his favourable intentions, I humbly begged to be excused. I told him, “that since fortune, whether good or evil, had thrown a vessel in my way, I was resolved to venture myself on the ocean, rather than be an occasion of difference between two such mighty monarchs.” Neither did I find the emperor at all displeased; and I discovered, by a certain accident, that he was very glad of my resolution, and so were most of his ministers.

These considerations moved me to hasten my departure somewhat sooner than I intended; to which the court, impatient to have me gone, very readily contributed. Five hundred workmen were employed to make two sails to my boat, according to my directions, by quilting thirteen folds of their strongest linen together. I was at the pains of making ropes and cables, by twisting ten, twenty, or thirty of the thickest and strongest of theirs. A great stone that I happened to find, after a long search, by the sea-shore, served me for an anchor. I had the tallow of three hundred cows, for greasing my boat, and other uses. I was at incredible pains in cutting down some of the largest timber-trees, for oars and masts, wherein I was, however, much assisted by his majesty’s ship-carpenters, who helped me in smoothing them, after I had done the rough work.

In about a month, when all was prepared, I sent to receive his majesty’s commands, and to take my leave. The emperor and royal

family came out of the palace; I lay down on my face to kiss his hand, which he very graciously gave me: so did the empress and young princes of the blood. His majesty presented me with fifty purses of two hundred SPRUGS a-piece, together with his picture at full length, which I put immediately into one of my gloves, to keep it from being hurt. The ceremonies at my departure were too many to trouble the reader with at this time.

I stored the boat with the carcases of a hundred oxen, and three hundred sheep, with bread and drink proportionable, and as much meat ready dressed as four hundred cooks could provide. I took with me six cows and two bulls alive, with as many ewes and rams, intending to carry them into my own country, and propagate the breed. And to feed them on board, I had a good bundle of hay, and a bag of corn. I would gladly have taken a dozen of the natives, but this was a thing the emperor would by no means permit; and, besides a diligent search into my pockets, his majesty engaged my honour "not to carry away any of his subjects, although with their own consent and desire."

Having thus prepared all things as well as I was able, I set sail on the twenty-fourth day of September 1701, at six in the morning; and when I had gone about four-leagues to the northward, the wind being at south-east, at six in the evening I descried a small island, about half a league to the north-west. I advanced forward, and cast anchor on the lee-side of the island, which seemed to be uninhabited. I then took some refreshment, and went to my rest. I slept well, and as I conjectured at least six hours, for I found the day broke in two hours after I awaked. It was a clear night. I ate my breakfast before the sun was up; and heaving anchor, the wind being favourable, I steered the same course that I had done the day before, wherein I was directed by my pocket compass. My intention was to reach, if possible, one of those islands. which I had reason to believe lay to the north-east of Van Diemen's Land. I discovered nothing all that day; but upon the next, about three in the afternoon, when I had by my computation made twenty-four leagues from Blefuscu, I descried a sail steering to the south-east; my course was due east. I hailed her, but could get no answer; yet I found I gained upon her, for the wind slackened. I made all the sail I could, and in half an hour she spied me, then hung out her ancient, and discharged a gun. It is not easy to express the joy I was in, upon the unexpected hope of once more seeing my beloved country, and the dear pledges I left in it. The ship slackened her sails, and I came up with her between five and six in the evening, September 26th; but my heart leaped within me to see her English colours. I put my cows and sheep into my coat-pockets, and got on board with all my little cargo of provisions. The vessel was an English merchantman, returning from Japan by the North and South seas; the captain, Mr. John Biddel, of Deptford, a very civil man, and an excellent sailor.

We were now in the latitude of 30 degrees south; there were about fifty men in the ship; and here I met an old comrade of mine, one Peter Williams, who gave me a good character to the captain. This gentleman treated me with kindness, and desired I would let him know what place I came from last, and whither I was bound; which I did in a few words, but he thought I was raving, and that the dangers I underwent had disturbed my head; whereupon I took my black cattle and sheep out of my pocket, which, after great astonishment, clearly convinced him of my veracity. I then showed him the gold given me by the emperor of Blefuscu, together with his majesty's picture at full length, and some other rarities of that country. I gave him two purses of two hundreds SPRUGS each, and promised, when we arrived in England, to make him a present of a cow and a sheep big with young.

I shall not trouble the reader with a particular account of this voyage, which was very prosperous for the most part. We arrived in the Downs on the 13th of April, 1702. I had only one misfortune, that the rats on board carried away one of my sheep; I found her bones in a hole, picked clean from the flesh. The rest of my cattle I got safe ashore, and set them a-grazing in a bowling-green at Greenwich, where the fineness of the grass made them feed very heartily, though I had always feared the contrary: neither could I possibly have preserved them in so long a voyage, if the captain had not allowed me some of his best biscuit, which, rubbed to powder, and mingled with water, was their constant food. The short time I continued in England, I made a considerable profit by showing my cattle to many persons of quality and others: and before I began my second voyage, I sold them for six hundred pounds. Since my last return I find the breed is considerably increased, especially the sheep, which I hope will prove much to the advantage of the woollen manufacture, by the fineness of the fleeces.

I stayed but two months with my wife and family, for my insatiable desire of seeing foreign countries, would suffer me to continue no longer. I left fifteen hundred pounds with my wife, and fixed her in a good house at Redriff. My remaining stock I carried with me, part in money and part in goods, in hopes to improve my fortunes. My eldest uncle John had left me an estate in land, near Epping, of about thirty pounds a year; and I had a long lease of the Black Bull in Fetter-Lane, which yielded me as much more; so that I was not in any danger of leaving my family upon the parish. My son Johnny, named so after his uncle, was at the grammar-school, and a towardly child. My daughter Betty (who is now well married, and has children) was then at her needle-work. I took leave of my wife, and boy and girl, with tears on both sides, and went on board the Adventure, a merchant ship of three hundred tons, bound for Surat, captain John Nicholas, of Liverpool, commander. But my account of this voyage must be referred to the Second Part of my Travels.

PART II

Chapter I

Having been condemned, by nature and fortune, to active and restless life, in two months after my return, I again left my native country, and took shipping in the Downs, on the 20th day of June, 1702, in the Adventure, Captain John Nicholas, a Cornish man, commander, bound for Surat. We had a very prosperous gale, till we arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, where we landed for fresh water; but discovering a leak, we unshipped our goods and wintered there; for the captain falling sick of an ague, we could not leave the Cape till the end of March. We then set sail, and had a good voyage till we passed the Straits of Madagascar; but having got northward of that island, and to about five degrees south latitude, the winds, which in those seas are observed to blow a constant equal gale between the north and west, from the beginning of December to the beginning of May, on the 19th of April began to blow with much greater violence, and more westerly than usual, continuing so for twenty days together: during which time, we were driven a little to the east of the Molucca Islands, and about three degrees northward of the line, as our captain found by an observation he took the 2nd of May, at which time the wind ceased, and it was a perfect calm, whereat I was not a little rejoiced. But he, being a man well experienced in the navigation of those seas, bid us all prepare against a storm, which accordingly happened the day following: for the southern wind, called the southern monsoon, began to set in.

Finding it was likely to overblow, we took in our sprit-sail, and stood by to hand the fore-sail; but making foul weather, we looked the guns were all fast, and handed the mizen. The ship lay very broad off, so we thought it better spooning before the sea, than trying or hulling. We reefed the fore-sail and set him, and hauled aft the fore-sheet; the helm was hard a-weather. The ship wore bravely. We belayed the fore down-haul; but the sail was split, and we hauled down the yard, and got the sail into the ship, and unbound all the things clear of it. It was a very fierce storm; the sea broke strange and dangerous. We hauled off upon the laniard of the whipstaff, and helped the man at the helm. We would not get down our topmast, but let all stand, because she scudded before the sea very well, and we knew that the top-mast being aloft, the ship was the wholesomer, and made better way through the sea, seeing we had sea-room. When the storm was over, we set fore-sail and main-sail, and brought the ship to. Then we set the mizen, main-top-sail, and the fore-top-sail. Our course was east-north-east, the wind was at south-west. We got the starboard tacks aboard, we cast off our weather-braces and lifts; we set in the lee-braces, and hauled forward by the weather-bowlings, and hauled them tight, and belayed them, and hauled over the mizen tack to windward, and kept her full and by as near as she would lie.

During this storm, which was followed by a strong wind west-south-west, we were carried, by my computation, about five hundred leagues to the east, so that the oldest sailor on board could not tell in what part of the world we were. Our provisions held out well, our ship was staunch, and our crew all in good health; but we lay in the utmost distress for water. We thought it best to hold on the same course, rather than turn more northerly, which might have brought us to the northwest part of Great Tartary, and into the Frozen Sea.

On the 16th day of June, 1703, a boy on the top-mast discovered land. On the 17th, we came in full view of a great island, or continent (for we knew not whether;) on the south side whereof was a small neck of land jutting out into the sea, and a creek too shallow to hold a ship of above one hundred tons. We cast anchor within a league of this creek, and our captain sent a dozen of his men well armed in the long-boat, with vessels for water, if any could be found. I desired his leave to go with them, that I might see the country, and make what discoveries I could. When we came to land we saw no river or spring, nor any sign of inhabitants. Our men therefore wandered on the shore to find out some fresh water near the sea, and I walked alone about a mile on the other side, where I observed the country all barren and rocky. I now began to be weary, and seeing nothing to entertain my curiosity, I returned gently down towards the creek; and the sea being full in my view, I saw our men already got into the boat, and rowing for life to the ship. I was going to halloo after them, although it had been to little purpose, when I observed a huge creature walking after them in the sea, as fast as he could: he waded not much deeper than his knees, and took prodigious strides: but our men had the start of him half a league, and, the sea thereabouts being full of sharp-pointed rocks, the monster was not able to overtake the boat. This I was afterwards told, for I durst not stay to see the issue of the adventure; but ran as fast as I could the way I first went, and then climbed up a steep hill, which gave me some prospect of the country. I found it fully cultivated; but that which first surprised me was the length of the grass, which, in those grounds that seemed to be kept for hay, was about twenty feet high.

I fell into a high road, for so I took it to be, though it served to the inhabitants only as a foot-path through a field of barley. Here I walked on for some time, but could see little on either side, it being now near harvest, and the corn rising at least forty feet. I was an hour walking to the end of this field, which was fenced in with a hedge of at least one hundred and twenty feet high, and the trees so lofty that I could make no computation of their altitude. There was a stile to pass from this field into the next. It had four steps, and a stone to cross over when you came to the uppermost. It was impossible for me to climb this stile, because every step was six-feet high, and the upper stone about twenty. I was endeavouring to find some gap in the hedge, when I discovered one of the inhabitants in the next field, advancing towards the stile, of the same size with him whom I saw in the sea pursuing our boat.

He appeared as tall as an ordinary spire steeple, and took about ten yards at every stride, as near as I could guess. I was struck with the utmost fear and astonishment, and ran to hide myself in the corn, whence I saw him at the top of the stile looking back into the next field on the right hand, and heard him call in a voice many degrees louder than a speaking-trumpet: but the noise was so high in the air, that at first I certainly thought it was thunder. Whereupon seven monsters, like himself, came towards him with reaping-hooks in their hands, each hook about the largeness of six scythes. These people were not so well clad as the first, whose servants or labourers they seemed to be; for, upon some words he spoke, they went to reap the corn in the field where I lay. I kept from them at as great a distance as I could, but was forced to move with extreme difficulty, for the stalks of the corn were sometimes not above a foot distant, so that I could hardly squeeze my body betwixt them. However, I made a shift to go forward, till I came to a part of the field where the corn had been laid by the rain and wind. Here it was impossible for me to advance a step; for the stalks were so interwoven, that I could not creep through, and the beards of the fallen ears so strong and pointed, that they pierced through my clothes into my flesh. At the same time I heard the reapers not a hundred yards behind me. Being quite dispirited with toil, and wholly overcome by grief and dispair, I lay down between two ridges, and heartily wished I might there end my days. I bemoaned my desolate widow and fatherless children. I lamented my own folly and wilfulness, in attempting a second voyage, against the advice of all my friends and relations. In this terrible agitation of mind, I could not forbear thinking of Lilliput, whose inhabitants looked upon me as the greatest prodigy that ever appeared in the world; where I was able to draw an imperial fleet in my hand, and perform those other actions, which will be recorded for ever in the chronicles of that empire, while posterity shall hardly believe them, although attested by millions. I reflected what a mortification it must prove to me, to appear as inconsiderable in this nation, as one single Lilliputian would be among us. But this I conceived was to be the least of my misfortunes; for, as human creatures are observed to be more savage and cruel in proportion to their bulk, what could I expect but to be a morsel in the mouth of the first among these enormous barbarians that should happen to seize me? Undoubtedly philosophers are in the right, when they tell us that nothing is great or little otherwise than by comparison. It might have pleased fortune, to have let the Lilliputians find some nation, where the people were as diminutive with respect to them, as they were to me. And who knows but that even this prodigious race of mortals might be equally overmatched in some distant part of the world, whereof we have yet no discovery.

Scared and confounded as I was, I could not forbear going on with these reflections, when one of the reapers, approaching within ten yards of the ridge where I lay, made me apprehend that with the next step I should be squashed to death under his foot, or cut in two with his reaping-hook. And therefore, when he was again about to move, I screamed as loud as fear could make me: whereupon the huge creature trod short, and, looking round about under him for some time, at last espied me as I lay on the ground. He considered awhile, with the caution of one who endeavours to lay hold on a small dangerous animal in such a manner that it shall not be able either to scratch or bite him, as I myself have sometimes done with a weasel in England. At length he ventured to take me behind, by the middle, between his fore-finger and thumb, and brought me within three yards of his eyes, that he might behold my shape more perfectly. I guessed his meaning, and my good fortune gave me so much presence of mind, that I resolved not to struggle in the least as he held me in the air above sixty feet from the ground, although he grievously pinched my sides, for fear I should slip through his fingers. All I ventured was to raise mine eyes towards the sun, and place my hands together in a supplicating posture, and to speak some words in a humble melancholy tone, suitable to the condition I then was in: for I apprehended every moment that he would dash me against the ground, as we usually do any little hateful animal, which we have a mind to destroy. But my good star would have it, that he appeared pleased with my voice and gestures, and began to look upon me as a curiosity, much wondering to hear me pronounce articulate words, although he could not understand them. In the mean time I was not able to forbear groaning and shedding tears, and turning my head towards my sides; letting him know, as well as I could, how cruelly I was hurt by the pressure of his thumb and finger. He seemed to apprehend my meaning; for, lifting up the lappet of his coat, he put me gently into it, and immediately ran along with me to his master, who was a substantial farmer, and the same person I had first seen in the field.

The farmer having (as I suppose by their talk) received such an account of me as his servant could give him, took a piece of a small straw, about the size of a walking-staff, and therewith lifted up the lappets of my coat; which it seems he thought to be some kind of covering that nature had given me. He blew my hairs aside to take a better view of my face. He called his hinds about him, and asked them, as I afterwards learned, whether they had ever seen in the fields any little creature that resembled me. He then placed me softly on the ground upon all fours, but I got immediately up, and walked slowly backward and forward, to let those people see I had no intent to run away. They all sat down in a circle about me, the better to observe my motions. I pulled off my hat, and made a low bow towards the farmer. I fell on my knees, and lifted up my hands and eyes, and spoke several words as loud as I could: I took a purse of gold out of my pocket, and humbly presented it to him. He received it on the palm of his hand, then applied it close to his eye to see what it was, and afterwards turned it several times with the point of a pin (which he took out of his sleeve,) but could make nothing of it. Whereupon I made a sign that he should place his hand on the ground. I then took the purse, and, opening it, poured all the gold into his palm. There were six Spanish pieces of four pistoles each, beside twenty or thirty smaller coins. I saw him wet the tip of his little finger upon his tongue, and take up one of my largest pieces, and then another; but he seemed to be wholly ignorant what they were. He made me a sign to put them again into my purse, and the purse again into my pocket, which, after offering it to him several times, I thought it best to do.

The farmer, by this time, was convinced I must be a rational creature. He spoke often to me; but the sound of his voice pierced my ears like that of a water-mill, yet his words were articulate enough. I answered as loud as I could in several languages, and he often laid his ear within two yards of me: but all in vain, for we were wholly unintelligible to each other. He then sent his servants to their work, and taking his handkerchief out of his pocket, he doubled and spread it on his left hand, which he placed flat on the ground with the palm upward, making me a sign to step into it, as I could easily do, for it was not above a foot in thickness. I thought it my part to obey, and, for fear of falling, laid myself at full length upon the handkerchief, with the remainder of which he lapped me up to the head for further security, and in this manner carried me home to his house. There he called his wife, and showed me to her; but she screamed and ran back, as women in England do at the sight of a toad or a spider. However, when she had a while seen my behaviour, and how well I observed the signs her husband made, she was soon reconciled, and by degrees grew extremely tender of me.

It was about twelve at noon, and a servant brought in dinner. It was only one substantial dish of meat (fit for the plain condition of a husbandman,) in a dish of about four-and-twenty feet diameter. The company were, the farmer and his wife, three children, and an old grandmother. When they were sat down, the farmer placed me at some distance from him on the table, which was thirty feet high from the floor. I was in a terrible fright, and kept as far as I could from the edge, for fear of falling. The wife minced a bit of meat, then crumbled some bread on a trencher, and placed it before me. I made her a low bow, took out my knife and fork, and fell to eat, which gave them exceeding delight. The mistress sent her maid for a small dram cup, which held about two gallons, and filled it with drink; I took up the vessel with much difficulty in both hands, and in a most respectful manner drank to her ladyship's health, expressing the words as loud as I could in English, which made the company laugh so heartily, that I was almost deafened with the noise. This liquor tasted like a small cider, and was not unpleasant. Then the master made me a sign to come to his trencher side; but as I walked on the table, being in great surprise all the time, as the indulgent reader will easily conceive and excuse, I happened to stumble against a crust, and fell flat on my face, but received no hurt. I got up immediately, and observing the good people to be in much concern, I took my hat (which I held under my arm out of good manners,) and waving it over my head, made three huzzas, to show I had got no mischief by my fall. But advancing forward towards my master (as I shall henceforth call him,) his youngest son, who sat next to him, an arch boy of about ten years old, took me up by the legs, and held me so high in the air, that I trembled every limb: but his father snatched me from him, and at the same time gave him such a box on the left ear, as would have felled an European troop of horse to the earth, ordering him to be taken from the table. But being afraid the boy might owe me a spite, and well remembering how mischievous all children among us naturally are to sparrows, rabbits, young kittens, and puppy dogs, I fell on my knees, and pointing to the boy, made my master to understand, as well as I could, that I desired his son might be pardoned. The father complied, and the lad took his seat again, whereupon I went to him, and kissed his hand, which my master took, and made him stroke me gently with it.

In the midst of dinner, my mistress's favourite cat leaped into her lap. I heard a noise behind me like that of a dozen stocking-weavers at work; and turning my head, I found it proceeded from the purring of that animal, who seemed to be three times larger than an ox, as I computed by the view of her head, and one of her paws, while her mistress was feeding and stroking her. The fierceness of this creature's countenance altogether discomposed me; though I stood at the farther end of the table, above fifty feet off; and although my mistress held her fast, for fear she might give a spring, and seize me in her talons. But it happened there was no danger, for the cat took not the least notice of me when my master placed me within three yards of her. And as I have been always told, and found true by experience in my travels, that flying or discovering fear before a fierce animal, is a certain way to make it pursue or attack you, so I resolved, in this dangerous juncture, to show no manner of concern. I walked with intrepidity five or six times before the very head of the cat, and came within half a yard of her; whereupon she drew herself back, as if she were more afraid of me: I had less apprehension concerning the dogs, whereof three or four came into the room, as it is usual in farmers' houses; one of which was a mastiff, equal in bulk to four elephants, and another a greyhound, somewhat taller than the mastiff, but not so large.

When dinner was almost done, the nurse came in with a child of a year old in her arms, who immediately spied me, and began a squall that you might have heard from London-Bridge to Chelsea, after the usual oratory of infants, to get me for a plaything. The mother, out of pure indulgence, took me up, and put me towards the child, who presently seized me by the middle, and got my head into his mouth, where I roared so loud that the urchin was frighted, and let me drop, and I should infallibly have broke my neck, if the mother had not held her apron under me. The nurse, to quiet her babe, made use of a rattle which was a kind of hollow vessel filled with great stones, and fastened by a cable to the child's waist: but all in vain; so that she was forced to apply the last remedy by giving it suck. I must confess no object ever disgusted me so much as the sight of her monstrous breast, which I cannot tell what to compare with, so as to give the curious reader an idea of its bulk, shape, and colour. It stood prominent six feet, and could not be less than sixteen in circumference. The nipple was about half the bigness of my head, and the hue both of that and the dug, so varied with spots, pimples, and freckles, that nothing could appear more nauseous: for I had a near sight of her, she sitting down, the more conveniently to give suck, and I standing on the table. This made me reflect upon the fair skins of our English ladies, who appear so beautiful to us, only because they are of our own size, and their defects not to be seen but through a magnifying glass; where we find by experiment that the smoothest and whitest skins look rough, and coarse, and

ill-coloured.

I remember when I was at Lilliput, the complexion of those diminutive people appeared to me the fairest in the world; and talking upon this subject with a person of learning there, who was an intimate friend of mine, he said that my face appeared much fairer and smoother when he looked on me from the ground, than it did upon a nearer view, when I took him up in my hand, and brought him close, which he confessed was at first a very shocking sight. He said, “he could discover great holes in my skin; that the stumps of my beard were ten times stronger than the bristles of a boar, and my complexion made up of several colours altogether disagreeable:” although I must beg leave to say for myself, that I am as fair as most of my sex and country, and very little sunburnt by all my travels. On the other side, discoursing of the ladies in that emperor’s court, he used to tell me, “one had freckles; another too wide a mouth; a third too large a nose;” nothing of which I was able to distinguish. I confess this reflection was obvious enough; which, however, I could not forbear, lest the reader might think those vast creatures were actually deformed: for I must do them the justice to say, they are a comely race of people, and particularly the features of my master’s countenance, although he was but a farmer, when I beheld him from the height of sixty feet, appeared very well proportioned.

When dinner was done, my master went out to his labourers, and, as I could discover by his voice and gesture, gave his wife strict charge to take care of me. I was very much tired, and disposed to sleep, which my mistress perceiving, she put me on her own bed, and covered me with a clean white handkerchief, but larger and coarser than the mainsail of a man-of-war.

I slept about two hours, and dreamt I was at home with my wife and children, which aggravated my sorrows when I awaked, and found myself alone in a vast room, between two and three hundred feet wide, and above two hundred high, lying in a bed twenty yards wide. My mistress was gone about her household affairs, and had locked me in. The bed was eight yards from the floor. Some natural necessities required me to get down; I durst not presume to call; and if I had, it would have been in vain, with such a voice as mine, at so great a distance from the room where I lay to the kitchen where the family kept. While I was under these circumstances, two rats crept up the curtains, and ran smelling back-wards and forwards on the bed. One of them came up almost to my face, whereupon I rose in a fright, and drew out my hanger to defend myself. These horrible animals had the boldness to attack me on both sides, and one of them held his fore-feet at my collar; but I had the good fortune to rip up his belly before he could do me any mischief. He fell down at my feet; and the other, seeing the fate of his comrade, made his escape, but not without one good wound on the back, which I gave him as he fled, and made the blood run trickling from him. After this exploit, I walked gently to and fro on the bed, to recover my breath and loss of spirits. These creatures were of the size of a large mastiff, but infinitely more nimble and fierce; so that if I had taken off my belt before I went to sleep, I must have infallibly been torn to pieces and devoured. I measured the tail of the dead rat, and found it to be two yards long, wanting an inch; but it went against my stomach to drag the carcass off the bed, where it lay still bleeding; I observed it had yet some life, but with a strong slash across the neck, I thoroughly despatched it.

Soon after my mistress came into the room, who seeing me all bloody, ran and took me up in her hand. I pointed to the dead rat, smiling, and making other signs to show I was not hurt; whereat she was extremely rejoiced, calling the maid to take up the dead rat with a pair of tongs, and throw it out of the window. Then she set me on a table, where I showed her my hanger all bloody, and wiping it on the lappet of my coat, returned it to the scabbard. I was pressed to do more than one thing which another could not do for me, and therefore endeavoured to make my mistress understand, that I desired to be set down on the floor; which after she had done, my bashfulness would not suffer me to express myself farther, than by pointing to the door, and bowing several times. The good woman, with much difficulty, at last perceived what I would be at, and taking me up again in her hand, walked into the garden, where she set me down. I went on one side about two hundred yards, and beckoning to her not to look or to follow me, I hid myself between two leaves of sorrel, and there discharged the necessities of nature.

I hope the gentle reader will excuse me for dwelling on these and the like particulars, which, however insignificant they may appear to groveling vulgar minds, yet will certainly help a philosopher to enlarge his thoughts and imagination, and apply them to the benefit of public as well as private life, which was my sole design in presenting this and other accounts of my travels to the world; wherein I have been chiefly studious of truth, without affecting any ornaments of learning or of style. But the whole scene of this voyage made so strong an impression on my mind, and is so deeply fixed in my memory, that, in committing it to paper I did not omit one material circumstance: however, upon a strict review, I blotted out several passages. Of less moment which were in my first copy, for fear of being censured as tedious and trifling, whereof travellers are often, perhaps not without justice, accused.

Chapter II

My mistress had a daughter of nine years old, a child of towardly parts for her age, very dexterous at her needle, and skilful in dressing her baby. Her mother and she contrived to fit up the baby’s cradle for me against night: the cradle was put into a small drawer of a cabinet, and the drawer placed upon a hanging shelf for fear of the rats. This was my bed all the time I staid with those people, though made more convenient by degrees, as I began to learn their language and make my wants known. This young girl

was so handy, that after I had once or twice pulled off my clothes before her, she was able to dress and undress me, though I never gave her that trouble when she would let me do either myself. She made me seven shirts, and some other linen, of as fine cloth as could be got, which indeed was coarser than sackcloth; and these she constantly washed for me with her own hands. She was likewise my school-mistress, to teach me the language: when I pointed to any thing, she told me the name of it in her own tongue, so that in a few days I was able to call for whatever I had a mind to. She was very good-natured, and not above forty feet high, being little for her age. She gave me the name of GRILDRIG, which the family took up, and afterwards the whole kingdom. The word imports what the Latins call NANUNCULUS, the Italians HOMUNCELETINO, and the English MANNIKIN. To her I chiefly owe my preservation in that country: we never parted while I was there; I called her my GLUMDALCLITCH, or little nurse; and should be guilty of great ingratitude, if I omitted this honourable mention of her care and affection towards me, which I heartily wish it lay in my power to requite as she deserves, instead of being the innocent, but unhappy instrument of her disgrace, as I have too much reason to fear.

It now began to be known and talked of in the neighbourhood, that my master had found a strange animal in the field, about the bigness of a SPLACNUCK, but exactly shaped in every part like a human creature; which it likewise imitated in all its actions; seemed to speak in a little language of its own, had already learned several words of theirs, went erect upon two legs, was tame and gentle, would come when it was called, do whatever it was bid, had the finest limbs in the world, and a complexion fairer than a nobleman's daughter of three years old. Another farmer, who lived hard by, and was a particular friend of my master, came on a visit on purpose to inquire into the truth of this story. I was immediately produced, and placed upon a table, where I walked as I was commanded, drew my hanger, put it up again, made my reverence to my master's guest, asked him in his own language how he did, and told him HE WAS WELCOME, just as my little nurse had instructed me. This man, who was old and dim-sighted, put on his spectacles to behold me better; at which I could not forbear laughing very heartily, for his eyes appeared like the full moon shining into a chamber at two windows. Our people, who discovered the cause of my mirth, bore me company in laughing, at which the old fellow was fool enough to be angry and out of countenance. He had the character of a great miser; and, to my misfortune, he well deserved it, by the cursed advice he gave my master, to show me as a sight upon a market-day in the next town, which was half an hour's riding, about two-and-twenty miles from our house. I guessed there was some mischief when I observed my master and his friend whispering together, sometimes pointing at me; and my fears made me fancy that I overheard and understood some of their words. But the next morning Glumdalclitch, my little nurse, told me the whole matter, which she had cunningly picked out from her mother. The poor girl laid me on her bosom, and fell a weeping with shame and grief. She apprehended some mischief would happen to me from rude vulgar folks, who might squeeze me to death, or break one of my limbs by taking me in their hands. She had also observed how modest I was in my nature, how nicely I regarded my honour, and what an indignity I should conceive it, to be exposed for money as a public spectacle, to the meanest of the people. She said, her papa and mamma had promised that Grildrig should be hers; but now she found they meant to serve her as they did last year, when they pretended to give her a lamb, and yet, as soon as it was fat, sold it to a butcher. For my own part, I may truly affirm, that I was less concerned than my nurse. I had a strong hope, which never left me, that I should one day recover my liberty: and as to the ignominy of being carried about for a monster, I considered myself to be a perfect stranger in the country, and that such a misfortune could never be charged upon me as a reproach, if ever I should return to England, since the king of Great Britain himself, in my condition, must have undergone the same distress.

My master, pursuant to the advice of his friend, carried me in a box the next market-day to the neighbouring town, and took along with him his little daughter, my nurse, upon a pillion behind him. The box was close on every side, with a little door for me to go in and out, and a few gimlet holes to let in air. The girl had been so careful as to put the quilt of her baby's bed into it, for me to lie down on. However, I was terribly shaken and discomposed in this journey, though it was but of half an hour: for the horse went about forty feet at every step and trotted so high, that the agitation was equal to the rising and falling of a ship in a great storm, but much more frequent. Our journey was somewhat farther than from London to St. Alban's. My master alighted at an inn which he used to frequent; and after consulting awhile with the inn-keeper, and making some necessary preparations, he hired the GRULTRUD, or crier, to give notice through the town of a strange creature to be seen at the sign of the Green Eagle, not so big as a SPLACNUCK (an animal in that country very finely shaped, about six feet long,) and in every part of the body resembling a human creature, could speak several words, and perform a hundred diverting tricks.

I was placed upon a table in the largest room of the inn, which might be near three hundred feet square. My little nurse stood on a low stool close to the table, to take care of me, and direct what I should do. My master, to avoid a crowd, would suffer only thirty people at a time to see me. I walked about on the table as the girl commanded; she asked me questions, as far as she knew my understanding of the language reached, and I answered them as loud as I could. I turned about several times to the company, paid my humble respects, said THEY WERE WELCOME, and used some other speeches I had been taught. I took up a thimble filled with liquor, which Glumdalclitch had given me for a cup, and drank their health, I drew out my hanger, and flourished with it after the manner of fencers in England. My nurse gave me a part of a straw, which I exercised as a pike, having learnt the art in my youth. I was that day shown to twelve sets of company, and as often forced to act over again the same fopperies, till I was half dead with weariness and vexation; for those who had seen me made such wonderful reports, that the people were ready to

break down the doors to come in. My master, for his own interest, would not suffer any one to touch me except my nurse; and to prevent danger, benches were set round the table at such a distance as to put me out of every body's reach. However, an unlucky school-boy aimed a hazel nut directly at my head, which very narrowly missed me; otherwise it came with so much violence, that it would have infallibly knocked out my brains, for it was almost as large as a small pumpkin, but I had the satisfaction to see the young rogue well beaten, and turned out of the room.

My master gave public notice that he would show me again the next marketday; and in the meantime he prepared a convenient vehicle for me, which he had reason enough to do; for I was so tired with my first journey, and with entertaining company for eight hours together, that I could hardly stand upon my legs, or speak a word. It was at least three days before I recovered my strength; and that I might have no rest at home, all the neighbouring gentlemen from a hundred miles round, hearing of my fame, came to see me at my master's own house. There could not be fewer than thirty persons with their wives and children (for the country is very populous;) and my master demanded the rate of a full room whenever he showed me at home, although it were only to a single family; so that for some time I had but little ease every day of the week (except Wednesday, which is their Sabbath,) although I were not carried to the town.

My master, finding how profitable I was likely to be, resolved to carry me to the most considerable cities of the kingdom. Having therefore provided himself with all things necessary for a long journey, and settled his affairs at home, he took leave of his wife, and upon the 17th of August, 1703, about two months after my arrival, we set out for the metropolis, situate near the middle of that empire, and about three thousand miles distance from our house. My master made his daughter Glumdalclitch ride behind him. She carried me on her lap, in a box tied about her waist. The girl had lined it on all sides with the softest cloth she could get, well quilted underneath, furnished it with her baby's bed, provided me with linen and other necessaries, and made everything as convenient as she could. We had no other company but a boy of the house, who rode after us with the luggage.

My master's design was to show me in all the towns by the way, and to step out of the road for fifty or a hundred miles, to any village, or person of quality's house, where he might expect custom. We made easy journeys, of not above seven or eight score miles a-day; for Glumdalclitch, on purpose to spare me, complained she was tired with the trotting of the horse. She often took me out of my box, at my own desire, to give me air, and show me the country, but always held me fast by a leading-string. We passed over five or six rivers, many degrees broader and deeper than the Nile or the Ganges: and there was hardly a rivulet so small as the Thames at London-bridge. We were ten weeks in our journey, and I was shown in eighteen large towns, besides many villages, and private families.

On the 26th day of October we arrived at the metropolis, called in their language LORBRULGRUD, or Pride of the Universe. My master took a lodging in the principal street of the city, not far from the royal palace, and put out bills in the usual form, containing an exact description of my person and parts. He hired a large room between three and four hundred feet wide. He provided a table sixty feet in diameter, upon which I was to act my part, and pallisadoed it round three feet from the edge, and as many high, to prevent my falling over. I was shown ten times a-day, to the wonder and satisfaction of all people. I could now speak the language tolerably well, and perfectly understood every word, that was spoken to me. Besides, I had learnt their alphabet, and could make a shift to explain a sentence here and there; for Glumdalclitch had been my instructor while we were at home, and at leisure hours during our journey. She carried a little book in her pocket, not much larger than a Sanson's Atlas; it was a common treatise for the use of young girls, giving a short account of their religion: out of this she taught me my letters, and interpreted the words.

Chapter III

The frequent labours I underwent every day, made, in a few weeks, a very considerable change in my health: the more my master got by me, the more insatiable he grew. I had quite lost my stomach, and was almost reduced to a skeleton. The farmer observed it, and concluding I must soon die, resolved to make as good a hand of me as he could. While he was thus reasoning and resolving with himself, a SARDRAL, or gentleman-usher, came from court, commanding my master to carry me immediately thither for the diversion of the queen and her ladies. Some of the latter had already been to see me, and reported strange things of my beauty, behaviour, and good sense. Her majesty, and those who attended her, were beyond measure delighted with my demeanour. I fell on my knees, and begged the honour of kissing her imperial foot; but this gracious princess held out her little finger towards me, after I was set on the table, which I embraced in both my arms, and put the tip of it with the utmost respect to my lip. She made me some general questions about my country and my travels, which I answered as distinctly, and in as few words as I could. She asked, "whether I could be content to live at court?" I bowed down to the board of the table, and humbly answered "that I was my master's slave: but, if I were at my own disposal, I should be proud to devote my life to her majesty's service." She then asked my master, "whether he was willing to sell me at a good price?" He, who apprehended I could not live a month, was ready enough to part with me, and demanded a thousand pieces of gold, which were ordered him on the spot, each piece being about the bigness of eight hundred moidores; but allowing for the proportion of all things between that country and Europe, and the high price of gold among them, was hardly so great a sum as a thousand guineas would be in England. I then said to the queen, "since I was

now her majesty's most humble creature and vassal, I must beg the favour, that Glumdalclitch, who had always tended me with so much care and kindness, and understood to do it so well, might be admitted into her service, and continue to be my nurse and instructor."

Her majesty agreed to my petition, and easily got the farmer's consent, who was glad enough to have his daughter preferred at court, and the poor girl herself was not able to hide her joy. My late master withdrew, bidding me farewell, and saying he had left me in a good service; to which I replied not a word, only making him a slight bow.

The queen observed my coldness; and, when the farmer was gone out of the apartment, asked me the reason. I made bold to tell her majesty, "that I owed no other obligation to my late master, than his not dashing out the brains of a poor harmless creature, found by chance in his fields: which obligation was amply recompensed, by the gain he had made in showing me through half the kingdom, and the price he had now sold me for. That the life I had since led was laborious enough to kill an animal of ten times my strength. That my health was much impaired, by the continual drudgery of entertaining the rabble every hour of the day; and that, if my master had not thought my life in danger, her majesty would not have got so cheap a bargain. But as I was out of all fear of being ill-treated under the protection of so great and good an empress, the ornament of nature, the darling of the world, the delight of her subjects, the phoenix of the creation, so I hoped my late master's apprehensions would appear to be groundless; for I already found my spirits revive, by the influence of her most august presence."

This was the sum of my speech, delivered with great improprieties and hesitation. The latter part was altogether framed in the style peculiar to that people, whereof I learned some phrases from Glumdalclitch, while she was carrying me to court.

The queen, giving great allowance for my defectiveness in speaking, was, however, surprised at so much wit and good sense in so diminutive an animal. She took me in her own hand, and carried me to the king, who was then retired to his cabinet. His majesty, a prince of much gravity and austere countenance, not well observing my shape at first view, asked the queen after a cold manner "how long it was since she grew fond of a SPLACNUCK?" for such it seems he took me to be, as I lay upon my breast in her majesty's right hand. But this princess, who has an infinite deal of wit and humour, set me gently on my feet upon the scrutoire, and commanded me to give his majesty an account of myself, which I did in a very few words: and Glumdalclitch who attended at the cabinet door, and could not endure I should be out of her sight, being admitted, confirmed all that had passed from my arrival at her father's house.

The king, although he be as learned a person as any in his dominions, had been educated in the study of philosophy, and particularly mathematics; yet when he observed my shape exactly, and saw me walk erect, before I began to speak, conceived I might be a piece of clock-work (which is in that country arrived to a very great perfection) contrived by some ingenious artist. But when he heard my voice, and found what I delivered to be regular and rational, he could not conceal his astonishment. He was by no means satisfied with the relation I gave him of the manner I came into his kingdom, but thought it a story concerted between Glumdalclitch and her father, who had taught me a set of words to make me sell at a better price. Upon this imagination, he put several other questions to me, and still received rational answers: no otherwise defective than by a foreign accent, and an imperfect knowledge in the language, with some rustic phrases which I had learned at the farmer's house, and did not suit the polite style of a court.

His majesty sent for three great scholars, who were then in their weekly waiting, according to the custom in that country. These gentlemen, after they had a while examined my shape with much nicety, were of different opinions concerning me. They all agreed that I could not be produced according to the regular laws of nature, because I was not framed with a capacity of preserving my life, either by swiftness, or climbing of trees, or digging holes in the earth. They observed by my teeth, which they viewed with great exactness, that I was a carnivorous animal; yet most quadrupeds being an overmatch for me, and field mice, with some others, too nimble, they could not imagine how I should be able to support myself, unless I fed upon snails and other insects, which they offered, by many learned arguments, to evince that I could not possibly do. One of these virtuosi seemed to think that I might be an embryo, or abortive birth. But this opinion was rejected by the other two, who observed my limbs to be perfect and finished; and that I had lived several years, as it was manifest from my beard, the stumps whereof they plainly discovered through a magnifying glass. They would not allow me to be a dwarf, because my littleness was beyond all degrees of comparison; for the queen's favourite dwarf, the smallest ever known in that kingdom, was near thirty feet high. After much debate, they concluded unanimously, that I was only RELPLUM SCALCATH, which is interpreted literally LUSUS NATURAE; a determination exactly agreeable to the modern philosophy of Europe, whose professors, disdaining the old evasion of occult causes, whereby the followers of Aristotle endeavoured in vain to disguise their ignorance, have invented this wonderful solution of all difficulties, to the unspeakable advancement of human knowledge.

After this decisive conclusion, I entreated to be heard a word or two. I applied myself to the king, and assured his majesty, "that I came from a country which abounded with several millions of both sexes, and of my own stature; where the animals, trees, and houses, were all in proportion, and where, by consequence, I might be as able to defend myself, and to find sustenance, as

any of his majesty's subjects could do here; which I took for a full answer to those gentlemen's arguments." To this they only replied with a smile of contempt, saying, "that the farmer had instructed me very well in my lesson." The king, who had a much better understanding, dismissing his learned men, sent for the farmer, who by good fortune was not yet gone out of town. Having therefore first examined him privately, and then confronted him with me and the young girl, his majesty began to think that what we told him might possibly be true. He desired the queen to order that a particular care should be taken of me; and was of opinion that Glumdalclitch should still continue in her office of tending me, because he observed we had a great affection for each other. A convenient apartment was provided for her at court: she had a sort of governess appointed to take care of her education, a maid to dress her, and two other servants for menial offices; but the care of me was wholly appropriated to herself. The queen commanded her own cabinet-maker to contrive a box, that might serve me for a bedchamber, after the model that Glumdalclitch and I should agree upon. This man was a most ingenious artist, and according to my direction, in three weeks finished for me a wooden chamber of sixteen feet square, and twelve high, with sash-windows, a door, and two closets, like a London bed-chamber.

The board, that made the ceiling, was to be lifted up and down by two hinges, to put in a bed ready furnished by her majesty's upholsterer, which Glumdalclitch took out every day to air, made it with her own hands, and letting it down at night, locked up the roof over me. A nice workman, who was famous for little curiosities, undertook to make me two chairs, with backs and frames, of a substance not unlike ivory, and two tables, with a cabinet to put my things in. The room was quilted on all sides, as well as the floor and the ceiling, to prevent any accident from the carelessness of those who carried me, and to break the force of a jolt, when I went in a coach. I desired a lock for my door, to prevent rats and mice from coming in. The smith, after several attempts, made the smallest that ever was seen among them, for I have known a larger at the gate of a gentleman's house in England. I made a shift to keep the key in a pocket of my own, fearing Glumdalclitch might lose it. The queen likewise ordered the thinnest silks that could be gotten, to make me clothes, not much thicker than an English blanket, very cumbersome till I was accustomed to them. They were after the fashion of the kingdom, partly resembling the Persian, and partly the Chinese, and are a very grave and decent habit.

The queen became so fond of my company, that she could not dine without me. I had a table placed upon the same at which her majesty ate, just at her left elbow, and a chair to sit on. Glumdalclitch stood on a stool on the floor near my table, to assist and take care of me. I had an entire set of silver dishes and plates, and other necessaries, which, in proportion to those of the queen, were not much bigger than what I have seen in a London toy-shop for the furniture of a baby-house: these my little nurse kept in her pocket in a silver box, and gave me at meals as I wanted them, always cleaning them herself. No person dined with the queen but the two princesses royal, the eldest sixteen years old, and the younger at that time thirteen and a month. Her majesty used to put a bit of meat upon one of my dishes, out of which I carved for myself, and her diversion was to see me eat in miniature: for the queen (who had indeed but a weak stomach) took up, at one mouthful, as much as a dozen English farmers could eat at a meal, which to me was for some time a very nauseous sight. She would craunch the wing of a lark, bones and all, between her teeth, although it were nine times as large as that of a full-grown turkey; and put a bit of bread into her mouth as big as two twelve-penny loaves. She drank out of a golden cup, above a hogshead at a draught. Her knives were twice as long as a scythe, set straight upon the handle. The spoons, forks, and other instruments, were all in the same proportion. I remember when Glumdalclitch carried me, out of curiosity, to see some of the tables at court, where ten or a dozen of those enormous knives and forks were lifted up together, I thought I had never till then beheld so terrible a sight.

It is the custom, that every Wednesday (which, as I have observed, is their Sabbath) the king and queen, with the royal issue of both sexes, dine together in the apartment of his majesty, to whom I was now become a great favourite; and at these times, my little chair and table were placed at his left hand, before one of the salt-cellars. This prince took a pleasure in conversing with me, inquiring into the manners, religion, laws, government, and learning of Europe; wherein I gave him the best account I was able. His apprehension was so clear, and his judgment so exact, that he made very wise reflections and observations upon all I said. But I confess, that, after I had been a little too copious in talking of my own beloved country, of our trade and wars by sea and land, of our schisms in religion, and parties in the state; the prejudices of his education prevailed so far, that he could not forbear taking me up in his right hand, and stroking me gently with the other, after a hearty fit of laughing, asked me, "whether I was a whig or tory?" Then turning to his first minister, who waited behind him with a white staff, near as tall as the mainmast of the Royal Sovereign, he observed "how contemptible a thing was human grandeur, which could be mimicked by such diminutive insects as I: and yet," says he, "I dare engage these creatures have their titles and distinctions of honour; they contrive little nests and burrows, that they call houses and cities; they make a figure in dress and equipage; they love, they fight, they dispute, they cheat, they betray!" And thus he continued on, while my colour came and went several times, with indignation, to hear our noble country, the mistress of arts and arms, the scourge of France, the arbitress of Europe, the seat of virtue, piety, honour, and truth, the pride and envy of the world, so contemptuously treated.

But as I was not in a condition to resent injuries, so upon mature thoughts I began to doubt whether I was injured or no. For, after having been accustomed several months to the sight and converse of this people, and observed every object upon which I cast mine eyes to be of proportionable magnitude, the horror I had at first conceived from their bulk and aspect was so far worn off, that if I had then beheld a company of English lords and ladies in their finery and birth-day clothes, acting their several parts in

the most courtly manner of strutting, and bowing, and prating, to say the truth, I should have been strongly tempted to laugh as much at them as the king and his grandees did at me. Neither, indeed, could I forbear smiling at myself, when the queen used to place me upon her hand towards a looking-glass, by which both our persons appeared before me in full view together; and there could be nothing more ridiculous than the comparison; so that I really began to imagine myself dwindled many degrees below my usual size.

Nothing angered and mortified me so much as the queen's dwarf; who being of the lowest stature that was ever in that country (for I verily think he was not full thirty feet high), became so insolent at seeing a creature so much beneath him, that he would always affect to swagger and look big as he passed by me in the queen's antechamber, while I was standing on some table talking with the lords or ladies of the court, and he seldom failed of a smart word or two upon my littleness; against which I could only revenge myself by calling him brother, challenging him to wrestle, and such repartees as are usually in the mouths of court pages. One day, at dinner, this malicious little cub was so nettled with something I had said to him, that, raising himself upon the frame of her majesty's chair, he took me up by the middle, as I was sitting down, not thinking any harm, and let me drop into a large silver bowl of cream, and then ran away as fast as he could. I fell over head and ears, and, if I had not been a good swimmer, it might have gone very hard with me; for Glumdalclitch in that instant happened to be at the other end of the room, and the queen was in such a fright, that she wanted presence of mind to assist me. But my little nurse ran to my relief, and took me out, after I had swallowed above a quart of cream. I was put to bed: however, I received no other damage than the loss of a suit of clothes, which was utterly spoiled. The dwarf was soundly whipt, and as a farther punishment, forced to drink up the bowl of cream into which he had thrown me: neither was he ever restored to favour; for soon after the queen bestowed him on a lady of high quality, so that I saw him no more, to my very great satisfaction; for I could not tell to what extremities such a malicious urchin might have carried his resentment.

He had before served me a scurvy trick, which set the queen a-laughing, although at the same time she was heartily vexed, and would have immediately cashiered him, if I had not been so generous as to intercede. Her majesty had taken a marrow-bone upon her plate, and, after knocking out the marrow, placed the bone again in the dish erect, as it stood before; the dwarf, watching his opportunity, while Glumdalclitch was gone to the side-board, mounted the stool that she stood on to take care of me at meals, took me up in both hands, and squeezing my legs together, wedged them into the marrow bone above my waist, where I stuck for some time, and made a very ridiculous figure. I believe it was near a minute before any one knew what was become of me; for I thought it below me to cry out. But, as princes seldom get their meat hot, my legs were not scalded, only my stockings and breeches in a sad condition. The dwarf, at my entreaty, had no other punishment than a sound whipping.

I was frequently rallied by the queen upon account of my fearfulness; and she used to ask me whether the people of my country were as great cowards as myself? The occasion was this: the kingdom is much pestered with flies in summer; and these odious insects, each of them as big as a Dunstable lark, hardly gave me any rest while I sat at dinner, with their continual humming and buzzing about mine ears. They would sometimes alight upon my victuals, and leave their loathsome excrement, or spawn behind, which to me was very visible, though not to the natives of that country, whose large optics were not so acute as mine, in viewing smaller objects. Sometimes they would fix upon my nose, or forehead, where they stung me to the quick, smelling very offensively; and I could easily trace that viscous matter, which, our naturalists tell us, enables those creatures to walk with their feet upwards upon a ceiling. I had much ado to defend myself against these detestable animals, and could not forbear starting when they came on my face. It was the common practice of the dwarf, to catch a number of these insects in his hand, as schoolboys do among us, and let them out suddenly under my nose, on purpose to frighten me, and divert the queen. My remedy was to cut them in pieces with my knife, as they flew in the air, wherein my dexterity was much admired.

I remember, one morning, when Glumdalclitch had set me in a box upon a window, as she usually did in fair days to give me air (for I durst not venture to let the box be hung on a nail out of the window, as we do with cages in England), after I had lifted up one of my sashes, and sat down at my table to eat a piece of sweet cake for my breakfast, above twenty wasps, allured by the smell, came flying into the room, humming louder than the drones of as many bagpipes. Some of them seized my cake, and carried it piecemeal away; others flew about my head and face, confounding me with the noise, and putting me in the utmost terror of their stings. However, I had the courage to rise and draw my hanger, and attack them in the air. I dispatched four of them, but the rest got away, and I presently shut my window. These insects were as large as partridges: I took out their stings, found them an inch and a half long, and as sharp as needles. I carefully preserved them all; and having since shown them, with some other curiosities, in several parts of Europe, upon my return to England I gave three of them to Gresham College, and kept the fourth for myself.

Chapter IV

I now intend to give the reader a short description of this country, as far as I travelled in it, which was not above two thousand miles round Lorbrulgrud, the metropolis. For the queen, whom I always attended, never went farther when she accompanied the king in his progresses, and there staid till his majesty returned from viewing his frontiers. The whole extent of this prince's dominions reaches about six thousand miles in length, and from three to five in breadth: whence I cannot but conclude, that

our geographers of Europe are in a great error, by supposing nothing but sea between Japan and California; for it was ever my opinion, that there must be a balance of earth to counterpoise the great continent of Tartary; and therefore they ought to correct their maps and charts, by joining this vast tract of land to the north-west parts of America, wherein I shall be ready to lend them my assistance.

The kingdom is a peninsula, terminated to the north-east by a ridge of mountains thirty miles high, which are altogether impassable, by reason of the volcanoes upon the tops: neither do the most learned know what sort of mortals inhabit beyond those mountains, or whether they be inhabited at all. On the three other sides, it is bounded by the ocean. There is not one sea-port in the whole kingdom: and those parts of the coasts into which the rivers issue, are so full of pointed rocks, and the sea generally so rough, that there is no venturing with the smallest of their boats; so that these people are wholly excluded from any commerce with the rest of the world. But the large rivers are full of vessels, and abound with excellent fish; for they seldom get any from the sea, because the sea fish are of the same size with those in Europe, and consequently not worth catching; whereby it is manifest, that nature, in the production of plants and animals of so extraordinary a bulk, is wholly confined to this continent, of which I leave the reasons to be determined by philosophers. However, now and then they take a whale that happens to be dashed against the rocks, which the common people feed on heartily. These whales I have known so large, that a man could hardly carry one upon his shoulders; and sometimes, for curiosity, they are brought in hampers to Lorbrulgrud; I saw one of them in a dish at the king's table, which passed for a rarity, but I did not observe he was fond of it; for I think, indeed, the bigness disgusted him, although I have seen one somewhat larger in Greenland.

The country is well inhabited, for it contains fifty-one cities, near a hundred walled towns, and a great number of villages. To satisfy my curious reader, it may be sufficient to describe Lorbrulgrud. This city stands upon almost two equal parts, on each side the river that passes through. It contains above eighty thousand houses, and about six hundred thousand inhabitants. It is in length three GLOMGLUNGS (which make about fifty-four English miles,) and two and a half in breadth; as I measured it myself in the royal map made by the king's order, which was laid on the ground on purpose for me, and extended a hundred feet: I paced the diameter and circumference several times barefoot, and, computing by the scale, measured it pretty exactly.

The king's palace is no regular edifice, but a heap of buildings, about seven miles round: the chief rooms are generally two hundred and forty feet high, and broad and long in proportion. A coach was allowed to Glumdalclitch and me, wherein her governess frequently took her out to see the town, or go among the shops; and I was always of the party, carried in my box; although the girl, at my own desire, would often take me out, and hold me in her hand, that I might more conveniently view the houses and the people, as we passed along the streets. I reckoned our coach to be about a square of Westminster-hall, but not altogether so high: however, I cannot be very exact. One day the governess ordered our coachman to stop at several shops, where the beggars, watching their opportunity, crowded to the sides of the coach, and gave me the most horrible spectacle that ever a European eye beheld. There was a woman with a cancer in her breast, swelled to a monstrous size, full of holes, in two or three of which I could have easily crept, and covered my whole body. There was a fellow with a wen in his neck, larger than five woolpacks; and another, with a couple of wooden legs, each about twenty feet high. But the most hateful sight of all, was the lice crawling on their clothes. I could see distinctly the limbs of these vermin with my naked eye, much better than those of a European louse through a microscope, and their snouts with which they rooted like swine. They were the first I had ever beheld, and I should have been curious enough to dissect one of them, if I had had proper instruments, which I unluckily left behind me in the ship, although, indeed, the sight was so nauseous, that it perfectly turned my stomach.

Besides the large box in which I was usually carried, the queen ordered a smaller one to be made for me, of about twelve feet square, and ten high, for the convenience of travelling; because the other was somewhat too large for Glumdalclitch's lap, and cumbersome in the coach; it was made by the same artist, whom I directed in the whole contrivance. This travelling-closet was an exact square, with a window in the middle of three of the squares, and each window was latticed with iron wire on the outside, to prevent accidents in long journeys. On the fourth side, which had no window, two strong staples were fixed, through which the person that carried me, when I had a mind to be on horseback, put a leathern belt, and buckled it about his waist. This was always the office of some grave trusty servant, in whom I could confide, whether I attended the king and queen in their progresses, or were disposed to see the gardens, or pay a visit to some great lady or minister of state in the court, when Glumdalclitch happened to be out of order; for I soon began to be known and esteemed among the greatest officers, I suppose more upon account of their majesties' favour, than any merit of my own. In journeys, when I was weary of the coach, a servant on horseback would buckle on my box, and place it upon a cushion before him; and there I had a full prospect of the country on three sides, from my three windows. I had, in this closet, a field-bed and a hammock, hung from the ceiling, two chairs and a table, neatly screwed to the floor, to prevent being tossed about by the agitation of the horse or the coach. And having been long used to sea-voyages, those motions, although sometimes very violent, did not much discompose me.

Whenever I had a mind to see the town, it was always in my travelling-closet; which Glumdalclitch held in her lap in a kind of open sedan, after the fashion of the country, borne by four men, and attended by two others in the queen's livery. The people, who had often heard of me, were very curious to crowd about the sedan, and the girl was complaisant enough to make the bearers stop,

and to take me in her hand, that I might be more conveniently seen.

I was very desirous to see the chief temple, and particularly the tower belonging to it, which is reckoned the highest in the kingdom. Accordingly one day my nurse carried me thither, but I may truly say I came back disappointed; for the height is not above three thousand feet, reckoning from the ground to the highest pinnacle top; which, allowing for the difference between the size of those people and us in Europe, is no great matter for admiration, nor at all equal in proportion (if I rightly remember) to Salisbury steeple. But, not to detract from a nation, to which, during my life, I shall acknowledge myself extremely obliged, it must be allowed, that whatever this famous tower wants in height, is amply made up in beauty and strength: for the walls are near a hundred feet thick, built of hewn stone, whereof each is about forty feet square, and adorned on all sides with statues of gods and emperors, cut in marble, larger than the life, placed in their several niches. I measured a little finger which had fallen down from one of these statues, and lay unperceived among some rubbish, and found it exactly four feet and an inch in length. Glumdalclitch wrapped it up in her handkerchief, and carried it home in her pocket, to keep among other trinkets, of which the girl was very fond, as children at her age usually are.

The king's kitchen is indeed a noble building, vaulted at top, and about six hundred feet high. The great oven is not so wide, by ten paces, as the cupola at St. Paul's: for I measured the latter on purpose, after my return. But if I should describe the kitchen grate, the prodigious pots and kettles, the joints of meat turning on the spits, with many other particulars, perhaps I should be hardly believed; at least a severe critic would be apt to think I enlarged a little, as travellers are often suspected to do. To avoid which censure I fear I have run too much into the other extreme; and that if this treatise should happen to be translated into the language of Brobdingnag (which is the general name of that kingdom,) and transmitted thither, the king and his people would have reason to complain that I had done them an injury, by a false and diminutive representation.

His majesty seldom keeps above six hundred horses in his stables: they are generally from fifty-four to sixty feet high. But, when he goes abroad on solemn days, he is attended, for state, by a military guard of five hundred horse, which, indeed, I thought was the most splendid sight that could be ever beheld, till I saw part of his army in battalia, whereof I shall find another occasion to speak.

Chapter V

I should have lived happy enough in that country, if my littleness had not exposed me to several ridiculous and troublesome accidents; some of which I shall venture to relate. Glumdalclitch often carried me into the gardens of the court in my smaller box, and would sometimes take me out of it, and hold me in her hand, or set me down to walk. I remember, before the dwarf left the queen, he followed us one day into those gardens, and my nurse having set me down, he and I being close together, near some dwarf apple trees, I must needs show my wit, by a silly allusion between him and the trees, which happens to hold in their language as it does in ours. Whereupon, the malicious rogue, watching his opportunity, when I was walking under one of them, shook it directly over my head, by which a dozen apples, each of them near as large as a Bristol barrel, came tumbling about my ears; one of them hit me on the back as I chanced to stoop, and knocked me down flat on my face; but I received no other hurt, and the dwarf was pardoned at my desire, because I had given the provocation.

Another day, Glumdalclitch left me on a smooth grass-plot to divert myself, while she walked at some distance with her governess. In the meantime, there suddenly fell such a violent shower of hail, that I was immediately by the force of it, struck to the ground: and when I was down, the hailstones gave me such cruel bangs all over the body, as if I had been pelted with tennis-balls; however, I made a shift to creep on all fours, and shelter myself, by lying flat on my face, on the leeside of a border of lemon-thyme, but so bruised from head to foot, that I could not go abroad in ten days. Neither is this at all to be wondered at, because nature, in that country, observing the same proportion through all her operations, a hailstone is near eighteen hundred times as large as one in Europe; which I can assert upon experience, having been so curious as to weigh and measure them.

But a more dangerous accident happened to me in the same garden, when my little nurse, believing she had put me in a secure place (which I often entreated her to do, that I might enjoy my own thoughts,) and having left my box at home, to avoid the trouble of carrying it, went to another part of the garden with her governess and some ladies of her acquaintance. While she was absent, and out of hearing, a small white spaniel that belonged to one of the chief gardeners, having got by accident into the garden, happened to range near the place where I lay: the dog, following the scent, came directly up, and taking me in his mouth, ran straight to his master wagging his tail, and set me gently on the ground. By good fortune he had been so well taught, that I was carried between his teeth without the least hurt, or even tearing my clothes. But the poor gardener, who knew me well, and had a great kindness for me, was in a terrible fright: he gently took me up in both his hands, and asked me how I did? but I was so amazed and out of breath, that I could not speak a word. In a few minutes I came to myself, and he carried me safe to my little nurse, who, by this time, had returned to the place where she left me, and was in cruel agonies when I did not appear, nor answer when she called. She severely reprimanded the gardener on account of his dog. But the thing was hushed up, and never known at court, for the girl was afraid of the queen's anger; and truly, as to myself, I thought it would not be for my reputation, that such a

story should go about.

This accident absolutely determined Glumdalclitch never to trust me abroad for the future out of her sight. I had been long afraid of this resolution, and therefore concealed from her some little unlucky adventures, that happened in those times when I was left by myself. Once a kite, hovering over the garden, made a stoop at me, and if I had not resolutely drawn my hanger, and run under a thick espalier, he would have certainly carried me away in his talons. Another time, walking to the top of a fresh mole-hill, I fell to my neck in the hole, through which that animal had cast up the earth, and coined some lie, not worth remembering, to excuse myself for spoiling my clothes. I likewise broke my right shin against the shell of a snail, which I happened to stumble over, as I was walking alone and thinking on poor England.

I cannot tell whether I were more pleased or mortified to observe, in those solitary walks, that the smaller birds did not appear to be at all afraid of me, but would hop about within a yard's distance, looking for worms and other food, with as much indifference and security as if no creature at all were near them. I remember, a thrush had the confidence to snatch out of my hand, with his bill, a piece of cake that Glumdalclitch had just given me for my breakfast. When I attempted to catch any of these birds, they would boldly turn against me, endeavouring to peck my fingers, which I durst not venture within their reach; and then they would hop back unconcerned, to hunt for worms or snails, as they did before. But one day, I took a thick cudgel, and threw it with all my strength so luckily, at a linnet, that I knocked him down, and seizing him by the neck with both my hands, ran with him in triumph to my nurse. However, the bird, who had only been stunned, recovering himself gave me so many boxes with his wings, on both sides of my head and body, though I held him at arm's-length, and was out of the reach of his claws, that I was twenty times thinking to let him go. But I was soon relieved by one of our servants, who wrung off the bird's neck, and I had him next day for dinner, by the queen's command. This linnet, as near as I can remember, seemed to be somewhat larger than an English swan.

The maids of honour often invited Glumdalclitch to their apartments, and desired she would bring me along with her, on purpose to have the pleasure of seeing and touching me. They would often strip me naked from top to toe, and lay me at full length in their bosoms; wherewith I was much disgusted because, to say the truth, a very offensive smell came from their skins; which I do not mention, or intend, to the disadvantage of those excellent ladies, for whom I have all manner of respect; but I conceive that my sense was more acute in proportion to my littleness, and that those illustrious persons were no more disagreeable to their lovers, or to each other, than people of the same quality are with us in England. And, after all, I found their natural smell was much more supportable, than when they used perfumes, under which I immediately swooned away. I cannot forget, that an intimate friend of mine in Lilliput, took the freedom in a warm day, when I had used a good deal of exercise, to complain of a strong smell about me, although I am as little faulty that way, as most of my sex: but I suppose his faculty of smelling was as nice with regard to me, as mine was to that of this people. Upon this point, I cannot forbear doing justice to the queen my mistress, and Glumdalclitch my nurse, whose persons were as sweet as those of any lady in England.

That which gave me most uneasiness among these maids of honour (when my nurse carried me to visit then) was, to see them use me without any manner of ceremony, like a creature who had no sort of consequence: for they would strip themselves to the skin, and put on their smocks in my presence, while I was placed on their toilet, directly before their naked bodies, which I am sure to me was very far from being a tempting sight, or from giving me any other emotions than those of horror and disgust: their skins appeared so coarse and uneven, so variously coloured, when I saw them near, with a mole here and there as broad as a trencher, and hairs hanging from it thicker than packthreads, to say nothing farther concerning the rest of their persons. Neither did they at all scruple, while I was by, to discharge what they had drank, to the quantity of at least two hogsheads, in a vessel that held above three tuns. The handsomest among these maids of honour, a pleasant, frolicsome girl of sixteen, would sometimes set me astride upon one of her nipples, with many other tricks, wherein the reader will excuse me for not being over particular. But I was so much displeased, that I entreated Glumdalclitch to contrive some excuse for not seeing that young lady any more.

One day, a young gentleman, who was nephew to my nurse's governess, came and pressed them both to see an execution. It was of a man, who had murdered one of that gentleman's intimate acquaintance. Glumdalclitch was prevailed on to be of the company, very much against her inclination, for she was naturally tender-hearted: and, as for myself, although I abhorred such kind of spectacles, yet my curiosity tempted me to see something that I thought must be extraordinary. The malefactor was fixed in a chair upon a scaffold erected for that purpose, and his head cut off at one blow, with a sword of about forty feet long. The veins and arteries spouted up such a prodigious quantity of blood, and so high in the air, that the great JET D'EAU at Versailles was not equal to it for the time it lasted: and the head, when it fell on the scaffold floor, gave such a bounce as made me start, although I was at least half an English mile distant.

The queen, who often used to hear me talk of my sea-voyages, and took all occasions to divert me when I was melancholy, asked me whether I understood how to handle a sail or an oar, and whether a little exercise of rowing might not be convenient for my health? I answered, that I understood both very well: for although my proper employment had been to be surgeon or doctor to the ship, yet often, upon a pinch, I was forced to work like a common mariner. But I could not see how this could be done in their country, where the smallest wherry was equal to a first-rate man of war among us; and such a boat as I could manage would never

live in any of their rivers. Her majesty said, if I would contrive a boat, her own joiner should make it, and she would provide a place for me to sail in. The fellow was an ingenious workman, and by my instructions, in ten days, finished a pleasure-boat with all its tackling, able conveniently to hold eight Europeans. When it was finished, the queen was so delighted, that she ran with it in her lap to the king, who ordered it to be put into a cistern full of water, with me in it, by way of trial, where I could not manage my two sculls, or little oars, for want of room. But the queen had before contrived another project. She ordered the joiner to make a wooden trough of three hundred feet long, fifty broad, and eight deep; which, being well pitched, to prevent leaking, was placed on the floor, along the wall, in an outer room of the palace. It had a cock near the bottom to let out the water, when it began to grow stale; and two servants could easily fill it in half an hour. Here I often used to row for my own diversion, as well as that of the queen and her ladies, who thought themselves well entertained with my skill and agility. Sometimes I would put up my sail, and then my business was only to steer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans; and, when they were weary, some of their pages would blow my sail forward with their breath, while I showed my art by steering starboard or larboard as I pleased. When I had done, Glumdalclitch always carried back my boat into her closet, and hung it on a nail to dry.

In this exercise I once met an accident, which had like to have cost me my life; for, one of the pages having put my boat into the trough, the governess who attended Glumdalclitch very officiously lifted me up, to place me in the boat: but I happened to slip through her fingers, and should infallibly have fallen down forty feet upon the floor, if, by the luckiest chance in the world, I had not been stopped by a corking-pin that stuck in the good gentlewoman's stomacher; the head of the pin passing between my shirt and the waistband of my breeches, and thus I was held by the middle in the air, till Glumdalclitch ran to my relief.

Another time, one of the servants, whose office it was to fill my trough every third day with fresh water, was so careless as to let a huge frog (not perceiving it) slip out of his pail. The frog lay concealed till I was put into my boat, but then, seeing a resting-place, climbed up, and made it lean so much on one side, that I was forced to balance it with all my weight on the other, to prevent overturning. When the frog was got in, it hopped at once half the length of the boat, and then over my head, backward and forward, daubing my face and clothes with its odious slime. The largeness of its features made it appear the most deformed animal that can be conceived. However, I desired Glumdalclitch to let me deal with it alone. I banged it a good while with one of my sculls, and at last forced it to leap out of the boat.

But the greatest danger I ever underwent in that kingdom, was from a monkey, who belonged to one of the clerks of the kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked me up in her closet, while she went somewhere upon business, or a visit. The weather being very warm, the closet-window was left open, as well as the windows and the door of my bigger box, in which I usually lived, because of its largeness and conveniency. As I sat quietly meditating at my table, I heard something bounce in at the closet-window, and skip about from one side to the other: whereat, although I was much alarmed, yet I ventured to look out, but not stirring from my seat; and then I saw this frolicsome animal frisking and leaping up and down, till at last he came to my box, which he seemed to view with great pleasure and curiosity, peeping in at the door and every window. I retreated to the farther corner of my room; or box; but the monkey looking in at every side, put me in such a fright, that I wanted presence of mind to conceal myself under the bed, as I might easily have done. After some time spent in peeping, grinning, and chattering, he at last espied me; and reaching one of his paws in at the door, as a cat does when she plays with a mouse, although I often shifted place to avoid him, he at length seized the lappet of my coat (which being made of that country silk, was very thick and strong), and dragged me out. He took me up in his right fore-foot and held me as a nurse does a child she is going to suckle, just as I have seen the same sort of creature do with a kitten in Europe; and when I offered to struggle he squeezed me so hard, that I thought it more prudent to submit. I have good reason to believe, that he took me for a young one of his own species, by his often stroking my face very gently with his other paw. In these diversions he was interrupted by a noise at the closet door, as if somebody were opening it: whereupon he suddenly leaped up to the window at which he had come in, and thence upon the leads and gutters, walking upon three legs, and holding me in the fourth, till he clambered up to a roof that was next to ours. I heard Glumdalclitch give a shriek at the moment he was carrying me out. The poor girl was almost distracted: that quarter of the palace was all in an uproar; the servants ran for ladders; the monkey was seen by hundreds in the court, sitting upon the ridge of a building, holding me like a baby in one of his forepaws, and feeding me with the other, by cramming into my mouth some victuals he had squeezed out of the bag on one side of his chaps, and patting me when I would not eat; whereat many of the rabble below could not forbear laughing; neither do I think they justly ought to be blamed, for, without question, the sight was ridiculous enough to every body but myself. Some of the people threw up stones, hoping to drive the monkey down; but this was strictly forbidden, or else, very probably, my brains had been dashed out.

The ladders were now applied, and mounted by several men; which the monkey observing, and finding himself almost encompassed, not being able to make speed enough with his three legs, let me drop on a ridge tile, and made his escape. Here I sat for some time, five hundred yards from the ground, expecting every moment to be blown down by the wind, or to fall by my own giddiness, and come tumbling over and over from the ridge to the eaves; but an honest lad, one of my nurse's footmen, climbed up, and putting me into his breeches pocket, brought me down safe.

I was almost choked with the filthy stuff the monkey had crammed down my throat: but my dear little nurse picked it out of my

mouth with a small needle, and then I fell a-vomiting, which gave me great relief. Yet I was so weak and bruised in the sides with the squeezes given me by this odious animal, that I was forced to keep my bed a fortnight. The king, queen, and all the court, sent every day to inquire after my health; and her majesty made me several visits during my sickness. The monkey was killed, and an order made, that no such animal should be kept about the palace.

When I attended the king after my recovery, to return him thanks for his favours, he was pleased to rally me a good deal upon this adventure. He asked me, “what my thoughts and speculations were, while I lay in the monkey’s paw; how I liked the victuals he gave me; his manner of feeding; and whether the fresh air on the roof had sharpened my stomach.” He desired to know, “what I would have done upon such an occasion in my own country.” I told his majesty, “that in Europe we had no monkeys, except such as were brought for curiosity from other places, and so small, that I could deal with a dozen of them together, if they presumed to attack me. And as for that monstrous animal with whom I was so lately engaged (it was indeed as large as an elephant), if my fears had suffered me to think so far as to make use of my hanger,” (looking fiercely, and clapping my hand on the hilt, as I spoke) “when he poked his paw into my chamber, perhaps I should have given him such a wound, as would have made him glad to withdraw it with more haste than he put it in.” This I delivered in a firm tone, like a person who was jealous lest his courage should be called in question. However, my speech produced nothing else beside a laud laughter, which all the respect due to his majesty from those about him could not make them contain. This made me reflect, how vain an attempt it is for a man to endeavour to do himself honour among those who are out of all degree of equality or comparison with him. And yet I have seen the moral of my own behaviour very frequent in England since my return; where a little contemptible varlet, without the least title to birth, person, wit, or common sense, shall presume to look with importance, and put himself upon a foot with the greatest persons of the kingdom.

I was every day furnishing the court with some ridiculous story: and Glumdalclitch, although she loved me to excess, yet was arch enough to inform the queen, whenever I committed any folly that she thought would be diverting to her majesty. The girl, who had been out of order, was carried by her governess to take the air about an hour’s distance, or thirty miles from town. They alighted out of the coach near a small foot-path in a field, and Glumdalclitch setting down my travelling box, I went out of it to walk. There was a cow-dung in the path, and I must needs try my activity by attempting to leap over it. I took a run, but unfortunately jumped short, and found myself just in the middle up to my knees. I waded through with some difficulty, and one of the footmen wiped me as clean as he could with his handkerchief, for I was filthily bemired; and my nurse confined me to my box, till we returned home; where the queen was soon informed of what had passed, and the footmen spread it about the court: so that all the mirth for some days was at my expense.

Chapter VI

I used to attend the king’s levee once or twice a week, and had often seen him under the barber’s hand, which indeed was at first very terrible to behold; for the razor was almost twice as long as an ordinary scythe. His majesty, according to the custom of the country, was only shaved twice a-week. I once prevailed on the barber to give me some of the suds or lather, out of which I picked forty or fifty of the strongest stumps of hair. I then took a piece of fine wood, and cut it like the back of a comb, making several holes in it at equal distances with as small a needle as I could get from Glumdalclitch. I fixed in the stumps so artificially, scraping and sloping them with my knife toward the points, that I made a very tolerable comb; which was a seasonable supply, my own being so much broken in the teeth, that it was almost useless: neither did I know any artist in that country so nice and exact, as would undertake to make me another.

And this puts me in mind of an amusement, wherein I spent many of my leisure hours. I desired the queen’s woman to save for me the combings of her majesty’s hair, whereof in time I got a good quantity; and consulting with my friend the cabinet-maker, who had received general orders to do little jobs for me, I directed him to make two chair-frames, no larger than those I had in my box, and to bore little holes with a fine awl, round those parts where I designed the backs and seats; through these holes I wove the strongest hairs I could pick out, just after the manner of cane chairs in England. When they were finished, I made a present of them to her majesty; who kept them in her cabinet, and used to show them for curiosities, as indeed they were the wonder of every one that beheld them. The queen would have me sit upon one of these chairs, but I absolutely refused to obey her, protesting I would rather die a thousand deaths than place a dishonourable part of my body on those precious hairs, that once adorned her majesty’s head. Of these hairs (as I had always a mechanical genius) I likewise made a neat little purse, about five feet long, with her majesty’s name deciphered in gold letters, which I gave to Glumdalclitch, by the queen’s consent. To say the truth, it was more for show than use, being not of strength to bear the weight of the larger coins, and therefore she kept nothing in it but some little toys that girls are fond of.

The king, who delighted in music, had frequent concerts at court, to which I was sometimes carried, and set in my box on a table to hear them: but the noise was so great that I could hardly distinguish the tunes. I am confident that all the drums and trumpets of a royal army, beating and sounding together just at your ears, could not equal it. My practice was to have my box removed from the place where the performers sat, as far as I could, then to shut the doors and windows of it, and draw the window curtains; after

which I found their music not disagreeable.

I had learned in my youth to play a little upon the spinet. Glumdalclitch kept one in her chamber, and a master attended twice a-week to teach her: I called it a spinet, because it somewhat resembled that instrument, and was played upon in the same manner. A fancy came into my head, that I would entertain the king and queen with an English tune upon this instrument. But this appeared extremely difficult: for the spinet was near sixty feet long, each key being almost a foot wide, so that with my arms extended I could not reach to above five keys, and to press them down required a good smart stroke with my fist, which would be too great a labour, and to no purpose. The method I contrived was this: I prepared two round sticks, about the bigness of common cudgels; they were thicker at one end than the other, and I covered the thicker ends with pieces of a mouse's skin, that by rapping on them I might neither damage the tops of the keys nor interrupt the sound. Before the spinet a bench was placed, about four feet below the keys, and I was put upon the bench. I ran sideling upon it, that way and this, as fast as I could, banging the proper keys with my two sticks, and made a shift to play a jig, to the great satisfaction of both their majesties; but it was the most violent exercise I ever underwent; and yet I could not strike above sixteen keys, nor consequently play the bass and treble together, as other artists do; which was a great disadvantage to my performance.

The king, who, as I before observed, was a prince of excellent understanding, would frequently order that I should be brought in my box, and set upon the table in his closet: he would then command me to bring one of my chairs out of the box, and sit down within three yards distance upon the top of the cabinet, which brought me almost to a level with his face. In this manner I had several conversations with him. I one day took the freedom to tell his majesty, "that the contempt he discovered towards Europe, and the rest of the world, did not seem answerable to those excellent qualities of mind that he was master of; that reason did not extend itself with the bulk of the body; on the contrary, we observed in our country, that the tallest persons were usually the least provided with it; that among other animals, bees and ants had the reputation of more industry, art, and sagacity, than many of the larger kinds; and that, as inconsiderable as he took me to be, I hoped I might live to do his majesty some signal service." The king heard me with attention, and began to conceive a much better opinion of me than he had ever before. He desired "I would give him as exact an account of the government of England as I possibly could; because, as fond as princes commonly are of their own customs (for so he conjectured of other monarchs, by my former discourses), he should be glad to hear of any thing that might deserve imitation."

Imagine with thyself, courteous reader, how often I then wished for the tongue of Demosthenes or Cicero, that might have enabled me to celebrate the praise of my own dear native country in a style equal to its merits and felicity.

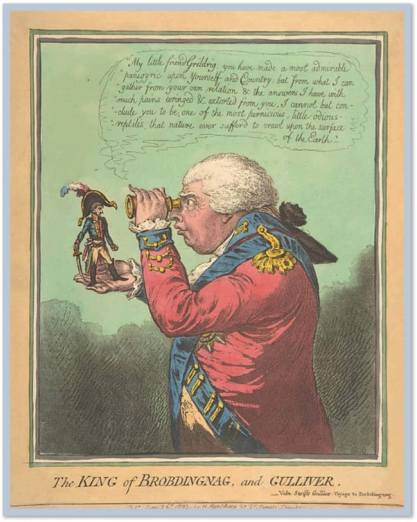


Image 4.12 | The King of Brobdingnag and Gulliver
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I began my discourse by informing his majesty, that our dominions consisted of two islands, which composed three mighty kingdoms, under one sovereign, beside our plantations in America. I dwelt long upon the fertility of our soil, and the temperature of our climate. I then spoke at large upon the constitution of an English parliament; partly made up of an illustrious body called the House of Peers; persons of the noblest blood, and of the most ancient and ample patrimonies. I described that extraordinary care always taken of their education in arts and arms, to qualify them for being counsellors both to the king and kingdom; to have a share in the legislature; to be members of the highest court of judicature, whence there can be no appeal; and to be champions always ready for the defence of their prince and country, by their valour, conduct, and fidelity. That these were the ornament and bulwark of the kingdom, worthy followers of their most renowned ancestors, whose honour had been the reward of

their virtue, from which their posterity were never once known to degenerate. To these were joined several holy persons, as part of that assembly, under the title of bishops, whose peculiar business is to take care of religion, and of those who instruct the people therein. These were searched and sought out through the whole nation, by the prince and his wisest counsellors, among such of the priesthood as were most deservedly distinguished by the sanctity of their lives, and the depth of their erudition; who were indeed the spiritual fathers of the clergy and the people.

That the other part of the parliament consisted of an assembly called the House of Commons, who were all principal gentlemen, freely picked and culled out by the people themselves, for their great abilities and love of their country, to represent the wisdom of the whole nation. And that these two bodies made up the most august assembly in Europe; to whom, in conjunction with the prince, the whole legislature is committed.

I then descended to the courts of justice; over which the judges, those venerable sages and interpreters of the law, presided, for determining the disputed rights and properties of men, as well as for the punishment of vice and protection of innocence. I mentioned the prudent management of our treasury; the valour and achievements of our forces, by sea and land. I computed the number of our people, by reckoning how many millions there might be of each religious sect, or political party among us. I did not omit even our sports and pastimes, or any other particular which I thought might redound to the honour of my country. And I finished all with a brief historical account of affairs and events in England for about a hundred years past.

This conversation was not ended under five audiences, each of several hours; and the king heard the whole with great attention, frequently taking notes of what I spoke, as well as memorandums of what questions he intended to ask me.

When I had put an end to these long discourses, his majesty, in a sixth audience, consulting his notes, proposed many doubts, queries, and objections, upon every article. He asked, “What methods were used to cultivate the minds and bodies of our young nobility, and in what kind of business they commonly spent the first and teachable parts of their lives? What course was taken to supply that assembly, when any noble family became extinct? What qualifications were necessary in those who are to be created new lords: whether the humour of the prince, a sum of money to a court lady or a prime minister, or a design of strengthening a party opposite to the public interest, ever happened to be the motive in those advancements? What share of knowledge these lords had in the laws of their country, and how they came by it, so as to enable them to decide the properties of their fellow-subjects in the last resort? Whether they were always so free from avarice, partialities, or want, that a bribe, or some other sinister view, could have no place among them? Whether those holy lords I spoke of were always promoted to that rank upon account of their knowledge in religious matters, and the sanctity of their lives; had never been compliers with the times, while they were common priests; or slavish prostitute chaplains to some nobleman, whose opinions they continued servilely to follow, after they were admitted into that assembly?”

He then desired to know, “What arts were practised in electing those whom I called commoners: whether a stranger, with a strong purse, might not influence the vulgar voters to choose him before their own landlord, or the most considerable gentleman in the neighbourhood? How it came to pass, that people were so violently bent upon getting into this assembly, which I allowed to be a great trouble and expense, often to the ruin of their families, without any salary or pension? because this appeared such an exalted strain of virtue and public spirit, that his majesty seemed to doubt it might possibly not be always sincere.”

And he desired to know, “Whether such zealous gentlemen could have any views of refunding themselves for the charges and trouble they were at by sacrificing the public good to the designs of a weak and vicious prince, in conjunction with a corrupted ministry?” He multiplied his questions, and sifted me thoroughly upon every part of this head, proposing numberless inquiries and objections, which I think it not prudent or convenient to repeat.

Upon what I said in relation to our courts of justice, his majesty desired to be satisfied in several points: and this I was the better able to do, having been formerly almost ruined by a long suit in chancery, which was decreed for me with costs. He asked, “What time was usually spent in determining between right and wrong, and what degree of expense? Whether advocates and orators had liberty to plead in causes manifestly known to be unjust, vexatious, or oppressive? Whether party, in religion or politics, were observed to be of any weight in the scale of justice? Whether those pleading orators were persons educated in the general knowledge of equity, or only in provincial, national, and other local customs? Whether they or their judges had any part in penning those laws, which they assumed the liberty of interpreting, and glossing upon at their pleasure? Whether they had ever, at different times, pleaded for and against the same cause, and cited precedents to prove contrary opinions? Whether they were a rich or a poor corporation? Whether they received any pecuniary reward for pleading, or delivering their opinions? And particularly, whether they were ever admitted as members in the lower senate?”

He fell next upon the management of our treasury; and said, “he thought my memory had failed me, because I computed our taxes at about five or six millions a-year, and when I came to mention the issues, he found they sometimes amounted to more than double; for the notes he had taken were very particular in this point, because he hoped, as he told me, that the knowledge

of our conduct might be useful to him, and he could not be deceived in his calculations. But, if what I told him were true, he was still at a loss how a kingdom could run out of its estate, like a private person." He asked me, "who were our creditors; and where we found money to pay them?" He wondered to hear me talk of such chargeable and expensive wars; "that certainly we must be a quarrelsome people, or live among very bad neighbours, and that our generals must needs be richer than our kings." He asked, what business we had out of our own islands, unless upon the score of trade, or treaty, or to defend the coasts with our fleet?" Above all, he was amazed to hear me talk of a mercenary standing army, in the midst of peace, and among a free people. He said, "if we were governed by our own consent, in the persons of our representatives, he could not imagine of whom we were afraid, or against whom we were to fight; and would hear my opinion, whether a private man's house might not be better defended by himself, his children, and family, than by half-adozen rascals, picked up at a venture in the streets for small wages, who might get a hundred times more by cutting their throats?"

He laughed at my "odd kind of arithmetic," as he was pleased to call it, "in reckoning the numbers of our people, by a computation drawn from the several sects among us, in religion and politics." He said, "he knew no reason why those, who entertain opinions prejudicial to the public, should be obliged to change, or should not be obliged to conceal them. And as it was tyranny in any government to require the first, so it was weakness not to enforce the second: for a man may be allowed to keep poisons in his closet, but not to vend them about for cordials."

He observed, "that among the diversions of our nobility and gentry, I had mentioned gaming: he desired to know at what age this entertainment was usually taken up, and when it was laid down; how much of their time it employed; whether it ever went so high as to affect their fortunes; whether mean, vicious people, by their dexterity in that art, might not arrive at great riches, and sometimes keep our very nobles in dependence, as well as habituate them to vile companions, wholly take them from the improvement of their minds, and force them, by the losses they received, to learn and practise that infamous dexterity upon others?"

He was perfectly astonished with the historical account I gave him of our affairs during the last century; protesting "it was only a heap of conspiracies, rebellions, murders, massacres, revolutions, banishments, the very worst effects that avarice, faction, hypocrisy, perfidiousness, cruelty, rage, madness, hatred, envy, lust, malice, and ambition, could produce."

His majesty, in another audience, was at the pains to recapitulate the sum of all I had spoken; compared the questions he made with the answers I had given; then taking me into his hands, and stroking me gently, delivered himself in these words, which I shall never forget, nor the manner he spoke them in: "My little friend Grildrig, you have made a most admirable panegyric upon your country; you have clearly proved, that ignorance, idleness, and vice, are the proper ingredients for qualifying a legislator; that laws are best explained, interpreted, and applied, by those whose interest and abilities lie in perverting, confounding, and eluding them. I observe among you some lines of an institution, which, in its original, might have been tolerable, but these half erased, and the rest wholly blurred and blotted by corruptions. It does not appear, from all you have said, how any one perfection is required toward the procurement of any one station among you; much less, that men are ennobled on account of their virtue; that priests are advanced for their piety or learning; soldiers, for their conduct or valour; judges, for their integrity; senators, for the love of their country; or counsellors for their wisdom. As for yourself," continued the king, "who have spent the greatest part of your life in travelling, I am well disposed to hope you may hitherto have escaped many vices of your country. But by what I have gathered from your own relation, and the answers I have with much pains wrung and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth."

Chapter VII

Nothing but an extreme love of truth could have hindered me from concealing this part of my story. It was in vain to discover my resentments, which were always turned into ridicule; and I was forced to rest with patience, while my noble and beloved country was so injuriously treated. I am as heartily sorry as any of my readers can possibly be, that such an occasion was given: but this prince happened to be so curious and inquisitive upon every particular, that it could not consist either with gratitude or good manners, to refuse giving him what satisfaction I was able. Yet thus much I may be allowed to say in my own vindication, that I artfully eluded many of his questions, and gave to every point a more favourable turn, by many degrees, than the strictness of truth would allow. For I have always borne that laudable partiality to my own country, which Dionysius Halicarnassensis, with so much justice, recommends to an historian: I would hide the frailties and deformities of my political mother, and place her virtues and beauties in the most advantageous light. This was my sincere endeavour in those many discourses I had with that monarch, although it unfortunately failed of success.

But great allowances should be given to a king, who lives wholly secluded from the rest of the world, and must therefore be altogether unacquainted with the manners and customs that most prevail in other nations: the want of which knowledge will ever produce many prejudices, and a certain narrowness of thinking, from which we, and the politer countries of Europe, are wholly

exempted. And it would be hard indeed, if so remote a prince's notions of virtue and vice were to be offered as a standard for all mankind.

To confirm what I have now said, and further to show the miserable effects of a confined education, I shall here insert a passage, which will hardly obtain belief. In hopes to ingratiate myself further into his majesty's favour, I told him of "an invention, discovered between three and four hundred years ago, to make a certain powder, into a heap of which, the smallest spark of fire falling, would kindle the whole in a moment, although it were as big as a mountain, and make it all fly up in the air together, with a noise and agitation greater than thunder. That a proper quantity of this powder rammed into a hollow tube of brass or iron, according to its bigness, would drive a ball of iron or lead, with such violence and speed, as nothing was able to sustain its force. That the largest balls thus discharged, would not only destroy whole ranks of an army at once, but batter the strongest walls to the ground, sink down ships, with a thousand men in each, to the bottom of the sea, and when linked together by a chain, would cut through masts and rigging, divide hundreds of bodies in the middle, and lay all waste before them. That we often put this powder into large hollow balls of iron, and discharged them by an engine into some city we were besieging, which would rip up the pavements, tear the houses to pieces, burst and throw splinters on every side, dashing out the brains of all who came near. That I knew the ingredients very well, which were cheap and common; I understood the manner of compounding them, and could direct his workmen how to make those tubes, of a size proportionable to all other things in his majesty's kingdom, and the largest need not be above a hundred feet long; twenty or thirty of which tubes, charged with the proper quantity of powder and balls, would batter down the walls of the strongest town in his dominions in a few hours, or destroy the whole metropolis, if ever it should pretend to dispute his absolute commands." This I humbly offered to his majesty, as a small tribute of acknowledgment, in turn for so many marks that I had received, of his royal favour and protection.

The king was struck with horror at the description I had given of those terrible engines, and the proposal I had made. "He was amazed, how so impotent and grovelling an insect as I" (these were his expressions) "could entertain such inhuman ideas, and in so familiar a manner, as to appear wholly unmoved at all the scenes of blood and desolation which I had painted as the common effects of those destructive machines; whereof," he said, "some evil genius, enemy to mankind, must have been the first contriver. As for himself, he protested, that although few things delighted him so much as new discoveries in art or in nature, yet he would rather lose half his kingdom, than be privy to such a secret; which he commanded me, as I valued any life, never to mention any more."

A strange effect of narrow principles and views! that a prince possessed of every quality which procures veneration, love, and esteem; of strong parts, great wisdom, and profound learning, endowed with admirable talents, and almost adored by his subjects, should, from a nice, unnecessary scruple, whereof in Europe we can have no conception, let slip an opportunity put into his hands that would have made him absolute master of the lives, the liberties, and the fortunes of his people! Neither do I say this, with the least intention to detract from the many virtues of that excellent king, whose character, I am sensible, will, on this account, be very much lessened in the opinion of an English reader: but I take this defect among them to have risen from their ignorance, by not having hitherto reduced politics into a science, as the more acute wits of Europe have done. For, I remember very well, in a discourse one day with the king, when I happened to say, "there were several thousand books among us written upon the art of government," it gave him (directly contrary to my intention) a very mean opinion of our understandings. He professed both to abominate and despise all mystery, refinement, and intrigue, either in a prince or a minister. He could not tell what I meant by secrets of state, where an enemy, or some rival nation, were not in the case. He confined the knowledge of governing within very narrow bounds, to common sense and reason, to justice and lenity, to the speedy determination of civil and criminal causes; with some other obvious topics, which are not worth considering. And he gave it for his opinion, "that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together."

The learning of this people is very defective, consisting only in morality, history, poetry, and mathematics, wherein they must be allowed to excel. But the last of these is wholly applied to what may be useful in life, to the improvement of agriculture, and all mechanical arts; so that among us, it would be little esteemed. And as to ideas, entities, abstractions, and transcendentals, I could never drive the least conception into their heads.

No law in that country must exceed in words the number of letters in their alphabet, which consists only of two and twenty. But indeed few of them extend even to that length. They are expressed in the most plain and simple terms, wherein those people are not mercurial enough to discover above one interpretation: and to write a comment upon any law, is a capital crime. As to the decision of civil causes, or proceedings against criminals, their precedents are so few, that they have little reason to boast of any extraordinary skill in either.

They have had the art of printing, as well as the Chinese, time out of mind: but their libraries are not very large; for that of the king, which is reckoned the largest, does not amount to above a thousand volumes, placed in a gallery of twelve hundred feet long, whence I had liberty to borrow what books I pleased. The queen's joiner had contrived in one of Glumdalclitch's rooms, a kind

of wooden machine five-and-twenty feet high, formed like a standing ladder; the steps were each fifty feet long. It was indeed a moveable pair of stairs, the lowest end placed at ten feet distance from the wall of the chamber. The book I had a mind to read, was put up leaning against the wall: I first mounted to the upper step of the ladder, and turning my face towards the book, began at the top of the page, and so walking to the right and left about eight or ten paces, according to the length of the lines, till I had gotten a little below the level of mine eyes, and then descending gradually till I came to the bottom: after which I mounted again, and began the other page in the same manner, and so turned over the leaf, which I could easily do with both my hands, for it was as thick and stiff as a pasteboard, and in the largest folios not above eighteen or twenty feet long.

Their style is clear, masculine, and smooth, but not florid; for they avoid nothing more than multiplying unnecessary words, or using various expressions. I have perused many of their books, especially those in history and morality. Among the rest, I was much diverted with a little old treatise, which always lay in Glumdalclitch's bed chamber, and belonged to her governess, a grave elderly gentlewoman, who dealt in writings of morality and devotion. The book treats of the weakness of human kind, and is in little esteem, except among the women and the vulgar. However, I was curious to see what an author of that country could say upon such a subject. This writer went through all the usual topics of European moralists, showing "how diminutive, contemptible, and helpless an animal was man in his own nature; how unable to defend himself from inclemencies of the air, or the fury of wild beasts: how much he was excelled by one creature in strength, by another in speed, by a third in foresight, by a fourth in industry." He added, "that nature was degenerated in these latter declining ages of the world, and could now produce only small abortive births, in comparison of those in ancient times." He said "it was very reasonable to think, not only that the species of men were originally much larger, but also that there must have been giants in former ages; which, as it is asserted by history and tradition, so it has been confirmed by huge bones and skulls, casually dug up in several parts of the kingdom, far exceeding the common dwindled race of men in our days." He argued, "that the very laws of nature absolutely required we should have been made, in the beginning of a size more large and robust; not so liable to destruction from every little accident, of a tile falling from a house, or a stone cast from the hand of a boy, or being drowned in a little brook." From this way of reasoning, the author drew several moral applications, useful in the conduct of life, but needless here to repeat. For my own part, I could not avoid reflecting how universally this talent was spread, of drawing lectures in morality, or indeed rather matter of discontent and repining, from the quarrels we raise with nature. And I believe, upon a strict inquiry, those quarrels might be shown as ill-grounded among us as they are among that people.

As to their military affairs, they boast that the king's army consists of a hundred and seventy-six thousand foot, and thirty-two thousand horse: if that may be called an army, which is made up of tradesmen in the several cities, and farmers in the country, whose commanders are only the nobility and gentry, without pay or reward. They are indeed perfect enough in their exercises, and under very good discipline, wherein I saw no great merit; for how should it be otherwise, where every farmer is under the command of his own landlord, and every citizen under that of the principal men in his own city, chosen after the manner of Venice, by ballot?

I have often seen the militia of Lorbrulgrud drawn out to exercise, in a great field near the city of twenty miles square. They were in all not above twenty-five thousand foot, and six thousand horse; but it was impossible for me to compute their number, considering the space of ground they took up. A cavalier, mounted on a large steed, might be about ninety feet high. I have seen this whole body of horse, upon a word of command, draw their swords at once, and brandish them in the air.

Imagination can figure nothing so grand, so surprising, and so astonishing! it looked as if ten thousand flashes of lightning were darting at the same time from every quarter of the sky.

I was curious to know how this prince, to whose dominions there is no access from any other country, came to think of armies, or to teach his people the practice of military discipline. But I was soon informed, both by conversation and reading their histories; for, in the course of many ages, they have been troubled with the same disease to which the whole race of mankind is subject; the nobility often contending for power, the people for liberty, and the king for absolute dominion. All which, however happily tempered by the laws of that kingdom, have been sometimes violated by each of the three parties, and have more than once occasioned civil wars; the last whereof was happily put an end to by this prince's grand-father, in a general composition; and the militia, then settled with common consent, has been ever since kept in the strictest duty.

Chapter VIII

I had always a strong impulse that I should some time recover my liberty, though it was impossible to conjecture by what means, or to form any project with the least hope of succeeding. The ship in which I sailed, was the first ever known to be driven within sight of that coast, and the king had given strict orders, that if at any time another appeared, it should be taken ashore, and with all its crew and passengers brought in a tumbril to Lorbrulgrud. He was strongly bent to get me a woman of my own size, by whom I might propagate the breed: but I think I should rather have died than undergone the disgrace of leaving a posterity to be kept in cages, like tame canary-birds, and perhaps, in time, sold about the kingdom, to persons of quality, for curiosities. I was indeed

treated with much kindness: I was the favourite of a great king and queen, and the delight of the whole court; but it was upon such a foot as ill became the dignity of humankind. I could never forget those domestic pledges I had left behind me. I wanted to be among people, with whom I could converse upon even terms, and walk about the streets and fields without being afraid of being trod to death like a frog or a young puppy. But my deliverance came sooner than I expected, and in a manner not very common; the whole story and circumstances of which I shall faithfully relate.

I had now been two years in this country; and about the beginning of the third, Glumdalclitch and I attended the king and queen, in a progress to the south coast of the kingdom. I was carried, as usual, in my travelling-box, which as I have already described, was a very convenient closet, of twelve feet wide. And I had ordered a hammock to be fixed, by silken ropes from the four corners at the top, to break the jolts, when a servant carried me before him on horseback, as I sometimes desired; and would often sleep in my hammock, while we were upon the road. On the roof of my closet, not directly over the middle of the hammock, I ordered the joiner to cut out a hole of a foot square, to give me air in hot weather, as I slept; which hole I shut at pleasure with a board that drew backward and forward through a groove.

When we came to our journey's end, the king thought proper to pass a few days at a palace he has near Flanflasnic, a city within eighteen English miles of the seaside. Glumdalclitch and I were much fatigued: I had gotten a small cold, but the poor girl was so ill as to be confined to her chamber. I longed to see the ocean, which must be the only scene of my escape, if ever it should happen. I pretended to be worse than I really was, and desired leave to take the fresh air of the sea, with a page, whom I was very fond of, and who had sometimes been trusted with me. I shall never forget with what unwillingness Glumdalclitch consented, nor the strict charge she gave the page to be careful of me, bursting at the same time into a flood of tears, as if she had some forboding of what was to happen. The boy took me out in my box, about half an hours walk from the palace, towards the rocks on the seashore. I ordered him to set me down, and lifting up one of my sashes, cast many a wistful melancholy look towards the sea. I found myself not very well, and told the page that I had a mind to take a nap in my hammock, which I hoped would do me good. I got in, and the boy shut the window close down, to keep out the cold. I soon fell asleep, and all I can conjecture is, while I slept, the page, thinking no danger could happen, went among the rocks to look for birds' eggs, having before observed him from my window searching about, and picking up one or two in the clefts. Be that as it will, I found myself suddenly awaked with a violent pull upon the ring, which was fastened at the top of my box for the conveniency of carriage. I felt my box raised very high in the air, and then borne forward with prodigious speed. The first jolt had like to have shaken me out of my hammock, but afterward the motion was easy enough. I called out several times, as loud as I could raise my voice, but all to no purpose. I looked towards my windows, and could see nothing but the clouds and sky. I heard a noise just over my head, like the clapping of wings, and then began to perceive the woful condition I was in; that some eagle had got the ring of my box in his beak, with an intent to let it fall on a rock, like a tortoise in a shell, and then pick out my body, and devour it: for the sagacity and smell of this bird enables him to discover his quarry at a great distance, though better concealed than I could be within a two-inch board.

In a little time, I observed the noise and flutter of wings to increase very fast, and my box was tossed up and down, like a sign in a windy day. I heard several bangs or buffets, as I thought given to the eagle (for such I am certain it must have been that held the ring of my box in his beak), and then, all on a sudden, felt myself falling perpendicularly down, for above a minute, but with such incredible swiftness, that I almost lost my breath. My fall was stopped by a terrible squash, that sounded louder to my ears than the cataract of Niagara; after which, I was quite in the dark for another minute, and then my box began to rise so high, that I could see light from the tops of the windows. I now perceived I was fallen into the sea. My box, by the weight of my body, the goods that were in, and the broad plates of iron fixed for strength at the four corners of the top and bottom, floated about five feet deep in water. I did then, and do now suppose, that the eagle which flew away with my box was pursued by two or three others, and forced to let me drop, while he defended himself against the rest, who hoped to share in the prey. The plates of iron fastened at the bottom of the box (for those were the strongest) preserved the balance while it fell, and hindered it from being broken on the surface of the water. Every joint of it was well grooved; and the door did not move on hinges, but up and down like a sash, which kept my closet so tight that very little water came in. I got with much difficulty out of my hammock, having first ventured to draw back the slip-board on the roof already mentioned, contrived on purpose to let in air, for want of which I found myself almost stifled.

How often did I then wish myself with my dear Glumdalclitch, from whom one single hour had so far divided me! And I may say with truth, that in the midst of my own misfortunes I could not forbear lamenting my poor nurse, the grief she would suffer for my loss, the displeasure of the queen, and the ruin of her fortune. Perhaps many travellers have not been under greater difficulties and distress than I was at this juncture, expecting every moment to see my box dashed to pieces, or at least overset by the first violent blast, or rising wave. A breach in one single pane of glass would have been immediate death: nor could any thing have preserved the windows, but the strong lattice wires placed on the outside, against accidents in travelling. I saw the water ooze in at several crannies, although the leaks were not considerable, and I endeavoured to stop them as well as I could. I was not able to lift up the roof of my closet, which otherwise I certainly should have done, and sat on the top of it; where I might at least preserve myself some hours longer, than by being shut up (as I may call it) in the hold. Or if I escaped these dangers for a day or two, what could I expect but a miserable death of cold and hunger? I was four hours under these circumstances, expecting, and

indeed wishing, every moment to be my last.

I have already told the reader that there were two strong staples fixed upon that side of my box which had no window, and into which the servant, who used to carry me on horseback, would put a leathern belt, and buckle it about his waist. Being in this disconsolate state, I heard, or at least thought I heard, some kind of grating noise on that side of my box where the staples were fixed; and soon after I began to fancy that the box was pulled or towed along the sea; for I now and then felt a sort of tugging, which made the waves rise near the tops of my windows, leaving me almost in the dark. This gave me some faint hopes of relief, although I was not able to imagine how it could be brought about. I ventured to unscrew one of my chairs, which were always fastened to the floor; and having made a hard shift to screw it down again, directly under the slipping-board that I had lately opened, I mounted on the chair, and putting my mouth as near as I could to the hole, I called for help in a loud voice, and in all the languages I understood. I then fastened my handkerchief to a stick I usually carried, and thrusting it up the hole, waved it several times in the air, that if any boat or ship were near, the seamen might conjecture some unhappy mortal to be shut up in the box.

I found no effect from all I could do, but plainly perceived my closet to be moved along; and in the space of an hour, or better, that side of the box where the staples were, and had no windows, struck against something that was hard. I apprehended it to be a rock, and found myself tossed more than ever. I plainly heard a noise upon the cover of my closet, like that of a cable, and the grating of it as it passed through the ring. I then found myself hoisted up, by degrees, at least three feet higher than I was before. Whereupon I again thrust up my stick and handkerchief, calling for help till I was almost hoarse. In return to which, I heard a great shout repeated three times, giving me such transports of joy as are not to be conceived but by those who feel them. I now heard a trampling over my head, and somebody calling through the hole with a loud voice, in the English tongue, “If there be any body below, let them speak.” I answered, “I was an Englishman, drawn by ill fortune into the greatest calamity that ever any creature underwent, and begged, by all that was moving, to be delivered out of the dungeon I was in.” The voice replied, “I was safe, for my box was fastened to their ship; and the carpenter should immediately come and saw a hole in the cover, large enough to pull me out.” I answered, “that was needless, and would take up too much time; for there was no more to be done, but let one of the crew put his finger into the ring, and take the box out of the sea into the ship, and so into the captain’s cabin.” Some of them, upon hearing me talk so wildly, thought I was mad: others laughed; for indeed it never came into my head, that I was now got among people of my own stature and strength. The carpenter came, and in a few minutes sawed a passage about four feet square, then let down a small ladder, upon which I mounted, and thence was taken into the ship in a very weak condition.

The sailors were all in amazement, and asked me a thousand questions, which I had no inclination to answer. I was equally confounded at the sight of so many pigmies, for such I took them to be, after having so long accustomed mine eyes to the monstrous objects I had left. But the captain, Mr. Thomas Wilcocks, an honest worthy Shropshire man, observing I was ready to faint, took me into his cabin, gave me a cordial to comfort me, and made me turn in upon his own bed, advising me to take a little rest, of which I had great need. Before I went to sleep, I gave him to understand that I had some valuable furniture in my box, too good to be lost: a fine hammock, a handsome field-bed, two chairs, a table, and a cabinet; that my closet was hung on all sides, or rather quilted, with silk and cotton; that if he would let one of the crew bring my closet into his cabin, I would open it there before him, and show him my goods. The captain, hearing me utter these absurdities, concluded I was raving; however (I suppose to pacify me) he promised to give order as I desired, and going upon deck, sent some of his men down into my closet, whence (as I afterwards found) they drew up all my goods, and stripped off the quilting; but the chairs, cabinet, and bedstead, being screwed to the floor, were much damaged by the ignorance of the seamen, who tore them up by force. Then they knocked off some of the boards for the use of the ship, and when they had got all they had a mind for, let the hull drop into the sea, which by reason of many breaches made in the bottom and sides, sunk to rights. And, indeed, I was glad not to have been a spectator of the havoc they made, because I am confident it would have sensibly touched me, by bringing former passages into my mind, which I would rather have forgot.

I slept some hours, but perpetually disturbed with dreams of the place I had left, and the dangers I had escaped. However, upon waking, I found myself much recovered. It was now about eight o’clock at night, and the captain ordered supper immediately, thinking I had already fasted too long. He entertained me with great kindness, observing me not to look wildly, or talk inconsistently: and, when we were left alone, desired I would give him a relation of my travels, and by what accident I came to be set adrift, in that monstrous wooden chest. He said “that about twelve o’clock at noon, as he was looking through his glass, he spied it at a distance, and thought it was a sail, which he had a mind to make, being not much out of his course, in hopes of buying some biscuit, his own beginning to fall short. That upon coming nearer, and finding his error, he sent out his long-boat to discover what it was; that his men came back in a fright, swearing they had seen a swimming house. That he laughed at their folly, and went himself in the boat, ordering his men to take a strong cable along with them. That the weather being calm, he rowed round me several times, observed my windows and wire lattices that defended them. That he discovered two staples upon one side, which was all of boards, without any passage for light. He then commanded his men to row up to that side, and fastening a cable to one of the staples, ordered them to tow my chest, as they called it, toward the ship. When it was there, he gave directions to fasten another cable to the ring fixed in the cover, and to raise up my chest with pulleys, which all the sailors were not able

to do above two or three feet." He said, "they saw my stick and handkerchief thrust out of the hole, and concluded that some unhappy man must be shut up in the cavity." I asked, "whether he or the crew had seen any prodigious birds in the air, about the time he first discovered me." To which he answered, that discoursing this matter with the sailors while I was asleep, one of them said, he had observed three eagles flying towards the north, but remarked nothing of their being larger than the usual size:" which I suppose must be imputed to the great height they were at; and he could not guess the reason of my question. I then asked the captain, "how far he reckoned we might be from land?" He said, "by the best computation he could make, we were at least a hundred leagues." I assured him, "that he must be mistaken by almost half, for I had not left the country whence I came above two hours before I dropped into the sea." Whereupon he began again to think that my brain was disturbed, of which he gave me a hint, and advised me to go to bed in a cabin he had provided. I assured him, "I was well refreshed with his good entertainment and company, and as much in my senses as ever I was in my life." He then grew serious, and desired to ask me freely, "whether I were not troubled in my mind by the consciousness of some enormous crime, for which I was punished, at the command of some prince, by exposing me in that chest; as great criminals, in other countries, have been forced to sea in a leaky vessel, without provisions: for although he should be sorry to have taken so ill a man into his ship, yet he would engage his word to set me safe ashore, in the first port where we arrived." He added, "that his suspicions were much increased by some very absurd speeches I had delivered at first to his sailors, and afterwards to himself, in relation to my closet or chest, as well as by my odd looks and behaviour while I was at supper."

I begged his patience to hear me tell my story, which I faithfully did, from the last time I left England, to the moment he first discovered me. And, as truth always forces its way into rational minds, so this honest worthy gentleman, who had some tincture of learning, and very good sense, was immediately convinced of my candour and veracity. But further to confirm all I had said, I entreated him to give order that my cabinet should be brought, of which I had the key in my pocket; for he had already informed me how the seamen disposed of my closet. I opened it in his own presence, and showed him the small collection of rarities I made in the country from which I had been so strangely delivered. There was the comb I had contrived out of the stumps of the king's beard, and another of the same materials, but fixed into a paring of her majesty's thumb-nail, which served for the back. There was a collection of needles and pins, from a foot to half a yard long; four wasp stings, like joiner's tacks; some combings of the queen's hair; a gold ring, which one day she made me a present of, in a most obliging manner, taking it from her little finger, and throwing it over my head like a collar. I desired the captain would please to accept this ring in return for his civilities; which he absolutely refused. I showed him a corn that I had cut off with my own hand, from a maid of honour's toe; it was about the bigness of Kentish pippin, and grown so hard, that when I returned England, I got it hollowed into a cup, and set in silver. Lastly, I desired him to see the breeches I had then on, which were made of a mouse's skin.

I could force nothing on him but a footman's tooth, which I observed him to examine with great curiosity, and found he had a fancy for it. He received it with abundance of thanks, more than such a trifle could deserve. It was drawn by an unskilful surgeon, in a mistake, from one of Glumdalclitch's men, who was afflicted with the tooth-ache, but it was as sound as any in his head. I got it cleaned, and put it into my cabinet. It was about a foot long, and four inches in diameter.

The captain was very well satisfied with this plain relation I had given him, and said, "he hoped, when we returned to England, I would oblige the world by putting it on paper, and making it public." My answer was, "that we were overstocked with books of travels: that nothing could now pass which was not extraordinary; wherein I doubted some authors less consulted truth, than their own vanity, or interest, or the diversion of ignorant readers; that my story could contain little beside common events, without those ornamental descriptions of strange plants, trees, birds, and other animals; or of the barbarous customs and idolatry of savage people, with which most writers abound. However, I thanked him for his good opinion, and promised to take the matter into my thoughts."

He said "he wondered at one thing very much, which was, to hear me speak so loud;" asking me "whether the king or queen of that country were thick of hearing?" I told him, "it was what I had been used to for above two years past, and that I admired as much at the voices of him and his men, who seemed to me only to whisper, and yet I could hear them well enough. But, when I spoke in that country, it was like a man talking in the streets, to another looking out from the top of a steeple, unless when I was placed on a table, or held in any person's hand." I told him, "I had likewise observed another thing, that, when I first got into the ship, and the sailors stood all about me, I thought they were the most little contemptible creatures I had ever beheld." For indeed, while I was in that prince's country, I could never endure to look in a glass, after mine eyes had been accustomed to such prodigious objects, because the comparison gave me so despicable a conceit of myself. The captain said, "that while we were at supper, he observed me to look at every thing with a sort of wonder, and that I often seemed hardly able to contain my laughter, which he knew not well how to take, but imputed it to some disorder in my brain." I answered, "it was very true; and I wondered how I could forbear, when I saw his dishes of the size of a silver three-pence, a leg of pork hardly a mouthful, a cup not so big as a nut-shell;" and so I went on, describing the rest of his household-stuff and provisions, after the same manner. For, although he queen had ordered a little equipage of all things necessary for me, while I was in her service, yet my ideas were wholly taken up with what I saw on every side of me, and I winked at my own littleness, as people do at their own faults. The captain understood my raillery very well, and merrily replied with the old English proverb, "that he doubted mine eyes were bigger than my belly, for he

did not observe my stomach so good, although I had fasted all day;" and, continuing in his mirth, protested "he would have gladly given a hundred pounds, to have seen my closet in the eagle's bill, and afterwards in its fall from so great a height into the sea; which would certainly have been a most astonishing object, worthy to have the description of it transmitted to future ages:" and the comparison of Phaeton was so obvious, that he could not forbear applying it, although I did not much admire the conceit.

The captain having been at Tonquin, was, in his return to England, driven north-eastward to the latitude of 44 degrees, and longitude of 143. But meeting a trade-wind two days after I came on board him, we sailed southward a long time, and coasting New Holland, kept our course west-south-west, and then south-southwest, till we doubled the Cape of Good Hope. Our voyage was very prosperous, but I shall not trouble the reader with a journal of it. The captain called in at one or two ports, and sent in his long-boat for provisions and fresh water; but I never went out of the ship till we came into the Downs, which was on the third day of June, 1706, about nine months after my escape. I offered to leave my goods in security for payment of my freight: but the captain protested he would not receive one farthing. We took a kind leave of each other, and I made him promise he would come to see me at my house in Redriff. I hired a horse and guide for five shillings, which I borrowed of the captain.

As I was on the road, observing the littleness of the houses, the trees, the cattle, and the people, I began to think myself in Lilliput. I was afraid of trampling on every traveller I met, and often called aloud to have them stand out of the way, so that I had like to have gotten one or two broken heads for my impertinence.

When I came to my own house, for which I was forced to inquire, one of the servants opening the door, I bent down to go in, (like a goose under a gate,) for fear of striking my head. My wife run out to embrace me, but I stooped lower than her knees, thinking she could otherwise never be able to reach my mouth. My daughter kneeled to ask my blessing, but I could not see her till she arose, having been so long used to stand with my head and eyes erect to above sixty feet; and then I went to take her up with one hand by the waist. I looked down upon the servants, and one or two friends who were in the house, as if they had been pigmies and I a giant. I told my wife, "she had been too thrifty, for I found she had starved herself and her daughter to nothing." In short, I behaved myself so unaccountably, that they were all of the captain's opinion when he first saw me, and concluded I had lost my wits. This I mention as an instance of the great power of habit and prejudice.

In a little time, I and my family and friends came to a right understanding: but my wife protested "I should never go to sea any more;" although my evil destiny so ordered, that she had not power to hinder me, as the reader may know hereafter. In the mean time, I here conclude the second part of my unfortunate voyages.

PART III

Chapter I

I had not been at home above ten days, when Captain William Robinson, a Cornish man, commander of the Hopewell, a stout ship of three hundred tons, came to my house. I had formerly been surgeon of another ship where he was master, and a fourth part owner, in a voyage to the Levant. He had always treated me more like a brother, than an inferior officer; and, hearing of my arrival, made me a visit, as I apprehended only out of friendship, for nothing passed more than what is usual after long absences. But repeating his visits often, expressing his joy to find I me in good health, asking, "whether I were now settled for life?" adding, "that he intended a voyage to the East Indies in two months," at last he plainly invited me, though with some apologies, to be surgeon of the ship; "that I should have another surgeon under me, beside our two mates; that my salary should be double to the usual pay; and that having experienced my knowledge in sea-affairs to be at least equal to his, he would enter into any engagement to follow my advice, as much as if I had shared in the command."

He said so many other obliging things, and I knew him to be so honest a man, that I could not reject this proposal; the thirst I had of seeing the world, notwithstanding my past misfortunes, continuing as violent as ever. The only difficulty that remained, was to persuade my wife, whose consent however I at last obtained, by the prospect of advantage she proposed to her children.

We set out the 5th day of August, 1706, and arrived at Fort St. George the 11th of April, 1707. We staid there three weeks to refresh our crew, many of whom were sick. From thence we went to Tonquin, where the captain resolved to continue some time, because many of the goods he intended to buy were not ready, nor could he expect to be dispatched in several months. Therefore, in hopes to defray some of the charges he must be at, he bought a sloop, loaded it with several sorts of goods, wherewith the Tonquinese usually trade to the neighbouring islands, and putting fourteen men on board, whereof three were of the country, he appointed me master of the sloop, and gave me power to traffic, while he transacted his affairs at Tonquin.

We had not sailed above three days, when a great storm arising, we were driven five days to the north-north-east, and then to the east: after which we had fair weather, but still with a pretty strong gale from the west. Upon the tenth day we were chased by two

pirates, who soon overtook us; for my sloop was so deep laden, that she sailed very slow, neither were we in a condition to defend ourselves.

We were boarded about the same time by both the pirates, who entered furiously at the head of their men; but finding us all prostrate upon our faces (for so I gave order), they pinioned us with strong ropes, and setting guard upon us, went to search the sloop.

I observed among them a Dutchman, who seemed to be of some authority, though he was not commander of either ship. He knew us by our countenances to be Englishmen, and jabbering to us in his own language, swore we should be tied back to back and thrown into the sea. I spoken Dutch tolerably well; I told him who we were, and begged him, in consideration of our being Christians and Protestants, of neighbouring countries in strict alliance, that he would move the captains to take some pity on us. This inflamed his rage; he repeated his threatenings, and turning to his companions, spoke with great vehemence in the Japanese language, as I suppose, often using the word CHRISTIANOS.

The largest of the two pirate ships was commanded by a Japanese captain, who spoke a little Dutch, but very imperfectly. He came up to me, and after several questions, which I answered in great humility, he said, “we should not die.” I made the captain a very low bow, and then, turning to the Dutchman, said, “I was sorry to find more mercy in a heathen, than in a brother christian.” But I had soon reason to repent those foolish words:

for that malicious reprobate, having often endeavoured in vain to persuade both the captains that I might be thrown into the sea (which they would not yield to, after the promise made me that I should not die), however, prevailed so far, as to have a punishment inflicted on me, worse, in all human appearance, than death itself. My men were sent by an equal division into both the pirate ships, and my sloop new manned. As to myself, it was determined that I should be set adrift in a small canoe, with paddles and a sail, and four days’ provisions; which last, the Japanese captain was so kind to double out of his own stores, and would permit no man to search me. I got down into the canoe, while the Dutchman, standing upon the deck, loaded me with all the curses and injurious terms his language could afford.

About an hour before we saw the pirates I had taken an observation, and found we were in the latitude of 46 N. and longitude of 183. When I was at some distance from the pirates, I discovered, by my pocket-glass, several islands to the southeast. I set up my sail, the wind being fair, with a design to reach the nearest of those islands, which I made a shift to do, in about three hours. It was all rocky: however I got many birds’ eggs; and, striking fire, I kindled some heath and dry sea-weed, by which I roasted my eggs. I ate no other supper, being resolved to spare my provisions as much as I could. I passed the night under the shelter of a rock, strewing some heath under me, and slept pretty well.

The next day I sailed to another island, and thence to a third and fourth, sometimes using my sail, and sometimes my paddles. But, not to trouble the reader with a particular account of my distresses, let it suffice, that on the fifth day I arrived at the last island in my sight, which lay south-south-east to the former.

This island was at a greater distance than I expected, and I did not reach it in less than five hours. I encompassed it almost round, before I could find a convenient place to land in; which was a small creek, about three times the wideness of my canoe. I found the island to be all rocky, only a little intermingled with tufts of grass, and sweet-smelling herbs. I took out my small provisions and after having refreshed myself, I secured the remainder in a cave, whereof there were great numbers; I gathered plenty of eggs upon the rocks, and got a quantity of dry seaweed, and parched grass, which I designed to kindle the next day, and roast my eggs as well as I could, for I had about me my flint, steel, match, and burning-glass. I lay all night in the cave where I had lodged my provisions. My bed was the same dry grass and sea-weed which I intended for fuel. I slept very little, for the disquiets of my mind prevailed over my weariness, and kept me awake. I considered how impossible it was to preserve my life in so desolate a place, and how miserable my end must be: yet found myself so listless and desponding, that I had not the heart to rise; and before I could get spirits enough to creep out of my cave, the day was far advanced. I walked awhile among the rocks: the sky was perfectly clear, and the sun so hot, that I was forced to turn my face from it: when all on a sudden it became obscure, as I thought, in a manner very different from what happens by the interposition of a cloud. I turned back, and perceived a vast opaque body between me and the sun moving forwards towards the island: it seemed to be about two miles high, and hid the sun six or seven minutes; but I did not observe the air to be much colder, or the sky more darkened, than if I had stood under the shade of a mountain. As it approached nearer over the place where I was, it appeared to be a firm substance, the bottom flat, smooth, and shining very bright, from the reflection of the sea below. I stood upon a height about two hundred yards from the shore, and saw this vast body descending almost to a parallel with me, at less than an English mile distance. I took out my pocket perspective, and could plainly discover numbers of people moving up and down the sides of it, which appeared to be sloping; but what those people where doing I was not able to distinguish.

The natural love of life gave me some inward motion of joy, and I was ready to entertain a hope that this adventure might, some

way or other, help to deliver me from the desolate place and condition I was in. But at the same time the reader can hardly conceive my astonishment, to behold an island in the air, inhabited by men, who were able (as it should seem) to raise or sink, or put it into progressive motion, as they pleased. But not being at that time in a disposition to philosophise upon this phenomenon, I rather chose to observe what course the island would take, because it seemed for awhile to stand still. Yet soon after, it advanced nearer, and I could see the sides of it encompassed with several gradations of galleries, and stairs, at certain intervals, to descend from one to the other. In the lowest gallery, I beheld some people fishing with long angling rods, and others looking on. I waved my cap (for my hat was long since worn out) and my handkerchief toward the island; and upon its nearer approach, I called and shouted with the utmost strength of my voice; and then looking circumspectly, I beheld a crowd gather to that side which was most in my view. I found by their pointing towards me and to each other, that they plainly discovered me, although they made no return to my shouting. But I could see four or five men running in great haste, up the stairs, to the top of the island, who then disappeared. I happened rightly to conjecture, that these were sent for orders to some person in authority upon this occasion.

The number of people increased, and, in less than half all hour, the island was moved and raised in such a manner, that the lowest gallery appeared in a parallel of less then a hundred yards distance from the height where I stood. I then put myself in the most supplicating posture, and spoke in the humblest accent, but received no answer. Those who stood nearest over against me, seemed to be persons of distinction, as I supposed by their habit. They conferred earnestly with each other, looking often upon me. At length one of them called out in a clear, polite, smooth dialect, not unlike in sound to the Italian: and therefore I returned an answer in that language, hoping at least that the cadence might be more agreeable to his ears. Although neither of us understood the other, yet my meaning was easily known, for the people saw the distress I was in.

They made signs for me to come down from the rock, and go towards the shore, which I accordingly did; and the flying island being raised to a convenient height, the verge directly over me, a chain was let down from the lowest gallery, with a seat fastened to the bottom, to which I fixed myself, and was drawn up by pulleys.

Chapter II

Ay my alighting, I was surrounded with a crowd of people, but those who stood nearest seemed to be of better quality. They beheld me with all the marks and circumstances of wonder; neither indeed was I much in their debt, having never till then seen a race of mortals so singular in their shapes, habits, and countenances. Their heads were all reclined, either to the right, or the left; one of their eyes turned inward, and the other directly up to the zenith. Their outward garments were adorned with the figures of suns, moons, and stars; interwoven with those of fiddles, flutes, harps, trumpets, guitars, harpsichords, and many other instruments of music, unknown to us in Europe. I observed, here and there, many in the habit of servants, with a blown bladder, fastened like a flail to the end of a stick, which they carried in their hands. In each bladder was a small quantity of dried peas, or little pebbles, as I was afterwards informed. With these bladders, they now and then flapped the mouths and ears of those who stood near them, of which practice I could not then conceive the meaning. It seems the minds of these people are so taken up with intense speculations, that they neither can speak, nor attend to the discourses of others, without being roused by some external taction upon the organs of speech and hearing; for which reason, those persons who are able to afford it always keep a flapper (the original is CLIMENOLE) in their family, as one of their domestics; nor ever walk abroad, or make visits, without him. And the business of this officer is, when two, three, or more persons are in company, gently to strike with his bladder the mouth of him who is to speak, and the right ear of him or them to whom the speaker addresses himself. This flapper is likewise employed diligently to attend his master in his walks, and upon occasion to give him a soft flap on his eyes; because he is always so wrapped up in cogitation, that he is in manifest danger of falling down every precipice, and bouncing his head against every post; and in the streets, of justling others, or being justled himself into the kennel.

It was necessary to give the reader this information, without which he would be at the same loss with me to understand the proceedings of these people, as they conducted me up the stairs to the top of the island, and from thence to the royal palace. While we were ascending, they forgot several times what they were about, and left me to myself, till their memories were again roused by their flappers; for they appeared altogether unmoved by the sight of my foreign habit and countenance, and by the shouts of the vulgar, whose thoughts and minds were more disengaged.

At last we entered the palace, and proceeded into the chamber of presence, where I saw the king seated on his throne, attended on each side by persons of prime quality. Before the throne, was a large table filled with globes and spheres, and mathematical instruments of all kinds. His majesty took not the least notice of us, although our entrance was not without sufficient noise, by the concourse of all persons belonging to the court. But he was then deep in a problem; and we attended at least an hour, before he could solve it. There stood by him, on each side, a young page with flaps in their hands, and when they saw he was at leisure, one of them gently struck his mouth, and the other his right ear; at which he startled like one awaked on the sudden, and looking towards me and the company I was in, recollected the occasion of our coming, whereof he had been informed before. He spoke some words, whereupon immediately a young man with a flap came up to my side, and flapped me gently on the right ear; but I made signs, as well as I could, that I had no occasion for such an instrument; which, as I afterwards found, gave his majesty, and

the whole court, a very mean opinion of my understanding. The king, as far as I could conjecture, asked me several questions, and I addressed myself to him in all the languages I had. When it was found I could neither understand nor be understood, I was conducted by his order to an apartment in his palace (this prince being distinguished above all his predecessors for his hospitality to strangers), where two servants were appointed to attend me. My dinner was brought, and four persons of quality, whom I remembered to have seen very near the king's person, did me the honour to dine with me. We had two courses, of three dishes each. In the first course, there was a shoulder of mutton cut into an equilateral triangle, a piece of beef into a rhomboides, and a pudding into a cycloid. The second course was two ducks trussed up in the form of fiddles; sausages and puddings resembling flutes and hautboys, and a breast of veal in the shape of a harp. The servants cut our bread into cones, cylinders, parallelograms, and several other mathematical figures.

While we were at dinner, I made bold to ask the names of several things in their language, and those noble persons, by the assistance of their flappers, delighted to give me answers, hoping to raise my admiration of their great abilities if I could be brought to converse with them. I was soon able to call for bread and drink, or whatever else I wanted.

After dinner my company withdrew, and a person was sent to me by the king's order, attended by a flapper. He brought with him pen, ink, and paper, and three or four books, giving me to understand by signs, that he was sent to teach me the language. We sat together four hours, in which time I wrote down a great number of words in columns, with the translations over against them; I likewise made a shift to learn several short sentences; for my tutor would order one of my servants to fetch something, to turn about, to make a bow, to sit, or to stand, or walk, and the like. Then I took down the sentence in writing. He showed me also, in one of his books, the figures of the sun, moon, and stars, the zodiac, the tropics, and polar circles, together with the denominations of many plains and solids. He gave me the names and descriptions of all the musical instruments, and the general terms of art in playing on each of them. After he had left me, I placed all my words, with their interpretations, in alphabetical order. And thus, in a few days, by the help of a very faithful memory, I got some insight into their language. The word, which I interpret the flying or floating island, is in the original LAPUTA, whereof I could never learn the true etymology. LAP, in the old obsolete language, signifies high; and UNTUH, a governor; from which they say, by corruption, was derived LAPUTA, from LAPUNTUH. But I do not approve of this derivation, which seems to be a little strained. I ventured to offer to the learned among them a conjecture of my own, that Laputa was QUASI LAP OUTED; LAP, signifying properly, the dancing of the sunbeams in the sea, and OUTED, a wing; which, however, I shall not obtrude, but submit to the judicious reader.

Those to whom the king had entrusted me, observing how ill I was clad, ordered a tailor to come next morning, and take measure for a suit of clothes. This operator did his office after a different manner from those of his trade in Europe. He first took my altitude by a quadrant, and then, with a rule and compasses, described the dimensions and outlines of my whole body, all which he entered upon paper; and in six days brought my clothes very ill made, and quite out of shape, by happening to mistake a figure in the calculation. But my comfort was, that I observed such accidents very frequent, and little regarded.

During my confinement for want of clothes, and by an indisposition that held me some days longer, I much enlarged my dictionary; and when I went next to court, was able to understand many things the king spoke, and to return him some kind of answers. His majesty had given orders, that the island should move northeast and by east, to the vertical point over Lagado, the metropolis of the whole kingdom below, upon the firm earth. It was about ninety leagues distant, and our voyage lasted four days and a half. I was not in the least sensible of the progressive motion made in the air by the island. On the second morning, about eleven o'clock, the king himself in person, attended by his nobility, courtiers, and officers, having prepared all their musical instruments, played on them for three hours without intermission, so that I was quite stunned with the noise; neither could I possibly guess the meaning, till my tutor informed me. He said that, the people of their island had their ears adapted to hear "the music of the spheres, which always played at certain periods, and the court was now prepared to bear their part, in whatever instrument they most excelled."

In our journey towards Lagado, the capital city, his majesty ordered that the island should stop over certain towns and villages, from whence he might receive the petitions of his subjects. And to this purpose, several packthreads were let down, with small weights at the bottom. On these packthreads the people strung their petitions, which mounted up directly, like the scraps of paper fastened by school boys at the end of the string that holds their kite. Sometimes we received wine and victuals from below, which were drawn up by pulleys.

The knowledge I had in mathematics, gave me great assistance in acquiring their phraseology, which depended much upon that science, and music; and in the latter I was not unskilled. Their ideas are perpetually conversant in lines and figures. If they would, for example, praise the beauty of a woman, or any other animal, they describe it by rhombs, circles, parallelograms, ellipses, and other geometrical terms, or by words of art drawn from music, needless here to repeat. I observed in the king's kitchen all sorts of mathematical and musical instruments, after the figures of which they cut up the joints that were served to his majesty's table.

Their houses are very ill built, the walls bevil, without one right angle in any apartment; and this defect arises from the contempt

they bear to practical geometry, which they despise as vulgar and mechanic; those instructions they give being too refined for the intellects of their workmen, which occasions perpetual mistakes. And although they are dexterous enough upon a piece of paper, in the management of the rule, the pencil, and the divider, yet in the common actions and behaviour of life, I have not seen a more clumsy, awkward, and unhandy people, nor so slow and perplexed in their conceptions upon all other subjects, except those of mathematics and music. They are very bad reasoners, and vehemently given to opposition, unless when they happen to be of the right opinion, which is seldom their case. Imagination, fancy, and invention, they are wholly strangers to, nor have any words in their language, by which those ideas can be expressed; the whole compass of their thoughts and mind being shut up within the two forementioned sciences.

Most of them, and especially those who deal in the astronomical part, have great faith in judicial astrology, although they are ashamed to own it publicly. But what I chiefly admired, and thought altogether unaccountable, was the strong disposition I observed in them towards news and politics, perpetually inquiring into public affairs, giving their judgments in matters of state, and passionately disputing every inch of a party opinion. I have indeed observed the same disposition among most of the mathematicians I have known in Europe, although I could never discover the least analogy between the two sciences; unless those people suppose, that because the smallest circle has as many degrees as the largest, therefore the regulation and management of the world require no more abilities than the handling and turning of a globe; but I rather take this quality to spring from a very common infirmity of human nature, inclining us to be most curious and conceited in matters where we have least concern, and for which we are least adapted by study or nature.

These people are under continual disquietudes, never enjoying a minutes peace of mind; and their disturbances proceed from causes which very little affect the rest of mortals. Their apprehensions arise from several changes they dread in the celestial bodies: for instance, that the earth, by the continual approaches of the sun towards it, must, in course of time, be absorbed, or swallowed up; that the face of the sun, will, by degrees, be encrusted with its own effluvia, and give no more light to the world; that the earth very narrowly escaped a brush from the tail of the last comet, which would have infallibly reduced it to ashes; and that the next, which they have calculated for one-and-thirty years hence, will probably destroy us. For if, in its perihelion, it should approach within a certain degree of the sun (as by their calculations they have reason to dread) it will receive a degree of heat ten thousand times more intense than that of red hot glowing iron, and in its absence from the sun, carry a blazing tail ten hundred thousand and fourteen miles long, through which, if the earth should pass at the distance of one hundred thousand miles from the nucleus, or main body of the comet, it must in its passage be set on fire, and reduced to ashes: that the sun, daily spending its rays without any nutriment to supply them, will at last be wholly consumed and annihilated; which must be attended with the destruction of this earth, and of all the planets that receive their light from it.

They are so perpetually alarmed with the apprehensions of these, and the like impending dangers, that they can neither sleep quietly in their beds, nor have any relish for the common pleasures and amusements of life. When they meet an acquaintance in the morning, the first question is about the sun's health, how he looked at his setting and rising, and what hopes they have to avoid the stroke of the approaching comet. This conversation they are apt to run into with the same temper that boys discover in delighting to hear terrible stories of spirits and hobgoblins, which they greedily listen to, and dare not go to bed for fear.

The women of the island have abundance of vivacity: they, contemn their husbands, and are exceedingly fond of strangers, whereof there is always a considerable number from the continent below, attending at court, either upon affairs of the several towns and corporations, or their own particular occasions, but are much despised, because they want the same endowments. Among these the ladies choose their gallants: but the vexation is, that they act with too much ease and security; for the husband is always so rapt in speculation, that the mistress and lover may proceed to the greatest familiarities before his face, if he be but provided with paper and implements, and without his flapper at his side.

The wives and daughters lament their confinement to the island, although I think it the most delicious spot of ground in the world; and although they live here in the greatest plenty and magnificence, and are allowed to do whatever they please, they long to see the world, and take the diversions of the metropolis, which they are not allowed to do without a particular license from the king; and this is not easy to be obtained, because the people of quality have found, by frequent experience, how hard it is to persuade their women to return from below. I was told that a great court lady, who had several children,--is married to the prime minister, the richest subject in the kingdom, a very graceful person, extremely fond of her, and lives in the finest palace of the island,--went down to Lagado on the pretence of health, there hid herself for several months, till the king sent a warrant to search for her; and she was found in an obscure eating-house all in rags, having pawned her clothes to maintain an old deformed footman, who beat her every day, and in whose company she was taken, much against her will. And although her husband received her with all possible kindness, and without the least reproach, she soon after contrived to steal down again, with all her jewels, to the same gallant, and has not been heard of since.

This may perhaps pass with the reader rather for an European or English story, than for one of a country so remote. But he may please to consider, that the caprices of womankind are not limited by any climate or nation, and that they are much more uniform,

than can be easily imagined.

In about a month's time, I had made a tolerable proficiency in their language, and was able to answer most of the king's questions, when I had the honour to attend him. His majesty discovered not the least curiosity to inquire into the laws, government, history, religion, or manners of the countries where I had been; but confined his questions to the state of mathematics, and received the account I gave him with great contempt and indifference, though often roused by his flapper on each side.

Chapter III

I desired leave of this prince to see the curiosities of the island, which he was graciously pleased to grant, and ordered my tutor to attend me. I chiefly wanted to know, to what cause, in art or in nature, it owed its several motions, whereof I will now give a philosophical account to the reader.

The flying or floating island is exactly circular, its diameter 7837 yards, or about four miles and a half, and consequently contains ten thousand acres. It is three hundred yards thick. The bottom, or under surface, which appears to those who view it below, is one even regular plate of adamant, shooting up to the height of about two hundred yards. Above it lie the several minerals in their usual order, and over all is a coat of rich mould, ten or twelve feet deep. The declivity of the upper surface, from the circumference to the centre, is the natural cause why all the dews and rains, which fall upon the island, are conveyed in small rivulets toward the middle, where they are emptied into four large basins, each of about half a mile in circuit, and two hundred yards distant from the centre. From these basins the water is continually exhaled by the sun in the daytime, which effectually prevents their overflowing. Besides, as it is in the power of the monarch to raise the island above the region of clouds and vapours, he can prevent the falling of dews and rain whenever he pleases. For the highest clouds cannot rise above two miles, as naturalists agree, at least they were never known to do so in that country.

At the centre of the island there is a chasm about fifty yards in diameter, whence the astronomers descend into a large dome, which is therefore called FLANDONA GAGNOLE, or the astronomer's cave, situated at the depth of a hundred yards beneath the upper surface of the adamant. In this cave are twenty lamps continually burning, which, from the reflection of the adamant, cast a strong light into every part. The place is stored with great variety of sextants, quadrants, telescopes, astrolabes, and other astronomical instruments. But the greatest curiosity, upon which the fate of the island depends, is a loadstone of a prodigious size, in shape resembling a weaver's shuttle. It is in length six yards, and in the thickest part at least three yards over. This magnet is sustained by a very strong axle of adamant passing through its middle, upon which it plays, and is poised so exactly that the weakest hand can turn it. It is hooped round with a hollow cylinder of adamant, four feet yards in diameter, placed horizontally, and supported by eight adamantine feet, each six yards high. In the middle of the concave side, there is a groove twelve inches deep, in which the extremities of the axle are lodged, and turned round as there is occasion.

The stone cannot be removed from its place by any force, because the hoop and its feet are one continued piece with that body of adamant which constitutes the bottom of the island.

By means of this loadstone, the island is made to rise and fall, and move from one place to another. For, with respect to that part of the earth over which the monarch presides, the stone is endued at one of its sides with an attractive power, and at the other with a repulsive. Upon placing the magnet erect, with its attracting end towards the earth, the island descends; but when the repelling extremity points downwards, the island mounts directly upwards. When the position of the stone is oblique, the motion of the island is so too: for in this magnet, the forces always act in lines parallel to its direction.

By this oblique motion, the island is conveyed to different parts of the monarch's dominions. To explain the manner of its progress, let A B represent a line drawn across the dominions of Balnibarbi, let the line C D represent the loadstone, of which let D be the repelling end, and C the attracting end, the island being over C: let the stone be placed in position C D, with its repelling end downwards; then the island will be driven upwards obliquely towards D. When it is arrived at D, let the stone be turned upon its axle, till its attracting end points towards E, and then the island will be carried obliquely towards E; where, if the stone be again turned upon its axle till it stands in the position E F, with its repelling point downwards, the island will rise obliquely towards F, where, by directing the attracting end towards G, the island may be carried to G, and from G to H, by turning the stone, so as to make its repelling extremity to point directly downward. And thus, by changing the situation of the stone, as often as there is occasion, the island is made to rise and fall by turns in an oblique direction, and by those alternate risings and fallings (the obliquity being not considerable) is conveyed from one part of the dominions to the other.

But it must be observed, that this island cannot move beyond the extent of the dominions below, nor can it rise above the height of four miles. For which the astronomers (who have written large systems concerning the stone) assign the following reason: that the magnetic virtue does not extend beyond the distance of four miles, and that the mineral, which acts upon the stone in the bowels of the earth, and in the sea about six leagues distant from the shore, is not diffused through the whole globe, but

terminated with the limits of the king's dominions; and it was easy, from the great advantage of such a superior situation, for a prince to bring under his obedience whatever country lay within the attraction of that magnet.

When the stone is put parallel to the plane of the horizon, the island stands still; for in that case the extremities of it, being at equal distance from the earth, act with equal force, the one in drawing downwards, the other in pushing upwards, and consequently no motion can ensue.

This loadstone is under the care of certain astronomers, who, from time to time, give it such positions as the monarch directs.

They spend the greatest part of their lives in observing the celestial bodies, which they do by the assistance of glasses, far excelling ours in goodness. For, although their largest telescopes do not exceed three feet, they magnify much more than those of a hundred with us, and show the stars with greater clearness. This advantage has enabled them to extend their discoveries much further than our astronomers in Europe; for they have made a catalogue of ten thousand fixed stars, whereas the largest of ours do not contain above one third part of that number. They have likewise discovered two lesser stars, or satellites, which revolve about Mars; whereof the innermost is distant from the centre of the primary planet exactly three of his diameters, and the outermost, five; the former revolves in the space of ten hours, and the latter in twenty-one and a half; so that the squares of their periodical times are very near in the same proportion with the cubes of their distance from the centre of Mars; which evidently shows them to be governed by the same law of gravitation that influences the other heavenly bodies.

They have observed ninety-three different comets, and settled their periods with great exactness. If this be true (and they affirm it with great confidence) it is much to be wished, that their observations were made public, whereby the theory of comets, which at present is very lame and defective, might be brought to the same perfection with other arts of astronomy.

The king would be the most absolute prince in the universe, if he could but prevail on a ministry to join with him; but these having their estates below on the continent, and considering that the office of a favourite has a very uncertain tenure, would never consent to the enslaving of their country.

refuse to pay the usual tribute, the king has two methods of reducing them to obedience. The first and the mildest course is, by keeping the island hovering over such a town, and the lands about it, whereby he can deprive them of the benefit of the sun and the rain, and consequently afflict the inhabitants with dearth and diseases: and if the crime deserve it, they are at the same time pelted from above with great stones, against which they have no defence but by creeping into cellars or caves, while the roofs of their houses are beaten to pieces. But if they still continue obstinate, or offer to raise insurrections, he proceeds to the last remedy, by letting the island drop directly upon their heads, which makes a universal destruction both of houses and men. However, this is an extremity to which the prince is seldom driven, neither indeed is he willing to put it in execution; nor dare his ministers advise him to an action, which, as it would render them odious to the people, so it would be a great damage to their own estates, which all lie below; for the island is the king's demesne.

But there is still indeed a more weighty reason, why the kings of this country have been always averse from executing so terrible an action, unless upon the utmost necessity. For, if the town intended to be destroyed should have in it any tall rocks, as it generally falls out in the larger cities, a situation probably chosen at first with a view to prevent such a catastrophe; or if it abound in high spires, or pillars of stone, a sudden fall might endanger the bottom or under surface of the island, which, although it consist, as I have said, of one entire adamant, two hundred yards thick, might happen to crack by too great a shock, or burst by approaching too near the fires from the houses below, as the backs, both of iron and stone, will often do in our chimneys. Of all this the people are well apprised, and understand how far to carry their obstinacy, where their liberty or property is concerned. And the king, when he is highest provoked, and most determined to press a city to rubbish, orders the island to descend with great gentleness, out of a pretence of tenderness to his people, but, indeed, for fear of breaking the adamantine bottom; in which case, it is the opinion of all their philosophers, that the loadstone could no longer hold it up, and the whole mass would fall to the ground.

By a fundamental law of this realm, neither the king, nor either of his two eldest sons, are permitted to leave the island; nor the queen, till she is past child-bearing.

Chapter IV

Although I cannot say that I was ill treated in this island, yet I must confess I thought myself too much neglected, not without some degree of contempt; for neither prince nor people appeared to be curious in any part of knowledge, except mathematics and music, wherein I was far their inferior, and upon that account very little regarded.

On the other side, after having seen all the curiosities of the island, I was very desirous to leave it, being heartily weary of those people. They were indeed excellent in two sciences for which I have great esteem, and wherein I am not unversed; but, at the

same time, so abstracted and involved in speculation, that I never met with such disagreeable companions. I conversed only with women, tradesmen, flappers, and court-pages, during two months of my abode there; by which, at last, I rendered myself extremely contemptible; yet these were the only people from whom I could ever receive a reasonable answer.

I had obtained, by hard study, a good degree of knowledge in their language: I was weary of being confined to an island where I received so little countenance, and resolved to leave it with the first opportunity.

There was a great lord at court, nearly related to the king, and for that reason alone used with respect. He was universally reckoned the most ignorant and stupid person among them. He had performed many eminent services for the crown, had great natural and acquired parts, adorned with integrity and honour; but so ill an ear for music, that his detractors reported, “he had been often known to beat time in the wrong place;” neither could his tutors, without extreme difficulty, teach him to demonstrate the most easy proposition in the mathematics. He was pleased to show me many marks of favour, often did me the honour of a visit, desired to be informed in the affairs of Europe, the laws and customs, the manners and learning of the several countries where I had travelled. He listened to me with great attention, and made very wise observations on all I spoke. He had two flappers attending him for state, but never made use of them, except at court and in visits of ceremony, and would always command them to withdraw, when we were alone together.

I entreated this illustrious person, to intercede in my behalf with his majesty, for leave to depart; which he accordingly did, as he was pleased to tell me, with regret: for indeed he had made me several offers very advantageous, which, however, I refused, with expressions of the highest acknowledgment.

On the 16th of February I took leave of his majesty and the court. The king made me a present to the value of about two hundred pounds English, and my protector, his kinsman, as much more, together with a letter of recommendation to a friend of his in Lagado, the metropolis. The island being then hovering over a mountain about two miles from it, I was let down from the lowest gallery, in the same manner as I had been taken up.

The continent, as far as it is subject to the monarch of the flying island, passes under the general name of BALNIBARBI; and the metropolis, as I said before, is called LAGADO. I felt some little satisfaction in finding myself on firm ground. I walked to the city without any concern, being clad like one of the natives, and sufficiently instructed to converse with them. I soon found out the person’s house to whom I was recommended, presented my letter from his friend the grandee in the island, and was received with much kindness. This great lord, whose name was Munodi, ordered me an apartment in his own house, where I continued during my stay, and was entertained in a most hospitable manner.

The next morning after my arrival, he took me in his chariot to see the town, which is about half the bigness of London; but the houses very strangely built, and most of them out of repair. The people in the streets walked fast, looked wild, their eyes fixed, and were generally in rags. We passed through one of the town gates, and went about three miles into the country, where I saw many labourers working with several sorts of tools in the ground, but was not able to conjecture what they were about: neither did observe any expectation either of corn or grass, although the soil appeared to be excellent. I could not forbear admiring at these odd appearances, both in town and country; and I made bold to desire my conductor, that he would be pleased to explain to me, what could be meant by so many busy heads, hands, and faces, both in the streets and the fields, because I did not discover any good effects they produced; but, on the contrary, I never knew a soil so unhappily cultivated, houses so ill contrived and so ruinous, or a people whose countenances and habit expressed so much misery and want.

This lord Munodi was a person of the first rank, and had been some years governor of Lagado; but, by a cabal of ministers, was discharged for insufficiency. However, the king treated him with tenderness, as a well-meaning man, but of a low contemptible understanding.

When I gave that free censure of the country and its inhabitants, he made no further answer than by telling me, “that I had not been long enough among them to form a judgment; and that the different nations of the world had different customs;” with other common topics to the same purpose. But, when we returned to his palace, he asked me “how I liked the building, what absurdities I observed, and what quarrel I had with the dress or looks of his domestics?” This he might safely do; because every thing about him was magnificent, regular, and polite. I answered, “that his excellency’s prudence, quality, and fortune, had exempted him from those defects, which folly and beggary had produced in others.” He said, “if I would go with him to his country-house, about twenty miles distant, where his estate lay, there would be more leisure for this kind of conversation.” I told his excellency “that I was entirely at his disposal;” and accordingly we set out next morning.

During our journey he made me observe the several methods used by farmers in managing their lands, which to me were wholly unaccountable; for, except in some very few places, I could not discover one ear of corn or blade of grass. But, in three hours travelling, the scene was wholly altered; we came into a most beautiful country; farmers’ houses, at small distances, neatly built;

the fields enclosed, containing vineyards, corn-grounds, and meadows. Neither do I remember to have seen a more delightful prospect. His excellency observed my countenance to clear up; he told me, with a sigh, “that there his estate began, and would continue the same, till we should come to his house: that his countrymen ridiculed and despised him, for managing his affairs no better, and for setting so ill an example to the kingdom; which, however, was followed by very few, such as were old, and wilful, and weak like himself.”

We came at length to the house, which was indeed a noble structure, built according to the best rules of ancient architecture. The fountains, gardens, walks, avenues, and groves, were all disposed with exact judgment and taste. I gave due praises to every thing I saw, whereof his excellency took not the least notice till after supper; when, there being no third companion, he told me with a very melancholy air “that he doubted he must throw down his houses in town and country, to rebuild them after the present mode; destroy all his plantations, and cast others into such a form as modern usage required, and give the same directions to all his tenants, unless he would submit to incur the censure of pride, singularity, affectation, ignorance, caprice, and perhaps increase his majesty’s displeasure; that the admiration I appeared to be under would cease or diminish, when he had informed me of some particulars which, probably, I never heard of at court, the people there being too much taken up in their own speculations, to have regard to what passed here below.”

The sum of his discourse was to this effect: “That about forty years ago, certain persons went up to Laputa, either upon business or diversion, and, after five months continuance, came back with a very little smattering in mathematics, but full of volatile spirits acquired in that airy region: that these persons, upon their return, began to dislike the management of every thing below, and fell into schemes of putting all arts, sciences, languages, and mechanics, upon a new foot. To this end, they procured a royal patent for erecting an academy of projectors in Lagado; and the humour prevailed so strongly among the people, that there is not a town of any consequence in the kingdom without such an academy. In these colleges the professors contrive new rules and methods of agriculture and building, and new instruments, and tools for all trades and manufactures; whereby, as they undertake, one man shall do the work of ten; a palace may be built in a week, of materials so durable as to last for ever without repairing. All the fruits of the earth shall come to maturity at whatever season we think fit to choose, and increase a hundred fold more than they do at present; with innumerable other happy proposals. The only inconvenience is, that none of these projects are yet brought to perfection; and in the mean time, the whole country lies miserably waste, the houses in ruins, and the people without food or clothes. By all which, instead of being discouraged, they are fifty times more violently bent upon prosecuting their schemes, driven equally on by hope and despair: that as for himself, being not of an enterprising spirit, he was content to go on in the old forms, to live in the houses his ancestors had built, and act as they did, in every part of life, without innovation: that some few other persons of quality and gentry had done the same, but were looked on with an eye of contempt and ill-will, as enemies to art, ignorant, and ill common-wealth’s men, preferring their own ease and sloth before the general improvement of their country.”

His lordship added, “That he would not, by any further particulars, prevent the pleasure I should certainly take in viewing the grand academy, whither he was resolved I should go.” He only desired me to observe a ruined building, upon the side of a mountain about three miles distant, of which he gave me this account: “That he had a very convenient mill within half a mile of his house, turned by a current from a large river, and sufficient for his own family, as well as a great number of his tenants; that about seven years ago, a club of those projectors came to him with proposals to destroy this mill, and build another on the side of that mountain, on the long ridge whereof a long canal must be cut, for a repository of water, to be conveyed up by pipes and engines to supply the mill, because the wind and air upon a height agitated the water, and thereby made it fitter for motion, and because the water, descending down a declivity, would turn the mill with half the current of a river whose course is more upon a level.” He said, “that being then not very well with the court, and pressed by many of his friends, he complied with the proposal; and after employing a hundred men for two years, the work miscarried, the projectors went off, laying the blame entirely upon him, railing at him ever since, and putting others upon the same experiment, with equal assurance of success, as well as equal disappointment.”

In a few days we came back to town; and his excellency, considering the bad character he had in the academy, would not go with me himself, but recommended me to a friend of his, to bear me company thither. My lord was pleased to represent me as a great admirer of projects, and a person of much curiosity and easy belief; which, indeed, was not without truth; for I had myself been a sort of projector in my younger days.

Chapter V

This academy is not an entire single building, but a continuation of several houses on both sides of a street, which growing waste, was purchased and applied to that use.

I was received very kindly by the warden, and went for many days to the academy. Every room has in it one or more projectors; and I believe I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms.

The first man I saw was of a meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged, and singed in several

places. His clothes, shirt, and skin, were all of the same colour. He has been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put in phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers. He told me, he did not doubt, that, in eight years more, he should be able to supply the governor's gardens with sunshine, at a reasonable rate: but he complained that his stock was low, and entreated me "to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially since this had been a very dear season for cucumbers." I made him a small present, for my lord had furnished me with money on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from all who go to see them.

I went into another chamber, but was ready to hasten back, being almost overcome with a horrible stink. My conductor pressed me forward, conjuring me in a whisper "to give no offence, which would be highly resented;" and therefore I durst not so much as stop my nose. The projector of this cell was the most ancient student of the academy; his face and beard were of a pale yellow; his hands and clothes daubed over with filth. When I was presented to him, he gave me a close embrace, a compliment I could well have excused. His employment, from his first coming into the academy, was an operation to reduce human excrement to its original food, by separating the several parts, removing the tincture which it receives from the gall, making the odour exhale, and scumming off the saliva. He had a weekly allowance, from the society, of a vessel filled with human ordure, about the bigness of a Bristol barrel.

I saw another at work to calcine ice into gunpowder; who likewise showed me a treatise he had written concerning the malleability of fire, which he intended to publish.

There was a most ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method for building houses, by beginning at the roof, and working downward to the foundation; which he justified to me, by the like practice of those two prudent insects, the bee and the spider.

There was a man born blind, who had several apprentices in his own condition: their employment was to mix colours for painters, which their master taught them to distinguish by feeling and smelling. It was indeed my misfortune to find them at that time not very perfect in their lessons, and the professor himself happened to be generally mistaken. This artist is much encouraged and esteemed by the whole fraternity.

In another apartment I was highly pleased with a projector who had found a device of ploughing the ground with hogs, to save the charges of ploughs, cattle, and labour. The method is this: in an acre of ground you bury, at six inches distance and eight deep, a quantity of acorns, dates, chestnuts, and other mast or vegetables, whereof these animals are fondest; then you drive six hundred or more of them into the field, where, in a few days, they will root up the whole ground in search of their food, and make it fit for sowing, at the same time manuring it with their dung: it is true, upon experiment, they found the charge and trouble very great, and they had little or no crop. However it is not doubted, that this invention may be capable of great improvement.

I went into another room, where the walls and ceiling were all hung round with cobwebs, except a narrow passage for the artist to go in and out. At my entrance, he called aloud to me, "not to disturb his webs." He lamented "the fatal mistake the world had been so long in, of using silkworms, while we had such plenty of domestic insects who infinitely excelled the former, because they understood how to weave, as well as spin." And he proposed further, "that by employing spiders, the charge of dyeing silks should be wholly saved;" whereof I was fully convinced, when he showed me a vast number of flies most beautifully coloured, wherewith he fed his spiders, assuring us "that the webs would take a tincture from them; and as he had them of all hues, he hoped to fit everybody's fancy, as soon as he could find proper food for the flies, of certain gums, oils, and other glutinous matter, to give a strength and consistence to the threads."

There was an astronomer, who had undertaken to place a sun-dial upon the great weathercock on the town-house, by adjusting the annual and diurnal motions of the earth and sun, so as to answer and coincide with all accidental turnings of the wind.

I was complaining of a small fit of the colic, upon which my conductor led me into a room where a great physician resided, who was famous for curing that disease, by contrary operations from the same instrument. He had a large pair of bellows, with a long slender muzzle of ivory: this he conveyed eight inches up the anus, and drawing in the wind, he affirmed he could make the guts as lank as a dried bladder. But when the disease was more stubborn and violent, he let in the muzzle while the bellows were full of wind, which he discharged into the body of the patient; then withdrew the instrument to replenish it, clapping his thumb strongly against the orifice of then fundament; and this being repeated three or four times, the adventitious wind would rush out, bringing the noxious along with it, (like water put into a pump), and the patient recovered. I saw him try both experiments upon a dog, but could not discern any effect from the former. After the latter the animal was ready to burst, and made so violent a discharge as was very offensive to me and my companion.

The dog died on the spot, and we left the doctor endeavouring to recover him, by the same operation.

I visited many other apartments, but shall not trouble my reader with all the curiosities I observed, being studious of brevity.

I had hitherto seen only one side of the academy, the other being appropriated to the advancers of speculative learning, of whom I shall say something, when I have mentioned one illustrious person more, who is called among them “the universal artist.” He told us “he had been thirty years employing his thoughts for the improvement of human life.” He had two large rooms full of wonderful curiosities, and fifty men at work. Some were condensing air into a dry tangible substance, by extracting the nitre, and letting the aqueous or fluid particles percolate; others softening marble, for pillows and pin-cushions; others petrifying the hoofs of a living horse, to preserve them from foundering. The artist himself was at that time busy upon two great designs; the first, to sow land with chaff, wherein he affirmed the true seminal virtue to be contained, as he demonstrated by several experiments, which I was not skilful enough to comprehend. The other was, by a certain composition of gums, minerals, and vegetables, outwardly applied, to prevent the growth of wool upon two young lambs; and he hoped, in a reasonable time to propagate the breed of naked sheep, all over the kingdom.

We crossed a walk to the other part of the academy, where, as I have already said, the projectors in speculative learning resided.

The first professor I saw, was in a very large room, with forty pupils about him. After salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame, which took up the greatest part of both the length and breadth of the room, he said, “Perhaps I might wonder to see him employed in a project for improving speculative knowledge, by practical and mechanical operations. But the world would soon be sensible of its usefulness; and he flattered himself, that a more noble, exalted thought never sprang in any other man’s head. Every one knew how laborious the usual method is of attaining to arts and sciences; whereas, by his contrivance, the most ignorant person, at a reasonable charge, and with a little bodily labour, might write books in philosophy, poetry, politics, laws, mathematics, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study.” He then led me to the frame, about the sides, whereof all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty feet square, placed in the middle of the room. The superfices was composed of several bits of wood, about the bigness of a die, but some larger than others. They were all linked together by slender wires. These bits of wood were covered, on every square, with paper pasted on them; and on these papers were written all the words of their language, in their several moods, tenses, and declensions; but without any order. The professor then desired me “to observe; for he was going to set his engine at work.” The pupils, at his command, took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty fixed round the edges of the frame; and giving them a sudden turn, the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed. He then commanded six-and-thirty of the lads, to read the several lines softly, as they appeared upon the frame; and where they found three or four words together that might make part of a sentence, they dictated to the four remaining boys, who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times, and at every turn, the engine was so contrived, that the words shifted into new places, as the square bits of wood moved upside down.

Six hours a day the young students were employed in this labour; and the professor showed me several volumes in large folio, already collected, of broken sentences, which he intended to piece together, and out of those rich materials, to give the world a complete body of all arts and sciences; which, however, might be still improved, and much expedited, if the public would raise a fund for making and employing five hundred such frames in Lagado, and oblige the managers to contribute in common their several collections.

He assured me “that this invention had employed all his thoughts from his youth; that he had emptied the whole vocabulary into his frame, and made the strictest computation of the general proportion there is in books between the numbers of particles, nouns, and verbs, and other parts of speech.”

I made my humblest acknowledgment to this illustrious person, for his great communicativeness; and promised, “if ever I had the good fortune to return to my native country, that I would do him justice, as the sole inventor of this wonderful machine;” the form and contrivance of which I desired leave to delineate on paper, as in the figure here annexed. I told him, “although it were the custom of our learned in Europe to steal inventions from each other, who had thereby at least this advantage, that it became a controversy which was the right owner; yet I would take such caution, that he should have the honour entire, without a rival.”

We next went to the school of languages, where three professors sat in consultation upon improving that of their own country.

The first project was, to shorten discourse, by cutting polysyllables into one, and leaving out verbs and participles, because, in reality, all things imaginable are but norms.

The other project was, a scheme for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever; and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health, as well as brevity. For it is plain, that every word we speak is, in some degree, a diminution of our lunge by corrosion, and, consequently, contributes to the shortening of our lives. An expedient was therefore offered, “that since words are only names for things, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them such things as were necessary to express a particular business they are to discourse on.” And this invention would certainly have taken place, to the great ease as well as health of the subject, if the women, in conjunction with the vulgar and illiterate, had not threatened to raise a rebellion unless they might be allowed the liberty to speak with their tongues, after the manner of their forefathers; such constant irreconcilable enemies to

science are the common people.

However, many of the most learned and wise adhere to the new scheme of expressing themselves by things; which has only this inconvenience attending it, that if a man's business be very great, and of various kinds, he must be obliged, in proportion, to carry a greater bundle of things upon his back, unless he can afford one or two strong servants to attend him. I have often beheld two of those sages almost sinking under the weight of their packs, like pedlars among us, who, when they met in the street, would lay down their loads, open their sacks, and hold conversation for an hour together; then put up their implements, help each other to resume their burdens, and take their leave.

But for short conversations, a man may carry implements in his pockets, and under his arms, enough to supply him; and in his house, he cannot be at a loss. Therefore the room where company meet who practise this art, is full of all things, ready at hand, requisite to furnish matter for this kind of artificial converse.

Another great advantage proposed by this invention was, that it would serve as a universal language, to be understood in all civilised nations, whose goods and utensils are generally of the same kind, or nearly resembling, so that their uses might easily be comprehended. And thus ambassadors would be qualified to treat with foreign princes, or ministers of state, to whose tongues they were utter strangers.

I was at the mathematical school, where the master taught his pupils after a method scarce imaginable to us in Europe. The proposition, and demonstration, were fairly written on a thin wafer, with ink composed of a cephalic tincture. This, the student was to swallow upon a fasting stomach, and for three days following, eat nothing but bread and water. As the wafer digested, the tincture mounted to his brain, bearing the proposition along with it. But the success has not hitherto been answerable, partly by some error in the QUANTUM or composition, and partly by the perverseness of lads, to whom this bolus is so nauseous, that they generally steal aside, and discharge it upwards, before it can operate; neither have they been yet persuaded to use so long an abstinence, as the prescription requires.

Chapter VI

In the school of political projectors, I was but ill entertained; the professors appearing, in my judgment, wholly out of their senses, which is a scene that never fails to make me melancholy. These unhappy people were proposing schemes for persuading monarchs to choose favourites upon the score of their wisdom, capacity, and virtue; of teaching ministers to consult the public good; of rewarding merit, great abilities, eminent services; of instructing princes to know their true interest, by placing it on the same foundation with that of their people; of choosing for employments persons qualified to exercise them, with many other wild, impossible chimeras, that never entered before into the heart of man to conceive; and confirmed in me the old observation, "that there is nothing so extravagant and irrational, which some philosophers have not maintained for truth."

But, however, I shall so far do justice to this part of the Academy, as to acknowledge that all of them were not so visionary. There was a most ingenious doctor, who seemed to be perfectly versed in the whole nature and system of government. This illustrious person had very usefully employed his studies, in finding out effectual remedies for all diseases and corruptions to which the several kinds of public administration are subject, by the vices or infirmities of those who govern, as well as by the licentiousness of those who are to obey. For instance: whereas all writers and reasoners have agreed, that there is a strict universal resemblance between the natural and the political body; can there be any thing more evident, than that the health of both must be preserved, and the diseases cured, by the same prescriptions? It is allowed, that senates and great councils are often troubled with redundant, ebullient, and other peccant humours; with many diseases of the head, and more of the heart; with strong convulsions, with grievous contractions of the nerves and sinews in both hands, but especially the right; with spleen, flatus, vertigos, and deliriums; with scrofulous tumours, full of fetid purulent matter; with sour frothy ructations: with canine appetites, and crudeness of digestion, besides many others, needless to mention.

This doctor therefore proposed, "that upon the meeting of the senate, certain physicians should attend it the three first days of their sitting, and at the close of each day's debate feel the pulses of every senator; after which, having maturely considered and consulted upon the nature of the several maladies, and the methods of cure, they should on the fourth day return to the senate house, attended by their apothecaries stored with proper medicines; and before the members sat, administer to each of them lenitives, aperitives, abstersives, corrosives, restringents, palliatives, laxatives, cephalalgics, icterics, apophlegmatics, acoustics, as their several cases required; and, according as these medicines should operate, repeat, alter, or omit them, at the next meeting."

This project could not be of any great expense to the public; and might in my poor opinion, be of much use for the despatch of business, in those countries where senates have any share in the legislative power; beget unanimity, shorten debates, open a few mouths which are now closed, and close many more which are now open; curb the petulancy of the young, and correct the

positiveness of the old; rouse the stupid, and damp the pert.

Again because it is a general complaint, that the favourites of princes are troubled with short and weak memories; the same doctor proposed, “that whoever attended a first minister, after having told his business, with the utmost brevity and in the plainest words, should, at his departure, give the said minister a tweak by the nose, or a kick in the belly, or tread on his corns, or lug him thrice by both ears, or run a pin into his breech; or pinch his arm black and blue, to prevent forgetfulness; and at every levee day, repeat the same operation, till the business were done, or absolutely refused.” He likewise directed, “that every senator in the great council of a nation, after he had delivered his opinion, and argued in the defence of it, should be obliged to give his vote directly contrary; because if that were done, the result would infallibly terminate in the good of the public.”

When parties in a state are violent, he offered a wonderful contrivance to reconcile them. The method is this: You take a hundred leaders of each party; you dispose them into couples of such whose heads are nearest of a size; then let two nice operators saw off the occiput of each couple at the same time, in such a manner that the brain may be equally divided. Let the occiputs, thus cut off, be interchanged, applying each to the head of his opposite party-man. It seems indeed to be a work that requires some exactness, but the professor assured us, “that if it were dexterously performed, the cure would be infallible.” For he argued thus: “that the two half brains being left to debate the matter between themselves within the space of one skull, would soon come to a good understanding, and produce that moderation, as well as regularity of thinking, so much to be wished for in the heads of those, who imagine they come into the world only to watch and govern its motion: and as to the difference of brains, in quantity or quality, among those who are directors in faction, the doctor assured us, from his own knowledge, that “it was a perfect trifle.”

I heard a very warm debate between two professors, about the most commodious and effectual ways and means of raising money, without grieving the subject. The first affirmed, “the justest method would be, to lay a certain tax upon vices and folly; and the sum fixed upon every man to be rated, after the fairest manner, by a jury of his neighbours.” The second was of an opinion directly contrary; “to tax those qualities of body and mind, for which men chiefly value themselves; the rate to be more or less, according to the degrees of excelling; the decision whereof should be left entirely to their own breast.” The highest tax was upon men who are the greatest favourites of the other sex, and the assessments, according to the number and nature of the favours they have received; for which, they are allowed to be their own vouchers. Wit, valour, and politeness, were likewise proposed to be largely taxed, and collected in the same manner, by every person’s giving his own word for the quantum of what he possessed. But as to honour, justice, wisdom, and learning, they should not be taxed at all; because they are qualifications of so singular a kind, that no man will either allow them in his neighbour or value them in himself.

The women were proposed to be taxed according to their beauty and skill in dressing, wherein they had the same privilege with the men, to be determined by their own judgment. But constancy, chastity, good sense, and good nature, were not rated, because they would not bear the charge of collecting.

To keep senators in the interest of the crown, it was proposed that the members should raffle for employment; every man first taking an oath, and giving security, that he would vote for the court, whether he won or not; after which, the losers had, in their turn, the liberty of raffling upon the next vacancy. Thus, hope and expectation would be kept alive; none would complain of broken promises, but impute their disappointments wholly to fortune, whose shoulders are broader and stronger than those of a ministry.

Another professor showed me a large paper of instructions for discovering plots and conspiracies against the government. He advised great statesmen to examine into the diet of all suspected persons; their times of eating; upon which side they lay in bed; with which hand they wipe their posteriors; take a strict view of their excrements, and, from the colour, the odour, the taste, the consistence, the crudeness or maturity of digestion, form a judgment of their thoughts and designs; because men are never so serious, thoughtful, and intent, as when they are at stool, which he found by frequent experiment; for, in such conjunctures, when he used, merely as a trial, to consider which was the best way of murdering the king, his ordure would have a tincture of green; but quite different, when he thought only of raising an insurrection, or burning the metropolis.

The whole discourse was written with great acuteness, containing many observations, both curious and useful for politicians; but, as I conceived, not altogether complete. This I ventured to tell the author, and offered, if he pleased, to supply him with some additions. He received my proposition with more compliance than is usual among writers, especially those of the projecting species, professing “he would be glad to receive further information.”

I told him, “that in the kingdom of Tribnia, (3) by the natives called Langdon, (4) where I had sojourned some time in my travels, the bulk of the people consist in a manner wholly of discoverers, witnesses, informers, accusers, prosecutors, evidences, swearers, together with their several subservient and subaltern instruments, all under the colours, the conduct, and the pay of ministers of state, and their deputies. The plots, in that kingdom, are usually the workmanship of those persons who desire to raise their own characters of profound politicians; to restore new vigour to a crazy administration; to stifle or divert general discontents; to fill their coffers with forfeitures; and raise, or sink the opinion of public credit, as either shall best answer their private advantage.

It is first agreed and settled among them, what suspected persons shall be accused of a plot; then, effectual care is taken to secure all their letters and papers, and put the owners in chains. These papers are delivered to a set of artists, very dexterous in finding out the mysterious meanings of words, syllables, and letters: for instance, they can discover a close stool, to signify a privy council; a flock of geese, a senate; a lame dog, an invader; the plague, a standing army; a buzzard, a prime minister; the gout, a high priest; a gibbet, a secretary of state; a chamber pot, a committee of grandees; a sieve, a court lady; a broom, a revolution; a mouse-trap, an employment; a bottomless pit, a treasury; a sink, a court; a cap and bells, a favourite; a broken reed, a court of justice; an empty tun, a general; a running sore, the administration. (5)

“When this method fails, they have two others more effectual, which the learned among them call acrostics and anagrams. First, they can decipher all initial letters into political meanings. Thus N, shall signify a plot; B, a regiment of horse; L, a fleet at sea; or, secondly, by transposing the letters of the alphabet in any suspected paper, they can lay open the deepest designs of a discontented party. So, for example, if I should say, in a letter to a friend, ‘Our brother Tom has just got the piles,’ a skilful decipherer would discover, that the same letters which compose that sentence, may be analysed into the following words, ‘Resist--, a plot is brought home--The tour.’ And this is the anagrammatic method.”

The professor made me great acknowledgments for communicating these observations, and promised to make honourable mention of me in his treatise.

I saw nothing in this country that could invite me to a longer continuance, and began to think of returning home to England.

Chapter VII

The continent, of which this kingdom is apart, extends itself, as I have reason to believe, eastward, to that unknown tract of America westward of California; and north, to the Pacific Ocean, which is not above a hundred and fifty miles from Lagado; where there is a good port, and much commerce with the great island of Luggnagg, situated to the north-west about 29 degrees north latitude, and 140 longitude. This island of Luggnagg stands south-eastward of Japan, about a hundred leagues distant. There is a strict alliance between the Japanese emperor and the king of Luggnagg; which affords frequent opportunities of sailing from one island to the other. I determined therefore to direct my course this way, in order to my return to Europe. I hired two mules, with a guide, to show me the way, and carry my small baggage. I took leave of my noble protector, who had shown me so much favour, and made me a generous present at my departure.

My journey was without any accident or adventure worth relating. When I arrived at the port of Maldonada (for so it is called) there was no ship in the harbour bound for Luggnagg, nor likely to be in some time. The town is about as large as Portsmouth. I soon fell into some acquaintance, and was very hospitably received. A gentleman of distinction said to me, “that since the ships bound for Luggnagg could not be ready in less than a month, it might be no disagreeable amusement for me to take a trip to the little island of Glubbdubdrib, about five leagues off to the south-west.” He offered himself and a friend to accompany me, and that I should be provided with a small convenient bark for the voyage.

Glubbdubdrib, as nearly as I can interpret the word, signifies the island of sorcerers or magicians. It is about one third as large as the Isle of Wight, and extremely fruitful: it is governed by the head of a certain tribe, who are all magicians. This tribe marries only among each other, and the eldest in succession is prince or governor. He has a noble palace, and a park of about three thousand acres, surrounded by a wall of hewn stone twenty feet high. In this park are several small enclosures for cattle, corn, and gardening.

The governor and his family are served and attended by domestics of a kind somewhat unusual. By his skill in necromancy he has a power of calling whom he pleases from the dead, and commanding their service for twenty-four hours, but no longer; nor can he call the same persons up again in less than three months, except upon very extraordinary occasions.

When we arrived at the island, which was about eleven in the morning, one of the gentlemen who accompanied me went to the governor, and desired admittance for a stranger, who came on purpose to have the honour of attending on his highness. This was immediately granted, and we all three entered the gate of the palace between two rows of guards, armed and dressed after a very antic manner, and with something in their countenances that made my flesh creep with a horror I cannot express. We passed through several apartments, between servants of the same sort, ranked on each side as before, till we came to the chamber of presence; where, after three profound obeisances, and a few general questions, we were permitted to sit on three stools, near the lowest step of his highness’s throne. He understood the language of Balnibarbi, although it was different from that of this island. He desired me to give him some account of my travels; and, to let me see that I should be treated without ceremony, he dismissed all his attendants with a turn of his finger; at which, to my great astonishment, they vanished in an instant, like visions in a dream when we awake on a sudden. I could not recover myself in some time, till the governor assured me, “that I should receive no hurt:” and observing my two companions to be under no concern, who had been often entertained in the same manner,

I began to take courage, and related to his highness a short history of my several adventures; yet not without some hesitation, and frequently looking behind me to the place where I had seen those domestic spectres. I had the honour to dine with the governor, where a new set of ghosts served up the meat, and waited at table. I now observed myself to be less terrified than I had been in the morning. I stayed till sunset, but humbly desired his highness to excuse me for not accepting his invitation of lodging in the palace. My two friends and I lay at a private house in the town adjoining, which is the capital of this little island; and the next morning we returned to pay our duty to the governor, as he was pleased to command us.

After this manner we continued in the island for ten days, most part of every day with the governor, and at night in our lodging. I soon grew so familiarized to the sight of spirits, that after the third or fourth time they gave me no emotion at all: or, if I had any apprehensions left, my curiosity prevailed over them. For his highness the governor ordered me “to call up whatever persons I would choose to name, and in whatever numbers, among all the dead from the beginning of the world to the present time, and command them to answer any questions I should think fit to ask; with this condition, that my questions must be confined within the compass of the times they lived in. And one thing I might depend upon, that they would certainly tell me the truth, for lying was a talent of no use in the lower world.”

I made my humble acknowledgments to his highness for so great a favour. We were in a chamber, from whence there was a fair prospect into the park. And because my first inclination was to be entertained with scenes of pomp and magnificence, I desired to see Alexander the Great at the head of his army, just after the battle of Arbela: which, upon a motion of the governor’s finger, immediately appeared in a large field, under the window where we stood. Alexander was called up into the room: it was with great difficulty that I understood his Greek, and had but little of my own. He assured me upon his honour “that he was not poisoned, but died of a bad fever by excessive drinking.”

Next, I saw Hannibal passing the Alps, who told me “he had not a drop of vinegar in his camp.”

I saw Caesar and Pompey at the head of their troops, just ready to engage. I saw the former, in his last great triumph. I desired that the senate of Rome might appear before me, in one large chamber, and an assembly of somewhat a later age in counterview, in another. The first seemed to be an assembly of heroes and demigods; the other, a knot of pedlars, pick-pockets, highwayman, and bullies.

The governor, at my request, gave the sign for Caesar and Brutus to advance towards us. I was struck with a profound veneration at the sight of Brutus, and could easily discover the most consummate virtue, the greatest intrepidity and firmness of mind, the truest love of his country, and general benevolence for mankind, in every lineament of his countenance. I observed, with much pleasure, that these two persons were in good intelligence with each other; and Caesar freely confessed to me, “that the greatest actions of his own life were not equal, by many degrees, to the glory of taking it away.” I had the honour to have much conversation with Brutus; and was told, “that his ancestor Junius, Socrates, Epaminondas, Cato the younger, Sir Thomas More, and himself were perpetually together:” a sextumvirate, to which all the ages of the world cannot add a seventh.

It would be tedious to trouble the reader with relating what vast numbers of illustrious persons were called up to gratify that insatiable desire I had to see the world in every period of antiquity placed before me. I chiefly fed mine eyes with beholding the destroyers of tyrants and usurpers, and the restorers of liberty to oppressed and injured nations. But it is impossible to express the satisfaction I received in my own mind, after such a manner as to make it a suitable entertainment to the reader.

Chapter VIII

Having a desire to see those ancients who were most renowned for wit and learning, I set apart one day on purpose. I proposed that Homer and Aristotle might appear at the head of all their commentators; but these were so numerous, that some hundreds were forced to attend in the court, and outward rooms of the palace. I knew, and could distinguish those two heroes, at first sight, not only from the crowd, but from each other. Homer was the taller and comelier person of the two, walked very erect for one of his age, and his eyes were the most quick and piercing I ever beheld. Aristotle stooped much, and made use of a staff. His visage was meagre, his hair lank and thin, and his voice hollow. I soon discovered that both of them were perfect strangers to the rest of the company, and had never seen or heard of them before; and I had a whisper from a ghost who shall be nameless, “that these commentators always kept in the most distant quarters from their principals, in the lower world, through a consciousness of shame and guilt, because they had so horribly misrepresented the meaning of those authors to posterity.” I introduced Didymus and Eustathius to Homer, and prevailed on him to treat them better than perhaps they deserved, for he soon found they wanted a genius to enter into the spirit of a poet. But Aristotle was out of all patience with the account I gave him of Scotus and Ramus, as I presented them to him; and he asked them, “whether the rest of the tribe were as great dunces as themselves?”

I then desired the governor to call up Descartes and Gassendi, with whom I prevailed to explain their systems to Aristotle. This great philosopher freely acknowledged his own mistakes in natural philosophy, because he proceeded in many things upon

conjecture, as all men must do; and he found that Gassendi, who had made the doctrine of Epicurus as palatable as he could, and the vortices of Descartes, were equally to be exploded. He predicted the same fate to ATTRACTION, whereof the present learned are such zealous asserters. He said, “that new systems of nature were but new fashions, which would vary in every age; and even those, who pretend to demonstrate them from mathematical principles, would flourish but a short period of time, and be out of vogue when that was determined.”

I spent five days in conversing with many others of the ancient learned. I saw most of the first Roman emperors. I prevailed on the governor to call up Heliogabalus’s cooks to dress us a dinner, but they could not show us much of their skill, for want of materials. A helot of Agesilaus made us a dish of Spartan broth, but I was not able to get down a second spoonful.

The two gentlemen, who conducted me to the island, were pressed by their private affairs to return in three days, which I employed in seeing some of the modern dead, who had made the greatest figure, for two or three hundred years past, in our own and other countries of Europe; and having been always a great admirer of old illustrious families, I desired the governor would call up a dozen or two of kings, with their ancestors in order for eight or nine generations. But my disappointment was grievous and unexpected. For, instead of a long train with royal diadems, I saw in one family two fiddlers, three spruce courtiers, and an Italian prelate. In another, a barber, an abbot, and two cardinals. I have too great a veneration for crowned heads, to dwell any longer on so nice a subject. But as to counts, marquises, dukes, earls, and the like, I was not so scrupulous. And I confess, it was not without some pleasure, that I found myself able to trace the particular features, by which certain families are distinguished, up to their originals. I could plainly discover whence one family derives a long chin; why a second has abounded with knaves for two generations, and fools for two more; why a third happened to be crack-brained, and a fourth to be sharpers; whence it came, what Polydore Virgil says of a certain great house, NEC VIR FORTIS, NEC FOEMINA CASTA; how cruelty, falsehood, and cowardice, grew to be characteristics by which certain families are distinguished as much as by their coats of arms; who first brought the pox into a noble house, which has lineally descended scrofulous tumours to their posterity. Neither could I wonder at all this, when I saw such an interruption of lineages, by pages, lackeys, valets, coachmen, gamesters, fiddlers, players, captains, and pickpockets.

I was chiefly disgusted with modern history. For having strictly examined all the persons of greatest name in the courts of princes, for a hundred years past, I found how the world had been misled by prostitute writers, to ascribe the greatest exploits in war, to cowards; the wisest counsel, to fools; sincerity, to flatterers; Roman virtue, to betrayers of their country; piety, to atheists; chastity, to sodomites; truth, to informers: how many innocent and excellent persons had been condemned to death or banishment by the practising of great ministers upon the corruption of judges, and the malice of factions: how many villains had been exalted to the highest places of trust, power, dignity, and profit: how great a share in the motions and events of courts, councils, and senates might be challenged by bawds, whores, pimps, parasites, and buffoons. How low an opinion I had of human wisdom and integrity, when I was truly informed of the springs and motives of great enterprises and revolutions in the world, and of the contemptible accidents to which they owed their success.

Here I discovered the roguery and ignorance of those who pretend to write anecdotes, or secret history; who send so many kings to their graves with a cup of poison; will repeat the discourse between a prince and chief minister, where no witness was by; unlock the thoughts and cabinets of ambassadors and secretaries of state; and have the perpetual misfortune to be mistaken. Here I discovered the true causes of many great events that have surprised the world; how a whore can govern the back-stairs, the back-stairs a council, and the council a senate. A general confessed, in my presence, “that he got a victory purely by the force of cowardice and ill conduct;” and an admiral, “that, for want of proper intelligence, he beat the enemy, to whom he intended to betray the fleet.” Three kings protested to me, “that in their whole reigns they never did once prefer any person of merit, unless by mistake, or treachery of some minister in whom they confided; neither would they do it if they were to live again:” and they showed, with great strength of reason, “that the royal throne could not be supported without corruption, because that positive, confident, restiff temper, which virtue infused into a man, was a perpetual clog to public business.”

I had the curiosity to inquire in a particular manner, by what methods great numbers had procured to themselves high titles of honour, and prodigious estates; and I confined my inquiry to a very modern period: however, without grating upon present times, because I would be sure to give no offence even to foreigners (for I hope the reader need not be told, that I do not in the least intend my own country, in what I say upon this occasion,) a great number of persons concerned were called up; and, upon a very slight examination, discovered such a scene of infamy, that I cannot reflect upon it without some seriousness. Perjury, oppression, subornation, fraud, pandarism, and the like infirmities, were among the most excusable arts they had to mention; and for these I gave, as it was reasonable, great allowance. But when some confessed they owed their greatness and wealth to sodomy, or incest; others, to the prostituting of their own wives and daughters; others, to the betraying of their country or their prince; some, to poisoning; more to the perverting of justice, in order to destroy the innocent, I hope I may be pardoned, if these discoveries inclined me a little to abate of that profound veneration, which I am naturally apt to pay to persons of high rank, who ought to be treated with the utmost respect due to their sublime dignity, by us their inferiors.

I had often read of some great services done to princes and states, and desired to see the persons by whom those services were

performed. Upon inquiry I was told, “that their names were to be found on no record, except a few of them, whom history has represented as the vilest of rogues and traitors.” As to the rest, I had never once heard of them. They all appeared with dejected looks, and in the meanest habit; most of them telling me, “they died in poverty and disgrace, and the rest on a scaffold or a gibbet.”

Among others, there was one person, whose case appeared a little singular. He had a youth about eighteen years old standing by his side. He told me, “he had for many years been commander of a ship; and in the sea fight at Actium had the good fortune to break through the enemy’s great line of battle, sink three of their capital ships, and take a fourth, which was the sole cause of Antony’s flight, and of the victory that ensued; that the youth standing by him, his only son, was killed in the action.” He added, “that upon the confidence of some merit, the war being at an end, he went to Rome, and solicited at the court of Augustus to be preferred to a greater ship, whose commander had been killed; but, without any regard to his pretensions, it was given to a boy who had never seen the sea, the son of Libertina, who waited on one of the emperor’s mistresses. Returning back to his own vessel, he was charged with neglect of duty, and the ship given to a favourite page of Publicola, the vice-admiral; whereupon he retired to a poor farm at a great distance from Rome, and there ended his life.” I was so curious to know the truth of this story, that I desired Agrippa might be called, who was admiral in that fight. He appeared, and confirmed the whole account: but with much more advantage to the captain, whose modesty had extenuated or concealed a great part of his merit.

I was surprised to find corruption grown so high and so quick in that empire, by the force of luxury so lately introduced; which made me less wonder at many parallel cases in other countries, where vices of all kinds have reigned so much longer, and where the whole praise, as well as pillage, has been engrossed by the chief commander, who perhaps had the least title to either.

As every person called up made exactly the same appearance he had done in the world, it gave me melancholy reflections to observe how much the race of human kind was degenerated among us within these hundred years past; how the pox, under all its consequences and denominations had altered every lineament of an English countenance; shortened the size of bodies, unbraced the nerves, relaxed the sinews and muscles, introduced a sallow complexion, and rendered the flesh loose and rancid.

I descended so low, as to desire some English yeoman of the old stamp might be summoned to appear; once so famous for the simplicity of their manners, diet, and dress; for justice in their dealings; for their true spirit of liberty; for their valour, and love of their country. Neither could I be wholly unmoved, after comparing the living with the dead, when I considered how all these pure native virtues were prostituted for a piece of money by their grand-children; who, in selling their votes and managing at elections, have acquired every vice and corruption that can possibly be learned in a court.

Chapter IX

The day of our departure being come, I took leave of his highness, the Governor of Glubbdubdrib, and returned with my two companions to Maldonada, where, after a fortnight’s waiting, a ship was ready to sail for Luggnagg. The two gentlemen, and some others, were so generous and kind as to furnish me with provisions, and see me on board. I was a month in this voyage. We had one violent storm, and were under a necessity of steering westward to get into the trade wind, which holds for above sixty leagues. On the 21st of April, 1708, we sailed into the river of Clumegnig, which is a seaport town, at the south-east point of Luggnagg. We cast anchor within a league of the town, and made a signal for a pilot. Two of them came on board in less than half an hour, by whom we were guided between certain shoals and rocks, which are very dangerous in the passage, to a large basin, where a fleet may ride in safety within a cable’s length of the town-wall.

Some of our sailors, whether out of treachery or inadvertence, had informed the pilots “that I was a stranger, and great traveller;” whereof these gave notice to a custom-house officer, by whom I was examined very strictly upon my landing. This officer spoke to me in the language of Balnibarbi, which, by the force of much commerce, is generally understood in that town, especially by seamen and those employed in the customs. I gave him a short account of some particulars, and made my story as plausible and consistent as I could; but I thought it necessary to disguise my country, and call myself a Hollander; because my intentions were for Japan, and I knew the Dutch were the only Europeans permitted to enter into that kingdom. I therefore told the officer, “that having been shipwrecked on the coast of Balnibarbi, and cast on a rock, I was received up into Laputa, or the flying island (of which he had often heard), and was now endeavouring to get to Japan, whence I might find a convenience of returning to my own country.” The officer said, “I must be confined till he could receive orders from court, for which he would write immediately, and hoped to receive an answer in a fortnight.” I was carried to a convenient lodging with a sentry placed at the door; however, I had the liberty of a large garden, and was treated with humanity enough, being maintained all the time at the king’s charge. I was invited by several persons, chiefly out of curiosity, because it was reported that I came from countries very remote, of which they had never heard.

I hired a young man, who came in the same ship, to be an interpreter; he was a native of Luggnagg, but had lived some years at Maldonada, and was a perfect master of both languages. By his assistance, I was able to hold a conversation with those who

came to visit me; but this consisted only of their questions, and my answers.

The despatch came from court about the time we expected. It contained a warrant for conducting me and my retinue to TRALDRAGDUBH, or TRILDROGDRIB (for it is pronounced both ways as near as I can remember), by a party of ten horse. All my retinue was that poor lad for an interpreter, whom I persuaded into my service, and, at my humble request, we had each of us a mule to ride on. A messenger was despatched half a day's journey before us, to give the king notice of my approach, and to desire, "that his majesty would please to appoint a day and hour, when it would by his gracious pleasure that I might have the honour to lick the dust before his footstool." This is the court style, and I found it to be more than matter of form: for, upon my admittance two days after my arrival, I was commanded to crawl upon my belly, and lick the floor as I advanced; but, on account of my being a stranger, care was taken to have it made so clean, that the dust was not offensive. However, this was a peculiar grace, not allowed to any but persons of the highest rank, when they desire an admittance. Nay, sometimes the floor is strewed with dust on purpose, when the person to be admitted happens to have powerful enemies at court; and I have seen a great lord with his mouth so crammed, that when he had crept to the proper distance from the throne; he was not able to speak a word. Neither is there any remedy; because it is capital for those, who receive an audience to spit or wipe their mouths in his majesty's presence. There is indeed another custom, which I cannot altogether approve of: when the king has a mind to put any of his nobles to death in a gentle indulgent manner, he commands the floor to be strewed with a certain brown powder of a deadly composition, which being licked up, infallibly kills him in twenty-four hours. But in justice to this prince's great clemency, and the care he has of his subjects' lives (wherein it were much to be wished that the Monarchs of Europe would imitate him), it must be mentioned for his honour, that strict orders are given to have the infected parts of the floor well washed after every such execution, which, if his domestics neglect, they are in danger of incurring his royal displeasure. I myself heard him give directions, that one of his pages should be whipped, whose turn it was to give notice about washing the floor after an execution, but maliciously had omitted it; by which neglect a young lord of great hopes, coming to an audience, was unfortunately poisoned, although the king at that time had no design against his life. But this good prince was so gracious as to forgive the poor page his whipping, upon promise that he would do so no more, without special orders.

To return from this digression. When I had crept within four yards of the throne, I raised myself gently upon my knees, and then striking my forehead seven times against the ground, I pronounced the following words, as they had been taught me the night before, INCKPLING GLOFFTHROBB SQUUT SERUMMBLHIOP MLASHNALT ZWIN TNODBALKUFFH SLHIOPHAD GURDLUBH ASHT. This is the compliment, established by the laws of the land, for all persons admitted to the king's presence. It may be rendered into English thus: "May your celestial majesty outlive the sun, eleven moons and a half!" To this the king returned some answer, which, although I could not understand, yet I replied as I had been directed: FLUFT DRIN YALERICK DWULDOM PRASTRAD MIRPUSH, which properly signifies, "My tongue is in the mouth of my friend;" and by this expression was meant, that I desired leave to bring my interpreter; whereupon the young man already mentioned was accordingly introduced, by whose intervention I answered as many questions as his majesty could put in above an hour. I spoke in the Balnibarbian tongue, and my interpreter delivered my meaning in that of Luggnagg.

The king was much delighted with my company, and ordered his BLIFFMARKLUB, or high-chamberlain, to appoint a lodging in the court for me and my interpreter; with a daily allowance for my table, and a large purse of gold for my common expenses.

I staid three months in this country, out of perfect obedience to his majesty; who was pleased highly to favour me, and made me very honourable offers. But I thought it more consistent with prudence and justice to pass the remainder of my days with my wife and family.

Chapter X

The Luggnaggians are a polite and generous people; and although they are not without some share of that pride which is peculiar to all Eastern countries, yet they show themselves courteous to strangers, especially such who are countenanced by the court. I had many acquaintance, and among persons of the best fashion; and being always attended by my interpreter, the conversation we had was not disagreeable.

One day, in much good company, I was asked by a person of quality, "whether I had seen any of their STRULDBRUGS, or immortals?" I said, "I had not;" and desired he would explain to me "what he meant by such an appellation, applied to a mortal creature." He told me "that sometimes, though very rarely, a child happened to be born in a family, with a red circular spot in the forehead, directly over the left eyebrow, which was an infallible mark that it should never die." The spot, as he described it, "was about the compass of a silver threepence, but in the course of time grew larger, and changed its colour; for at twelve years old it became green, so continued till five and twenty, then turned to a deep blue: at five and forty it grew coal black, and as large as an English shilling; but never admitted any further alteration." He said, "these births were so rare, that he did not believe there could be above eleven hundred struldbrugs, of both sexes, in the whole kingdom; of which he computed about fifty in the metropolis, and, among the rest, a young girl born; about three years ago: that these productions were not peculiar to any family, but a mere

effect of chance; and the children of the STRULDBRUGS themselves were equally mortal with the rest of the people."

I freely own myself to have been struck with inexpressible delight, upon hearing this account: and the person who gave it me happening to understand the Balnibarbian language, which I spoke very well, I could not forbear breaking out into expressions, perhaps a little too extravagant. I cried out, as in a rapture, "Happy nation, where every child hath at least a chance for being immortal! Happy people, who enjoy so many living examples of ancient virtue, and have masters ready to instruct them in the wisdom of all former ages! but happiest, beyond all comparison, are those excellent STRULDBRUGS, who, being born exempt from that universal calamity of human nature, have their minds free and disengaged, without the weight and depression of spirits caused by the continual apprehensions of death!" I discovered my admiration that I had not observed any of these illustrious persons at court; the black spot on the forehead being so remarkable a distinction, that I could not have easily overlooked it: and it was impossible that his majesty, a most judicious prince, should not provide himself with a good number of such wise and able counsellors. Yet perhaps the virtue of those reverend sages was too strict for the corrupt and libertine manners of a court: and we often find by experience, that young men are too opinionated and volatile to be guided by the sober dictates of their seniors. However, since the king was pleased to allow me access to his royal person, I was resolved, upon the very first occasion, to deliver my opinion to him on this matter freely and at large, by the help of my interpreter; and whether he would please to take my advice or not, yet in one thing I was determined, that his majesty having frequently offered me an establishment in this country, I would, with great thankfulness, accept the favour, and pass my life here in the conversation of those superior beings the STRULDBRUGS, if they would please to admit me."

The gentleman to whom I addressed my discourse, because (as I have already observed) he spoke the language of Balnibarbi, said to me, with a sort of a smile which usually arises from pity to the ignorant, "that he was glad of any occasion to keep me among them, and desired my permission to explain to the company what I had spoke." He did so, and they talked together for some time in their own language, whereof I understood not a syllable, neither could I observe by their countenances, what impression my discourse had made on them. After a short silence, the same person told me, "that his friends and mine (so he thought fit to express himself) were very much pleased with the judicious remarks I had made on the great happiness and advantages of immortal life, and they were desirous to know, in a particular manner, what scheme of living I should have formed to myself, if it had fallen to my lot to have been born a STRULDBRUG."

I answered, "it was easy to be eloquent on so copious and delightful a subject, especially to me, who had been often apt to amuse myself with visions of what I should do, if I were a king, a general, or a great lord: and upon this very case, I had frequently run over the whole system how I should employ myself, and pass the time, if I were sure to live for ever.

"That, if it had been my good fortune to come into the world a STRULDBRUG, as soon as I could discover my own happiness, by understanding the difference between life and death, I would first resolve, by all arts and methods, whatsoever, to procure myself riches. In the pursuit of which, by thrift and management, I might reasonably expect, in about two hundred years, to be the wealthiest man in the kingdom. In the second place, I would, from my earliest youth, apply myself to the study of arts and sciences, by which I should arrive in time to excel all others in learning. Lastly, I would carefully record every action and event of consequence, that happened in the public, impartially draw the characters of the several successions of princes and great ministers of state, with my own observations on every point. I would exactly set down the several changes in customs, language, fashions of dress, diet, and diversions. By all which acquirements, I should be a living treasure of knowledge and wisdom, and certainly become the oracle of the nation.

"I would never marry after threescore, but live in a hospitable manner, yet still on the saving side. I would entertain myself in forming and directing the minds of hopeful young men, by convincing them, from my own remembrance, experience, and observation, fortified by numerous examples, of the usefulness of virtue in public and private life. But my choice and constant companions should be a set of my own immortal brotherhood; among whom, I would elect a dozen from the most ancient, down to my own contemporaries. Where any of these wanted fortunes, I would provide them with convenient lodges round my own estate, and have some of them always at my table; only mingling a few of the most valuable among you mortals, whom length of time would harden me to lose with little or no reluctance, and treat your posterity after the same manner; just as a man diverts himself with the annual succession of pinks and tulips in his garden, without regretting the loss of those which withered the preceding year.

"These STRULDBRUGS and I would mutually communicate our observations and memorials, through the course of time; remark the several gradations by which corruption steals into the world, and oppose it in every step, by giving perpetual warning and instruction to mankind; which, added to the strong influence of our own example, would probably prevent that continual degeneracy of human nature so justly complained of in all ages.

"Add to this, the pleasure of seeing the various revolutions of states and empires; the changes in the lower and upper world; ancient cities in ruins, and obscure villages become the seats of kings; famous rivers lessening into shallow brooks; the ocean

leaving one coast dry, and overwhelming another; the discovery of many countries yet unknown; barbarity overrunning the politest nations, and the most barbarous become civilized. I should then see the discovery of the longitude, the perpetual motion, the universal medicine, and many other great inventions, brought to the utmost perfection.

“What wonderful discoveries should we make in astronomy, by outliving and confirming our own predictions; by observing the progress and return of comets, with the changes of motion in the sun, moon, and stars!”

I enlarged upon many other topics, which the natural desire of endless life, and sublunary happiness, could easily furnish me with. When I had ended, and the sum of my discourse had been interpreted, as before, to the rest of the company, there was a good deal of talk among them in the language of the country, not without some laughter at my expense. At last, the same gentleman who had been my interpreter, said, “he was desired by the rest to set me right in a few mistakes, which I had fallen into through the common imbecility of human nature, and upon that allowance was less answerable for them. That this breed of STRULDBRUGS was peculiar to their country, for there were no such people either in Balnibarbi or Japan, where he had the honour to be ambassador from his majesty, and found the natives in both those kingdoms very hard to believe that the fact was possible: and it appeared from my astonishment when he first mentioned the matter to me, that I received it as a thing wholly new, and scarcely to be credited. That in the two kingdoms above mentioned, where, during his residence, he had conversed very much, he observed long life to be the universal desire and wish of mankind. That whoever had one foot in the grave was sure to hold back the other as strongly as he could. That the oldest had still hopes of living one day longer, and looked on death as the greatest evil, from which nature always prompted him to retreat. Only in this island of Luggnagg the appetite for living was not so eager, from the continual example of the STRULDBRUGS before their eyes.

“That the system of living contrived by me, was unreasonable and unjust; because it supposed a perpetuity of youth, health, and vigour, which no man could be so foolish to hope, however extravagant he may be in his wishes. That the question therefore was not, whether a man would choose to be always in the prime of youth, attended with prosperity and health; but how he would pass a perpetual life under all the usual disadvantages which old age brings along with it. For although few men will avow their desires of being immortal, upon such hard conditions, yet in the two kingdoms before mentioned, of Balnibarbi and Japan, he observed that every man desired to put off death some time longer, let it approach ever so late: and he rarely heard of any man who died willingly, except he were incited by the extremity of grief or torture. And he appealed to me, whether in those countries I had travelled, as well as my own, I had not observed the same general disposition.”

After this preface, he gave me a particular account of the STRULDBRUGS among them. He said, “they commonly acted like mortals till about thirty years old; after which, by degrees, they grew melancholy and dejected, increasing in both till they came to fourscore. This he learned from their own confession: for otherwise, there not being above two or three of that species born in an age, they were too few to form a general observation by. When they came to fourscore years, which is reckoned the extremity of living in this country, they had not only all the follies and infirmities of other old men, but many more which arose from the dreadful prospect of never dying. They were not only opinionative, peevish, covetous, morose, vain, talkative, but incapable of friendship, and dead to all natural affection, which never descended below their grandchildren. Envy and impotent desires are their prevailing passions. But those objects against which their envy seems principally directed, are the vices of the younger sort and the deaths of the old. By reflecting on the former, they find themselves cut off from all possibility of pleasure; and whenever they see a funeral, they lament and repine that others have gone to a harbour of rest to which they themselves never can hope to arrive. They have no remembrance of anything but what they learned and observed in their youth and middle-age, and even that is very imperfect; and for the truth or particulars of any fact, it is safer to depend on common tradition, than upon their best recollections. The least miserable among them appear to be those who turn to dotage, and entirely lose their memories; these meet with more pity and assistance, because they want many bad qualities which abound in others.

“If a STRULDBRUG happen to marry one of his own kind, the marriage is dissolved of course, by the courtesy of the kingdom, as soon as the younger of the two comes to be fourscore; for the law thinks it a reasonable indulgence, that those who are condemned, without any fault of their own, to a perpetual continuance in the world, should not have their misery doubled by the load of a wife.

“As soon as they have completed the term of eighty years, they are looked on as dead in law; their heirs immediately succeed to their estates; only a small pittance is reserved for their support; and the poor ones are maintained at the public charge. After that period, they are held incapable of any employment of trust or profit; they cannot purchase lands, or take leases; neither are they allowed to be witnesses in any cause, either civil or criminal, not even for the decision of meers and bounds.

“At ninety, they lose their teeth and hair; they have at that age no distinction of taste, but eat and drink whatever they can get, without relish or appetite. The diseases they were subject to still continue, without increasing or diminishing. In talking, they forget the common appellation of things, and the names of persons, even of those who are their nearest friends and relations. For the same reason, they never can amuse themselves with reading, because their memory will not serve to carry them from the

beginning of a sentence to the end; and by this defect, they are deprived of the only entertainment whereof they might otherwise be capable.

The language of this country being always upon the flux, the STRULDBRUGS of one age do not understand those of another; neither are they able, after two hundred years, to hold any conversation (farther than by a few general words) with their neighbours the mortals; and thus they lie under the disadvantage of living like foreigners in their own country."

This was the account given me of the STRULDBRUGS, as near as I can remember. I afterwards saw five or six of different ages, the youngest not above two hundred years old, who were brought to me at several times by some of my friends; but although they were told, "that I was a great traveller, and had seen all the world," they had not the least curiosity to ask me a question; only desired "I would give them SLUMSKUDASK," or a token of remembrance; which is a modest way of begging, to avoid the law, that strictly forbids it, because they are provided for by the public, although indeed with a very scanty allowance.

They are despised and hated by all sorts of people. When one of them is born, it is reckoned ominous, and their birth is recorded very particularly so that you may know their age by consulting the register, which, however, has not been kept above a thousand years past, or at least has been destroyed by time or public disturbances. But the usual way of computing how old they are, is by asking them what kings or great persons they can remember, and then consulting history; for infallibly the last prince in their mind did not begin his reign after they were fourscore years old.

They were the most mortifying sight I ever beheld; and the women more horrible than the men. Besides the usual deformities in extreme old age, they acquired an additional ghastliness, in proportion to their number of years, which is not to be described; and among half a dozen, I soon distinguished which was the eldest, although there was not above a century or two between them.

The reader will easily believe, that from what I had hear and seen, my keen appetite for perpetuity of life was much abated. I grew heartily ashamed of the pleasing visions I had formed; and thought no tyrant could invent a death into which I would not run with pleasure, from such a life. The king heard of all that had passed between me and my friends upon this occasion, and rallied me very pleasantly; wishing I could send a couple of STRULDBRUGS to my own country, to arm our people against the fear of death; but this, it seems, is forbidden by the fundamental laws of the kingdom, or else I should have been well content with the trouble and expense of transporting them.

I could not but agree, that the laws of this kingdom relative to the STRULDBRUGS were founded upon the strongest reasons, and such as any other country would be under the necessity of enacting, in the like circumstances. Otherwise, as avarice is the necessary consequence of old age, those immortals would in time become proprietors of the whole nation, and engross the civil power, which, for want of abilities to manage, must end in the ruin of the public.

Chapter XI

I thought this account of the STRULDBRUGS might be some entertainment to the reader, because it seems to be a little out of the common way; at least I do not remember to have met the like in any book of travels that has come to my hands: and if I am deceived, my excuse must be, that it is necessary for travellers who describe the same country, very often to agree in dwelling on the same particulars, without deserving the censure of having borrowed or transcribed from those who wrote before them.

There is indeed a perpetual commerce between this kingdom and the great empire of Japan; and it is very probable, that the Japanese authors may have given some account of the STRULDBRUGS; but my stay in Japan was so short, and I was so entirely a stranger to the language, that I was not qualified to make any inquiries. But I hope the Dutch, upon this notice, will be curious and able enough to supply my defects.

His majesty having often pressed me to accept some employment in his court, and finding me absolutely determined to return to my native country, was pleased to give me his license to depart; and honoured me with a letter of recommendation, under his own hand, to the Emperor of Japan. He likewise presented me with four hundred and forty-four large pieces of gold (this nation delighting in even numbers), and a red diamond, which I sold in England for eleven hundred pounds.

On the 6th of May, 1709, I took a solemn leave of his majesty, and all my friends. This prince was so gracious as to order a guard to conduct me to Glanguenstald, which is a royal port to the south-west part of the island. In six days I found a vessel ready to carry me to Japan, and spent fifteen days in the voyage.

We landed at a small port-town called Xamoschi, situated on the south-east part of Japan; the town lies on the western point, where there is a narrow strait leading northward into along arm of the sea, upon the north-west part of which, Yedo, the metropolis, stands. At landing, I showed the custom-house officers my letter from the king of Luggnagg to his imperial majesty. They knew

the seal perfectly well; it was as broad as the palm of my hand. The impression was, A KING LIFTING UP A LAME BEGGAR FROM THE EARTH. The magistrates of the town, hearing of my letter, received me as a public minister. They provided me with carriages and servants, and bore my charges to Yedo; where I was admitted to an audience, and delivered my letter, which was opened with great ceremony, and explained to the Emperor by an interpreter, who then gave me notice, by his majesty's order, "that I should signify my request, and, whatever it were, it should be granted, for the sake of his royal brother of Luggnagg." This interpreter was a person employed to transact affairs with the Hollanders. He soon conjectured, by my countenance, that I was a European, and therefore repeated his majesty's commands in Low Dutch, which he spoke perfectly well. I answered, as I had before determined, "that I was a Dutch merchant, shipwrecked in a very remote country, whence I had travelled by sea and land to Luggnagg, and then took shipping for Japan; where I knew my countrymen often traded, and with some of these I hoped to get an opportunity of returning into Europe: I therefore most humbly entreated his royal favour, to give order that I should be conducted in safety to Nangasac." To this I added another petition, "that for the sake of my patron the king of Luggnagg, his majesty would condescend to excuse my performing the ceremony imposed on my countrymen, of trampling upon the crucifix: because I had been thrown into his kingdom by my misfortunes, without any intention of trading." When this latter petition was interpreted to the Emperor, he seemed a little surprised; and said, "he believed I was the first of my countrymen who ever made any scruple in this point; and that he began to doubt, whether I was a real Hollander, or not; but rather suspected I must be a Christian. However, for the reasons I had offered, but chiefly to gratify the king of Luggnagg by an uncommon mark of his favour, he would comply with the singularity of my humour; but the affair must be managed with dexterity, and his officers should be commanded to let me pass, as it were by forgetfulness. For he assured me, that if the secret should be discovered by my countrymen the Dutch, they would cut my throat in the voyage." I returned my thanks, by the interpreter, for so unusual a favour; and some troops being at that time on their march to Nangasac, the commanding officer had orders to convey me safe thither, with particular instructions about the business of the crucifix.

On the 9th day of June, 1709, I arrived at Nangasac, after a very long and troublesome journey. I soon fell into the company of some Dutch sailors belonging to the Amboyna, of Amsterdam, a stout ship of 450 tons. I had lived long in Holland, pursuing my studies at Leyden, and I spoke Dutch well. The seamen soon knew whence I came last: they were curious to inquire into my voyages and course of life. I made up a story as short and probable as I could, but concealed the greatest part. I knew many persons in Holland. I was able to invent names for my parents, whom I pretended to be obscure people in the province of Gelderland. I would have given the captain (one Theodorus Vangrult) what he pleased to ask for my voyage to Holland; but understanding I was a surgeon, he was contented to take half the usual rate, on condition that I would serve him in the way of my calling. Before we took shipping, I was often asked by some of the crew, whether I had performed the ceremony above mentioned? I evaded the question by general answers; "that I had satisfied the Emperor and court in all particulars." However, a malicious rogue of a skipper went to an officer, and pointing to me, told him, "I had not yet trampled on the crucifix;" but the other, who had received instructions to let me pass, gave the rascal twenty strokes on the shoulders with a bamboo; after which I was no more troubled with such questions.

Nothing happened worth mentioning in this voyage. We sailed with a fair wind to the Cape of Good Hope, where we staid only to take in fresh water. On the 10th of April, 1710, we arrived safe at Amsterdam, having lost only three men by sickness in the voyage, and a fourth, who fell from the foremast into the sea, not far from the coast of Guinea. From Amsterdam I soon after set sail for England, in a small vessel belonging to that city.

On the 16th of April we put in at the Downs. I landed next morning, and saw once more my native country, after an absence of five years and six months complete. I went straight to Redriff, where I arrived the same day at two in the afternoon, and found my wife and family in good health.

PART IV

Chapter I

I continued at home with my wife and children about five months, in a very happy condition, if I could have learned the lesson of knowing when I was well. I left my poor wife big with child, and accepted an advantageous offer made me to be captain of the Adventurer, a stout merchantman of 350 tons: for I understood navigation well, and being grown weary of a surgeon's employment at sea, which, however, I could exercise upon occasion, I took a skilful young man of that calling, one Robert Purefoy, into my ship. We set sail from Portsmouth upon the 7th day of September, 1710; on the 14th we met with Captain Pocock, of Bristol, at Teneriffe, who was going to the bay of Campechy to cut logwood. On the 16th, he was parted from us by a storm; I heard since my return, that his ship foundered, and none escaped but one cabin boy. He was an honest man, and a good sailor, but a little too positive in his own opinions, which was the cause of his destruction, as it has been with several others; for if he had followed my advice, he might have been safe at home with his family at this time, as well as myself.

I had several men who died in my ship of calentures, so that I was forced to get recruits out of Barbadoes and the Leeward Islands, where I touched, by the direction of the merchants who employed me; which I had soon too much cause to repent: for I found afterwards, that most of them had been buccaneers. I had fifty hands onboard; and my orders were, that I should trade with the Indians in the South-Sea, and make what discoveries I could. These rogues, whom I had picked up, debauched my other men, and they all formed a conspiracy to seize the ship, and secure me; which they did one morning, rushing into my cabin, and binding me hand and foot, threatening to throw me overboard, if I offered to stir. I told them, “I was their prisoner, and would submit.” This they made me swear to do, and then they unbound me, only fastening one of my legs with a chain, near my bed, and placed a sentry at my door with his piece charged, who was commanded to shoot me dead if I attempted my liberty. They sent me own victuals and drink, and took the government of the ship to themselves. Their design was to turn pirates and, plunder the Spaniards, which they could not do till they got more men. But first they resolved to sell the goods the ship, and then go to Madagascar for recruits, several among them having died since my confinement. They sailed many weeks, and traded with the Indians; but I knew not what course they took, being kept a close prisoner in my cabin, and expecting nothing less than to be murdered, as they often threatened me.

Upon the 9th day of May, 1711, one James Welch came down to my cabin, and said, “he had orders from the captain to set me ashore.” I expostulated with him, but in vain; neither would he so much as tell me who their new captain was. They forced me into the long-boat, letting me put on my best suit of clothes, which were as good as new, and take a small bundle of linen, but no arms, except my hanger; and they were so civil as not to search my pockets, into which I conveyed what money I had, with some other little necessaries. They rowed about a league, and then set me down on a strand. I desired them to tell me what country it was. They all swore, “they knew no more than myself;” but said, “that the captain” (as they called him) “was resolved, after they had sold the lading, to get rid of me in the first place where they could discover land.” They pushed off immediately, advising me to make haste for fear of being overtaken by the tide, and so bade me farewell.

In this desolate condition I advanced forward, and soon got upon firm ground, where I sat down on a bank to rest myself, and consider what I had best do. When I was a little refreshed, I went up into the country, resolving to deliver myself to the first savages I should meet, and purchase my life from them by some bracelets, glass rings, and other toys, which sailors usually provide themselves with in those voyages, and whereof I had some about me. The land was divided by long rows of trees, not regularly planted, but naturally growing; there was great plenty of grass, and several fields of oats. I walked very circumspectly, for fear of being surprised, or suddenly shot with an arrow from behind, or on either side. I fell into a beaten road, where I saw many tracts of human feet, and some of cows, but most of horses. At last I beheld several animals in a field, and one or two of the same kind sitting in trees. Their shape was very singular and deformed, which a little discomposed me, so that I lay down behind a thicket to observe them better. Some of them coming forward near the place where I lay, gave me an opportunity of distinctly marking their form. Their heads and breasts were covered with a thick hair, some frizzled, and others lank; they had beards like goats, and a long ridge of hair down their backs, and the fore parts of their legs and feet; but the rest of their bodies was bare, so that I might see their skins, which were of a brown buff colour. They had no tails, nor any hair at all on their buttocks, except about the anus, which, I presume, nature had placed there to defend them as they sat on the ground, for this posture they used, as well as lying down, and often stood on their hind feet. They climbed high trees as nimbly as a squirrel, for they had strong extended claws before and behind, terminating in sharp points, and hooked. They would often spring, and bound, and leap, with prodigious agility. The females were not so large as the males; they had long lank hair on their heads, but none on their faces, nor any thing more than a sort of down on the rest of their bodies, except about the anus and pudenda. The dugs hung between their fore feet, and often reached almost to the ground as they walked. The hair of both sexes was of several colours, brown, red, black, and yellow. Upon the whole, I never beheld, in all my travels, so disagreeable an animal, or one against which I naturally conceived so strong an antipathy. So that, thinking I had seen enough, full of contempt and aversion, I got up, and pursued the beaten road, hoping it might direct me to the cabin of some Indian. I had not got far, when I met one of these creatures full in my way, and coming up directly to me. The ugly monster, when he saw me, distorted several ways, every feature of his visage, and stared, as at an object he had never seen before; then approaching nearer, lifted up his fore-paw, whether out of curiosity or mischief I could not tell; but I drew my hanger, and gave him a good blow with the flat side of it, for I durst not strike with the edge, fearing the inhabitants might be provoked against me, if they should come to know that I had killed or maimed any of their cattle. When the beast felt the smart, he drew back, and roared so loud, that a herd of at least forty came flocking about me from the next field, howling and making odious faces; but I ran to the body of a tree, and leaning my back against it, kept them off by waving my hanger. Several of this cursed brood, getting hold of the branches behind, leaped up into the tree, whence they began to discharge their excrements on my head; however, I escaped pretty well by sticking close to the stem of the tree, but was almost stifled with the filth, which fell about me on every side.

In the midst of this distress, I observed them all to run away on a sudden as fast as they could; at which I ventured to leave the tree and pursue the road, wondering what it was that could put them into this fright. But looking on my left hand, I saw a horse walking softly in the field; which my persecutors having sooner discovered, was the cause of their flight. The horse started a little, when he came near me, but soon recovering himself, looked full in my face with manifest tokens of wonder; he viewed my hands

and feet, walking round me several times. I would have pursued my journey, but he placed himself directly in the way, yet looking with a very mild aspect, never offering the least violence. We stood gazing at each other for some time; at last I took the boldness to reach my hand towards his neck with a design to stroke it, using the common style and whistle of jockeys, when they are going to handle a strange horse. But this animal seemed to receive my civilities with disdain, shook his head, and bent his brows, softly raising up his right fore-foot to remove my hand. Then he neighed three or four times, but in so different a cadence, that I almost began to think he was speaking to himself, in some language of his own.

While he and I were thus employed, another horse came up; who applying himself to the first in a very formal manner, they gently struck each other's right hoof before, neighing several times by turns, and varying the sound, which seemed to be almost articulate. They went some paces off, as if it were to confer together, walking side by side, backward and forward, like persons deliberating upon some affair of weight, but often turning their eyes towards me, as it were to watch that I might not escape. I was amazed to see such actions and behaviour in brute beasts; and concluded with myself, that if the inhabitants of this country were endued with a proportionable degree of reason, they must needs be the wisest people upon earth. This thought gave me so much comfort, that I resolved to go forward, until I could discover some house or village, or meet with any of the natives, leaving the two horses to discourse together as they pleased. But the first, who was a dapple gray, observing me to steal off, neighed after me in so expressive a tone, that I fancied myself to understand what he meant; whereupon I turned back, and came near to him to expect his farther commands: but concealing my fear as much as I could, for I began to be in some pain how this adventure might terminate; and the reader will easily believe I did not much like my present situation.

The two horses came up close to me, looking with great earnestness upon my face and hands. The gray steed rubbed my hat all round with his right fore-hoof, and discomposed it so much that I was forced to adjust it better by taking it off and settling it again; whereat, both he and his companion (who was a brown bay) appeared to be much surprised: the latter felt the lappet of my coat, and finding it to hang loose about me, they both looked with new signs of wonder. He stroked my right hand, seeming to admire the softness and colour; but he squeezed it so hard between his hoof and his pastern, that I was forced to roar; after which they both touched me with all possible tenderness. They were under great perplexity about my shoes and stockings, which they felt very often, neighing to each other, and using various gestures, not unlike those of a philosopher, when he would attempt to solve some new and difficult phenomenon.

Upon the whole, the behaviour of these animals was so orderly and rational, so acute and judicious, that I at last concluded they must needs be magicians, who had thus metamorphosed themselves upon some design, and seeing a stranger in the way, resolved to divert themselves with him; or, perhaps, were really amazed at the sight of a man so very different in habit, feature, and complexion, from those who might probably live in so remote a climate. Upon the strength of this reasoning, I ventured to address them in the following manner: "Gentlemen, if you be conjurers, as I have good cause to believe, you can understand my language; therefore I make bold to let your worships know that I am a poor distressed Englishman, driven by his misfortunes upon your coast; and I entreat one of you to let me ride upon his back, as if he were a real horse, to some house or village where I can be relieved. In return of which favour, I will make you a present of this knife and bracelet," taking them out of my pocket. The two creatures stood silent while I spoke, seeming to listen with great attention, and when I had ended, they neighed frequently towards each other, as if they were engaged in serious conversation. I plainly observed that their language expressed the passions very well, and the words might, with little pains, be resolved into an alphabet more easily than the Chinese.

I could frequently distinguish the word YAHOO, which was repeated by each of them several times: and although it was impossible for me to conjecture what it meant, yet while the two horses were busy in conversation, I endeavoured to practise this word upon my tongue; and as soon as they were silent, I boldly pronounced YAHOO in a loud voice, imitating at the same time, as near as I could, the neighing of a horse; at which they were both visibly surprised; and the gray repeated the same word twice, as if he meant to teach me the right accent; wherein I spoke after him as well as I could, and found myself perceivably to improve every time, though very far from any degree of perfection. Then the bay tried me with a second word, much harder to be pronounced; but reducing it to the English orthography, may be spelt thus, HOUYHNHNM. I did not succeed in this so well as in the former; but after two or three farther trials, I had better fortune; and they both appeared amazed at my capacity.

After some further discourse, which I then conjectured might relate to me, the two friends took their leaves, with the same compliment of striking each other's hoof; and the gray made me signs that I should walk before him; wherein I thought it prudent to comply, till I could find a better director. When I offered to slacken my pace, he would cry HHUUN HHUUN: I guessed his meaning, and gave him to understand, as well as I could, "that I was weary, and not able to walk faster;" upon which he would stand awhile to let me rest.

Chapter II

Having travelled about three miles, we came to a long kind of building, made of timber stuck in the ground, and wattled across; the roof was low and covered with straw. I now began to be a little comforted; and took out some toys, which travellers usually carry

for presents to the savage Indians of America, and other parts, in hopes the people of the house would be thereby encouraged to receive me kindly. The horse made me a sign to go in first; it was a large room with a smooth clay floor, and a rack and manger, extending the whole length on one side. There were three nags and two mares, not eating, but some of them sitting down upon their hams, which I very much wondered at; but wondered more to see the rest employed in domestic business; these seemed but ordinary cattle. However, this confirmed my first opinion, that a people who could so far civilise brute animals, must needs excel in wisdom all the nations of the world.

The gray came in just after, and thereby prevented any ill treatment which the others might have given me. He neighed to them several times in a style of authority, and received answers.

Beyond this room there were three others, reaching the length of the house, to which you passed through three doors, opposite to each other, in the manner of a vista. We went through the second room towards the third. Here the gray walked in first, beckoning me to attend: I waited in the second room, and got ready my presents for the master and mistress of the house; they were two knives, three bracelets of false pearls, a small looking-glass, and a bead necklace. The horse neighed three or four times, and I waited to hear some answers in a human voice, but I heard no other returns than in the same dialect, only one or two a little shriller than his. I began to think that this house must belong to some person of great note among them, because there appeared so much ceremony before I could gain admittance. But, that a man of quality should be served all by horses, was beyond my comprehension. I feared my brain was disturbed by my sufferings and misfortunes. I roused myself, and looked about me in the room where I was left alone: this was furnished like the first, only after a more elegant manner. I rubbed my eyes often, but the same objects still occurred. I pinched my arms and sides to awake myself, hoping I might be in a dream. I then absolutely concluded, that all these appearances could be nothing else but necromancy and magic. But I had no time to pursue these reflections; for the gray horse came to the door, and made me a sign to follow him into the third room where I saw a very comely mare, together with a colt and foal, sitting on their haunches upon mats of straw, not unartfully made, and perfectly neat and clean.

The mare soon after my entrance rose from her mat, and coming up close, after having nicely observed my hands and face, gave me a most contemptuous look; and turning to the horse, I heard the word YAHOO often repeated betwixt them; the meaning of which word I could not then comprehend, although it was the first I had learned to pronounce. But I was soon better informed, to my everlasting mortification; for the horse, beckoning to me with his head, and repeating the HHUUN, HHUUN, as he did upon the road, which I understood was to attend him, led me out into a kind of court, where was another building, at some distance from the house. Here we entered, and I saw three of those detestable creatures, which I first met after my landing, feeding upon roots, and the flesh of some animals, which I afterwards found to be that of asses and dogs, and now and then a cow, dead by accident or disease. They were all tied by the neck with strong withes fastened to a beam; they held their food between the claws of their fore feet, and tore it with their teeth.

The master horse ordered a sorrel nag, one of his servants, to untie the largest of these animals, and take him into the yard. The beast and I were brought close together, and by our countenances diligently compared both by master and servant, who thereupon repeated several times the word YAHOO. My horror and astonishment are not to be described, when I observed in this abominable animal, a perfect human figure: the face of it indeed was flat and broad, the nose depressed, the lips large, and the mouth wide; but these differences are common to all savage nations, where the lineaments of the countenance are distorted, by the natives suffering their infants to lie grovelling on the earth, or by carrying them on their backs, nuzzling with their face against the mothers' shoulders. The fore-feet of the YAHOO differed from my hands in nothing else but the length of the nails, the coarseness and brownness of the palms, and the hairiness on the backs. There was the same resemblance between our feet, with the same differences; which I knew very well, though the horses did not, because of my shoes and stockings; the same in every part of our bodies except as to hairiness and colour, which I have already described.

The great difficulty that seemed to stick with the two horses, was to see the rest of my body so very different from that of a YAHOO, for which I was obliged to my clothes, whereof they had no conception. The sorrel nag offered me a root, which he held (after their manner, as we shall describe in its proper place) between his hoof and pastern; I took it in my hand, and, having smelt it, returned it to him again as civilly as I could. He brought out of the YAHOOS' kennel a piece of ass's flesh; but it smelt so offensively that I turned from it with loathing: he then threw it to the YAHOO, by whom it was greedily devoured. He afterwards showed me a wisp of hay, and a fetlock full of oats; but I shook my head, to signify that neither of these were food for me. And indeed I now apprehended that I must absolutely starve, if I did not get to some of my own species; for as to those filthy YAHOOS, although there were few greater lovers of mankind at that time than myself, yet I confess I never saw any sensitive being so detestable on all accounts; and the more I came near them the more hateful they grew, while I stayed in that country. This the master horse observed by my behaviour, and therefore sent the YAHOO back to his kennel. He then put his fore-hoof to his mouth, at which I was much surprised, although he did it with ease, and with a motion that appeared perfectly natural, and made other signs, to know what I would eat; but I could not return him such an answer as he was able to apprehend; and if he had understood me, I did not see how it was possible to contrive any way for finding myself nourishment. While we were thus engaged, I observed a

cow passing by, whereupon I pointed to her, and expressed a desire to go and milk her. This had its effect; for he led me back into the house, and ordered a mare-servant to open a room, where a good store of milk lay in earthen and wooden vessels, after a very orderly and cleanly manner. She gave me a large bowlful, of which I drank very heartily, and found myself well refreshed.

About noon, I saw coming towards the house a kind of vehicle drawn like a sledge by four YAHOOS. There was in it an old steed, who seemed to be of quality; he alighted with his hind-feet forward, having by accident got a hurt in his left forefoot. He came to dine with our horse, who received him with great civility. They dined in the best room, and had oats boiled in milk for the second course, which the old horse ate warm, but the rest cold. Their mangers were placed circular in the middle of the room, and divided into several partitions, round which they sat on their haunches, upon bosses of straw. In the middle was a large rack, with angles answering to every partition of the manger; so that each horse and mare ate their own hay, and their own mash of oats and milk, with much decency and regularity. The behaviour of the young colt and foal appeared very modest, and that of the master and mistress extremely cheerful and complaisant to their guest. The gray ordered me to stand by him; and much discourse passed between him and his friend concerning me, as I found by the stranger's often looking on me, and the frequent repetition of the word YAHOO.

I happened to wear my gloves, which the master gray observing, seemed perplexed, discovering signs of wonder what I had done to my fore-feet. He put his hoof three or four times to them, as if he would signify, that I should reduce them to their former shape, which I presently did, pulling off both my gloves, and putting them into my pocket. This occasioned farther talk; and I saw the company was pleased with my behaviour, whereof I soon found the good effects. I was ordered to speak the few words I understood; and while they were at dinner, the master taught me the names for oats, milk, fire, water, and some others, which I could readily pronounce after him, having from my youth a great facility in learning languages.

When dinner was done, the master horse took me aside, and by signs and words made me understand the concern he was in that I had nothing to eat. Oats in their tongue are called HLUNNH. This word I pronounced two or three times; for although I had refused them at first, yet, upon second thoughts, I considered that I could contrive to make of them a kind of bread, which might be sufficient, with milk, to keep me alive, till I could make my escape to some other country, and to creatures of my own species. The horse immediately ordered a white mare servant of his family to bring me a good quantity of oats in a sort of wooden tray. These I heated before the fire, as well as I could, and rubbed them till the husks came off, which I made a shift to winnow from the grain. I ground and beat them between two stones; then took water, and made them into a paste or cake, which I toasted at the fire and eat warm with milk. It was at first a very insipid diet, though common enough in many parts of Europe, but grew tolerable by time; and having been often reduced to hard fare in my life, this was not the first experiment I had made how easily nature is satisfied. And I cannot but observe, that I never had one hours sickness while I stayed in this island. It is true, I sometimes made a shift to catch a rabbit, or bird, by springs made of YAHOO'S hairs; and I often gathered wholesome herbs, which I boiled, and ate as salads with my bread; and now and then, for a rarity, I made a little butter, and drank the whey. I was at first at a great loss for salt, but custom soon reconciled me to the want of it; and I am confident that the frequent use of salt among us is an effect of luxury, and was first introduced only as a provocative to drink, except where it is necessary for preserving flesh in long voyages, or in places remote from great markets; for we observe no animal to be fond of it but man, and as to myself, when I left this country, it was a great while before I could endure the taste of it in anything that I ate.

This is enough to say upon the subject of my diet, wherewith other travellers fill their books, as if the readers were personally concerned whether we fare well or ill. However, it was necessary to mention this matter, lest the world should think it impossible that I could find sustenance for three years in such a country, and among such inhabitants.

When it grew towards evening, the master horse ordered a place for me to lodge in; it was but six yards from the house and separated from the stable of the YAHOOS. Here I got some straw, and covering myself with my own clothes, slept very sound. But I was in a short time better accommodated, as the reader shall know hereafter, when I come to treat more particularly about my way of living.

Chapter III

My principal endeavour was to learn the language, which my master (for so I shall henceforth call him), and his children, and every servant of his house, were desirous to teach me; for they looked upon it as a prodigy, that a brute animal should discover such marks of a rational creature. I pointed to every thing, and inquired the name of it, which I wrote down in my journal-book when I was alone, and corrected my bad accent by desiring those of the family to pronounce it often. In this employment, a sorrel nag, one of the under-servants, was very ready to assist me.

In speaking, they pronounced through the nose and throat, and their language approaches nearest to the High-Dutch, or German, of any I know in Europe; but is much more graceful and significant. The emperor Charles V. made almost the same observation, when he said "that if he were to speak to his horse, it should be in High-Dutch."

The curiosity and impatience of my master were so great, that he spent many hours of his leisure to instruct me. He was convinced (as he afterwards told me) that I must be a YAHOO; but my teachableness, civility, and cleanliness, astonished him; which were qualities altogether opposite to those animals. He was most perplexed about my clothes, reasoning sometimes with himself, whether they were a part of my body: for I never pulled them off till the family were asleep, and got them on before they waked in the morning. My master was eager to learn "whence I came; how I acquired those appearances of reason, which I discovered in all my actions; and to know my story from my own mouth, which he hoped he should soon do by the great proficiency I made in learning and pronouncing their words and sentences." To help my memory, I formed all I learned into the English alphabet, and writ the words down, with the translations. This last, after some time, I ventured to do in my master's presence. It cost me much trouble to explain to him what I was doing; for the inhabitants have not the least idea of books or literature.

In about ten weeks time, I was able to understand most of his questions; and in three months, could give him some tolerable answers. He was extremely curious to know "from what part of the country I came, and how I was taught to imitate a rational creature; because the YAHOOS (whom he saw I exactly resembled in my head, hands, and face, that were only visible), with some appearance of cunning, and the strongest disposition to mischief, were observed to be the most unteachable of all brutes." I answered, "that I came over the sea, from a far place, with many others of my own kind, in a great hollow vessel made of the bodies of trees: that my companions forced me to land on this coast, and then left me to shift for myself." It was with some difficulty, and by the help of many signs, that I brought him to understand me. He replied, "that I must needs be mistaken, or that I said the thing which was not;" for they have no word in their language to express lying or falsehood. "He knew it was impossible that there could be a country beyond the sea, or that a parcel of brutes could move a wooden vessel whither they pleased upon water. He was sure no HOUYHNHNM alive could make such a vessel, nor would trust YAHOOS to manage it."

The word HOUYHNHNM, in their tongue, signifies a HORSE, and, in its etymology, the PERFECTION OF NATURE. I told my master, "that I was at a loss for expression, but would improve as fast as I could; and hoped, in a short time, I should be able to tell him wonders." He was pleased to direct his own mare, his colt, and foal, and the servants of the family, to take all opportunities of instructing me; and every day, for two or three hours, he was at the same pains himself. Several horses and mares of quality in the neighbourhood came often to our house, upon the report spread of "a wonderful YAHOO, that could speak like a HOUYHNHNM, and seemed, in his words and actions, to discover some glimmerings of reason." These delighted to converse with me: they put many questions, and received such answers as I was able to return. By all these advantages I made so great a progress, that, in five months from my arrival I understood whatever was spoken, and could express myself tolerably well.

The HOUYHNHNMS, who came to visit my master out of a design of seeing and talking with me, could hardly believe me to be a right YAHOO, because my body had a different covering from others of my kind. They were astonished to observe me without the usual hair or skin, except on my head, face, and hands; but I discovered that secret to my master upon an accident which happened about a fortnight before.

I have already told the reader, that every night, when the family were gone to bed, it was my custom to strip, and cover myself with my clothes. It happened, one morning early, that my master sent for me by the sorrel nag, who was his valet. When he came I was fast asleep, my clothes fallen off on one side, and my shirt above my waist. I awaked at the noise he made, and observed him to deliver his message in some disorder; after which he went to my master, and in a great fright gave him a very confused account of what he had seen. This I presently discovered, for, going as soon as I was dressed to pay my attendance upon his honour, he asked me "the meaning of what his servant had reported, that I was not the same thing when I slept, as I appeared to be at other times; that his vale assured him, some part of me was white, some yellow, at least not so white, and some brown."

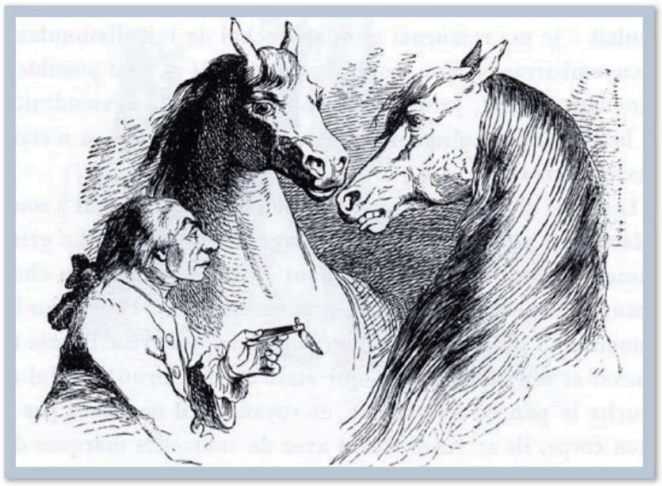


Image 4.13 | Houyhnhnms
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I had hitherto concealed the secret of my dress, in order to distinguish myself, as much as possible, from that cursed race of YAHOOS; but now I found it in vain to do so any longer. Besides, I considered that my clothes and shoes would soon wear out, which already were in a declining condition, and must be supplied by some contrivance from the hides of YAHOOS, or other brutes; whereby the whole secret would be known. I therefore told my master, "that in the country whence I came, those of my kind always covered their bodies with the hairs of certain animals prepared by art, as well for decency as to avoid the inclemencies of air, both hot and cold; of which, as to my own person, I would give him immediate conviction, if he pleased to command me: only desiring his excuse, if I did not expose those parts that nature taught us to conceal." He said, "my discourse was all very strange, but especially the last part; for he could not understand, why nature should teach us to conceal what nature had given; that neither himself nor family were ashamed of any parts of their bodies; but, however, I might do as I pleased." Whereupon I first unbuttoned my coat, and pulled it off. I did the same with my waistcoat. I drew off my shoes, stockings, and breeches. I let my shirt down to my waist, and drew up the bottom; fastening it like a girdle about my middle, to hide my nakedness.

My master observed the whole performance with great signs of curiosity and admiration. He took up all my clothes in his pastern, one piece after another, and examined them diligently; he then stroked my body very gently, and looked round me several times; after which, he said, it was plain I must be a perfect YAHOO; but that I differed very much from the rest of my species in the softness, whiteness, and smoothness of my skin; my want of hair in several parts of my body; the shape and shortness of my claws behind and before; and my affectation of walking continually on my two hinder feet. He desired to see no more; and gave me leave to put on my clothes again, for I was shuddering with cold.

I expressed my uneasiness at his giving me so often the appellation of YAHOO, an odious animal, for which I had so utter a hatred and contempt: I begged he would forbear applying that word to me, and make the same order in his family and among his friends whom he suffered to see me. I requested likewise, "that the secret of my having a false covering to my body, might be known to none but himself, at least as long as my present clothing should last; for as to what the sorrel nag, his valet, had observed, his honour might command him to conceal it."

All this my master very graciously consented to; and thus the secret was kept till my clothes began to wear out, which I was forced to supply by several contrivances that shall hereafter be mentioned. In the meantime, he desired "I would go on with my utmost diligence to learn their language, because he was more astonished at my capacity for speech and reason, than at the figure of my body, whether it were covered or not;" adding, "that he waited with some impatience to hear the wonders which I promised to tell him."

Thenceforward he doubled the pains he had been at to instruct me: he brought me into all company, and made them treat me with civility; "because," as he told them, privately, "this would put me into good humour, and make me more diverting."

Every day, when I waited on him, beside the trouble he was at in teaching, he would ask me several questions concerning myself, which I answered as well as I could, and by these means he had already received some general ideas, though very imperfect. It would be tedious to relate the several steps by which I advanced to a more regular conversation; but the first account I gave of myself in any order and length was to this purpose:

“That I came from a very far country, as I already had attempted to tell him, with about fifty more of my own species; that we travelled upon the seas in a great hollow vessel made of wood, and larger than his honour’s house. I described the ship to him in the best terms I could, and explained, by the help of my handkerchief displayed, how it was driven forward by the wind. That upon a quarrel among us, I was set on shore on this coast, where I walked forward, without knowing whither, till he delivered me from the persecution of those execrable YAHOOS.” He asked me, “who made the ship, and how it was possible that the HOUYHNHNMS of my country would leave it to the management of brutes?” My answer was, “that I durst proceed no further in my relation, unless he would give me his word and honour that he would not be offended, and then I would tell him the wonders I had so often promised.” He agreed; and I went on by assuring him, that the ship was made by creatures like myself; who, in all the countries I had travelled, as well as in my own, were the only governing rational animals; and that upon my arrival hither, I was as much astonished to see the HOUYHNHNMS act like rational beings, as he, or his friends, could be, in finding some marks of reason in a creature he was pleased to call a YAHOO; to which I owned my resemblance in every part, but could not account for their degenerate and brutal nature. I said farther, “that if good fortune ever restored me to my native country, to relate my travels hither, as I resolved to do, everybody would believe, that I said the thing that was not, that I invented the story out of my own head; and (with all possible respect to himself, his family, and friends, and under his promise of not being offended) our countrymen would hardly think it probable that a HOUYHNHNM should be the presiding creature of a nation, and a YAHOO the brute.”

Chapter IV

My master heard me with great appearances of uneasiness in his countenance; because doubting, or not believing, are so little known in this country, that the inhabitants cannot tell how to behave themselves under such circumstances. And I remember, in frequent discourses with my master concerning the nature of manhood in other parts of the world, having occasion to talk of lying and false representation, it was with much difficulty that he comprehended what I meant, although he had otherwise a most acute judgment. For he argued thus: “that the use of speech was to make us understand one another, and to receive information of facts; now, if any one said the thing which was not, these ends were defeated, because I cannot properly be said to understand him; and I am so far from receiving information, that he leaves me worse than in ignorance; for I am led to believe a thing black, when it is white, and short, when it is long.” And these were all the notions he had concerning that faculty of lying, so perfectly well understood, and so universally practised, among human creatures.

To return from this digression. When I asserted that the YAHOOS were the only governing animals in my country, which my master said was altogether past his conception, he desired to know, “whether we had HOUYHNHNMS among us, and what was their employment?” I told him, “we had great numbers; that in summer they grazed in the fields, and in winter were kept in houses with hay and oats, where YAHOO servants were employed to rub their skins smooth, comb their manes, pick their feet, serve them with food, and make their beds.” “I understand you well,” said my master: “it is now very plain, from all you have spoken, that whatever share of reason the YAHOOS pretend to, the HOUYHNHNMS are your masters; I heartily wish our YAHOOS would be so tractable.” I begged “his honour would please to excuse me from proceeding any further, because I was very certain that the account he expected from me would be highly displeasing.” But he insisted in commanding me to let him know the best and the worst.

I told him “he should be obeyed.” I owned “that the HOUYHNHNMS among us, whom we called horses, were the most generous and comely animals we had; that they excelled in strength and swiftness; and when they belonged to persons of quality, were employed in travelling, racing, or drawing chariots; they were treated with much kindness and care, till they fell into diseases, or became foundered in the feet; but then they were sold, and used to all kind of drudgery till they died; after which their skins were stripped, and sold for what they were worth, and their bodies left to be devoured by dogs and birds of prey. But the common race of horses had not so good fortune, being kept by farmers and carriers, and other mean people, who put them to greater labour, and fed them worse.” I described, as well as I could, our way of riding; the shape and use of a bridle, a saddle, a spur, and a whip; of harness and wheels. I added, “that we fastened plates of a certain hard substance, called iron, at the bottom of their feet, to preserve their hoofs from being broken by the stony ways, on which we often travelled.”

My master, after some expressions of great indignation, wondered “how we dared to venture upon a HOUYHNHNM’S back; for he was sure, that the weakest servant in his house would be able to shake off the strongest YAHOO; or by lying down and rolling on his back, squeeze the brute to death.” I answered “that our horses were trained up, from three or four years old, to the several uses we intended them for; that if any of them proved intolerably vicious, they were employed for carriages; that they were severely beaten, while they were young, for any mischievous tricks; that the males, designed for the common use of riding or draught, were generally castrated about two years after their birth, to take down their spirits, and make them more tame and gentle; that they were indeed sensible of rewards and punishments; but his honour would please to consider, that they had not the least tincture of reason, any more than the YAHOOS in this country.”

It put me to the pains of many circumlocutions, to give my master a right idea of what I spoke; for their language does not abound in variety of words, because their wants and passions are fewer than among us. But it is impossible to express his noble resentment at our savage treatment of the HOUYHNHNM race; particularly after I had explained the manner and use of castrating

horses among us, to hinder them from propagating their kind, and to render them more servile. He said, “if it were possible there could be any country where YAHOOS alone were endued with reason, they certainly must be the governing animal; because reason in time will always prevail against brutal strength. But, considering the frame of our bodies, and especially of mine, he thought no creature of equal bulk was so ill-contrived for employing that reason in the common offices of life;” whereupon he desired to know whether those among whom I lived resembled me, or the YAHOOS of his country?” I assured him, “that I was as well shaped as most of my age; but the younger, and the females, were much more soft and tender, and the skins of the latter generally as white as milk.” He said, “I differed indeed from other YAHOOS, being much more cleanly, and not altogether so deformed; but, in point of real advantage, he thought I differed for the worse: that my nails were of no use either to my fore or hinder feet; as to my fore feet, he could not properly call them by that name, for he never observed me to walk upon them; that they were too soft to bear the ground; that I generally went with them uncovered; neither was the covering I sometimes wore on them of the same shape, or so strong as that on my feet behind: that I could not walk with any security, for if either of my hinder feet slipped, I must inevitably fail.” He then began to find fault with other parts of my body: “the flatness of my face, the prominence of my nose, mine eyes placed directly in front, so that I could not look on either side without turning my head: that I was not able to feed myself, without lifting one of my fore-feet to my mouth: and therefore nature had placed those joints to answer that necessity. He knew not what could be the use of those several clefts and divisions in my feet behind; that these were too soft to bear the hardness and sharpness of stones, without a covering made from the skin of some other brute; that my whole body wanted a fence against heat and cold, which I was forced to put on and off every day, with tediousness and trouble: and lastly, that he observed every animal in this country naturally to abhor the YAHOOS, whom the weaker avoided, and the stronger drove from them. So that, supposing us to have the gift of reason, he could not see how it were possible to cure that natural antipathy, which every creature discovered against us; nor consequently how we could tame and render them serviceable. However, he would,” as he said, “debate the matter no farther, because he was more desirous to know my own story, the country where I was born, and the several actions and events of my life, before I came hither.”

I assured him, “how extremely desirous I was that he should be satisfied on every point; but I doubted much, whether it would be possible for me to explain myself on several subjects, whereof his honour could have no conception; because I saw nothing in his country to which I could resemble them; that, however, I would do my best, and strive to express myself by similitudes, humbly desiring his assistance when I wanted proper words;” which he was pleased to promise me.

I said, “my birth was of honest parents, in an island called England; which was remote from his country, as many days’ journey as the strongest of his honour’s servants could travel in the annual course of the sun; that I was bred a surgeon, whose trade it is to cure wounds and hurts in the body, gotten by accident or violence; that my country was governed by a female man, whom we called queen; that I left it to get riches, whereby I might maintain myself and family, when I should return; that, in my last voyage, I was commander of the ship, and had about fifty YAHOOS under me, many of which died at sea, and I was forced to supply them by others picked out from several nations; that our ship was twice in danger of being sunk, the first time by a great storm, and the second by striking against a rock.” Here my master interposed, by asking me, “how I could persuade strangers, out of different countries, to venture with me, after the losses I had sustained, and the hazards I had run?” I said, “they were fellows of desperate fortunes, forced to fly from the places of their birth on account of their poverty or their crimes. Some were undone by lawsuits; others spent all they had in drinking, whoring, and gaming; others fled for treason; many for murder, theft, poisoning, robbery, perjury, forgery, coining false money, for committing rapes, or sodomy; for flying from their colours, or deserting to the enemy; and most of them had broken prison; none of these durst return to their native countries, for fear of being hanged, or of starving in a jail; and therefore they were under the necessity of seeking a livelihood in other places.”

During this discourse, my master was pleased to interrupt me several times. I had made use of many circumlocutions in describing to him the nature of the several crimes for which most of our crew had been forced to fly their country. This labour took up several days’ conversation, before he was able to comprehend me. He was wholly at a loss to know what could be the use or necessity of practising those vices. To clear up which, I endeavoured to give some ideas of the desire of power and riches; of the terrible effects of lust, intemperance, malice, and envy. All this I was forced to define and describe by putting cases and making suppositions. After which, like one whose imagination was struck with something never seen or heard of before, he would lift up his eyes with amazement and indignation. Power, government, war, law, punishment, and a thousand other things, had no terms wherein that language could express them, which made the difficulty almost insuperable, to give my master any conception of what I meant. But being of an excellent understanding, much improved by contemplation and converse, he at last arrived at a competent knowledge of what human nature, in our parts of the world, is capable to perform, and desired I would give him some particular account of that land which we call Europe, but especially of my own country.

Chapter V

The reader may please to observe, that the following extract of many conversations I had with my master, contains a summary of the most material points which were discoursed at several times for above two years; his honour often desiring fuller satisfaction, as I farther improved in the HOUYHNHNM tongue. I laid before him, as well as I could, the whole state of Europe; I discoursed

of trade and manufactures, of arts and sciences; and the answers I gave to all the questions he made, as they arose upon several subjects, were a fund of conversation not to be exhausted. But I shall here only set down the substance of what passed between us concerning my own country, reducing it in order as well as I can, without any regard to time or other circumstances, while I strictly adhere to truth. My only concern is, that I shall hardly be able to do justice to my master's arguments and expressions, which must needs suffer by my want of capacity, as well as by a translation into our barbarous English.

In obedience, therefore, to his honour's commands, I related to him the Revolution under the Prince of Orange; the long war with France, entered into by the said prince, and renewed by his successor, the present queen, wherein the greatest powers of Christendom were engaged, and which still continued: I computed, at his request, "that about a million of YAHOOS might have been killed in the whole progress of it; and perhaps a hundred or more cities taken, and five times as many ships burnt or sunk."

He asked me, "what were the usual causes or motives that made one country go to war with another?" I answered "they were innumerable; but I should only mention a few of the chief. Sometimes the ambition of princes, who never think they have land or people enough to govern; sometimes the corruption of ministers, who engage their master in a war, in order to stifle or divert the clamour of the subjects against their evil administration. Difference in opinions has cost many millions of lives: for instance, whether flesh be bread, or bread be flesh; whether the juice of a certain berry be blood or wine; whether whistling be a vice or a virtue; whether it be better to kiss a post, or throw it into the fire; what is the best colour for a coat, whether black, white, red, or gray; and whether it should be long or short, narrow or wide, dirty or clean; with many more.

Neither are any wars so furious and bloody, or of so long a continuance, as those occasioned by difference in opinion, especially if it be in things indifferent.

"Sometimes the quarrel between two princes is to decide which of them shall dispossess a third of his dominions, where neither of them pretend to any right. Sometimes one prince quarrels with another for fear the other should quarrel with him. Sometimes a war is entered upon, because the enemy is too strong; and sometimes, because he is too weak. Sometimes our neighbours want the things which we have, or have the things which we want, and we both fight, till they take ours, or give us theirs. It is a very justifiable cause of a war, to invade a country after the people have been wasted by famine, destroyed by pestilence, or embroiled by factions among themselves. It is justifiable to enter into war against our nearest ally, when one of his towns lies convenient for us, or a territory of land, that would render our dominions round and complete. If a prince sends forces into a nation, where the people are poor and ignorant, he may lawfully put half of them to death, and make slaves of the rest, in order to civilize and reduce them from their barbarous way of living. It is a very kingly, honourable, and frequent practice, when one prince desires the assistance of another, to secure him against an invasion, that the assistant, when he has driven out the invader, should seize on the dominions himself, and kill, imprison, or banish, the prince he came to relieve. Alliance by blood, or marriage, is a frequent cause of war between princes; and the nearer the kindred is, the greater their disposition to quarrel; poor nations are hungry, and rich nations are proud; and pride and hunger will ever be at variance. For these reasons, the trade of a soldier is held the most honourable of all others; because a soldier is a YAHOO hired to kill, in cold blood, as many of his own species, who have never offended him, as possibly he can.

"There is likewise a kind of beggarly princes in Europe, not able to make war by themselves, who hire out their troops to richer nations, for so much a day to each man; of which they keep three-fourths to themselves, and it is the best part of their maintenance: such are those in many northern parts of Europe."

"What you have told me," said my master, "upon the subject of war, does indeed discover most admirably the effects of that reason you pretend to: however, it is happy that the shame is greater than the danger; and that nature has left you utterly incapable of doing much mischief. For, your mouths lying flat with your faces, you can hardly bite each other to any purpose, unless by consent. Then as to the claws upon your feet before and behind, they are so short and tender, that one of our YAHOOS would drive a dozen of yours before him. And therefore, in recounting the numbers of those who have been killed in battle, I cannot but think you have said the thing which is not."

I could not forbear shaking my head, and smiling a little at his ignorance. And being no stranger to the art of war, I gave him a description of cannons, culverins, muskets, carabines, pistols, bullets, powder, swords, bayonets, battles, sieges, retreats, attacks, undermines, countermines, bombardments, sea fights, ships sunk with a thousand men, twenty thousand killed on each side, dying groans, limbs flying in the air, smoke, noise, confusion, trampling to death under horses' feet, flight, pursuit, victory; fields strewed with carcases, left for food to dogs and wolves and birds of prey; plundering, stripping, ravishing, burning, and destroying. And to set forth the valour of my own dear countrymen, I assured him, "that I had seen them blow up a hundred enemies at once in a siege, and as many in a ship, and beheld the dead bodies drop down in pieces from the clouds, to the great diversion of the spectators."

I was going on to more particulars, when my master commanded me silence. He said, "whoever understood the nature of

YAHOOS, might easily believe it possible for so vile an animal to be capable of every action I had named, if their strength and cunning equalled their malice. But as my discourse had increased his abhorrence of the whole species, so he found it gave him a disturbance in his mind to which he was wholly a stranger before.

He thought his ears, being used to such abominable words, might, by degrees, admit them with less detestation: that although he hated the YAHOOS of this country, yet he no more blamed them for their odious qualities, than he did a GNNAYH (a bird of prey) for its cruelty, or a sharp stone for cutting his hoof. But when a creature pretending to reason could be capable of such enormities, he dreaded lest the corruption of that faculty might be worse than brutality itself. He seemed therefore confident, that, instead of reason we were only possessed of some quality fitted to increase our natural vices; as the reflection from a troubled stream returns the image of an ill shapen body, not only larger but more distorted."

He added, "that he had heard too much upon the subject of war, both in this and some former discourses. There was another point, which a little perplexed him at present. I had informed him, that some of our crew left their country on account of being ruined by law; that I had already explained the meaning of the word; but he was at a loss how it should come to pass, that the law, which was intended for every man's preservation, should be any man's ruin. Therefore he desired to be further satisfied what I meant by law, and the dispensers thereof, according to the present practice in my own country; because he thought nature and reason were sufficient guides for a reasonable animal, as we pretended to be, in showing us what he ought to do, and what to avoid."

I assured his honour, "that the law was a science in which I had not much conversed, further than by employing advocates, in vain, upon some injustices that had been done me: however, I would give him all the satisfaction I was able."

I said, "there was a society of men among us, bred up from their youth in the art of proving, by words multiplied for the purpose, that white is black, and black is white, according as they are paid. To this society all the rest of the people are slaves. For example, if my neighbour has a mind to my cow, he has a lawyer to prove that he ought to have my cow from me. I must then hire another to defend my right, it being against all rules of law that any man should be allowed to speak for himself. Now, in this case, I, who am the right owner, lie under two great disadvantages: first, my lawyer, being practised almost from his cradle in defending falsehood, is quite out of his element when he would be an advocate for justice, which is an unnatural office he always attempts with great awkwardness, if not with ill-will. The second disadvantage is, that my lawyer must proceed with great caution, or else he will be reprimanded by the judges, and abhorred by his brethren, as one that would lessen the practice of the law. And therefore I have but two methods to preserve my cow. The first is, to gain over my adversary's lawyer with a double fee, who will then betray his client by insinuating that he hath justice on his side. The second way is for my lawyer to make my cause appear as unjust as he can, by allowing the cow to belong to my adversary: and this, if it be skilfully done, will certainly bespeak the favour of the bench. Now your honour is to know, that these judges are persons appointed to decide all controversies of property, as well as for the trial of criminals, and picked out from the most dexterous lawyers, who are grown old or lazy; and having been biassed all their lives against truth and equity, lie under such a fatal necessity of favouring fraud, perjury, and oppression, that I have known some of them refuse a large bribe from the side where justice lay, rather than injure the faculty, by doing any thing unbecoming their nature or their office.

"It is a maxim among these lawyers that whatever has been done before, may legally be done again: and therefore they take special care to record all the decisions formerly made against common justice, and the general reason of mankind. These, under the name of precedents, they produce as authorities to justify the most iniquitous opinions; and the judges never fail of decreeing accordingly.

"In pleading, they studiously avoid entering into the merits of the cause; but are loud, violent, and tedious, in dwelling upon all circumstances which are not to the purpose. For instance, in the case already mentioned; they never desire to know what claim or title my adversary has to my cow; but whether the said cow were red or black; her horns long or short; whether the field I graze her in be round or square; whether she was milked at home or abroad; what diseases she is subject to, and the like; after which they consult precedents, adjourn the cause from time to time, and in ten, twenty, or thirty years, come to an issue.

"It is likewise to be observed, that this society has a peculiar cant and jargon of their own, that no other mortal can understand, and wherein all their laws are written, which they take special care to multiply; whereby they have wholly confounded the very essence of truth and falsehood, of right and wrong; so that it will take thirty years to decide, whether the field left me by my ancestors for six generations belongs to me, or to a stranger three hundred miles off.

"In the trial of persons accused for crimes against the state, the method is much more short and commendable: the judge first sends to sound the disposition of those in power, after which he can easily hang or save a criminal, strictly preserving all due forms of law."

Here my master interposing, said, “it was a pity, that creatures endowed with such prodigious abilities of mind, as these lawyers, by the description I gave of them, must certainly be, were not rather encouraged to be instructors of others in wisdom and knowledge.” In answer to which I assured his honour, “that in all points out of their own trade, they were usually the most ignorant and stupid generation among us, the most despicable in common conversation, avowed enemies to all knowledge and learning, and equally disposed to pervert the general reason of mankind in every other subject of discourse as in that of their own profession.”

Chapter VI

My master was yet wholly at a loss to understand what motives could incite this race of lawyers to perplex, disquiet, and weary themselves, and engage in a confederacy of injustice, merely for the sake of injuring their fellow-animals; neither could he comprehend what I meant in saying, they did it for hire. Whereupon I was at much pains to describe to him the use of money, the materials it was made of, and the value of the metals; “that when a YAHOO had got a great store of this precious substance, he was able to purchase whatever he had a mind to; the finest clothing, the noblest houses, great tracts of land, the most costly meats and drinks, and have his choice of the most beautiful females. Therefore since money alone was able to perform all these feats, our YAHOOS thought they could never have enough of it to spend, or to save, as they found themselves inclined, from their natural bent either to profusion or avarice; that the rich man enjoyed the fruit of the poor man’s labour, and the latter were a thousand to one in proportion to the former; that the bulk of our people were forced to live miserably, by labouring every day for small wages, to make a few live plentifully.”

I enlarged myself much on these, and many other particulars to the same purpose; but his honour was still to seek; for he went upon a supposition, that all animals had a title to their share in the productions of the earth, and especially those who presided over the rest. Therefore he desired I would let him know, “what these costly meats were, and how any of us happened to want them?” Whereupon I enumerated as many sorts as came into my head, with the various methods of dressing them, which could not be done without sending vessels by sea to every part of the world, as well for liquors to drink as for sauces and innumerable other conveniences. I assured him “that this whole globe of earth must be at least three times gone round before one of our better female YAHOOS could get her breakfast, or a cup to put it in.” He said “that must needs be a miserable country which cannot furnish food for its own inhabitants. But what he chiefly wondered at was, how such vast tracts of ground as I described should be wholly without fresh water, and the people put to the necessity of sending over the sea for drink.” I replied “that England (the dear place of my nativity) was computed to produce three times the quantity of food more than its inhabitants are able to consume, as well as liquors extracted from grain, or pressed out of the fruit of certain trees, which made excellent drink, and the same proportion in every other convenience of life. But, in order to feed the luxury and intemperance of the males, and the vanity of the females, we sent away the greatest part of our necessary things to other countries, whence, in return, we brought the materials of diseases, folly, and vice, to spend among ourselves. Hence it follows of necessity, that vast numbers of our people are compelled to seek their livelihood by begging, robbing, stealing, cheating, pimping, flattering, suborning, forswearing, forging, gaming, lying, fawning, hectoring, voting, scribbling, star-gazing, poisoning, whoring, canting, libelling, freethinking, and the like occupations:” every one of which terms I was at much pains to make him understand.

“That wine was not imported among us from foreign countries to supply the want of water or other drinks, but because it was a sort of liquid which made us merry by putting us out of our senses, diverted all melancholy thoughts, begat wild extravagant imaginations in the brain, raised our hopes and banished our fears, suspended every office of reason for a time, and deprived us of the use of our limbs, till we fell into a profound sleep; although it must be confessed, that we always awaked sick and dispirited; and that the use of this liquor filled us with diseases which made our lives uncomfortable and short.

“But beside all this, the bulk of our people supported themselves by furnishing the necessities or conveniences of life to the rich and to each other. For instance, when I am at home, and dressed as I ought to be, I carry on my body the workmanship of a hundred tradesmen; the building and furniture of my house employ as many more, and five times the number to adorn my wife.”

I was going on to tell him of another sort of people, who get their livelihood by attending the sick, having, upon some occasions, informed his honour that many of my crew had died of diseases. But here it was with the utmost difficulty that I brought him to apprehend what I meant. “He could easily conceive, that a HOUYHNHNM, grew weak and heavy a few days before his death, or by some accident might hurt a limb; but that nature, who works all things to perfection, should suffer any pains to breed in our bodies, he thought impossible, and desired to know the reason of so unaccountable an evil.”

I told him “we fed on a thousand things which operated contrary to each other; that we ate when we were not hungry, and drank without the provocation of thirst; that we sat whole nights drinking strong liquors, without eating a bit, which disposed us to sloth, inflamed our bodies, and precipitated or prevented digestion; that prostitute female YAHOOS acquired a certain malady, which bred rottenness in the bones of those who fell into their embraces; that this, and many other diseases, were propagated from father to son; so that great numbers came into the world with complicated maladies upon them; that it would be endless to give

him a catalogue of all diseases incident to human bodies, for they would not be fewer than five or six hundred, spread over every limb and joint -in short, every part, external and intestine, having diseases appropriated to itself. To remedy which, there was a sort of people bred up among us in the profession, or pretence, of curing the sick. And because I had some skill in the faculty, I would, in gratitude to his honour, let him know the whole mystery and method by which they proceed.

“Their fundamental is, that all diseases arise from repletion; whence they conclude, that a great evacuation of the body is necessary, either through the natural passage or upwards at the mouth. Their next business is from herbs, minerals, gums, oils, shells, salts, juices, seaweed, excrements, barks of trees, serpents, toads, frogs, spiders, dead men’s flesh and bones, birds, beasts, and fishes, to form a composition, for smell and taste, the most abominable, nauseous, and detestable, they can possibly contrive, which the stomach immediately rejects with loathing, and this they call a vomit; or else, from the same store-house, with some other poisonous additions, they command us to take in at the orifice above or below (just as the physician then happens to be disposed) a medicine equally annoying and disgustful to the bowels; which, relaxing the belly, drives down all before it; and this they call a purge, or a clyster. For nature (as the physicians allege) having intended the superior anterior orifice only for the intromission of solids and liquids, and the inferior posterior for ejection, these artists ingeniously considering that in all diseases nature is forced out of her seat, therefore, to replace her in it, the body must be treated in a manner directly contrary, by interchanging the use of each orifice; forcing solids and liquids in at the anus, and making evacuations at the mouth.

“But, besides real diseases, we are subject to many that are only imaginary, for which the physicians have invented imaginary cures; these have their several names, and so have the drugs that are proper for them; and with these our female YAHOOS are always infested.

“One great excellency in this tribe, is their skill at prognostics, wherein they seldom fail; their predictions in real diseases, when they rise to any degree of malignity, generally portending death, which is always in their power, when recovery is not: and therefore, upon any unexpected signs of amendment, after they have pronounced their sentence, rather than be accused as false prophets, they know how to approve their sagacity to the world, by a seasonable dose.

“They are likewise of special use to husbands and wives who are grown weary of their mates; to eldest sons, to great ministers of state, and often to princes.”

I had formerly, upon occasion, discoursed with my master upon the nature of government in general, and particularly of our own excellent constitution, deservedly the wonder and envy of the whole world. But having here accidentally mentioned a minister of state, he commanded me, some time after, to inform him, “what species of YAHOO I particularly meant by that appellation.”

I told him, “that a first or chief minister of state, who was the person I intended to describe, was the creature wholly exempt from joy and grief, love and hatred, pity and anger; at least, makes use of no other passions, but a violent desire of wealth, power, and titles; that he applies his words to all uses, except to the indication of his mind; that he never tells a truth but with an intent that you should take it for a lie; nor a lie, but with a design that you should take it for a truth; that those he speaks worst of behind their backs are in the surest way of preferment; and whenever he begins to praise you to others, or to yourself, you are from that day forlorn. The worst mark you can receive is a promise, especially when it is confirmed with an oath; after which, every wise man retires, and gives over all hopes.

“There are three methods, by which a man may rise to be chief minister. The first is, by knowing how, with prudence, to dispose of a wife, a daughter, or a sister; the second, by betraying or undermining his predecessor; and the third is, by a furious zeal, in public assemblies, against the corruption’s of the court. But a wise prince would rather choose to employ those who practise the last of these methods; because such zealots prove always the most obsequious and subservient to the will and passions of their master. That these ministers, having all employments at their disposal, preserve themselves in power, by bribing the majority of a senate or great council; and at last, by an expedient, called an act of indemnity” (whereof I described the nature to him), “they secure themselves from after-reckonings, and retire from the public laden with the spoils of the nation.

“The palace of a chief minister is a seminary to breed up others in his own trade: the pages, lackeys, and porters, by imitating their master, become ministers of state in their several districts, and learn to excel in the three principal ingredients, of insolence, lying, and bribery. Accordingly, they have a subaltern court paid to them by persons of the best rank; and sometimes by the force of dexterity and impudence, arrive, through several gradations, to be successors to their lord.

“He is usually governed by a decayed wench, or favourite footman, who are the tunnels through which all graces are conveyed, and may properly be called, in the last resort, the governors of the kingdom.”

One day, in discourse, my master, having heard me mention the nobility of my country, was pleased to make me a compliment which I could not pretend to deserve: “that he was sure I must have been born of some noble family, because I far exceeded

in shape, colour, and cleanliness, all the YAHOOS of his nation, although I seemed to fail in strength and agility, which must be imputed to my different way of living from those other brutes; and besides I was not only endowed with the faculty of speech, but likewise with some rudiments of reason, to a degree that, with all his acquaintance, I passed for a prodigy."

He made me observe, "that among the HOUYHNHNMS, the white, the sorrel, and the iron-gray, were not so exactly shaped as the bay, the dapple-gray, and the black; nor born with equal talents of mind, or a capacity to improve them; and therefore continued always in the condition of servants, without ever aspiring to match out of their own race, which in that country would be reckoned monstrous and unnatural."

I made his honour my most humble acknowledgments for the good opinion he was pleased to conceive of me, but assured him at the same time, "that my birth was of the lower sort, having been born of plain honest parents, who were just able to give me a tolerable education; that nobility, among us, was altogether a different thing from the idea he had of it; that our young noblemen are bred from their childhood in idleness and luxury; that, as soon as years will permit, they consume their vigour, and contract odious diseases among lewd females; and when their fortunes are almost ruined, they marry some woman of mean birth, disagreeable person, and unsound constitution (merely for the sake of money), whom they hate and despise. That the productions of such marriages are generally scrofulous, rickety, or deformed children; by which means the family seldom continues above three generations, unless the wife takes care to provide a healthy father, among her neighbours or domestics, in order to improve and continue the breed. That a weak diseased body, a meagre countenance, and sallow complexion, are the true marks of noble blood; and a healthy robust appearance is so disgraceful in a man of quality, that the world concludes his real father to have been a groom or a coachman. The imperfections of his mind run parallel with those of his body, being a composition of spleen, dullness, ignorance, caprice, sensuality, and pride.

"Without the consent of this illustrious body, no law can be enacted, repealed, or altered: and these nobles have likewise the decision of all our possessions, without appeal."

Chapter VII

The reader may be disposed to wonder how I could prevail on myself to give so free a representation of my own species, among a race of mortals who are already too apt to conceive the vilest opinion of humankind, from that entire congruity between me and their YAHOOS. But I must freely confess, that the many virtues of those excellent quadrupeds, placed in opposite view to human corruptions, had so far opened my eyes and enlarged my understanding, that I began to view the actions and passions of man in a very different light, and to think the honour of my own kind not worth managing; which, besides, it was impossible for me to do, before a person of so acute a judgment as my master, who daily convinced me of a thousand faults in myself, whereof I had not the least perception before, and which, with us, would never be numbered even among human infirmities. I had likewise learned, from his example, an utter detestation of all falsehood or disguise; and truth appeared so amiable to me, that I determined upon sacrificing every thing to it.

Let me deal so candidly with the reader as to confess that there was yet a much stronger motive for the freedom I took in my representation of things. I had not yet been a year in this country before I contracted such a love and veneration for the inhabitants, that I entered on a firm resolution never to return to humankind, but to pass the rest of my life among these admirable HOUYHNHNMS, in the contemplation and practice of every virtue, where I could have no example or incitement to vice. But it was decreed by fortune, my perpetual enemy, that so great a felicity should not fall to my share. However, it is now some comfort to reflect, that in what I said of my countrymen, I extenuated their faults as much as I durst before so strict an examiner; and upon every article gave as favourable a turn as the matter would bear. For, indeed, who is there alive that will not be swayed by his bias and partiality to the place of his birth?

I have related the substance of several conversations I had with my master during the greatest part of the time I had the honour to be in his service; but have, indeed, for brevity sake, omitted much more than is here set down.

When I had answered all his questions, and his curiosity seemed to be fully satisfied, he sent for me one morning early, and commanded me to sit down at some distance (an honour which he had never before conferred upon me). He said, "he had been very seriously considering my whole story, as far as it related both to myself and my country; that he looked upon us as a sort of animals, to whose share, by what accident he could not conjecture, some small pittance of reason had fallen, whereof we made no other use, than by its assistance, to aggravate our natural corruptions, and to acquire new ones, which nature had not given us; that we disarmed ourselves of the few abilities she had bestowed; had been very successful in multiplying our original wants, and seemed to spend our whole lives in vain endeavours to supply them by our own inventions; that, as to myself, it was manifest I had neither the strength nor agility of a common YAHOO; that I walked infirmly on my hinder feet; had found out a contrivance to make my claws of no use or defence, and to remove the hair from my chin, which was intended as a shelter from the sun and the weather: lastly, that I could neither run with speed, nor climb trees like my brethren," as he called them, "the YAHOOS in his

country.

“That our institutions of government and law were plainly owing to our gross defects in reason, and by consequence in virtue; because reason alone is sufficient to govern a rational creature; which was, therefore, a character we had no pretence to challenge, even from the account I had given of my own people; although he manifestly perceived, that, in order to favour them, I had concealed many particulars, and often said the thing which was not.

“He was the more confirmed in this opinion, because, he observed, that as I agreed in every feature of my body with other YAHOOS, except where it was to my real disadvantage in point of strength, speed, and activity, the shortness of my claws, and some other particulars where nature had no part; so from the representation I had given him of our lives, our manners, and our actions, he found as near a resemblance in the disposition of our minds.” He said, “the YAHOOS were known to hate one another, more than they did any different species of animals; and the reason usually assigned was, the odiousness of their own shapes, which all could see in the rest, but not in themselves. He had therefore begun to think it not unwise in us to cover our bodies, and by that invention conceal many of our deformities from each other, which would else be hardly supportable. But he now found he had been mistaken, and that the dissensions of those brutes in his country were owing to the same cause with ours, as I had described them. For if,” said he, “you throw among five YAHOOS as much food as would be sufficient for fifty, they will, instead of eating peaceably, fall together by the ears, each single one impatient to have all to itself; and therefore a servant was usually employed to stand by while they were feeding abroad, and those kept at home were tied at a distance from each other: that if a cow died of age or accident, before a HOUYHNHNM could secure it for his own YAHOOS, those in the neighbourhood would come in herds to seize it, and then would ensue such a battle as I had described, with terrible wounds made by their claws on both sides, although they seldom were able to kill one another, for want of such convenient instruments of death as we had invented. At other times, the like battles have been fought between the YAHOOS of several neighbourhoods, without any visible cause; those of one district watching all opportunities to surprise the next, before they are prepared. But if they find their project has miscarried, they return home, and, for want of enemies, engage in what I call a civil war among themselves.

“That in some fields of his country there are certain shining stones of several colours, whereof the YAHOOS are violently fond: and when part of these stones is fixed in the earth, as it sometimes happens, they will dig with their claws for whole days to get them out; then carry them away, and hide them by heaps in their kennels; but still looking round with great caution, for fear their comrades should find out their treasure.” My master said, “he could never discover the reason of this unnatural appetite, or how these stones could be of any use to a YAHOO; but now he believed it might proceed from the same principle of avarice which I had ascribed to mankind. That he had once, by way of experiment, privately removed a heap of these stones from the place where one of his YAHOOS had buried it; whereupon the sordid animal, missing his treasure, by his loud lamenting brought the whole herd to the place, there miserably howled, then fell to biting and tearing the rest, began to pine away, would neither eat, nor sleep, nor work, till he ordered a servant privately to convey the stones into the same hole, and hide them as before; which, when his YAHOO had found, he presently recovered his spirits and good humour, but took good care to remove them to a better hiding place, and has ever since been a very serviceable brute.”

My master further assured me, which I also observed myself, “that in the fields where the shining stones abound, the fiercest and most frequent battles are fought, occasioned by perpetual inroads of the neighbouring YAHOOS.”

He said, “it was common, when two YAHOOS discovered such a stone in a field, and were contending which of them should be the proprietor, a third would take the advantage, and carry it away from them both;” which my master would needs contend to have some kind of resemblance with our suits at law; wherein I thought it for our credit not to undeceive him; since the decision he mentioned was much more equitable than many decrees among us; because the plaintiff and defendant there lost nothing beside the stone they contended for: whereas our courts of equity would never have dismissed the cause, while either of them had any thing left.

My master, continuing his discourse, said, “there was nothing that rendered the YAHOOS more odious, than their undistinguishing appetite to devour every thing that came in their way, whether herbs, roots, berries, the corrupted flesh of animals, or all mingled together: and it was peculiar in their temper, that they were fonder of what they could get by rapine or stealth, at a greater distance, than much better food provided for them at home. If their prey held out, they would eat till they were ready to burst; after which, nature had pointed out to them a certain root that gave them a general evacuation.

“There was also another kind of root, very juicy, but somewhat rare and difficult to be found, which the YAHOOS sought for with much eagerness, and would suck it with great delight; it produced in them the same effects that wine has upon us. It would make them sometimes hug, and sometimes tear one another; they would howl, and grin, and chatter, and reel, and tumble, and then fall asleep in the mud.”

I did indeed observe that the YAHOOS were the only animals in this country subject to any diseases; which, however, were much

fewer than horses have among us, and contracted, not by any ill-treatment they meet with, but by the nastiness and greediness of that sordid brute. Neither has their language any more than a general appellation for those maladies, which is borrowed from the name of the beast, and called HNEA-YAHOO, or YAHOO'S EVIL; and the cure prescribed is a mixture of their own dung and urine, forcibly put down the YAHOO'S throat. This I have since often known to have been taken with success, and do here freely recommend it to my countrymen for the public good, as an admirable specific against all diseases produced by repletion.

"As to learning, government, arts, manufactures, and the like," my master confessed, "he could find little or no resemblance between the YAHOOS of that country and those in ours; for he only meant to observe what parity there was in our natures. He had heard, indeed, some curious HOUYHNHNMS observe, that in most herds there was a sort of ruling YAHOO (as among us there is generally some leading or principal stag in a park), who was always more deformed in body, and mischievous in disposition, than any of the rest; that this leader had usually a favourite as like himself as he could get, whose employment was to lick his master's feet and posteriors, and drive the female YAHOOS to his kennel; for which he was now and then rewarded with a piece of ass's flesh. This favourite is hated by the whole herd, and therefore, to protect himself, keeps always near the person of his leader. He usually continues in office till a worse can be found; but the very moment he is discarded, his successor, at the head of all the YAHOOS in that district, young and old, male and female, come in a body, and discharge their excrements upon him from head to foot. But how far this might be applicable to our courts, and favourites, and ministers of state, my master said I could best determine."

I durst make no return to this malicious insinuation, which debased human understanding below the sagacity of a common hound, who has judgment enough to distinguish and follow the cry of the ablest dog in the pack, without being ever mistaken.

My master told me, "there were some qualities remarkable in the YAHOOS, which he had not observed me to mention, or at least very slightly, in the accounts I had given of humankind." He said, "those animals, like other brutes, had their females in common; but in this they differed, that the she YAHOO would admit the males while she was pregnant; and that the hes would quarrel and fight with the females, as fiercely as with each other; both which practices were such degrees of infamous brutality, as no other sensitive creature ever arrived at.

"Another thing he wondered at in the YAHOOS, was their strange disposition to nastiness and dirt; whereas there appears to be a natural love of cleanliness in all other animals." As to the two former accusations, I was glad to let them pass without any reply, because I had not a word to offer upon them in defence of my species, which otherwise I certainly had done from my own inclinations. But I could have easily vindicated humankind from the imputation of singularity upon the last article, if there had been any swine in that country (as unluckily for me there were not), which, although it may be a sweeter quadruped than a YAHOO, cannot, I humbly conceive, in justice, pretend to more cleanliness; and so his honour himself must have owned, if he had seen their filthy way of feeding, and their custom of wallowing and sleeping in the mud.cannot, I humbly conceive, in justice, pretend to more cleanliness; and so his honour himself must have owned, if he had seen their filthy way of feeding, and their custom of wallowing and sleeping in the mud.

My master likewise mentioned another quality which his servants had discovered in several Yahoos, and to him was wholly unaccountable. He said, "a fancy would sometimes take a YAHOO to retire into a corner, to lie down, and howl, and groan, and spurn away all that came near him, although he were young and fat, wanted neither food nor water, nor did the servant imagine what could possibly ail him. And the only remedy they found was, to set him to hard work, after which he would infallibly come to himself." To this I was silent out of partiality to my own kind; yet here I could plainly discover the true seeds of spleen, which only seizes on the lazy, the luxurious, and the rich; who, if they were forced to undergo the same regimen, I would undertake for the cure.

His honour had further observed, "that a female YAHOO would often stand behind a bank or a bush, to gaze on the young males passing by, and then appear, and hide, using many antic gestures and grimaces, at which time it was observed that she had a most offensive smell; and when any of the males advanced, would slowly retire, looking often back, and with a counterfeit show of fear, run off into some convenient place, where she knew the male would follow her.

"At other times, if a female stranger came among them, three or four of her own sex would get about her, and stare, and chatter, and grin, and smell her all over; and then turn off with gestures, that seemed to express contempt and disdain."

Perhaps my master might refine a little in these speculations, which he had drawn from what he observed himself, or had been told him by others; however, I could not reflect without some amazement, and much sorrow, that the rudiments of lewdness, coquetry, censure, and scandal, should have place by instinct in womankind.

I expected every moment that my master would accuse the YAHOOS of those unnatural appetites in both sexes, so common among us. But nature, it seems, has not been so expert a school-mistress; and these politer pleasures are entirely the productions

of art and reason on our side of the globe.

Chapter VIII

As I ought to have understood human nature much better than I supposed it possible for my master to do, so it was easy to apply the character he gave of the YAHOOS to myself and my countrymen; and I believed I could yet make further discoveries, from my own observation. I therefore often begged his honour to let me go among the herds of YAHOOS in the neighbourhood; to which he always very graciously consented, being perfectly convinced that the hatred I bore these brutes would never suffer me to be corrupted by them; and his honour ordered one of his servants, a strong sorrel nag, very honest and good-natured, to be my guard; without whose protection I durst not undertake such adventures. For I have already told the reader how much I was pestered by these odious animals, upon my first arrival; and I afterwards failed very narrowly, three or four times, of falling into their clutches, when I happened to stray at any distance without my hanger. And I have reason to believe they had some imagination that I was of their own species, which I often assisted myself by stripping up my sleeves, and showing my naked arms and breasts in their sight, when my protector was with me. At which times they would approach as near as they durst, and imitate my actions after the manner of monkeys, but ever with great signs of hatred; as a tame jackdaw with cap and stockings is always persecuted by the wild ones, when he happens to be got among them.

They are prodigiously nimble from their infancy. However, I once caught a young male of three years old, and endeavoured, by all marks of tenderness, to make it quiet; but the little imp fell a squalling, and scratching, and biting with such violence, that I was forced to let it go; and it was high time, for a whole troop of old ones came about us at the noise, but finding the cub was safe (for away it ran), and my sorrel nag being by, they durst not venture near us. I observed the young animal's flesh to smell very rank, and the stink was somewhat between a weasel and a fox, but much more disagreeable. I forgot another circumstance (and perhaps I might have the reader's pardon if it were wholly omitted), that while I held the odious vermin in my hands, it voided its filthy excrements of a yellow liquid substance all over my clothes; but by good fortune there was a small brook hard by, where I washed myself as clean as I could; although I durst not come into my master's presence until I were sufficiently aired.

By what I could discover, the YAHOOS appear to be the most unteachable of all animals: their capacity never reaching higher than to draw or carry burdens. Yet I am of opinion, this defect arises chiefly from a perverse, restive disposition; for they are cunning, malicious, treacherous, and revengeful. They are strong and hardy, but of a cowardly spirit, and, by consequence, insolent, abject, and cruel. It is observed, that the red haired of both sexes are more libidinous and mischievous than the rest, whom yet they much exceed in strength and activity.

The HOUYHNHNMS keep the YAHOOS for present use in huts not far from the house; but the rest are sent abroad to certain fields, where they dig up roots, eat several kinds of herbs, and search about for carrion, or sometimes catch weasels and LUHIMUHS (a sort of wild rat), which they greedily devour. Nature has taught them to dig deep holes with their nails on the side of a rising ground, wherein they lie by themselves; only the kennels of the females are larger, sufficient to hold two or three cubs.

They swim from their infancy like frogs, and are able to continue long under water, where they often take fish, which the females carry home to their young. And, upon this occasion, I hope the reader will pardon my relating an odd adventure.

Being one day abroad with my protector the sorrel nag, and the weather exceeding hot, I entreated him to let me bathe in a river that was near. He consented, and I immediately stripped myself stark naked, and went down softly into the stream. It happened that a young female YAHOO, standing behind a bank, saw the whole proceeding, and inflamed by desire, as the nag and I conjectured, came running with all speed, and leaped into the water, within five yards of the place where I bathed. I was never in my life so terribly frightened. The nag was grazing at some distance, not suspecting any harm. She embraced me after a most fulsome manner. I roared as loud as I could, and the nag came galloping towards me, whereupon she quitted her grasp, with the utmost reluctancy, and leaped upon the opposite bank, where she stood gazing and howling all the time I was putting on my clothes.

This was a matter of diversion to my master and his family, as well as of mortification to myself. For now I could no longer deny that I was a real YAHOO in every limb and feature, since the females had a natural propensity to me, as one of their own species. Neither was the hair of this brute of a red colour (which might have been some excuse for an appetite a little irregular), but black as a sloe, and her countenance did not make an appearance altogether so hideous as the rest of her kind; for I think she could not be above eleven years old.

Having lived three years in this country, the reader, I suppose, will expect that I should, like other travellers, give him some account of the manners and customs of its inhabitants, which it was indeed my principal study to learn.

As these noble HOUYHNHNMS are endowed by nature with a general disposition to all virtues, and have no conceptions or ideas

of what is evil in a rational creature, so their grand maxim is, to cultivate reason, and to be wholly governed by it. Neither is reason among them a point problematical, as with us, where men can argue with plausibility on both sides of the question, but strikes you with immediate conviction; as it must needs do, where it is not mingled, obscured, or discoloured, by passion and interest. I remember it was with extreme difficulty that I could bring my master to understand the meaning of the word opinion, or how a point could be disputable; because reason taught us to affirm or deny only where we are certain; and beyond our knowledge we cannot do either. So that controversies, wranglings, disputes, and positiveness, in false or dubious propositions, are evils unknown among the HOUYHNHNMS. In the like manner, when I used to explain to him our several systems of natural philosophy, he would laugh, "that a creature pretending to reason, should value itself upon the knowledge of other people's conjectures, and in things where that knowledge, if it were certain, could be of no use." Wherein he agreed entirely with the sentiments of Socrates, as Plato delivers them; which I mention as the highest honour I can do that prince of philosophers -I have often since reflected, what destruction such doctrine would make in the libraries of Europe; and how many paths of fame would be then shut up in the learned world.

Friendship and benevolence are the two principal virtues among the HOUYHNHNMS; and these not confined to particular objects, but universal to the whole race; for a stranger from the remotest part is equally treated with the nearest neighbour, and wherever he goes, looks upon himself as at home. They preserve decency and civility in the highest degrees, but are altogether ignorant of ceremony. They have no fondness for their colts or foals, but the care they take in educating them proceeds entirely from the dictates of reason. And I observed my master to show the same affection to his neighbour's issue, that he had for his own. They will have it that nature teaches them to love the whole species, and it is reason only that makes a distinction of persons, where there is a superior degree of virtue.

When the matron HOUYHNHNMS have produced one of each sex, they no longer accompany with their consorts, except they lose one of their issue by some casualty, which very seldom happens; but in such a case they meet again; or when the like accident befalls a person whose wife is past bearing, some other couple bestow on him one of their own colts, and then go together again until the mother is pregnant. This caution is necessary, to prevent the country from being overburdened with numbers. But the race of inferior HOUYHNHNMS, bred up to be servants, is not so strictly limited upon this article: these are allowed to produce three of each sex, to be domestics in the noble families.

In their marriages, they are exactly careful to choose such colours as will not make any disagreeable mixture in the breed. Strength is chiefly valued in the male, and comeliness in the female; not upon the account of love, but to preserve the race from degenerating; for where a female happens to excel in strength, a consort is chosen, with regard to comeliness.

Courtship, love, presents, jointures, settlements have no place in their thoughts, or terms whereby to express them in their language. The young couple meet, and are joined, merely because it is the determination of their parents and friends; it is what they see done every day, and they look upon it as one of the necessary actions of a reasonable being. But the violation of marriage, or any other unchastity, was never heard of; and the married pair pass their lives with the same friendship and mutual benevolence, that they bear to all others of the same species who come in their way, without jealousy, fondness, quarrelling, or discontent.

In educating the youth of both sexes, their method is admirable, and highly deserves our imitation. These are not suffered to taste a grain of oats, except upon certain days, till eighteen years old; nor milk, but very rarely; and in summer they graze two hours in the morning, and as many in the evening, which their parents likewise observe; but the servants are not allowed above half that time, and a great part of their grass is brought home, which they eat at the most convenient hours, when they can be best spared from work.

Temperance, industry, exercise, and cleanliness, are the lessons equally enjoined to the young ones of both sexes: and my master thought it monstrous in us, to give the females a different kind of education from the males, except in some articles of domestic management; whereby, as he truly observed, one half of our natives were good for nothing but bringing children into the world; and to trust the care of our children to such useless animals, he said, was yet a greater instance of brutality.

But the HOUYHNHNMS train up their youth to strength, speed, and hardiness, by exercising them in running races up and down steep hills, and over hard stony grounds; and when they are all in a sweat, they are ordered to leap over head and ears into a pond or river. Four times a year the youth of a certain district meet to show their proficiency in running and leaping, and other feats of strength and agility; where the victor is rewarded with a song in his or her praise. On this festival, the servants drive a herd of YAHOOS into the field, laden with hay, and oats, and milk, for a repast to the HOUYHNHNMS; after which, these brutes are immediately driven back again, for fear of being noisome to the assembly.

Every fourth year, at the vernal equinox, there is a representative council of the whole nation, which meets in a plain about twenty miles from our house, and continues about five or six days. Here they inquire into the state and condition of the several districts; whether they abound or be deficient in hay or oats, or cows, or YAHOOS; and wherever there is any want (which is but seldom) it is

immediately supplied by unanimous consent and contribution. Here likewise the regulation of children is settled: as for instance, if a HOUYHNHNM has two males, he changes one of them with another that has two females; and when a child has been lost by any casualty, where the mother is past breeding, it is determined what family in the district shall breed another to supply the loss.

Chapter IX

One of these grand assemblies was held in my time, about three months before my departure, whither my master went as the representative of our district. In this council was resumed their old debate, and indeed the only debate that ever happened in their country; whereof my master, after his return, give me a very particular account.

The question to be debated was, “whether the YAHOOS should be exterminated from the face of the earth?” One of the members for the affirmative offered several arguments of great strength and weight, alleging, “that as the YAHOOS were the most filthy, noisome, and deformed animals which nature ever produced, so they were the most restive and indocible, mischievous and malicious; they would privately suck the teats of the HOUYHNHNMS’ cows, kill and devour their cats, trample down their oats and grass, if they were not continually watched, and commit a thousand other extravagancies.” He took notice of a general tradition, “that YAHOOS had not been always in their country; but that many ages ago, two of these brutes appeared together upon a mountain; whether produced by the heat of the sun upon corrupted mud and slime, or from the ooze and froth of the sea, was never known; that these YAHOOS engendered, and their brood, in a short time, grew so numerous as to overrun and infest the whole nation; that the HOUYHNHNMS, to get rid of this evil, made a general hunting, and at last enclosed the whole herd; and destroying the elder, every HOUYHNHNM kept two young ones in a kennel, and brought them to such a degree of tameness, as an animal, so savage by nature, can be capable of acquiring, using them for draught and carriage; that there seemed to be much truth in this tradition, and that those creatures could not be YINHNIAMSHY (or ABORIGINES of the land), because of the violent hatred the HOUYHNHNMS, as well as all other animals, bore them, which, although their evil disposition sufficiently deserved, could never have arrived at so high a degree if they had been ABORIGINES, or else they would have long since been rooted out; that the inhabitants, taking a fancy to use the service of the YAHOOS, had, very imprudently, neglected to cultivate the breed of asses, which are a comely animal, easily kept, more tame and orderly, without any offensive smell, strong enough for labour, although they yield to the other in agility of body, and if their braying be no agreeable sound, it is far preferable to the horrible howlings of the YAHOOS.”

Several others declared their sentiments to the same purpose, when my master proposed an expedient to the assembly, whereof he had indeed borrowed the hint from me. “He approved of the tradition mentioned by the honourable member who spoke before, and affirmed, that the two YAHOOS said to be seen first among them, had been driven thither over the sea; that coming to land, and being forsaken by their companions, they retired to the mountains, and degenerating by degrees, became in process of time much more savage than those of their own species in the country whence these two originals came. The reason of this assertion was, that he had now in his possession a certain wonderful YAHOO (meaning myself) which most of them had heard of, and many of them had seen. He then related to them how he first found me; that my body was all covered with an artificial composure of the skins and hairs of other animals; that I spoke in a language of my own, and had thoroughly learned theirs; that I had related to him the accidents which brought me thither; that when he saw me without my covering, I was an exact YAHOO in every part, only of a whiter colour, less hairy, and with shorter claws. He added, how I had endeavoured to persuade him, that in my own and other countries, the YAHOOS acted as the governing, rational animal, and held the HOUYHNHNMS in servitude; that he observed in me all the qualities of a YAHOO, only a little more civilized by some tincture of reason, which, however, was in a degree as far inferior to the HOUYHNHNM race, as the YAHOOS of their country were to me; that, among other things, I mentioned a custom we had of castrating HOUYHNHNMS when they were young, in order to render them tame; that the operation was easy and safe; that it was no shame to learn wisdom from brutes, as industry is taught by the ant, and building by the swallow (for so I translate the word LYHANNH, although it be a much larger fowl); that this invention might be practised upon the younger YAHOOS here, which besides rendering them tractable and fitter for use, would in an age put an end to the whole species, without destroying life; that in the mean time the HOUYHNHNMS should be exhorted to cultivate the breed of asses, which, as they are in all respects more valuable brutes, so they have this advantage, to be fit for service at five years old, which the others are not till twelve.”

This was all my master thought fit to tell me, at that time, of what passed in the grand council. But he was pleased to conceal one particular, which related personally to myself, whereof I soon felt the unhappy effect, as the reader will know in its proper place, and whence I date all the succeeding misfortunes of my life.

The HOUYHNHNMS have no letters, and consequently their knowledge is all traditional. But there happening few events of any moment among a people so well united, naturally disposed to every virtue, wholly governed by reason, and cut off from all commerce with other nations, the historical part is easily preserved without burdening their memories. I have already observed that they are subject to no diseases, and therefore can have no need of physicians. However, they have excellent medicines, composed of herbs, to cure accidental bruises and cuts in the pastern or frog of the foot, by sharp stones, as well as other maims and hurts in the several parts of the body.

They calculate the year by the revolution of the sun and moon, but use no subdivisions into weeks. They are well enough acquainted with the motions of those two luminaries, and understand the nature of eclipses; and this is the utmost progress of their astronomy.

In poetry, they must be allowed to excel all other mortals; wherein the justness of their similes, and the minuteness as well as exactness of their descriptions, are indeed inimitable. Their verses abound very much in both of these, and usually contain either some exalted notions of friendship and benevolence or the praises of those who were victors in races and other bodily exercises. Their buildings, although very rude and simple, are not inconvenient, but well contrived to defend them from all injuries of and heat. They have a kind of tree, which at forty years old loosens in the root, and falls with the first storm: it grows very straight, and being pointed like stakes with a sharp stone (for the HOUYHNHNMS know not the use of iron), they stick them erect in the ground, about ten inches asunder, and then weave in oat straw, or sometimes wattles, between them. The roof is made after the same manner, and so are the doors.

The HOUYHNHNMS use the hollow part, between the pastern and the hoof of their fore-foot, as we do our hands, and this with greater dexterity than I could at first imagine. I have seen a white mare of our family thread a needle (which I lent her on purpose) with that joint. They milk their cows, reap their oats, and do all the work which requires hands, in the same manner. They have a kind of hard flints, which, by grinding against other stones, they form into instruments, that serve instead of wedges, axes, and hammers. With tools made of these flints, they likewise cut their hay, and reap their oats, which there grow naturally in several fields; the YAHOOS draw home the sheaves in carriages, and the servants tread them in certain covered huts to get out the grain, which is kept in stores. They make a rude kind of earthen and wooden vessels, and bake the former in the sun.

If they can avoid casualties, they die only of old age, and are buried in the obscurest places that can be found, their friends and relations expressing neither joy nor grief at their departure; nor does the dying person discover the least regret that he is leaving the world, any more than if he were upon returning home from a visit to one of his neighbours. I remember my master having once made an appointment with a friend and his family to come to his house, upon some affair of importance: on the day fixed, the mistress and her two children came very late; she made two excuses, first for her husband, who, as she said, happened that very morning to SHNUWNH. The word is strongly expressive in their language, but not easily rendered into English; it signifies, “to retire to his first mother.” Her excuse for not coming sooner, was, that her husband dying late in the morning, she was a good while consulting her servants about a convenient place where his body should be laid; and I observed, she behaved herself at our house as cheerfully as the rest. She died about three months after.

They live generally to seventy, or seventy-five years, very seldom to fourscore. Some weeks before their death, they feel a gradual decay; but without pain. During this time they are much visited by their friends, because they cannot go abroad with their usual ease and satisfaction. However, about ten days before their death, which they seldom fail in computing, they return the visits that have been made them by those who are nearest in the neighbourhood, being carried in a convenient sledge drawn by YAHOOS; which vehicle they use, not only upon this occasion, but when they grow old, upon long journeys, or when they are lamed by any accident: and therefore when the dying HOUYHNHNMS return those visits, they take a solemn leave of their friends, as if they were going to some remote part of the country, where they designed to pass the rest of their lives.

I know not whether it may be worth observing, that the HOUYHNHNMS have no word in their language to express any thing that is evil, except what they borrow from the deformities or ill qualities of the YAHOOS. Thus they denote the folly of a servant, an omission of a child, a stone that cuts their feet, a continuance of foul or unseasonable weather, and the like, by adding to each the epithet of YAHOO. For instance, HHNM YAHOO; WHNAHOLM YAHOO, YNLHMNDWIHLMA YAHOO, and an ill-contrived house YNHOLMHNMROHLNW YAHOO.

I could, with great pleasure, enlarge further upon the manners and virtues of this excellent people; but intending in a short time to publish a volume by itself, expressly upon that subject, I refer the reader thither; and, in the mean time, proceed to relate my own sad catastrophe.

Chapter X

I had settled my little economy to my own heart’s content. My master had ordered a room to be made for me, after their manner, about six yards from the house: the sides and floors of which I plastered with clay, and covered with rushmats of my own contriving. I had beaten hemp, which there grows wild, and made of it a sort of ticking; this I filled with the feathers of several birds I had taken with springes made of YAHOOS’ hairs, and were excellent food. I had worked two chairs with my knife, the sorrel nag helping me in the grosser and more laborious part.

When my clothes were worn to rags, I made myself others with the skins of rabbits, and of a certain beautiful animal, about the same size, called NNUHNOH, the skin of which is covered with a fine down. Of these I also made very tolerable stockings. I soled

my shoes with wood, which I cut from a tree, and fitted to the upper-leather; and when this was worn out, I supplied it with the skins of YAHOOS dried in the sun. I often got honey out of hollow trees, which I mingled with water, or ate with my bread. No man could more verify the truth of these two maxims, “That nature is very easily satisfied;” and, “That necessity is the mother of invention.” I enjoyed perfect health of body, and tranquillity of mind; I did not feel the treachery or inconstancy of a friend, nor the injuries of a secret or open enemy. I had no occasion of bribing, flattering, or pimping, to procure the favour of any great man, or of his minion; I wanted no fence against fraud or oppression: here was neither physician to destroy my body, nor lawyer to ruin my fortune; no informer to watch my words and actions, or forge accusations against me for hire: here were no gibers, censurers, backbiters, pickpockets, highwaymen, housebreakers, attorneys, bawds, buffoons, gamesters, politicians, wits, splenetics, tedious talkers, controvertists, ravishers, murderers, robbers, virtuosos; no leaders, or followers, of party and faction; no encouragers to vice, by seducement or examples; no dungeon, axes, gibbets, whipping-posts, or pillories; no cheating shopkeepers or mechanics; no pride, vanity, or affectation; no fops, bullies, drunkards, strolling whores, or poxes; no ranting, lewd, expensive wives; no stupid, proud pedants; no importunate, overbearing, quarrelsome, noisy, roaring, empty, conceited, swearing companions; no scoundrels raised from the dust upon the merit of their vices, or nobility thrown into it on account of their virtues; no lords, fiddlers, judges, or dancing-masters.

I had the favour of being admitted to several HOUYHNHNMS, who came to visit or dine with my master; where his honour graciously suffered me to wait in the room, and listen to their discourse. Both he and his company would often descend to ask me questions, and receive my answers. I had also sometimes the honour of attending my master in his visits to others. I never presumed to speak, except in answer to a question; and then I did it with inward regret, because it was a loss of so much time for improving myself; but I was infinitely delighted with the station of an humble auditor in such conversations, where nothing passed but what was useful, expressed in the fewest and most significant words; where, as I have already said, the greatest decency was observed, without the least degree of ceremony; where no person spoke without being pleased himself, and pleasing his companions; where there was no interruption, tediousness, heat, or difference of sentiments. They have a notion, that when people are met together, a short silence does much improve conversation: this I found to be true; for during those little intermissions of talk, new ideas would arise in their minds, which very much enlivened the discourse. Their subjects are, generally on friendship and benevolence, on order and economy; sometimes upon the visible operations of nature, or ancient traditions; upon the bounds and limits of virtue; upon the unerring rules of reason, or upon some determinations to be taken at the next great assembly: and often upon the various excellences of poetry. I may add, without vanity, that my presence often gave them sufficient matter for discourse, because it afforded my master an occasion of letting his friends into the history of me and my country, upon which they were all pleased to descant, in a manner not very advantageous to humankind: and for that reason I shall not repeat what they said; only I may be allowed to observe, that his honour, to my great admiration, appeared to understand the nature of YAHOOS much better than myself. He went through all our vices and follies, and discovered many, which I had never mentioned to him, by only supposing what qualities a YAHOO of their country, with a small proportion of reason, might be capable of exerting; and concluded, with too much probability, “how vile, as well as miserable, such a creature must be.”

I freely confess, that all the little knowledge I have of any value, was acquired by the lectures I received from my master, and from hearing the discourses of him and his friends; to which I should be prouder to listen, than to dictate to the greatest and wisest assembly in Europe. I admired the strength, comeliness, and speed of the inhabitants; and such a constellation of virtues, in such amiable persons, produced in me the highest veneration. At first, indeed, I did not feel that natural awe, which the YAHOOS and all other animals bear toward them; but it grew upon me by decrees, much sooner than I imagined, and was mingled with a respectful love and gratitude, that they would condescend to distinguish me from the rest of my species.

When I thought of my family, my friends, my countrymen, or the human race in general, I considered them, as they really were, YAHOOS in shape and disposition, perhaps a little more civilized, and qualified with the gift of speech; but making no other use of reason, than to improve and multiply those vices whereof their brethren in this country had only the share that nature allotted them. When I happened to behold the reflection of my own form in a lake or fountain, I turned away my face in horror and detestation of myself, and could better endure the sight of a common YAHOO than of my own person. By conversing with the HOUYHNHNMS, and looking upon them with delight, I fell to imitate their gait and gesture, which is now grown into a habit; and my friends often tell me, in a blunt way, “that I trot like a horse;” which, however, I take for a great compliment. Neither shall I disown, that in speaking I am apt to fall into the voice and manner of the HOUYHNHNMS, and hear myself ridiculed on that account, without the least mortification.

In the midst of all this happiness, and when I looked upon myself to be fully settled for life, my master sent for me one morning a little earlier than his usual hour. I observed by his countenance that he was in some perplexity, and at a loss how to begin what he had to speak. After a short silence, he told me, “he did not know how I would take what he was going to say: that in the last general assembly, when the affair of the YAHOOS was entered upon, the representatives had taken offence at his keeping a YAHOO (meaning myself) in his family, more like a HOUYHNHNM than a brute animal; that he was known frequently to converse with me, as if he could receive some advantage or pleasure in my company; that such a practice was not agreeable to reason or nature, or a thing ever heard of before among them; the assembly did therefore exhort him either to employ me like the rest

of my species, or command me to swim back to the place whence I came: that the first of these expedients was utterly rejected by all the HOUYHNHNMS who had ever seen me at his house or their own; for they alleged, that because I had some rudiments of reason, added to the natural pravity of those animals, it was to be feared I might be able to seduce them into the woody and mountainous parts of the country, and bring them in troops by night to destroy the HOUYHNHNMS' cattle, as being naturally of the ravenous kind, and averse from labour."

My master added, "that he was daily pressed by the HOUYHNHNMS of the neighbourhood to have the assembly's exhortation executed, which he could not put off much longer. He doubted it would be impossible for me to swim to another country; and therefore wished I would contrive some sort of vehicle, resembling those I had described to him, that might carry me on the sea; in which work I should have the assistance of his own servants, as well as those of his neighbours." He concluded, "that for his own part, he could have been content to keep me in his service as long as I lived; because he found I had cured myself of some bad habits and dispositions, by endeavouring, as far as my inferior nature was capable, to imitate the HOUYHNHNMS."

I should here observe to the reader, that a decree of the general assembly in this country is expressed by the word HNHLOAYN, which signifies an exhortation, as near as I can render it; for they have no conception how a rational creature can be compelled, but only advised, or exhorted; because no person can disobey reason, without giving up his claim to be a rational creature.

I was struck with the utmost grief and despair at my master's discourse; and being unable to support the agonies I was under, I fell into a swoon at his feet. When I came to myself, he told me "that he concluded I had been dead;" for these people are subject to no such imbecilities of nature. I answered in a faint voice, "that death would have been too great a happiness; that although I could not blame the assembly's exhortation, or the urgency of his friends; yet, in my weak and corrupt judgment, I thought it might consist with reason to have been less rigorous; that I could not swim a league, and probably the nearest land to theirs might be distant above a hundred: that many materials, necessary for making a small vessel to carry me off, were wholly wanting in this country; which, however, I would attempt, in obedience and gratitude to his honour, although I concluded the thing to be impossible, and therefore looked on myself as already devoted to destruction; that the certain prospect of an unnatural death was the least of my evils; for, supposing I should escape with life by some strange adventure, how could I think with temper of passing my days among YAHOOS, and relapsing into my old corruptions, for want of examples to lead and keep me within the paths of virtue? that I knew too well upon what solid reasons all the determinations of the wise HOUYHNHNMS were founded, not to be shaken by arguments of mine, a miserable YAHOO; and therefore, after presenting him with my humble thanks for the offer of his servants' assistance in making a vessel, and desiring a reasonable time for so difficult a work, I told him I would endeavour to preserve a wretched being; and if ever I returned to England, was not without hopes of being useful to my own species, by celebrating the praises of the renowned HOUYHNHNMS, and proposing their virtues to the imitation of mankind."

My master, in a few words, made me a very gracious reply; allowed me the space of two months to finish my boat; and ordered the sorrel nag, my fellow-servant (for so, at this distance, I may presume to call him), to follow my instruction; because I told my master, "that his help would be sufficient, and I knew he had a tenderness for me."

In his company, my first business was to go to that part of the coast where my rebellious crew had ordered me to be set on shore. I got upon a height, and looking on every side into the sea; fancied I saw a small island toward the north-east. I took out my pocket glass, and could then clearly distinguish it above five leagues off, as I computed; but it appeared to the sorrel nag to be only a blue cloud: for as he had no conception of any country beside his own, so he could not be as expert in distinguishing remote objects at sea, as we who so much converse in that element.

After I had discovered this island, I considered no further; but resolved it should if possible, be the first place of my banishment, leaving the consequence to fortune.

I returned home, and consulting with the sorrel nag, we went into a copse at some distance, where I with my knife, and he with a sharp flint, fastened very artificially after their manner, to a wooden handle, cut down several oak wattles, about the thickness of a walking-staff, and some larger pieces. But I shall not trouble the reader with a particular description of my own mechanics; let it suffice to say, that in six weeks time with the help of the sorrel nag, who performed the parts that required most labour, I finished a sort of Indian canoe, but much larger, covering it with the skins of YAHOOS, well stitched together with hempen threads of my own making. My sail was likewise composed of the skins of the same animal; but I made use of the youngest I could get, the older being too tough and thick; and I likewise provided myself with four paddles. I laid in a stock of boiled flesh, of rabbits and fowls, and took with me two vessels, one filled with milk and the other with water.

I tried my canoe in a large pond, near my master's house, and then corrected in it what was amiss; stopping all the chinks with YAHOOS' tallow, till I found it staunch, and able to bear me and my freight; and, when it was as complete as I could possibly make it, I had it drawn on a carriage very gently by YAHOOS to the sea-side, under the conduct of the sorrel nag and another servant.

When all was ready, and the day came for my departure, I took leave of my master and lady and the whole family, my eyes flowing with tears, and my heart quite sunk with grief. But his honour, out of curiosity, and, perhaps, (if I may speak without vanity,) partly out of kindness, was determined to see me in my canoe, and got several of his neighbouring friends to accompany him. I was forced to wait above an hour for the tide; and then observing the wind very fortunately bearing toward the island to which I intended to steer my course, I took a second leave of my master: but as I was going to prostrate myself to kiss his hoof, he did me the honour to raise it gently to my mouth. I am not ignorant how much I have been censured for mentioning this last particular. Detractors are pleased to think it improbable, that so illustrious a person should descend to give so great a mark of distinction to a creature so inferior as I. Neither have I forgotten how apt some travellers are to boast of extraordinary favours they have received. But, if these censurers were better acquainted with the noble and courteous disposition of the HOUYHNHNMS, they would soon change their opinion.

I paid my respects to the rest of the HOUYHNHNMS in his honour's company; then getting into my canoe, I pushed off from shore.

Chapter XI

I began this desperate voyage on February 15, 1714-15, at nine o'clock in the morning. The wind was very favourable; however, I made use at first only of my paddles; but considering I should soon be weary, and that the wind might chop about, I ventured to set up my little sail; and thus, with the help of the tide, I went at the rate of a league and a half an hour, as near as I could guess. My master and his friends continued on the shore till I was almost out of sight; and I often heard the sorrel nag (who always loved me) crying out, "HNUY ILLA NYHA, MAJAH YAHOO;" "Take care of thyself, gentle YAHOO."

My design was, if possible, to discover some small island uninhabited, yet sufficient, by my labour, to furnish me with the necessaries of life, which I would have thought a greater happiness, than to be first minister in the politest court of Europe; so horrible was the idea I conceived of returning to live in the society, and under the government of YAHOOS. For in such a solitude as I desired, I could at least enjoy my own thoughts, and reflect with delight on the virtues of those inimitable HOUYHNHNMS, without an opportunity of degenerating into the vices and corruptions of my own species.

The reader may remember what I related, when my crew conspired against me, and confined me to my cabin; how I continued there several weeks without knowing what course we took; and when I was put ashore in the long-boat, how the sailors told me, with oaths, whether true or false, "that they knew not in what part of the world we were." However, I did then believe us to be about 10 degrees southward of the Cape of Good Hope, or about 45 degrees southern latitude, as I gathered from some general words I overheard among them, being I supposed to the southeast in their intended voyage to Madagascar. And although this were little better than conjecture, yet I resolved to steer my course eastward, hoping to reach the south-west coast of New Holland, and perhaps some such island as I desired lying westward of it. The wind was full west, and by six in the evening I computed I had gone eastward at least eighteen leagues; when I spied a very small island about half a league off, which I soon reached. It was nothing but a rock, with one creek naturally arched by the force of tempests. Here I put in my canoe, and climbing a part of the rock, I could plainly discover land to the east, extending from south to north. I lay all night in my canoe; and repeating my voyage early in the morning, I arrived in seven hours to the south-east point of New Holland. This confirmed me in the opinion I have long entertained, that the maps and charts place this country at least three degrees more to the east than it really is; which thought I communicated many years ago to my worthy friend, Mr. Herman Moll, and gave him my reasons for it, although he has rather chosen to follow other authors.

I saw no inhabitants in the place where I landed, and being unarmed, I was afraid of venturing far into the country. I found some shellfish on the shore, and ate them raw, not daring to kindle a fire, for fear of being discovered by the natives. I continued three days feeding on oysters and limpets, to save my own provisions; and I fortunately found a brook of excellent water, which gave me great relief.

On the fourth day, venturing out early a little too far, I saw twenty or thirty natives upon a height not above five hundred yards from me. They were stark naked, men, women, and children, round a fire, as I could discover by the smoke. One of them spied me, and gave notice to the rest; five of them advanced toward me, leaving the women and children at the fire. I made what haste I could to the shore, and, getting into my canoe, shoved off: the savages, observing me retreat, ran after me: and before I could get far enough into the sea, discharged an arrow which wounded me deeply on the inside of my left knee: I shall carry the mark to my grave. I apprehended the arrow might be poisoned, and paddling out of the reach of their darts (being a calm day), I made a shift to suck the wound, and dress it as well as I could.

I was at a loss what to do, for I durst not return to the same landing-place, but stood to the north, and was forced to paddle, for the wind, though very gentle, was against me, blowing north-west. As I was looking about for a secure landing-place, I saw a sail to the north-north-east, which appearing every minute more visible, I was in some doubt whether I should wait for them or not;

but at last my detestation of the YAHOO race prevailed: and turning my canoe, I sailed and paddled together to the south, and got into the same creek whence I set out in the morning, choosing rather to trust myself among these barbarians, than live with European YAHOOS. I drew up my canoe as close as I could to the shore, and hid myself behind a stone by the little brook, which, as I have already said, was excellent water.

The ship came within half a league of this creek, and sent her long boat with vessels to take in fresh water (for the place, it seems, was very well known); but I did not observe it, till the boat was almost on shore; and it was too late to seek another hiding-place. The seamen at their landing observed my canoe, and rummaging it all over, easily conjectured that the owner could not be far off. Four of them, well armed, searched every cranny and lurking-hole, till at last they found me flat on my face behind the stone. They gazed awhile in admiration at my strange uncouth dress; my coat made of skins, my wooden-soled shoes, and my furred stockings; whence, however, they concluded, I was not a native of the place, who all go naked. One of the seamen, in Portuguese, bid me rise, and asked who I was. I understood that language very well, and getting upon my feet, said, “I was a poor YAHOO banished from the HOUYHNHNMS, and desired they would please to let me depart.” They admired to hear me answer them in their own tongue, and saw by my complexion I must be a European; but were at a loss to know what I meant by YAHOOS and HOUYHNHNMS; and at the same time fell a-laughing at my strange tone in speaking, which resembled the neighing of a horse. I trembled all the while betwixt fear and hatred. I again desired leave to depart, and was gently moving to my canoe; but they laid hold of me, desiring to know, “what country I was of? whence I came?” with many other questions. I told them “I was born in England, whence I came about five years ago, and then their country and ours were at peace. I therefore hoped they would not treat me as an enemy, since I meant them no harm, but was a poor YAHOO seeking some desolate place where to pass the remainder of his unfortunate life.”

When they began to talk, I thought I never heard or saw any thing more unnatural; for it appeared to me as monstrous as if a dog or a cow should speak in England, or a YAHOO in HOUYHNHNMLAND. The honest Portuguese were equally amazed at my strange dress, and the odd manner of delivering my words, which, however, they understood very well. They spoke to me with great humanity, and said, “they were sure the captain would carry me GRATIS to Lisbon, whence I might return to my own country; that two of the seamen would go back to the ship, inform the captain of what they had seen, and receive his orders; in the mean time, unless I would give my solemn oath not to fly, they would secure me by force. I thought it best to comply with their proposal. They were very curious to know my story, but I gave them very little satisfaction, and they all conjectured that my misfortunes had impaired my reason. In two hours the boat, which went laden with vessels of water, returned, with the captain’s command to fetch me on board. I fell on my knees to preserve my liberty; but all was in vain; and the men, having tied me with cords, heaved me into the boat, whence I was taken into the ship, and thence into the captain’s cabin.

His name was Pedro de Mendez; he was a very courteous and generous person. He entreated me to give some account of myself, and desired to know what I would eat or drink; said, “I should be used as well as himself;” and spoke so many obliging things, that I wondered to find such civilities from a YAHOO. However, I remained silent and sullen; I was ready to faint at the very smell of him and his men. At last I desired something to eat out of my own canoe; but he ordered me a chicken, and some excellent wine, and then directed that I should be put to bed in a very clean cabin. I would not undress myself, but lay on the bed-clothes, and in half an hour stole out, when I thought the crew was at dinner, and getting to the side of the ship, was going to leap into the sea, and swim for my life, rather than continue among YAHOOS. But one of the seamen prevented me, and having informed the captain, I was chained to my cabin.

After dinner, Don Pedro came to me, and desired to know my reason for so desperate an attempt; assured me, “he only meant to do me all the service he was able;” and spoke so very movingly, that at last I descended to treat him like an animal which had some little portion of reason. I gave him a very short relation of my voyage; of the conspiracy against me by my own men; of the country where they set me on shore, and of my five years residence there. All which he looked upon as if it were a dream or a vision; whereat I took great offence; for I had quite forgot the faculty of lying, so peculiar to YAHOOS, in all countries where they preside, and, consequently, their disposition of suspecting truth in others of their own species. I asked him, “whether it were the custom in his country to say the thing which was not?” I assured him, “I had almost forgot what he meant by falsehood, and if I had lived a thousand years in HOUYHNHNMLAND, I should never have heard a lie from the meanest servant; that I was altogether indifferent whether he believed me or not; but, however, in return for his favours, I would give so much allowance to the corruption of his nature, as to answer any objection he would please to make, and then he might easily discover the truth.”

The captain, a wise man, after many endeavours to catch me tripping in some part of my story, at last began to have a better opinion of my veracity. But he added, “that since I professed so inviolable an attachment to truth, I must give him my word and honour to bear him company in this voyage, without attempting any thing against my life; or else he would continue me a prisoner till we arrived at Lisbon.” I gave him the promise he required; but at the same time protested, “that I would suffer the greatest hardships, rather than return to live among YAHOOS.”

Our voyage passed without any considerable accident. In gratitude to the captain, I sometimes sat with him, at his earnest

request, and strove to conceal my antipathy against human kind, although it often broke out; which he suffered to pass without observation. But the greatest part of the day I confined myself to my cabin, to avoid seeing any of the crew. The captain had often entreated me to strip myself of my savage dress, and offered to lend me the best suit of clothes he had. This I would not be prevailed on to accept, abhorring to cover myself with any thing that had been on the back of a YAHOO. I only desired he would lend me two clean shirts, which, having been washed since he wore them, I believed would not so much defile me. These I changed every second day, and washed them myself.

We arrived at Lisbon, Nov. 5, 1715. At our landing, the captain forced me to cover myself with his cloak, to prevent the rabble from crowding about me. I was conveyed to his own house; and at my earnest request he led me up to the highest room backwards. I conjured him "to conceal from all persons what I had told him of the HOUYHNHNMS; because the least hint of such a story would not only draw numbers of people to see me, but probably put me in danger of being imprisoned, or burnt by the Inquisition." The captain persuaded me to accept a suit of clothes newly made; but I would not suffer the tailor to take my measure; however, Don Pedro being almost of my size, they fitted me well enough. He accoutred me with other necessaries, all new, which I aired for twenty-four hours before I would use them.

The captain had no wife, nor above three servants, none of which were suffered to attend at meals; and his whole deportment was so obliging, added to very good human understanding, that I really began to tolerate his company. He gained so far upon me, that I ventured to look out of the back window. By degrees I was brought into another room, whence I peeped into the street, but drew my head back in a fright. In a week's time he seduced me down to the door. I found my terror gradually lessened, but my hatred and contempt seemed to increase. I was at last bold enough to walk the street in his company, but kept my nose well stopped with rue, or sometimes with tobacco.

In ten days, Don Pedro, to whom I had given some account of my domestic affairs, put it upon me, as a matter of honour and conscience, "that I ought to return to my native country, and live at home with my wife and children." He told me, "there was an English ship in the port just ready to sail, and he would furnish me with all things necessary." It would be tedious to repeat his arguments, and my contradictions. He said, "it was altogether impossible to find such a solitary island as I desired to live in; but I might command in my own house, and pass my time in a manner as recluse as I pleased."

I complied at last, finding I could not do better. I left Lisbon the 24th day of November, in an English merchantman, but who was the master I never inquired. Don Pedro accompanied me to the ship, and lent me twenty pounds. He took kind leave of me, and embraced me at parting, which I bore as well as I could. During this last voyage I had no commerce with the master or any of his men; but, pretending I was sick, kept close in my cabin. On the fifth of December, 1715, we cast anchor in the Downs, about nine in the morning, and at three in the afternoon I got safe to my house at Rotherhith. (7)

My wife and family received me with great surprise and joy, because they concluded me certainly dead; but I must freely confess the sight of them filled me only with hatred, disgust, and contempt; and the more, by reflecting on the near alliance I had to them. For although, since my unfortunate exile from the HOUYHNHNM country, I had compelled myself to tolerate the sight of YAHOOS, and to converse with Don Pedro de Mendez, yet my memory and imagination were perpetually filled with the virtues and ideas of those exalted HOUYHNHNMS. And when I began to consider that, by copulating with one of the YAHOO species I had become a parent of more, it struck me with the utmost shame, confusion, and horror.

As soon as I entered the house, my wife took me in her arms, and kissed me; at which, having not been used to the touch of that odious animal for so many years, I fell into a swoon for almost an hour. At the time I am writing, it is five years since my last return to England. During the first year, I could not endure my wife or children in my presence; the very smell of them was intolerable; much less could I suffer them to eat in the same room. To this hour they dare not presume to touch my bread, or drink out of the same cup, neither was I ever able to let one of them take me by the hand. The first money I laid out was to buy two young stonehorses, which I keep in a good stable; and next to them, the groom is my greatest favourite, for I feel my spirits revived by the smell he contracts in the stable. My horses understand me tolerably well; I converse with them at least four hours every day. They are strangers to bridle or saddle; they live in great amity with me and friendship to each other.

4.7.2: "A Modest Proposal"

It is a melancholy object to those who walk through this great town or travel in the country, when they see the streets, the roads, and cabin doors, crowded with beggars of the female sex, followed by three, four, or six children, all in rags and importuning every passenger for an alms. These mothers, instead of being able to work for their honest livelihood, are forced to employ all their time in strolling to beg sustenance for their helpless infants: who as they grow up either turn thieves for want of work, or leave their dear native country to fight for the Pretender in Spain, or sell themselves to the Barbadoes.

I think it is agreed by all parties that this prodigious number of children in the arms, or on the backs, or at the heels of their mothers, and frequently of their fathers, is in the present deplorable state of the kingdom a very great additional grievance; and, therefore, whoever could find out a fair, cheap, and easy method of making these children sound, useful members of the commonwealth, would deserve so well of the public as to have his statue set up for a preserver of the nation.

But my intention is very far from being confined to provide only for the children of professed beggars; it is of a much greater extent, and shall take in the whole number of infants at a certain age who are born of parents in effect as little able to support them as those who demand our charity in the streets.

As to my own part, having turned my thoughts for many years upon this important subject, and maturely weighed the several schemes of other projectors, I have always found them grossly mistaken in the computation. It is true, a child just dropped from its dam may be supported by her milk for a solar year, with little other nourishment; at most not above the value of 2s., which the mother may certainly get, or the value in scraps, by her lawful occupation of begging; and it is exactly at one year old that I propose to provide for them in such a manner as instead of being a charge upon their parents or the parish, or wanting food and raiment for the rest of their lives, they shall on the contrary contribute to the feeding, and partly to the clothing, of many thousands.

There is likewise another great advantage in my scheme, that it will prevent those voluntary abortions, and that horrid practice of women murdering their bastard children, alas! too frequent among us! sacrificing the poor innocent babes I doubt more to avoid the expense than the shame, which would move tears and pity in the most savage and inhuman breast.

The number of souls in this kingdom being usually reckoned one million and a half, of these I calculate there may be about two hundred thousand couples whose wives are breeders; from which number I subtract thirty thousand couples who are able to maintain their own children, although I apprehend there cannot be so many, under the present distresses of the kingdom; but this being granted, there will remain an hundred and seventy thousand breeders. I again subtract fifty thousand for those women who miscarry, or whose children die by accident or disease within the year. There only remains one hundred and twenty thousand children of poor parents annually born. The question therefore is, how this number shall be reared and provided for, which, as I have already said, under the present situation of affairs, is utterly impossible by all the methods hitherto proposed. For we can neither employ them in handicraft or agriculture; we neither build houses (I mean in the country) nor cultivate land: they can very seldom pick up a livelihood by stealing, till they arrive at six years old, except where they are of towardly parts, although I confess they learn the rudiments much earlier, during which time, they can however be properly looked upon only as probationers, as I have been informed by a principal gentleman in the county of Cavan, who protested to me that he never knew above one or two instances under the age of six, even in a part of the kingdom so renowned for the quickest proficiency in that art.

I am assured by our merchants, that a boy or a girl before twelve years old is no salable commodity; and even when they come to this age they will not yield above three pounds, or three pounds and half-a-crown at most on the exchange; which cannot turn to account either to the parents or kingdom, the charge of nutriment and rags having been at least four times that value.

I shall now therefore humbly propose my own thoughts, which I hope will not be liable to the least objection.

I have been assured by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child well nursed is at a year old a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricassee or a ragout.

I do therefore humbly offer it to public consideration that of the hundred and twenty thousand children already computed, twenty thousand may be reserved for breed, whereof only one-fourth part to be males; which is more than we allow to sheep, black cattle or swine; and my reason is, that these children are seldom the fruits of marriage, a circumstance not much regarded by our savages, therefore one male will be sufficient to serve four females. That the remaining hundred thousand may, at a year old, be offered in the sale to the persons of quality and fortune through the kingdom; always advising the mother to let them suck plentifully in the last month, so as to render them plump and fat for a good table. A child will make two dishes at an entertainment for friends; and when the family dines alone, the fore or hind quarter will make a reasonable dish, and seasoned with a little pepper or salt will be very good boiled on the fourth day, especially in winter.

I have reckoned upon a medium that a child just born will weigh 12 pounds, and in a solar year, if tolerably nursed, increaseth to 28 pounds.

I grant this food will be somewhat dear, and therefore very proper for landlords, who, as they have already devoured most of the parents, seem to have the best title to the children.

Infant's flesh will be in season throughout the year, but more plentiful in March, and a little before and after; for we are told by a grave author, an eminent French physician, that fish being a prolific diet, there are more children born in Roman Catholic countries about nine months after Lent than at any other season; therefore, reckoning a year after Lent, the markets will be more glutted than usual, because the number of popish infants is at least three to one in this kingdom: and therefore it will have one other collateral advantage, by lessening the number of papists among us.

I have already computed the charge of nursing a beggar's child (in which list I reckon all cottagers, laborers, and four-fifths of the farmers) to be about two shillings per annum, rags included; and I believe no gentleman would repine to give ten shillings for the carcass of a good fat child, which, as I have said, will make four dishes of excellent nutritive meat, when he hath only some particular friend or his own family to dine with him. Thus the squire will learn to be a good landlord, and grow popular among his tenants; the mother will have eight shillings net profit, and be fit for work till she produces another child.

Those who are more thrifty (as I must confess the times require) may flay the carcass; the skin of which artificially dressed will make admirable gloves for ladies, and summer boots for fine gentlemen.

As to our city of Dublin, shambles may be appointed for this purpose in the most convenient parts of it, and butchers we may be assured will not be wanting; although I rather recommend buying the children alive, and dressing them hot from the knife, as we do roasting pigs.

A very worthy person, a true lover of his country, and whose virtues I highly esteem, was lately pleased in discoursing on this matter to offer a refinement upon my scheme. He said that many gentlemen of this kingdom, having of late destroyed their deer, he conceived that the want of venison might be well supplied by the bodies of young lads and maidens, not exceeding fourteen years of age nor under twelve; so great a number of both sexes in every country being now ready to starve for want of work and service; and these to be disposed of by their parents, if alive, or otherwise by their nearest relations. But with due deference to so excellent a friend and so deserving a patriot, I cannot be altogether in his sentiments; for as to the males, my American acquaintance assured me, from frequent experience, that their flesh was generally tough and lean, like that of our schoolboys by continual exercise, and their taste disagreeable; and to fatten them would not answer the charge. Then as to the females, it would, I think, with humble submission be a loss to the public, because they soon would become breeders themselves; and besides, it is not improbable that some scrupulous people might be apt to censure such a practice (although indeed very unjustly), as a little bordering upon cruelty; which, I confess, hath always been with me the strongest objection against any project, however so well intended.

But in order to justify my friend, he confessed that this expedient was put into his head by the famous Psalmanazar, a native of the island Formosa, who came from thence to London above twenty years ago, and in conversation told my friend, that in his country when any young person happened to be put to death, the executioner sold the carcass to persons of quality as a prime dainty; and that in his time the body of a plump girl of fifteen, who was crucified for an attempt to poison the emperor, was sold to his imperial majesty's prime minister of state, and other great mandarins of the court, in joints from the gibbet, at four hundred crowns. Neither indeed can I deny, that if the same use were made of several plump young girls in this town, who without one single groat to their fortunes cannot stir abroad without a chair, and appear at playhouse and assemblies in foreign fineries which they never will pay for, the kingdom would not be the worse.

Some persons of a desponding spirit are in great concern about that vast number of poor people, who are aged, diseased, or maimed, and I have been desired to employ my thoughts what course may be taken to ease the nation of so grievous an encumbrance. But I am not in the least pain upon that matter, because it is very well known that they are every day dying and rotting by cold and famine, and filth and vermin, as fast as can be reasonably expected. And as to the young laborers, they are now in as hopeful a condition; they cannot get work, and consequently pine away for want of nourishment, to a degree that if at any time they are accidentally hired to common labor, they have not strength to perform it; and thus the country and themselves are happily delivered from the evils to come.

I have too long digressed, and therefore shall return to my subject. I think the advantages by the proposal which I have made are obvious and many, as well as of the highest importance.

For first, as I have already observed, it would greatly lessen the number of papists, with whom we are yearly overrun, being the principal breeders of the nation as well as our most dangerous enemies; and who stay at home on purpose with a design to deliver the kingdom to the Pretender, hoping to take their advantage by the absence of so many good protestants, who have chosen rather to leave their country than stay at home and pay tithes against their conscience to an episcopal curate.

Secondly, The poorer tenants will have something valuable of their own, which by law may be made liable to distress and help to pay their landlord's rent, their corn and cattle being already seized, and money a thing unknown.

Thirdly, Whereas the maintenance of an hundred thousand children, from two years old and upward, cannot be computed at less than ten shillings a-piece per annum, the nation's stock will be thereby increased fifty thousand pounds per annum, beside the profit of a new dish introduced to the tables of all gentlemen of fortune in the kingdom who have any refinement in taste. And the money will circulate among ourselves, the goods being entirely of our own growth and manufacture.

Fourthly, The constant breeders, beside the gain of eight shillings sterling per annum by the sale of their children, will be rid of the charge of maintaining them after the first year.

Fifthly, This food would likewise bring great custom to taverns; where the vintners will certainly be so prudent as to procure the best receipts for dressing it to perfection, and consequently have their houses frequented by all the fine gentlemen, who justly value themselves upon their knowledge in good eating: and a skilful cook, who understands how to oblige his guests, will contrive to make it as expensive as they please.

Sixthly, This would be a great inducement to marriage, which all wise nations have either encouraged by rewards or enforced by laws and penalties. It would increase the care and tenderness of mothers toward their children, when they were sure of a settlement for life to the poor babes, provided in some sort by the public, to their annual profit instead of expense. We should see an honest emulation among the married women, which of them could bring the fattest child to the market. Men would become as fond of their wives during the time of their pregnancy as they are now of their mares in foal, their cows in calf, their sows when they are ready to farrow; nor offer to beat or kick them (as is too frequent a practice) for fear of a miscarriage.

Many other advantages might be enumerated. For instance, the addition of some thousand carcasses in our exportation of barreled beef, the propagation of swine's flesh, and improvement in the art of making good bacon, so much wanted among us by the great destruction of pigs, too frequent at our tables; which are no way comparable in taste or magnificence to a well-grown, fat, yearling child, which roasted whole will make a considerable figure at a lord mayor's feast or any other public entertainment. But this and many others I omit, being studious of brevity.

Supposing that one thousand families in this city, would be constant customers for infants flesh, besides others who might have it at merry meetings, particularly at weddings and christenings, I compute that Dublin would take off annually about twenty thousand carcasses; and the rest of the kingdom (where probably they will be sold somewhat cheaper) the remaining eighty thousand.

I can think of no one objection, that will possibly be raised against this proposal, unless it should be urged, that the number of people will be thereby much lessened in the kingdom. This I freely own, and 'twas indeed one principal design in offering it to the world. I desire the reader will observe, that I calculate my remedy for this one individual Kingdom of Ireland, and for no other that ever was, is, or, I think, ever can be upon Earth. Therefore let no man talk to me of other expedients: *Of taxing our absentees at five shillings a pound: Of using neither cloaths, nor houshold furniture, except what is of our own growth and manufacture: Of utterly rejecting the materials and instruments that promote foreign luxury: Of curing the expensiveness of pride, vanity, idleness, and gaming in our women: Of introducing a vein of parsimony, prudence and temperance: Of learning to love our country, wherein we differ even from Laplanders, and the inhabitants of Topinamboo: Of quitting our animosities and factions, nor acting any longer like the Jews, who were murdering one another at the very moment their city was taken: Of being a little cautious not to sell our country and consciences for nothing: Of teaching landlords to have at least one degree of mercy towards their tenants. Lastly, of putting a spirit of honesty, industry, and skill into our shopkeepers, who, if a resolution could now be taken to buy only our native goods, would immediately unite to cheat and exact upon us in the price, the measure, and the goodness, nor could ever yet be brought to make one fair proposal of just dealing, though often and earnestly invited to it.*

Therefore I repeat, let no man talk to me of these and the like expedients, 'till he hath at least some glympse of hope, that there will ever be some hearty and sincere attempt to put them into practice.

But, as to my self, having been wearied out for many years with offering vain, idle, visionary thoughts, and at length utterly despairing of success, I fortunately fell upon this proposal, which, as it is wholly new, so it hath something solid and real, of no expence and little trouble, full in our own power, and whereby we can incur no danger in disobliging England. For this kind of commodity will not bear exportation, and flesh being of too tender a consistence, to admit a long continuance in salt, although perhaps I could name a country, which would be glad to eat up our whole nation without it.

After all, I am not so violently bent upon my own opinion as to reject any offer proposed by wise men, which shall be found equally innocent, cheap, easy, and effectual. But before something of that kind shall be advanced in contradiction to my scheme, and offering a better, I desire the author or authors will be pleased maturely to consider two points. First, as things now stand, how they will be able to find food and raiment for an hundred thousand useless mouths and backs. And secondly, there being a round million of creatures in human figure throughout this kingdom, whose whole subsistence put into a common stock would leave them in debt two millions of pounds sterling, adding those who are beggars by profession to the bulk of farmers, cottagers,

and laborers, with their wives and children who are beggars in effect: I desire those politicians who dislike my overture, and may perhaps be so bold as to attempt an answer, that they will first ask the parents of these mortals, whether they would not at this day think it a great happiness to have been sold for food, at a year old in the manner I prescribe, and thereby have avoided such a perpetual scene of misfortunes as they have since gone through by the oppression of landlords, the impossibility of paying rent without money or trade, the want of common sustenance, with neither house nor clothes to cover them from the inclemencies of the weather, and the most inevitable prospect of entailing the like or greater miseries upon their breed for ever.

I profess, in the sincerity of my heart, that I have not the least personal interest in endeavoring to promote this necessary work, having no other motive than the public good of my country, by advancing our trade, providing for infants, relieving the poor, and giving some pleasure to the rich. I have no children by which I can propose to get a single penny; the youngest being nine years old, and my wife past child-bearing.

4.7.3: Reading and Review Questions

1. In order to understand its particular targets and historical context, satire often requires an extensive reading of notes. Is Swift's satire effective without an understanding of its particular targets and historical context? Why, or why not?
2. How rounded or dimensional is Gulliver as a character? What kind of a character is Gulliver? How does Swift's character(s) compare with Shakespeare's?
3. Why does Gulliver not overtly condemn the King of Lilliput, whom he describes as merciful in only wanting to put out Gulliver's eyes for not having wiped out Blefescu? Why does he, by contrast, overtly deplore the King of Brobdingnag's short-sightedness in rejecting the invention of dynamite?
4. Why is it the King of Brobdingnag who concludes that Gulliver's fellow natives (the British) are "the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth?" How, and why, does Gulliver dismiss this conclusion?
5. What is the moral point of the Yahoos, do you think? Why does Swift make such a point of forcing Gulliver to acknowledge himself to be a Yahoo? What is the moral point of his being expelled from the island by the Houyhnhnms? What is the moral point of his being then recovered by Pedro de Mendes.

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4.8: Alexander Pope (1688-1744)

Alexander Pope was born into a well-to-do Roman Catholic family. He attended Roman Catholic schools in Binfield and at Hyde Park Corner. He did not attend either Oxford or Cambridge, both of which required graduates to take an oath to the Monarch and Church of England. Around the age of twelve, he became infected with Pott's disease, which caused a permanent curvature to his spine and stunted his growth at 4 ft 6 in. He suffered lifelong pain from this debilitating disease, to which some scholars attribute the venomous sensibility of his later satires.



Image 4.14 | Alexander Pope
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Pope started writing very early in his life. He self-studied classical, French, English, and Italian literature. Beginning with *Pastorals* (1709), Pope modeled his work on the classical writers of Rome, particular Horace, Ovid, and Lucretius (99-55 BCE), and wrote in several classical genres, including satire, epic, and epistle.

He expressed his views on literary decorum in his important *An Essay on Criticism* (1711). His other poems included the verse mock-epic *The Rape of the Lock*. His use of the mock-epic suggests that older genres, like the epic, were no longer appropriate to the kind of matter with which his society now had to deal. It didn't have epic matters, like the founding of states; it didn't have epic heroes. So, the more appropriate form to use was the mock-epic, with an anti-hero. Pope's mock-epic was inspired by an actual conflict between two families and took issue with the trivial and overly-materialistic concerns of upper-class society with its lack of true moral judgment or self-perspective. Its concerns focus more on form and expression than on gender issues, despite the "violation" of its female protagonist's lock of hair. He wrote from the female point-of-view in *Eloisa to Abelard* (1717), a poem considering human agency and spiritual integrity. His poems, including the more personal *Windsor Forest*—a locale where he grew up— all are marked by wit; extraordinary artfulness; deft and agile use of the heroic couplet form; seamless union of sound and sense; adroit and apt imagery; and refined, polished, even perfect, expression. As he convincingly notes in *An Essay on Criticism:* "True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,/ As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance" (362-63).

In 1719, he settled permanently at Twickenham, a small villa on the Thames. And he devoted his life to letters, producing important multi-volume translations of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*—the sales of which made him financially secure; an edition of William Shakespeare for which he wrote critical introductions; and "An Essay on Man," which asserts his views on man's place in the world (and on the hierarchical Great Chain of Being), particularly in relation to God.

His rich and active friendships with writers were exemplified in his joining the Scriblerus Club, whose other members included Jonathan Swift and John Gay. Pope marked his literary territory and alliances through satirical attacks on writers such as Joseph Addison (1672-1719), in *An Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot* (1935); and Lewis Theobald (1688-1744) and Colley Cibber (1671-1757), in his two editions of *The Dunciad* (1728, 1743).

Although Romantic literature of the nineteenth century rebelled against the formal limitations and artificiality of neoclassical works, Pope's writing was admired by Wordsworth. Pope continues to stand as one of the greatest neoclassical writers of the eighteenth century.

4.8.1: “An Essay on Criticism”

PART 1

’Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill

Appear in writing or in judging ill;

But, of the two, less dang’rous is th’ offence

To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.

Some few in that, but numbers err in this,

Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;

A fool might once himself alone expose,

Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

’Tis with our judgments as our watches, none

Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

In poets as true genius is but rare,

True taste as seldom is the critic’s share;

Both must alike from Heav’n derive their light,

These born to judge, as well as those to write.

Let such teach others who themselves excel,

And censure freely who have written well.

Authors are partial to their wit, ’tis true,

But are not critics to their judgment too?

Yet if we look more closely we shall find

Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind;

Nature affords at least a glimm’ring light;

The lines, tho’ touch’d but faintly, are drawn right.

But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac’d,

Is by ill colouring but the more disgrac’d,

So by false learning is good sense defac’d;

Some are bewilder’d in the maze of schools,

And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.

In search of wit these lose their common sense,

And then turn critics in their own defence:

Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,

Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's spite.

All fools have still an itching to deride,

And fain would be upon the laughing side.

If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,

There are, who judge still worse than he can write.

Some have at first for wits, then poets pass'd,

Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last;

Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,

As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.

Those half-learn'd witlings, num'rous in our isle

As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;

Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,

Their generation's so equivocal:

To tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,

Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.

But you who seek to give and merit fame,

And justly bear a critic's noble name,

Be sure your self and your own reach to know,

How far your genius, taste, and learning go;

Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,

And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,

And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit:

As on the land while here the ocean gains,

In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;

Thus in the soul while memory prevails,

The solid pow'r of understanding fails;

Where beams of warm imagination play,

The memory's soft figures melt away.

One science only will one genius fit;

So vast is art, so narrow human wit:

Not only bounded to peculiar arts,

But oft in those, confin'd to single parts.

Like kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,

By vain ambition still to make them more;

Each might his sev'ral province well command,

Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow NATURE, and your judgment frame

By her just standard, which is still the same:

Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,

One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,

Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,

At once the source, and end, and test of art.

Art from that fund each just supply provides,

Works without show, and without pomp presides:

In some fair body thus th' informing soul

With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,

Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains;

Itself unseen, but in th' effects, remains.

Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse,

Want as much more, to turn it to its use;

For wit and judgment often are at strife,

Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.

'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed;

Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed;

The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,

Shows most true mettle when you check his course.

Those RULES of old discover'd, not devis'd,

Are Nature still, but Nature methodis'd;

Nature, like liberty, is but restrain'd

By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,

When to repress, and when indulge our flights:

High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,

And pointed out those arduous paths they trod;

Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,

And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.

Just precepts thus from great examples giv'n,

She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n.

The gen'rous critic fann'd the poet's fire,

And taught the world with reason to admire.

Then criticism the Muse's handmaid prov'd,

To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd;

But following wits from that intention stray'd;

Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid;

Against the poets their own arms they turn'd,

Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.

So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art

By doctor's bills to play the doctor's part,

Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,

Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.

Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,

Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they:

Some drily plain, without invention's aid,

Write dull receipts how poems may be made:

These leave the sense, their learning to display,

And those explain the meaning quite away.

You then whose judgment the right course would steer,

Know well each ANCIENT'S proper character;

His fable, subject, scope in ev'ry page;

Religion, country, genius of his age:

Without all these at once before your eyes,

Cavil you may, but never criticise.

Be Homer's works your study and delight,

Read them by day, and meditate by night;

Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,

And trace the Muses upward to their spring;

Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse;

And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.

When first young Maro in his boundless mind

A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,

Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,

And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to draw:

But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,

Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.

Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design,

And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,

As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line.

Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;

To copy nature is to copy them.

Some beauties yet, no precepts can declare,

For there's a happiness as well as care.

Music resembles poetry, in each

Are nameless graces which no methods teach,

And which a master-hand alone can reach.

If, where the rules not far enough extend,

(Since rules were made but to promote their end)

Some lucky LICENCE answers to the full

Th' intent propos'd, that licence is a rule.

Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,

May boldly deviate from the common track.

Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,

And rise to faults true critics dare not mend;

From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,

And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,

Which, without passing through the judgment, gains

The heart, and all its end at once attains.

In prospects, thus, some objects please our eyes,

Which out of nature's common order rise,

The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.

But tho' the ancients thus their rules invade,

(As kings dispense with laws themselves have made)

Moderns, beware! or if you must offend

Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end;

Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need,

And have, at least, their precedent to plead.

The critic else proceeds without remorse,

Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts

Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.

Some figures monstrous and misshap'd appear,

Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,

Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,

Due distance reconciles to form and grace.

A prudent chief not always must display

His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array,

But with th' occasion and the place comply,

Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.

Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,

Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,

Above the reach of sacrilegious hands,

Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,

Destructive war, and all-involving age.

See, from each clime the learn’d their incense bring!

Hear, in all tongues consenting pæans ring!

In praise so just let ev’ry voice be join’d,

And fill the gen’ral chorus of mankind!

Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days;

Immortal heirs of universal praise!

Whose honours with increase of ages grow,

As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow!

Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,

And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!

Oh may some spark of your celestial fire

The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,

(That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights;

Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)

To teach vain wits a science little known,

T’ admire superior sense, and doubt their own!

Part 2

Of all the causes which conspire to blind

Man’s erring judgment, and misguide the mind,

What the weak head with strongest bias rules,

Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.

Whatever Nature has in worth denied,

She gives in large recruits of needful pride;

For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find

What wants in blood and spirits, swell’d with wind;

Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,

And fills up all the mighty void of sense!

If once right reason drives that cloud away,

Truth breaks upon us with resistless day;

Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,

Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.

A little learning is a dang'rous thing;

Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:

There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,

And drinking largely sobers us again.

Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,

In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,

While from the bounded level of our mind,

Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind,

But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprise

New, distant scenes of endless science rise!

So pleas'd at first, the tow'ring Alps we try,

Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;

Th' eternal snows appear already past,

And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;

But those attain'd, we tremble to survey

The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,

Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,

Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect judge will read each work of wit

With the same spirit that its author writ,

Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find,

Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;

Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,

The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.

But in such lays as neither ebb, nor flow,

Correctly cold, and regularly low,

That shunning faults, one quiet tenour keep;

We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.

In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts

Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;

'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,

But the joint force and full result of all.

Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,

(The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)

No single parts unequally surprise;

All comes united to th' admiring eyes;

No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;

The whole at once is bold, and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,

Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.

In ev'ry work regard the writer's end,

Since none can compass more than they intend;

And if the means be just, the conduct true,

Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.

As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,

T' avoid great errors, must the less commit:

Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,

For not to know such trifles, is a praise.

Most critics, fond of some subservient art,

Still make the whole depend upon a part:

They talk of principles, but notions prize,

And all to one lov'd folly sacrifice.

Once on a time, La Mancha's knight, they say,

A certain bard encount'ring on the way,

Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,

As e'er could Dennis of the Grecian stage;

Concluding all were desp'rate sots and fools,

Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.

Our author, happy in a judge so nice,

Produc'd his play, and begg'd the knight's advice,

Made him observe the subject and the plot,

The manners, passions, unities, what not?

All which, exact to rule, were brought about,

Were but a combat in the lists left out.

“What! leave the combat out?” exclaims the knight;

“Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite.”

“Not so by Heav’n” (he answers in a rage)

“Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage.”

So vast a throng the stage can ne’er contain.

“Then build a new, or act it in a plain.”

Thus critics, of less judgment than caprice,

Curious not knowing, not exact but nice,

Form short ideas; and offend in arts

(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to conceit alone their taste confine,

And glitt’ring thoughts struck out at ev’ry line;

Pleas’d with a work where nothing’s just or fit;

One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.

Poets, like painters, thus, unskill’d to trace

The naked nature and the living grace,

With gold and jewels cover ev’ry part,

And hide with ornaments their want of art.

True wit is nature to advantage dress’d,

What oft was thought, but ne’er so well express’d,

Something, whose truth convinc’d at sight we find,

That gives us back the image of our mind.

As shades more sweetly recommend the light,

So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.

For works may have more wit than does ’em good,

As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others for language all their care express,

And value books, as women men, for dress:

Their praise is still—“the style is excellent”:

The sense, they humbly take upon content.

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,

Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,

Its gaudy colours spreads on ev’ry place;

The face of Nature we no more survey,

All glares alike, without distinction gay:

But true expression, like th’ unchanging sun,

Clears, and improves whate’er it shines upon,

It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

Expression is the dress of thought, and still

Appears more decent, as more suitable;

A vile conceit in pompous words express’d,

Is like a clown in regal purple dress’d:

For diff’rent styles with diff’rent subjects sort,

As several garbs with country, town, and court.

Some by old words to fame have made pretence,

Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;

Such labour’d nothings, in so strange a style,

Amaze th’ unlearn’d, and make the learned smile.

Unlucky, as Fungoso in the play,

These sparks with awkward vanity display

What the fine gentleman wore yesterday!

And but so mimic ancient wits at best,

As apes our grandsires, in their doublets dress’d.

In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;

Alike fantastic, if too new, or old;

Be not the first by whom the new are tried,

Not yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song;

And smooth or rough, with them is right or wrong:

In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,

Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire,

Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,

Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,

Not for the doctrine, but the music there.

These equal syllables alone require,

Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire,

While expletives their feeble aid do join,

And ten low words oft creep in one dull line,

While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,

With sure returns of still expected rhymes.

Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze",

In the next line, it "whispers through the trees":

If "crystal streams with pleasing murmurs creep",

The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep".

Then, at the last and only couplet fraught

With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,

A needless Alexandrine ends the song,

That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know

What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;

And praise the easy vigour of a line,

Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness join.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,

As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.

'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,

The sound must seem an echo to the sense.

Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,

And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;

But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,

The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,

The line too labours, and the words move slow;

Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,

Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.

Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,

And bid alternate passions fall and rise!

While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove

Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;

Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,

Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:

Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,

And the world's victor stood subdu'd by sound!

The pow'r of music all our hearts allow,

And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

Avoid extremes; and shun the fault of such,

Who still are pleas'd too little or too much.

At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,

That always shows great pride, or little sense;

Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,

Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.

Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move,

For fools admire, but men of sense approve;

As things seem large which we through mists descry,

Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise;

The ancients only, or the moderns prize.

Thus wit, like faith, by each man is applied

To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.

Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,

And force that sun but on a part to shine;

Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,

But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;

Which from the first has shone on ages past,

Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;

(Though each may feel increases and decays,

And see now clearer and now darker days.)

Regard not then if wit be old or new,

But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,

But catch the spreading notion of the town;

They reason and conclude by precedent,

And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.

Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then

Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.

Of all this servile herd, the worst is he

That in proud dulness joins with quality,

A constant critic at the great man's board,

To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord.

What woeful stuff this madrigal would be,

In some starv'd hackney sonneteer, or me?

But let a Lord once own the happy lines,

How the wit brightens! how the style refines!

Before his sacred name flies every fault,

And each exalted stanza teems with thought!

The vulgar thus through imitation err;

As oft the learn'd by being singular;

So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng

By chance go right, they purposely go wrong:

So Schismatics the plain believers quit,

And are but damn'd for having too much wit.

Some praise at morning what they blame at night;

But always think the last opinion right.

A Muse by these is like a mistress us'd,

This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;

While their weak heads, like towns unfortified,

Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.

Ask them the cause; they're wiser still, they say;

And still tomorrow's wiser than today.

We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;

Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.

Once school divines this zealous isle o'erspread;

Who knew most Sentences, was deepest read;

Faith, Gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed,

And none had sense enough to be confuted:

Scotists and Thomists, now, in peace remain,

Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck Lane.

If Faith itself has different dresses worn,

What wonder modes in wit should take their turn?

Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,

The current folly proves the ready wit;

And authors think their reputation safe

Which lives as long as fools are pleased to laugh.

Some valuing those of their own side or mind,

Still make themselves the measure of mankind;

Fondly we think we honour merit then,

When we but praise ourselves in other men.

Parties in wit attend on those of state,

And public faction doubles private hate.

Pride, Malice, Folly, against Dryden rose,

In various shapes of Parsons, Critics, Beaus;

But sense surviv'd, when merry jests were past;

For rising merit will buoy up at last.

Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,

New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise;

Nay should great Homer lift his awful head,

Zoilus again would start up from the dead.

Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue,

But like a shadow, proves the substance true;

For envied wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known

Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.

When first that sun too powerful beams displays,

It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;

But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,

Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend;

His praise is lost, who stays till all commend.

Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,

And 'tis but just to let 'em live betimes.

No longer now that golden age appears,

When patriarch wits surviv'd a thousand years:

Now length of Fame (our second life) is lost,

And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast;

Our sons their fathers' failing language see,

And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.

So when the faithful pencil has design'd

Some bright idea of the master's mind,

Where a new world leaps out at his command,

And ready Nature waits upon his hand;

When the ripe colours soften and unite,

And sweetly melt into just shade and light;

When mellowing years their full perfection give,

And each bold figure just begins to live,

The treacherous colours the fair art betray,

And all the bright creation fades away!

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,

Atones not for that envy which it brings.

In youth alone its empty praise we boast,

But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost:

Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,

That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.

What is this wit, which must our cares employ?

The owner's wife, that other men enjoy;

Then most our trouble still when most admir'd,

And still the more we give, the more requir'd;

Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,

Sure some to vex, but never all to please;

'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun;

By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

If wit so much from ign'rance undergo,

Ah let not learning too commence its foe!

Of old, those met rewards who could excel,

And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well:

Though triumphs were to gen'rals only due,

Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.

Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,

Employ their pains to spurn some others down;

And while self-love each jealous writer rules,

Contending wits become the sport of fools:

But still the worst with most regret commend,

For each ill author is as bad a friend.

To what base ends, and by what abject ways,

Are mortals urg'd through sacred lust of praise!

Ah ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,

Nor in the critic let the man be lost!

Good nature and good sense must ever join;

To err is human; to forgive, divine.

But if in noble minds some dregs remain,

Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain,

Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,

Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.

No pardon vile obscenity should find,

Though wit and art conspire to move your mind;

But dulness with obscenity must prove

As shameful sure as impotence in love.

In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,

Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase:

When love was all an easy monarch's care;

Seldom at council, never in a war:

Jilts ruled the state, and statesmen farces writ;

Nay wits had pensions, and young Lords had wit:

The fair sat panting at a courtier's play,

And not a mask went unimprov'd away:

The modest fan was lifted up no more,

And virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.

The following licence of a foreign reign

Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;

Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation,

And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;

Where Heav'n's free subjects might their rights dispute,

Lest God himself should seem too absolute:

Pulpits their sacred satire learned to spare,

And Vice admired to find a flatt'rer there!

Encourag'd thus, wit's Titans brav'd the skies,

And the press groan'd with licenc'd blasphemies.

These monsters, critics! with your darts engage,

Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!

Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,

Will needs mistake an author into vice;

All seems infected that th' infected spy,

As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

Part 3

Learn then what morals critics ought to show,

For 'tis but half a judge's task, to know.

'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join;

In all you speak, let truth and candour shine:

That not alone what to your sense is due,

All may allow; but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always when you doubt your sense;

And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence:

Some positive, persisting fops we know,

Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so;

But you, with pleasure own your errors past,

And make each day a critic on the last.

'Tis not enough, your counsel still be true;

Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do;

Men must be taught as if you taught them not;

And things unknown proposed as things forgot.

Without good breeding, truth is disapprov'd;

That only makes superior sense belov'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence;

For the worst avarice is that of sense.

With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,

Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.

Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;

Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.

'Twere well might critics still this freedom take,

But Appius reddens at each word you speak,

And stares, *Tremendous* ! with a threatening eye,

Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry!

Fear most to tax an honourable fool,

Whose right it is, uncensur'd, to be dull;

Such, without wit, are poets when they please,

As without learning they can take degrees.

Leave dangerous truths to unsuccessful satires,

And flattery to fulsome dedicators,

Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more,

Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.

'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,

And charitably let the dull be vain:

Your silence there is better than your spite,

For who can rail so long as they can write?

Still humming on, their drowsy course they keep,

And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.

False steps but help them to renew the race,

As after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.

What crowds of these, impenitently bold,

In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,

Still run on poets, in a raging vein,

Even to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,

Strain out the last, dull droppings of their sense,

And rhyme with all the rage of impotence!

Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true,

There are as mad, abandon'd critics too.

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,

With loads of learned lumber in his head,

With his own tongue still edifies his ears,

And always list'ning to himself appears. All books he reads, and all he reads assails,

From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales.

With him, most authors steal their works, or buy;

Garth did not write his own *Dispensary* .

Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend,

Nay show'd his faults—but when would poets mend?

No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,

Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's churchyard:

Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead:

For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks;

It still looks home, and short excursions makes;

But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks;

And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,

Bursts out, resistless, with a thund'ring tide.

But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,

Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?

Unbias'd, or by favour or by spite;

Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right;

Though learn'd, well-bred; and though well-bred, sincere;

Modestly bold, and humanly severe?

Who to a friend his faults can freely show,

And gladly praise the merit of a foe?

Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd;

A knowledge both of books and human kind;

Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride;

And love to praise, with reason on his side?

Such once were critics; such the happy few,

Athens and Rome in better ages knew.

The mighty Stagirite first left the shore,

Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore:

He steer’d securely, and discover’d far,

Led by the light of the Mæonian Star.

Poets, a race long unconfin’d and free,

Still fond and proud of savage liberty,

Receiv’d his laws; and stood convinc’d ’twas fit,

Who conquer’d nature, should preside o’er wit.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,

And without methods talks us into sense,

Will, like a friend, familiarly convey

The truest notions in the easiest way.

He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,

Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,

Yet judg’d with coolness, though he sung with fire;

His precepts teach but what his works inspire.

Our critics take a contrary extreme,

They judge with fury, but they write with fle’me:

Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations

By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.

See Dionysius Homer’s thoughts refine,

And call new beauties forth from ev’ry line!

Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,

The scholar’s learning, with the courtier’s ease.

In grave Quintilian’s copious work we find

The justest rules, and clearest method join’d;

Thus useful arms in magazines we place,

All rang’d in order, and dispos’d with grace,

But less to please the eye, than arm the hand,

Still fit for use, and ready at command.

Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire,

And bless their critic with a poet’s fire.

An ardent judge, who zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;
Whose own example strengthens all his laws;
And is himself that great sublime he draws.

Thus long succeeding critics justly reign'd,
Licence repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd;
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,
And arts still follow'd where her eagles flew;
From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,
And the same age saw learning fall, and Rome.
With tyranny, then superstition join'd,
As that the body, this enslav'd the mind;
Much was believ'd, but little understood,
And to be dull was constru'd to be good;
A second deluge learning thus o'er-run,
And the monks finish'd what the Goths begun.

At length Erasmus, that great, injur'd name,
(The glory of the priesthood, and the shame!)
Stemm'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

But see! each Muse, in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays!
Rome's ancient genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head!
Then sculpture and her sister-arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.
Immortal Vida! on whose honour'd brow
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,

As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

But soon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,

Their ancient bounds the banished Muses pass'd;

Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance;

But critic-learning flourish'd most in France.

The rules a nation born to serve, obeys,

And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.

But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd,

And kept unconquer'd, and uncivilis'd,

Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,

We still defied the Romans, as of old.

Yet some there were, among the sounder few

Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,

Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,

And here restor'd wit's fundamental laws.

Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell

"Nature's chief master-piece is writing well."

Such was Roscommon—not more learn'd than good,

With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;

To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,

And ev'ry author's merit, but his own.

Such late was Walsh—the Muse's judge and friend,

Who justly knew to blame or to commend;

To failings mild, but zealous for desert;

The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.

This humble praise, lamented shade! receive,

This praise at least a grateful Muse may give:

The Muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,

Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,

(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,

But in low numbers short excursions tries:

Content, if hence th’ unlearn’d their wants may view,

The learn’d reflect on what before they knew:

Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame,

Still pleas’d to praise, yet not afraid to blame,

Averse alike to flatter, or offend,

Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

4.8.2: The Rape of the Lock

CANTO I.

WHAT dire Offence from am’rous Causes springs,



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What mighty Quarrels rise from trivial Things,

I sing—This Verse to *C—l*, Muse! is due;

This, ev’n *Belinda* may vouchsafe to view:

Slight is the Subject, but not so the Praise,

If She inspire, and He approve my Lays.

Say what strange Motive, Goddess! cou’d compel

A well-bred *Lord* t’assault a gentle *Belle*?

Oh say what stranger Cause, yet unexplor’d,

Cou’d make a gentle *Belle* reject a *Lord*?

And dwells such Rage in softest Bosoms then?

And lodge such daring Souls in Little Men?

Sol thro' white Curtains did his Beams display,

And op'd those Eyes which brighter shine than they;

Now *Shock* had giv'n himself the rowzing Shake,

And Nymphs prepar'd their Chocolate to take;

Thrice the wrought Slipper knock'd against the Ground,

And striking Watches the tenth Hour resound.

Belinda still her downy Pillow prest,

Her Guardian *Sylph* prolong'd the balmy Rest.

'Twas he had summon'd to her silent Bed

The Morning Dream that hover'd o'er her Head.

A Youth more glitt'ring than a *Birth-night Beau*,

(That ev'n in Slumber caus'd her Cheek to glow)

Seem'd to her Ear his winning Lips to lay,

And thus in Whispers said, or seem'd to say.

Fairest of Mortals, thou distinguish'd Care

Of thousand bright Inhabitants of Air!

If e'er one Vision touch'd thy infant Thought,

Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught,

Of airy Elves by Moonlight Shadows seen,

The silver Token, and the circled Green,

Or Virgins visited by Angel-Pow'rs,

With Golden Crowns and Wreaths of heav'nly Flow'rs,

Hear and believe! thy own Importance know,

Nor bound thy narrow Views to Things below.

Some secret Truths from Learned Pride conceal'd,

To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd:

What tho' no Credit doubting Wits may give?

The Fair and Innocent shall still believe.

Know then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,

The light *Militia* of the lower Sky;

These, tho' unseen, are ever on the Wing,

Hang o’er the Box, and hover round the Ring.

Think what an Equipage thou hast in Air,

And view with scorn *Two Pages* and a *Chair*.

As now your own, our Beings were of old,

And once inclos’d in Woman’s beauteous Mold;

Thence, by a soft Transition, we repair

From earthly Vehicles to these of Air.

Think not, when Woman’s transient Breath is fled,

That all her Vanities at once are dead:

Succeeding Vanities she still regards,

And tho’ she plays no more, o’erlooks the Cards.

Her Joy in gilded Chariots, when alive,

And Love of *Ombre*, after Death survive.

For when the Fair in all their Pride expire,

To their first Elements the Souls retire:

The Sprights of fiery Termagants in Flame

Mount up, and take a *Salamander’s* Name.

Soft yielding Minds to Water glide away,

And sip with *Nymphs*, their Elemental Tea.

The graver Prude sinks downward to a Gnome,

In search of Mischief still on Earth to roam.

The light Coquettes in *Sylphs* aloft repair,

And sport and flutter in the Fields of Air.

Know farther yet; Whoever fair and chaste

Rejects Mankind, is by some *Sylph* embrac’d:

For Spirits, freed from mortal Laws, with ease

Assume what Sexes and what Shapes they please.

What guards the Purity of melting Maids,

In Courtly Balls, and Midnight Masquerades,

Safe from the treach’rous Friend, and daring Spark,

The Glance by Day, the Whisper in the Dark;

When kind Occasion prompts their warm Desires,

When Musick softens, and when Dancing fires?

'Tis but their *Sylph*, the wise Celestials know,

Tho' *Honour* is the Word with Men below.

Some Nymphs there are, too conscious of their Face,

For Life predestin'd to the Gnomes Embrace.

Who swell their Prospects and exalt their Pride,

When Offers are disdain'd, and Love deny'd.

Then gay Ideas crowd the vacant Brain;

While Peers and Dukes, and all their sweeping Train,

And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear,

And in soft Sounds, Your Grace salutes their Ear.

'Tis these that early taint the Female Soul,

Instruct the Eyes of young Coquettes to roll,

Teach Infants Cheeks a bidden Blush to know,

And little Hearts to flutter at a *Beau*.

Oft when the World imagine Women stray,

The *Sylphs* thro' mystick Mazes guide their Way,

Thro' all the giddy Circle they pursue,

And old Impertinence expel by new.

What tender Maid but must a Victim fall

To one Man's Treat, but for another's Ball?

When *Florio* speaks, what Virgin could withstand,

If gentle *Damon* did not squeeze her Hand?

With varying Vanities, from ev'ry Part,

They shift the moving Toyshop of their Heart;

Where Wigs with Wigs, with Sword-knots Sword-knots strive,

Beaus banish Beaus, and Coaches Coaches drive.

This erring Mortals Levity may call,

Oh blind to Truth! the *Sylphs* contrive it all.

Of these am I, who thy Protection claim,

A watchful Sprite, and *Ariel* is my Name.

Late, as I rang'd the Crystal Wilds of Air,

In the clear Mirror of thy ruling Star

I saw, alas! some dread Event impend,

E're to the Main this Morning's Sun descend.

But Heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:

Warn'd by thy *Sylph*, oh Pious Maid beware!

This to disclose is all thy Guardian can.

Beware of all, but most beware of Man!

He said; when *Shock*, who thought she slept too long,

Leapt up, and wak'd his Mistress with his Tongue.

'Twas then *Belinda*! if Report say true,

Thy Eyes first open'd on a *Billet-doux*;

Wounds, *Charms*, and *Ardors*, were no sooner read,

But all the Vision vanish'd from thy Head.

And now, unveil'd, the *Toilet* stands display'd,

Each Silver Vase in mystic Order laid.

First, rob'd in White, the Nymph intent adores

With Head uncover'd, the *Cosmetic* Pow'rs.

A heav'nly Image in the Glass appears,

To that she bends, to that her Eyes she rears;

Th' inferior Priestess, at her Altar's side,

Trembling, begins the sacred Rites of Pride.

Unnumber'd Treasures ope at once, and here

The various Off'rings of the World appear;

From each she nicely culls with curious Toil,

And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring Spoil.

This Casket *India*'s glowing Gems unlocks,

And all *Arabia* breaths from yonder Box.

The Tortoise here and Elephant unite,

Transform'd to Combs, the speckled and the white.

Here Files of Pins extend their shining Rows,

Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.

Now awful Beauty puts on all its Arms;

The Fair each moment rises in her Charms,

Repairs her Smiles, awakens ev'ry Grace,

And calls forth all the Wonders of her Face;

Sees by Degrees a purer Blush arise,

And keener Lightnings quicken in her Eyes.

The busy *Sylphs* surround their darling Care;

These set the Head, and those divide the Hair,

Some fold the Sleeve, while others plait the Gown;

And *Betty's* prais'd for Labours not her own.

CANTO II.

NOT with more Glories, in th' Etherial Plain,

The Sun first rises o'er the purpled Main,

Than issuing forth, the Rival of his Beams

Lanch'd on the Bosom of the Silver *Thames*.

Fair Nymphs, and well-drest Youths around her shone,

But ev'ry Eye was fix'd on her alone.

On her white Breast a sparkling *Cross* she wore,

Which *Jews* might kiss, and Infidels adore.

Her lively Looks a sprightly Mind disclose,

Quick as her Eyes, and as unfix'd as those:

Favours to none, to all she Smiles extends,

Oft she rejects, but never once offends.

Bright as the Sun, her Eyes the Gazers strike,

And, like the Sun, they shine on all alike.

Yet graceful Ease, and Sweetness void of Pride,

Might hide her Faults, if *Belles* had Faults to hide:

If to her share some Female Errors fall,

Look on her Face, and you'll forget 'em all.

This Nymph, to the Destruction of Mankind,

Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind

In equal Curls, and well conspir'd to deck

With shining Ringlets her smooth Iv'ry Neck.

Love in these Labyrinths his Slaves detains,

And mighty Hearts are held in slender Chains.

With hairy Sprindges we the Birds betray,

Slight Lines of Hair surprize the Finny prey,

Fair Tresses Man's Imperial Race insnare,

And Beauty draws us with a single Hair.

Th' Adventrous *Baron* the bright Locks admir'd,

He saw, he wish'd, and to the Prize aspir'd:

Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,

By Force to ravish, or by Fraud betray;

For when Success a Lover's Toil attends,

Few ask, if Fraud or Force attain'd his Ends.

For this, e're *Phaebus* rose, he had implor'd

Propitious Heav'n, and ev'ry Pow'r ador'd,

But chiefly *Love*—to *Love* an Altar built,

Of twelve vast French Romances, neatly gilt.

There lay the Sword-knot *Sylvia's* Hands had sown,

With *Flavia's* Busk that oft had rapp'd his own:

A Fan, a Garter, half a Pair of Gloves;

And all the Trophies of his former Loves.

With tender *Billet-doux* he lights the Pyre,

And breaths three am'rous Sighs to raise the Fire.

Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent Eyes

Soon to obtain, and long possess the Prize:

The Pow'rs gave Ear, and granted half his Pray'r,

The rest, the Winds dispers'd in empty Air.

But now secure the painted Vessel glides,

The Sun-beams trembling on the floating Tydes,

While melting Musick steals upon the Sky,

And soften'd Sounds along the Waters die.

Smooth flow the Waves, the Zephyrs gently play,

Belinda smil'd, and all the World was gay.

All but the *Sylph*—With careful Thoughts oppress,

Th' impending Woe sate heavy on his Breast.

He summons strait his *Denizens* of Air;

The *lucid* Squadrons round the Sails repair:

Soft o'er the Shrouds Aerial Whispers breath,

That seem'd but *Zephyrs* to the Train beneath.

Some to the Sun their Insect-Wings unfold,

Waft on the Breeze, or sink in Clouds of Gold.

Transparent Forms, too fine for mortal Sight,

Their fluid Bodies half dissolv'd in Light.

Loose to the Wind their airy Garments flew,

Thin glitt'ring Textures of the filmy Dew;

Dipt in the richest Tincture of the Skies,

Where Light disports in ever-mingling Dies,

While ev'ry Beam new transient Colours flings,

Colours that change whene'er they wave their Wings.

Amid the Circle, on the gilded Mast,

Superior by the Head, was *Ariel* plac'd;

His Purple Pinions opening to the Sun,

He rais'd his Azure Wand, and thus begun.

Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your *Chief* give Ear,

Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and *Daemons* hear!

Ye know the Spheres and various Tasks assign'd,

By Laws Eternal, to th' Aerial Kind.

Some in the Fields of purest *Aether* play,

And bask and whiten in the Blaze of Day.

Some guide the Course of wandring Orbs on high,

Or roll the Planets thro' the boundless Sky.

Some less refin'd, beneath the Moon's pale Light

Hover, and catch the shooting Stars by Night;

Or suck the Mists in grosser Air below,

Or dip their Pinions in the painted Bow,

Or brew fierce Tempests on the wintry Main,

Or on the Glebe distill the kindly Rain.

Others on Earth o'er human Race preside,

Watch all their Ways, and all their Actions guide:

Of these the Chief the Care of Nations own,

And guard with Arms Divine the *British Throne*.

Our humbler Province is to tend the Fair,

Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious Care.

To save the Powder from too rude a Gale,

Nor let th' imprison'd Essences exhale,

To draw fresh Colours from the vernal Flow'rs,

To steal from Rainbows ere they drop in Show'rs

A brighter Wash; to curl their waving Hairs,

Assist their Blushes, and inspire their Airs;

Nay oft, in Dreams, Invention we bestow,

To change a *Flounce*, or add a *Furbelo*.

This Day, black Omens threat the brightest Fair

That e'er deserv'd a watchful Spirit's Care;

Some dire Disaster, or by Force, or Slight,

But what, or where, the Fates have wrapt in Night.

Whether the Nymph shall break *Diana's* Law,

Or some frail *China* Jar receive a Flaw,

Or stain her Honour, or her new Brocade,

Forget her Pray'rs, or miss a Masquerade,

Or lose her Heart, or Necklace, at a Ball;

Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall.

Haste then ye Spirits! to your Charge repair;

The flutt'ring Fan be *Zephyretta's* Care;

The Drops to thee, *Brillante*, we consign;

And *Momentilla*, let the Watch be thine;

Do thou, *Crispissa*, tend her fav'rite Lock;

Ariel himself shall be the Guard of *Shock*.

To Fifty chosen *Sylphs*, of special Note,

We trust th' important Charge, the *Petticoat*:

Oft have we known that sev'nfold Fence to fail,

Tho' stiff with Hoops, and arm'd with Ribs of Whale.

Form a strong Line about the Silver Bound,

And guard the wide Circumference around.

Whatever Spirit, careless of his Charge,

His Post neglects, or leaves the Fair at large,

Shall feel sharp Vengeance soon o'ertake his Sins,

Be stopt in *Vials*, or transfixt with Pins;

Or plung'd in Lakes of bitter Washes lie,

Or wedg'd whole Ages in a *Bodkin's* Eye:

Gums and *Pomatums* shall his Flight restrain,

While clog'd he beats his silken Wings in vain;

Or Alom-*Stypticks* with contracting Power

Shrink his thin Essence like a rivell'd Flower.

Or as *Ixion* fix'd, the Wretch shall feel

The giddy Motion of the whirling Mill,

In Fumes of burning Chocolate shall glow,

And tremble at the Sea that froaths below!

He spoke; the Spirits from the Sails descend;

Some, Orb in Orb, around the Nymph extend,

Some thrid the mazy Ringlets of her Hair,

Some hang upon the Pendants of her Ear;

With beating Hearts the dire Event they wait,

Anxious, and trembling for the Birth of Fate.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by those Meads for ever crown'd with Flow'rs,

Where *Thames* with Pride surveys his rising Tow'rs,

There stands a Structure of Majestick Frame,

Which from the neighb'ring *Hampton* takes its Name.

Here *Britain's* Statesmen oft the Fall foredoom

Of Foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home;

Here Thou, great *Anna!* whom three Realms obey,

Dost sometimes Counsel take—and sometimes *Tea*.

Hither the Heroes and the Nymphs resort,

To taste awhile the Pleasures of a Court;

In various Talk th' instructive hours they past,

Who gave a *Ball*, or paid the *Visit* last:

One speaks the Glory of the *British Queen*,

And one describes a charming *Indian Screen*;

A third interprets Motions, Looks, and Eyes;

At ev'ry Word a Reputation dies.

Snuff, or the *Fan*, supply each Pause of Chat,

With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Mean while declining from the Noon of Day,

The Sun obliquely shoots his burning Ray;

The hungry Judges soon the Sentence sign,

And Wretches hang that Jury-men may Dine;

The Merchant from th' Exchange returns in Peace,

And the long Labours of the Toilette cease —

Belinda now, whom Thirst of Fame invites,

Burns to encounter two adventrous Knights,

At *Ombre* singly to decide their Doom;

And swells her Breast with Conquests yet to come.

Strait the three Bands prepare in Arms to join,

Each Band the number of the Sacred Nine.

Soon as she spreads her Hand, th' Aerial Guard

Descend, and sit on each important Card:

First *Ariel* perch'd upon a *Matadore*,

Then each, according to the Rank they bore;

For *Sylphs*, yet mindful of their ancient Race,

Are, as when Women, wondrous fond of Place.

Behold, four *Kings* in Majesty rever'd,

With hoary Whiskers and a forky Beard;

And four fair *Queens* whose hands sustain a Flow'r,

Th' expressive Emblem of their softer Pow'r;

Four *Knaves* in Garbs succinct, a trusty Band,

Caps on their heads, and Halberds in their hand;

And Particolour'd Troops, a shining Train,

Draw forth to Combat on the Velvet Plain.

The skilful Nymph reviews her Force with Care;

Let Spades be Trumps, she said, and Trumps they were.

Now move to War her Sable *Matadores*,

In Show like Leaders of the swarthy *Moors*.

Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord!

Led off two captive Trumps, and swept the Board.

As many more *Manillio* forc'd to yield,

And march'd a Victor from the verdant Field.

Him *Basto* follow'd, but his Fate more hard

Gain'd but one Trump and one *Plebeian* Card.

With his broad Sabre next, a Chief in Years,

The hoary Majesty of *Spades* appears;

Puts forth one manly Leg, to sight reveal'd;

The rest his many-colour'd Robe conceal'd.

The Rebel-*Knave*, that dares his Prince engage,

Proves the just Victim of his Royal Rage.

Ev'n mighty *Pam* that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,

And mow'd down Armies in the Fights of *Lu*,

Sad Chance of War! now, destitute of Aid,

Falls undistinguish'd by the Victor *Spade* !

Thus far both Armies to *Belinda* yield;

Now to the Baron Fate inclines the Field.

His warlike *Amazon* her Host invades,

Th' Imperial Consort of the Crown of Spades.

The *Club*'s black Tyrant first her Victim dy'd,

Spite of his haughty Mien, and barb'rous Pride:

What boots the Regal Circle on his Head,

His Giant Limbs in State unwieldy spread?

That long behind he trails his pompous Robe,

And of all Monarchs only grasps the Globe?

The *Baron* now his *Diamond*s pours apace;

Th' embroider'd *King* who shows but half his Face,

And his refulgent *Queen*, with Pow'rs combin'd,

Of broken Troops an easie Conquest find.

*Club*s, *Diamond*s, *Heart*s, in wild Disorder seen,

With Throngs promiscuous strow the level Green.

Thus when dispers'd a routed Army runs,

Of *Asia*'s Troops, and *Africk*'s Sable Sons,

With like Confusion different Nations fly,

In various Habits and of various Dye,

The pierc'd Battalions dis-united fall,

In Heaps on Heaps; one Fate o'erwhelms them all.

The *Knave of Diamond*s now exerts his Arts,

And wins (oh shameful Chance!) the *Queen* of *Heart*s.

At this, the Blood the Virgin's Cheek forsook,

A livid Paleness spreads o'er all her Look;

She sees, and trembles at th' approaching Ill,

Just in the Jaws of Ruin, and *Codille*.

And now, (as oft in some distemper'd State)

On one nice *Trick* depends the gen'ral Fate,

An Ace of Hearts steps forth: The King unseen

Lurk'd in her Hand, and mourn'd his captive *Queen*.

He springs to Vengeance with an eager pace,

And falls like Thunder on the prostrate Ace.

The Nymph exulting fills with Shouts the Sky,

The Walls, the Woods, and long Canals reply.

Oh thoughtless Mortals! ever blind to Fate,

Too soon dejected, and too soon elate!

Sudden these Honours shall be snatch'd away,

And curs'd for ever this Victorious Day.

For lo! the Board with Cups and Spoons is crown'd,

The Berries crackle, and the Mill turns round.

On shining Altars of *Japan* they raise

The silver Lamp, and fiery Spirits blaze.

From silver Spouts the grateful Liquors glide,

And *China's* Earth receives the smoking Tyde.

At once they gratify their Scent and Taste,

While frequent Cups prolong the rich Repast.

Strait hover round the Fair her Airy Band;

Some, as she sip'd, the fuming Liquor fann'd,

Some o'er her Lap their careful Plumes display'd,

Trembling, and conscious of the rich Brocade.

Coffee, (which makes the Politician wise,

And see thro' all things with his half shut Eyes)

Sent up in Vapours to the *Baron's* Brain

New Stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.

Ah cease rash Youth! desist e'er 'tis too late,

Fear the just Gods, and think of *Scylla's* Fate!

Chang'd to a Bird, and sent to flit in Air,

She dearly pays for *Nisus'* injur'd Hair!

But when to Mischief Mortals bend their Mind,

How soon fit Instruments of Ill they find?

Just then, *Clarissa* drew with tempting Grace

A two-edg'd Weapon from her shining Case;

So Ladies in Romance assist their Knight,

Present the Spear, and arm him for the Fight.

He takes the Gift with rev'rence, and extends

The little Engine on his Finger's Ends,

This just behind *Belinda's* Neck he spread,

As o'er the fragrant Steams she bends her Head:

Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprights repair,

A thousand Wings, by turns, blow back the Hair,

And thrice they twitch'd the Diamond in her Ear,

Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the Foe drew near.

Just in that instant, anxious *Ariel* sought

The close Recesses of the Virgin's Thought;

As on the Nosegay in her Breast reclin'd,

He watch'd th' Ideas rising in her Mind,

Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her Art,

An Earthly Lover lurking at her Heart.

Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his Pow'r expir'd,

Resign'd to Fate, and with a Sigh retir'd.

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring *Forfex* wide,

T'inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.

Ev'n then, before the fatal Engine clos'd,

A wretched *Sylph* too fondly interpos'd;

Fate urg'd the Sheers, and cut the Sylph in twain,

(But Airy Substance soon unites again)

The meeting Points the sacred Hair dissever

From the fair Head, for ever and for ever!

Then flash'd the living Lightnings from her Eyes,

And Screams of Horror rend th' affrighted Skies.

Not louder Shrieks by Dames to Heav'n are cast,

When Husbands or when Monkeys breath their last,

Or when rich *China* Vessels, fal'n from high,

In glittring Dust and painted Fragments lie!

Let Wreaths of Triumph now my Temples twine,

(The Victor cry'd) the glorious Prize is mine!

While Fish in Streams, or Birds delight in Air,

Or in a Coach and Six the *British* Fair,

As long as *Atalantis* shall be read,

Or the small Pillow grace a Lady's Bed,

While *Visits* shall be paid on solemn Days,

When numerous Wax-lights in bright Order blaze,

While Nymphs take Treats, or Assignations give,

So long my Honour, Name, and Praise shall live!

What Time wou'd spare, from Steel receives its date,

And Monuments, like Men, submit to Fate!

Steel did the Labour of the Gods destroy,

And strike to Dust th' Imperial Tow'rs of Troy;

Steel cou'd the Works of mortal Pride confound,

And hew Triumphal Arches to the Ground.

What Wonder then, fair Nymph! thy Hairs shou'd feel

The conqu'ring Force of unresisted Steel?

CANTO IV.

BUT anxious Cares the pensive Nymph opprest,

And secret Passions labour'd in her Breast.

Not youthful Kings in Battel seiz'd alive,

Not scornful Virgins who their Charms survive,

Not ardent Lovers robb'd of all their Bliss,

Not ancient Ladies when refus'd a Kiss,

Not Tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,

Not *Cynthia* when her *Manteau*'s pinn'd awry,

E'er felt such Rage, Resentment and Despair,

As Thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair.

For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,

And *Ariel* weeping from *Belinda* flew,

Umbriel, a dusky melancholy Spright,

As ever sully'd the fair face of Light,

Down to the Central Earth, his proper Scene,

Repairs to search the gloomy Cave of *Spleen*.

Swift on his sooty Pinions flitts the *Gnome*,

And in a Vapour reach'd the dismal Dome.

No cheerful Breeze this sullen Region knows,

The dreaded *East* is all the Wind that blows.

Here, in a Grotto, sheltred close from Air,

And screen'd in Shades from Day's detested Glare,

She sighs for ever on her pensive Bed,

Pain at her side, and Languor at her Head.

Two Handmaids wait the Throne: Alike in Place,

But diff'ring far in Figure and in Face.

Here stood *Ill-nature* like an *ancient Maid*,

Her wrinkled Form in Black and White array'd;

With store of Pray'rs, for Mornings, Nights, and Noons.

Her Hand is fill'd; her Bosom with Lampoons.

There *Affectation* with a sickly Mien

Shows in her Cheek the Roses of Eighteen,

Practis'd to Lisp, and hang the Head aside,

Faints into Airs, and languishes with Pride;

On the rich Quilt sinks with becoming Woe,

Wrapt in a Gown, for Sickness, and for Show.

The Fair ones feel such Maladies as these,

When each new Night-Dress gives a new Disease.

A constant *Vapour* o'er the Palace flies;

Strange Phantoms rising as the Mists arise;

Dreadful, as Hermit's Dreams in haunted Shades,

Or bright as Visions of expiring Maids.

Now glaring Fiends, and Snakes on rolling Spires,

Pale Spectres, gaping Tombs, and Purple Fires:

Now Lakes of liquid Gold, *Elysian* Scenes,

And Crystal Domes, and Angels in Machines.

Unnumber'd Throngs on ev'ry side are seen

Of Bodies chang'd to various Forms by Spleen.

Here living *Teapots* stand, one Arm held out,

One bent; the Handle this, and that the Spout:

A Pipkin there like Homer's *Tripod* walks;

Here sighs a Jar, and there a Goose-pye talks;

Men prove with Child, as pow'rful Fancy works,

And Maids turn'd Bottels, call aloud for Corks.

Safe past the *Gnome* thro' this fantastick Band,

A Branch of healing *Spleenwort* in his hand.

Then thus addrest the Pow'r—Hail wayward Queen;

Who rule the Sex to Fifty from Fifteen,

Parent of Vapors and of Female Wit,

Who give th' *Hysteric* or *Poetic* Fit,

On various Tempers act by various ways,

Make some take Physick, others scribble Plays;

Who cause the Proud their Visits to delay,

And send the Godly in a Pett, to pray.

A Nymph there is, that all thy Pow'r disdains,

And thousands more in equal Mirth maintains.

But oh! if e'er thy *Gnome* could spoil a Grace,

Or raise a Pimple on a beauteous Face,

Like Citron-Waters Matron's Cheeks inflame,

Or change Complexions at a losing Game;

If e'er with airy Horns I planted Heads,

Or rumpled Petticoats, or tumbled Beds,

Or caus'd Suspicion when no Soul was rude,

Or discompos'd the Head-dress of a Prude,

Or e'er to costive Lap-Dog gave Disease,

Which not the Tears of brightest Eyes could ease:

Hear me, and touch *Belinda* with Chagrin;

That single Act gives half the World the Spleen.

The Goddess with a discontented Air

Seems to reject him, tho' she grants his Pray'r.

A wondrous Bag with both her Hands she binds,

Like that where once *Ulysses* held the Winds;

There she collects the Force of Female Lungs,

Sighs, Sobs, and Passions, and the War of Tongues.

A Vial next she fills with fainting Fears,

Soft Sorrows, melting Griefs, and flowing Tears.

The *Gnome* rejoicing bears her Gift away,

Spreads his black Wings, and slowly mounts to Day.

Sunk in *Thalestris'* Arms the Nymph he found,

Her Eyes dejected and her Hair unbound.

Full o'er their Heads the swelling Bag he rent,

And all the Furies issued at the Vent.

Belinda burns with more than mortal Ire,

And fierce *Thalestris* fans the rising Fire.

O wretched Maid! she spread her hands, and cry'd,

(While *Hampton*'s Ecchos, wretched Maid reply'd)

Was it for this you took such constant Care

The *Bodkin*, *Comb*, and *Essence* to prepare;

For this your Locks in Paper-Durance bound,

For this with tort'ring Irons wreath'd around?

For this with Fillets strain'd your tender Head,

And bravely bore the double Loads of *Lead*?

Gods! shall the Ravisher display your Hair,

While the Fops envy, and the Ladies stare!

Honour forbid! at whose unrival'd Shrine

Ease, Pleasure, Virtue, All, our Sex resign.

Methinks already I your Tears survey,

Already hear the horrid things they say,

Already see you a degraded Toast,

And all your Honour in a Whisper lost!

How shall I, then, your helpless Fame defend?

'Twill then be Infamy to seem your Friend!

And shall this Prize, th' inestimable Prize,

Expos'd thro' Crystal to the gazing Eyes,

And heighten'd by the Diamond's circling Rays,

On that Rapacious Hand for ever blaze?

Sooner shall Grass in *Hide*-Park *Circus* grow,

And Wits take Lodgings in the Sound of *Bow*;

Sooner let Earth, Air, Sea, to *Chaos* fall,

Men, Monkies, Lap-dogs, Parrots, perish all!

She said; then raging to *Sir Plume* repairs,

And bids her *Beau* demand the precious Hairs:

(*Sir Plume*, of *Amber Snuff-box* justly vain,

And the nice Conduct of a clouded Cane)

With earnest Eyes, and round unthinking Face,

He first the Snuff-box open'd, then the Case,

And thus broke out— "My Lord, why, what the Devil?

"*Z—ds!* damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!

"Plague on't! 'tis past a Jest—nay prithee, Pox!

"Give her the Hair—he spoke, and rapp'd his Box.

It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)

Who speaks so well shou'd ever speak in vain.

Butby this Lock, this sacred Lock I swear.

(Which never more shall join its parted Hair,

Which never more its Honours shall renew,

Clipt from the lovely Head where once it grew)

That while my Nostrils draw the vital Air,

This Hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.

He spoke, and speaking in proud Triumph spread

The long-contended Honours of her Head.

But *Umbriel*, hateful *Gnome*! forbears not so;

He breaks the Vial whence the Sorrows flow.

Then see! the *Nymph* in beauteous Grief appears,

Her Eyes half languishing, half drown'd in Tears;

On her heav'd Bosom hung her drooping Head,

Which, with a Sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said.

For ever curs'd be this detested Day,

Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite Curl away!

Happy! ah ten times happy, had I been,

If *Hampton-Court* these Eyes had never seen!

Yet am not I the first mistaken Maid,

By Love of *Courts* to num'rous Ills betray'd.

Oh had I rather un-admir'd remain'd

In some lone Isle, or distant Northern Land;

Where the gilt *Chariot* never mark'd the way,

Where none learn *Ombre*, none e'er taste *Bohea*!

There kept my Charms conceal'd from mortal Eye,

Like Roses that in Desarts bloom and die.

What mov'd my Mind with youthful Lords to rome?

O had I stay'd, and said my Pray'rs at home!

'Twas this, the Morning *Omens* did foretel;

Thrice from my trembling hand the *Patch-box* fell;

The tott'ring *China* shook without a Wind,

Nay, *Poll* sate mute, and *Shock* was most Unkind!

A *Sylph* too warn'd me of the Threats of Fate,

In mystic Visions, now believ'd too late!

See the poor Remnants of this slighted Hair!

My hands shall rend what ev'n thy own did spare.

This, in two sable Ringlets taught to break,

Once gave new Beauties to the snowie Neck.

The Sister-Lock now sits uncouth, alone,

And in its Fellow's Fate foresees its own;

Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal Sheers demands;

And tempts once more thy sacrilegious Hands.

Oh hadst thou, Cruel! been content to seize

Hairs less in sight, or any Hairs but these!

CANTO V.

SHE said: the pitying Audience melt in Tears,

But *Fate* and *Jove* had stopp'd the *Baron's* Ears.

In vain *Thalestris* with Reproach assails,

For who can move when fair *Belinda* fails?

Not half so fixt the *Trojan* cou'd remain,

While *Anna* begg'd and *Dido* rag'd in vain.

To Arms, to Arms! the bold *Thalestris* cries,

And swift as Lightning to the Combate flies.

All side in Parties, and begin th' Attack;

Fans clap, Silks russle, and tough Whalebones crack;

Heroes and Heroins Shouts confus'dly rise,

And base, and treble Voices strike the Skies.

No common Weapons in their Hands are found,

Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal Wound.

So when bold *Homer* makes the Gods engage,

And heav'nly Breasts with human Passions rage;

'Gainst *Pallas*, *Mars*; *Latona*, *Hermes*, Arms;

And all *Olympus* rings with loud Alarms.

Jove's Thunder roars, Heav'n trembles all around;

Blue *Neptune* storms, the bellowing Deeps resound;

Earth shakes her nodding Tow'rs, the Ground gives way;

And the pale Ghosts start at the Flash of Day!

Triumphant *Umbriel* on a Sconce's Height

Clapt his glad Wings, and sate to view the Fight,

Propt on their Bodkin Spears the Sprights survey

The growing Combat, or assist the Fray.

While thro' the Press enrag'd *Thalestris* flies,

And scatters Deaths around from both her Eyes,

A *Beau* and *Witling* perish'd in the Throng,

One dy'd in *Metaphor*, and one in *Song*.

O cruel Nymph! *a living Death I bear*,

Cry'd *Dapperwit*, and sunk beside his Chair.

A mournful Glance Sir *Fopling* upwards cast,

Those Eyes are made so killing —was his last:

Thus on *Meander's* flow'ry Margin lies

Th' expiring Swan, and as he sings he dies.

As bold Sir *Plume* had drawn *Clarissa* down,

Chloe stept in, and kill'd him with a Frown;

She smil'd to see the doughty Hero slain,

But at her Smile, the Beau reviv'd again.

Now Jove suspends his golden Scales in Air,

Weighs the Mens Wits against the Lady's Hair;

The doubtful Beam long nods from side to side;

At length the Wits mount up, the Hairs subside.

See fierce *Belinda* on the *Baron* flies,

With more than usual Lightning in her Eyes;

Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal Fight to try,

Who sought no more than on his Foe to die.

But this bold Lord, with manly Strength indu'd,

She with one Finger and a Thumb subdu'd:

Just where the Breath of Life his Nostrils drew,

A Charge of *Snuff* the wily Virgin threw;

The *Gnomes* direct, to ev'ry Atome just,

The pungent Grains of titillating Dust.

Sudden, with starting Tears each Eye o'erflows,

And the high Dome re-ecchoes to his Nose.

Now meet thy Fate, th' incens'd Virago cry'd,

And drew a deadly *Bodkin* from her Side.

(The same, his ancient Personage to deck,

Her great great Grandsire wore about his Neck

In three *Seal-Rings*; which after melted down,

Form'd a vast Buckle for his Widow's Gown:

Her infant Grandame's *Whistle* next it grew,

The *Bells* she gingled, and the *Whistle* blew;

Then in a *Bodkin* grac'd her Mother's Hairs,

Which long she wore, and now *Belinda* wears.)

Boast not my Fall (he cry'd) insulting Foe!

Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.

Nor think, to die dejects my lofty Mind;

All that I dread, is leaving you behind!

Rather than so, ah let me still survive,

And burn in *Cupid's* Flames,— but burn alive.

Restore the Lock! she cries; and all around

Restore the Lock! the vaulted Roofs rebound.

Not fierce *Othello* in so loud a Strain

Roar'd for the Handkerchief that caus'd his Pain.

But see how oft Ambitious Aims are cross'd,

And Chiefs contend 'till all the Prize is lost!

The Lock, obtain'd with Guilt, and kept with Pain,

In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain:

With such a Prize no Mortal must be blest,

So Heav'n decrees! with Heav'n who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the Lunar Sphere,

Since all things lost on Earth, are treasur'd there.

There Heroe's Wits are kept in pondrous Vases,

And Beau's in *Snuff-boxes* and *Tweezer-Cases*.

There broken Vows, and Death-bed Alms are found,

And Lovers Hearts with Ends of Riband bound;

The Courtiers Promises, and Sick Man's Pray'rs,

The Smiles of Harlots, and the Tears of Heirs,

Cages for Gnats, and Chains to Yoak a Flea;

Dry'd Butterflies, and Tomes of Casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,

Tho' mark'd by none but quick Poetic Eyes:

(So *Rome's* great Founder to the Heav'ns withdrew,

To *Proculus* alone confess'd in view.)

A sudden Star, it shot thro' liquid Air,

And drew behind a radiant *Trail of Hair*.

Not *Berenice's* Locks first rose so bright,

The Skies bespangling with dishevel'd Light.

The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,

And pleas'd pursue its Progress thro' the Skies.

This the *Beau-monde* shall from the *Mall* survey,

And hail with Musick its propitious Ray.

This, the blest Lover shall for *Venus* take,

And send up Vows from *Rosamonda's* Lake.

This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless Skies,

When next he looks thro' *Galilaeo's* Eyes;

And hence th' Egregious Wizard shall foredoom

The Fate of *Louis*, and the Fall of *Rome*.

Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn the ravish'd Hair

Which adds new Glory to the shining Sphere!

Not all the Tresses that fair Head can boast

Shall draw such Envy as the Lock you lost.

For, after all the Murders of your Eye,

When, after Millions slain, your self shall die;

When those fair Suns shall sett, as sett they must,

And all those Tresses shall be laid in Dust;

This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to Fame,

And mid'st the Stars inscribe *Belinda's* Name!

FINIS.

4.8.3: "Windsor-Forest"

To the Right Honourable *GEORGE* Lord *LANSDOWN*.

THY Forests, *Windsor*! and thy green Retreats,

At once the Monarch's and the Muse's Seats,

Invite my Lays. Be present, Sylvan Maids!

Unlock your Springs, and open all your Shades.

Granville commands: Your Aid O Muses bring!

What Muse for *Granville* can refuse to sing?

The Groves of *Eden*, vanish'd now so long,

Live in Description, and look green in Song:

These, were my Breast inspir'd with equal Flame,

Like them in Beauty, should be like in Fame.

Here Hills and Vales, the Woodland and the Plain,

Here Earth and Water seem to strive again,

Not *Chaos*-like together crush'd and bruis'd,

But as the World, harmoniously confus'd:

Where Order in Variety we see,

And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.

Here waving Groves a checquer'd Scene display,

And part admit and part exclude the Day;

As some coy Nymph her Lover's warm Address

Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.

There, interspers'd in Lawns and opening Glades,

Thin Trees arise that shun each others Shades.

Here in full Light the russet Plains extend;

There wrapt in Clouds the blueish Hills ascend:

Ev'n the wild Heath displays her Purple Dies,

And 'midst the Desart fruitful Fields arise,

That crown'd with tufted Trees and springing Corn,

Like verdant Isles the sable Waste adorn.

Let *India* boast her Plants, nor envy we

The weeping Amber or the balmy Tree,

While by our Oaks the precious Loads are born,

And Realms commanded which those Trees adorn.

Not proud *Olympus* yields a nobler Sight,

Tho' Gods assembled grace his tow'ring Height,

Than what more humble Mountains offer here,

Where, in their Blessings, all those Gods appear.

See *Pan* with Flocks, with Fruits *Pomona* crown'd,

Here blushing *Flora* paints th' enamel'd Ground,

Here *Ceres*' Gifts in waving Prospect stand,

And nodding tempt the joyful Reaper's Hand,

Rich Industry sits smiling on the Plains,

And Peace and Plenty tell, a STUART reigns.

Not thus the Land appear'd in Ages past,

A dreary Desart and a gloomy Waste,

To Savage Beasts and Savage Laws a Prey,

And Kings more furious and severe than they:

Who claim'd the Skies, dispeopled Air and Floods,

The lonely Lords of empty Wilds and Woods.

Cities laid waste, they storm'd the Dens and Caves

(For wiser Brutes were backward to be Slaves)

What could be free, when lawless Beasts obey'd,

And ev'n the Elements a Tyrant sway'd?

In vain kind Seasons swell'd the teeming Grain,

Soft Show'rs distill'd, and Suns grew warm in vain;

The Swain with Tears to Beasts his Labour yields,

And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd Fields.

No wonder Savages or Subjects slain

Were equal Crimes in a Despotick Reign;

Both doom'd alike for sportive Tyrants bled,

But Subjects starv'd while Savages were fed.

Proud *Nimrod* first the bloody Chace began,

A mighty Hunter, and his Prey was Man.

Our haughty *Norman* boasts that barb'rous Name,

And makes his trembling Slaves the Royal Game.

The Fields are ravish'd from th' industrious Swains,

From Men their Cities, and from Gods their Fanes:

The levell'd Towns with Weeds lie cover'd o'er,

The hollow Winds thro' naked Temples roar;

Round broken Columns clasping Ivy twin'd;

O'er Heaps of Ruins stalk'd the stately Hind;

The Fox obscene to gaping Tombs retires,

And Wolves with Howling fill the sacred Quires.

Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curst,

Th' Oppressor rul'd Tyrannick where he *durst*,

Stretch'd o'er the Poor, and Church, his Iron Rod,

And treats alike his Vassals and his God.

Whom ev'n the *Saxon* spar'd, and bloody *Dane*,

The wanton Victims of his *Sport* remain.

But see the Man who spacious Regions gave

A Waste for Beasts, himself deny'd a Grave!

Stretch'd on the Lawn his second Hope survey,

At once the Chaser and at once the Prey.

Lo *Rufus*, tugging at the deadly Dart,

Bleeds in the Forest, like a wounded Hart.

Succeeding Monarchs heard the Subjects Cries,

Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful Cottage rise.

Then gath'ring Flocks on unknown Mountains fed,

O'er sandy Wilds were yellow Harvests spread,

The Forests wonder'd at th' unusual Grain,

And secret Transports touch'd the conscious Swain.

Fair *Liberty*, *Britannia*'s Goddess, rears

Her chearful Head, and leads the golden Years.

Ye vig'rous Swains! while Youth ferments your Blood,

And purer Spirits swell the sprightly Flood,

Now range the Hills, the thickest Woods beset,

Wind the shrill Horn, or spread the waving Net.

When milder Autumn Summer's Heat succeeds,

And in the new-shorn Field the Partridge feeds,

Before his Lord the ready Spaniel bounds,

Panting with Hope, he tries the furrow'd Grounds,

But when the tainted Gales the Game betray,

Couch'd close he lyes, and meditates the Prey;

Secure they trust th' unfaithful Field, beset,

Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling Net.

Thus (if small Things we may with great compare)

When *Albion* sends her eager Sons to War,

Pleas'd, in the Gen'ral's Sight, the Host lye down

Sudden, before some unsuspecting Town,

The Young, the Old, one Instant makes our Prize,

And high in Air *Britannia's* Standard flies.

See! from the Brake the whirring Pheasant springs,

And mounts exulting on triumphant Wings;

Short is his Joy! he feels the fiery Wound,

Flutters in Blood, and panting beats the Ground.

Ah! what avail his glossie, varying Dyes,

His Purple Crest, and Scarlet-circled Eyes,

The vivid Green his shining Plumes unfold;

His painted Wings, and Breast that flames with Gold?

Nor yet, when moist *Arcturus* clouds the Sky,

The Woods and Fields their pleasing Toils deny.

To Plains with well-breath'd Beagles we repair,

And trace the Mazes of the circling Hare.

(Beasts, taught by us, their Fellow Beasts pursue,

And learn of Man each other to undo.)

With slaught'ring Guns th' unweary'd Fowler roves,

When Frosts have whiten'd all the naked Groves;

Where Doves in Flocks the leafless Trees o'ershade,

And lonely Woodcocks haunt the watry Glade.

He lifts the Tube, and levels with his Eye;

Strait a short Thunder breaks the frozen Sky.

Oft, as in Airy Rings they skim the Heath,

The clam'rous Plovers feel the Leaden Death:

Oft as the mounting Larks their Notes prepare,

They fall, and leave their little Lives in Air.

In genial Spring, beneath the quiv'ring Shade

Where cooling Vapours breathe along the Mead,

The patient Fisher takes his silent Stand

Intent, his Angle trembling in his Hand;

With Looks unmov'd, he hopes the Scaly Breed,

And eyes the dancing Cork and bending Reed.

Our plenteous Streams a various Race supply;

The bright-ey'd Perch with Fins of *Tyrian* Dye,

The silver Eel, in shining Volumes roll'd,

The yellow Carp, in Scales bedrop'd with Gold,

Swift Trouts, diversify'd with Crimson Stains,

And Pykes, the Tyrants of the watry Plains.

Now *Cancer* glows with *Phoebus'* fiery Car;

The Youth rush eager to the Sylvan War;

Swarm o'er the Lawns, the Forest Walks surround,

Rowze the fleet Hart, and chear the opening Hound.

Th' impatient Courser pants in ev'ry Vein,

And pawing, seems to beat the distant Plain,

Hills, Vales, and Floods appear already crost,

And ere he starts, a thousand Steps are lost.

See! the bold Youth strain up the threatning Steep,

Rush thro' the Thickets, down the Vallies sweep,

Hang o'er their Coursers Heads with eager Speed,

And Earth rolls back beneath the flying Steed.

Let old *Arcadia* boast her spacious Plain,

Th' Immortal Huntress, and her Virgin Train;

Nor envy *Windsor*! since thy Shades have seen

As bright a Goddess, and as chast a Queen;

Whose Care, like hers, protects the Sylvan Reign,

The Earth's fair Light, and Empress of the Main.

Here, as old Bards have sung, *Diana* stray'd

Bath'd in the Springs, or sought the cooling Shade;

Here arm'd with Silver Bows, in early Dawn,

Her buskin'd Virgins trac'd the Dewy Lawn.

Above the rest a rural Nymph was fam'd,

Thy Offspring, *Thame*s! the fair *Lodona* nam'd,

(*Lodona*'s Fate, in long Oblivion cast,

The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last)

Scarce could the Goddess from her Nymph be known,

But by the Crescent and the golden Zone,

She scorn'd the Praise of Beauty, and the Care;

A Belt her Waste, a Fillet binds her Hair,

A painted Quiver on her Shoulder sounds,

And with her Dart the flying Deer she wounds.

It chanc'd, as eager of the Chace the Maid

Beyond the Forest's verdant Limits stray'd,

Pan saw and lov'd, and furious with Desire

Pursu'd her Flight; her Flight increas'd his Fire.

Not half so swift the trembling Doves can fly,

When the fierce Eagle cleaves the liquid Sky;

Not half so swiftly the fierce Eagle moves,

When thro' the Clouds he drives the trembling Doves;

As from the God with fearful Speed she flew,

As did the God with equal Speed pursue.

Now fainting, sinking, pale, the Nymph appears;

Now close behind his sounding Steps she hears;

And now his Shadow reach'd her as she run,

(His Shadow lengthen'd by the setting Sun)

And now his shorter Breath with sultry Air

Pants on her Neck, and fans her parting Hair.

In vain on Father *Thame*s she calls for Aid,

Nor could *Diana* help her injur'd Maid.

Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;

"Ah *Cynthia*! ah—tho' banish'd from thy Train,

"Let me, O let me, to the Shades repair,

"My native Shades—there weep, and murmur there.

She said, and melting as in Tears she lay,

In a soft, silver Stream dissolv'd away.

The silver Stream her Virgin Coldness keeps,

For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;

Still bears the * Name the hapless Virgin bore,

And bathes the Forest where she rang'd before.

In her chast Current oft the Goddess laves,

And with Celestial Tears augments the Waves.

Oft in her Glass the musing Shepherd spies

The headlong Mountains and the downward Skies,

The watry Landskip of the pendant Woods,

And absent Trees that tremble in the Floods;

In the clear azure Gleam the Flocks are seen,

And floating Forests paint the Waves with Green.

Thro' the fair Scene rowl slow the lingring Streams,

Then foaming pour along, and rush into the *Thames*.

Thou too, great Father of the *British* Floods!

With joyful Pride survey'st our lofty Woods,

Where tow'ring Oaks their spreading Honours rear,

And future Navies on thy Banks appear.

Not *Neptune's* self from all his Floods receives

A wealthier Tribute, than to thine he gives.

No Seas so rich, so full no Streams appear,

No Lake so gentle, and no Spring so clear.

Not fabled *Po* more swells the Poets Lays,

While thro' the Skies his shining Current strays,

Than thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd Abodes,

To grace the Mansion of our earthly Gods.

Nor all his Stars a brighter Lustre show,

Than the fair Nymphs that gild thy Shore below:

Here *Jove* himself, subdu'd by Beauty still,

Might change *Olympus* for a nobler Hill.

Happy the Man whom this bright Court approves,

His Sov'reign favours, and his Country loves;

Happy next him who to these Shades retires,

Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires,

Whom humbler Joys of home-felt Quiet please,

Successive Study, Exercise and Ease.

He gathers Health from Herbs the Forest yields,

And of their fragrant Physick spoils the Fields:

With Chymic Art exalts the Min'ral Pow'rs,

And draws the Aromatick Souls of Flow'rs.

Now marks the Course of rolling Orbs on high;

O'er figur'd Worlds now travels with his Eye.

Of ancient Writ unlocks the learned Store,

Consults the Dead, and lives past Ages o'er.

Or wandring thoughtful in the silent Wood,

Attends the Duties of the Wise and Good,

T' observe a Mean, be to himself a Friend,

To follow Nature, and regard his End.

Or looks on Heav'n with more than mortal Eyes,

Bids his free Soul expatiate in the Skies,

Amidst her Kindred Stars familiar roam,

Survey the Region, and confess her Home!

Such was the Life great *Scipio* once admir'd,

Thus *Atticus*, and *Trumbal* thus retir'd

Ye sacred Nine! that all my Soul possess,

Whose Raptures fire me, and whose Visions bless,

Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd Scenes

Of Bow'ry Mazes and surrounding Greens;

To *Thames*'s Banks which fragrant Breezes fill,

Or where ye Muses sport on *Cooper*'s Hill.

(On *Cooper*'s Hill eternal Wreaths shall grow,

While lasts the Mountain, or while *Thames* shall flow)

I seem thro' consecrated Walks to rove,

And hear soft Musick dye along the Grove;

Led by the Sound I roam from Shade to Shade,

By God-like Poets Venerable made:

Here his first Lays Majestick *Denham* sung;

There the last Numbers flow'd from *Cowley*'s Tongue.

O early lost! what Tears the River shed

When the sad Pomp along his Banks was led?

His drooping Swans on ev'ry Note expire,

And on his Willows hung each Muse's Lyre.

Since Fate relentless stop'd their Heav'nly Voice,

No more the Forests ring, or Groves rejoice;

Who now shall charm the Shades where *Cowley* strung

His living Harp, and lofty *Denham* sung?

But hark! the Groves rejoice, the Forest rings!

Are these reviv'd? or is it *Granville* sings?

'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft Retreats,

And call the Muses to their ancient Seats,

To paint anew the flow'ry Sylvan Scenes,

To crown the Forests with Immortal Greens,

Make *Windsor* Hills in lofty Numbers rise,

And lift her Turrets nearer to the Skies;

To sing those Honours you deserve to wear,

And add new Lustre to her Silver *Star*.

Here noble *Surrey* felt the sacred Rage,

Surrey, the *Granville* of a former Age:

Matchless his Pen, victorious was his Lance;

Bold in the Lists, and graceful in the Dance:

In the same Shades the *Cupids* tun'd his Lyre,

To the same Notes, of Love, and soft Desire:

Fair *Geraldine*, bright Object of his Vow,

Then fill'd the Groves, as heav'nly *Myra* now.

Oh wou'dst thou sing what Heroes *Windsor* bore,

What Kings first breath'd upon her winding Shore,

Or raise old Warriors whose ador'd Remains

In weeping Vaults her hallow'd Earth contains!

With *Edward's* Acts adorn the shining Page,

Stretch his long Triumphs down thro' ev'ry Age,

Draw Kings enchain'd; and *Cressi's* glorious Field,

The Lillies blazing on the Regal Shield.

Then, from her Roofs when *Verrio's* Colours fall,

And leave inanimate the naked Wall;

Still in thy Song shou'd vanquish'd *France* appear,

And bleed for ever under *Britain's* Spear.

Let softer Strains Ill-fated *Henry* mourn,

And Palms Eternal flourish round his Urn.

Here o'er the Martyr-King the Marble weeps,

And fast beside him, once-fear'd *Edward* sleeps:

Whom not th' extended *Albion* could contain,

From old *Belerium* to the *German* Main,

The Grave unites; where ev'n the Great find Rest,

And blended lie th' Oppressor and th' Opprest!

Make sacred *Charles's* Tomb for ever known,

(Obscure the Place, and uninscrib'd the Stone)

Oh Fact accurst! What Tears has *Albion* shed,

Heav'ns! what new Wounds, and how her old have bled?

She saw her Sons with purple Deaths expire,

Her sacred Domes involv'd in rolling Fire.

A dreadful Series of Intestine Wars,

In glorious Triumphs, and dishonest Scars.

At length great *ANNA* said—Let Discord cease!

She said, the World obey'd, and all was Peace!

In that blest Moment, from his Oozy Bed

Old Father *Thames* advanc'd his rev'rend Head.

His Tresses dropt with Dews, and o'er the Stream

His shining Horns diffus'd a golden Gleam:

Grav'd on his Urn appear'd the Moon, that guides

His swelling Waters, and alternate Tydes;

The figur'd Streams in Waves of Silver roll'd,

And on their Banks *Augusta* rose in Gold.

Around his Throne the Sea-born Brothers stood,

That swell with Tributary Urns his Flood.

First the fam'd Authors of his ancient Name,

The winding *Isis*, and the fruitful *Tame*:

The *Kennet* swift, for silver Eels renown'd;

The *Loddon* slow, with verdant Alders crown'd:

Cole, whose clear Streams his flow'ry Islands lave;

And chalky *Wey*, that rolls a milky Wave:

The blue, transparent *Vandalis* appears;

The gulphy *Lee* his sedgy Tresses rears:

And sullen *Mole*, that hides his diving Flood;

And silent *Darent*, stain'd with *Danish* Blood.

High in the midst, upon his Urn reclin'd,

(His Sea-green Mantle waving with the Wind)

The God appear'd; he turn'd his azure Eyes

Where *Windsor*-Domes and pompous Turrets rise,

Then bow'd and spoke; the Winds forget to roar,

And the hush'd Waves glide softly to the Shore.

Hail Sacred *Peace*! hail long-expected Days,

Which *Thames's* Glory to the Stars shall raise!

Tho' *Tyber's* Streams immortal *Rome* behold,

Tho' foaming *Hermus* swells with Tydes of Gold,

From Heav'n it self tho' sev'nfold *Nilus* flows,

And Harvests on a hundred Realms bestows;

These now no more shall be the Muse's Themes,

Lost in my Fame, as in the Sea their Streams.

Let *Volga's* Banks with Iron Squadrons shine,

And Groves of Lances glitter on the *Rhine*,

Let barb'rous *Ganges* arm a servile Train;

Be mine the Blessings of a peaceful Reign.

No more my Sons shall dye with *British* Blood

Red *Iber's* Sands, or *Ister's* foaming Flood;

Safe on my Shore each unmolested Swain

Shall tend the Flocks, or reap the bearded Grain;

The shady Empire shall retain no Trace

Of War or Blood, but in the Sylvan Chace,

The Trumpets sleep, while chearful Horns are blown,

And Arms employ'd on Birds and Beasts alone.

Behold! th' ascending *Villa's* on my Side

Project long Shadows o'er the Chrystal Tyde.

Behold! *Augusta's* glitt'ring Spires increase,

And Temples rise, the beauteous Works of Peace.

I see, I see where two fair Cities bend

Their ample Bow, a new *White-Hall* ascend!

There mighty Nations shall inquire their Doom,

The World's great Oracle in Times to come;

There Kings shall sue, and suppliant States be seen

Once more to bend before a *British QUEEN*.

Thy Trees, fair *Windsor*! now shall leave their Woods,

And half thy Forests rush into my Floods,

Bear *Britain's* Thunder, and her Cross display,

To the bright Regions of the rising Day;

Tempt Icy Seas, where scarce the Waters roll,

Where clearer Flames glow round the frozen Pole;

Or under Southern Skies exalt their Sails,

Led by new Stars, and born by spicy Gales!

For me the Balm shall bleed, and Amber flow,

The Coral redden, and the Ruby glow,

The Pearly Shell its lucid Globe infold,

And *Phoebus* warm the ripening Ore to Gold.

The Time shall come, when free as Seas or Wind

Unbounded *Thames* shall flow for all Mankind,

Whole Nations enter with each swelling Tyde,

And Oceans join whom they did first divide;

Earth's distant Ends our Glory shall behold,

And the new World launch forth to seek the Old.

Then Ships of uncouth Form shall stem the Tyde,

And Feather'd People crowd my wealthy Side,

While naked Youth and painted Chiefs admire

Our Speech, our Colour, and our strange Attire!

Oh stretch thy Reign, fair *Peace*! from Shore to Shore,

Till Conquest cease, and Slav'ry be no more:

Till the freed *Indians* in their native Groves

Reap their own Fruits, and woo their Sable Loves,

Peru once more a Race of Kings behold,

And other *Mexico's* be roof'd with Gold.

Exil'd by Thee from Earth to deepest Hell,

In Brazen Bonds shall barb'rous *Discord* dwell:

Gigantick *Pride*, pale *Terror*, gloomy *Care*,

And mad *Ambition*, shall attend her there.

There purple *Vengeance* bath'd in Gore retires,

Her Weapons blunted, and extinct her Fires:

There hateful *Envy* her own Snakes shall feel,

And *Persecution* mourn her broken Wheel:

There *Faction* roars, *Rebellion* bites her Chain,

And gasping Furies thirst for Blood in vain.

Here cease thy Flight, nor with unhallow'd Lays

Touch the fair Fame of *Albion's* Golden Days.

The Thoughts of Gods let *Granville's* Verse recite,

And bring the Scenes of opening Fate to Light.

My humble Muse, in unambitious Strains,

Paints the green Forests and the flow'ry Plains,

Where Peace descending bids her Olives spring,

And scatters Blessings from her Dove-like Wing.

Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless Days,

Pleas'd in the silent Shade with empty Praise;

Enough for me, that to the listning Swains

First in these Fields I sung the Sylvan Strains.

FINIS.

4.8.4: From "An Essay on Man"

To H. St. John Lord Bolingbroke.

The Design.

Having proposed to write some pieces of Human Life and Manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) come home to Men's Business and Bosoms, I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering Man in the abstract, his Nature and his State; since, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpose of its being.

The science of Human Nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a few clear points: there are not many certain truths in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the Mind as in that of the Body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever escape our observation. The disputes are all upon these last, and, I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the wits than the hearts of men against each other, and have diminished the practice more than advanced the theory of Morality. If I could

flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a temperate yet not inconsistent, and a short yet not imperfect system of Ethics.

This I might have done in prose, but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards: the other may seem odd, but is true, I found I could express them more shortly this way than in prose itself; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the force as well as grace of arguments or instructions depends on their conciseness. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail, without becoming dry and tedious; or more poetically, without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning: if any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published is only to be considered as a general Map of Man, marking out no more than the greater parts, their extent, their limits, and their connection, and leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Consequently, these Epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the fountains, and clearing the passage. To deduce the rivers, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable. P.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE I.

Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to the Universe.

Of Man in the abstract. I. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things, v.17, etc. II. That Man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the Creation, agreeable to the general Order of Things, and conformable to Ends and Relations to him unknown, v.35, etc. III. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, v.77, etc. IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more Perfection, the cause of Man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice of His dispensations, v.109, etc. V. The absurdity of conceiting himself the final cause of the Creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural, v.131, etc. VI. The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while on the one hand he demands the Perfections of the Angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the Brutes; though to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree would render him miserable, v.173, etc. VII. That throughout the whole visible world, an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which cause is a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; that Reason alone countervails all the other faculties, v.207. VIII. How much further this order and subordination of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation, must be destroyed, v.233. IX. The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire, v.250. X. The consequence of all, the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state, v.281, etc., to the end.

EPISTLE I.

Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things

To low ambition, and the pride of kings.

Let us (since life can little more supply

Than just to look about us and to die)

Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;

A mighty maze! but not without a plan;

A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot;

Or garden tempting with forbidden fruit.

Together let us beat this ample field,

Try what the open, what the covert yield;

The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore

Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;

Eye Nature’s walks, shoot Folly as it flies,

And catch the manners living as they rise;

Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;

But vindicate the ways of God to man.

I. Say first, of God above, or man below

What can we reason, but from what we know?

Of man, what see we but his station here,

From which to reason, or to which refer?

Through worlds unnumbered though the God be known,

’Tis ours to trace Him only in our own.

He, who through vast immensity can pierce,

See worlds on worlds compose one universe,

Observe how system into system runs,

What other planets circle other suns,

What varied being peoples every star,

May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.

But of this frame, the bearings, and the ties,

The strong connections, nice dependencies,

Gradations just, has thy pervading soul

Looked through? or can a part contain the whole?

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,

And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?

II. Presumptuous man! the reason wouldst thou find,

Why formed so weak, so little, and so blind?

First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,

Why formed no weaker, blinder, and no less;

Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made

Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade?

Or ask of yonder argent fields above,

Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove?

Of systems possible, if 'tis confest

That wisdom infinite must form the best,

Where all must full or not coherent be,

And all that rises, rise in due degree;

Then in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain,

There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man:

And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)

Is only this, if God has placed him wrong?

Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,

May, must be right, as relative to all.

In human works, though laboured on with pain,

A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;

In God's one single can its end produce;

Yet serves to second too some other use.

So man, who here seems principal alone,

Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,

Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;

'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.

When the proud steed shall know why man restrains

His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains:

When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,

Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god:

Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend

His actions', passions', being's, use and end;

Why doing, suffering, checked, impelled; and why

This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not man's imperfect, Heaven in fault;

Say rather man's as perfect as he ought:

His knowledge measured to his state and place;

His time a moment, and a point his space.

If to be perfect in a certain sphere,

What matter, soon or late, or here or there?

The blest to-day is as completely so,

As who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate,

All but the page prescribed, their present state:

From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:

Or who could suffer being here below?

The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,

Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?

Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,

And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.

Oh, blindness to the future! kindly given,

That each may fill the circle, marked by Heaven:

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,

A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,

Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,

And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly, then; with trembling pinions soar;

Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.

What future bliss, He gives not thee to know,

But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:

Man never is, but always to be blest:

The soul, uneasy and confined from home,

Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind

Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind;

His soul, proud science never taught to stray

Far as the solar walk, or milky way;

Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,

Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler heaven;

Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,

Some happier island in the watery waste,

Where slaves once more their native land behold,

No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.

To be, contents his natural desire,

He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;

But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,

His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou! and, in thy scale of sense,

Weigh thy opinion against providence;

Call imperfection what thou fanciest such,

Say, here He gives too little, there too much;

Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,

Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust;

If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,

Alone made perfect here, immortal there:

Snatch from His hand the balance and the rod,

Re-judge His justice, be the God of God.

In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;

All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.

Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,

Men would be angels, angels would be gods.

Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,

Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:

And who but wishes to invert the laws

Of order, sins against the Eternal Cause.

V. Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,

Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "'Tis for mine:

For me kind Nature wakes her genial power,

Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower;

Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew

The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;

For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;

For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;

Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;

My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,

From burning suns when livid deaths descend,

When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep

Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?

"No, ('tis replied) the first Almighty Cause

Acts not by partial, but by general laws;

The exceptions few; some change since all began;

And what created perfect?"—Why then man?

If the great end be human happiness,

Then Nature deviates; and can man do less?

As much that end a constant course requires

Of showers and sunshine, as of man's desires;

As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,

As men for ever temperate, calm, and wise.

If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,

Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?

Who knows but He, whose hand the lightning forms,

Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the storms;

Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,

Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?

From pride, from pride, our very reasoning springs;

Account for moral, as for natural things:

Why charge we heaven in those, in these acquit?

In both, to reason right is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,

Were there all harmony, all virtue here;

That never air or ocean felt the wind;

That never passion discomposed the mind.

But all subsists by elemental strife;

And passions are the elements of life.

The general order, since the whole began,

Is kept in nature, and is kept in man.

VI. What would this man? Now upward will he soar,

And little less than angel, would be more;

Now looking downwards, just as grieved appears

To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears

Made for his use all creatures if he call,

Say what their use, had he the powers of all?

Nature to these, without profusion, kind,

The proper organs, proper powers assigned;

Each seeming want compensated of course,

Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;

All in exact proportion to the state;

Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.

Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:

Is Heaven unkind to man, and man alone?

Shall he alone, whom rational we call,

Be pleased with nothing, if not blessed with all?

The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)

Is not to act or think beyond mankind;

No powers of body or of soul to share,

But what his nature and his state can bear.

Why has not man a microscopic eye?

For this plain reason, man is not a fly.

Say what the use, were finer optics given,

To inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?

Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,

To smart and agonize at every pore?

Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,

Die of a rose in aromatic pain?

If Nature thundered in his opening ears,

And stunned him with the music of the spheres,

How would he wish that Heaven had left him still

The whispering zephyr, and the purling rill?

Who finds not Providence all good and wise,

Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as Creation's ample range extends,

The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends:

Mark how it mounts, to man's imperial race,

From the green myriads in the peopled grass:

What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,

The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:

Of smell, the headlong lioness between,

And hound sagacious on the tainted green:

Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,

To that which warbles through the vernal wood:

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!

Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:

In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true

From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew?

How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,

Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!

'Twixt that, and reason, what a nice barrier,

For ever separate, yet for ever near!

Remembrance and reflection how allayed;

What thin partitions sense from thought divide:

And middle natures, how they long to join,

Yet never passed the insuperable line!

Without this just gradation, could they be

Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?

The powers of all subdued by thee alone,

Is not thy reason all these powers in one?

VIII. See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,

All matter quick, and bursting into birth.

Above, how high, progressive life may go!

Around, how wide! how deep extend below?

Vast chain of being! which from God began,

Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,

Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,

No glass can reach; from Infinite to thee,

From thee to nothing. On superior powers

Were we to press, inferior might on ours:

Or in the full creation leave a void,

Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroyed:

From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,

Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll

Alike essential to the amazing whole,

The least confusion but in one, not all

That system only, but the whole must fall.

Let earth unbalanced from her orbit fly,

Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;

Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurled,

Being on being wrecked, and world on world;

Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,

And nature tremble to the throne of God.

All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?

Vile worm!—Oh, madness! pride! impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordained the dust to tread,

Or hand, to toil, aspired to be the head?

What if the head, the eye, or ear repined

To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?

Just as absurd for any part to claim

To be another, in this general frame:

Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains,

The great directing Mind of All ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,

Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;

That, changed through all, and yet in all the same;

Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame;

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,

Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,

Lives through all life, extends through all extent,

Spreads undivided, operates unspent;

Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,

As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart:

As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,

As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:

To him no high, no low, no great, no small;

He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Cease, then, nor order imperfection name:

Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.

Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree

Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.

Submit. In this, or any other sphere,

Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:

Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,

Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;

All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;

All discord, harmony not understood;

All partial evil, universal good:

And, spite of pride in erring reason's spite,

One truth is clear, whatever is, is right.

4.8.5: Reading and Review Questions

1. How and to what effect does Pope draw attention to his own artistry? What is his attitude towards his readers? What is his attitude towards himself as a poet? How does this attitude compare with Spenser's or Milton's of themselves as Poets? How do you know?
2. What's the effect, if any, of Pope's deploying his artistry for clear, often didactic, moral purposes? How does this use of art compare to Spenser's or Sydney's
3. How varied and diverse is Pope's poetic style, especially considering his use of the heroic couplet? How suited is the heroic couplet to Pope's imagery, voice, subject-matter, and themes? Why?
4. Like Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*, Pope reverses perspectives by maximizing the minimal (and vice versa) in *The Rape of the Lock*. To what end, if any, does he put these perspectives?
5. How does Pope depict love, and to what effect? Consider *The Rape of the Lock* and *Eloisa and Abelard*. What is his overall attitude towards emotions? How do we know?

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4.9: Henry Fielding (1707-1754)



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Henry Fielding was a strong student of the classics at Eton. This scholarship would later give design to his novels, works he first described as "comic prose epics," that is, hybrids that openly declared their artfulness. He took the novel genre into new realms as openly serious and a valuable contribution to the English literary tradition. After graduating from Eton, Fielding entered society under the auspices of his cousin Mary Wortley Montagu, to whom he dedicated his first comedy *Love in Several Masques* (1728). He followed this with numerous other works, including translations, satires, comedies, burlesques (absurd imitations), and farces (broad comedies). His preface to the burlesque *The Tragedy of Tragedies: Or, The Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great* (published in 1731) justified his using "lesser" genres like the burlesque. He suggested that his "tragedy" conformed to the tragic dimensions of the epic and exemplified the manner in which tragedies necessarily were written in his unheroic day and age—as comedies and parodies. He thus brought to the drama the shift in genre that Pope brought to poetry with his *Rape of the Lock*.

Fielding extended this shift to prose in his two parodies of Samuel Richardson's epistolary novel *Pamela: Or, Virtue Rewarded* (1740). Fielding's *An Apology for the Life of Mrs. Shamela Andrews* (1741) and *Joseph Andrews, and of His Friend Mr. Abraham Adams* parody Richardson's work in which a libertine kidnaps a servant in order to "have his way" with her. The titillating situation, and Pamela's ultimate reward for protecting her virtue (even as she skates between truth-telling and lying to fend off the antagonist Mr. B.), highlighted problematic qualities of the developing novel as genre, such as its depicting wickedness in great detail in order to convert the reader to goodness (as Defoe does in *Moll Flanders*).

Fielding used his experience as a playwright to carefully design his novels. For example, in Joseph Andrews, he carefully plotted out individual scenes that have clear beginnings, middles, and ends; also, he gave clearly-identifiable speech to individual characters. He developed these strengths further in his comic novel *The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling* (1749). These works include a range of different characters, from merchants and lawyers to aristocrats, landed gentry, and their servants. Fielding himself appears as a character in these works; in *Joseph Andrews*, he clearly identifies himself as the creator of fiction—not masquerading as history or fact—in order to reveal Truth. He does so because "It is a trite but true Observation, that Examples work more forcibly on the Mind than Precepts" (*Joseph Andrews*). He also includes the Reader as a character, characterizing the reader in multiple ways, as serious, uni-ligual, and more (in at least sixteen different ways). By doing so, he identified the novel genre with comprehensiveness, with a comprehensive range of incidents and characters, in order to convey the fullness of his society.



Image 4.18 | Bow Street Plague
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Fielding came to know his society very well indeed, writing long political essays, taking the bar in 1740, and being appointed as magistrate at Bow Street in 1748 and later as magistrate of Middlesex. His Bow Street Runners were law officers who patrolled the streets, protecting private citizens from thieves and gangs. Through his careful administration, Fielding's police force would lead to the modern Scotland Yard.

4.9.1: From Joseph Andrews

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

As it is possible the mere English reader may have a different idea of romance from the author of these little volumes, and may consequently expect a kind of entertainment not to be found, nor which was even intended, in the following pages, it may not be improper to premise a few words concerning this kind of writing, which I do not remember to have seen hitherto attempted in our language.

The EPIC, as well as the DRAMA, is divided into tragedy and comedy. HOMER, who was the father of this species of poetry, gave us a pattern of both these, though that of the latter kind is entirely lost; which Aristotle tells us, bore the same relation to comedy which his Iliad bears to tragedy. And perhaps, that we have no more instances of it among the writers of antiquity, is owing to the loss of this great pattern, which, had it survived, would have found its imitators equally with the other poems of this great original.

And farther, as this poetry may be tragic or comic, I will not scruple to say it may be likewise either in verse or prose: for though it wants one particular, which the critic enumerates in the constituent parts of an epic poem, namely metre; yet, when any kind of writing contains all its other parts, such as fable, action, characters, sentiments, and diction, and is deficient in metre only, it seems, I think, reasonable to refer it to the epic; at least, as no critic hath thought proper to range it under any other head, or to assign it a particular name to itself.

Thus the Telemachus of the archbishop of Cambray appears to me of the epic kind, as well as the Odyssey of Homer; indeed, it is much fairer and more reasonable to give it a name common with that species from which it differs only in a single instance, than to confound it with those which it resembles in no other. Such are those voluminous works, commonly called Romances, namely, Clelia, Cleopatra, Astraea, Cassandra, the Grand Cyrus, and innumerable others, which contain, as I apprehend, very little instruction or entertainment.

Now, a comic romance is a comic epic poem in prose; differing from comedy, as the serious epic from tragedy: its action being more extended and comprehensive; containing a much larger circle of incidents, and introducing a greater variety of characters. It differs from the serious romance in its fable and action, in this; that as in the one these are grave and solemn, so in the other they are light and ridiculous: it differs in its characters by introducing persons of inferior rank, and consequently, of inferior manners, whereas the grave romance sets the highest before us: lastly, in its sentiments and diction; by preserving the ludicrous instead of the sublime. In the diction, I think, burlesque itself may be sometimes admitted; of which many instances will occur in this work, as in the description of the battles, and some other places, not necessary to be pointed out to the classical reader, for whose entertainment those parodies or burlesque imitations are chiefly calculated.

But though we have sometimes admitted this in our diction, we have carefully excluded it from our sentiments and characters; for there it is never properly introduced, unless in writings of the burlesque kind, which this is not intended to be. Indeed, no two species of writing can differ more widely than the comic and the burlesque; for as the latter is ever the exhibition of what is monstrous and unnatural, and where our delight, if we examine it, arises from the surprizing absurdity, as in appropriating the manners of the highest to the lowest, or *e converso*; so in the former we should ever confine ourselves strictly to nature, from the just imitation of which will flow all the pleasure we can this way convey to a sensible reader. And perhaps there is one reason why a comic writer should of all others be the least excused for deviating from nature, since it may not be always so easy for a serious poet to meet with the great and the admirable; but life everywhere furnishes an accurate observer with the ridiculous.

I have hinted this little concerning burlesque, because I have often heard that name given to performances which have been truly of the comic kind, from the author's having sometimes admitted it in his diction only; which, as it is the dress of poetry, doth, like the dress of men, establish characters (the one of the whole poem, and the other of the whole man), in vulgar opinion, beyond any of their greater excellences: but surely, a certain drollery in stile, where characters and sentiments are perfectly natural, no more constitutes the burlesque, than an empty pomp and dignity of words, where everything else is mean and low, can entitle any performance to the appellation of the true sublime.

And I apprehend my Lord Shaftesbury's opinion of mere burlesque agrees with mine, when he asserts, There is no such thing to be found in the writings of the ancients. But perhaps I have less abhorrence than he professes for it; and that, not because I have had some little success on the stage this way, but rather as it contributes more to exquisite mirth and laughter than any other; and these are probably more wholesome physic for the mind, and conduce better to purge away spleen, melancholy, and ill affections, than is generally imagined. Nay, I will appeal to common observation, whether the same companies are not found more full of good-humour and benevolence, after they have been sweetened for two or three hours with entertainments of this kind, than when soured by a tragedy or a grave lecture.

But to illustrate all this by another science, in which, perhaps, we shall see the distinction more clearly and plainly, let us examine the works of a comic history painter, with those performances which the Italians call Caricatura, where we shall find the true excellence of the former to consist in the exactest copying of nature; insomuch that a judicious eye instantly rejects anything *outre*, any liberty which the painter hath taken with the features of that *alma mater*; whereas in the Caricatura we allow all licence—its aim is to exhibit monsters, not men; and all distortions and exaggerations whatever are within its proper province.

Now, what Caricatura is in painting, Burlesque is in writing; and in the same manner the comic writer and painter correlate to each other. And here I shall observe, that, as in the former the painter seems to have the advantage; so it is in the latter infinitely on the side of the writer; for the Monstrous is much easier to paint than describe, and the Ridiculous to describe than paint.

And though perhaps this latter species doth not in either science so strongly affect and agitate the muscles as the other; yet it will be owned, I believe, that a more rational and useful pleasure arises to us from it. He who should call the ingenious Hogarth a burlesque painter, would, in my opinion, do him very little honour; for sure it is much easier, much less the subject of admiration, to paint a man with a nose, or any other feature, of a preposterous size, or to expose him in some absurd or monstrous attitude, than to express the affections of men on canvas. It hath been thought a vast commendation of a painter to say his figures seem to breathe; but surely it is a much greater and nobler applause, that they appear to think.

But to return. The Ridiculous only, as I have before said, falls within my province in the present work. Nor will some explanation of this word be thought impertinent by the reader, if he considers how wonderfully it hath been mistaken, even by writers who have professed it: for to what but such a mistake can we attribute the many attempts to ridicule the blackest villanies, and, what is yet worse, the most dreadful calamities? What could exceed the absurdity of an author, who should write the comedy of Nero, with the merry incident of ripping up his mother's belly? or what would give a greater shock to humanity than an attempt to expose the miseries of poverty and distress to ridicule? And yet the reader will not want much learning to suggest such instances to himself.

Besides, it may seem remarkable, that Aristotle, who is so fond and free of definitions, hath not thought proper to define the Ridiculous. Indeed, where he tells us it is proper to comedy, he hath remarked that villany is not its object: but he hath not, as I remember, positively asserted what is. Nor doth the Abbe Bellegarde, who hath written a treatise on this subject, though he shows us many species of it, once trace it to its fountain.

The only source of the true Ridiculous (as it appears to me) is affectation. But though it arises from one spring only, when we consider the infinite streams into which this one branches, we shall presently cease to admire at the copious field it affords to an observer. Now, affectation proceeds from one of these two causes, vanity or hypocrisy: for as vanity puts us on affecting false characters, in order to purchase applause; so hypocrisy sets us on an endeavour to avoid censure, by concealing our vices under an appearance of their opposite virtues. And though these two causes are often confounded (for there is some difficulty in distinguishing them), yet, as they proceed from very different motives, so they are as clearly distinct in their operations: for

indeed, the affectation which arises from vanity is nearer to truth than the other, as it hath not that violent repugnancy of nature to struggle with, which that of the hypocrite hath. It may be likewise noted, that affectation doth not imply an absolute negation of those qualities which are affected; and, therefore, though, when it proceeds from hypocrisy, it be nearly allied to deceit; yet when it comes from vanity only, it partakes of the nature of ostentation: for instance, the affectation of liberality in a vain man differs visibly from the same affectation in the avaricious; for though the vain man is not what he would appear, or hath not the virtue he affects, to the degree he would be thought to have it; yet it sits less awkwardly on him than on the avaricious man, who is the very reverse of what he would seem to be.

From the discovery of this affectation arises the Ridiculous, which always strikes the reader with surprize and pleasure; and that in a higher and stronger degree when the affectation arises from hypocrisy, than when from vanity; for to discover any one to be the exact reverse of what he affects, is more surprizing, and consequently more ridiculous, than to find him a little deficient in the quality he desires the reputation of. I might observe that our Ben Jonson, who of all men understood the Ridiculous the best, hath chiefly used the hypocritical affectation.

Now, from affectation only, the misfortunes and calamities of life, or the imperfections of nature, may become the objects of ridicule. Surely he hath a very ill-framed mind who can look on ugliness, infirmity, or poverty, as ridiculous in themselves: nor do I believe any man living, who meets a dirty fellow riding through the streets in a cart, is struck with an idea of the Ridiculous from it; but if he should see the same figure descend from his coach and six, or bolt from his chair with his hat under his arm, he would then begin to laugh, and with justice. In the same manner, were we to enter a poor house and behold a wretched family shivering with cold and languishing with hunger, it would not incline us to laughter (at least we must have very diabolical natures if it would); but should we discover there a grate, instead of coals, adorned with flowers, empty plate or china dishes on the sideboard, or any other affectation of riches and finery, either on their persons or in their furniture, we might then indeed be excused for ridiculing so fantastical an appearance. Much less are natural imperfections the object of derision; but when ugliness aims at the applause of beauty, or lameness endeavours to display agility, it is then that these unfortunate circumstances, which at first moved our compassion, tend only to raise our mirth.

The poet carries this very far:—

> None are for being what they are in fault,
>
> But for not being what they would be thought.

Where if the metre would suffer the word Ridiculous to close the first line, the thought would be rather more proper. Great vices are the proper objects of our detestation, smaller faults, of our pity; but affectation appears to me the only true source of the Ridiculous.

But perhaps it may be objected to me, that I have against my own rules introduced vices, and of a very black kind, into this work. To which I shall answer: first, that it is very difficult to pursue a series of human actions, and keep clear from them. Secondly, that the vices to be found here are rather the accidental consequences of some human frailty or foible, than causes habitually existing in the mind. Thirdly, that they are never set forth as the objects of ridicule, but detestation. Fourthly, that they are never the principal figure at that time on the scene: and, lastly, they never produce the intended evil.

Having thus distinguished Joseph Andrews from the productions of romance writers on the one hand and burlesque writers on the other, and given some few very short hints (for I intended no more) of this species of writing, which I have affirmed to be hitherto unattempted in our language; I shall leave to my goodnatured reader to apply my piece to my observations, and will detain him no longer than with a word concerning the characters in this work.

And here I solemnly protest I have no intention to vilify or asperse any one; for though everything is copied from the book of nature, and scarce a character or action produced which I have not taken from my I own observations and experience; yet I have used the utmost care to obscure the persons by such different circumstances, degrees, and colours, that it will be impossible to guess at them with any degree of certainty; and if it ever happens otherwise, it is only where the failure characterized is so minute, that it is a foible only which the party himself may laugh at as well as any other.

As to the character of Adams, as it is the most glaring in the whole, so I conceive it is not to be found in any book now extant. It is designed a character of perfect simplicity; and as the goodness of his heart will recommend him to the goodnatured, so I hope it will excuse me to the gentlemen of his cloth; for whom, while they are worthy of their sacred order, no man can possibly have a greater respect. They will therefore excuse me, notwithstanding the low adventures in which he is engaged, that I have made him a clergyman; since no other office could have given him so many opportunities of displaying his worthy inclinations.

Book I

Chapter I.

Of writing lives in general, and particularly of Pamela; with a word by the bye of Colley Cibber and others.

It is a trite but true observation, that examples work more forcibly on the mind than precepts: and if this be just in what is odious and blameable, it is more strongly so in what is amiable and praiseworthy. Here emulation most effectually operates upon us, and inspires our imitation in an irresistible manner. A good man therefore is a standing lesson to all his acquaintance, and of far greater use in that narrow circle than a good book.

But as it often happens that the best men are but little known, and consequently cannot extend the usefulness of their examples a great way; the writer may be called in aid to spread their history farther, and to present the amiable pictures to those who have not the happiness of knowing the originals; and so, by communicating such valuable patterns to the world, he may perhaps do a more extensive service to mankind than the person whose life originally afforded the pattern.

In this light I have always regarded those biographers who have recorded the actions of great and worthy persons of both sexes. Not to mention those antient writers which of late days are little read, being written in obsolete, and as they are generally thought, unintelligible languages, such as Plutarch, Nepos, and others which I heard of in my youth; our own language affords many of excellent use and instruction, finely calculated to sow the seeds of virtue in youth, and very easy to be comprehended by persons of moderate capacity. Such as the history of John the Great, who, by his brave and heroic actions against men of large and athletic bodies, obtained the glorious appellation of the Giant-killer; that of an Earl of Warwick, whose Christian name was Guy; the lives of Argalus and Parthenia; and above all, the history of those seven worthy personages, the Champions of Christendom. In all these delight is mixed with instruction, and the reader is almost as much improved as entertained.

But I pass by these and many others to mention two books lately published, which represent an admirable pattern of the amiable in either sex. The former of these, which deals in male virtue, was written by the great person himself, who lived the life he hath recorded, and is by many thought to have lived such a life only in order to write it. The other is communicated to us by an historian who borrows his lights, as the common method is, from authentic papers and records. The reader, I believe, already conjectures, I mean the lives of Mr Colley Cibber and of Mrs Pamela Andrews. How artfully doth the former, by insinuating that he escaped being promoted to the highest stations in Church and State, teach us a contempt of worldly grandeur! how strongly doth he inculcate an absolute submission to our superiors! Lastly, how completely doth he arm us against so uneasy, so wretched a passion as the fear of shame! how clearly doth he expose the emptiness and vanity of that phantom, reputation!

What the female readers are taught by the memoirs of Mrs Andrews is so well set forth in the excellent essays or letters prefixed to the second and subsequent editions of that work, that it would be here a needless repetition. The authentic history with which I now present the public is an instance of the great good that book is likely to do, and of the prevalence of example which I have just observed: since it will appear that it was by keeping the excellent pattern of his sister's virtues before his eyes, that Mr Joseph Andrews was chiefly enabled to preserve his purity in the midst of such great temptations. I shall only add that this character of male chastity, though doubtless as desirable and becoming in one part of the human species as in the other, is almost the only virtue which the great apologist hath not given himself for the sake of giving the example to his readers.

Chapter II.

Of Mr Joseph Andrews, his birth, parentage, education, and great endowments; with a word or two concerning ancestors.

Mr Joseph Andrews, the hero of our ensuing history, was esteemed to be the only son of Gaffar and Gammer Andrews, and brother to the illustrious Pamela, whose virtue is at present so famous. As to his ancestors, we have searched with great diligence, but little success; being unable to trace them farther than his great-grandfather, who, as an elderly person in the parish remembers to have heard his father say, was an excellent cudgel-player. Whether he had any ancestors before this, we must leave to the opinion of our curious reader, finding nothing of sufficient certainty to rely on. However, we cannot omit inserting an epitaph which an ingenious friend of ours hath communicated:—

Stay, traveller, for underneath this pew

Lies fast asleep that merry man Andrew:

When the last day's great sun shall gild the skies,

Then he shall from his tomb get up and rise.

Be merry while thou canst: for surely thou

Shalt shortly be as sad as he is now.

The words are almost out of the stone with antiquity. But it is needless to observe that Andrew here is writ without an s, and is, besides, a Christian name. My friend, moreover, conjectures this to have been the founder of that sect of laughing philosophers since called Merry-andrews.

To waive, therefore, a circumstance which, though mentioned in conformity to the exact rules of biography, is not greatly material, I proceed to things of more consequence. Indeed, it is sufficiently certain that he had as many ancestors as the best man living, and, perhaps, if we look five or six hundred years backwards, might be related to some persons of very great figure at present, whose ancestors within half the last century are buried in as great obscurity. But suppose, for argument's sake, we should admit that he had no ancestors at all, but had sprung up, according to the modern phrase, out of a dunghill, as the Athenians pretended they themselves did from the earth, would not this autokopros have been justly entitled to all the praise arising from his own virtues? Would it not be hard that a man who hath no ancestors should therefore be rendered incapable of acquiring honour; when we see so many who have no virtues enjoying the honour of their forefathers? At ten years old (by which time his education was advanced to writing and reading) he was bound an apprentice, according to the statute, to Sir Thomas Booby, an uncle of Mr Booby's by the father's side. Sir Thomas having then an estate in his own hands, the young Andrews was at first employed in what in the country they call keeping birds. His office was to perform the part the ancients assigned to the god Priapus, which deity the moderns call by the name of Jack o' Lent; but his voice being so extremely musical, that it rather allured the birds than terrified them, he was soon transplanted from the fields into the dog-kennel, where he was placed under the huntsman, and made what the sportsmen term whipperin. For this place likewise the sweetness of his voice disqualified him; the dogs preferring the melody of his chiding to all the alluring notes of the huntsman, who soon became so incensed at it, that he desired Sir Thomas to provide otherwise for him, and constantly laid every fault the dogs were at to the account of the poor boy, who was now transplanted to the stable. Here he soon gave proofs of strength and agility beyond his years, and constantly rode the most spirited and vicious horses to water, with an intrepidity which surprized every one. While he was in this station, he rode several races for Sir Thomas, and this with such expertness and success, that the neighbouring gentlemen frequently solicited the knight to permit little Joey (for so he was called) to ride their matches. The best gamesters, before they laid their money, always inquired which horse little Joey was to ride; and the bets were rather proportioned by the rider than by the horse himself; especially after he had scornfully refused a considerable bribe to play booty on such an occasion. This extremely raised his character, and so pleased the Lady Booby, that she desired to have him (being now seventeen years of age) for her own footboy.

Joey was now preferred from the stable to attend on his lady, to go on her errands, stand behind her chair, wait at her tea-table, and carry her prayer-book to church; at which place his voice gave him an opportunity of distinguishing himself by singing psalms: he behaved likewise in every other respect so well at Divine service, that it recommended him to the notice of Mr Abraham Adams, the curate, who took an opportunity one day, as he was drinking a cup of ale in Sir Thomas's kitchen, to ask the young man several questions concerning religion; with his answers to which he was wonderfully pleased.

Chapter III.

Of Mr Abraham Adams the curate, Mrs Slipslop the chambermaid, and others.

Mr Abraham Adams was an excellent scholar. He was a perfect master of the Greek and Latin languages; to which he added a great share of knowledge in the Oriental tongues; and could read and translate French, Italian, and Spanish. He had applied many years to the most severe study, and had treasured up a fund of learning rarely to be met with in a university. He was, besides, a man of good sense, good parts, and good nature; but was at the same time as entirely ignorant of the ways of this world as an infant just entered into it could possibly be. As he had never any intention to deceive, so he never suspected such a design in others. He was generous, friendly, and brave to an excess; but simplicity was his characteristick: he did, no more than Mr Colley Cibber, apprehend any such passions as malice and envy to exist in mankind; which was indeed less remarkable in a country parson than in a gentleman who hath passed his life behind the scenes,—a place which hath been seldom thought the school of innocence, and where a very little observation would have convinced the great apologist that those passions have a real existence in the human mind.

His virtue, and his other qualifications, as they rendered him equal to his office, so they made him an agreeable and valuable companion, and had so much endeared and well recommended him to a bishop, that at the age of fifty he was provided with a handsome income of twenty-three pounds a year; which, however, he could not make any great figure with, because he lived in a dear country, and was a little encumbered with a wife and six children.

It was this gentleman, who having, as I have said, observed the singular devotion of young Andrews, had found means to question him concerning several particulars; as, how many books there were in the New Testament? which were they? how many chapters they contained? and such like: to all which, Mr Adams privately said, he answered much better than Sir Thomas, or two other neighbouring justices of the peace could probably have done.

Mr Adams was wonderfully solicitous to know at what time, and by what opportunity, the youth became acquainted with these matters: Joey told him that he had very early learnt to read and write by the goodness of his father, who, though he had not interest enough to get him into a charity school, because a cousin of his father's landlord did not vote on the right side for a churchwarden in a borough town, yet had been himself at the expense of sixpence a week for his learning. He told him likewise, that ever since he was in Sir Thomas's family he had employed all his hours of leisure in reading good books; that he had read the Bible, the Whole Duty of Man, and Thomas a Kempis; and that as often as he could, without being perceived, he had studied a great good book which lay open in the hall window, where he had read, "as how the devil carried away half a church in sermon-time, without hurting one of the congregation; and as how a field of corn ran away down a hill with all the trees upon it, and covered another man's meadow." This sufficiently assured Mr Adams that the good book meant could be no other than Baker's Chronicle.

The curate, surprized to find such instances of industry and application in a young man who had never met with the least encouragement, asked him, If he did not extremely regret the want of a liberal education, and the not having been born of parents who might have indulged his talents and desire of knowledge? To which he answered, "He hoped he had profited somewhat better from the books he had read than to lament his condition in this world. That, for his part, he was perfectly content with the state to which he was called; that he should endeavour to improve his talent, which was all required of him; but not repine at his own lot, nor envy those of his betters." "Well said, my lad," replied the curate; "and I wish some who have read many more good books, nay, and some who have written good books themselves, had profited so much by them."

Adams had no nearer access to Sir Thomas or my lady than through the waiting-gentlewoman; for Sir Thomas was too apt to estimate men merely by their dress or fortune; and my lady was a woman of gaiety, who had been blest with a town education, and never spoke of any of her country neighbours by any other appellation than that of the brutes. They both regarded the curate as a kind of domestic only, belonging to the parson of the parish, who was at this time at variance with the knight; for the parson had for many years lived in a constant state of civil war, or, which is perhaps as bad, of civil law, with Sir Thomas himself and the tenants of his manor. The foundation of this quarrel was a modus, by setting which aside an advantage of several shillings per annum would have accrued to the rector; but he had not yet been able to accomplish his purpose, and had reaped hitherto nothing better from the suits than the pleasure (which he used indeed frequently to say was no small one) of reflecting that he had utterly undone many of the poor tenants, though he had at the same time greatly impoverished himself.

Mrs Slipslop, the waiting-gentlewoman, being herself the daughter of a curate, preserved some respect for Adams: she professed great regard for his learning, and would frequently dispute with him on points of theology; but always insisted on a deference to be paid to her understanding, as she had been frequently at London, and knew more of the world than a country parson could pretend to.

She had in these disputes a particular advantage over Adams: for she was a mighty affecter of hard words, which she used in such a manner that the parson, who durst not offend her by calling her words in question, was frequently at some loss to guess her meaning, and would have been much less puzzled by an Arabian manuscript.

Adams therefore took an opportunity one day, after a pretty long discourse with her on the essence (or, as she pleased to term it, the incence) of matter, to mention the case of young Andrews; desiring her to recommend him to her lady as a youth very susceptible of learning, and one whose instruction in Latin he would himself undertake; by which means he might be qualified for a higher station than that of a footman; and added, she knew it was in his master's power easily to provide for him in a better manner. He therefore desired that the boy might be left behind under his care.

"La! Mr Adams," said Mrs Slipslop, "do you think my lady will suffer any preambles about any such matter? She is going to London very concisely, and I am confidous would not leave Joey behind her on any account; for he is one of the genteelest young fellows you may see in a summer's day; and I am confidous she would as soon think of parting with a pair of her grey mares, for she values herself as much on one as the other." Adams would have interrupted, but she proceeded: "And why is Latin more necessitous for a footman than a gentleman? It is very proper that you clergymen must learn it, because you can't preach without it: but I have heard gentlemen say in London, that it is fit for nobody else. I am confidous my lady would be angry with me for mentioning it; and I shall draw myself into no such delemy." At which words her lady's bell rung, and Mr Adams was forced to retire; nor could he gain a second opportunity with her before their London journey, which happened a few days afterwards. However, Andrews behaved very thankfully and gratefully to him for his intended kindness, which he told him he never would forget, and at the same time received from the good man many admonitions concerning the regulation of his future conduct, and his perseverance in innocence and industry.

Chapter IV.

What happened after their journey to London.

No sooner was young Andrews arrived at London than he began to scrape an acquaintance with his party-coloured brethren, who endeavoured to make him despise his former course of life. His hair was cut after the newest fashion, and became his chief care; he went abroad with it all the morning in papers, and drest it out in the afternoon. They could not, however, teach him to game, swear, drink, nor any other genteel vice the town abounded with. He applied most of his leisure hours to music, in which he greatly improved himself; and became so perfect a connoisseur in that art, that he led the opinion of all the other footmen at an opera, and they never condemned or applauded a single song contrary to his approbation or dislike. He was a little too forward in riots at the play-houses and assemblies; and when he attended his lady at church (which was but seldom) he behaved with less seeming devotion than formerly: however, if he was outwardly a pretty fellow, his morals remained entirely uncorrupted, though he was at the same time smarter and genteeler than any of the beaus in town, either in or out of livery.

His lady, who had often said of him that Joey was the handsomest and genteelest footman in the kingdom, but that it was pity he wanted spirit, began now to find that fault no longer; on the contrary, she was frequently heard to cry out, “Ay, there is some life in this fellow.” She plainly saw the effects which the town air hath on the soberest constitutions. She would now walk out with him into Hyde Park in a morning, and when tired, which happened almost every minute, would lean on his arm, and converse with him in great familiarity. Whenever she stept out of her coach, she would take him by the hand, and sometimes, for fear of stumbling, press it very hard; she admitted him to deliver messages at her bedside in a morning, leered at him at table, and indulged him in all those innocent freedoms which women of figure may permit without the least sully of their virtue.

But though their virtue remains unsullied, yet now and then some small arrows will glance on the shadow of it, their reputation; and so it fell out to Lady Booby, who happened to be walking arm-in-arm with Joey one morning in Hyde Park, when Lady Tittle and Lady Tattle came accidentally by in their coach. “Bless me,” says Lady Tittle, “can I believe my eyes? Is that Lady Booby?”—“Surely,” says Tattle. “But what makes you surprized?”—“Why, is not that her footman?” replied Tittle. At which Tattle laughed, and cried, “An old business, I assure you: is it possible you should not have heard it? The whole town hath known it this half-year.” The consequence of this interview was a whisper through a hundred visits, which were separately performed by the two ladies the same afternoon, and might have had a mischievous effect, had it not been stopt by two fresh reputations which were published the day afterwards, and engrossed the whole talk of the town.

But, whatever opinion or suspicion the scandalous inclination of defamers might entertain of Lady Booby’s innocent freedoms, it is certain they made no impression on young Andrews, who never offered to encroach beyond the liberties which his lady allowed him,—a behaviour which she imputed to the violent respect he preserved for her, and which served only to heighten a something she began to conceive, and which the next chapter will open a little farther.

Chapter V.

The death of Sir Thomas Booby, with the affectionate and mournful behaviour of his widow, and the great purity of Joseph Andrews.

At this time an accident happened which put a stop to those agreeable walks, which probably would have soon puffed up the cheeks of Fame, and caused her to blow her brazen trumpet through the town; and this was no other than the death of Sir Thomas Booby, who, departing this life, left his disconsolate lady confined to her house, as closely as if she herself had been attacked by some violent disease. During the first six days the poor lady admitted none but Mrs. Slipslop, and three female friends, who made a party at cards: but on the seventh she ordered Joey, whom, for a good reason, we shall hereafter call JOSEPH, to bring up her teakettle. The lady being in bed, called Joseph to her, bade him sit down, and, having accidentally laid her hand on his, she asked him if he had ever been in love. Joseph answered, with some confusion, it was time enough for one so young as himself to think on such things. “As young as you are,” replied the lady, “I am convinced you are no stranger to that passion. Come, Joey,” says she, “tell me truly, who is the happy girl whose eyes have made a conquest of you?” Joseph returned, that all the women he had ever seen were equally indifferent to him. “Oh then,” said the lady, “you are a general lover. Indeed, you handsome fellows, like handsome women, are very long and difficult in fixing; but yet you shall never persuade me that your heart is so insusceptible of affection; I rather impute what you say to your secrecy, a very commendable quality, and what I am far from being angry with you for. Nothing can be more unworthy in a young man, than to betray any intimacies with the ladies.” “Ladies! madam,” said Joseph, “I am sure I never had the impudence to think of any that deserve that name.” “Don’t pretend to too much modesty,” said she, “for that sometimes may be impertinent: but pray answer me this question. Suppose a lady should happen to like you; suppose she should prefer you to all your sex, and admit you to the same familiarities as you might have hoped for if you had been born her equal, are you certain that no vanity could tempt you to discover her? Answer me honestly, Joseph; have you so much more sense and so much more virtue than you handsome young fellows generally have, who make no scruple of sacrificing our dear

reputation to your pride, without considering the great obligation we lay on you by our condescension and confidence? Can you keep a secret, my Joey?" "Madam," says he, "I hope your ladyship can't tax me with ever betraying the secrets of the family; and I hope, if you was to turn me away, I might have that character of you." "I don't intend to turn you away, Joey," said she, and sighed; "I am afraid it is not in my power." She then raised herself a little in her bed, and discovered one of the whitest necks that ever was seen; at which Joseph blushed. "La!" says she, in an affected surprize, "what am I doing? I have trusted myself with a man alone, naked in bed; suppose you should have any wicked intentions upon my honour, how should I defend myself?" Joseph protested that he never had the least evil design against her. "No," says she, "perhaps you may not call your designs wicked; and perhaps they are not so."— He swore they were not. "You misunderstand me," says she; "I mean if they were against my honour, they may not be wicked; but the world calls them so. But then, say you, the world will never know anything of the matter; yet would not that be trusting to your secrecy? Must not my reputation be then in your power? Would you not then be my master?" Joseph begged her ladyship to be comforted; for that he would never imagine the least wicked thing against her, and that he had rather die a thousand deaths than give her any reason to suspect him. "Yes," said she, "I must have reason to suspect you. Are you not a man? and, without vanity, I may pretend to some charms. But perhaps you may fear I should prosecute you; indeed I hope you do; and yet Heaven knows I should never have the confidence to appear before a court of justice; and you know, Joey, I am of a forgiving temper. Tell me, Joey, don't you think I should forgive you?"—"Indeed, madam," says Joseph, "I will never do anything to disoblige your ladyship."—"How," says she, "do you think it would not disoblige me then? Do you think I would willingly suffer you?"—"I don't understand you, madam," says Joseph.—"Don't you?" said she, "then you are either a fool, or pretend to be so; I find I was mistaken in you. So get you downstairs, and never let me see your face again; your pretended innocence cannot impose on me."—"Madam," said Joseph, "I would not have your ladyship think any evil of me. I have always endeavoured to be a dutiful servant both to you and my master."—"O thou villain!" answered my lady; "why didst thou mention the name of that dear man, unless to torment me, to bring his precious memory to my mind?" (and then she burst into a fit of tears.) "Get thee from my sight! I shall never endure thee more." At which words she turned away from him; and Joseph retreated from the room in a most disconsolate condition, and writ that letter which the reader will find in the next chapter.

Chapter VI.

How Joseph Andrews writ a letter to his sister Pamela.

"To MRS PAMELA ANDREWS, LIVING WITH SQUIRE BOOBY.

"DEAR SISTER,—Since I received your letter of your good lady's death, we have had a misfortune of the same kind in our family. My worthy master Sir Thomas died about four days ago; and, what is worse, my poor lady is certainly gone distracted. None of the servants expected her to take it so to heart, because they quarrelled almost every day of their lives: but no more of that, because you know, Pamela, I never loved to tell the secrets of my master's family; but to be sure you must have known they never loved one another; and I have heard her ladyship wish his honour dead above a thousand times; but nobody knows what it is to lose a friend till they have lost him.

"Don't tell anybody what I write, because I should not care to have folks say I discover what passes in our family; but if it had not been so great a lady, I should have thought she had had a mind to me. Dear Pamela, don't tell anybody; but she ordered me to sit down by her bedside, when she was naked in bed; and she held my hand, and talked exactly as a lady does to her sweetheart in a stage-play, which I have seen in Covent Garden, while she wanted him to be no better than he should be.

"If madam be mad, I shall not care for staying long in the family; so I heartily wish you could get me a place, either at the squire's, or some other neighbouring gentleman's, unless it be true that you are going to be married to parson Williams, as folks talk, and then I should be very willing to be his clerk; for which you know I am qualified, being able to read and to set a psalm.

"I fancy I shall be discharged very soon; and the moment I am, unless I hear from you, I shall return to my old master's country-seat, if it be only to see parson Adams, who is the best man in the world. London is a bad place, and there is so little good fellowship, that the next-door neighbours don't know one another. Pray give my service to all friends that inquire for me. So I rest

"Your loving brother,

"JOSEPH ANDREWS."

As soon as Joseph had sealed and directed this letter he walked downstairs, where he met Mrs. Slipslop, with whom we shall take this opportunity to bring the reader a little better acquainted. She was a maiden gentlewoman of about fortyfive years of age, who, having made a small slip in her youth, had continued a good maid ever since. She was not at this time remarkably handsome; being very short, and rather too corpulent in body, and somewhat red, with the addition of pimples in the face. Her nose was likewise rather too large, and her eyes too little; nor did she resemble a cow so much in her breath as in two brown

globes which she carried before her; one of her legs was also a little shorter than the other, which occasioned her to limp as she walked. This fair creature had long cast the eyes of affection on Joseph, in which she had not met with quite so good success as she probably wished, though, besides the allurements of her native charms, she had given him tea, sweetmeats, wine, and many other delicacies, of which, by keeping the keys, she had the absolute command. Joseph, however, had not returned the least gratitude to all these favours, not even so much as a kiss; though I would not insinuate she was so easily to be satisfied; for surely then he would have been highly blameable. The truth is, she was arrived at an age when she thought she might indulge herself in any liberties with a man, without the danger of bringing a third person into the world to betray them. She imagined that by so long a selfdenial she had not only made amends for the small slip of her youth above hinted at, but had likewise laid up a quantity of merit to excuse any future failings. In a word, she resolved to give a loose to her amorous inclinations, and to pay off the debt of pleasure which she found she owed herself, as fast as possible.

With these charms of person, and in this disposition of mind, she encountered poor Joseph at the bottom of the stairs, and asked him if he would drink a glass of something good this morning. Joseph, whose spirits were not a little cast down, very readily and thankfully accepted the offer; and together they went into a closet, where, having delivered him a full glass of ratafia, and desired him to sit down, Mrs. Slipslop thus began:—

“Sure nothing can be a more simple contract in a woman than to place her affections on a boy. If I had ever thought it would have been my fate, I should have wished to die a thousand deaths rather than live to see that day. If we like a man, the lightest hint sophisticates. Whereas a boy proposes upon us to break through all the regulations of modesty, before we can make any oppression upon him.” Joseph, who did not understand a word she said, answered, “Yes, madam.”— “Yes, madam!” replied Mrs. Slipslop with some warmth, “Do you intend to result my passion? Is it not enough, ungrateful as you are, to make no return to all the favours I have done you; but you must treat me with ironing? Barbarous monster! how have I deserved that my passion should be resulted and treated with ironing?” “Madam,” answered Joseph, “I don’t understand your hard words; but I am certain you have no occasion to call me ungrateful, for, so far from intending you any wrong, I have always loved you as well as if you had been my own mother.” “How, sirrah!” says Mrs. Slipslop in a rage; “your own mother? Do you assinuate that I am old enough to be your mother? I don’t know what a stripling may think, but I believe a man would refer me to any green-sickness silly girl whatsomdever: but I ought to despise you rather than be angry with you, for referring the conversation of girls to that of a woman of sense.”—“Madam,” says Joseph, “I am sure I have always valued the honour you did me by your conversation, for I know you are a woman of learning.”—“Yes, but, Joseph,” said she, a little softened by the compliment to her learning, “if you had a value for me, you certainly would have found some method of showing it me; for I am convicted you must see the value I have for you. Yes, Joseph, my eyes, whether I would or no, must have declared a passion I cannot conquer.—Oh! Joseph!”

As when a hungry tigress, who long has traversed the woods in fruitless search, sees within the reach of her claws a lamb, she prepares to leap on her prey; or as a voracious pike, of immense size, surveys through the liquid element a roach or gudgeon, which cannot escape her jaws, opens them wide to swallow the little fish; so did Mrs. Slipslop prepare to lay her violent amorous hands on the poor Joseph, when luckily her mistress’s bell rung, and delivered the intended martyr from her clutches. She was obliged to leave him abruptly, and to defer the execution of her purpose till some other time. We shall therefore return to the Lady Booby, and give our reader some account of her behaviour, after she was left by Joseph in a temper of mind not greatly different from that of the inflamed Slipslop.

Chapter VII.

Sayings of wise men. A dialogue between the lady and her maid; and a panegyric, or rather satire, on the passion of love, in the sublime style.

It is the observation of some antient sage, whose name I have forgot, that passions operate differently on the human mind, as diseases on the body, in proportion to the strength or weakness, soundness or rottenness, of the one and the other.

We hope, therefore, a judicious reader will give himself some pains to observe, what we have so greatly laboured to describe, the different operations of this passion of love in the gentle and cultivated mind of the Lady Booby, from those which it effected in the less polished and coarser disposition of Mrs Slipslop.

Another philosopher, whose name also at present escapes my memory, hath somewhere said, that resolutions taken in the absence of the beloved object are very apt to vanish in its presence; on both which wise sayings the following chapter may serve as a comment.

No sooner had Joseph left the room in the manner we have before related than the lady, enraged at her disappointment, began to reflect with severity on her conduct. Her love was now changed to disdain, which pride assisted to torment her. She despised herself for the meanness of her passion, and Joseph for its ill success. However, she had now got the better of it in her own

opinion, and determined immediately to dismiss the object. After much tossing and turning in her bed, and many soliloquies, which if we had no better matter for our reader we would give him, she at last rung the bell as above mentioned, and was presently attended by Mrs Slipslop, who was not much better pleased with Joseph than the lady herself.

“Slipslop,” said Lady Booby, “when did you see Joseph?” The poor woman was so surprized at the unexpected sound of his name at so critical a time, that she had the greatest difficulty to conceal the confusion she was under from her mistress; whom she answered, nevertheless, with pretty good confidence, though not entirely void of fear of suspicion, that she had not seen him that morning. “I am afraid,” said Lady Booby, “he is a wild young fellow.”—“That he is,” said Slipslop, “and a wicked one too. To my knowledge he games, drinks, swears, and fights eternally; besides, he is horribly indicted to wenching.”—“Ay!” said the lady, “I never heard that of him.”—“O madam!” answered the other, “he is so lewd a rascal, that if your ladyship keeps him much longer, you will not have one virgin in your house except myself. And yet I can’t conceive what the wenches see in him, to be so foolishly fond as they are; in my eyes, he is as ugly a scarecrow as I ever upheld.”—“Nay,” said the lady, “the boy is well enough.”—“La! ma’am,” cries Slipslop, “I think him the ragmaticallest fellow in the family.”—“Sure, Slipslop,” says she, “you are mistaken: but which of the women do you most suspect?”— “Madam,” says Slipslop, “there is Betty the chambermaid, I am almost convicted, is with child by him.”—“Ay!” says the lady, “then pray pay her her wages instantly. I will keep no such sluts in my family. And as for Joseph, you may discard him too.”—“Would your ladyship have him paid off immediately?” cries Slipslop, “for perhaps, when Betty is gone he may mend: and really the boy is a good servant, and a strong healthy luscious boy enough.”—“This morning,” answered the lady with some vehemence. “I wish, madam,” cries Slipslop, “your ladyship would be so good as to try him a little longer.”—“I will not have my commands disputed,” said the lady; “sure you are not fond of him yourself?”—“I, madam!” cries Slipslop, reddening, if not blushing, “I should be sorry to think your ladyship had any reason to respect me of fondness for a fellow; and if it be your pleasure, I shall fulfil it with as much reluctance as possible.”—“As little, I suppose you mean,” said the lady; “and so about it instantly.” Mrs. Slipslop went out, and the lady had scarce taken two turns before she fell to knocking and ringing with great violence. Slipslop, who did not travel post haste, soon returned, and was countermanded as to Joseph, but ordered to send Betty about her business without delay. She went out a second time with much greater alacrity than before; when the lady began immediately to accuse herself of want of resolution, and to apprehend the return of her affection, with its pernicious consequences; she therefore applied herself again to the bell, and re-summoned Mrs. Slipslop into her presence; who again returned, and was told by her mistress that she had considered better of the matter, and was absolutely resolved to turn away Joseph; which she ordered her to do immediately. Slipslop, who knew the violence of her lady’s temper, and would not venture her place for any Adonis or Hercules in the universe, left her a third time; which she had no sooner done, than the little god Cupid, fearing he had not yet done the lady’s business, took a fresh arrow with the sharpest point out of his quiver, and shot it directly into her heart; in other and plainer language, the lady’s passion got the better of her reason. She called back Slipslop once more, and told her she had resolved to see the boy, and examine him herself; therefore bid her send him up. This wavering in her mistress’s temper probably put something into the waitinggentlewoman’s head not necessary to mention to the sagacious reader.

Lady Booby was going to call her back again, but could not prevail with herself. The next consideration therefore was, how she should behave to Joseph when he came in. She resolved to preserve all the dignity of the woman of fashion to her servant, and to indulge herself in this last view of Joseph (for that she was most certainly resolved it should be) at his own expense, by first insulting and then discarding him.

O Love, what monstrous tricks dost thou play with thy votaries of both sexes! How dost thou deceive them, and make them deceive themselves! Their follies are thy delight! Their sighs make thee laugh, and their pangs are thy merriment!

Not the great Rich, who turns men into monkeys, wheel-barrows, and whatever else best humours his fancy, hath so strangely metamorphosed the human shape; nor the great Cibber, who confounds all number, gender, and breaks through every rule of grammar at his will, hath so distorted the English language as thou dost metamorphose and distort the human senses.

Thou puttest out our eyes, stoppest up our ears, and takest away the power of our nostrils; so that we can neither see the largest object, hear the loudest noise, nor smell the most poignant perfume. Again, when thou pleasest, thou canst make a molehill appear as a mountain, a Jew’s-harp sound like a trumpet, and a daisy smell like a violet. Thou canst make cowardice brave, avarice generous, pride humble, and cruelty tender-hearted. In short, thou turnest the heart of man inside out, as a juggler doth a petticoat, and bringest whatsoever pleaseth thee out from it. If there be any one who doubts all this, let him read the next chapter.

Chapter VIII.

In which, after some very fine writing, the history goes on, and relates the interview between the lady and Joseph; where the latter hath set an example which we despair of seeing followed by his sex in this vicious age.

Now the rake Hesperus had called for his breeches, and, having well rubbed his drowsy eyes, prepared to dress himself for all

night; by whose example his brother rakes on earth likewise leave those beds in which they had slept away the day. Now Thetis, the good housewife, began to put on the pot, in order to regale the good man Phoebus after his daily labours were over. In vulgar language, it was in the evening when Joseph attended his lady's orders.

But as it becomes us to preserve the character of this lady, who is the heroine of our tale; and as we have naturally a wonderful tenderness for that beautiful part of the human species called the fair sex; before we discover too much of her frailty to our reader, it will be proper to give him a lively idea of the vast temptation, which overcame all the efforts of a modest and virtuous mind; and then we humbly hope his good nature will rather pity than condemn the imperfection of human virtue.

Nay, the ladies themselves will, we hope, be induced, by considering the uncommon variety of charms which united in this young man's person, to bridle their rampant passion for chastity, and be at least as mild as their violent modesty and virtue will permit them, in censuring the conduct of a woman who, perhaps, was in her own disposition as chaste as those pure and sanctified virgins who, after a life innocently spent in the gaieties of the town, begin about fifty to attend twice *per diem* at the polite churches and chapels, to return thanks for the grace which preserved them formerly amongst beaus from temptations perhaps less powerful than what now attacked the Lady Booby.

Mr Joseph Andrews was now in the one-and-twentieth year of his age. He was of the highest degree of middle stature; his limbs were put together with great elegance, and no less strength; his legs and thighs were formed in the exactest proportion; his shoulders were broad and brawny, but yet his arm hung so easily, that he had all the symptoms of strength without the least clumsiness. His hair was of a nutbrown colour, and was displayed in wanton ringlets down his back; his forehead was high, his eyes dark, and as full of sweetness as of fire; his nose a little inclined to the Roman; his teeth white and even; his lips full, red, and soft; his beard was only rough on his chin and upper lip; but his cheeks, in which his blood glowed, were overspread with a thick down; his countenance had a tenderness joined with a sensibility inexpressible. Add to this the most perfect neatness in his dress, and an air which, to those who have not seen many noblemen, would give an idea of nobility.

Such was the person who now appeared before the lady. She viewed him some time in silence, and twice or thrice before she spake changed her mind as to the manner in which she should begin. At length she said to him, "Joseph, I am sorry to hear such complaints against you: I am told you behave so rudely to the maids, that they cannot do their business in quiet; I mean those who are not wicked enough to hearken to your solicitations. As to others, they may, perhaps, not call you rude; for there are wicked sluts who make one ashamed of one's own sex, and are as ready to admit any nauseous familiarity as fellows to offer it: nay, there are such in my family, but they shall not stay in it; that impudent trollop who is with child by you is discharged by this time."

As a person who is struck through the heart with a thunderbolt looks extremely surprised, nay, and perhaps is so too—thus the poor Joseph received the false accusation of his mistress; he blushed and looked confounded, which she misinterpreted to be symptoms of his guilt, and thus went on:—

"Come hither, Joseph: another mistress might discard you for these offences; but I have a compassion for your youth, and if I could be certain you would be no more guilty—Consider, child," laying her hand carelessly upon his, "you are a handsome young fellow, and might do better; you might make your fortune." "Madam," said Joseph, "I do assure your ladyship I don't know whether any maid in the house is man or woman." "Oh fie! Joseph," answered the lady, "don't commit another crime in denying the truth. I could pardon the first; but I hate a lyar." "Madam," cries Joseph, "I hope your ladyship will not be offended at my asserting my innocence; for, by all that is sacred, I have never offered more than kissing." "Kissing!" said the lady, with great discomposure of countenance, and more redness in her cheeks than anger in her eyes; "do you call that no crime? Kissing, Joseph, is as a prologue to a play. Can I believe a young fellow of your age and complexion will be content with kissing? No, Joseph, there is no woman who grants that but will grant more; and I am deceived greatly in you if you would not put her closely to it. What would you think, Joseph, if I admitted you to kiss me?" Joseph replied he would sooner die than have any such thought. "And yet, Joseph," returned she, "ladies have admitted their footmen to such familiarities; and footmen, I confess to you, much less deserving them; fellows without half your charms—for such might almost excuse the crime. Tell me therefore, Joseph, if I should admit you to such freedom, what would you think of me?—tell me freely." "Madam," said Joseph, "I should think your ladyship condescended a great deal below yourself." "Pugh!" said she; "that I am to answer to myself: but would not you insist on more? Would you be contented with a kiss? Would not your inclinations be all on fire rather by such a favour?" "Madam," said Joseph, "if they were, I hope I should be able to controul them, without suffering them to get the better of my virtue." You have heard, reader, poets talk of the statue of Surprize; you have heard likewise, or else you have heard very little, how Surprize made one of the sons of Croesus speak, though he was dumb. You have seen the faces, in the eighteen-penny gallery, when, through the trap-door, to soft or no music, Mr. Bridgewater, Mr. William Mills, or some other of ghostly appearance, hath ascended, with a face all pale with powder, and a shirt all bloody with ribbons;—but from none of these, nor from Phidias or Praxiteles, if they should return to life—no, not from the inimitable pencil of my friend Hogarth, could you receive such an idea of surprize as would have entered in at your eyes had they beheld the Lady Booby when those last words issued out from the lips of Joseph. "Your virtue!" said the lady, recovering after a silence of two minutes; "I shall never survive it. Your virtue!—intolerable confidence! Have you the assurance to pretend,

that when a lady demeans herself to throw aside the rules of decency, in order to honour you with the highest favour in her power, your virtue should resist her inclination? that, when she had conquered her own virtue, she should find an obstruction in yours?" "Madam," said Joseph, "I can't see why her having no virtue should be a reason against my having any; or why, because I am a man, or because I am poor, my virtue must be subservient to her pleasures." "I am out of patience," cries the lady: "did ever mortal hear of a man's virtue? Did ever the greatest or the gravest men pretend to any of this kind? Will magistrates who punish lewdness, or parsons who preach against it, make any scruple of committing it? And can a boy, a stripling, have the confidence to talk of his virtue?" "Madam," says Joseph, "that boy is the brother of Pamela, and would be ashamed that the chastity of his family, which is preserved in her, should be stained in him. If there are such men as your ladyship mentions, I am sorry for it; and I wish they had an opportunity of reading over those letters which my father hath sent me of my sister Pamela's; nor do I doubt but such an example would amend them." "You impudent villain!" cries the lady in a rage; "do you insult me with the follies of my relation, who hath exposed himself all over the country upon your sister's account? a little vixen, whom I have always wondered my late Lady Booby ever kept in her house. Sirrah! get out of my sight, and prepare to set out this night; for I will order you your wages immediately, and you shall be stripped and turned away." "Madam," says Joseph, "I am sorry I have offended your ladyship, I am sure I never intended it." "Yes, sirrah," cries she, "you have had the vanity to misconstrue the little innocent freedom I took, in order to try whether what I had heard was true. O' my conscience, you have had the assurance to imagine I was fond of you myself." Joseph answered, he had only spoke out of tenderness for his virtue; at which words she flew into a violent passion, and refusing to hear more, ordered him instantly to leave the room.

He was no sooner gone than she burst forth into the following exclamation:— "Whither doth this violent passion hurry us? What meannesses do we submit to from its impulse! Wisely we resist its first and least approaches; for it is then only we can assure ourselves the victory. No woman could ever safely say, so far only will I go. Have I not exposed myself to the refusal of my footman? I cannot bear the reflection." Upon which she applied herself to the bell, and rung it with infinite more violence than was necessary—the faithful Slipslop attending near at hand: to say the truth, she had conceived a suspicion at her last interview with her mistress, and had waited ever since in the antechamber, having carefully applied her ears to the keyhole during the whole time that the preceding conversation passed between Joseph and the lady.

Chapter IX.

What passed between the lady and Mrs Slipslop; in which we prophesy there are some strokes which every one will not truly comprehend at the first reading.

"Slipslop," said the lady, "I find too much reason to believe all thou hast told me of this wicked Joseph; I have determined to part with him instantly; so go you to the steward, and bid him pay his wages." Slipslop, who had preserved hitherto a distance to her lady—rather out of necessity than inclination—and who thought the knowledge of this secret had thrown down all distinction between them, answered her mistress very pertly—"She wished she knew her own mind; and that she was certain she would call her back again before she was got half-way downstairs." The lady replied, she had taken a resolution, and was resolved to keep it. "I am sorry for it," cries Slipslop, "and, if I had known you would have punished the poor lad so severely, you should never have heard a particle of the matter. Here's a fuss indeed about nothing!" "Nothing!" returned my lady; "do you think I will countenance lewdness in my house?" "If you will turn away every footman," said Slipslop, "that is a lover of the sport, you must soon open the coach door yourself, or get a set of mophrodites to wait upon you; and I am sure I hated the sight of them even singing in an opera." "Do as I bid you," says my lady, "and don't shock my ears with your beastly language." "Marry-come-up," cries Slipslop, "people's ears are sometimes the nicest part about them."

The lady, who began to admire the new style in which her waiting-gentlewoman delivered herself, and by the conclusion of her speech suspected somewhat of the truth, called her back, and desired to know what she meant by the extraordinary degree of freedom in which she thought proper to indulge her tongue. "Freedom!" says Slipslop; "I don't know what you call freedom, madam; servants have tongues as well as their mistresses." "Yes, and saucy ones too," answered the lady; "but I assure you I shall bear no such impertinence." "Impertinence! I don't know that I am impertinent," says Slipslop. "Yes, indeed you are," cries my lady, "and, unless you mend your manners, this house is no place for you." "Manners!" cries Slipslop; "I never was thought to want manners nor modesty neither; and for places, there are more places than one; and I know what I know." "What do you know, mistress?" answered the lady. "I am not obliged to tell that to everybody," says Slipslop, "any more than I am obliged to keep it a secret." "I desire you would provide yourself," answered the lady. "With all my heart," replied the waiting-gentlewoman; and so departed in a passion, and slapped the door after her.

The lady too plainly perceived that her waiting-gentlewoman knew more than she would willingly have had her acquainted with; and this she imputed to Joseph's having discovered to her what passed at the first interview. This, therefore, blew up her rage against him, and confirmed her in a resolution of parting with him.

But the dismissing Mrs Slipslop was a point not so easily to be resolved upon. She had the utmost tenderness for her reputation,

as she knew on that depended many of the most valuable blessings of life; particularly cards, making curtsies in public places, and, above all, the pleasure of demolishing the reputations of others, in which innocent amusement she had an extraordinary delight. She therefore determined to submit to any insult from a servant, rather than run a risque of losing the title to so many great privileges.

She therefore sent for her steward, Mr Peter Pounce, and ordered him to pay Joseph his wages, to strip off his livery, and to turn him out of the house that evening.

She then called Slipslop up, and, after refreshing her spirits with a small cordial, which she kept in her corset, she began in the following manner:—

"Slipslop, why will you, who know my passionate temper, attempt to provoke me by your answers? I am convinced you are an honest servant, and should be very unwilling to part with you. I believe, likewise, you have found me an indulgent mistress on many occasions, and have as little reason on your side to desire a change. I can't help being surprized, therefore, that you will take the surest method to offend me—I mean, repeating my words, which you know I have always detested."

The prudent waiting-gentlewoman had duly weighed the whole matter, and found, on mature deliberation, that a good place in possession was better than one in expectation. As she found her mistress, therefore, inclined to relent, she thought proper also to put on some small condescension, which was as readily accepted; and so the affair was reconciled, all offences forgiven, and a present of a gown and petticoat made her, as an instance of her lady's future favour.

She offered once or twice to speak in favour of Joseph; but found her lady's heart so obdurate, that she prudently dropt all such efforts. She considered there were more footmen in the house, and some as stout fellows, though not quite so handsome, as Joseph; besides, the reader hath already seen her tender advances had not met with the encouragement she might have reasonable expected. She thought she had thrown away a great deal of sack and sweetmeats on an ungrateful rascal; and, being a little inclined to the opinion of that female sect, who hold one lusty young fellow to be nearly as good as another lusty young fellow, she at last gave up Joseph and his cause, and, with a triumph over her passion highly commendable, walked off with her present, and with great tranquillity paid a visit to a stone-bottle, which is of sovereign use to a philosophical temper.

She left not her mistress so easy. The poor lady could not reflect without agony that her dear reputation was in the power of her servants. All her comfort as to Joseph was, that she hoped he did not understand her meaning; at least she could say for herself, she had not plainly expressed anything to him; and as to Mrs Slipslop, she imagines she could bribe her to secrecy.

But what hurt her most was, that in reality she had not so entirely conquered her passion; the little god lay lurking in her heart, though anger and distain so hood-winked her, that she could not see him. She was a thousand times on the very brink of revoking the sentence she had passed against the poor youth. Love became his advocate, and whispered many things in his favour. Honour likewise endeavoured to vindicate his crime, and Pity to mitigate his punishment. On the other side, Pride and Revenge spoke as loudly against him. And thus the poor lady was tortured with perplexity, opposite passions distracting and tearing her mind different ways.

So have I seen, in the hall of Westminster, where Serjeant Bramble hath been retained on the right side, and Serjeant Puzzle on the left, the balance of opinion (so equal were their fees) alternately incline to either scale. Now Bramble throws in an argument, and Puzzle's scale strikes the beam; again Bramble shares the like fate, overpowered by the weight of Puzzle. Here Bramble hits, there Puzzle strikes; here one has you, there t'other has you; till at last all becomes one scene of confusion in the tortured minds of the hearers; equal wagers are laid on the success, and neither judge nor jury can possibly make anything of the matter; all things are so enveloped by the careful serjeants in doubt and obscurity.

Or, as it happens in the conscience, where honour and honesty pull one way, and a bribe and necessity another.—If it was our present business only to make similes, we could produce many more to this purpose; but a simile (as well as a word) to the wise.—We shall therefore see a little after our hero, for whom the reader is doubtless in some pain.

Chapter X.

Joseph writes another letter: his transactions with Mr Peter Pounce, &c., with his departure from Lady Booby.

The disconsolate Joseph would not have had an understanding sufficient for the principal subject of such a book as this, if he had any longer misunderstood the drift of his mistress; and indeed, that he did not discern it sooner, the reader will be pleased to impute to an unwillingness in him to discover what he must condemn in her as a fault. Having therefore quitted her presence, he retired into his own garret, and entered himself into an ejaculation on the numberless calamities which attended beauty, and

the misfortune it was to be handsomer than one's neighbours.

He then sat down, and addressed himself to his sister Pamela in the following words:—

"Dear Sister Pamela,—Hoping you are well, what news have I to tell you! O Pamela! my mistress is fallen in love with me-that is, what great folks call falling in love-she has a mind to ruin me; but I hope I shall have more resolution and more grace than to part with my virtue to any lady upon earth.

"Mr Adams hath often told me, that chastity is as great a virtue in a man as in a woman. He says he never knew any more than his wife, and I shall endeavour to follow his example. Indeed, it is owing entirely to his excellent sermons and advice, together with your letters, that I have been able to resist a temptation, which, he says, no man complies with, but he repents in this world, or is damned for it in the next; and why should I trust to repentance on my deathbed, since I may die in my sleep? What fine things are good advice and good examples! But I am glad she turned me out of the chamber as she did: for I had once almost forgotten every word parson Adams had ever said to me.

"I don't doubt, dear sister, but you will have grace to preserve your virtue against all trials; and I beg you earnestly to pray I may be enabled to preserve mine; for truly it is very severely attacked by more than one; but I hope I shall copy your example, and that of Joseph my namesake, and maintain my virtue against all temptations."

Joseph had not finished his letter, when he was summoned downstairs by Mr Peter Pounce, to receive his wages; for, besides that out of eight pounds a year he allowed his father and mother four, he had been obliged, in order to furnish himself with musical instruments, to apply to the generosity of the aforesaid Peter, who, on urgent occasions, used to advance the servants their wages: not before they were due, but before they were payable; that is, perhaps, half a year after they were due; and this at the moderate premium of fifty per cent, or a little more: by which charitable methods, together with lending money to other people, and even to his own master and mistress, the honest man had, from nothing, in a few years amassed a small sum of twenty thousand pounds or thereabouts.

Joseph having received his little remainder of wages, and having stript off his livery, was forced to borrow a frock and breeches of one of the servants (for he was so beloved in the family, that they would all have lent him anything): and, being told by Peter that he must not stay a moment longer in the house than was necessary to pack up his linen, which he easily did in a very narrow compass, he took a melancholy leave of his fellow-servants, and set out at seven in the evening.

He had proceeded the length of two or three streets, before he absolutely determined with himself whether he should leave the town that night, or, procuring a lodging, wait till the morning. At last, the moon shining very bright helped him to come to a resolution of beginning his journey immediately, to which likewise he had some other inducements; which the reader, without being a conjurer, cannot possibly guess, till we have given him those hints which it may be now proper to open.

Chapter XI.

Of several new matters not expected.

It is an observation sometimes made, that to indicate our idea of a simple fellow, we say, he is easily to be seen through: nor do I believe it a more improper denotation of a simple book. Instead of applying this to any particular performance, we chuse rather to remark the contrary in this history, where the scene opens itself by small degrees; and he is a sagacious reader who can see two chapters before him.

For this reason, we have not hitherto hinted a matter which now seems necessary to be explained; since it may be wondered at, first, that Joseph made such extraordinary haste out of town, which hath been already shewn; and secondly, which will be now shewn, that, instead of proceeding to the habitation of his father and mother, or to his beloved sister Pamela, he chose rather to set out full speed to the Lady Booby's country-seat, which he had left on his journey to London.

Be it known, then, that in the same parish where this seat stood there lived a young girl whom Joseph (though the best of sons and brothers) longed more impatiently to see than his parents or his sister. She was a poor girl, who had formerly been bred up in Sir John's family; whence, a little before the journey to London, she had been discarded by Mrs Slipslop, on account of her extraordinary beauty: for I never could find any other reason.

This young creature (who now lived with a farmer in the parish) had been always beloved by Joseph, and returned his affection. She was two years only younger than our hero. They had been acquainted from their infancy, and had conceived a very early liking for each other; which had grown to such a degree of affection, that Mr Adams had with much ado prevented them from marrying,

and persuaded them to wait till a few years' service and thrift had a little improved their experience, and enabled them to live comfortably together.

They followed this good man's advice, as indeed his word was little less than a law in his parish; for as he had shown his parishioners, by an uniform behaviour of thirty-five years' duration, that he had their good entirely at heart, so they consulted him on every occasion, and very seldom acted contrary to his opinion.

Nothing can be imagined more tender than was the parting between these two lovers. A thousand sighs heaved the bosom of Joseph, a thousand tears distilled from the lovely eyes of Fanny (for that was her name). Though her modesty would only suffer her to admit his eager kisses, her violent love made her more than passive in his embraces; and she often pulled him to her breast with a soft pressure, which though perhaps it would not have squeezed an insect to death, caused more emotion in the heart of Joseph than the closest Cornish hug could have done.

The reader may perhaps wonder that so fond a pair should, during a twelvemonth's absence, never converse with one another: indeed, there was but one reason which did or could have prevented them; and this was, that poor Fanny could neither write nor read: nor could she be prevailed upon to transmit the delicacies of her tender and chaste passion by the hands of an amanuensis.

They contented themselves therefore with frequent inquiries after each other's health, with a mutual confidence in each other's fidelity, and the prospect of their future happiness.

Having explained these matters to our reader, and, as far as possible, satisfied all his doubts, we return to honest Joseph, whom we left just set out on his travels by the light of the moon.

Those who have read any romance or poetry, antient or modern, must have been informed that love hath wings: by which they are not to understand, as some young ladies by mistake have done, that a lover can fly; the writers, by this ingenious allegory, intending to insinuate no more than that lovers do not march like horse-guards; in short, that they put the best leg foremost; which our lusty youth, who could walk with any man, did so heartily on this occasion, that within four hours he reached a famous house of hospitality well known to the western traveller. It presents you a lion on the sign-post: and the master, who was christened Timotheus, is commonly called plain Tim. Some have conceived that he hath particularly chosen the lion for his sign, as he doth in countenance greatly resemble that magnanimous beast, though his disposition savours more of the sweetness of the lamb. He is a person well received among all sorts of men, being qualified to render himself agreeable to any; as he is well versed in history and politics, hath a smattering in law and divinity, cracks a good jest, and plays wonderfully well on the French horn.

A violent storm of hail forced Joseph to take shelter in this inn, where he remembered Sir Thomas had dined in his way to town. Joseph had no sooner seated himself by the kitchen fire than Timotheus, observing his livery, began to condole the loss of his late master; who was, he said, his very particular and intimate acquaintance, with whom he had cracked many a merry bottle, ay many a dozen, in his time. He then remarked, that all these things were over now, all passed, and just as if they had never been; and concluded with an excellent observation on the certainty of death, which his wife said was indeed very true. A fellow now arrived at the same inn with two horses, one of which he was leading farther down into the country to meet his master; these he put into the stable, and came and took his place by Joseph's side, who immediately knew him to be the servant of a neighbouring gentleman, who used to visit at their house.

This fellow was likewise forced in by the storm; for he had orders to go twenty miles farther that evening, and luckily on the same road which Joseph himself intended to take. He, therefore, embraced this opportunity of complimenting his friend with his master's horse (notwithstanding he had received express commands to the contrary), which was readily accepted; and so, after they had drank a loving pot, and the storm was over, they set out together.

Chapter XII.

Containing many surprizing adventures which Joseph Andrews met with on the road, scarce credible to those who have never travelled in a stage-coach.

Nothing remarkable happened on the road till their arrival at the inn to which the horses were ordered; whither they came about two in the morning. The moon then shone very bright; and Joseph, making his friend a present of a pint of wine, and thanking him for the favour of his horse, notwithstanding all entreaties to the contrary, proceeded on his journey on foot.

He had not gone above two miles, charmed with the hope of shortly seeing his beloved Fanny, when he was met by two fellows in a narrow lane, and ordered to stand and deliver. He readily gave them all the money he had, which was somewhat less than two pounds; and told them he hoped they would be so generous as to return him a few shillings, to defray his charges on his way

home.

One of the ruffians answered with an oath, “Yes, we’ll give you something presently: but first strip and be d—n’d to you.”—“Strip,” cried the other, “or I’ll blow your brains to the devil.” Joseph, remembering that he had borrowed his coat and breeches of a friend, and that he should be ashamed of making any excuse for not returning them, replied, he hoped they would not insist on his clothes, which were not worth much, but consider the coldness of the night. “You are cold, are you, you rascal?” said one of the robbers: “I’ll warm you with a vengeance;” and, damning his eyes, snapped a pistol at his head; which he had no sooner done than the other levelled a blow at him with his stick, which Joseph, who was expert at cudgel-playing, caught with his, and returned the favour so successfully on his adversary, that he laid him sprawling at his feet, and at the same instant received a blow from behind, with the butt end of a pistol, from the other villain, which felled him to the ground, and totally deprived him of his senses.

The thief who had been knocked down had now recovered himself; and both together fell to belabouring poor Joseph with their sticks, till they were convinced they had put an end to his miserable being: they then stripped him entirely naked, threw him into a ditch, and departed with their booty.

The poor wretch, who lay motionless a long time, just began to recover his senses as a stage-coach came by. The postillion, hearing a man’s groans, stopt his horses, and told the coachman he was certain there was a dead man lying in the ditch, for he heard him groan. “Go on, sirrah,” says the coachman; “we are confounded late, and have no time to look after dead men.” A lady, who heard what the postillion said, and likewise heard the groan, called eagerly to the coachman to stop and see what was the matter. Upon which he bid the postillion alight, and look into the ditch. He did so, and returned, “that there was a man sitting upright, as naked as ever he was born.”—“O J—sus!” cried the lady; “a naked man! Dear coachman, drive on and leave him.” Upon this the gentlemen got out of the coach; and Joseph begged them to have mercy upon him: for that he had been robbed and almost beaten to death. “Robbed!” cries an old gentleman: “let us make all the haste imaginable, or we shall be robbed too.” A young man who belonged to the law answered, “He wished they had passed by without taking any notice; but that now they might be proved to have been last in his company; if he should die they might be called to some account for his murder. He therefore thought it advisable to save the poor creature’s life, for their own sakes, if possible; at least, if he died, to prevent the jury’s finding that they fled for it. He was therefore of opinion to take the man into the coach, and carry him to the next inn.” The lady insisted, “That he should not come into the coach. That if they lifted him in, she would herself alight: for she had rather stay in that place to all eternity than ride with a naked man.” The coachman objected, “That he could not suffer him to be taken in unless somebody would pay a shilling for his carriage the four miles.” Which the two gentlemen refused to do. But the lawyer, who was afraid of some mischief happening to himself, if the wretch was left behind in that condition, saying no man could be too cautious in these matters, and that he remembered very extraordinary cases in the books, threatened the coachman, and bid him deny taking him up at his peril; for that, if he died, he should be indicted for his murder; and if he lived, and brought an action against him, he would willingly take a brief in it. These words had a sensible effect on the coachman, who was well acquainted with the person who spoke them; and the old gentleman above mentioned, thinking the naked man would afford him frequent opportunities of showing his wit to the lady, offered to join with the company in giving a mug of beer for his fare; till, partly alarmed by the threats of the one, and partly by the promises of the other, and being perhaps a little moved with compassion at the poor creature’s condition, who stood bleeding and shivering with the cold, he at length agreed; and Joseph was now advancing to the coach, where, seeing the lady, who held the sticks of her fan before her eyes, he absolutely refused, miserable as he was, to enter, unless he was furnished with sufficient covering to prevent giving the least offence to decency—so perfectly modest was this young man; such mighty effects had the spotless example of the amiable Pamela, and the excellent sermons of Mr Adams, wrought upon him.

Though there were several greatcoats about the coach, it was not easy to get over this difficulty which Joseph had started. The two gentlemen complained they were cold, and could not spare a rag; the man of wit saying, with a laugh, that charity began at home; and the coachman, who had two greatcoats spread under him, refused to lend either, lest they should be made bloody: the lady’s footman desired to be excused for the same reason, which the lady herself, notwithstanding her abhorrence of a naked man, approved: and it is more than probable poor Joseph, who obstinately adhered to his modest resolution, must have perished, unless the postillion (a lad who hath been since transported for robbing a henroost) had voluntarily stript off a greatcoat, his only garment, at the same time swearing a great oath (for which he was rebuked by the passengers), “that he would rather ride in his shirt all his life than suffer a fellow-creature to lie in so miserable a condition.”

Joseph, having put on the greatcoat, was lifted into the coach, which now proceeded on its journey. He declared himself almost dead with the cold, which gave the man of wit an occasion to ask the lady if she could not accommodate him with a dram. She answered, with some resentment, “She wondered at his asking her such a question; but assured him she never tasted any such thing.”

The lawyer was inquiring into the circumstances of the robbery, when the coach stopt, and one of the ruffians, putting a pistol in, demanded their money of the passengers, who readily gave it them; and the lady, in her fright, delivered up a little silver bottle, of about a half-pint size, which the rogue, clapping it to his mouth, and drinking her health, declared, held some of the best Nantes

he had ever tasted: this the lady afterwards assured the company was the mistake of her maid, for that she had ordered her to fill the bottle with Hungary-water.

As soon as the fellows were departed, the lawyer, who had, it seems, a case of pistols in the seat of the coach, informed the company, that if it had been daylight, and he could have come at his pistols, he would not have submitted to the robbery: he likewise set forth that he had often met highwaymen when he travelled on horseback, but none ever durst attack him; concluding that, if he had not been more afraid for the lady than for himself, he should not have now parted with his money so easily.

As wit is generally observed to love to reside in empty pockets, so the gentleman whose ingenuity we have above remarked, as soon as he had parted with his money, began to grow wonderfully facetious. He made frequent allusions to Adam and Eve, and said many excellent things on figs and fig-leaves; which perhaps gave more offence to Joseph than to any other in the company.

The lawyer likewise made several very pretty jests without departing from his profession. He said, "If Joseph and the lady were alone, he would be more capable of making a conveyance to her, as his affairs were not fettered with any incumbrance; he'd warrant he soon suffered a recovery by a writ of entry, which was the proper way to create heirs in tail; that, for his own part, he would engage to make so firm a settlement in a coach, that there should be no danger of an ejectment," with an inundation of the like gibberish, which he continued to vent till the coach arrived at an inn, where one servant-maid only was up, in readiness to attend the coachman, and furnish him with cold meat and a dram. Joseph desired to alight, and that he might have a bed prepared for him, which the maid readily promised to perform; and, being a good-natured wench, and not so squeamish as the lady had been, she clapt a large fagot on the fire, and, furnishing Joseph with a greatcoat belonging to one of the hostlers, desired him to sit down and warm himself whilst she made his bed. The coachman, in the meantime, took an opportunity to call up a surgeon, who lived within a few doors; after which, he reminded his passengers how late they were, and, after they had taken leave of Joseph, hurried them off as fast as he could.

The wench soon got Joseph to bed, and promised to use her interest to borrow him a shirt; but imagining, as she afterwards said, by his being so bloody, that he must be a dead man, she ran with all speed to hasten the surgeon, who was more than half drest, apprehending that the coach had been overturned, and some gentleman or lady hurt. As soon as the wench had informed him at his window that it was a poor foot-passenger who had been stripped of all he had, and almost murdered, he chid her for disturbing him so early, slipped off his clothes again, and very quietly returned to bed and to sleep.

Aurora now began to shew her blooming cheeks over the hills, whilst ten millions of feathered songsters, in jocund chorus, repeated odes a thousand times sweeter than those of our laureat, and sung both the day and the song; when the master of the inn, Mr Tow-wouse, arose, and learning from his maid an account of the robbery, and the situation of his poor naked guest, he shook his head, and cried, "good-lack-a-day!" and then ordered the girl to carry him one of his own shirts.

Mrs Tow-wouse was just awake, and had stretched out her arms in vain to fold her departed husband, when the maid entered the room. "Who's there? Betty?"— "Yes, madam."—"Where's your master?"—"He's without, madam; he hath sent me for a shirt to lend a poor naked man, who hath been robbed and murdered."— "Touch one if you dare, you slut," said Mrs Tow-wouse: "your master is a pretty sort of a man, to take in naked vagabonds, and clothe them with his own clothes. I shall have no such doings. If you offer to touch anything, I'll throw the chamberpot at your head. Go, send your master to me."—"Yes, madam," answered Betty. As soon as he came in, she thus began: "What the devil do you mean by this, Mr Tow-wouse? Am I to buy shirts to lend to a set of scabby rascals?"—"My dear," said Mr Tow-wouse, "this is a poor wretch."—"Yes," says she, "I know it is a poor wretch; but what the devil have we to do with poor wretches? The law makes us provide for too many already. We shall have thirty or forty poor wretches in red coats shortly."—"My dear," cries Tow-wouse, "this man hath been robbed of all he hath."—"Well then," said she, "where's his money to pay his reckoning? Why doth not such a fellow go to an alehouse? I shall send him packing as soon as I am up, I assure you."—"My dear," said he, "common charity won't suffer you to do that."—"Common charity, a f—t!" says she, "common charity teaches us to provide for ourselves and our families; and I and mine won't be ruined by your charity, I assure you."—"Well," says he, "my dear, do as you will, when you are up; you know I never contradict you."—"No," says she; "if the devil was to contradict me, I would make the house too hot to hold him."

With such like discourses they consumed near half-an-hour, whilst Betty provided a shirt from the hostler, who was one of her sweethearts, and put it on poor Joseph. The surgeon had likewise at last visited him, and washed and drest his wounds, and was now come to acquaint Mr Tow-wouse that his guest was in such extreme danger of his life, that he scarce saw any hopes of his recovery. "Here's a pretty kettle of fish," cries Mrs Tow-wouse, "you have brought upon us! We are like to have a funeral at our own expense." Tow-wouse (who, notwithstanding his charity, would have given his vote as freely as ever he did at an election, that any other house in the kingdom should have quiet possession of his guest) answered, "My dear, I am not to blame; he was brought hither by the stage-coach, and Betty had put him to bed before I was stirring."—"I'll Betty her," says she.—At which, with half her garments on, the other half under her arm, she sallied out in quest of the unfortunate Betty, whilst Tow-wouse and the surgeon went to pay a visit to poor Joseph, and inquire into the circumstances of this melancholy affair.

Chapter XIII.

What happened to Joseph during his sickness at the inn, with the curious discourse between him and Mr Barnabas, the parson of the parish.

As soon as Joseph had communicated a particular history of the robbery, together with a short account of himself, and his intended journey, he asked the surgeon if he apprehended him to be in any danger: to which the surgeon very honestly answered, “He feared he was; for that his pulse was very exalted and feverish, and, if his fever should prove more than symptomatic, it would be impossible to save him.” Joseph, fetching a deep sigh, cried, “Poor Fanny, I would I could have lived to see thee! but God’s will be done.”

The surgeon then advised him, if he had any worldly affairs to settle, that he would do it as soon as possible; for, though he hoped he might recover, yet he thought himself obliged to acquaint him he was in great danger; and if the malign concoction of his humours should cause a suscitation of his fever, he might soon grow delirious and incapable to make his will. Joseph answered, “That it was impossible for any creature in the universe to be in a poorer condition than himself; for since the robbery he had not one thing of any kind whatever which he could call his own.” “I had,” said he, “a poor little piece of gold, which they took away, that would have been a comfort to me in all my afflictions; but surely, Fanny, I want nothing to remind me of thee. I have thy dear image in my heart, and no villain can ever tear it thence.”

Joseph desired paper and pens, to write a letter, but they were refused him; and he was advised to use all his endeavours to compose himself. They then left him; and Mr Tow-wouse sent to a clergyman to come and administer his good offices to the soul of poor Joseph, since the surgeon despaired of making any successful applications to his body.

Mr Barnabas (for that was the clergyman’s name) came as soon as sent for; and, having first drank a dish of tea with the landlady, and afterwards a bowl of punch with the landlord, he walked up to the room where Joseph lay; but, finding him asleep, returned to take the other sneaker; which when he had finished, he again crept softly up to the chamber-door, and, having opened it, heard the sick man talking to himself in the following manner:—

“O most adorable Pamela! most virtuous sister! whose example could alone enable me to withstand all the temptations of riches and beauty, and to preserve my virtue pure and chaste for the arms of my dear Fanny, if it had pleased Heaven that I should ever have come unto them. What riches, or honours, or pleasures, can make us amends for the loss of innocence? Doth not that alone afford us more consolation than all worldly acquisitions? What but innocence and virtue could give any comfort to such a miserable wretch as I am? Yet these can make me prefer this sick and painful bed to all the pleasures I should have found in my lady’s. These can make me face death without fear; and though I love my Fanny more than ever man loved a woman, these can teach me to resign myself to the Divine will without repining. O thou delightful charming creature! if Heaven had indulged thee to my arms, the poorest, humblest state would have been a paradise; I could have lived with thee in the lowest cottage without envying the palaces, the dainties, or the riches of any man breathing. But I must leave thee, leave thee for ever, my dearest angel! I must think of another world; and I heartily pray thou may’st meet comfort in this.”—Barnabas thought he had heard enough, so downstairs he went, and told Tow-wouse he could do his guest no service; for that he was very light-headed, and had uttered nothing but a rhapsody of nonsense all the time he stayed in the room.

The surgeon returned in the afternoon, and found his patient in a higher fever, as he said, than when he left him, though not delirious; for, notwithstanding Mr Barnabas’s opinion, he had not been once out of his senses since his arrival at the inn.

Mr Barnabas was again sent for, and with much difficulty prevailed on to make another visit. As soon as he entered the room he told Joseph “He was come to pray by him, and to prepare him for another world: in the first place, therefore, he hoped he had repented of all his sins.” Joseph answered, “He hoped he had; but there was one thing which he knew not whether he should call a sin; if it was, he feared he should die in the commission of it; and that was, the regret of parting with a young woman whom he loved as tenderly as he did his heart-strings.” Barnabas bad him be assured “that any repining at the Divine will was one of the greatest sins he could commit; that he ought to forget all carnal affections, and think of better things.” Joseph said, “That neither in this world nor the next he could forget his Fanny; and that the thought, however grievous, of parting from her for ever, was not half so tormenting as the fear of what she would suffer when she knew his misfortune.” Barnabas said, “That such fears argued a diffidence and despondence very criminal; that he must divest himself of all human passions, and fix his heart above.” Joseph answered, “That was what he desired to do, and should be obliged to him if he would enable him to accomplish it.” Barnabas replied, “That must be done by grace.” Joseph besought him to discover how he might attain it. Barnabas answered, “By prayer and faith.” He then questioned him concerning his forgiveness of the thieves. Joseph answered, “He feared that was more than he could do; for nothing would give him more pleasure than to hear they were taken.”—“That,” cries Barnabas, “is for the sake of justice.”—“Yes,” said Joseph, “but if I was to meet them again, I am afraid I should attack them, and kill them too, if I could.”—“Doubtless,” answered Barnabas, “it is lawful to kill a thief; but can you say you forgive them as a Christian ought?”

Joseph desired to know what that forgiveness was. “That is,” answered Barnabas, “to forgive them as—as—it is to forgive them as—in short, it is to forgive them as a Christian.”—Joseph replied, “He forgave them as much as he could.”—“Well, well,” said Barnabas, “that will do.” He then demanded of him, “If he remembered any more sins unrepented of; and if he did, he desired him to make haste and repent of them as fast as he could, that they might repeat over a few prayers together.” Joseph answered, “He could not recollect any great crimes he had been guilty of, and that those he had committed he was sincerely sorry for.” Barnabas said that was enough, and then proceeded to prayer with all the expedition he was master of, some company then waiting for him below in the parlour, where the ingredients for punch were all in readiness; but no one would squeeze the oranges till he came.

Joseph complained he was dry, and desired a little tea; which Barnabas reported to Mrs Tow-wouse, who answered, “She had just done drinking it, and could not be slopping all day;” but ordered Betty to carry him up some small beer.

Betty obeyed her mistress’s commands; but Joseph, as soon as he had tasted it, said, he feared it would increase his fever, and that he longed very much for tea; to which the good-natured Betty answered, he should have tea, if there was any in the land; she accordingly went and bought him some herself, and attended him with it; where we will leave her and Joseph together for some time, to entertain the reader with other matters.

Chapter XIV.

Being very full of adventures which succeeded each other at the inn.

It was now the dusk of the evening, when a grave person rode into the inn, and, committing his horse to the hostler, went directly into the kitchen, and, having called for a pipe of tobacco, took his place by the fireside, where several other persons were likewise assembled.

The discourse ran altogether on the robbery which was committed the night before, and on the poor wretch who lay above in the dreadful condition in which we have already seen him. Mrs Tow-wouse said, “She wondered what the devil Tom Whipwell meant by bringing such guests to her house, when there were so many alehouses on the road proper for their reception. But she assured him, if he died, the parish should be at the expense of the funeral.” She added, “Nothing would serve the fellow’s turn but tea, she would assure him.” Betty, who was just returned from her charitable office, answered, she believed he was a gentleman, for she never saw a finer skin in her life. “Pox on his skin!” replied Mrs Tow-wouse, “I suppose that is all we are like to have for the reckoning. I desire no such gentlemen should ever call at the Dragon” (which it seems was the sign of the inn).

The gentleman lately arrived discovered a great deal of emotion at the distress of this poor creature, whom he observed to be fallen not into the most compassionate hands. And indeed, if Mrs Tow-wouse had given no utterance to the sweetness of her temper, nature had taken such pains in her countenance, that Hogarth himself never gave more expression to a picture.

Her person was short, thin, and crooked. Her forehead projected in the middle, and thence descended in a declivity to the top of her nose, which was sharp and red, and would have hung over her lips, had not nature turned up the end of it. Her lips were two bits of skin, which, whenever she spoke, she drew together in a purse. Her chin was peaked; and at the upper end of that skin which composed her cheeks, stood two bones, that almost hid a pair of small red eyes. Add to this a voice most wonderfully adapted to the sentiments it was to convey, being both loud and hoarse.

It is not easy to say whether the gentleman had conceived a greater dislike for his landlady or compassion for her unhappy guest. He inquired very earnestly of the surgeon, who was now come into the kitchen, whether he had any hopes of his recovery? He begged him to use all possible means towards it, telling him, “it was the duty of men of all professions to apply their skill gratis for the relief of the poor and necessitous.” The surgeon answered, “He should take proper care; but he defied all the surgeons in London to do him any good.”—“Pray, sir,” said the gentleman, “what are his wounds?”—“Why, do you know anything of wounds?” says the surgeon (winking upon Mrs Tow-wouse).—“Sir, I have a small smattering in surgery,” answered the gentleman.—“A smattering—ho, ho, ho!” said the surgeon; “I believe it is a smattering indeed.”

The company were all attentive, expecting to hear the doctor, who was what they call a dry fellow, expose the gentleman.

He began therefore with an air of triumph: “I suppose, sir, you have travelled?”—“No, really, sir,” said the gentleman.—“Ho! then you have practised in the hospitals perhaps?”—“No, sir.”—“Hum! not that neither? Whence, sir, then, if I may be so bold to inquire, have you got your knowledge in surgery?”—“Sir,” answered the gentleman, “I do not pretend to much; but the little I know I have from books.”—“Books!” cries the doctor. “What, I suppose you have read Galen and Hippocrates!”—“No, sir,” said the gentleman.—“How! you understand surgery,” answers the doctor, “and not read Galen and Hippocrates?”—“Sir,” cries the other, “I believe there are many surgeons who have never read these authors.”—“I believe so too,” says the doctor, “more shame for them; but, thanks to my education, I have them by heart, and very seldom go without them both in my pocket.”—“They are pretty

large books," said the gentleman.—"Aye," said the doctor, "I believe I know how large they are better than you." (At which he fell a winking, and the whole company burst into a laugh.)

The doctor pursuing his triumph, asked the gentleman, "If he did not understand physic as well as surgery." "Rather better," answered the gentleman.—"Aye, like enough," cries the doctor, with a wink. "Why, I know a little of physic too."—"I wish I knew half so much," said Tow-wouse, "I'd never wear an apron again."—"Why, I believe, landlord," cries the doctor, "there are few men, though I say it, within twelve miles of the place, that handle a fever better. *Veniente accurrite morbo:* that is my method. I suppose, brother, you understand *Latin*?"—"A little," says the gentleman.—"Aye, and Greek now, I'll warrant you: *Ton dapomibominos poluflosboio Thalasses.* But I have almost forgot these things: I could have repeated Homer by heart once."—"Ifags! the gentleman has caught a traytor," says Mrs Towwouse; at which they all fell a laughing.

The gentleman, who had not the least affection for joking, very contentedly suffered the doctor to enjoy his victory, which he did with no small satisfaction; and, having sufficiently sounded his depth, told him, "He was thoroughly convinced of his great learning and abilities; and that he would be obliged to him if he would let him know his opinion of his patient's case above-stairs."—"Sir," says the doctor, "his case is that of a dead man—the contusion on his head has perforated the internal membrane of the occiput, and divelicated that radical small minute invisible nerve which coheres to the pericranium; and this was attended with a fever at first symptomatic, then pneumatic; and he is at length grown deliriuus, or delirious, as the vulgar express it."

He was proceeding in this learned manner, when a mighty noise interrupted him. Some young fellows in the neighbourhood had taken one of the thieves, and were bringing him into the inn. Betty ran upstairs with this news to Joseph, who begged they might search for a little piece of broken gold, which had a ribband tied to it, and which he could swear to amongst all the hoards of the richest men in the universe.

Notwithstanding the fellow's persisting in his innocence, the mob were very busy in searching him, and presently, among other things, pulled out the piece of gold just mentioned; which Betty no sooner saw than she laid violent hands on it, and conveyed it up to Joseph, who received it with raptures of joy, and, hugging it in his bosom, declared he could now die contented.

Within a few minutes afterwards came in some other fellows, with a bundle which they had found in a ditch, and which was indeed the cloaths which had been stripped off from Joseph, and the other things they had taken from him.

The gentleman no sooner saw the coat than he declared he knew the livery; and, if it had been taken from the poor creature above-stairs, desired he might see him; for that he was very well acquainted with the family to whom that livery belonged.

He was accordingly conducted up by Betty; but what, reader, was the surprize on both sides, when he saw Joseph was the person in bed, and when Joseph discovered the face of his good friend Mr Abraham Adams!

It would be impertinent to insert a discourse which chiefly turned on the relation of matters already well known to the reader; for, as soon as the curate had satisfied Joseph concerning the perfect health of his Fanny, he was on his side very inquisitive into all the particulars which had produced this unfortunate accident.

To return therefore to the kitchen, where a great variety of company were now assembled from all the rooms of the house, as well as the neighbourhood: so much delight do men take in contemplating the countenance of a thief.

Mr Tow-wouse began to rub his hands with pleasure at seeing so large an assembly; who would, he hoped, shortly adjourn into several apartments, in order to discourse over the robbery, and drink a health to all honest men. But Mrs Towwouse, whose misfortune it was commonly to see things a little perversely, began to rail at those who brought the fellow into her house; telling her husband, "They were very likely to thrive who kept a house of entertainment for beggars and thieves."

The mob had now finished their search, and could find nothing about the captive likely to prove any evidence; for as to the cloaths, though the mob were very well satisfied with that proof, yet, as the surgeon observed, they could not convict him, because they were not found in his custody; to which Barnabas agreed, and added that these were bona waviata, and belonged to the lord of the manor.

"How," says the surgeon, "do you say these goods belong to the lord of the manor?"—"I do," cried Barnabas.—"Then I deny it," says the surgeon: "what can the lord of the manor have to do in the case? Will any one attempt to persuade me that what a man finds is not his own?"—"I have heard," says an old fellow in the corner, "justice Wise-one say, that, if every man had his right, whatever is found belongs to the king of London."—"That may be true," says Barnabas, "in some sense; for the law makes a difference between things stolen and things found; for a thing may be stolen that never is found, and a thing may be found that never was stolen: Now, goods that are both stolen and found are *waviata*; and they belong to the lord of the manor."—"So the lord

of the manor is the receiver of stolen goods," says the doctor; at which there was an universal laugh, being first begun by himself.

While the prisoner, by persisting in his innocence, had almost (as there was no evidence against him) brought over Barnabas, the surgeon, Tow-wouse, and several others to his side, Betty informed them that they had overlooked a little piece of gold, which she had carried up to the man in bed, and which he offered to swear to amongst a million, aye, amongst ten thousand. This immediately turned the scale against the prisoner, and every one now concluded him guilty. It was resolved, therefore, to keep him secured that night, and early in the morning to carry him before a justice.

Chapter XV.

Showing how Mrs Tow-wouse was a little mollified; and how officious Mr Barnabas and the surgeon were to prosecute the thief: with a dissertation accounting for their zeal, and that of many other persons not mentioned in this history.

Betty told her mistress she believed the man in bed was a greater man than they took him for; for, besides the extreme whiteness of his skin, and the softness of his hands, she observed a very great familiarity between the gentleman and him; and added, she was certain they were intimate acquaintance, if not relations.

This somewhat abated the severity of Mrs Tow-wouse's countenance. She said, "God forbid she should not discharge the duty of a Christian, since the poor gentleman was brought to her house. She had a natural antipathy to vagabonds; but could pity the misfortunes of a Christian as soon as another." Tow-wouse said, "If the traveller be a gentleman, though he hath no money about him now, we shall most likely be paid hereafter; so you may begin to score whenever you will." Mrs Tow-wouse answered, "Hold your simple tongue, and don't instruct me in my business. I am sure I am sorry for the gentleman's misfortune with all my heart; and I hope the villain who hath used him so barbarously will be hanged. Betty, go see what he wants. God forbid he should want anything in my house."

Barnabas and the surgeon went up to Joseph to satisfy themselves concerning the piece of gold; Joseph was with difficulty prevailed upon to show it them, but would by no entreaties be brought to deliver it out of his own possession. He however attested this to be the same which had been taken from him, and Betty was ready to swear to the finding it on the thief.

The only difficulty that remained was, how to produce this gold before the justice; for as to carrying Joseph himself, it seemed impossible; nor was there any great likelihood of obtaining it from him, for he had fastened it with a ribband to his arm, and solemnly vowed that nothing but irresistible force should ever separate them; in which resolution, Mr Adams, clenching a fist rather less than the knuckle of an ox, declared he would support him.

A dispute arose on this occasion concerning evidence not very necessary to be related here; after which the surgeon dressed Mr Joseph's head, still persisting in the imminent danger in which his patient lay, but concluding, with a very important look, "That he began to have some hopes; that he should send him a sanative soporiferous draught, and would see him in the morning." After which Barnabas and he departed, and left Mr Joseph and Mr Adams together.

Adams informed Joseph of the occasion of this journey which he was making to London, namely, to publish three volumes of sermons; being encouraged, as he said, by an advertisement lately set forth by the society of booksellers, who proposed to purchase any copies offered to them, at a price to be settled by two persons; but though he imagined he should get a considerable sum of money on this occasion, which his family were in urgent need of, he protested he would not leave Joseph in his present condition: finally, he told him, "He had nine shillings and threepence halfpenny in his pocket, which he was welcome to use as he pleased."

This goodness of parson Adams brought tears into Joseph's eyes; he declared, "He had now a second reason to desire life, that he might show his gratitude to such a friend." Adams bade him "be cheerful; for that he plainly saw the surgeon, besides his ignorance, desired to make a merit of curing him, though the wounds in his head, he perceived, were by no means dangerous; that he was convinced he had no fever, and doubted not but he would be able to travel in a day or two."

These words infused a spirit into Joseph; he said, "He found himself very sore from the bruises, but had no reason to think any of his bones injured, or that he had received any harm in his inside, unless that he felt something very odd in his stomach; but he knew not whether that might not arise from not having eaten one morsel for above twenty-four hours." Being then asked if he had any inclination to eat, he answered in the affirmative. Then parson Adams desired him to "name what he had the greatest fancy for; whether a poached egg, or chicken-broth." He answered, "He could eat both very well; but that he seemed to have the greatest appetite for a piece of boiled beef and cabbage."

Adams was pleased with so perfect a confirmation that he had not the least fever, but advised him to a lighter diet for that

evening. He accordingly ate either a rabbit or a fowl, I never could with any tolerable certainty discover which; after this he was, by Mrs Tow-wouse's order, conveyed into a better bed and equipped with one of her husband's shirts.

In the morning early, Barnabas and the surgeon came to the inn, in order to see the thief conveyed before the justice. They had consumed the whole night in debating what measures they should take to produce the piece of gold in evidence against him; for they were both extremely zealous in the business, though neither of them were in the least interested in the prosecution; neither of them had ever received any private injury from the fellow, nor had either of them ever been suspected of loving the publick well enough to give them a sermon or a dose of physic for nothing.

To help our reader, therefore, as much as possible to account for this zeal, we must inform him that, as this parish was so unfortunate as to have no lawyer in it, there had been a constant contention between the two doctors, spiritual and physical, concerning their abilities in a science, in which, as neither of them professed it, they had equal pretensions to dispute each other's opinions. These disputes were carried on with great contempt on both sides, and had almost divided the parish; Mr Tow-wouse and one half of the neighbours inclining to the surgeon, and Mrs Tow-wouse with the other half to the parson. The surgeon drew his knowledge from those inestimable fountains, called The Attorney's Pocket Companion, and Mr Jacob's Law-Tables; Barnabas trusted entirely to Wood's Institutes. It happened on this occasion, as was pretty frequently the case, that these two learned men differed about the sufficiency of evidence; the doctor being of opinion that the maid's oath would convict the prisoner without producing the gold; the parson, *é contra, totis viribus*. To display their parts, therefore, before the justice and the parish, was the sole motive which we can discover to this zeal which both of them pretended to have for public justice.

O Vanity! how little is thy force acknowledged, or thy operations discerned! How wantonly dost thou deceive mankind under different disguises! Sometimes thou dost wear the face of pity, sometimes of generosity: nay, thou hast the assurance even to put on those glorious ornaments which belong only to heroic virtue. Thou odious, deformed monster! whom priests have railed at, philosophers despised, and poets ridiculed; is there a wretch so abandoned as to own thee for an acquaintance in public?—yet, how few will refuse to enjoy thee in private? nay, thou art the pursuit of most men through their lives. The greatest villainies are daily practised to please thee; nor is the meanest thief below, or the greatest hero above, thy notice. Thy embraces are often the sole aim and sole reward of the private robbery and the plundered province. It is to pamper up thee, thou harlot, that we attempt to withdraw from others what we do not want, or to withhold from them what they do. All our passions are thy slaves. Avarice itself is often no more than thy handmaid, and even Lust thy pimp. The bully Fear, like a coward, flies before thee, and Joy and Grief hide their heads in thy presence.

I know thou wilt think that whilst I abuse thee I court thee, and that thy love hath inspired me to write this sarcastical panegyric on thee; but thou art deceived: I value thee not of a farthing; nor will it give me any pain if thou shouldst prevail on the reader to censure this digression as arrant nonsense; for know, to thy confusion, that I have introduced thee for no other purpose than to lengthen out a short chapter, and so I return to my history.

Chapter XVI.

The escape of the thief. Mr Adams's disappointment. The arrival of two very extraordinary personages, and the introduction of parson Adams to parson Barnabas.

Barnabas and the surgeon, being returned, as we have said, to the inn, in order to convey the thief before the justice, were greatly concerned to find a small accident had happened, which somewhat disconcerted them; and this was no other than the thief's escape, who had modestly withdrawn himself by night, declining all ostentation, and not chusing, in imitation of some great men, to distinguish himself at the expense of being pointed at.

When the company had retired the evening before, the thief was detained in a room where the constable, and one of the young fellows who took him, were planted as his guard. About the second watch a general complaint of drought was made, both by the prisoner and his keepers. Among whom it was at last agreed that the constable should remain on duty, and the young fellow call up the tapster; in which disposition the latter apprehended not the least danger, as the constable was well armed, and could besides easily summon him back to his assistance, if the prisoner made the least attempt to gain his liberty.

The young fellow had not long left the room before it came into the constable's head that the prisoner might leap on him by surprize, and, thereby preventing him of the use of his weapons, especially the long staff in which he chiefly confided, might reduce the success of a struggle to a equal chance. He wisely, therefore, to prevent this inconvenience, slipt out of the room himself, and locked the door, waiting without with his staff in his hand, ready lifted to fell the unhappy prisoner, if by ill fortune he should attempt to break out.

But human life, as hath been discovered by some great man or other (for I would by no means be understood to affect the honour

of making any such discovery), very much resembles a game at chess; for as in the latter, while a gamester is too attentive to secure himself very strongly on one side the board, he is apt to leave an unguarded opening on the other; so doth it often happen in life, and so did it happen on this occasion; for whilst the cautious constable with such wonderful sagacity had possessed himself of the door, he most unhappily forgot the window.

The thief, who played on the other side, no sooner perceived this opening than he began to move that way; and, finding the passage easy, he took with him the young fellow's hat, and without any ceremony stepped into the street and made the best of his way.

The young fellow, returning with a double mug of strong beer, was a little surprized to find the constable at the door; but much more so when, the door being opened, he perceived the prisoner had made his escape, and which way. He threw down the beer, and, without uttering anything to the constable except a hearty curse or two, he nimbly leapt out of the window, and went again in pursuit of his prey, being very unwilling to lose the reward which he had assured himself of.

The constable hath not been discharged of suspicion on this account; it hath been said that, not being concerned in the taking the thief, he could not have been entitled to any part of the reward if he had been convicted; that the thief had several guineas in his pocket; that it was very unlikely he should have been guilty of such an oversight; that his pretence for leaving the room was absurd; that it was his constant maxim, that a wise man never refused money on any conditions; that at every election he always had sold his vote to both parties, &c.

But, notwithstanding these and many other such allegations, I am sufficiently convinced of his innocence; having been positively assured of it by those who received their informations from his own mouth; which, in the opinion of some moderns, is the best and indeed only evidence.

All the family were now up, and with many others assembled in the kitchen, where Mr Tow-wouse was in some tribulation; the surgeon having declared that by law he was liable to be indicted for the thief's escape, as it was out of his house; he was a little comforted, however, by Mr Barnabas's opinion, that as the escape was by night the indictment would not lie.

Mrs Tow-wouse delivered herself in the following words: "Sure never was such a fool as my husband; would any other person living have left a man in the custody of such a drunken drowsy blockhead as Tom Suckbribe?" (which was the constable's name); "and if he could be indicted without any harm to his wife and children, I should be glad of it." (Then the bell rung in Joseph's room.) "Why Betty, John, Chamberlain, where the devil are you all? Have you no ears, or no conscience, not to tend the sick better? See what the gentleman wants. Why don't you go yourself, Mr Tow-wouse? But any one may die for you; you have no more feeling than a deal board. If a man lived a fortnight in your house without spending a penny, you would never put him in mind of it. See whether he drinks tea or coffee for breakfast." "Yes, my dear," cried Tow-wouse. She then asked the doctor and Mr Barnabas what morning's draught they chose, who answered, they had a pot of cyder-and at the fire; which we will leave them merry over, and return to Joseph.

He had rose pretty early this morning; but, though his wounds were far from threatening any danger, he was so sore with the bruises, that it was impossible for him to think of undertaking a journey yet; Mr Adams, therefore, whose stock was visibly decreased with the expenses of supper and breakfast, and which could not survive that day's scoring, began to consider how it was possible to recruit it. At last he cried, "He had luckily hit on a sure method, and, though it would oblige him to return himself home together with Joseph, it mattered not much." He then sent for Tow-wouse, and, taking him into another room, told him "he wanted to borrow three guineas, for which he would put ample security into his hands." Tow-wouse, who expected a watch, or ring, or something of double the value, answered, "He believed he could furnish him." Upon which Adams, pointing to his saddle-bag, told him, with a face and voice full of solemnity, "that there were in that bag no less than nine volumes of manuscript sermons, as well worth a hundred pounds as a shilling was worth twelve pence, and that he would deposit one of the volumes in his hands by way of pledge; not doubting but that he would have the honesty to return it on his repayment of the money; for otherwise he must be a very great loser, seeing that every volume would at least bring him ten pounds, as he had been informed by a neighbouring clergyman in the country; for," said he, "as to my own part, having never yet dealt in printing, I do not pretend to ascertain the exact value of such things."

Tow-wouse, who was a little surprized at the pawn, said (and not without some truth), "That he was no judge of the price of such kind of goods; and as for money, he really was very short." Adams answered, "Certainly he would not scruple to lend him three guineas on what was undoubtedly worth at least ten." The landlord replied, "He did not believe he had so much money in the house, and besides, he was to make up a sum. He was very confident the books were of much higher value, and heartily sorry it did not suit him." He then cried out, "Coming sir!" though nobody called; and ran downstairs without any fear of breaking his neck.

Poor Adams was extremely dejected at this disappointment, nor knew he what further stratagem to try. He immediately applied to

his pipe, his constant friend and comfort in his afflictions; and, leaning over the rails, he devoted himself to meditation, assisted by the inspiring fumes of tobacco.

He had on a nightcap drawn over his wig, and a short greatcoat, which half covered his cassock—a dress which, added to something comical enough in his countenance, composed a figure likely to attract the eyes of those who were not over given to observation.

Whilst he was smoaking his pipe in this posture, a coach and six, with a numerous attendance, drove into the inn. There alighted from the coach a young fellow and a brace of pointers, after which another young fellow leapt from the box, and shook the former by the hand; and both, together with the dogs, were instantly conducted by Mr Tow-wouse into an apartment; whither as they passed, they entertained themselves with the following short facetious dialogue:—

"You are a pretty fellow for a coachman, Jack!" says he from the coach; "you had almost overturned us just now."—"Pox take you!" says the coachman; "if I had only broke your neck, it would have been saving somebody else the trouble; but I should have been sorry for the pointers."—"Why, you son of a b—," answered the other, "if nobody could shoot better than you, the pointers would be of no use."— "D—n me," says the coachman, "I will shoot with you five guineas a shot."—"You be hanged," says the other; "for five guineas you shall shoot at my a—."—"Done," says the coachman; "I'll pepper you better than ever you was peppered by Jenny Bouncer."—"Pepper your grandmother," says the other: "Here's Tow-wouse will let you shoot at him for a shilling a time."—"I know his honour better," cries Towwouse; "I never saw a surer shot at a partridge. Every man misses now and then; but if I could shoot half as well as his honour, I would desire no better livelihood than I could get by my gun."—"Pox on you," said the coachman, "you demolish more game now than your head's worth. There's a bitch, Tow-wouse: by G— she never blinked a bird in her life."—"I have a puppy, not a year old, shall hunt with her for a hundred," cries the other gentleman.—"Done," says the coachman: "but you will be pox'd before you make the bett."—"If you have a mind for a bett," cries the coachman, "I will match my spotted dog with your white bitch for a hundred, play or pay."—"Done," says the other: "and I'll run Baldface against Slouch with you for another."—"No," cries he from the box; "but I'll venture Miss Jenny against Baldface, or Hannibal either."—"Go to the devil," cries he from the coach: "I will make every bett your own way, to be sure! I will match Hannibal with Slouch for a thousand, if you dare; and I say done first."

They were now arrived; and the reader will be very contented to leave them, and repair to the kitchen; where Barnabas, the surgeon, and an exciseman were smoaking their pipes over some cyder-and; and where the servants, who attended the two noble gentlemen we have just seen alight, were now arrived.

"Tom," cries one of the footmen, "there's parson Adams smoaking his pipe in the gallery."—"Yes," says Tom; "I pulled off my hat to him, and the parson spoke to me."

"Is the gentleman a clergyman, then?" says Barnabas (for his cassock had been tied up when he arrived). "Yes, sir," answered the footman; "and one there be but few like."—"Aye," said Barnabas; "if I had known it sooner, I should have desired his company; I would always shew a proper respect for the cloth: but what say you, doctor, shall we adjourn into a room, and invite him to take part of a bowl of punch?"

This proposal was immediately agreed to and executed; and parson Adams accepting the invitation, much civility passed between the two clergymen, who both declared the great honour they had for the cloth. They had not been long together before they entered into a discourse on small tithes, which continued a full hour, without the doctor or exciseman's having one opportunity to offer a word.

It was then proposed to begin a general conversation, and the exciseman opened on foreign affairs; but a word unluckily dropping from one of them introduced a dissertation on the hardships suffered by the inferior clergy; which, after a long duration, concluded with bringing the nine volumes of sermons on the carpet.

Barnabas greatly discouraged poor Adams; he said, "The age was so wicked, that nobody read sermons: would you think it, Mr Adams?" said he, "I once intended to print a volume of sermons myself, and they had the approbation of two or three bishops; but what do you think a bookseller offered me?"—"Twelve guineas perhaps," cried Adams.—"Not twelve pence, I assure you," answered Barnabas: "nay, the dog refused me a Concordance in exchange. At last I offered to give him the printing them, for the sake of dedicating them to that very gentleman who just now drove his own coach into the inn; and, I assure you, he had the impudence to refuse my offer; by which means I lost a good living, that was afterwards given away in exchange for a pointer, to one who—but I will not say anything against the cloth. So you may guess, Mr Adams, what you are to expect; for if sermons would have gone down, I believe—I will not be vain; but to be concise with you, three bishops said they were the best that ever were writ: but indeed there are a pretty moderate number printed already, and not all sold yet."—"Pray, sir," said Adams, "to what do you think the numbers may amount?"—"Sir," answered Barnabas, "a bookseller told me, he believed five thousand volumes at least."—"Five

thousand?" quoth the surgeon: "What can they be writ upon? I remember when I was a boy, I used to read one Tillotson's sermons; and, I am sure, if a man practised half so much as is in one of those sermons, he will go to heaven."—"Doctor," cried Barnabas, "you have a prophane way of talking, for which I must reprove you. A man can never have his duty too frequently inculcated into him. And as for Tillotson, to be sure he was a good writer, and said things very well; but comparisons are odious; another man may write as well as he—I believe there are some of my sermons,"— and then he applied the candle to his pipe.—"And I believe there are some of my discourses," cries Adams, "which the bishops would not think totally unworthy of being printed; and I have been informed I might procure a very large sum (indeed an immense one) on them."—"I doubt that," answered Barnabas: "however, if you desire to make some money of them, perhaps you may sell them by advertising the manuscript sermons of a clergyman lately deceased, all warranted originals, and never printed. And now I think of it, I should be obliged to you, if there be ever a funeral one among them, to lend it me; for I am this very day to preach a funeral sermon, for which I have not penned a line, though I am to have a double price."—Adams answered, "He had but one, which he feared would not serve his purpose, being sacred to the memory of a magistrate, who had exerted himself very singularly in the preservation of the morality of his neighbours, insomuch that he had neither alehouse nor lewd woman in the parish where he lived."—"No," replied Barnabas, "that will not do quite so well; for the deceased, upon whose virtues I am to harangue, was a little too much addicted to liquor, and publickly kept a mistress.—I believe I must take a common sermon, and trust to my memory to introduce something handsome on him."—"To your invention rather," said the doctor: "your memory will be apter to put you out; for no man living remembers anything good of him."

With such kind of spiritual discourse, they emptied the bowl of punch, paid their reckoning, and separated: Adams and the doctor went up to Joseph, parson Barnabas departed to celebrate the aforesaid deceased, and the exciseman descended into the cellar to gauge the vessels.

Joseph was now ready to sit down to a loin of mutton, and waited for Mr Adams, when he and the doctor came in. The doctor, having felt his pulse and examined his wounds, declared him much better, which he imputed to that sanative soporiferous draught, a medicine "whose virtues," he said, "were never to be sufficiently extolled." And great indeed they must be, if Joseph was so much indebted to them as the doctor imagined; since nothing more than those effluvia which escaped the cork could have contributed to his recovery; for the medicine had stood untouched in the window ever since its arrival.

Joseph passed that day, and the three following, with his friend Adams, in which nothing so remarkable happened as the swift progress of his recovery. As he had an excellent habit of body, his wounds were now almost healed; and his bruises gave him so little uneasiness, that he pressed Mr Adams to let him depart; told him he should never be able to return sufficient thanks for all his favours, but begged that he might no longer delay his journey to London.

Adams, notwithstanding the ignorance, as he conceived it, of Mr Tow-wouse, and the envy (for such he thought it) of Mr Barnabas, had great expectations from his sermons: seeing therefore Joseph in so good a way, he told him he would agree to his setting out the next morning in the stage-coach, that he believed he should have sufficient, after the reckoning paid, to procure him one day's conveyance in it, and afterwards he would be able to get on on foot, or might be favoured with a lift in some neighbour's waggon, especially as there was then to be a fair in the town whither the coach would carry him, to which numbers from his parish resorted— And as to himself, he agreed to proceed to the great city.

They were now walking in the inn-yard, when a fat, fair, short person rode in, and, alighting from his horse, went directly up to Barnabas, who was smoaking his pipe on a bench. The parson and the stranger shook one another very lovingly by the hand, and went into a room together.

The evening now coming on, Joseph retired to his chamber, whither the good Adams accompanied him, and took this opportunity to expatiate on the great mercies God had lately shown him, of which he ought not only to have the deepest inward sense, but likewise to express outward thankfulness for them. They therefore fell both on their knees, and spent a considerable time in prayer and thanksgiving.

They had just finished when Betty came in and told Mr Adams Mr Barnabas desired to speak to him on some business of consequence below-stairs. Joseph desired, if it was likely to detain him long, he would let him know it, that he might go to bed, which Adams promised, and in that case they wished one another good-night.

Chapter XIV.

A pleasant discourse between the two parsons and the bookseller, 'which was broke off by an unlucky accident happening in the inn, which produced a dialogue between Mrs Tow-wouse and her maid of no gentle kind.

As soon as Adams came into the room, Mr Barnabas introduced him to the stranger, who was, he told him, a bookseller, and would be as likely to deal with him for his sermons as any man whatever. Adams, saluting the stranger, answered Barnabas, that he was

very much obliged to him; that nothing could be more convenient, for he had no other business to the great city, and was heartily desirous of returning with the young man, who was just recovered of his misfortune. He then snapt his fingers (as was usual with him), and took two or three turns about the room in an extasy. And to induce the bookseller to be as expeditious as possible, as likewise to offer him a better price for his commodity, he assured them their meeting was extremely lucky to himself; for that he had the most pressing occasion for money at that time, his own being almost spent, and having a friend then in the same inn, who was just recovered from some wounds he had received from robbers, and was in a most indigent condition. “So that nothing,” says he, “could be so opportune for the supplying both our necessities as my making an immediate bargain with you.”

As soon as he had seated himself, the stranger began in these words: “Sir, I do not care absolutely to deny engaging in what my friend Mr Barnabas recommends; but sermons are mere drugs. The trade is so vastly stocked with them, that really, unless they come out with the name of Whitefield or Wesley, or some other such great man, as a bishop, or those sort of people, I don’t care to touch; unless now it was a sermon preached on the 30th of January; or we could say in the title-page, published at the earnest request of the congregation, or the inhabitants; but, truly, for a dry piece of sermons, I had rather be excused; especially as my hands are so full at present. However, sir, as Mr Barnabas mentioned them to me, I will, if you please, take the manuscript with me to town, and send you my opinion of it in a very short time.”

“Oh!” said Adams, “if you desire it, I will read two or three discourses as a specimen.” This Barnabas, who loved sermons no better than a grocer doth figs, immediately objected to, and advised Adams to let the bookseller have his sermons: telling him, “If he gave him a direction, he might be certain of a speedy answer;” adding, he need not scruple trusting them in his possession. “No,” said the bookseller, “if it was a play that had been acted twenty nights together, I believe it would be safe.”

Adams did not at all relish the last expression; he said “he was sorry to hear sermons compared to plays.” “Not by me, I assure you,” cried the bookseller, “though I don’t know whether the licensing act may not shortly bring them to the same footing; but I have formerly known a hundred guineas given for a play.”—“More shame for those who gave it,” cried Barnabas.—“Why so?” said the bookseller, “for they got hundreds by it.”—“But is there no difference between conveying good or ill instructions to mankind?” said Adams: “Would not an honest mind rather lose money by the one, than gain it by the other?”—“If you can find any such, I will not be their hindrance,” answered the bookseller; “but I think those persons who get by preaching sermons are the properest to lose by printing them: for my part, the copy that sells best will be always the best copy in my opinion; I am no enemy to sermons, but because they don’t sell: for I would as soon print one of Whitefield’s as any farce whatever.”

“Whoever prints such heterodox stuff ought to be hanged,” says Barnabas. “Sir,” said he, turning to Adams, “this fellow’s writings (I know not whether you have seen them) are levelled at the clergy. He would reduce us to the example of the primitive ages, forsooth! and would insinuate to the people that a clergyman ought to be always preaching and praying. He pretends to understand the Scripture literally; and would make mankind believe that the poverty and low estate which was recommended to the Church in its infancy, and was only temporary doctrine adapted to her under persecution, was to be preserved in her flourishing and established state. Sir, the principles of Toland, Woolston, and all the freethinkers, are not calculated to do half the mischief, as those professed by this fellow and his followers.”

“Sir,” answered Adams, “if Mr Whitefield had carried his doctrine no farther than you mention, I should have remained, as I once was, his well-wisher. I am, myself, as great an enemy to the luxury and splendour of the clergy as he can be. I do not, more than he, by the flourishing estate of the Church, understand the palaces, equipages, dress, furniture, rich dainties, and vast fortunes, of her ministers. Surely those things, which savour so strongly of this world, become not the servants of one who professed His kingdom was not of it. But when he began to call nonsense and enthusiasm to his aid, and set up the detestable doctrine of faith against good works, I was his friend no longer; for surely that doctrine was coined in hell; and one would think none but the devil himself could have the confidence to preach it. For can anything be more derogatory to the honour of God than for men to imagine that the all-wise Being will hereafter say to the good and virtuous, ‘Notwithstanding the purity of thy life, notwithstanding that constant rule of virtue and goodness in which you walked upon earth, still, as thou didst not believe everything in the true orthodox manner, thy want of faith shall condemn thee?’ Or, on the other side, can any doctrine have a more pernicious influence on society, than a persuasion that it will be a good plea for the villain at the last day—‘Lord, it is true I never obeyed one of thy commandments, yet punish me not, for I believe them all?’”—“I suppose, sir,” said the bookseller, “your sermons are of a different kind.”—“Aye, sir,” said Adams; “the contrary, I thank Heaven, is inculcated in almost every page, or I should belye my own opinion, which hath always been, that a virtuous and good Turk, or heathen, are more acceptable in the sight of their Creator than a vicious and wicked Christian, though his faith was as perfectly orthodox as St Paul’s himself.”—“I wish you success,” says the bookseller, “but must beg to be excused, as my hands are so very full at present; and, indeed, I am afraid you will find a backwardness in the trade to engage in a book which the clergy would be certain to cry down.”—“God forbid,” says Adams, “any books should be propagated which the clergy would cry down; but if you mean by the clergy, some few designing factious men, who have it at heart to establish some favourite schemes at the price of the liberty of mankind, and the very essence of religion, it is not in the power of such persons to decry any book they please; witness that excellent book called, ‘A Plain Account of the Nature and End of the Sacrament;’ a book written (if I may venture on the expression) with the pen of an angel, and calculated to restore the

true use of Christianity, and of that sacred institution; for what could tend more to the noble purposes of religion than frequent chearful meetings among the members of a society, in which they should, in the presence of one another, and in the service of the Supreme Being, make promises of being good, friendly, and benevolent to each other? Now, this excellent book was attacked by a party, but unsuccessfully." At these words Barnabas fell a-ringing with all the violence imaginable; upon which a servant attending, he bid him "bring a bill immediately; for that he was in company, for aught he knew, with the devil himself; and he expected to hear the Alcoran, the Leviathan, or Woolston commended, if he staid a few minutes longer." Adams desired, "as he was so much moved at his mentioning a book which he did without apprehending any possibility of offence, that he would be so kind to propose any objections he had to it, which he would endeavour to answer."—"I propose objections!" said Barnabas, "I never read a syllable in any such wicked book; I never saw it in my life, I assure you."—Adams was going to answer, when a most hideous uproar began in the inn. Mrs Tow-wouse, Mr Tow-wouse, and Betty, all lifting up their voices together; but Mrs Tow-wouse's voice, like a bass viol in a concert, was clearly and distinctly distinguished among the rest, and was heard to articulate the following sounds:—"O you damn'd villain! is this the return to all the care I have taken of your family? This the reward of my virtue? Is this the manner in which you behave to one who brought you a fortune, and preferred you to so many matches, all your betters? To abuse my bed, my own bed, with my own servant! but I'll maul the slut, I'll tear her nasty eyes out! Was ever such a pitiful dog, to take up with such a mean trollop? If she had been a gentlewoman, like myself, it had been some excuse; but a beggarly, saucy, dirty servant-maid. Get you out of my house, you whore." To which she added another name, which we do not care to stain our paper with. It was a monosyllable beginning with a b—, and indeed was the same as if she had pronounced the words, she-dog. Which term we shall, to avoid offence, use on this occasion, though indeed both the mistress and maid uttered the abovementioned b—, a word extremely disgustful to females of the lower sort. Betty had borne all hitherto with patience, and had uttered only lamentations; but the last appellation stung her to the quick. "I am a woman as well as yourself," she roared out, "and no she-dog; and if I have been a little naughty, I am not the first; if I have been no better than I should be," cries she, sobbing, "that's no reason you should call me out of my name; my be-betters are wo-rse than me."—"Huzzy, huzzy," says Mrs Tow-wouse, "have you the impudence to answer me? Did I not catch you, you saucy"—and then again repeated the terrible word so odious to female ears. "I can't bear that name," answered Betty: "if I have been wicked, I am to answer for it myself in the other world; but I have done nothing that's unnatural; and I will go out of your house this moment, for I will never be called she-dog by any mistress in England." Mrs Tow-wouse then armed herself with the spit, but was prevented from executing any dreadful purpose by Mr Adams, who confined her arms with the strength of a wrist which Hercules would not have been ashamed of. Mr Towwouse, being caught, as our lawyers express it, with the manner, and having no defence to make, very prudently withdrew himself; and Betty committed herself to the protection of the hostler, who, though she could not conceive him pleased with what had happened, was, in her opinion, rather a gentler beast than her mistress.

Mrs Tow-wouse, at the intercession of Mr Adams, and finding the enemy vanished, began to compose herself, and at length recovered the usual serenity of her temper, in which we will leave her, to open to the reader the steps which led to a catastrophe, common enough, and comical enough too perhaps, in modern history, yet often fatal to the repose and well-being of families, and the subject of many tragedies, both in life and on the stage.

Chapter XVIII.

The history of Betty the chambermaid, and an account of what occasioned the violent scene in the preceding chapter.

Betty, who was the occasion of all this hurry, had some good qualities. She had good-nature, generosity, and compassion, but unfortunately, her constitution was composed of those warm ingredients which, though the purity of courts or nunneries might have happily controuled them, were by no means able to endure the ticklish situation of a chambermaid at an inn; who is daily liable to the solicitations of lovers of all complexions; to the dangerous addresses of fine gentlemen of the army, who sometimes are obliged to reside with them a whole year together; and, above all, are exposed to the caresses of footmen, stage-coachmen, and drawers; all of whom employ the whole artillery of kissing, flattering, bribing, and every other weapon which is to be found in the whole armoury of love, against them.

Betty, who was but one-and-twenty, had now lived three years in this dangerous situation, during which she had escaped pretty well. An ensign of foot was the first person who made an impression on her heart; he did indeed raise a flame in her which required the care of a surgeon to cool.

While she burnt for him, several others burnt for her. Officers of the army, young gentlemen travelling the western circuit, inoffensive squires, and some of graver character, were set a-fire by her charms!

At length, having perfectly recovered the effects of her first unhappy passion, she seemed to have vowed a state of perpetual chastity. She was long deaf to all the sufferings of her lovers, till one day, at a neighbouring fair, the rhetoric of John the hostler, with a new straw hat and a pint of wine, made a second conquest over her.

She did not, however, feel any of those flames on this occasion which had been the consequence of her former amour; nor, indeed, those other ill effects which prudent young women very justly apprehend from too absolute an indulgence to the pressing endearments of their lovers. This latter, perhaps, was a little owing to her not being entirely constant to John, with whom she permitted Tom Whipwell the stage-coachman, and now and then a handsome young traveller, to share her favours.

Mr Tow-wouse had for some time cast the languishing eyes of affection on this young maiden. He had laid hold on every opportunity of saying tender things to her, squeezing her by the hand, and sometimes kissing her lips; for, as the violence of his passion had considerably abated to Mrs Tow-wouse, so, like water, which is stopt from its usual current in one place, it naturally sought a vent in another. Mrs Tow-wouse is thought to have perceived this abatement, and, probably, it added very little to the natural sweetness of her temper; for though she was as true to her husband as the dial to the sun, she was rather more desirous of being shone on, as being more capable of feeling his warmth.

Ever since Joseph's arrival, Betty had conceived an extraordinary liking to him, which discovered itself more and more as he grew better and better; till that fatal evening, when, as she was warming his bed, her passion grew to such a height, and so perfectly mastered both her modesty and her reason, that, after many fruitless hints and sly insinuations, she at last threw down the warming-pan, and, embracing him with great eagerness, swore he was the handsomest creature she had ever seen.

Joseph, in great confusion, leapt from her, and told her he was sorry to see a young woman cast off all regard to modesty; but she had gone too far to recede, and grew so very indecent, that Joseph was obliged, contrary to his inclination, to use some violence to her; and, taking her in his arms, he shut her out of the room, and locked the door.

How ought man to rejoice that his chastity is always in his own power; that, if he hath sufficient strength of mind, he hath always a competent strength of body to defend himself, and cannot, like a poor weak woman, be ravished against his will!

Betty was in the most violent agitation at this disappointment. Rage and lust pulled her heart, as with two strings, two different ways; one moment she thought of stabbing Joseph; the next, of taking him in her arms, and devouring him with kisses; but the latter passion was far more prevalent. Then she thought of revenging his refusal on herself; but, whilst she was engaged in this meditation, happily death presented himself to her in so many shapes, of drowning, hanging, poisoning, &c., that her distracted mind could resolve on none. In this perturbation of spirit, it accidentally occurred to her memory that her master's bed was not made; she therefore went directly to his room, where he happened at that time to be engaged at his bureau. As soon as she saw him, she attempted to retire; but he called her back, and, taking her by the hand, squeezed her so tenderly, at the same time whispering so many soft things into her ears, and then pressed her so closely with his kisses, that the vanquished fair one, whose passions were already raised, and which were not so whimsically capricious that one man only could lay them, though, perhaps, she would have rather preferred that one—the vanquished fair one quietly submitted, I say, to her master's will, who had just attained the accomplishment of his bliss when Mrs Tow-wouse unexpectedly entered the room, and caused all that confusion which we have before seen, and which it is not necessary, at present, to take any farther notice of; since, without the assistance of a single hint from us, every reader of any speculation or experience, though not married himself, may easily conjecture that it concluded with the discharge of Betty, the submission of Mr Tow-wouse, with some things to be performed on his side by way of gratitude for his wife's goodness in being reconciled to him, with many hearty promises never to offend any more in the like manner; and, lastly, his quietly and contentedly bearing to be reminded of his transgressions, as a kind of penance, once or twice a day during the residue of his life.

Book II.

Chapter I.

Of Divisions in Authors.

There are certain mysteries or secrets in all trades, from the highest to the lowest, from that of prime-ministering to this of authoring, which are seldom discovered unless to members of the same calling. Among those used by us gentlemen of the latter occupation, I take this of dividing our works into books and chapters to be none of the least considerable. Now, for want of being truly acquainted with this secret, common readers imagine, that by this art of dividing we mean only to swell our works to a much larger bulk than they would otherwise be extended to. These several places therefore in our paper, which are filled with our books and chapters, are understood as so much buckram, stays, and stay-tape in a taylor's bill, serving only to make up the sum total, commonly found at the bottom of our first page and of his last.

But in reality the case is otherwise, and in this as well as all other instances we consult the advantage of our reader, not our own; and indeed, many notable uses arise to him from this method; for, first, those little spaces between our chapters may be looked

upon as an inn or resting-place where he may stop and take a glass or any other refreshment as it pleases him. Nay, our fine readers will, perhaps, be scarce able to travel farther than through one of them in a day. As to those vacant pages which are placed between our books, they are to be regarded as those stages where in long journies the traveller stays some time to repose himself, and consider of what he hath seen in the parts he hath already passed through; a consideration which I take the liberty to recommend a little to the reader; for, however swift his capacity may be, I would not advise him to travel through these pages too fast; for if he doth, he may probably miss the seeing some curious productions of nature, which will be observed by the slower and more accurate reader. A volume without any such places of rest resembles the opening of wilds or seas, which tires the eye and fatigues the spirit when entered upon.

Secondly, what are the contents prefixed to every chapter but so many inscriptions over the gates of inns (to continue the same metaphor), informing the reader what entertainment he is to expect, which if he likes not, he may travel on to the next; for, in biography, as we are not tied down to an exact concatenation equally with other historians, so a chapter or two (for instance, this I am now writing) may be often passed over without any injury to the whole. And in these inscriptions I have been as faithful as possible, not imitating the celebrated Montaigne, who promises you one thing and gives you another; nor some title-page authors, who promise a great deal and produce nothing at all.

There are, besides these more obvious benefits, several others which our readers enjoy from this art of dividing; though perhaps most of them too mysterious to be presently understood by any who are not initiated into the science of authoring. To mention, therefore, but one which is most obvious, it prevents spoiling the beauty of a book by turning down its leaves, a method otherwise necessary to those readers who (though they read with great improvement and advantage) are apt, when they return to their study after half-an-hour's absence, to forget where they left off.

These divisions have the sanction of great antiquity. Homer not only divided his great work into twenty-four books (in compliment perhaps to the twenty-four letters to which he had very particular obligations), but, according to the opinion of some very sagacious critics, hawked them all separately, delivering only one book at a time (probably by subscription). He was the first inventor of the art which hath so long lain dormant, of publishing by numbers; an art now brought to such perfection, that even dictionaries are divided and exhibited piecemeal to the public; nay, one bookseller hath (to encourage learning and ease the public) contrived to give them a dictionary in this divided manner for only fifteen shillings more than it would have cost entire.

Virgil hath given us his poem in twelve books, an argument of his modesty; for by that, doubtless, he would insinuate that he pretends to no more than half the merit of the Greek; for the same reason, our Milton went originally no farther than ten; till, being puffed up by the praise of his friends, he put himself on the same footing with the Roman poet.

I shall not, however, enter so deep into this matter as some very learned criticks have done; who have with infinite labour and acute discernment discovered what books are proper for embellishment, and what require simplicity only, particularly with regard to similes, which I think are now generally agreed to become any book but the first.

I will dismiss this chapter with the following observation: that it becomes an author generally to divide a book, as it does a butcher to joint his meat, for such assistance is of great help to both the reader and the carver. And now, having indulged myself a little, I will endeavour to indulge the curiosity of my reader, who is no doubt impatient to know what he will find in the subsequent chapters of this book.

Chapter II.

A surprizing instance of Mr Adams's short memory, with the unfortunate consequences which it brought on Joseph.

Mr Adams and Joseph were now ready to depart different ways, when an accident determined the former to return with his friend, which Tow-wouse, Barnabas, and the bookseller had not been able to do. This accident was, that those sermons, which the parson was travelling to London to publish, were, O my good reader! left behind; what he had mistaken for them in the saddlebags being no other than three shirts, a pair of shoes, and some other necessaries, which Mrs Adams, who thought her husband would want shirts more than sermons on his journey, had carefully provided him.

This discovery was now luckily owing to the presence of Joseph at the opening the saddlebags; who, having heard his friend say he carried with him nine volumes of sermons, and not being of that sect of philosophers who can reduce all the matter of the world into a nutshell, seeing there was no room for them in the bags, where the parson had said they were deposited, had the curiosity to cry out, "Bless me, sir, where are your sermons?" The parson answered, "There, there, child; there they are, under my shirts." Now it happened that he had taken forth his last shirt, and the vehicle remained visibly empty. "Sure, sir," says Joseph, "there is nothing in the bags." Upon which Adams, starting, and testifying some surprize, cried, "Hey! fie, fie upon it! they are not here sure enough. Ay, they are certainly left behind."

Joseph was greatly concerned at the uneasiness which he apprehended his friend must feel from this disappointment; he begged him to pursue his journey, and promised he would himself return with the books to him with the utmost expedition. “No, thank you, child,” answered Adams; “it shall not be so. What would it avail me, to tarry in the great city, unless I had my discourses with me, which are *ut ita dicam*, the sole cause, the *aitia monotate* of my peregrination? No, child, as this accident hath happened, I am resolved to return back to my cure, together with you; which indeed my inclination sufficiently leads me to. This disappointment may perhaps be intended for my good.” He concluded with a verse out of Theocritus, which signifies no more than that sometimes it rains, and sometimes the sun shines.

Joseph bowed with obedience and thankfulness for the inclination which the parson expressed of returning with him; and now the bill was called for, which, on examination, amounted within a shilling to the sum Mr Adams had in his pocket. Perhaps the reader may wonder how he was able to produce a sufficient sum for so many days: that he may not be surprized, therefore, it cannot be unnecessary to acquaint him that he had borrowed a guinea of a servant belonging to the coach and six, who had been formerly one of his parishioners, and whose master, the owner of the coach, then lived within three miles of him; for so good was the credit of Mr Adams, that even Mr Peter, the Lady Booby’s steward, would have lent him a guinea with very little security.

Mr Adams discharged the bill, and they were both setting out, having agreed to ride and tie; a method of travelling much used by persons who have but one horse between them, and is thus performed. The two travellers set out together, one on horseback, the other on foot: now, as it generally happens that he on horseback outgoes him on foot, the custom is, that, when he arrives at the distance agreed on, he is to dismount, tie the horse to some gate, tree, post, or other thing, and then proceed on foot; when the other comes up to the horse he unties him, mounts, and gallops on, till, having passed by his fellow-traveller, he likewise arrives at the place of tying. And this is that method of travelling so much in use among our prudent ancestors, who knew that horses had mouths as well as legs, and that they could not use the latter without being at the expense of suffering the beasts themselves to use the former. This was the method in use in those days when, instead of a coach and six, a member of parliament’s lady used to mount a pillion behind her husband; and a grave serjeant at law condescended to amble to Westminster on an easy pad, with his clerk kicking his heels behind him.

Adams was now gone some minutes, having insisted on Joseph’s beginning the journey on horseback, and Joseph had his foot in the stirrup, when the hostler presented him a bill for the horse’s board during his residence at the inn. Joseph said Mr Adams had paid all; but this matter, being referred to Mr Tow-wouse, was by him decided in favour of the hostler, and indeed with truth and justice; for this was a fresh instance of that shortness of memory which did not arise from want of parts, but that continual hurry in which parson Adams was always involved.

Joseph was now reduced to a dilemma which extremely puzzled him. The sum due for horse-meat was twelve shillings (for Adams, who had borrowed the beast of his clerk, had ordered him to be fed as well as they could feed him), and the cash in his pocket amounted to sixpence (for Adams had divided the last shilling with him). Now, though there have been some ingenious persons who have contrived to pay twelve shillings with sixpence, Joseph was not one of them. He had never contracted a debt in his life, and was consequently the less ready at an expedient to extricate himself. Tow-wouse was willing to give him credit till next time, to which Mrs Tow-wouse would probably have consented (for such was Joseph’s beauty, that it had made some impression even on that piece of flint which that good woman wore in her bosom by way of heart). Joseph would have found, therefore, very likely the passage free, had he not, when he honestly discovered the nakedness of his pockets, pulled out that little piece of gold which we have mentioned before. This caused Mrs Tow-wouse’s eyes to water; she told Joseph she did not conceive a man could want money whilst he had gold in his pocket. Joseph answered he had such a value for that little piece of gold, that he would not part with it for a hundred times the riches which the greatest esquire in the county was worth. “A pretty way, indeed,” said Mrs Tow-wouse, “to run in debt, and then refuse to part with your money, because you have a value for it! I never knew any piece of gold of more value than as many shillings as it would change for.”—“Not to preserve my life from starving, nor to redeem it from a robber, would I part with this dear piece!” answered Joseph. “What,” says Mrs Tow-wouse, “I suppose it was given you by some vile trollop, some miss or other; if it had been the present of a virtuous woman, you would not have had such a value for it. My husband is a fool if he parts with the horse without being paid for him.”—“No, no, I can’t part with the horse, indeed, till I have the money,” cried Tow-wouse. A resolution highly commended by a lawyer then in the yard, who declared Mr Tow-wouse might justify the detainer.

As we cannot therefore at present get Mr Joseph out of the inn, we shall leave him in it, and carry our reader on after parson Adams, who, his mind being perfectly at ease, fell into a contemplation on a passage in Aeschylus, which entertained him for three miles together, without suffering him once to reflect on his fellow-traveller.

At length, having spun out his thread, and being now at the summit of a hill, he cast his eyes backwards, and wondered that he could not see any sign of Joseph. As he left him ready to mount the horse, he could not apprehend any mischief had happened, neither could he suspect that he missed his way, it being so broad and plain; the only reason which presented itself to him was, that he had met with an acquaintance who had prevailed with him to delay some time in discourse.

He therefore resolved to proceed slowly forwards, not doubting but that he should be shortly overtaken; and soon came to a large water, which, filling the whole road, he saw no method of passing unless by wading through, which he accordingly did up to his middle; but was no sooner got to the other side than he perceived, if he had looked over the hedge, he would have found a footpath capable of conducting him without wetting his shoes.

His surprize at Joseph's not coming up grew now very troublesome: he began to fear he knew not what; and as he determined to move no farther, and, if he did not shortly overtake him, to return back, he wished to find a house of public entertainment where he might dry his clothes and refresh himself with a pint; but, seeing no such (for no other reason than because he did not cast his eyes a hundred yards forwards), he sat himself down on a stile, and pulled out his Aeschylus.

A fellow passing presently by, Adams asked him if he could direct him to an alehouse. The fellow, who had just left it, and perceived the house and sign to be within sight, thinking he had jeered him, and being of a morose temper, bade him follow his nose and be d—n'd. Adams told him he was a saucy jackanapes; upon which the fellow turned about angrily; but, perceiving Adams clench his fist, he thought proper to go on without taking any farther notice.

A horseman, following immediately after, and being asked the same question, answered, "Friend, there is one within a stone's throw; I believe you may see it before you." Adams, lifting up his eyes, cried, "I protest, and so there is;" and, thanking his informer, proceeded directly to it.

Chapter III.

The opinion of two lawyers concerning the same gentleman, with Mr Adams's inquiry into the religion of his host.

He had just entered the house, and called for his pint, and seated himself, when two horsemen came to the door, and, fastening their horses to the rails, alighted. They said there was a violent shower of rain coming on, which they intended to weather there, and went into a little room by themselves, not perceiving Mr Adams.

One of these immediately asked the other, "If he had seen a more comical adventure a great while?" Upon which the other said, "He doubted whether, by law, the landlord could justify detaining the horse for his corn and hay." But the former answered, "Undoubtedly he can; it is an adjudged case, and I have known it tried."

Adams, who, though he was, as the reader may suspect, a little inclined to forgetfulness, never wanted more than a hint to remind him, overhearing their discourse, immediately suggested to himself that this was his own horse, and that he had forgot to pay for him, which, upon inquiry, he was certified of by the gentlemen; who added, that the horse was likely to have more rest than food, unless he was paid for.

The poor parson resolved to return presently to the inn, though he knew no more than Joseph how to procure his horse his liberty; he was, however, prevailed on to stay under covert, till the shower, which was now very violent, was over.

The three travellers then sat down together over a mug of good beer; when Adams, who had observed a gentleman's house as he passed along the road, inquired to whom it belonged; one of the horsemen had no sooner mentioned the owner's name, than the other began to revile him in the most opprobrious terms. The English language scarce affords a single reproachful word, which he did not vent on this occasion. He charged him likewise with many particular facts. He said, "He no more regarded a field of wheat when he was hunting, than he did the highway; that he had injured several poor farmers by trampling their corn under his horse's heels; and if any of them begged him with the utmost submission to refrain, his horsewhip was always ready to do them justice." He said, "That he was the greatest tyrant to the neighbours in every other instance, and would not suffer a farmer to keep a gun, though he might justify it by law; and in his own family so cruel a master, that he never kept a servant a twelvemonth. In his capacity as a justice," continued he, "he behaves so partially, that he commits or acquits just as he is in the humour, without any regard to truth or evidence; the devil may carry any one before him for me; I would rather be tried before some judges, than be a prosecutor before him: if I had an estate in the neighbourhood, I would sell it for half the value rather than live near him."

Adams shook his head, and said, "He was sorry such men were suffered to proceed with impunity, and that riches could set any man above the law." The reviler, a little after, retiring into the yard, the gentleman who had first mentioned his name to Adams began to assure him "that his companion was a prejudiced person. It is true," says he, "perhaps, that he may have sometimes pursued his game over a field of corn, but he hath always made the party ample satisfaction: that so far from tyrannising over his neighbours, or taking away their guns, he himself knew several farmers not qualified, who not only kept guns, but killed game with them; that he was the best of masters to his servants, and several of them had grown old in his service; that he was the best justice of peace in the kingdom, and, to his certain knowledge, had decided many difficult points, which were referred to him, with the greatest equity and the highest wisdom; and he verily believed, several persons would give a year's purchase more for an

estate near him, than under the wings of any other great man." He had just finished his encomium when his companion returned and acquainted him the storm was over. Upon which they presently mounted their horses and departed.

Adams, who was in the utmost anxiety at those different characters of the same person, asked his host if he knew the gentleman: for he began to imagine they had by mistake been speaking of two several gentlemen. "No, no, master," answered the host (a shrewd, cunning fellow); "I know the gentleman very well of whom they have been speaking, as I do the gentlemen who spoke of him. As for riding over other men's corn, to my knowledge he hath not been on horseback these two years. I never heard he did any injury of that kind; and as to making reparation, he is not so free of his money as that comes to neither. Nor did I ever hear of his taking away any man's gun; nay, I know several who have guns in their houses; but as for killing game with them, no man is stricter; and I believe he would ruin any who did. You heard one of the gentlemen say he was the worst master in the world, and the other that he is the best; but for my own part, I know all his servants, and never heard from any of them that he was either one or the other."—"Aye! aye!" says Adams; "and how doth he behave as a justice, pray?"—"Faith, friend," answered the host, "I question whether he is in the commission; the only cause I have heard he hath decided a great while, was one between those very two persons who just went out of this house; and I am sure he determined that justly, for I heard the whole matter."—"Which did He decide it in favour of?" quoth Adams.—"I think I need not answer that question," cried the host, "after the different characters you have heard of him. It is not my business to contradict gentlemen while they are drinking in my house; but I knew neither of them spoke a syllable of truth."—"God forbid!" said Adams, "that men should arrive at such a pitch of wickedness to belye the character of their neighbour from a little private affection, or, what is infinitely worse, a private spite. I rather believe we have mistaken them, and they mean two other persons; for there are many houses on the road."—"Why, prithee, friend," cries the host, "dost thou pretend never to have told a lye in thy life?"—"Never a malicious one, I am certain," answered Adams, "nor with a design to injure the reputation of any man living."—"Pugh! malicious; no, no," replied the host; "not malicious with a design to hang a man, or bring him into trouble; but surely, out of love to oneself, one must speak better of a friend than an enemy."—"Out of love to yourself, you should confine yourself to truth," says Adams, "for by doing otherwise you injure the noblest part of yourself, your immortal soul. I can hardly believe any man such an idiot to risque the loss of that by any trifling gain, and the greatest gain in this world is but dirt in comparison of what shall be revealed hereafter." Upon which the host, taking up the cup, with a smile, drank a health to hereafter; adding, "He was for something present."—"Why," says Adams very gravely, "do not you believe another world?" To which the host answered, "Yes; he was no atheist."—"And you believe you have an immortal soul?" cries Adams. He answered, "God forbid he should not."—"And heaven and hell?" said the parson. The host then bid him "not to profane; for those were things not to be mentioned nor thought of but in church." Adams asked him, "Why he went to church, if what he learned there had no influence on his conduct in life?" "I go to church," answered the host, "to say my prayers and behave godly."—"And dost not thou," cried Adams, "believe what thou hearest at church?"—"Most part of it, master," returned the host. "And dost not thou then tremble," cries Adams, "at the thought of eternal punishment?"—"As for that, master," said he, "I never once thought about it; but what signifies talking about matters so far off? The mug is out, shall I draw another?"

Whilst he was going for that purpose, a stage-coach drove up to the door. The coachman coming into the house was asked by the mistress what passengers he had in his coach? "A parcel of squinny-gut b—s," says he; "I have a good mind to overturn them; you won't prevail upon them to drink anything, I assure you." Adams asked him, "If he had not seen a young man on horseback on the road" (describing Joseph). "Aye," said the coachman, "a gentlewoman in my coach that is his acquaintance redeemed him and his horse; he would have been here before this time, had not the storm driven him to shelter." "God bless her!" said Adams, in a rapture; nor could he delay walking out to satisfy himself who this charitable woman was; but what was his surprize when he saw his old acquaintance, Madam Slipslop? Hers indeed was not so great, because she had been informed by Joseph that he was on the road. Very civil were the salutations on both sides; and Mrs Slipslop rebuked the hostess for denying the gentleman to be there when she asked for him; but indeed the poor woman had not erred designedly; for Mrs Slipslop asked for a clergyman, and she had unhappily mistaken Adams for a person travelling to a neighbouring fair with the thimble and button, or some other such operation; for he marched in a swinging great but short white coat with black buttons, a short wig, and a hat which, so far from having a black hatband, had nothing black about it.

Joseph was now come up, and Mrs Slipslop would have had him quit his horse to the parson, and come himself into the coach; but he absolutely refused, saying, he thanked Heaven he was well enough recovered to be very able to ride; and added, he hoped he knew his duty better than to ride in a coach while Mr Adams was on horseback.

Mrs Slipslop would have persisted longer, had not a lady in the coach put a short end to the dispute, by refusing to suffer a fellow in a livery to ride in the same coach with herself; so it was at length agreed that Adams should fill the vacant place in the coach, and Joseph should proceed on horseback.

They had not proceeded far before Mrs Slipslop, addressing herself to the parson, spoke thus:—"There hath been a strange alteration in our family, Mr Adams, since Sir Thomas's death." "A strange alteration indeed," says Adams, "as I gather from some hints which have dropped from Joseph."—"Aye," says she, "I could never have believed it; but the longer one lives in the world, the more one sees. So Joseph hath given you hints." "But of what nature will always remain a perfect secret with me," cries the

parson: “he forced me to promise before he would communicate anything. I am indeed concerned to find her ladyship behave in so unbecoming a manner. I always thought her in the main a good lady, and should never have suspected her of thoughts so unworthy a Christian, and with a young lad her own servant.” “These things are no secrets to me, I assure you,” cries Slipslop, “and I believe they will be none anywhere shortly; for ever since the boy’s departure, she hath behaved more like a mad woman than anything else.” “Truly, I am heartily concerned,” says Adams, “for she was a good sort of a lady. Indeed, I have often wished she had attended a little more constantly at the service, but she hath done a great deal of good in the parish.” “O Mr Adams,” says Slipslop, “people that don’t see all, often know nothing. Many things have been given away in our family, I do assure you, without her knowledge. I have heard you say in the pulpit we ought not to brag; but indeed I can’t avoid saying, if she had kept the keys herself, the poor would have wanted many a cordial which I have let them have. As for my late master, he was as worthy a man as ever lived, and would have done infinite good if he had not been controlled; but he loved a quiet life, Heaven rest his soul! I am confident he is there, and enjoys a quiet life, which some folks would not allow him here.”—Adams answered, “He had never heard this before, and was mistaken if she herself (for he remembered she used to commend her mistress and blame her master) had not formerly been of another opinion.” “I don’t know,” replied she, “what I might once think; but now I am confidous matters are as I tell you; the world will shortly see who hath been deceived; for my part, I say nothing, but that it is wondersome how some people can carry all things with a grave face.”

Thus Mr Adams and she discoursed, till they came opposite to a great house which stood at some distance from the road: a lady in the coach, spying it, cried, “Yonder lives the unfortunate Leonora, if one can justly call a woman unfortunate whom we must own at the same time guilty and the author of her own calamity.” This was abundantly sufficient to awaken the curiosity of Mr Adams, as indeed it did that of the whole company, who jointly solicited the lady to acquaint them with Leonora’s history, since it seemed, by what she had said, to contain something remarkable.

The lady, who was perfectly well-bred, did not require many entreaties, and having only wished their entertainment might make amends for the company’s attention, she began in the following manner.

Chapter IV.

The history of Leonora, or the unfortunate jilt.

Leonora was the daughter of a gentleman of fortune; she was tall and wellshaped, with a sprightliness in her countenance which often attracts beyond more regular features joined with an insipid air: nor is this kind of beauty less apt to deceive than allure; the good humour which it indicates being often mistaken for good nature, and the vivacity for true understanding.

Leonora, who was now at the age of eighteen, lived with an aunt of hers in a town in the north of England. She was an extreme lover of gaiety, and very rarely missed a ball or any other public assembly; where she had frequent opportunities of satisfying a greedy appetite of vanity, with the preference which was given her by the men to almost every other woman present.

Among many young fellows who were particular in their gallantries towards her, Horatio soon distinguished himself in her eyes beyond all his competitors; she danced with more than ordinary gaiety when he happened to be her partner; neither the fairness of the evening, nor the musick of the nightingale, could lengthen her walk like his company. She affected no longer to understand the civilities of others; whilst she inclined so attentive an ear to every compliment of Horatio, that she often smiled even when it was too delicate for her comprehension.

“Pray, madam,” says Adams, “who was this squire Horatio?”

Horatio, says the lady, was a young gentleman of a good family, bred to the law, and had been some few years called to the degree of a barrister. His face and person were such as the generality allowed handsome; but he had a dignity in his air very rarely to be seen. His temper was of the saturnine complexion, and without the least taint of moroseness. He had wit and humour, with an inclination to satire, which he indulged rather too much.

This gentleman, who had contracted the most violent passion for Leonora, was the last person who perceived the probability of its success. The whole town had made the match for him before he himself had drawn a confidence from her actions sufficient to mention his passion to her; for it was his opinion (and perhaps he was there in the right) that it is highly impolitick to talk seriously of love to a woman before you have made such a progress in her affections, that she herself expects and desires to hear it.

But whatever diffidence the fears of a lover may create, which are apt to magnify every favour conferred on a rival, and to see the little advances towards themselves through the other end of the perspective, it was impossible that Horatio’s passion should so blind his discernment as to prevent his conceiving hopes from the behaviour of Leonora, whose fondness for him was now as

visible to an indifferent person in their company as his for her.

“I never knew any of these forward sluts come to good” (says the lady who refused Joseph’s entrance into the coach), “nor shall I wonder at anything she doth in the sequel.”

The lady proceeded in her story thus: It was in the midst of a gay conversation in the walks one evening, when Horatio whispered Leonora, that he was desirous to take a turn or two with her in private, for that he had something to communicate to her of great consequence. “Are you sure it is of consequence?” said she, smiling. “I hope,” answered he, “you will think so too, since the whole future happiness of my life must depend on the event.”

Leonora, who very much suspected what was coming, would have deferred it till another time; but Horatio, who had more than half conquered the difficulty of speaking by the first motion, was so very importunate, that she at last yielded, and, leaving the rest of the company, they turned aside into an unfrequented walk.

They had retired far out of the sight of the company, both maintaining a strict silence. At last Horatio made a full stop, and taking Leonora, who stood pale and trembling, gently by the hand, he fetched a deep sigh, and then, looking on her eyes with all the tenderness imaginable, he cried out in a faltering accent, “O Leonora! is it necessary for me to declare to you on what the future happiness of my life must be founded? Must I say there is something belonging to you which is a bar to my happiness, and which unless you will part with, I must be miserable!”—“What can that be?” replied Leonora. “No wonder,” said he, “you are surprized that I should make an objection to anything which is yours: yet sure you may guess, since it is the only one which the riches of the world, if they were mine, should purchase for me. Oh, it is that which you must part with to bestow all the rest! Can Leonora, or rather will she, doubt longer? Let me then whisper it in her ears—It is your name, madam. It is by parting with that, by your condescension to be for ever mine, which must at once prevent me from being the most miserable, and will render me the happiest of mankind.”

Leonora, covered with blushes, and with as angry a look as she could possibly put on, told him, “That had she suspected what his declaration would have been, he should not have decoyed her from her company, that he had so surprized and frighted her, that she begged him to convey her back as quick as possible;” which he, trembling very near as much as herself, did.

“More fool he,” cried Slipslop; “it is a sign he knew very little of our sect.”— “Truly, madam,” said Adams, “I think you are in the right: I should have insisted to know a piece of her mind, when I had carried matters so far.” But Mrs Grave-airs desired the lady to omit all such fulsome stuff in her story, for that it made her sick.

Well then, madam, to be as concise as possible, said the lady, many weeks had not passed after this interview before Horatio and Leonora were what they call on a good footing together. All ceremonies except the last were now over; the writings were now drawn, and everything was in the utmost forwardness preparative to the putting Horatio in possession of all his wishes. I will, if you please, repeat you a letter from each of them, which I have got by heart, and which will give you no small idea of their passion on both sides.

Mrs Grave-airs objected to hearing these letters; but being put to the vote, it was carried against her by all the rest in the coach; parson Adams contending for it with the utmost vehemence.

HORATIO TO LEONORA.

“How vain, most adorable creature, is the pursuit of pleasure in the absence of an object to which the mind is entirely devoted, unless it have some relation to that object! I was last night condemned to the society of men of wit and learning, which, however agreeable it might have formerly been to me, now only gave me a suspicion that they imputed my absence in conversation to the true cause. For which reason, when your engagements forbid me the ecstatic happiness of seeing you, I am always desirous to be alone; since my sentiments for Leonora are so delicate, that I cannot bear the apprehension of another’s prying into those delightful endearments with which the warm imagination of a lover will sometimes indulge him, and which I suspect my eyes then betray. To fear this discovery of our thoughts may perhaps appear too ridiculous a nicety to minds not susceptible of all the tendernesses of this delicate passion. And surely we shall suspect there are few such, when we consider that it requires every human virtue to exert itself in its full extent; since the beloved, whose happiness it ultimately respects, may give us charming opportunities of being brave in her defence, generous to her wants, compassionate to her afflictions, grateful to her kindness; and in the same manner, of exercising every other virtue, which he who would not do to any degree, and that with the utmost rapture, can never deserve the name of a lover. It is, therefore, with a view to the delicate modesty of your mind that I cultivate it so purely in my own; and it is that which will sufficiently suggest to you the uneasiness I bear from those liberties, which men to whom the world allow politeness will sometimes give themselves on these occasions.

“Can I tell you with what eagerness I expect the arrival of that blest day, when I shall experience the falsehood of a common assertion, that the greatest human happiness consists in hope? A doctrine which no person had ever stronger reason to believe than myself at present, since none ever tasted such bliss as fires my bosom with the thoughts of spending my future days with such a companion, and that every action of my life will have the glorious satisfaction of conducing to your happiness.”

LEONORA TO HORATIO.

“The refinement of your mind has been so evidently proved by every word and action ever since I had the first pleasure of knowing you, that I thought it impossible my good opinion of Horatio could have been heightened to any additional proof of merit. This very thought was my amusement when I received your last letter, which, when I opened, I confess I was surprized to find the delicate sentiments expressed there so far exceeding what I thought could come even from you (although I know all the generous principles human nature is capable of are centred in your breast), that words cannot paint what I feel on the reflection that my happiness shall be the ultimate end of all your actions.

“Oh, Horatio! what a life must that be, where the meanest domestic cares are sweetened by the pleasing consideration that the man on earth who best deserves, and to whom you are most inclined to give your affections, is to reap either profit or pleasure from all you do! In such a case toils must be turned into diversions, and nothing but the unavoidable inconveniences of life can make us remember that we are mortal.

“If the solitary turn of your thoughts, and the desire of keeping them undiscovered, makes even the conversation of men of wit and learning tedious to you, what anxious hours must I spend, who am condemned by custom to the conversation of women, whose natural curiosity leads them to pry into all my thoughts, and whose envy can never suffer Horatio’s heart to be possessed by any one, without forcing them into malicious designs against the person who is so happy as to possess it! But, indeed, if ever envy can possibly have any excuse, or even alleviation, it is in this case, where the good is so great, and it must be equally natural to all to wish it for themselves; nor am I ashamed to own it: and to your merit, Horatio, I am obliged, that prevents my being in that most uneasy of all the situations I can figure in my imagination, of being led by inclination to love the person whom my own judgment forces me to condemn.”

Matters were in so great forwardness between this fond couple, that the day was fixed for their marriage, and was now within a fortnight, when the sessions chanced to be held for that county in a town about twenty miles’ distance from that which is the scene of our story. It seems, it is usual for the young gentlemen of the bar to repair to these sessions, not so much for the sake of profit as to show their parts and learn the law of the justices of peace; for which purpose one of the wisest and gravest of all the justices is appointed speaker, or chairman, as they modestly call it, and he reads them a lecture, and instructs them in the true knowledge of the law.

“You are here guilty of a little mistake,” says Adams, “which, if you please, I will correct: I have attended at one of these quarter-sessions, where I observed the counsel taught the justices, instead of learning anything of them.”

It is not very material, said the lady. Hither repaired Horatio, who, as he hoped by his profession to advance his fortune, which was not at present very large, for the sake of his dear Leonora, he resolved to spare no pains, nor lose any opportunity of improving or advancing himself in it.

The same afternoon in which he left the town, as Leonora stood at her window, a coach and six passed by, which she declared to be the completest, genteelest, prettiest equipage she ever saw; adding these remarkable words, “Oh, I am in love with that equipage!” which, though her friend Florella at that time did not greatly regard, she hath since remembered.

In the evening an assembly was held, which Leonora honoured with her company; but intended to pay her dear Horatio the compliment of refusing to dance in his absence.

Oh, why have not women as good resolution to maintain their vows as they have often good inclinations in making them!

The gentleman who owned the coach and six came to the assembly. His clothes were as remarkably fine as his equipage could be. He soon attracted the eyes of the company; all the smarts, all the silk waistcoats with silver and gold edgings, were eclipsed in an instant.

“Madam,” said Adams, “if it be not impertinent, I should be glad to know how this gentleman was drest.”

Sir, answered the lady, I have been told he had on a cut velvet coat of a cinnamon colour, lined with a pink satten, embroidered all over with gold; his waistcoat, which was cloth of silver, was embroidered with gold likewise. I cannot be particular as to the

rest of his dress; but it was all in the French fashion, for Bellarmine (that was his name) was just arrived from Paris.

This fine figure did not more entirely engage the eyes of every lady in the assembly than Leonora did his. He had scarce beheld her, but he stood motionless and fixed as a statue, or at least would have done so if good breeding had permitted him. However, he carried it so far before he had power to correct himself, that every person in the room easily discovered where his admiration was settled. The other ladies began to single out their former partners, all perceiving who would be Bellarmine's choice; which they however endeavoured, by all possible means, to prevent: many of them saying to Leonora, "O madam! I suppose we shan't have the pleasure of seeing you dance to-night;" and then crying out, in Bellarmine's hearing, "Oh! Leonora will not dance, I assure you: her partner is not here." One maliciously attempted to prevent her, by sending a disagreeable fellow to ask her, that so she might be obliged either to dance with him, or sit down; but this scheme proved abortive.

Leonora saw herself admired by the fine stranger, and envied by every woman present. Her little heart began to flutter within her, and her head was agitated with a convulsive motion: she seemed as if she would speak to several of her acquaintance, but had nothing to say; for, as she would not mention her present triumph, so she could not disengage her thoughts one moment from the contemplation of it. She had never tasted anything like this happiness. She had before known what it was to torment a single woman; but to be hated and secretly cursed by a whole assembly was a joy reserved for this blessed moment. As this vast profusion of ecstasy had confounded her understanding, so there was nothing so foolish as her behaviour: she played a thousand childish tricks, distorted her person into several shapes, and her face into several laughs, without any reason. In a word, her carriage was as absurd as her desires, which were to affect an insensibility of the stranger's admiration, and at the same time a triumph, from that admiration, over every woman in the room.

In this temper of mind, Bellarmine, having inquired who she was, advanced to her, and with a low bow begged the honour of dancing with her, which she, with as low a curtesy, immediately granted. She danced with him all night, and enjoyed, perhaps, the highest pleasure that she was capable of feeling.

At these words, Adams fetched a deep groan, which frighted the ladies, who told him, "They hoped he was not ill." He answered, "He groaned only for the folly of Leonora."

Leonora retired (continued the lady) about six in the morning, but not to rest. She tumbled and tossed in her bed, with very short intervals of sleep, and those entirely filled with dreams of the equipage and fine clothes she had seen, and the balls, operas, and ridottos, which had been the subject of their conversation.

In the afternoon, Bellarmine, in the dear coach and six, came to wait on her. He was indeed charmed with her person, and was, on inquiry, so well pleased with the circumstances of her father (for he himself, notwithstanding all his finery, was not quite so rich as a Croesus or an Attalus).—"Attalus," says Mr. Adams: "but pray how came you acquainted with these names?" The lady smiled at the question, and proceeded. He was so pleased, I say, that he resolved to make his addresses to her directly. He did so accordingly, and that with so much warmth and briskness, that he quickly baffled her weak repulses, and obliged the lady to refer him to her father, who, she knew, would quickly declare in favour of a coach and six.

Thus what Horatio had by sighs and tears, love and tenderness, been so long obtaining, the French-English Bellarmine with gaiety and gallantry possessed himself of in an instant. In other words, what modesty had employed a full year in raising, impudence demolished in twenty-four hours.

Here Adams groaned a second time; but the ladies, who began to smoke him, took no notice.

From the opening of the assembly till the end of Bellarmine's visit, Leonora had scarce once thought of Horatio; but he now began, though an unwelcome guest, to enter into her mind. She wished she had seen the charming Bellarmine and his charming equipage before matters had gone so far. "Yet why," says she, "should I wish to have seen him before; or what signifies it that I have seen him now? Is not Horatio my lover, almost my husband? Is he not as handsome, nay handsomer than Bellarmine? Aye, but Bellarmine is the genteeler, and the finer man; yes, that he must be allowed. Yes, yes, he is that certainly. But did not I, no longer ago than yesterday, love Horatio more than all the world? Aye, but yesterday I had not seen Bellarmine. But doth not Horatio doat on me, and may he not in despair break his heart if I abandon him? Well, and hath not Bellarmine a heart to break too? Yes, but I promised Horatio first; but that was poor Bellarmine's misfortune; if I had seen him first, I should certainly have preferred him. Did not the dear creature prefer me to every woman in the assembly, when every she was laying out for him? When was it in Horatio's power to give me such an instance of affection? Can he give me an equipage, or any of those things which Bellarmine will make me mistress of? How vast is the difference between being the wife of a poor counsellor and the wife of one of Bellarmine's fortune! If I marry Horatio, I shall triumph over no more than one rival; but by marrying Bellarmine, I shall be the envy of all my acquaintance. What happiness! But can I suffer Horatio to die? for he hath sworn he cannot survive my loss: but perhaps he may not die: if he should, can I prevent it? Must I sacrifice myself to him? besides, Bellarmine may be as miserable

for me too." She was thus arguing with herself, when some young ladies called her to the walks, and a little relieved her anxiety for the present.

The next morning Bellarmine breakfasted with her in presence of her aunt, whom he sufficiently informed of his passion for Leonora. He was no sooner withdrawn than the old lady began to advise her niece on this occasion. "You see, child," says she, "what fortune hath thrown in your way; and I hope you will not withstand your own preferment." Leonora, sighing, begged her not to mention any such thing, when she knew her engagements to Horatio. "Engagements to a fig!" cried the aunt; "you should thank Heaven on your knees that you have it yet in your power to break them. Will any woman hesitate a moment whether she shall ride in a coach or walk on foot all the days of her life? But Bellarmine drives six, and Horatio not even a pair."—"Yes, but, madam, what will the world say?" answered Leonora: "will not they condemn me?"—"The world is always on the side of prudence," cries the aunt, "and would surely condemn you if you sacrificed your interest to any motive whatever. Oh! I know the world very well; and you shew your ignorance, my dear, by your objection. O' my conscience! the world is wiser. I have lived longer in it than you; and I assure you there is not anything worth our regard besides money; nor did I ever know one person who married from other considerations, who did not afterwards heartily repent it. Besides, if we examine the two men, can you prefer a sneaking fellow, who hath been bred at the university, to a fine gentleman just come from his travels. All the world must allow Bellarmine to be a fine gentleman, positively a fine gentleman, and a handsome man."—"Perhaps, madam, I should not doubt, if I knew how to be handsomely off with the other."—"Oh! leave that to me," says the aunt. "You know your father hath not been acquainted with the affair. Indeed, for my part I thought it might do well enough, not dreaming of such an offer; but I'll disengage you: leave me to give the fellow an answer. I warrant you shall have no farther trouble."

Leonora was at length satisfied with her aunt's reasoning; and Bellarmine supping with her that evening, it was agreed he should the next morning go to her father and propose the match, which she consented should be consummated at his return.

The aunt retired soon after supper; and, the lovers being left together, Bellarmine began in the following manner: "Yes, madam; this coat, I assure you, was made at Paris, and I defy the best English taylor even to imitate it. There is not one of them can cut, madam; they can't cut. If you observe how this skirt is turned, and this sleeve: a clumsy English rascal can do nothing like it. Pray, how do you like my liveries?" Leonora answered, "She thought them very pretty."—"All French," says he, "I assure you, except the greatcoats; I never trust anything more than a greatcoat to an Englishman. You know one must encourage our own people what one can, especially as, before I had a place, I was in the country interest, he, he, he! But for myself, I would see the dirty island at the bottom of the sea, rather than wear a single rag of English work about me: and I am sure, after you have made one tour to Paris, you will be of the same opinion with regard to your own clothes. You can't conceive what an addition a French dress would be to your beauty; I positively assure you, at the first opera I saw since I came over, I mistook the English ladies for chambermaids, he, he, he!"

With such sort of polite discourse did the gay Bellarmine entertain his beloved Leonora, when the door opened on a sudden, and Horatio entered the room. Here 'tis impossible to express the surprize of Leonora.

"Poor woman!" says Mrs Slipslop, "what a terrible quandary she must be in!"— "Not at all," says Mrs Grave-airs; "such sluts can never be confounded."—"She must have then more than Corinthian assurance," said Adams; "aye, more than Lais herself."

A long silence, continued the lady, prevailed in the whole company. If the familiar entrance of Horatio struck the greatest astonishment into Bellarmine, the unexpected presence of Bellarmine no less surprized Horatio. At length Leonora, collecting all the spirit she was mistress of, addressed herself to the latter, and pretended to wonder at the reason of so late a visit. "I should indeed," answered he, "have made some apology for disturbing you at this hour, had not my finding you in company assured me I do not break in upon your repose." Bellarmine rose from his chair, traversed the room in a minuet step, and hummed an opera tune, while Horatio, advancing to Leonora, asked her in a whisper if that gentleman was not a relation of hers; to which she answered with a smile, or rather sneer, "No, he is no relation of mine yet;" adding, "she could not guess the meaning of his question." Horatio told her softly, "It did not arise from jealousy."—"Jealousy! I assure you, it would be very strange in a common acquaintance to give himself any of those airs." These words a little surprized Horatio; but, before he had time to answer, Bellarmine danced up to the lady and told her, "He feared he interrupted some business between her and the gentleman."—"I can have no business," said she, "with the gentleman, nor any other, which need be any secret to you."

"You'll pardon me," said Horatio, "if I desire to know who this gentleman is who is to be entrusted with all our secrets."—"You'll know soon enough," cries Leonora; "but I can't guess what secrets can ever pass between us of such mighty consequence."—"No, madam!" cries Horatio; "I am sure you would not have me understand you in earnest."—"'Tis indifferent to me," says she, "how you understand me; but I think so unseasonable a visit is difficult to be understood at all, at least when people find one engaged: though one's servants do not deny one, one may expect a well-bred person should soon take the hint." "Madam," said Horatio, "I did not imagine any engagement with a stranger, as it seems this gentleman is, would have made my visit impertinent, or that any such ceremonies were to be preserved between persons in our situation." "Sure you are in a dream," says she, "or would persuade

me that I am in one. I know no pretensions a common acquaintance can have to lay aside the ceremonies of good breeding." "Sure," said he, "I am in a dream; for it is impossible I should be really esteemed a common acquaintance by Leonora, after what has passed between us?" "Passed between us! Do you intend to affront me before this gentleman?" "D—n me, affront the lady," says Bellarmine, cocking his hat, and strutting up to Horatio: "does any man dare affront this lady before me, d—n me?" "Hark'ee, sir," says Horatio, "I would advise you to lay aside that fierce air; for I am mightily deceived if this lady has not a violent desire to get your worship a good drubbing." "Sir," said Bellarmine, "I have the honour to be her protector; and, d—n me, if I understand your meaning." "Sir," answered Horatio, "she is rather your protectress; but give yourself no more airs, for you see I am prepared for you" (shaking his whip at him). "Oh! serviteur tres humble," says Bellarmine: "Je vous entend parfaitment bien." At which time the aunt, who had heard of Horatio's visit, entered the room, and soon satisfied all his doubts. She convinced him that he was never more awake in his life, and that nothing more extraordinary had happened in his three days' absence than a small alteration in the affections of Leonora; who now burst into tears, and wondered what reason she had given him to use her in so barbarous a manner. Horatio desired Bellarmine to withdraw with him; but the ladies prevented it by laying violent hands on the latter; upon which the former took his leave without any great ceremony, and departed, leaving the lady with his rival to consult for his safety, which Leonora feared her indiscretion might have endangered; but the aunt comforted her with assurances that Horatio would not venture his person against so accomplished a cavalier as Bellarmine, and that, being a lawyer, he would seek revenge in his own way, and the most they had to apprehend from him was an action.

They at length therefore agreed to permit Bellarmine to retire to his lodgings, having first settled all matters relating to the journey which he was to undertake in the morning, and their preparations for the nuptials at his return.

But, alas! as wise men have observed, the seat of valour is not the countenance; and many a grave and plain man will, on a just provocation, betake himself to that mischievous metal, cold iron; while men of a fiercer brow, and sometimes with that emblem of courage, a cockade, will more prudently decline it.

Leonora was waked in the morning, from a visionary coach and six, with the dismal account that Bellarmine was run through the body by Horatio; that he lay languishing at an inn, and the surgeons had declared the wound mortal. She immediately leaped out of the bed, danced about the room in a frantic manner, tore her hair and beat her breast in all the agonies of despair; in which sad condition her aunt, who likewise arose at the news, found her. The good old lady applied her utmost art to comfort her niece. She told her, "While there was life there was hope; but that if he should die her affliction would be of no service to Bellarmine, and would only expose herself, which might, probably, keep her some time without any future offer; that, as matters had happened, her wisest way would be to think no more of Bellarmine, but to endeavour to regain the affections of Horatio." "Speak not to me," cried the disconsolate Leonora; "is it not owing to me that poor Bellarmine has lost his life? Have not these cursed charms (at which words she looked steadfastly in the glass) been the ruin of the most charming man of this age? Can I ever bear to contemplate my own face again (with her eyes still fixed on the glass)? Am I not the murderess of the finest gentleman? No other woman in the town could have made any impression on him." "Never think of things past," cries the aunt: "think of regaining the affections of Horatio." "What reason," said the niece, "have I to hope he would forgive me? No, I have lost him as well as the other, and it was your wicked advice which was the occasion of all; you seduced me, contrary to my inclinations, to abandon poor Horatio (at which words she burst into tears); you prevailed upon me, whether I would or no, to give up my affections for him; had it not been for you, Bellarmine never would have entered into my thoughts; had not his addresses been backed by your persuasions, they never would have made any impression on me; I should have defied all the fortune and equipage in the world; but it was you, it was you, who got the better of my youth and simplicity, and forced me to lose my dear Horatio for ever."

The aunt was almost borne down with this torrent of words; she, however, rallied all the strength she could, and, drawing her mouth up in a purse, began: "I am not surprized, niece, at this ingratitude. Those who advise young women for their interest, must always expect such a return: I am convinced my brother will thank me for breaking off your match with Horatio, at any rate."—"That may not be in your power yet," answered Leonora, "though it is very ungrateful in you to desire or attempt it, after the presents you have received from him." (For indeed true it is, that many presents, and some pretty valuable ones, had passed from Horatio to the old lady; but as true it is, that Bellarmine, when he breakfasted with her and her niece, had complimented her with a brilliant from his finger, of much greater value than all she had touched of the other.)

The aunt's gall was on float to reply, when a servant brought a letter into the room, which Leonora, hearing it came from Bellarmine, with great eagerness opened, and read as follows:—

"MOST DIVINE CREATURE,—The wound which I fear you have heard I received from my rival is not like to be so fatal as those shot into my heart which have been fired from your eyes, tout brilliant. Those are the only cannons by which I am to fall; for my surgeon gives me hopes of being soon able to attend your ruelle; till when, unless you would do me an honour which I have scarce the hardiesse to think of, your absence will be the greatest anguish which can be felt by,

"Madam,

“Avec toute le respecte in the world,

“Your most obedient, most absolute Devote,

“BELLARMINE.”

As soon as Leonora perceived such hopes of Bellarmine’s recovery, and that the gossip Fame had, according to custom, so enlarged his danger, she presently abandoned all further thoughts of Horatio, and was soon reconciled to her aunt, who received her again into favour, with a more Christian forgiveness than we generally meet with. Indeed, it is possible she might be a little alarmed at the hints which her niece had given her concerning the presents. She might apprehend such rumours, should they get abroad, might injure a reputation which, by frequenting church twice a day, and preserving the utmost rigour and strictness in her countenance and behaviour for many years, she had established.

Leonora’s passion returned now for Bellarmine with greater force, after its small relaxation, than ever. She proposed to her aunt to make him a visit in his confinement, which the old lady, with great and commendable prudence, advised her to decline: “For,” says she, “should any accident intervene to prevent your intended match, too forward a behaviour with this lover may injure you in the eyes of others. Every woman, till she is married, ought to consider of, and provide against, the possibility of the affair’s breaking off.” Leonora said, “She should be indifferent to whatever might happen in such a case; for she had now so absolutely placed her affections on this dear man (so she called him), that, if it was her misfortune to lose him, she should for ever abandon all thoughts of mankind.” She, therefore, resolved to visit him, notwithstanding all the prudent advice of her aunt to the contrary, and that very afternoon executed her resolution.

The lady was proceeding in her story, when the coach drove into the inn where the company were to dine, sorely to the dissatisfaction of Mr Adams, whose ears were the most hungry part about him; he being, as the reader may perhaps guess, of an insatiable curiosity, and heartily desirous of hearing the end of this amour, though he professed he could scarce wish success to a lady of so inconstant a disposition.

Chapter V.

A dreadful quarrel which happened at the Inn where the company dined, with its bloody consequences to Mr Adams.

As soon as the passengers had alighted from the coach, Mr Adams, as was his custom, made directly to the kitchen, where he found Joseph sitting by the fire, and the hostess anointing his leg; for the horse which Mr Adams had borrowed of his clerk had so violent a propensity to kneeling, that one would have thought it had been his trade, as well as his master’s; nor would he always give any notice of such his intention; he was often found on his knees when the rider least expected it. This foible, however, was of no great inconvenience to the parson, who was accustomed to it; and, as his legs almost touched the ground when he bestrode the beast, had but a little way to fall, and threw himself forward on such occasions with so much dexterity that he never received any mischief; the horse and he frequently rolling many paces’ distance, and afterwards both getting up and meeting as good friends as ever.

Poor Joseph, who had not been used to such kind of cattle, though an excellent horseman, did not so happily disengage himself; but, falling with his leg under the beast, received a violent contusion, to which the good woman was, as we have said, applying a warm hand, with some camphorated spirits, just at the time when the parson entered the kitchen.

He had scarce expressed his concern for Joseph’s misfortune before the host likewise entered. He was by no means of Mr Tow-wouse’s gentle disposition; and was, indeed, perfect master of his house, and everything in it but his guests.

This surly fellow, who always proportioned his respect to the appearance of a traveller, from “God bless your honour,” down to plain “Coming presently,” observing his wife on her knees to a footman, cried out, without considering his circumstances, “What a pox is the woman about? why don’t you mind the company in the coach? Go and ask them what they will have for dinner.” “My dear,” says she, “you know they can have nothing but what is at the fire, which will be ready presently; and really the poor young man’s leg is very much bruised.” At which words she fell to chafing more violently than before: the bell then happening to ring, he damn’d his wife, and bid her go in to the company, and not stand rubbing there all day, for he did not believe the young fellow’s leg was so bad as he pretended; and if it was, within twenty miles he would find a surgeon to cut it off. Upon these words, Adams fetched two strides across the room; and snapping his fingers over his head, muttered aloud, He would excommunicate such a wretch for a farthing, for he believed the devil had more humanity. These words occasioned a dialogue between Adams and the host, in which there were two or three sharp replies, till Joseph bad the latter know how to behave himself to his betters. At which the host (having first strictly surveyed Adams) scornfully repeating the word “betters,” flew into a rage, and, telling Joseph he was as able to walk out of his house as he had been to walk into it, offered to lay violent hands on him; which perceiving, Adams dealt

him so sound a compliment over his face with his fist, that the blood immediately gushed out of his nose in a stream. The host, being unwilling to be outdone in courtesy, especially by a person of Adams's figure, returned the favour with so much gratitude, that the parson's nostrils began to look a little redder than usual. Upon which he again assailed his antagonist, and with another stroke laid him sprawling on the floor.

The hostess, who was a better wife than so surly a husband deserved, seeing her husband all bloody and stretched along, hastened presently to his assistance, or rather to revenge the blow, which, to all appearance, was the last he would ever receive; when, lo! a pan full of hog's blood, which unluckily stood on the dresser, presented itself first to her hands. She seized it in her fury, and without any reflection, discharged it into the parson's face; and with so good an aim, that much the greater part first saluted his countenance, and trickled thence in so large a current down to his beard, and over his garments, that a more horrible spectacle was hardly to be seen, or even imagined. All which was perceived by Mrs Slipslop, who entered the kitchen at that instant. This good gentlewoman, not being of a temper so extremely cool and patient as perhaps was required to ask many questions on this occasion, flew with great impetuosity at the hostess's cap, which, together with some of her hair, she plucked from her head in a moment, giving her, at the same time, several hearty cuffs in the face; which by frequent practice on the inferior servants, she had learned an excellent knack of delivering with a good grace. Poor Joseph could hardly rise from his chair; the parson was employed in wiping the blood from his eyes, which had entirely blinded him; and the landlord was but just beginning to stir; whilst Mrs Slipslop, holding down the landlady's face with her left hand, made so dexterous an use of her right, that the poor woman began to roar, in a key which alarmed all the company in the inn.

There happened to be in the inn, at this time, besides the ladies who arrived in the stage-coach, the two gentlemen who were present at Mr Tow-wouse's when Joseph was detained for his horse's meat, and whom we have before mentioned to have stopt at the alehouse with Adams. There was likewise a gentleman just returned from his travels to Italy; all whom the horrid outcry of murder presently brought into the kitchen, where the several combatants were found in the postures already described.

It was now no difficulty to put an end to the fray, the conquerors being satisfied with the vengeance they had taken, and the conquered having no appetite to renew the fight. The principal figure, and which engaged the eyes of all, was Adams, who was all over covered with blood, which the whole company concluded to be his own, and consequently imagined him no longer for this world. But the host, who had now recovered from his blow, and was risen from the ground, soon delivered them from this apprehension, by damning his wife for wasting the hog's puddings, and telling her all would have been very well if she had not intermeddled, like a b—as she was; adding, he was very glad the gentlewoman had paid her, though not half what she deserved. The poor woman had indeed fared much the worst; having, besides the unmerciful cuffs received, lost a quantity of hair, which Mrs Slipslop in triumph held in her left hand.

The traveller, addressing himself to Mrs Grave-airs, desired her not to be frightened; for here had been only a little boxing, which he said, to their disgracia, the English were accustomata to: adding, it must be, however, a sight somewhat strange to him, who was just come from Italy; the Italians not being addicted to the cuffardo but bastonza, says he. He then went up to Adams, and telling him he looked like the ghost of Othello, bid him not shake his gory locks at him, for he could not say he did it. Adams very innocently answered, "Sir, I am far from accusing you." He then returned to the lady, and cried, "I find the bloody gentleman is uno insipido del nullo senso. Dammato di me, if I have seen such a spectaculo in my way from Viterbo."

One of the gentlemen having learnt from the host the occasion of this bustle, and being assured by him that Adams had struck the first blow, whispered in his ear, "He'd warrant he would recover."—"Recover! master," said the host, smiling: "yes, yes, I am not afraid of dying with a blow or two neither; I am not such a chicken as that."—"Pugh!" said the gentleman, "I mean you will recover damages in that action which, undoubtedly, you intend to bring, as soon as a writ can be returned from London; for you look like a man of too much spirit and courage to suffer any one to beat you without bringing your action against him: he must be a scandalous fellow indeed who would put up with a drubbing whilst the law is open to revenge it; besides, he hath drawn blood from you, and spoiled your coat; and the jury will give damages for that too. An excellent new coat upon my word; and now not worth a shilling! I don't care," continued he, "to intermeddle in these cases; but you have a right to my evidence; and if I am sworn, I must speak the truth. I saw you sprawling on the floor, and blood gushing from your nostrils. You may take your own opinion; but was I in your circumstances, every drop of my blood should convey an ounce of gold into my pocket: remember I don't advise you to go to law; but if your jury were Christians, they must give swinging damages. That's all."—"Master," cried the host, scratching his head, "I have no stomach to law, I thank you. I have seen enough of that in the parish, where two of my neighbours have been at law about a house, till they have both lawed themselves into a gaol." At which words he turned about, and began to inquire again after his hog's puddings; nor would it probably have been a sufficient excuse for his wife, that she spilt them in his defence, had not some awe of the company, especially of the Italian traveller, who was a person of great dignity, withheld his rage.

Whilst one of the above-mentioned gentlemen was employed, as we have seen him, on the behalf of the landlord, the other was no less hearty on the side of Mr Adams, whom he advised to bring his action immediately. He said the assault of the wife was in law the assault of the husband, for they were but one person; and he was liable to pay damages, which he said must be considerable,

where so bloody a disposition appeared. Adams answered, If it was true that they were but one person, he had assaulted the wife; for he was sorry to own he had struck the husband the first blow. “I am sorry you own it too,” cries the gentleman; “for it could not possibly appear to the court; for here was no evidence present but the lame man in the chair, whom I suppose to be your friend, and would consequently say nothing but what made for you.”—“How, sir,” says Adams, “do you take me for a villain, who would prosecute revenge in cold blood, and use unjustifiable means to obtain it? If you knew me, and my order, I should think you affronted both.” At the word order, the gentleman stared (for he was too bloody to be of any modern order of knights); and, turning hastily about, said, “Every man knew his own business.”

Matters being now composed, the company retired to their several apartments; the two gentlemen congratulating each other on the success of their good offices in procuring a perfect reconciliation between the contending parties; and the traveller went to his repast, crying, “As the Italian poet says—

‘Je voi very well que tutta e pace,

So send up dinner, good Boniface.’”

The coachman began now to grow importunate with his passengers, whose entrance into the coach was retarded by Miss Grave-airs insisting, against the remonstrance of all the rest, that she would not admit a footman into the coach; for poor Joseph was too lame to mount a horse. A young lady, who was, as it seems, an earl’s grand-daughter, begged it with almost tears in her eyes. Mr Adams prayed, and Mrs Slipslop scolded; but all to no purpose. She said, “She would not demean herself to ride with a footman: that there were waggons on the road: that if the master of the coach desired it, she would pay for two places; but would suffer no such fellow to come in.”—“Madam,” says Slipslop, “I am sure no one can refuse another coming into a stage-coach.”—“I don’t know, madam,” says the lady; “I am not much used to stage-coaches; I seldom travel in them.”—“That may be, madam,” replied Slipslop; “very good people do; and some people’s betters, for aught I know.” Miss Grave-airs said, “Some folks might sometimes give their tongues a liberty, to some people that were their betters, which did not become them; for her part, she was not used to converse with servants.” Slipslop returned, “Some people kept no servants to converse with; for her part, she thanked Heaven she lived in a family where there were a great many, and had more under her own command than any paultry little gentlewoman in the kingdom.” Miss Grave-airs cried, “She believed her mistress would not encourage such sauciness to her betters.”—“My betters,” says Slipslop, “who is my betters, pray?”—“I am your betters,” answered Miss Grave-airs, “and I’ll acquaint your mistress.”—At which Mrs Slipslop laughed aloud, and told her, “Her lady was one of the great gentry; and such little paultry gentlewomen as some folks, who travelled in stagecoaches, would not easily come at her.”

This smart dialogue between some people and some folks was going on at the coach door when a solemn person, riding into the inn, and seeing Miss Grave-airs, immediately accosted her with “Dear child, how do you?” She presently answered, “O papa, I am glad you have overtaken me.”—“So am I,” answered he; “for one of our coaches is just at hand; and, there being room for you in it, you shall go no farther in the stage unless you desire it.”—“How can you imagine I should desire it?” says she; so, bidding Slipslop ride with her fellow, if she pleased, she took her father by the hand, who was just alighted, and walked with him into a room.

Adams instantly asked the coachman, in a whisper, “If he knew who the gentleman was?” The coachman answered, “He was now a gentleman, and kept his horse and man; but times are altered, master,” said be; “I remember when he was no better born than myself.”—“Ay! ay!” says Adams. “My father drove the squire’s coach,” answered he, “when that very man rode postillion; but he is now his steward; and a great gentleman.” Adams then snapped his fingers, and cried, “He thought she was some such trollop.”

Adams made haste to acquaint Mrs Slipslop with this good news, as he imagined it; but it found a reception different from what he expected. The prudent gentlewoman, who despised the anger of Miss Grave-airs whilst she conceived her the daughter of a gentleman of small fortune, now she heard her alliance with the upper servants of a great family in her neighbourhood, began to fear her interest with the mistress. She wished she had not carried the dispute so far, and began to think of endeavouring to reconcile herself to the young lady before she left the inn; when, luckily, the scene at London, which the reader can scarce have forgotten, presented itself to her mind, and comforted her with such assurance, that she no longer apprehended any enemy with her mistress.

Everything being now adjusted, the company entered the coach, which was just on its departure, when one lady recollected she had left her fan, a second her gloves, a third a snuff-box, and a fourth a smelling-bottle behind her; to find all which occasioned some delay and much swearing to the coachman.

As soon as the coach had left the inn, the women all together fell to the character of Miss Grave-airs; whom one of them declared she had suspected to be some low creature, from the beginning of their journey, and another affirmed she had not even the looks of a gentlewoman: a third warranted she was no better than she should be; and, turning to the lady who had related the story in the coach, said, “Did you ever hear, madam, anything so prudish as her remarks? Well, deliver me from the censoriousness of

such a prude." The fourth added, "O madam! all these creatures are censorious; but for my part, I wonder where the wretch was bred; indeed, I must own I have seldom conversed with these mean kind of people, so that it may appear stranger to me; but to refuse the general desire of a whole company had something in it so astonishing, that, for my part, I own I should hardly believe it if my own ears had not been witnesses to it."—"Yes, and so handsome a young fellow," cries Slipslop; "the woman must have no compulsion in her: I believe she is more of a Turk than a Christian; I am certain, if she had any Christian woman's blood in her veins, the sight of such a young fellow must have warmed it. Indeed, there are some wretched, miserable old objects, that turn one's stomach; I should not wonder if she had refused such a one; I am as nice as herself, and should have cared no more than herself for the company of stinking old fellows; but, hold up thy head, Joseph, thou art none of those; and she who hath not compulsion for thee is a Myhummetman, and I will maintain it." This conversation made Joseph uneasy as well as the ladies; who, perceiving the spirits which Mrs Slipslop was in (for indeed she was not a cup too low), began to fear the consequence; one of them therefore desired the lady to conclude the story. "Aye, madam," said Slipslop, "I beg your ladyship to give us that story you commensated in the morning;" which request that well-bred woman immediately complied with.

Chapter VI.

Conclusion of the unfortunate jilt.

Leonora, having once broke through the bounds which custom and modesty impose on her sex, soon gave an unbridled indulgence to her passion. Her visits to Bellarmine were more constant, as well as longer, than his surgeon's: in a word, she became absolutely his nurse; made his water-gruel, administered him his medicines; and, notwithstanding the prudent advice of her aunt to the contrary, almost intirely resided in her wounded lover's apartment.

The ladies of the town began to take her conduct under consideration: it was the chief topic of discourse at their tea-tables, and was very severely censured by the most part; especially by Lindamira, a lady whose discreet and starch carriage, together with a constant attendance at church three times a day, had utterly defeated many malicious attacks on her own reputation; for such was the envy that Lindamira's virtue had attracted, that, notwithstanding her own strict behaviour and strict enquiry into the lives of others, she had not been able to escape being the mark of some arrows herself, which, however, did her no injury; a blessing, perhaps, owed by her to the clergy, who were her chief male companions, and with two or three of whom she had been barbarously and unjustly calumniated.

"Not so unjustly neither, perhaps," says Slipslop; "for the clergy are men, as well as other folks."

The extreme delicacy of Lindamira's virtue was cruelly hurt by those freedoms which Leonora allowed herself: she said, "It was an affront to her sex; that she did not imagine it consistent with any woman's honour to speak to the creature, or to be seen in her company; and that, for her part, she should always refuse to dance at an assembly with her, for fear of contamination by taking her by the hand."

But to return to my story: as soon as Bellarmine was recovered, which was somewhat within a month from his receiving the wound, he set out, according to agreement, for Leonora's father's, in order to propose the match, and settle all matters with him touching settlements, and the like.

A little before his arrival the old gentleman had received an intimation of the affair by the following letter, which I can repeat verbatim, and which, they say, was written neither by Leonora nor her aunt, though it was in a woman's hand. The letter was in these words:—

"SIR,—I am sorry to acquaint you that your daughter, Leonora, hath acted one of the basest as well as most simple parts with a young gentleman to whom she had engaged herself, and whom she hath (pardon the word) jilted for another of inferior fortune, notwithstanding his superior figure. You may take what measures you please on this occasion; I have performed what I thought my duty; as I have, though unknown to you, a very great respect for your family."

The old gentleman did not give himself the trouble to answer this kind epistle; nor did he take any notice of it, after he had read it, till he saw Bellarmine. He was, to say the truth, one of those fathers who look on children as an unhappy consequence of their youthful pleasures; which, as he would have been delighted not to have had attended them, so was he no less pleased with any opportunity to rid himself of the incumbrance. He passed, in the world's language, as an exceeding good father; being not only so rapacious as to rob and plunder all mankind to the utmost of his power, but even to deny himself the conveniencies, and almost necessaries, of life; which his neighbours attributed to a desire of raising immense fortunes for his children: but in fact it was not so; he heaped up money for its own sake only, and looked on his children as his rivals, who were to enjoy his beloved mistress when he was incapable of possessing her, and which he would have been much more charmed with the power of carrying along with him; nor had his children any other security of being his heirs than that the law would constitute them such without a will,

and that he had not affection enough for any one living to take the trouble of writing one.

To this gentleman came Bellarmine, on the errand I have mentioned. His person, his equipage, his family, and his estate, seemed to the father to make him an advantageous match for his daughter: he therefore very readily accepted his proposals: but when Bellarmine imagined the principal affair concluded, and began to open the incidental matters of fortune, the old gentleman presently changed his countenance, saying, “He resolved never to marry his daughter on a Smithfield match; that whoever had love for her to take her would, when he died, find her share of his fortune in his coffers; but he had seen such examples of undutifulness happen from the too early generosity of parents, that he had made a vow never to part with a shilling whilst he lived.” He commended the saying of Solomon, “He that spareth the rod spoileth the child;” but added, “he might have likewise asserted, That he that spareth the purse saveth the child.” He then ran into a discourse on the extravagance of the youth of the age; whence he launched into a dissertation on horses; and came at length to commend those Bellarmine drove. That fine gentleman, who at another season would have been well enough pleased to dwell a little on that subject, was now very eager to resume the circumstance of fortune. He said, “He had a very high value for the young lady, and would receive her with less than he would any other whatever; but that even his love to her made some regard to worldly matters necessary; for it would be a most distracting sight for him to see her, when he had the honour to be her husband, in less than a coach and six.” The old gentleman answered, “Four will do, four will do;” and then took a turn from horses to extravagance and from extravagance to horses, till he came round to the equipage again; whither he was no sooner arrived than Bellarmine brought him back to the point; but all to no purpose; he made his escape from that subject in a minute; till at last the lover declared, “That in the present situation of his affairs it was impossible for him, though he loved Leonora more than tout le monde, to marry her without any fortune.” To which the father answered, “He was sorry that his daughter must lose so valuable a match; that, if he had an inclination, at present it was not in his power to advance a shilling: that he had had great losses, and been at great expenses on projects; which, though he had great expectation from them, had yet produced him nothing: that he did not know what might happen hereafter, as on the birth of a son, or such accident; but he would make no promise, or enter into any article, for he would not break his vow for all the daughters in the world.”

In short, ladies, to keep you no longer in suspense, Bellarmine, having tried every argument and persuasion which he could invent, and finding them all ineffectual, at length took his leave, but not in order to return to Leonora; he proceeded directly to his own seat, whence, after a few days’ stay, he returned to Paris, to the great delight of the French and the honour of the English nation.

But as soon as he arrived at his home he presently despatched a messenger with the following epistle to Leonora:—

“ADORABLE AND CHARMANTE,—I am sorry to have the honour to tell you I am not the heureux person destined for your divine arms. Your papa hath told me so with a politesse not often seen on this side Paris. You may perhaps guess his manner of refusing me. Ah, mon Dieu! You will certainly believe me, madam, incapable myself of delivering this triste message, which I intend to try the French air to cure the consequences of. A jamais! Coeur! Ange! Au diable! If your papa obliges you to a marriage, I hope we shall see you at Paris; till when, the wind that flows from thence will be the warmest dans le monde, for it will consist almost entirely of my sighs. Adieu, ma princesse! Ah, l’amour!

“BELLARMINE.”

I shall not attempt, ladies, to describe Leonora’s condition when she received this letter. It is a picture of horror, which I should have as little pleasure in drawing as you in beholding. She immediately left the place where she was the subject of conversation and ridicule, and retired to that house I showed you when I began the story; where she hath ever since led a disconsolate life, and deserves, perhaps, pity for her misfortunes, more than our censure for a behaviour to which the artifices of her aunt very probably contributed, and to which very young women are often rendered too liable by that blameable levity in the education of our sex.

“If I was inclined to pity her,” said a young lady in the coach, “it would be for the loss of Horatio; for I cannot discern any misfortune in her missing such a husband as Bellarmine.”

“Why, I must own,” says Slipslop, “the gentleman was a little false-hearted; but howsumever, it was hard to have two lovers, and get never a husband at all. But pray, madam, what became of Our-asho?”

He remains, said the lady, still unmarried, and hath applied himself so strictly to his business, that he hath raised, I hear, a very considerable fortune. And what is remarkable, they say he never hears the name of Leonora without a sigh, nor hath ever uttered one syllable to charge her with her ill-conduct towards him.

Chapter VII.

A very short chapter, in which parson Adams went a great way.

The lady, having finished her story, received the thanks of the company; and now Joseph, putting his head out of the coach, cried out, “Never believe me if yonder be not our parson Adams walking along without his horse!”—“On my word, and so he is,” says Slipslop: “and as sure as twopence he hath left him behind at the inn.” Indeed, true it is, the parson had exhibited a fresh instance of his absence of mind; for he was so pleased with having got Joseph into the coach, that he never once thought of the beast in the stable; and, finding his legs as nimble as he desired, he sallied out, brandishing a crabstick, and had kept on before the coach, mending and slackening his pace occasionally, so that he had never been much more or less than a quarter of a mile distant from it.

Mrs Slipslop desired the coachman to overtake him, which he attempted, but in vain; for the faster he drove the faster ran the parson, often crying out, “Aye, aye, catch me if you can;” till at length the coachman swore he would as soon attempt to drive after a greyhound, and, giving the parson two or three hearty curses, he cry’d, “Softly, softly, boys,” to his horses, which the civil beasts immediately obeyed.

But we will be more courteous to our reader than he was to Mrs Slipslop; and, leaving the coach and its company to pursue their journey, we will carry our reader on after parson Adams, who stretched forwards without once looking behind him, till, having left the coach full three miles in his rear, he came to a place where, by keeping the extremest track to the right, it was just barely possible for a human creature to miss his way. This track, however, did he keep, as indeed he had a wonderful capacity at these kinds of bare possibilities, and, travelling in it about three miles over the plain, he arrived at the summit of a hill, whence looking a great way backwards, and perceiving no coach in sight, he sat himself down on the turf, and, pulling out his Aeschylus, determined to wait here for its arrival.

He had not sat long here before a gun going off very near, a little startled him; he looked up and saw a gentleman within a hundred paces taking up a partridge which he had just shot.

Adams stood up and presented a figure to the gentleman which would have moved laughter in many; for his cassock had just again fallen down below his greatcoat, that is to say, it reached his knees, whereas the skirts of his greatcoat descended no lower than half-way down his thighs; but the gentleman’s mirth gave way to his surprize at beholding such a personage in such a place.

Adams, advancing to the gentleman, told him he hoped he had good sport, to which the other answered, “Very little.”—“I see, sir,” says Adams, “you have smote one partridge;” to which the sportsman made no reply, but proceeded to charge his piece.

Whilst the gun was charging, Adams remained in silence, which he at last broke by observing that it was a delightful evening. The gentleman, who had at first sight conceived a very distasteful opinion of the parson, began, on perceiving a book in his hand and smoaking likewise the information of the cassock, to change his thoughts, and made a small advance to conversation on his side by saying, “Sir, I suppose you are not one of these parts?”

Adams immediately told him, “No; that he was a traveller, and invited by the beauty of the evening and the place to repose a little and amuse himself with reading.”—“I may as well repose myself too,” said the sportsman, “for I have been out this whole afternoon, and the devil a bird have I seen till I came hither.”

“Perhaps then the game is not very plenty hereabouts?” cries Adams. “No, sir,” said the gentleman: “the soldiers, who are quartered in the neighbourhood, have killed it all.”—“It is very probable,” cries Adams, “for shooting is their profession.”— “Ay, shooting the game,” answered the other; “but I don’t see they are so forward to shoot our enemies. I don’t like that affair of Carthagena; if I had been there, I believe I should have done other-guess things, d—n me: what’s a man’s life when his country demands it? a man who won’t sacrifice his life for his country deserves to be hanged, d—n me.” Which words he spoke with so violent a gesture, so loud a voice, so strong an accent, and so fierce a countenance, that he might have frightened a captain of trained bands at the head of his company; but Mr Adams was not greatly subject to fear; he told him intrepidly that he very much approved his virtue, but disliked his swearing, and begged him not to addict himself to so bad a custom, without which he said he might fight as bravely as Achilles did. Indeed he was charmed with this discourse; he told the gentleman he would willingly have gone many miles to have met a man of his generous way of thinking; that, if he pleased to sit down, he should be greatly delighted to commune with him; for, though he was a clergyman, he would himself be ready, if thereto called, to lay down his life for his country.

The gentleman sat down, and Adams by him; and then the latter began, as in the following chapter, a discourse which we have placed by itself, as it is not only the most curious in this but perhaps in any other book.

Chapter VIII.

A notable dissertation by Mr Abraham Adams; wherein that gentleman appears in a political light.

“I do assure you, sir” (says he, taking the gentleman by the hand), “I am heartily glad to meet with a man of your kidney; for, though I am a poor parson, I will be bold to say I am an honest man, and would not do an ill thing to be made a bishop; nay, though it hath not fallen in my way to offer so noble a sacrifice, I have not been without opportunities of suffering for the sake of my conscience, I thank Heaven for them; for I have had relations, though I say it, who made some figure in the world; particularly a nephew, who was a shopkeeper and an alderman of a corporation. He was a good lad, and was under my care when a boy; and I believe would do what I bade him to his dying day. Indeed, it looks like extreme vanity in me to affect being a man of such consequence as to have so great an interest in an alderman; but others have thought so too, as manifestly appeared by the rector, whose curate I formerly was, sending for me on the approach of an election, and telling me, if I expected to continue in his cure, that I must bring my nephew to vote for one Colonel Courtly, a gentleman whom I had never heard tidings of till that instant. I told the rector I had no power over my nephew’s vote (God forgive me for such prevarication!); that I supposed he would give it according to his conscience; that I would by no means endeavour to influence him to give it otherwise. He told me it was in vain to equivocate; that he knew I had already spoke to him in favour of esquire Fickle, my neighbour; and, indeed, it was true I had; for it was at a season when the church was in danger, and when all good men expected they knew not what would happen to us all. I then answered boldly, if he thought I had given my promise, he affronted me in proposing any breach of it. Not to be too prolix; I persevered, and so did my nephew, in the esquire’s interest, who was chose chiefly through his means; and so I lost my curacy, Well, sir, but do you think the esquire ever mentioned a word of the church? Ne verbum quidem, ut ita dicam: within two years he got a place, and hath ever since lived in London; where I have been informed (but God forbid I should believe that,) that he never so much as goeth to church. I remained, sir, a considerable time without any cure, and lived a full month on one funeral sermon, which I preached on the indisposition of a clergyman; but this by the bye. At last, when Mr Fickle got his place, Colonel Courtly stood again; and who should make interest for him but Mr Fickle himself! that very identical Mr Fickle, who had formerly told me the colonel was an enemy to both the church and state, had the confidence to sollicit my nephew for him; and the colonel himself offered me to make me chaplain to his regiment, which I refused in favour of Sir Oliver Hearty, who told us he would sacrifice everything to his country; and I believe he would, except his hunting, which he stuck so close to, that in five years together he went but twice up to parliament; and one of those times, I have been told, never was within sight of the House. However, he was a worthy man, and the best friend I ever had; for, by his interest with a bishop, he got me replaced into my curacy, and gave me eight pounds out of his own pocket to buy me a gown and cassock, and furnish my house. He had our interest while he lived, which was not many years. On his death I had fresh applications made to me; for all the world knew the interest I had with my good nephew, who now was a leading man in the corporation; and Sir Thomas Booby, buying the estate which had been Sir Oliver’s, proposed himself a candidate. He was then a young gentleman just come from his travels; and it did me good to hear him discourse on affairs which, for my part, I knew nothing of. If I had been master of a thousand votes he should have had them all. I engaged my nephew in his interest, and he was elected; and a very fine parliament-man he was. They tell me he made speeches of an hour long, and, I have been told, very fine ones; but he could never persuade the parliament to be of his opinion. Non omnia possumus omnes. He promised me a living, poor man! and I believe I should have had it, but an accident happened, which was, that my lady had promised it before, unknown to him. This, indeed, I never heard till afterwards; for my nephew, who died about a month before the incumbent, always told me I might be assured of it. Since that time, Sir Thomas, poor man, had always so much business, that he never could find leisure to see me. I believe it was partly my lady’s fault too, who did not think my dress good enough for the gentry at her table. However, I must do him the justice to say he never was ungrateful; and I have always found his kitchen, and his cellar too, open to me: many a time, after service on a Sunday—for I preach at four churches—have I recruited my spirits with a glass of his ale. Since my nephew’s death, the corporation is in other hands; and I am not a man of that consequence I was formerly. I have now no longer any talents to lay out in the service of my country; and to whom nothing is given, of him can nothing be required. However, on all proper seasons, such as the approach of an election, I throw a suitable dash or two into my sermons; which I have the pleasure to hear is not disagreeable to Sir Thomas and the other honest gentlemen my neighbours, who have all promised me these five years to procure an ordination for a son of mine, who is now near thirty, hath an infinite stock of learning, and is, I thank Heaven, of an unexceptionable life; though, as he was never at an university, the bishop refuses to ordain him. Too much care cannot indeed be taken in admitting any to the sacred office; though I hope he will never act so as to be a disgrace to any order, but will serve his God and his country to the utmost of his power, as I have endeavoured to do before him; nay, and will lay down his life whenever called to that purpose. I am sure I have educated him in those principles; so that I have acquitted my duty, and shall have nothing to answer for on that account. But I do not distrust him, for he is a good boy; and if Providence should throw it in his way to be of as much consequence in a public light as his father once was, I can answer for him he will use his talents as honestly as I have done.”

Chapter IX.

In which the gentleman discants on bravery and heroic virtue, till an unlucky accident puts an end to the discourse.

The gentleman highly commended Mr Adams for his good resolutions, and told him, “He hoped his son would tread in his steps;” adding, “that if he would not die for his country, he would not be worthy to live in it. I’d make no more of shooting a man that would not die for his country, than—

“Sir,” said he, “I have disinherited a nephew, who is in the army, because he would not exchange his commission and go to the West Indies. I believe the rascal is a coward, though he pretends to be in love forsooth. I would have all such fellows hanged, sir; I would have them hanged.” Adams answered, “That would be too severe; that men did not make themselves; and if fear had too much ascendance in the mind, the man was rather to be pitied than abhorred; that reason and time might teach him to subdue it.” He said, “A man might be a coward at one time, and brave at another. Homer,” says he, “who so well understood and copied Nature, hath taught us this lesson; for Paris fights and Hector runs away. Nay, we have a mighty instance of this in the history of later ages, no longer ago than the 705th year of Rome, when the great Pompey, who had won so many battles and been honoured with so many triumphs, and of whose valour several authors, especially Cicero and Paterculus, have formed such elogiums; this very Pompey left the battle of Pharsalia before he had lost it, and retreated to his tent, where he sat like the most pusillanimous rascal in a fit of despair, and yielded a victory, which was to determine the empire of the world, to Caesar. I am not much travelled in the history of modern times, that is to say, these last thousand years; but those who are can, I make no question, furnish you with parallel instances.” He concluded, therefore, that, had he taken any such hasty resolutions against his nephew, he hoped he would consider better, and retract them. The gentleman answered with great warmth, and talked much of courage and his country, till, perceiving it grew late, he asked Adams, “What place he intended for that night?” He told him, “He waited there for the stage-coach.”—“The stage-coach, sir!” said the gentleman; “they are all passed by long ago. You may see the last yourself almost three miles before us.”—“I protest and so they are,” cries Adams; “then I must make haste and follow them.” The gentleman told him, “he would hardly be able to overtake them; and that, if he did not know his way, he would be in danger of losing himself on the downs, for it would be presently dark; and he might ramble about all night, and perhaps find himself farther from his journey’s end in the morning than he was now.” He advised him, therefore, “to accompany him to his house, which was very little out of his way,” assuring him “that he would find some country fellow in his parish who would conduct him for sixpence to the city where he was going.” Adams accepted this proposal, and on they travelled, the gentleman renewing his discourse on courage, and the infamy of not being ready, at all times, to sacrifice our lives to our country. Night overtook them much about the same time as they arrived near some bushes; whence, on a sudden, they heard the most violent shrieks imaginable in a female voice. Adams offered to snatch the gun out of his companion’s hand. “What are you doing?” said he. “Doing!” said Adams; “I am hastening to the assistance of the poor creature whom some villains are murdering.” “You are not mad enough, I hope,” says the gentleman, trembling: “do you consider this gun is only charged with shot, and that the robbers are most probably furnished with pistols loaded with bullets? This is no business of ours; let us make as much haste as possible out of the way, or we may fall into their hands ourselves.” The shrieks now increasing, Adams made no answer, but snapt his fingers, and, brandishing his crabstick, made directly to the place whence the voice issued; and the man of courage made as much expedition towards his own home, whither he escaped in a very short time without once looking behind him; where we will leave him, to contemplate his own bravery, and to censure the want of it in others, and return to the good Adams, who, on coming up to the place whence the noise proceeded, found a woman struggling with a man, who had thrown her on the ground, and had almost overpowered her. The great abilities of Mr Adams were not necessary to have formed a right judgment of this affair on the first sight. He did not, therefore, want the entreaties of the poor wretch to assist her; but, lifting up his crabstick, he immediately levelled a blow at that part of the ravisher’s head where, according to the opinion of the ancients, the brains of some persons are deposited, and which he had undoubtedly let forth, had not Nature (who, as wise men have observed, equips all creatures with what is most expedient for them) taken a provident care (as she always doth with those she intends for encounters) to make this part of the head three times as thick as those of ordinary men who are designed to exercise talents which are vulgarly called rational, and for whom, as brains are necessary, she is obliged to leave some room for them in the cavity of the skull; whereas, those ingredients being entirely useless to persons of the heroic calling, she hath an opportunity of thickening the bone, so as to make it less subject to any impression, or liable to be cracked or broken: and indeed, in some who are predestined to the command of armies and empires, she is supposed sometimes to make that part perfectly solid.

As a game cock, when engaged in amorous toying with a hen, if perchance he espies another cock at hand, immediately quits his female, and opposes himself to his rival, so did the ravisher, on the information of the crabstick, immediately leap from the woman and hasten to assail the man. He had no weapons but what Nature had furnished him with. However, he clenched his fist, and presently darted it at that part of Adams’s breast where the heart is lodged. Adams staggered at the violence of the blow, when, throwing away his staff, he likewise clenched that fist which we have before commemorated, and would have discharged it full in the breast of his antagonist, had he not dexterously caught it with his left hand, at the same time darting his head (which some modern heroes of the lower class use, like the battering-ram of the ancients, for a weapon of offence; another reason to admire the cunningness of Nature, in composing it of those impenetrable materials); dashing his head, I say, into the stomach of Adams, he tumbled him on his back; and, not having any regard to the laws of heroism, which would have restrained him from any farther attack on his enemy till he was again on his legs, he threw himself upon him, and, laying hold on the ground with his left hand, he with his right belaboured the body of Adams till he was weary, and indeed till he concluded (to use the language of fighting) “that he had done his business;” or, in the language of poetry, “that he had sent him to the shades below;” in plain English, “that he was dead.”

But Adams, who was no chicken, and could bear a drubbing as well as any boxing champion in the universe, lay still only to watch

his opportunity; and now, perceiving his antagonist to pant with his labours, he exerted his utmost force at once, and with such success that he overturned him, and became his superior; when, fixing one of his knees in his breast, he cried out in an exulting voice, “It is my turn now;” and, after a few minutes’ constant application, he gave him so dexterous a blow just under his chin that the fellow no longer retained any motion, and Adams began to fear he had struck him once too often; for he often asserted “he should be concerned to have the blood of even the wicked upon him.”

Adams got up and called aloud to the young woman. “Be of good cheer, damsel,” said he, “you are no longer in danger of your ravisher, who, I am terribly afraid, lies dead at my feet; but God forgive me what I have done in defence of innocence!” The poor wretch, who had been some time in recovering strength enough to rise, and had afterwards, during the engagement, stood trembling, being disabled by fear even from running away, hearing her champion was victorious, came up to him, but not without apprehensions even of her deliverer; which, however, she was soon relieved from by his courteous behaviour and gentle words. They were both standing by the body, which lay motionless on the ground, and which Adams wished to see stir much more than the woman did, when he earnestly begged her to tell him “by what misfortune she came, at such a time of night, into so lonely a place.” She acquainted him, “She was travelling towards London, and had accidentally met with the person from whom he had delivered her, who told her he was likewise on his journey to the same place, and would keep her company; an offer which, suspecting no harm, she had accepted; that he told her they were at a small distance from an inn where she might take up her lodging that evening, and he would show her a nearer way to it than by following the road; that if she had suspected him (which she did not, he spoke so kindly to her), being alone on these downs in the dark, she had no human means to avoid him; that, therefore, she put her whole trust in Providence, and walked on, expecting every moment to arrive at the inn; when on a sudden, being come to those bushes, he desired her to stop, and after some rude kisses, which she resisted, and some entreaties, which she rejected, he laid violent hands on her, and was attempting to execute his wicked will, when, she thanked G—, he timely came up and prevented him.” Adams encouraged her for saying she had put her whole trust in Providence, and told her, “He doubted not but Providence had sent him to her deliverance, as a reward for that trust. He wished indeed he had not deprived the wicked wretch of life, but G—’s will be done;” said, “He hoped the goodness of his intention would excuse him in the next world, and he trusted in her evidence to acquit him in this.” He was then silent, and began to consider with himself whether it would be properer to make his escape, or to deliver himself into the hands of justice; which meditation ended as the reader will see in the next chapter.

Chapter X.

Giving an account of the strange catastrophe of the preceding adventure, which drew poor Adams into fresh calamities; and who the woman was who owed the preservation of her chastity to his victorious arm.

The silence of Adams, added to the darkness of the night and loneliness of the place, struck dreadful apprehension into the poor woman’s mind; she began to fear as great an enemy in her deliverer as he had delivered her from; and as she had not light enough to discover the age of Adams, and the benevolence visible in his countenance, she suspected he had used her as some very honest men have used their country; and had rescued her out of the hands of one rifler in order to rifle her himself. Such were the suspicions she drew from his silence; but indeed they were ill-grounded. He stood over his vanquished enemy, wisely weighing in his mind the objections which might be made to either of the two methods of proceeding mentioned in the last chapter, his judgment sometimes inclining to the one, and sometimes to the other; for both seemed to him so equally advisable and so equally dangerous, that probably he would have ended his days, at least two or three of them, on that very spot, before he had taken any resolution; at length he lifted up his eyes, and spied a light at a distance, to which he instantly addressed himself with Heus tu, traveller, heus tu! He presently heard several voices, and perceived the light approaching toward him. The persons who attended the light began some to laugh, others to sing, and others to hollow, at which the woman testified some fear (for she had concealed her suspicions of the parson himself); but Adams said, “Be of good cheer, damsel, and repose thy trust in the same Providence which hath hitherto protected thee, and never will forsake the innocent.” These people, who now approached, were no other, reader, than a set of young fellows, who came to these bushes in pursuit of a diversion which they call bird-batting. This, if you are ignorant of it (as perhaps if thou hast never travelled beyond Kensington, Islington, Hackney, or the Borough, thou mayst be), I will inform thee, is performed by holding a large clap-net before a lanthorn, and at the same time beating the bushes; for the birds, when they are disturbed from their places of rest, or roost, immediately make to the light, and so are inticed within the net. Adams immediately told them what happened, and desired them to hold the lanthorn to the face of the man on the ground, for he feared he had smote him fatally. But indeed his fears were frivolous; for the fellow, though he had been stunned by the last blow he received, had long since recovered his senses, and, finding himself quit of Adams, had listened attentively to the discourse between him and the young woman; for whose departure he had patiently waited, that he might likewise withdraw himself, having no longer hopes of succeeding in his desires, which were moreover almost as well cooled by Mr Adams as they could have been by the young woman herself had he obtained his utmost wish. This fellow, who had a readiness at improving any accident, thought he might now play a better part than that of a dead man; and, accordingly, the moment the candle was held to his face he leapt up, and, laying hold on Adams, cried out, “No, villain, I am not dead, though you and your wicked whore might well think me so, after the barbarous cruelties you have exercised on me. Gentlemen,” said he, “you are luckily come to the assistance of a poor traveller,

who would otherwise have been robbed and murdered by this vile man and woman, who led me hither out of my way from the high-road, and both falling on me have used me as you see." Adams was going to answer, when one of the young fellows cried, "D—n them, let's carry them both before the justice." The poor woman began to tremble, and Adams lifted up his voice, but in vain. Three or four of them laid hands on him; and one holding the lanthorn to his face, they all agreed he had the most villainous countenance they ever beheld; and an attorney's clerk, who was of the company, declared he was sure he had remembered him at the bar. As to the woman, her hair was dishevelled in the struggle, and her nose had bled; so that they could not perceive whether she was handsome or ugly, but they said her fright plainly discovered her guilt. And searching her pockets, as they did those of Adams, for money, which the fellow said he had lost, they found in her pocket a purse with some gold in it, which abundantly convinced them, especially as the fellow offered to swear to it. Mr Adams was found to have no more than one halfpenny about him. This the clerk said "was a great presumption that he was an old offender, by cunningly giving all the booty to the woman." To which all the rest readily assented.

This accident promising them better sport than what they had proposed, they quitted their intention of catching birds, and unanimously resolved to proceed to the justice with the offenders. Being informed what a desperate fellow Adams was, they tied his hands behind him; and, having hid their nets among the bushes, and the lanthorn being carried before them, they placed the two prisoners in their front, and then began their march; Adams not only submitting patiently to his own fate, but comforting and encouraging his companion under her sufferings.

Whilst they were on their way the clerk informed the rest that this adventure would prove a very beneficial one; for that they would all be entitled to their proportions of £80 for apprehending the robbers. This occasioned a contention concerning the parts which they had severally borne in taking them; one insisting he ought to have the greatest share, for he had first laid his hands on Adams; another claiming a superior part for having first held the lanthorn to the man's face on the ground, by which, he said, "the whole was discovered." The clerk claimed four-fifths of the reward for having proposed to search the prisoners, and likewise the carrying them before the justice: he said, "Indeed, in strict justice, he ought to have the whole." These claims, however, they at last consented to refer to a future decision, but seemed all to agree that the clerk was entitled to a moiety. They then debated what money should be allotted to the young fellow who had been employed only in holding the nets. He very modestly said, "That he did not apprehend any large proportion would fall to his share, but hoped they would allow him something; he desired them to consider that they had assigned their nets to his care, which prevented him from being as forward as any in laying hold of the robbers" (for so those innocent people were called); "that if he had not occupied the nets, some other must;" concluding, however, "that he should be contented with the smallest share imaginable, and should think that rather their bounty than his merit." But they were all unanimous in excluding him from any part whatever, the clerk particularly swearing, "If they gave him a shilling they might do what they pleased with the rest; for he would not concern himself with the affair." This contention was so hot, and so totally engaged the attention of all the parties, that a dexterous nimble thief, had he been in Mr Adams's situation, would have taken care to have given the justice no trouble that evening. Indeed, it required not the art of a Sheppard to escape, especially as the darkness of the night would have so much befriended him; but Adams trusted rather to his innocence than his heels, and, without thinking of flight, which was easy, or resistance (which was impossible, as there were six lusty young fellows, besides the villain himself, present), he walked with perfect resignation the way they thought proper to conduct him.

Adams frequently vented himself in ejaculations during their journey; at last, poor Joseph Andrews occurring to his mind, he could not refrain sighing forth his name, which being heard by his companion in affliction, she cried with some vehemence, "Sure I should know that voice; you cannot certainly, sir, be Mr Abraham Adams?"—"Indeed, damsel," says he, "that is my name; there is something also in your voice which persuades me I have heard it before."—"La! sir," says she, "don't you remember poor Fanny?"—"How, Fanny!" answered Adams: "indeed I very well remember you; what can have brought you hither?"—"I have told you, sir," replied she, "I was travelling towards London; but I thought you mentioned Joseph Andrews; pray what is become of him?"—"I left him, child, this afternoon," said Adams, "in the stage-coach, in his way towards our parish, whither he is going to see you."—"To see me! La, sir," answered Fanny, "sure you jeer me; what should he be going to see me for?"—"Can you ask that?" replied Adams. "I hope, Fanny, you are not inconstant; I assure you he deserves much better of you."—"La! Mr Adams," said she, "what is Mr Joseph to me? I am sure I never had anything to say to him, but as one fellow-servant might to another."—"I am sorry to hear this," said Adams; "a virtuous passion for a young man is what no woman need be ashamed of. You either do not tell me truth, or you are false to a very worthy man." Adams then told her what had happened at the inn, to which she listened very attentively; and a sigh often escaped from her, notwithstanding her utmost endeavours to the contrary; nor could she prevent herself from asking a thousand questions, which would have assured any one but Adams, who never saw farther into people than they desired to let him, of the truth of a passion she endeavoured to conceal. Indeed, the fact was, that this poor girl, having heard of Joseph's misfortune, by some of the servants belonging to the coach which we have formerly mentioned to have stopt at the inn while the poor youth was confined to his bed, that instant abandoned the cow she was milking, and, taking with her a little bundle of clothes under her arm, and all the money she was worth in her own purse, without consulting any one, immediately set forward in pursuit of one whom, notwithstanding her shyness to the parson, she loved with inexpressible violence, though with the purest and most delicate passion. This shyness, therefore, as we trust it will recommend her character to all our female readers, and not

greatly surprize such of our males as are well acquainted with the younger part of the other sex, we shall not give ourselves any trouble to vindicate.

Chapter XI.

What happened to them while before the justice. A chapter very full of learning.

Their fellow-travellers were so engaged in the hot dispute concerning the division of the reward for apprehending these innocent people, that they attended very little to their discourse. They were now arrived at the justice's house, and had sent one of his servants in to acquaint his worship that they had taken two robbers and brought them before him. The justice, who was just returned from a fox-chase, and had not yet finished his dinner, ordered them to carry the prisoners into the stable, whither they were attended by all the servants in the house, and all the people in the neighbourhood, who flocked together to see them with as much curiosity as if there was something uncommon to be seen, or that a rogue did not look like other people.

The justice, now being in the height of his mirth and his cups, bethought himself of the prisoners; and, telling his company he believed they should have good sport in their examination, he ordered them into his presence. They had no sooner entered the room than he began to revile them, saying, "That robberies on the highway were now grown so frequent, that people could not sleep safely in their beds, and assured them they both should be made examples of at the ensuing assizes." After he had gone on some time in this manner, he was reminded by his clerk, "That it would be proper to take the depositions of the witnesses against them." Which he bid him do, and he would light his pipe in the meantime. Whilst the clerk was employed in writing down the deposition of the fellow who had pretended to be robbed, the justice employed himself in cracking jests on poor Fanny, in which he was seconded by all the company at table. One asked, "Whether she was to be indicted for a highwayman?" Another whispered in her ear, "If she had not provided herself a great belly, he was at her service." A third said, "He warranted she was a relation of Turpin." To which one of the company, a great wit, shaking his head, and then his sides, answered, "He believed she was nearer related to Turpis;" at which there was an universal laugh. They were proceeding thus with the poor girl, when somebody, smoking the cassock peeping forth from under the greatcoat of Adams, cried out, "What have we here, a parson?" "How, sirrah," says the justice, "do you go robbing in the dress of a clergyman? let me tell you your habit will not entitle you to the benefit of the clergy." "Yes," said the witty fellow, "he will have one benefit of clergy, he will be exalted above the heads of the people;" at which there was a second laugh. And now the witty spark, seeing his jokes take, began to rise in spirits; and, turning to Adams, challenged him to cap verses, and, provoking him by giving the first blow, he repeated—

"Molle meum levibus cord est vilebile telis."

Upon which Adams, with a look full of ineffable contempt, told him, "He deserved scourging for his pronunciation." The witty fellow answered, "What do you deserve, doctor, for not being able to answer the first time? Why, I'll give one, you blockhead, with an S.

"'Si licet, ut fulvum spectatur in ignibus haurum.'

"What, canst not with an M neither? Thou art a pretty fellow for a parson! Why didst not steal some of the parson's Latin as well as his gown?" Another at the table then answered, "If he had, you would have been too hard for him; I remember you at the college a very devil at this sport; I have seen you catch a freshman, for nobody that knew you would engage with you." "I have forgot those things now," cried the wit. "I believe I could have done pretty well formerly. Let's see, what did I end with?—an M again—aye—

"'Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.'

I could have done it once." "Ah! evil betide you, and so you can now," said the other: "nobody in this country will undertake you." Adams could hold no longer: "Friend," said he, "I have a boy not above eight years old who would instruct thee that the last verse runs thus:—

"'Ut sunt Divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.'"

"I'll hold thee a guinea of that," said the wit, throwing the money on the table. "And I'll go your halves," cries the other. "Done," answered Adams; but upon applying to his pocket he was forced to retract, and own he had no money about him; which set them all a-laughing, and confirmed the triumph of his adversary, which was not moderate, any more than the approbation he met with from the whole company, who told Adams he must go a little longer to school before he attempted to attack that gentleman in Latin.

The clerk, having finished the depositions, as well of the fellow himself, as of those who apprehended the prisoners, delivered them to the justice; who, having sworn the several witnesses without reading a syllable, ordered his clerk to make the mittimus.

Adams then said, “He hoped he should not be condemned unheard.” “No, no,” cries the justice, “you will be asked what you have to say for yourself when you come on your trial: we are not trying you now; I shall only commit you to gaol: if you can prove your innocence at size, you will be found ignoramus, and so no harm done.” “Is it no punishment, sir, for an innocent man to lie several months in gaol?” cries Adams: “I beg you would at least hear me before you sign the mittimus.” “What signifies all you can say?” says the justice: “is it not here in black and white against you? I must tell you you are a very impertinent fellow to take up so much of my time. So make haste with his mittimus.”

The clerk now acquainted the justice that among other suspicious things, as a penknife, &c., found in Adams’s pocket, they had discovered a book written, as he apprehended, in cyphers; for no one could read a word in it. “Ay,” says the justice, “the fellow may be more than a common robber, he may be in a plot against the Government. Produce the book.” Upon which the poor manuscript of Aeschylus, which Adams had transcribed with his own hand, was brought forth; and the justice, looking at it, shook his head, and, turning to the prisoner, asked the meaning of those cyphers. “Cyphers?” answered Adams, “it is a manuscript of Aeschylus.” “Who? who?” said the justice. Adams repeated, “Aeschylus.” “That is an outlandish name,” cried the clerk. “A fictitious name rather, I believe,” said the justice. One of the company declared it looked very much like Greek. “Greek?” said the justice; “why, ’tis all writing.” “No,” says the other, “I don’t positively say it is so; for it is a very long time since I have seen any Greek.” “There’s one,” says he, turning to the parson of the parish, who was present, “will tell us immediately.” The parson, taking up the book, and putting on his spectacles and gravity together, muttered some words to himself, and then pronounced aloud—“Ay, indeed, it is a Greek manuscript; a very fine piece of antiquity. I make no doubt but it was stolen from the same clergyman from whom the rogue took the cassock.” “What did the rascal mean by his Aeschylus?” says the justice. “Pooh!” answered the doctor, with a contemptuous grin, “do you think that fellow knows anything of this book? Aeschylus! ho! ho! I see now what it is—a manuscript of one of the fathers. I know a nobleman who would give a great deal of money for such a piece of antiquity. Ay, ay, question and answer. The beginning is the catechism in Greek. Ay, ay, Pollaki toi: What’s your name?”—“Ay, what’s your name?” says the justice to Adams; who answered, “It is Aeschylus, and I will maintain it.”—“Oh! it is,” says the justice: “make Mr Aeschylus his mittimus. I will teach you to banter me with a false name.”

One of the company, having looked steadfastly at Adams, asked him, “If he did not know Lady Booby?” Upon which Adams, presently calling him to mind, answered in a rapture, “O squire! are you there? I believe you will inform his worship I am innocent.”—“I can indeed say,” replied the squire, “that I am very much surprized to see you in this situation:” and then, addressing himself to the justice, he said, “Sir, I assure you Mr Adams is a clergyman, as he appears, and a gentleman of a very good character. I wish you would enquire a little farther into this affair; for I am convinced of his innocence.”—“Nay,” says the justice, “if he is a gentleman, and you are sure he is innocent, I don’t desire to commit him, not I: I will commit the woman by herself, and take your bail for the gentleman: look into the book, clerk, and see how it is to take bail—come—and make the mittimus for the woman as fast as you can.”—“Sir,” cries Adams, “I assure you she is as innocent as myself.”— “Perhaps,” said the squire, “there may be some mistake! pray let us hear Mr Adams’s relation.”—“With all my heart,” answered the justice; “and give the gentleman a glass to wet his whistle before he begins. I know how to behave myself to gentlemen as well as another. Nobody can say I have committed a gentleman since I have been in the commission.” Adams then began the narrative, in which, though he was very prolix, he was uninterrupted, unless by several hums and hahs of the justice, and his desire to repeat those parts which seemed to him most material. When he had finished, the justice, who, on what the squire had said, believed every syllable of his story on his bare affirmation, notwithstanding the depositions on oath to the contrary, began to let loose several rogues and rascals against the witness, whom he ordered to stand forth, but in vain; the said witness, long since finding what turn matters were likely to take, had privily withdrawn, without attending the issue. The justice now flew into a violent passion, and was hardly prevailed with not to commit the innocent fellows who had been imposed on as well as himself. He swore, “They had best find out the fellow who was guilty of perjury, and bring him before him within two days, or he would bind them all over to their good behaviour.” They all promised to use their best endeavours to that purpose, and were dismissed. Then the justice insisted that Mr Adams should sit down and take a glass with him; and the parson of the parish delivered him back the manuscript without saying a word; nor would Adams, who plainly discerned his ignorance, expose it. As for Fanny, she was, at her own request, recommended to the care of a maid-servant of the house, who helped her to new dress and clean herself.

The company in the parlour had not been long seated before they were alarmed with a horrible uproar from without, where the persons who had apprehended Adams and Fanny had been regaling, according to the custom of the house, with the justice’s strong beer. These were all fallen together by the ears, and were cuffing each other without any mercy. The justice himself sallied out, and with the dignity of his presence soon put an end to the fray. On his return into the parlour, he reported, “That the occasion of the quarrel was no other than a dispute to whom, if Adams had been convicted, the greater share of the reward for apprehending him had belonged.” All the company laughed at this, except Adams, who, taking his pipe from his mouth, fetched a deep groan, and said, “He was concerned to see so litigious a temper in men. That he remembered a story something like it in one of the parishes where his cure lay:—There was,” continued he, “a competition between three young fellows for the place of the clerk, which I disposed of, to the best of my abilities, according to merit; that is, I gave it to him who had the happiest knack at setting a psalm. The clerk was no sooner established in his place than a contention began between the two disappointed

candidates concerning their excellence; each contending on whom, had they two been the only competitors, my election would have fallen. This dispute frequently disturbed the congregation, and introduced a discord into the psalmody, till I was forced to silence them both. But, alas! the litigious spirit could not be stifled; and, being no longer able to vent itself in singing, it now broke forth in fighting. It produced many battles (for they were very near a match), and I believe would have ended fatally, had not the death of the clerk given me an opportunity to promote one of them to his place; which presently put an end to the dispute, and entirely reconciled the contending parties." Adams then proceeded to make some philosophical observations on the folly of growing warm in disputes in which neither party is interested. He then applied himself vigorously to smoaking; and a long silence ensued, which was at length broke by the justice, who began to sing forth his own praises, and to value himself exceedingly on his nice discernment in the cause which had lately been before him. He was quickly interrupted by Mr Adams, between whom and his worship a dispute now arose, whether he ought not, in strictness of law, to have committed him, the said Adams; in which the latter maintained he ought to have been committed, and the justice as vehemently held he ought not. This had most probably produced a quarrel (for both were very violent and positive in their opinions), had not Fanny accidentally heard that a young fellow was going from the justice's house to the very inn where the stage-coach in which Joseph was, put up. Upon this news, she immediately sent for the parson out of the parlour. Adams, when he found her resolute to go (though she would not own the reason, but pretended she could not bear to see the faces of those who had suspected her of such a crime), was as fully determined to go with her; he accordingly took leave of the justice and company: and so ended a dispute in which the law seemed shamefully to intend to set a magistrate and a divine together by the ears.

Chapter XII.

A very delightful adventure, as well to the persons concerned as to the goodnatured reader.

Adams, Fanny, and the guide, set out together about one in the morning, the moon being then just risen. They had not gone above a mile before a most violent storm of rain obliged them to take shelter in an inn, or rather alehouse, where Adams immediately procured himself a good fire, a toast and ale, and a pipe, and began to smoke with great content, utterly forgetting everything that had happened.

Fanny sat likewise down by the fire; but was much more impatient at the storm. She presently engaged the eyes of the host, his wife, the maid of the house, and the young fellow who was their guide; they all conceived they had never seen anything half so handsome; and indeed, reader, if thou art of an amorous hue, I advise thee to skip over the next paragraph; which, to render our history perfect, we are obliged to set down, humbly hoping that we may escape the fate of Pygmalion; for if it should happen to us, or to thee, to be struck with this picture, we should be perhaps in as helpless a condition as Narcissus, and might say to ourselves, Quod petis est nusquam. Or, if the finest features in it should set Lady ——'s image before our eyes, we should be still in as bad a situation, and might say to our desires, Coelum ipsum petimus stultitia.

Fanny was now in the nineteenth year of her age; she was tall and delicately shaped; but not one of those slender young women who seem rather intended to hang up in the hall of an anatomist than for any other purpose. On the contrary, she was so plump that she seemed bursting through her tight stays, especially in the part which confined her swelling breasts. Nor did her hips want the assistance of a hoop to extend them. The exact shape of her arms denoted the form of those limbs which she concealed; and though they were a little reddened by her labour, yet, if her sleeve slipped above her elbow, or her handkerchief discovered any part of her neck, a whiteness appeared which the finest Italian paint would be unable to reach. Her hair was of a chesnut brown, and nature had been extremely lavish to her of it, which she had cut, and on Sundays used to curl down her neck, in the modern fashion. Her forehead was high, her eyebrows arched, and rather full than otherwise. Her eyes black and sparkling; her nose just inclining to the Roman; her lips red and moist, and her underlip, according to the opinion of the ladies, too pouting. Her teeth were white, but not exactly even. The small-pox had left one only mark on her chin, which was so large, it might have been mistaken for a dimple, had not her left cheek produced one so near a neighbour to it, that the former served only for a foil to the latter. Her complexion was fair, a little injured by the sun, but overspread with such a bloom that the finest ladies would have exchanged all their white for it: add to these a countenance in which, though she was extremely bashful, a sensibility appeared almost incredible; and a sweetness, whenever she smiled, beyond either imitation or description. To conclude all, she had a natural gentility, superior to the acquisition of art, and which surprized all who beheld her.

This lovely creature was sitting by the fire with Adams, when her attention was suddenly engaged by a voice from an inner room, which sung the following song:—

THE SONG.

Say, Chloe, where must the swain stray

Who is by thy beauties undone?

To wash their remembrance away,

To what distant Lethe must run?

The wretch who is sentenced to die

May escape, and leave justice behind;

From his country perhaps he may fly,

But oh! can he fly from his mind?

O rapture! unthought of before,

To be thus of Chloe possess'd;

Nor she, nor no tyrant's hard power,

Her image can tear from my breast.

But felt not Narcissus more joy,

With his eyes he beheld his loved charms?

Yet what he beheld the fond boy

More eagerly wish'd in his arms.

How can it thy dear image be

Which fills thus my bosom with woe?

Can aught bear resemblance to thee

Which grief and not joy can bestow?

This counterfeit snatch from my heart,

Ye pow'rs, tho' with torment I rave,

Tho' mortal will prove the fell smart:

I then shall find rest in my grave.

Ah, see the dear nymph o'er the plain

Come smiling and tripping along!

A thousand Loves dance in her train,

The Graces around her all throng.

To meet her soft Zephyrus flies,

And wafts all the sweets from the flowers,

Ah, rogue I whilst he kisses her eyes,

More sweets from her breath he devours.

My soul, whilst I gaze, is on fire:

But her looks were so tender and kind,

My hope almost reach'd my desire,

And left lame despair far behind.

Transported with madness, I flew,

And eagerly seized on my bliss;

Her bosom but half she withdrew,

But half she refused my fond kiss.

Advances like these made me bold;

I whisper'd her—Love, we're alone.—

The rest let immortals unfold;

No language can tell but their own.

Ah, Chloe, expiring, I cried,

How long I thy cruelty bore!

Ah, Strephon, she blushing replied,

You ne'er was so pressing before.

Adams had been ruminating all this time on a passage in Aeschylus, without attending in the least to the voice, though one of the most melodious that ever was heard, when, casting his eyes on Fanny, he cried out, "Bless us, you look extremely pale!"—"Pale! Mr Adams," says she; "O Jesus!" and fell backwards in her chair. Adams jumped up, flung his Aeschylus into the fire, and fell a-roaring to the people of the house for help. He soon summoned every one into the room, and the songster among the rest; but, O reader! when this nightingale, who was no other than Joseph Andrews himself, saw his beloved Fanny in the situation we have described her, canst thou conceive the agitations of his mind? If thou canst not, waive that meditation to behold his happiness, when, clasping her in his arms, he found life and blood returning into her cheeks: when he saw her open her beloved eyes, and heard her with the softest accent whisper, "Are you Joseph Andrews?"—"Art thou my Fanny?" he answered eagerly: and, pulling her to his heart, he imprinted numberless kisses on her lips, without considering who were present.

If prudes are offended at the lusciousness of this picture, they may take their eyes off from it, and survey parson Adams dancing about the room in a rapture of joy. Some philosophers may perhaps doubt whether he was not the happiest of the three: for the goodness of his heart enjoyed the blessings which were exulting in the breasts of both the other two, together with his own. But we shall leave such disquisitions, as too deep for us, to those who are building some favourite hypothesis, which they will refuse no metaphysical rubbish to erect and support: for our part, we give it clearly on the side of Joseph, whose happiness was not only greater than the parson's, but of longer duration: for as soon as the first tumults of Adams's rapture were over he cast his eyes towards the fire, where Aeschylus lay expiring; and immediately rescued the poor remains, to wit, the sheepskin covering, of his dear friend, which was the work of his own hands, and had been his inseparable companion for upwards of thirty years.

Fanny had no sooner perfectly recovered herself than she began to restrain the impetuosity of her transports; and, reflecting on what she had done and suffered in the presence of so many, she was immediately covered with confusion; and, pushing Joseph gently from her, she begged him to be quiet, nor would admit of either kiss or embrace any longer. Then, seeing Mrs Slipslop, she curtsied, and offered to advance to her; but that high woman would not return her curtsies; but, casting her eyes another way, immediately withdrew into another room, muttering, as she went, she wondered who the creature was.

Chapter XIII.

A dissertation concerning high people and low people, with Mrs Slipslop's departure in no very good temper of mind, and the evil plight in which she left Adams and his company.

It will doubtless seem extremely odd to many readers, that Mrs Slipslop, who had lived several years in the same house with Fanny, should, in a short separation, utterly forget her. And indeed the truth is, that she remembered her very well. As we would not willingly, therefore, that anything should appear unnatural in this our history, we will endeavour to explain the reasons of her conduct; nor do we doubt being able to satisfy the most curious reader that Mrs Slipslop did not in the least deviate from the common road in this behaviour; and, indeed, had she done otherwise, she must have descended below herself, and would have very justly been liable to censure.

Be it known then, that the human species are divided into two sorts of people, to wit, high people and low people. As by high people I would not be understood to mean persons literally born higher in their dimensions than the rest of the species, nor metaphorically those of exalted characters or abilities; so by low people I cannot be construed to intend the reverse. High people signify no other than people of fashion, and low people those of no fashion. Now, this word fashion hath by long use lost its original meaning, from which at present it gives us a very different idea; for I am deceived if by persons of fashion we do not generally include a conception of birth and accomplishments superior to the herd of mankind; whereas, in reality, nothing more was originally meant by a person of fashion than a person who drest himself in the fashion of the times; and the word really and truly signifies no more at this day. Now, the world being thus divided into people of fashion and people of no fashion, a fierce contention arose between them; nor would those of one party, to avoid suspicion, be seen publicly to speak to those of the other, though they often held a very good correspondence in private. In this contention it is difficult to say which party succeeded; for, whilst the people of fashion seized several places to their own use, such as courts, assemblies, operas, balls, &c., the people of no fashion, besides one royal place, called his Majesty's Bear-garden, have been in constant possession of all hops, fairs, revels, &c. Two places have been agreed to be divided between them, namely, the church and the playhouse, where they segregate themselves from each other in a remarkable manner; for, as the people of fashion exalt themselves at church over the heads of the people of no fashion, so in the playhouse they abase themselves in the same degree under their feet. This distinction I have never met with any one able to account for: it is sufficient that, so far from looking on each other as brethren in the Christian language, they seem scarce to regard each other as of the same species. This, the terms "strange persons, people one does not know, the creature, wretches, beasts, brutes," and many other appellations evidently demonstrate; which Mrs Slipslop, having often heard her mistress use, thought she had also a right to use in her turn; and perhaps she was not mistaken; for these two parties, especially those bordering nearly on each other, to wit, the lowest of the high, and the highest of the low, often change their parties according to place and time; for those who are people of fashion in one place are often people of no fashion in another. And with regard to time, it may not be unpleasant to survey the picture of dependance like a kind of ladder; as, for instance; early in the morning arises the postillion, or some other boy, which great families, no more than great ships, are without, and falls to brushing the clothes and cleaning the shoes of John the footman; who, being drest himself, applies his hands to the same labours for Mr Second-hand, the squire's gentleman; the gentleman in the like manner, a little later in the day, attends the squire; the squire is no sooner equipped than he attends the levee of my lord; which is no sooner over than my lord himself is seen at the levee of the favourite, who, after the hour of homage is at an end, appears himself to pay homage to the levee of his sovereign. Nor is there, perhaps, in this whole ladder of dependance, any one step at a greater distance from the other than the first from the second; so that to a philosopher the question might only seem, whether you would chuse to be a great man at six in the morning, or at two in the afternoon. And yet there are scarce two of these who do not think the least familiarity with the persons below them a condescension, and, if they were to go one step farther, a degradation.

And now, reader, I hope thou wilt pardon this long digression, which seemed to me necessary to vindicate the great character of Mrs Slipslop from what low people, who have never seen high people, might think an absurdity; but we who know them must have daily found very high persons know us in one place and not in another, to-day and not to-morrow; all which it is difficult to account for otherwise than I have here endeavoured; and perhaps, if the gods, according to the opinion of some, made men only to laugh at them, there is no part of our behaviour which answers the end of our creation better than this.

But to return to our history: Adams, who knew no more of this than the cat which sat on the table, imagining Mrs Slipslop's memory had been much worse than it really was, followed her into the next room, crying out, "Madam Slipslop, here is one of your old acquaintance; do but see what a fine woman she is grown since she left Lady Booby's service."—"I think I reflect something of her," answered she, with great dignity, "but I can't remember all the inferior servants in our family." She then proceeded to satisfy Adams's curiosity, by telling him, "When she arrived at the inn, she found a chaise ready for her; that, her lady being expected very shortly in the country, she was obliged to make the utmost haste; and, in commensuration of Joseph's lameness, she had taken him with her;" and lastly, "that the excessive virulence of the storm had driven them into the house where he found them." After which, she acquainted Adams with his having left his horse, and exprest some wonder at his having strayed so far out of his way, and at meeting him, as she said, "in the company of that wench, who she feared was no better than she should be."

The horse was no sooner put into Adams's head but he was immediately driven out by this reflection on the character of Fanny. He protested, "He believed there was not a chaster damsel in the universe. I heartily wish, I heartily wish," cried he (snapping his fingers), "that all her betters were as good." He then proceeded to inform her of the accident of their meeting; but when he came to mention the circumstance of delivering her from the rape, she said, "She thought him properer for the army than the

clergy; that it did not become a clergyman to lay violent hands on any one; that he should have rather prayed that she might be strengthened." Adams said, "He was very far from being ashamed of what he had done:" she replied, "Want of shame was not the currycuristic of a clergyman." This dialogue might have probably grown warmer, had not Joseph opportunely entered the room, to ask leave of Madam Slipslop to introduce Fanny: but she positively refused to admit any such trollops, and told him, "She would have been burnt before she would have suffered him to get into a chaise with her, if she had once respected him of having his sluts waylaid on the road for him;" adding, "that Mr Adams acted a very pretty part, and she did not doubt but to see him a bishop." He made the best bow he could, and cried out, "I thank you, madam, for that rightreverend appellation, which I shall take all honest means to deserve."—"Very honest means," returned she, with a sneer, "to bring people together." At these words Adams took two or three strides across the room, when the coachman came to inform Mrs Slipslop, "That the storm was over, and the moon shone very bright." She then sent for Joseph, who was sitting without with his Fanny, and would have had him gone with her; but he peremptorily refused to leave Fanny behind, which threw the good woman into a violent rage. She said, "She would inform her lady what doings were carrying on, and did not doubt but she would rid the parish of all such people;" and concluded a long speech, full of bitterness and very hard words, with some reflections on the clergy not decent to repeat; at last, finding Joseph unmoveable, she flung herself into the chaise, casting a look at Fanny as she went, not unlike that which Cleopatra gives Octavia in the play. To say the truth, she was most disagreeably disappointed by the presence of Fanny: she had, from her first seeing Joseph at the inn, conceived hopes of something which might have been accomplished at an alehouse as well as a palace. Indeed, it is probable Mr Adams had rescued more than Fanny from the clanger of a rape that evening.

When the chaise had carried off the enraged Slipslop, Adams, Joseph, and Fanny assembled over the fire, where they had a great deal of innocent chat, pretty enough; but, as possibly it would not be very entertaining to the reader, we shall hasten to the morning; only observing that none of them went to bed that night. Adams, when he had smoaked three pipes, took a comfortable nap in a great chair, and left the lovers, whose eyes were too well employed to permit any desire of shutting them, to enjoy by themselves, during some hours, an happiness which none of my readers who have never been in love are capable of the least conception of, though we had as many tongues as Homer desired, to describe it with, and which all true lovers will represent to their own minds without the least assistance from us.

Let it suffice then to say, that Fanny, after a thousand entreaties, at last gave up her whole soul to Joseph; and, almost fainting in his arms, with a sigh infinitely softer and sweeter too than any Arabian breeze, she whispered to his lips, which were then close to hers, "O Joseph, you have won me: I will be yours for ever." Joseph, having thanked her on his knees, and embraced her with an eagerness which she now almost returned, leapt up in a rapture, and awakened the parson, earnestly begging him "that he would that instant join their hands together." Adams rebuked him for his request, and told him "He would by no means consent to anything contrary to the forms of the Church; that he had no licence, nor indeed would he advise him to obtain one; that the Church had prescribed a form—namely, the publication of banns—with which all good Christians ought to comply, and to the omission of which he attributed the many miseries which befell great folks in marriage;" concluding, "As many as are joined together otherwise than G—'s word doth allow are not joined together by G—, neither is their matrimony lawful." Fanny agreed with the parson, saying to Joseph, with a blush, "She assured him she would not consent to any such thing, and that she wondered at his offering it." In which resolution she was comforted and commended by Adams; and Joseph was obliged to wait patiently till after the third publication of the banns, which, however, he obtained the consent of Fanny, in the presence of Adams, to put in at their arrival.

The sun had been now risen some hours, when Joseph, finding his leg surprizingly recovered, proposed to walk forwards; but when they were all ready to set out, an accident a little retarded them. This was no other than the reckoning, which amounted to seven shillings; no great sum if we consider the immense quantity of ale which Mr Adams poured in. Indeed, they had no objection to the reasonableness of the bill, but many to the probability of paying it; for the fellow who had taken poor Fanny's purse had unluckily forgot to return it. So that the account stood thus:—

	£	S	D
Mr Adams and company, Dr.	0	7	0
In Mr Adams's pocket	0	0	$6\frac{1}{2}$
In Mr Joseph's	0	0	0
In Mrs Fanny's	0	0	0
Balance	0	6	$5\frac{1}{2}$

They stood silent some few minutes, staring at each other, when Adams whipt out on his toes, and asked the hostess, "If there was no clergyman in that parish?" She answered, "There was."—"Is he wealthy?" replied he; to which she likewise answered in the

affirmative. Adams then snapping his fingers returned overjoyed to his companions, crying out, “Heureka, Heureka;” which not being understood, he told them in plain English, “They need give themselves no trouble, for he had a brother in the parish who would defray the reckoning, and that he would just step to his house and fetch the money, and return to them instantly.”

4.9.2: Reading and Review Questions

1. *Joseph Andrews* includes a range of characters, from the aristocracy to their servants. How, if at all, does Fielding use the servant class to criticize the upper classes? Is Fielding aiming for a change in the social order, do you think? Why, or why not?
2. Why does Fielding address the reader directly? What’s the effect of his doing so, do you think?
3. A number of innocent victims are shown spontaneous malice and wicked behavior in this work. Why? What’s Fielding’s purpose, do you think?
4. What purpose does the character of the Peddler serve, do you think? What’s the relation of the Peddler to other characters, and to humanity in general?
5. Coincidence plays a large role in the plot and action of Joseph Andrews. Why, do you think? How much, if any, reason and logic does Fielding expect his readers to apply to understanding the plot?

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4.10: Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (1698-1762)



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Mary Wortley Montagu was daughter of Evelyn Pierrepont, 1st Duke of Kingston (1655-1726) and Mary Fielding (cousin of novelist Henry Fielding), who died when Montagu was five. As a female, she was tutored at home but was largely self-educated through reading the books in her father's library. She read English and French literature and taught herself Latin so that she could read such classical texts as Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. In 1712, she married an attorney, Edward Montagu. He was elected to parliament, was sent as a peace negotiator to Constantinople, and was the British ambassador to Turkey (1716-18). Montagu joined her husband in Turkey, from which country she wrote remarkable letters describing her life while in the Middle East. She used her distant vantage point to criticize the limits and restraints—including physical restraints—placed upon women in Europe. At the Turkish bath, the women there entreat Montagu to undress for the bath, an invitation she must refuse because of her Western dress: "I was at last forced to open my skirt and show them my stays, which satisfied them very well, for I saw they believed I was so locked up in that machine that it was not in my own power to open it, which contrivance they attributed to my husband" (*The Turkish Embassy Letters*: LET XXVI). She used the same technique of contrasts in her Town Eclogues (1747), poems modeled after Virgil's Eclogues; they use the pastoral form to comment on the city (or court). Through her travel accounts, in various genres, she made an early contribution to the important genre of the woman explorer.

Separated from her husband in 1739, Montague traveled on the Continent until the year of her death, when she returned to London. A selection of her letters was published a year after she died.

Alexander Pope early admired her, exchanged letters and matched poems with her, though he later satirized her, for instance in "To Lady Mary Wortley Montagu," particularly for her popularizing smallpox inoculation in England. She had observed the practice in Turkey where she had her son inoculated. During a smallpox epidemic in England in 1721, she asked Dr. Charles Maitland to inoculate her daughter against the illness. She then visited several prominent households with her daughter to attest to the safety of the procedure. Conservative thinkers like Pope and anti-inoculationists ridiculed Montagu; though Voltaire, among others, praised her.

Despite being classically opaque, Montagu's poetry contains some autobiographical elements, for instance, in "Saturday. The Smallpox." In this poem, she reveals the identity conflict of a woman who has been taught to view herself mainly through her beauty, through her appeal to others (males), but who possesses, values, and attests to internal strengths, such as wit and charm.

4.10.1: From Turkish Embassy Letters LET. XXVI.

To the Lady ——.

Adrianople, April 1. O. S. 1717.

I am now got into a new world, where every thing I see appears to me a change of scene; and I write to your ladyship with some

content of mind, hoping, at least, that you will find the charms of novelty in my letters, and no longer reproach me, that I tell you nothing extraordinary. I won't trouble you with a relation of our tedious journey; but must not omit what I saw remarkable at Sophia, one of the most beautiful towns in the Turkish empire, and famous for its hot baths, that are resorted to both for diversion and health. I stopped here one day, on purpose to see them; and, designing to go incognito, I hired a Turkish coach. These voitures are not at all like ours, but much more convenient for the country, the heat being so great, that glasses would be very troublesome. They are made a good deal in the manner of the Dutch stage-coaches, having wooden lattices painted and gilded; the inside being also painted with baskets and nosegays of flowers, intermixed commonly with little poetical mottos. They are covered all over with scarlet cloth, lined with silk, and very often richly embroidered and fringed. This covering entirely hides the persons in them, but may be thrown back at pleasure, and thus permits the ladies to peep through the lattices. They hold four people very conveniently, seated on cushions, but not raised.

In one of these covered waggons, I went to the bagnio about ten o'clock. It was already full of women. It is built of stone, in the shape of a dome, with no windows but in the roof, which gives light enough. There were five of these domes joined together, the outmost being less than the rest, and serving only as a hall, where the portress stood at the door. Ladies of quality generally give this woman a crown or ten shillings; and I did not forget that ceremony. The next room is a very large one paved with marble, and all round it are two raised sofas of marble, one above another. There were four fountains of cold water in this room, falling first into marble basons, and then running on the floor in little channels made for that purpose, which carried the streams into the next room, something less than this, with the same sort of marble sofas, but so hot with steams of sulphur proceeding from the baths joining to it, 'twas impossible to stay there with one's cloaths on. The two other domes were the hot baths, one of which had cocks of cold water turning into it, to temper it to what degree of warmth the bathers pleased to have.

I was in my travelling habit, which is a riding dress, and certainly appeared very extraordinary to them. Yet there was not one of them that shewed the least surprise or impertinent curiosity, but received me with all the obliging civility possible. I know no European court, where the ladies would have behaved themselves in so polite a manner to such a stranger. I believe, upon the whole, there were two hundred women, and yet none of those disdainful smiles, and satirical whispers, that never fail in our assemblies, when any body appears that is not dressed exactly in the fashion. They repeated over and over to me; "Uzelle, pek uzelle," which is nothing but, Charming, very Charming. —— The first sofas were covered with cushions and rich carpets, on which sat the ladies; and on the second, their slaves behind them, but without any distinction of rank by their dress, all being in the state of nature, that is, in plain English, stark naked, without any beauty or defect concealed. Yet there was not the least wanton smile or immodest gesture amongst them. They walked and moved with the same majestic grace, which Milton describes our general mother with. There were many amongst them, as exactly proportioned as ever any goddess was drawn by the pencil of a Guido or Titian, — and most of their skins shiningly white, only adorned by their beautiful hair divided into many tresses, hanging on their shoulders, braided either with pearl or ribbon, perfectly representing the figures of the Graces.

I was here convinced of the truth of a reflection I have often made, That if it were the fashion to go naked, the face would be hardly observed. I perceived, that the ladies of the most delicate skins and finest shapes had the greatest share of my admiration, though their faces were sometimes less beautiful than those of their companions. To tell you the truth, I had wickedness enough, to wish secretly, that Mr Gervais could have been there invisible. I fancy it would have very much improved his art, to see so many fine women naked, in different postures, some in conversation, some working, others drinking coffee or sherbet, and many negligently lying on their cushions, while their slaves (generally pretty girls of seventeen or eighteen) were employed in braiding their hair in several pretty fancies. In short, 'tis the women's coffee-house, where all the news of the town is told, scandal invented, &c. —— They generally take this diversion once a-week, and stay there at least four or five hours, without getting cold by immediate coming out of the hot bath into the cold room, which was very surprising to me. The lady, that seemed the most considerable among them, entreated me to sit by her, and would fain have undressed me for the bath. I excused myself with some difficulty. They being however all so earnest in persuading me, I was at last forced to open my shirt, and shew them my stays; which satisfied them very well; for, I saw, they believed I was locked up in that machine, and that it was not in my own power to open it, which contrivance they attributed to my husband, —— I was charmed with their civility and beauty, and should have been very glad to pass more time with them; but Mr W—— resolving to pursue his journey next morning early, I was in haste to see the ruins of Justinian's church, which did not afford me so agreeable a prospect as I had left, being little more than a heap Of stones.

Adieu, madam, I am sure I have now entertained you with an account of such a sight as you never saw in your life, and what no book of travels could inform you of, as 'tis no less than death for a man to be found in one of these places.

4.10.2: "Constantinople"

(1718)

Give me Great God (said I) a Little Farm

in Summer shady, & in Winter warm

where a cool spring gives birth to a clear brook

By Nature slideing down a mossy Rock

Not artfully in Leaden Pipes convey'd

Or greatly falling in a Forc'd Cascade

Pure & unsully'd winding throu' ye Shade.

All bounteous Heaven has added to my Praier

Not artfully in Leaden Pipes convey'd

a softer Climate and a purer Air.

Our Frozen Isle now chilling Winter binds

Deform'd by Rains, & rough wth blasting Winds

ye wither'd Woods grown white wth hoary Frost

by driving storms their scatter'd beautys lost

The Trembling birds their leaveless coverts shun

And seek in distant Climes a warmer Sun

The Water Nymphs their silenced Urns deplore

Even Thames benumb'd a River now no more

The barren Meadows give no more delight

by Glist'ning Snows made painfull to ye Sight.

Here Summer reigns with one Eternal Smile

And double Harvests bless ye happy Soil.

Fair, fertile Fields to warm Indulgent Heaven

Has every Charm of every Season given!

No Killing Cold deforms ye Beauteous Year

The springing Flowers no coming Winter Fear

But as ye Parent Rose decays & dies

ye Infant Buds wth brighter Colours rise

And with fresh sweets ye Mother-scent supplys

Near them the Vi'let glows wth odours blest

And blooms in more than Tyrian Purple drest

The rich Jonquils their golden gleam display

And shine in glorys emulateing day.

These chearfull Groves their living Leaves retain

The Streams still murmur undefil'd by Rain

And growing Green adorns ye Fruitfull Plain

The warbling Kind uninterrupted Sing,

Warm'd wth Enjoyment of perpetual Spring.

Here from my Window I at once survey

The crouded City, & resounding Sea

In distant Views see Assian Mountains rise

And Lose their Snowy Summits in ye Skies.

Above those Mountains high Olympus Tow'rs

The Parliamental Seat of Heavenly Powers.

New to ye Sight my ravish'd Eyes admire

Each guilded Crescent & each Antique Spire

The Fair Serail where sunk in Idle ease

The Lazy Monarch melts his thoughtless days

The Marble Mosques beneath whose Ample Domes

Fierce Warlike Sultans sleep in peacefull Tombs

Those lofty Structures once the Christian boast

Their Names, their Honnours, & their Beautys lost

Those Altars bright wth Gold, wth Sculpture grac'd

By barbarous Zeal of savage Foes defac'd

Convents where Emperors profess'd of old

The Labour'd Pillars that their Triumphs told.

Vain Monuments of Men that once were great!

Sunk, undistinguish'd, by one Common Fate!

How art thou falln Imperial City, Low!

Where are thy Hopes of Roman Glory now?

Where are thy Palaces by Prelates rais'd

Where preistly Pomp in Purple Lustre blaz'd?

So vast, that Youthfull Kings might there reside

So Splendid; to content a Patriarchs pride

Where Grecian Artists all their skill displayd

Before ye happy Sciences decay'd;

So vast, that Youthfull Kings might there reside

So Splendid; to content a Patriarchs Pride;

Convents where Emperors proffess'd of Old,

The Labour'd Pillars that their Triumphs told,

Vain Monuments of Men that once were great!

Sunk, undistinguish'd in one common Fate!

One Little Spot, the small Fenar contains,

Of Greek Nobillity, the poor Remains,

Where other Helens show like powerfull Charms

As once engag'd the Warring World in Arms:

Those Names that Roial Auncestry can boast

In mean Mechanic Arts obscurely lost

Those eyes a second Homer might inspire,

fix'd at the Loom, destroy their useless Fire.

Greiv's at a view which strikes vpon my Mind

The short liv'd Vanity of Human kind

In Gaudy Objects I indulge my Sight,

And turn where Eastern Pomp gives gay delight.

See, the vast Train in various Habits dress'd!

By the Bright Seymetar and Sable Vest;

The Vizier proud, distinguish'd o're the rest!

Six slaves in gay Attire his Bridle hold;

His Bridle rough with Gems, his Stirups Gold;

His Snowy Steed adorn'd with lavish Pride

Whole Troops of Soldiers mounted by his Side,

These toss the Plumy Crest, Arabian Coursers guide.

With awfull Duty all decline their Eyes,

No bellowing Shouts of noisy Crouds arise;

Silence in solemn State the march attends

Till at the dread Divan the slow processions ends.

Yet not these Objects all profusely Gay,

The Gilded Navy that adorns the Sea,

The riseing City in Confusion fair;

Magnificently form'd irregular

Where Woods and Palaces at once surprise

Gardens, on Gardens, Domes on Domes arise

And endless Beauties tire the wandering Eyes,

So sooths my Wishes, or so charms my Mind,

As this Retreat, secure from Human kind.

No Knaves successfull Craft does Spleen excite

No Coxcombs tawdry Splendour shocks my Sight;

No Mob Alarm awakes my Female Fears,

No unrewarded Merit asks my Tears;

Nor Praise my Mind, nor Envy hurts my Ear,

Even Fame it selfe can hardly reach me here,

Impertinence with all her Tattling Train

Fair-sounding Flatterys delicious Bane

Censorious Folly; Noisy Party Rage;

The Thousand with which she must engage

Who dare have Virtue in a Vicious Age.

4.10.3: "Town Eclogues: Saturday. The Small Pox"

FLAVIA. THE wretched FLAVIA on her couch reclin'd,

Thus breath'd the anguish of a wounded mind;

A glass revers'd in her right hand she bore,

For now she shun'd the face she sought before.

'How am I chang'd ! alas! how am I grown

'A frightful spectre, to myself unknown!

'Where's my Complexion ? where the radiant Bloom,

‘That promis’d happiness for Years to come?

‘Then with what pleasure I this face survey’d!

‘To look once more, my visits oft delay’d!

‘Charm’d with the view, a fresher red would rise,

‘And a new life shot sparkling from my eyes!

‘Ah! faithless glass, my wonted bloom restore;

‘Alas! I rave, that bloom is now no more!

‘The greatest good the GODS on men bestow,

‘Ev’n youth itself, to me is useless now.

‘There was a time, (oh! that I could forget!)

‘When opera-tickets pour’d before my feet;

‘And at the ring, where brightest beauties shine,

‘The earliest cherries of the spring were mine.

‘Witness, O Lilly ; and thou, Motteux, tell

‘How much Japan these eyes have made ye sell.

‘With what contempt ye you saw me oft despise

‘The humble offer of the raffled prize;

‘For at the raffle still the prize I bore,

‘With scorn rejected, or with triumph wore!

‘Now beauty’s fled, and presents are no more!

‘For me the Patriot has the house forsook,

‘And left debates to catch a passing look:

‘For me the Soldier has soft verses writ;

‘For me the Beau has aim’d to be a Wit.

‘For me the Wit to nonsense was betray’d;

‘The Gamester has for me his dun delay’d,

‘And overseen the card, I would have play’d.

‘The bold and haughty by success made vain,

‘Aw’d by my eyes has trembled to complain:

‘The bashful ‘squire touch’d by a wish unknown,

‘Has dar’d to speak with spirit not his own;

‘Fir’d by one wish, all did alike adore;

‘Now beauty’s fled, and lovers are no more!

‘As round the room I turn my weeping eyes,

‘New unaffected scenes of sorrow rise!

‘Far from my sight that killing picture bear,

‘The face disfigure, and the canvas tear!

‘That picture which with pride I us’d to show,

‘The lost resemblance but upbraids me now.

‘And thou, my toilette! where I oft have sat,

‘While hours unheeded pass’d in deep debate,

‘How curls should fall, or where a patch to place:

‘If blue or scarlet best became my face;

‘Now on some happier nymph thy aid bestow;

‘On fairer heads, ye useless jewels glow!

‘No borrow’d lustre can my charms restore;

‘Beauty is fled, and dress is now no more!

‘Ye meaner beauties, I permit ye shine;

‘Go, triumph in the hearts that once were mine;

‘But midst your triumphs with confusion know,

‘’Tis to my ruin all your arms ye owe.

‘Would pitying Heav’n restore my wonted mien,

‘Ye still might move unthought-of and unseen.

‘But oh! how vain, how wretched is the boast

‘Of beauty faded, and of empire lost!

‘What now is left but weeping, to deplore

‘My beauty fled, and empire now no more!

‘Ye, cruel Chymists, what with-held your aid!

‘Could no pomatums save a trembling maid?

‘How false and trifling is that art you boast;

‘No art can give me back my beauty lost.

‘In tears, surrounded by my friends I lay,

‘Mask’d o’er and trembled at the sight of day;

‘MIRMILLO came my fortune to deplore,

‘(A golden headed cane, well carv’d he bore)

‘Cordials, he cried, my spirits must restore:

‘Beauty is fled, and spirit is no more!

‘GALEN, the grave; officious SQUIRT was there,

‘With fruitless grief and unavailing care:

‘MACHAON too, the great MACHAON, known

‘By his red cloak and his superior frown;

‘And why, he cry’d, this grief and this despair?

‘You shall again be well, again be fair;

‘Believe my oath; (with that an oath he swore)

‘False was his oath; my beauty is no more!

‘Cease, hapless maid, no more thy tale pursue,

‘Forsake mankind, and bid the world adieu!

‘Monarchs and beauties rule with equal sway;

‘All strive to serve, and glory to obey:

‘Alike unpitied when depos’d they grow;

‘Men mock the idol of their former vow.

‘Adieu! ye parks! — in some obscure recess,

‘Where gentle streams will weep at my distress,

‘Where no false friend will in my grief take part,

‘And mourn my ruin with a joyful heart;

‘There let me live in some deserted place,

‘There hide in shades this lost inglorious face.

‘Ye, operas, circles, I no more must view!

‘My toilette, patches, all the world adieu!

4.10.4: “The Reasons that Induced Dr S to write a Poem call’d the Lady’s Dressing room”

The Doctor in a clean starch’d band,

His Golden Snuff box in his hand,

With care his Di'mond Ring displays

And Artfull shews its various Rays,

While Grave he stalks down -- -- Street

His dearest Betty -- to meet.

Long had he waited for this Hour,

Nor gain'd Admittance to the Bower,

Had jok'd and punn'd, and swore and writ,

Try'd all his Galantry and Wit,

Had told her oft what part he bore

In Oxford's Schemes in days of yore,

But Bawdy, Politicks nor Satyr

Could move this dull hard hearted Creature.

Jenny her Maid could taste a Rhyme

And greiv'd to see him lose his Time,

Had kindly whisper'd in his Ear,

For twice two pound you enter here,

My lady vows without that Summ

It is in vain you write or come.

The Destin'd Offering now he brought

And in a paradise of thought

With a low Bow approach'd the Dame

Who smileing heard him preach his Flame.

His Gold she takes (such proofes as these

Convince most unbeleiving shees)

And in her trunk rose up to lock it

(Too wise to trust it in her pocket)

And then return'd with Blushing Grace

Expects the Doctor's warm Embrace.

But now this is the proper place

Where morals Stare me in the Face

And for the sake of fine Expression

I'm forc'd to make a small digression.

Alas for wretched Humankind,

With Learning Mad, with wisdom blink!

The Ox thinks he's for Saddle fit

(As long ago Freind Horace writ)

And Men their Talents still mistakeing,

The stutterer fancys his is speaking.

With Admiration oft we see

Hard Features heighten'd by Toupée,

The Beau affects the Politician,

Wit is the citizen's Ambition,

Poor Pope Philosophy displays on

With so much Rhime and little reason,

And thô he argues ne'er so long

That, all is right, his Head is wrong.

None strive to know their proper merit

But strain for Wisdom, Beauty, Spirit,

And lose the Praise that is their due

While they've th'impossible in view.

So have I seen the Injudicious Heir

To add one Window the whole House impair.

Instinct the Hound does better teach

Who never undertook to preach,

The frighted Hare from Dogs does run

But not attempts to bear a Gun.

Here many Noble thoughts occur

But I prolixity abhor,

And will persue th'instructive Tale

To shew the Wise in some things fail.

The Reverend Lover with surprize

Peeps in her Bubbys, and her Eyes,

And kisses both, and trys--and trys.

The Evening in this Hellish Play,

Beside his Guineas thrown away,

Provok'd the Preist to that degree

he swore, the Fault is not in me.

Your damn'd Close stool so near my Nose,

Your Dirty Smock, and Stinking Toes

Would make a Hercules as tame

As any Beau that you can name.

The nymph grown Furious roar'd by God

The blame lyes all in Sixty odd

And scornfull pointing to the door

Cry'd, Fumbler see my Face no more.

With all my Heart I'll go away

But nothing done, I'll nothing pay.

Give back the Money--How, cry'd she,

[I lock'd it in the Trunk stands there

And break it open if you dare.]

Would you palm such a cheat on me!

For poor 4 pound to roar and bellow,

Why sure you want some new Prunella?

[What if your Verses have not sold,

Must therefore I return your Gold?

Perhaps your have no better Luck in

The Knack of Rhyming than of --

I won't give back one single Crown,

To wash your Band, or turn your Gown.]

I'll be reveng'd you saucy Quean

(Replys the disapointed Dean)

I'll so describe your dressing room

The very Irish shall not come.

She answer'd short, I'm glad you'l write,

You'l furnish paper when I shite.

4.10.5: "Epistle from Mrs. Yonge to Her Husband"

Think not this paper comes with vain pretense

To move your pity, or to mourn th'offense.

Too well I know that hard obdurate heart;

No softening mercy there will take my part,

Nor can a woman's arguments prevail,

When even your patron's wise example fails.

But this last privilege I still retain;

Th'oppressed and injured always may complain.

Too, too severely laws of honor bind

The weak submissive sex of womankind.

If sighs have gained or force compelled our hand,

Deceived by art, or urged by stern command,

Whatever motive binds the fatal tie,

The judging world expects our constancy.

Just heaven! (for sure in heaven does justice reign,

Though tricks below that sacred name profane)

To you appealing I submit my cause,

Nor fear a judgment from impartial laws.

All bargains but conditional are made;

The purchase void, the creditor unpaid;

Defrauded servants are from service free;

A wounded slave regains his liberty.

For wives ill used no remedy remains,

To daily racks condemned, and to eternal chains.

From whence is this unjust distinction grown?

Are we not formed with passions like your own?

Nature with equal fire our souls endued,

Our minds as haughty, and as warm our blood;

O’er the wide world your pleasures you pursue,

The change is justified by something new;

But we must sigh in silence -- and be true.

Our sex’s weakness you expose and blame

(Of every prattling fop the common theme).

Yet from this weakness you suppose is due

Sublimer virtue than your Cato knew.

Had heaven designed us trials so severe,

It would have formed our tempers then to bear.

And I have borne (oh what have I not borne!)

The pang of jealousy, the insults of scorn.

Wearied at length, I from your sight remove,

And place my future hopes in secret love.

In the gay bloom of glowing youth retired,

I quit the woman’s joy to be admired,

With that small pension your hard heart allows,

Renounce your fortune, and release your vows.

To custom (though unjust) so much is due;

I hide my frailty from the public view.

My conscience clear, yet sensible of shame,

My life I hazard, to preserve my fame.

And I prefer this low inglorious state

To vile dependence on the thing I hate --

But you pursue me to this last retreat.

Dragged into light, my tender crime is shown

And every circumstance of fondness known.

Beneath the shelter of the law you stand,

And urge my ruin with a cruel hand,

While to my fault thus rigidly severe,

Tamely submissive to the man you fear.

This wretched outcast, this abandoned wife,

Has yet this joy to sweeten shameful life:

By your mean conduct, infamously loose,

You are at once my accuser and excuse.

Let me be damned by the censorious prude

(stupidly dull, or spiritually lewd),

My hapless case will surely pity find

From every just and reasonable mind.

When to the final sentence I submit,

The lips condemn me, but their souls acquit.

No more my husband, to your pleasures go,

The sweets of your recovered freedom know.

Go: court the brittle friendship of the great,

Smile at his board, or at his levee wait;

And when dismissed, to madam's toilet fly,

More than her chambermaids, or glasses, lie,

Tell her how young she looks, how heavenly fair,

Admire the lilies and the roses there.

Your high ambition may be gratified,

Some cousin of her own be made your bride,

And you the father of a glorious race

Endowed with Ch------l's strength and Low---r's face.

4.10.6: Reading and Review Questions

1. What's the effect of Montagu's commenting on the whiteness of the skin of the Turkish ladies in the bath? And of her allusion to Milton's Eve, the mother of all mankind?
2. What values—societal, social, gendered—does Montagu promote in "Constantinople," and how? What's the effect of the speaker's glancing reference to the Vizier's slaves?
3. Flavia, the speaker of "Saturday. The Smallpox," has suffered the scarring that smallpox could leave behind. She laments the loss of her beauty. Because of her lost beauty, what else has she lost? What do these consequent losses suggest about a society that values a woman's beauty over her mind and character?
4. Montagu's "On the Reasons that Induced. . . " rebuts Swift's "On a Lady's Dressing Room," in which an enamored gentleman loses all desire for an actress, once he sees her filthy dressing room and unclean personal sanitary habits. To what does Montagu attribute Swift's poem? In the so-called Battle of the Sexes, to what does she seem to attribute male animosity towards women? Why? How effective, if at all, is her implicit argument?
5. In "The Letter of Mrs. Yonge to Her Husband," the speaker condemns double standards and laws that men have made and

from which they benefit at women's expense. What are the grounds for the speaker's condemnation? How logical are they? Consider the speaker's appeal to reason and fairness. Does her own situation of having committed adultery affect her logic? How, and why?

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4.11: Samuel Johnson (1709-1784)

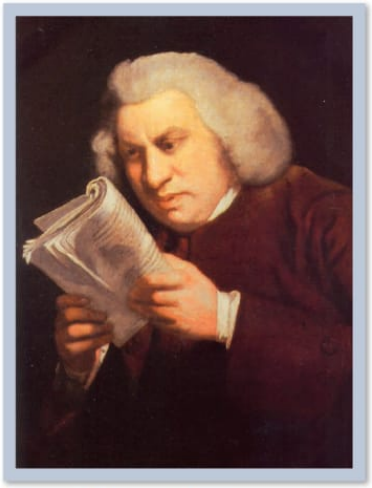


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Samuel Johnson was born in Lichfield, England to Michael Johnson, a bookseller, and Sarah Ford. Scrofula, a tubercular ailment he caught while still in his infancy, cost Johnson his sight in one eye and hearing in one ear. During his childhood, he took full advantage of his father's stock of books and read voraciously before going on to Lichfield and Stourbridge Grammar Schools. He entered Pembrock College, Oxford but could not afford to take his degree there.

He taught at Market Bosworth School as undermaster, a position that did not suit his temperament. In 1735, he married an older widow, Elizabeth Porter. The money she brought to their marriage allowed Johnson to open his own school, Edial School. Upon its failure, he journeyed to London along with one of his pupils, David Garrick (1717-1779), a man who would become one of the greatest actors of the English stage.

Johnson began his writing career with translations of Father Jerome Lobo's *A Voyage to Abyssinia* (1735). Although Johnson attempted to support himself by writing while in London, he suffered penury and the threat of depression. He wrote reports on parliamentary debates, imagining the exchanges he never witnessed firsthand; what has been called the first critical biography in English on his friend, the poet Richard Savage, in *An Account of the Life of Mr. Richard Savage* (1744); and poetry on the ethical and physical catastrophes to be endured in "London" (1738) and on the futility of desire in this transient world in *The Vanity of Human Wishes* (1749). In 1747, Johnson hit upon the important and ultimately monumental project of single-handedly writing an English dictionary.

His method of preparing this document was to rely on precedent, context, and illustration provided through quotations amounting in number to around 114,000. After eight years of hard work and conditions of sickness and sorrow—his wife having died in 1752—Johnson produced the *Dictionary of the English Language* (1755), a historic dictionary, remarkable for its meticulousness, scholarship, and, at times, its biased and humorous comments. And it demonstrated the importance and literary significance of the English language, an ongoing goal since Chaucer. It made his reputation—including earning him an honorary doctorate from the University of Dublin and the subsequent honorific of Dr. Johnson—and provided him a steady income, including an annual pension given to him by George III.

Johnson continued to write, blending sweetness and light in his moral (not moralizing) observations on such universal themes as time, vanity, faith, mercy, human encounters, and human happiness in his periodical essays for *The Rambler* (1750-1752), *The Adventurer* (1753-1754), and *The Idler* (1761); his novelistic "moral romance," *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia* (1759); and his critical edition of the Works of William Shakespeare. In his life, he endeavored to model his morality in his actions, charitably inviting into his home poor friends, supporting women's rights, opposing slavery, founding a literary Club, and maintaining Christian cheer in the face of his own often debilitating depression. The depth and dimension of his character, his wit and acumen, were recorded for posterity in *The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.* (1791) by James Boswell (1740-1759), an ambitious Scottish writer who, like many such, sought out Johnson and joined his Club, and whom Johnson welcomed to his circle almost as a son. Johnson continued to write throughout his life, despite increasing physical debility. After his death, he was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Johnson's writing is characterized by its balanced, classical style. His use of the periodic sentence (a sentence with the main clause or predicate at its end) characterizes this style in his prose; his use of the heroic couplet, his poetry; and his precise diction, in both. His keen, magisterial eye glanced on events both historical and every day; on concrete, particularized details of his physical surroundings and their transcendence through such higher faculties as reason and imagination, both unclouded but sustained by faith and reliance on authority and rules. He adjures the reader to the same reliance in the closing lines of "The Vanity of Human Wishes:"

Inquirer, cease, petitions yet remain,

Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain.

Still raise for good the supplicating voice,

But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice,

Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar

The secret ambush of a specious prayer.

Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,

Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.

(349-56)

4.11.1: "London"

A Poem In Imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal

— — —Quis ineptæ

Tam patiens Urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se?

Juv.

Tho' Grief and Fondness in my Breast rebel,

When injur'd Thales bids the Town farewell,

Yet still my calmer Thoughts his Choice commend,

I praise the Hermit, but regret the Friend,

Resolved at length, from Vice and London far,

To breathe in distant Fields a purer Air,

And, fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,

Give to St. David one *true Briton* more.

For who would leave, unbrib'd, *Hibernia*'s Land,

Or change the Rocks of *Scotland* for the *Strand*?

There none are swept by sudden Fate away,

But all whom Hunger spares, with Age decay:

Here Malice, Rapine, Accident, conspire,

And now a Rabble Rages, now a Fire;

Their Ambush here relentless Ruffians lay,

And here the fell Attorney prowls for Prey;

Here falling Houses thunder on your Head,

And here a female Atheist talks you dead.

While Thales waits the Wherry that contains

Of dissipated Wealth the small Remains,

On *Thames*'s Banks, in silent Thought we stood,

Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver Flood:

Struck with the Seat that gave Eliza Birth,

We kneel, and kiss the consecrated Earth;

In pleasing Dreams the blissful Age renew,

And call Britannia's Glories back to view;

Behold her Cross triumphant on the Main,

The Guard of Commerce, and the Dread of Spain,

Ere Masquerades debauch'd, Excise oppress'd,

Or *English* Honour grew a standing Jest.

A transient Calm the happy Scenes bestow,

And for a Moment lull the Sense of Woe.

At length awaking, with contemptuous Frown,

Indignant Thales eyes the neighb'ring Town.

Since Worth, he cries, in these degen'rate Days,

Wants ev'n the cheap Reward of empty Praise;

In those curst Walls, devote to Vice and Gain,

Since unrewarded Science toils in vain;

Since Hope but sooths to double my Distress,

And ev'ry Moment leaves my Little less;

While yet my steady Steps no Staff sustains,

And Life still vig'rous revels in my Veins;

Grant me, kind Heaven, to find some happier Place,

Where Honesty and Sense are no Disgrace;

Some pleasing Bank where verdant Osiers play,

Some peaceful Vale with Nature's Paintings gay;

Where once the harass'd Briton found Repose,

And safe in Poverty defy'd his Foes;

Some secret Cell, ye Pow'rs, indulgent give.

Let —— live here, for —— has learn'd to live.

Here let those reign, whom Pensions can incite

To vote a Patriot black, a Courtier white;

Explain their Country's dear-bought Rights away,

And plead for Pirates in the Face of Day;

With slavish Tenets taint our poison'd Youth,

And lend a Lye the confidence of Truth.

Let such raise Palaces, and Manors buy,

Collect a Tax, or farm a Lottery,

With warbling Eunuchs fill a licens'd Stage,

And lull to Servitude a thoughtless Age.

Heroes, proceed! What Bounds your Pride shall hold?

What Check restrain your Thirst of Pow'r and Gold?

Behold rebellious Virtue quite o'erthrown,

Behold our Fame, our Wealth, our Lives your own.

To such, a groaning Nation's Spoils are giv'n,

When publick Crimes inflame the Wrath of Heav'n:

But what, my Friend, what Hope remains for me,

Who start at Theft, and blush at Perjury?

Who scarce forbear, tho' Britain's Court he sing,

To pluck a titled Poet's borrow'd Wing;

A Statesman's Logic, unconvinc'd can hear,

And dare to slumber o'er the *Gazetteer*;

Despise a Fool in half his Pension drest,

And strive in vain to laugh at *H—y*'s jest.

Others with softer Smiles, and subtler Art,

Can sap the Principles, or taint the Heart;

With more Address a Lover's Note convey,

Or bribe a Virgin's Innocence away.

Well may they rise, while I, whose Rustic Tongue

Ne'er knew to puzzle Right, or varnish Wrong,

Spurn'd as a Beggar, dreaded as a Spy,

Live unregarded, unlamented die.

For what but social Guilt the Friend endears?

Who shares *Orgilio*'s Crimes, his Fortune shares.

But thou, should tempting Villainy present

All *Marlb'rough* hoarded, or all *Villier*s spent;

Turn from the glitt'ring Bribe thy scornful Eye,

Nor sell for Gold, what Gold could never buy,

The peaceful Slumber, self-approving Day,

Unsullied Fame, and Conscience ever gay.

The cheated Nation's happy Fav'rites, see!

Mark whom the Great caress, who frown on me!

London! the needy Villain's gen'ral Home,

The Common Shore of *Paris* and of *Rome*;

With eager Thirst, by Folly or by Fate,

Sucks in the Dregs of each corrupted State.

Forgive my Transports on a Theme like this,

I cannot bear a *French* metropolis.

Illustrious Edward! from the Realms of Day,

The Land of Heroes and of Saints survey;

Nor hope the *British* Lineaments to trace,

The rustic Grandeur, or the surly Grace;

But lost in thoughtless Ease, and empty Show,

Behold the Warriour dwindled to a Beau;

Sense, Freedom, Piety, refin'd away,

Of France the Mimic, and of Spain the Prey.

All that at home no more can beg or steal,

Or like a Gibbet better than a Wheel;

Hiss'd from the Stage, or hooted from the Court,

Their Air, their Dress, their Politicks import;

Obsequious, artful, voluble and gay,

On *Britain*'s fond Credulity they prey.

No gainful Trade their Industry can 'scape,

They sing, they dance, clean Shoes, or cure a Clap;

All Sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,

And bid him go to Hell, to Hell he goes.

Ah! what avails it, that, from Slav'ry far,

I drew the Breath of Life in *English* Air;

Was early taught a *Briton*'s Right to prize,

And lisp the Tale of Henry's Victories;

If the gull'd Conqueror receives the Chain,

And what their Armies lost, their Cringes gain?

Studious to please, and ready to submit,

The supple *Gaul* was born a Parasite:

Still to his Int'rest true, where'er he goes,

Wit, Brav'ry, Worth, his lavish Tongue bestows;

In ev'ry Face a Thousand Graces shine,

From ev'ry Tongue flows Harmony divine.

These Arts in vain our rugged Natives try,

Strain out with fault'ring Diffidence a Lye,

And get a Kick for awkward Flattery.

Besides, with Justice, this discerning Age

Admires their wond'rous Talents for the Stage:

Well may they venture on the Mimic's art,

Who play from Morn to Night a borrow'd Part;

Practis'd their Master's Notions to embrace,

Repeat his Maxims, and reflect his Face;

With ev'ry wild Absurdity comply,

And view each Object with another's Eye;

To shake with Laughter ere the Jest they hear,

To pour at Will the counterfeited Tear;

And as their Patron hints the Cold or Heat,

To shake in Dog-days, in *December* sweat.

How, when Competitors like these contend,

Can surly Virtue hope to fix a Friend?

Slaves that with serious Impudence beguile,

And lye without a Blush, without a Smile;

Exalt each Trifle, ev'ry Vice adore,

Your Taste in Snuff, your Judgment in a Whore;

Can *Balbo*'s Eloquence applaud, and swear

He gropes his Breeches with a Monarch's Air.

For Arts like these preferr'd, admir'd, carest,

They first invade your Table, then your Breast;

Explore your Secrets with insidious Art,

Watch the weak Hour, and ransack all the Heart;

Then soon your ill-plac'd Confidence repay,

Commence your Lords, and govern or betray.

By Numbers here from Shame or Censure free,

All Crimes are safe, but hated Poverty.

This, only this, the rigid Law persues,

This, only this, provokes the snarling Muse;

The sober Trader at a tatter'd Cloak,

Wakes from his Dream, and labours for a Joke;

With brisker Air the silken Courtiers gaze,

And turn the varied Taunt a thousand Ways.

Of all the Griefs that harrass the Distrest,

Sure the most bitter is a scornful Jest;

Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous Heart,

Than when a Blockhead's Insult points the Dart.

Has Heaven reserv'd, in Pity to the Poor,

No pathless Waste, or undiscover'd Shore?

No secret Island in the boundless Main?

No peaceful Desart yet unclaim'd by SPAIN?

Quick let us rise, the happy Seats explore,

And bear Oppression's Insolence no more.

This mournful Truth is ev'ry where confest,

Slow rises worth, by poverty deprest:

But here more slow, where all are Slaves to Gold,

Where Looks are Merchandise, and Smiles are sold,

Where won by Bribes, by Flatteries implor'd,

The Groom retails the Favours of his Lord.

But hark! th' affrighted Crowd's tumultuous Cries

Roll thro' the Streets, and thunder to the Skies;

Rais'd from some pleasing Dream of Wealth and Pow'r,

Some pompous Palace, or some blissful Bow'r,

Aghast you start, and scarce with aking Sight,

Sustain th' approaching Fire's tremendous Light;

Swift from pursuing Horrors take your Way,

And Leave your little All to Flames a Prey;

Then thro' the World a wretched Vagrant roam,

For where can starving Merit find a Home?

In vain your mournful Narrative disclose,

While all neglect, and most insult your Woes.

Should Heaven's just Bolts *Orgilio*'s Wealth confound,

And spread his flaming Palace on the Ground,

Swift o'er the Land the dismal Rumour flies,

And publick Mournings pacify the Skies;

The Laureat Tribe in servile Verse relate,

How Virtue wars with persecuting Fate;

With well-feign'd Gratitude the pension's Band

Refund the Plunder of the begger'd Land.

See! while he builds, the gaudy Vassals come,

And crowd with sudden Wealth the rising Dome;

The Price of Boroughs and of Souls restore,

And raise his Treasures higher than before.

Now bless'd with all the Baubles of the Great,

The polish'd Marble, and the shining Plate,

Orgilio sees the golden Pile aspire,

And hopes from angry Heav'n another Fire.

Couid'st thou resign the Park and Play content,

For the fair Banks of *Severn* or of *Trent*;

There might'st thou find some elegant Retreat,

Some hireling Senator's deserted Seat;

And stretch thy Prospects o'er the smiling Land,

For less than rent the Dungeons of the *Strand*;

There prune thy Walks, support thy drooping Flow'rs,

Direct thy Rivulets, and twine thy Bow'rs;

And, while thy Beds a cheap Repast afford,

Despise the Dainties of a venal Lord:

There ev'ry Bush with Nature's Music rings,

There ev'ry Breeze bears Health upon its Wings;

On all thy Hours Security shall smile,

And bless thine Evening Walk and Morning Toil.

Prepare for Death, if here at Night you roam,

And sign your Will before you sup from Home.

Some fiery Fop, with new Commission vain,

Who sleeps on Brambles till he kills his Man;

Some frolick Drunkard, reeling from a Feast,

Provokes a Broil, and stabs you for a Jest.

Yet ev'n these Heroes, mischievously gay,

Lords of the Street, and Terrors of the Way;

Flush'd as they are with Folly, Youth and Wine,

Their prudent Insults to the Poor confine;

Afar they mark the Flambeau's bright Approach,

And shun the shining Train, and golden Coach.

In vain, these Dangers past, your Doors you close,

And hope the balmy Blessings of Repose:

Cruel with Guilt, and daring with Despair,

The midnight Murd'rer bursts the faithless Bar;

Invades the sacred Hour of silent Rest,

And plants, unseen, a Dagger in your Breast.

Scarce can our Fields, such Crowds at *Tyburn* die,

With Hemp the Gallows and the Fleet supply.

Propose your Schemes, ye Senatorian Band,

Whose *Ways and Means* support the sinking Land;

Lest Ropes be wanting in the tempting Spring,

To rig another Convoy for the K—g.

A single Jail, in Alfred's golden Reign,

Could half the Nation's Criminals contain;

Fair Justice then, without Constraint ador'd,

Sustain'd the Ballance, but resign'd the Sword;

No Spies were paid, no *Special Juries* known,

Blest Age! But ah! how diff'rent from our own!

Much could I add, —— but see the Boat at hand,

The Tide retiring, calls me from the Land:

Farewel! —— When Youth, and Health, and Fortune spent,

Thou fly'st for Refuge to the Wilds of *Kent*;

And tir'd like me with Follies and with Crimes,

In angry Numbers warn'st succeeding Times;

Then shall thy Friend, nor thou refuse his Aid,

Still Foe to Vice forsake his *Cambrian* Shade;

In Virtue's Cause once more exert his Rage,

Thy Satire point, and animate thy Page.

4.11.2: The Vanity of Human Wishes

(1749)

Let Observation with extensive View,

Survey Mankind, from China to Peru;

Remark each anxious Toil, each eager Strife,

And watch the busy Scenes of crouded Life;

Then say how Hope and Fear, Desire and Hate,

O'er spread with Snares the clouded Maze of Fate,

Where wav'ring Man, betray'd by vent'rous Pride,

To tread the dreary Paths without a Guide;

As treach'rous Phantoms in the Mist delude,

Shuns fancied Ills, or chases airy Good.

How rarely Reason guides the stubborn Choice,

Rules the bold Hand, or prompts the suppliant Voice,

How Nations sink, by darling Schemes oppres'd,

When Vengeance listens to the Fool's Request.

Fate wings with ev'ry Wish th' afflictive Dart,

Each Gift of Nature, and each Grace of Art,

With fatal Heat impetuous Courage glows,

With fatal Sweetness Elocution flows,

Impeachment stops the Speaker's pow'rful Breath,

And restless Fire precipitates on Death.

But scarce observ'd the Knowing and the Bold,

Fall in the gen'ral Massacre of Gold;

Wide-wasting Pest! that rages unconfin'd,

And crouds with Crimes the Records of Mankind,

For Gold his Sword the Hireling Ruffian draws,

For Gold the hireling Judge distorts the Laws;

Wealth heap'd on Wealth, nor Truth nor Safety buys,

The Dangers gather as the Treasures rise.

Let Hist'ry tell where rival Kings command,

And dubious Title shakes the madded Land,

When Statutes glean the Refuse of the Sword,

How much more safe the Vassal than the Lord,

Low sculks the Hind beneath the Rage of Pow'r,

And leaves the bonny Traytor in the Tow'r,

Untouch'd his Cottage, and his Slumbers sound,

Tho' Confiscation's Vulturs clang around.

The needy Traveller, serene and gay,

Walks the wild Heath, and sings his Toil away.

Does Envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding Joy,

Encrease his Riches and his Peace destroy,

New Fears in dire Vicissitude invade,

The rustling Brake alarms, and quiv'ring Shade,

Nor Light nor Darkness bring his Pain Relief,

One shews the Plunder, and one hides the Thief.

Yet still the gen'ral Cry the Skies assails

And Gain and Grandeur load the tainted Gales;

Few know the toiling Statesman's Fear or Care,

Th' insidious Rival and the gaping Heir.

Once more, Democritus, arise on Earth,

With chearful Wisdom and instructive Mirth,

See motley Life in modern Trappings dress'd,

And feed with varied Fools th' eternal Jest:

Thou who couldst laugh where Want enchain'd Caprice,

Toil crush'd Conceit, and Man was of a Piece;

Where Wealth unlov'd without a Mourner dy'd;

And scarce a Sycophant was fed by Pride;

Where ne’er was known the Form of mock Debate,

Or seen a new-made Mayor’s unwieldy State;

Where change of Fav’rites made no Change of Laws,

And Senates heard before they judg’d a Cause;

How wouldst thou shake at Britain’s modish Tribe,

Dart the quick Taunt, and edge the piercing Gibe?

Attentive Truth and Nature to descry,

And pierce each Scene with Philosophic Eye.

To thee were solemn Toys or empty Shew,

The Robes of Pleasure and the Veils of Woe:

All aid the Farce, and all thy Mirth maintain,

Whose Joys are causeless, or whose Griefs are vain.

Such was the Scorn that fill’d the Sage’s Mind,

Renew’d at ev’ry Glance on Humankind;

How just that Scorn ere yet thy Voice declare,

Search every State, and canvass ev’ry Pray’r.

Unnumber’d Suppliants croud Preferment’s Gate,

Athirst for Wealth, and burning to be great;

Delusive Fortune hears th’ incessant Call,

They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.

On ev’ry Stage the Foes of Peace attend,

Hate dogs their Flight, and Insult mocks their End.

Love ends with Hope, the sinking Statesman’s Door

Pours in the Morning Worshiper no more;

For growing Names the weekly Scribbler lies,

To growing Wealth the Dedicator flies,

From every Room descends the painted Face,

That hung the bright Palladium of the Place,

And smoak’d in Kitchens, or in Auctions sold,

To better Features yields the Frame of Gold;

For now no more we trace in ev’ry Line

Heroic Worth, Benevolence Divine:

The Form distorted justifies the Fall,

And Detestation rids th' indignant Wall.

But will not Britain hear the last Appeal,

Sign her Foes Doom, or guard her Fav'rites Zeal;

Through Freedom's Sons no more Remonstrance rings,

Degrading Nobles and controuling Kings;

Our supple Tribes repress their Patriot Throats,

And ask no Questions but the Price of Votes;

With Weekly Libels and Septennial Ale,

Their Wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown Dignity, see Wolsey stand,

Law in his Voice, and Fortune in his Hand:

To him the Church, the Realm, their Pow'rs consign,

Thro' him the Rays of regal Bounty shine,

Turn'd by his Nod the Stream of Honour flows,

His Smile alone Security bestows:

Still to new Heights his restless Wishes tow'r,

Claim leads to Claim, and Pow'r advances Pow'r;

Till Conquest unresisted ceas'd to please

, And Rights submitted, left him none to seize.

At length his Sov'reign frowns -- the Train of State

Mark the keen Glance, and watch the Sign to hate.

Where-e'er he turns he meets a Stranger's Eye,

His Suppliants scorn him, and his Followers fly;

Now drops at once the Pride of aweful State,

The golden Canopy, the glitt'ring Plate,

The regal Palace, the luxurious Board,

The liv'ried Army, and the menial Lord.

With Age, with Cares, with Maladies oppress'd,

He seeks the Refuge of Monastic Rest.

Grief aids Disease, remember'd Folly stings,

And his last Sighs reproach the Faith of Kings.

Speak thou, whose Thoughts at humble Peace repine,

Shall Wolsey's Wealth, with Wolsey's End be thine?

Or liv'st thou now, with safer Pride content,

The richest Landlord on the Banks of Trent?

For why did Wolsey by the Steps of Fate,

On weak Foundations raise th' enormous Weight

Why but to sink beneath Misfortune's Blow,

With louder Ruin to the Gulphs below?

What gave great Villiers to th' Assassin's Knife,

And fixed Disease on Harley's closing life?

What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,

By Kings protected and to Kings ally'd?

What but their Wish indulg'd in Courts to shine,

And Pow'r too great to keep or to resign?

When first the College Rolls receive his Name,

The young Enthusiast quits his Ease for Fame;

Resistless burns the fever of Renown,

Caught from the strong Contagion of the Gown;

O'er Bodley's Dome his future Labours spread,

And Bacon's Mansion trembles o'er his Head;

Are these thy Views? proceed, illustrious Youth,

And Virtue guard thee to the Throne of Truth,

Yet should thy Soul indulge the gen'rous Heat,

Till captive Science yields her last Retreat;

Should Reason guide thee with her brightest Ray,

And pour on misty Doubt resistless Day;

Should no false Kindness lure to loose Delight,

Nor Praise relax, nor Difficulty fright;

Should tempting Novelty thy Cell refrain,

And Sloth's bland Opiates shed their Fumes in vain;

Should Beauty blunt on Fops her fatal Dart,

Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd Heart;

Should no Disease thy torpid Veins invade,

Nor Melancholy's Phantoms haunt thy Shade;

Yet hope not Life from Grief or Danger free,

Nor think the Doom of Man revers'd for thee:

Deign on the passing World to turn thine Eyes,

And pause awhile from Learning to be wise;

There mark what Ills the Scholar's Life assail,

Toil, Envy, Want, the Garret, and the Jail.

See Nations slowly wise, and meanly just,

To buried Merit raise the tardy Bust.

If Dreams yet flatter, once again attend,

Hear Lydiat's Life, and Galileo's End.

Nor deem, when Learning her lost Prize bestows

The glitt'ring Eminence exempt from Foes;

See when the Vulgar 'scap'd despis'd or aw'd,

Rebellion's vengeful Talons seize on Laud.

From meaner Minds, tho' smaller Fines content

The plunder'd Palace or sequester'd Rent;

Mark'd out by dangerous Parts he meets the Shock,

And fatal Learning leads him to the Block:

Around his Tomb let Art and Genius weep,

But hear his Death, ye Blockheads, hear and sleep.

The festal Blazes, the triumphal Show,

The ravish'd Standard, and the captive Foe,

The Senate's Thanks, the Gazette's pompous Tale,

With Force resistless o'er the Brave prevail.

Such Bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,

For such the steady Romans shook the World;

For such in distant Lands the Britons shine,

And stain with Blood the Danube or the Rhine;

This Pow'r has Praise, that Virtue scarce can warm,

Till Fame supplies the universal Charm.

Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal Game,

Where wasted Nations raise a single Name,

And mortgag'd States their Grandsires Wreaths regret

From Age to Age in everlasting Debt;

Wreaths which at last the dear-bought Right convey

To rust on Medals, or on Stones decay.

On what Foundation stands the Warrior's Pride?

How just his Hopes let Swedish Charles decide;

A Frame of Adamant, a Soul of Fire,

No Dangers fright him, and no Labours tire;

O'er Love, o'er Force, extends his wide Domain,

Unconquer'd Lord of Pleasure and of Pain;

No Joys to him pacific Scepters yield,

War sounds the Trump, he rushes to the Field;

Behold surrounding Kings their Pow'r combine,

And One capitulate, and One resign;

Peace courts his Hand, but spread her Charms in vain;

"Think Nothing gain'd, he cries, till nought remain,

"On Moscow's Walls till Gothic Standards fly,

"And all is Mine beneath the Polar Sky."

The March begins in Military State,

And Nations on his Eye suspended wait;

Stern Famine guards the solitary Coast,

And Winter barricades the Realms of Frost;

He comes, nor Want nor Cold his Course delay;---

Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's Day:

The vanquish'd Hero leaves his broken Bands,

And shews his Miseries in distant Lands;

Condemn'd a needy Supplicant to wait,

While Ladies interpose, and Slaves debate.

But did not Chance at length her Error mend?

Did no subverted Empire mark his End?

Did rival Monarchs give the fatal Wound?

Or hostile Millions press him to the Ground?

His Fall was destin'd to a barren Strand,

A petty Fortress, and a dubious Hand;

He left the Name, at which the World grew pale,

To point a Moral, or adorn a Tale.

All Times their Scenes of pompous Woes afford,

From Persia's Tyrant to Bavaria's Lord.

In gay Hostility, and barb'rous Pride,

With half Mankind embattled at his Side,

Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain Prey,

And starves exhausted Regions in his Way;

Attendant Flatt'ry counts his Myriads o'er,

Till counted Myriads sooth his Pride no more;

Fresh Praise is try'd till Madness fires his Mind,

The Waves he lashes, and enchains the Wind;

New Pow'rs are claim'd, new Pow'rs are still bestowed,

Till rude Resistance lops the spreading God;

The daring Greeks deride the Martial Shew,

And heap their Vallies with the gaudy Foe;

Th' insulted Sea with humbler Thoughts he gains,

A single Skiff to speed his Flight remains;

Th' incumber'd Oar scarce leaves the dreaded Coast

Through purple Billows and a floating Host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless Hour,

Tries the dread Summits of Cesarean Pow'r,

With unexpected Legions bursts away,

And sees defenceless Realms receive his Sway;

Short Sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful Charms,

The Queen, the Beauty, sets the World in Arms;

From Hill to Hill the Beacons rousing Blaze

Spreads wide the Hope of Plunder and of Praise;

The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,

And all the Sons of Ravage croud the War;

The baffled Prince in Honour's flatt'ring Bloom

Of hasty Greatness finds the fatal Doom,

His foes Derision, and his Subjects Blame,

And steals to Death from Anguish and from Shame.

Enlarge my Life with Multitude of Days,

In Health, in Sickness, thus the Suppliant prays;

Hides from himself his State, and shuns to know,

That Life protracted is protracted Woe.

Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,

And shuts up all the Passages of Joy:

In vain their Gifts the bounteous Seasons pour,

The Fruit autumnal, and the Vernal Flow'r,

With listless Eyes the Dotard views the Store,

He views, and wonders that they please no more;

Now pall the tastless Meats, and joyless Wines,

And Luxury with Sighs her Slave resigns.

Approach, ye Minstrels, try the soothing Strain,

And yield the tuneful Lenitives of Pain:

No Sounds alas would touch th' impervious Ear,

Though dancing Mountains witness'd Orpheus near;

Nor Lute nor Lyre his feeble Pow'rs attend,

Nor sweeter Musick of a virtuous Friend,

But everlasting Dictates croud his Tongue,

Perversely grave, or positively wrong.

The still returning Tale, and ling'ring Jest,

Perplex the fawning Niece and pamper'd Guest,

While growing Hopes scarce awe the gath'ring Sneer,

And scarce a Legacy can bribe to hear;

The watchful Guests still hint the last Offence,

The Daughter's Petulance, the Son's Expence,

Improve his heady Rage with treach'rous Skill,

And mould his Passions till they make his Will.

Unnumber'd Maladies each Joint invade,

Lay Siege to Life and press the dire Blockade;

But unextinguish'd Av'rice still remains,

And dreaded Losses aggravate his Pains;

He turns, with anxious Heart and cripled Hands,

His Bonds of Debt, and Mortgages of Lands;

Or views his Coffers with suspicious Eyes,

Unlocks his Gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the Virtues of a temp'rate Prime

Bless with an Age exempt from Scorn or Crime;

An Age that melts in unperceiv'd Decay,

And glides in modest Innocence away;

Whose peaceful Day Benevolence endears,

Whose Night congratulating Conscience cheers;

The gen'ral Fav'rite as the gen'ral Friend:

Such Age there is, and who could wish its end?

Yet ev'n on this her Load Misfortune flings,

To press the weary Minutes flagging Wings:

New Sorrow rises as the Day returns,

A Sister sickens, or a Daughter mourns.

Now Kindred Merit fills the sable Bier,

Now lacerated Friendship claims a Tear.

Year chases Year, Decay pursues Decay,

Still drops some Joy from with'ring Life away;

New Forms arise, and diff'rent Views engage,

Superfluous lags the Vet'ran on the Stage,

Till pitying Nature signs the last Release,

And bids afflicted Worth retire to Peace.

But few there are whom Hours like these await,

Who set unclouded in the Gulphs of fate.

From Lydia's monarch should the Search descend,

By Solon caution'd to regard his End,

In Life's last Scene what Prodigies surprise,

Fears of the Brave, and Follies of the Wise?

From Marlb'rough's Eyes the Streams of Dotage flow,

And Swift expires a Driv'ler and a Show.

The teeming Mother, anxious for her Race,

Begs for each Birth the Fortune of a Face:

Yet Vane could tell what Ills from Beauty spring;

And Sedley curs'd the Form that pleas'd a King.

Ye Nymphs of rosy Lips and radiant Eyes,

Whom Pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,

Whom Joys with soft Varieties invite

By Day the Frolick, and the Dance by Night,

Who frown with Vanity, who smile with Art,

And ask the latest Fashion of the Heart,

What Care, what Rules your heedless Charms shall save,

Each Nymph your Rival, and each Youth your Slave?

An envious Breast with certain Mischief glows,

And Slaves, the Maxim tells, are always Foes.

Against your Fame with Fondness Hate combines,

The Rival batters, and the Lover mines.

With distant Voice neglected Virtue calls,

Less heard, and less the faint Remonstrance falls;

Tir'd with Contempt, she quits the slipp'ry Reign,

And Pride and Prudence take her Seat in vain.

In croud at once, where none the Pass defend,

The harmless Freedom, and the private Friend.

The Guardians yield, by Force superior ply'd;

By Int'rest, Prudence; and by Flatt'ry, Pride.

Here Beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,

And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest.

Where then shall Hope and Fear their Objects find?

Must dull Suspence corrupt the stagnant Mind?

Must helpless Man, in Ignorance sedate,

Swim darkling down the Current of his Fate?

Must no Dislike alarm, no Wishes rise,

No Cries attempt the Mercies of the Skies?

Enquirer, cease, Petitions yet remain,

Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem Religion vain.

Still raise for Good the supplicating Voice,

But leave to Heav'n the Measure and the Choice.

Safe in his Pow'r, whose Eyes discern afar

The secret Ambush of a specious Pray'r.

Implore his Aid, in his Decisions rest,

Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.

Yet with the Sense of sacred Presence prest,

When strong Devotion fills thy glowing Breast,

Pour forth thy Fervours for a healthful Mind,

Obedient Passions, and a Will resign'd;

For Love, which scarce collective Man can fill;

For Patience sov'reign o'er transmuted Ill;

For Faith, that panting for a happier Seat,

Thinks Death kind Nature's Signal of Retreat:

These Goods for Man the Laws of Heav'n ordain,

These Goods he grants, who grants the Pow'r to gain;

With these celestial Wisdom calms the Mind,

And makes the Happiness she does not find.

4.11.3: From *Dictionary of the English Language*

(1755)

art n.s. [*arte*, Fr. *ars*, Lat.]

1. The power of doing something not taught by nature and instinct; as, to walk is natural, to dance is an art.

Art is properly an habitual knowledge of certain rules and maxims, by which a man is governed and directed in his actions. South.

Blest with each grace of nature and of art. Pope.

Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot, The last and greatest art, the art to blot. Pope.

2. A science; as, the liberal *arts*.

Arts that respect the mind were ever reputed nobler than those that serve the body. Ben. Johnson's Discovery.

3. A trade.

This observation is afforded us by the art of making sugar. Boyle.

4. Artfulness; skill; dexterity.

The art of our necessities is strange, That can make vile things precious. Shak. King Lear.

5. Cunning.

6. Speculation.

I have as much of this in art as you; But yet my nature could not bear it so. Shakesp. J. Cæsar.

díctionary n.s. [*dictionarium*, Latin.] A book containing the words of any language in alphabetical order, with explanations of their meaning; a lexicon; a vocabulary; a word-book.

Some have delivered the polity of spirits, and left an account that they stand in awe of charms, spells, and conjurations; that they are afraid of letters and characters, notes and dashes, which, set together, do signify nothing; and not only in the dictionary of man, but in the subtler vocabulary of satan. Brown's Vulgar Errours, b. i. c. 10.

Is it such a horrible fault to translate simulacra images? I see what a good thing it is to have a good catholick dictionary. Still.

An army, or a parliament, is a collection of men; a dictionary, or nomenclature, is a collection of words. Watts

etch n.s. A country word, of which I know not the meaning.

When they sow their etch crops, they sprinkle a pound or two of clover on an acre. Mortimer's Husbandry.

Where you find dunging of land makes it rank, lay dung upon the etch, and sow it with barley. Mortimer's Husbandry.

excíse n.s. [*accijs*, Dutch; *excisum*, Latin.] A hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of

property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid.

The people should pay a ratable tax for their sheep, and an excise for every thing which they should eat. Hayward.

Ambitious now to take excise Of a more fragrant paradise. Cleaveland.

Excise, With hundred rows of teeth, the shark exceeds, And on all trades like Cassawar she feeds. Marvel.

Can hire large houses, and oppress the poor, By farm'd excise. Dryden's Juvenal, Sat. 3.

pátron n.s. [*patron*, Fr. *patronus*, Latin.]

1. One who countenances, supports or protects. Commonly a wretch who supports with insolence, and is paid with flattery.

I'll plead for you, as for my patron. Shakesp.

Ne'er let me pass in silence Dorset's name; Ne'er cease to mention the continu'd debt, Which the great patron only would forget. Prior.

2. A guardian saint.

Thou amongst those saints, whom thou do'st see, Shall be a saint, and thine own nation's friend And patron. Fairy Queen, b. i.

St. Michael is mentioned as the patron of the Jews, and is now taken by the Christians, as the protector general of our religion. Dryden.

3. Advocate; defender; vindicator.

We are no patrons of those things; the best defence whereof is speedy redress and amendment. Hooker, b. ii. s. 1.

Whether the minds of men have naturally imprinted on them the ideas of extension and number, I leave to those who are the patrons of innate principles. Locke.

4. One who has donation of ecclesiastical preferment.

pénsion n.s. [*pension*, Fr.] An allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country.

A charity bestowed on the education of her young subjects has more merit than a thousand pensions to those of a higher fortune. Addison's Guardian, N° 105.

He has liv'd with the great without flattery, and been a friend to men in power without pensions. Pope.

4.11.4: From *The History of Rasselas*

(1759)

Chapter I: Description of a Palace in a Valley

Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow, attend to the history of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.

Rasselas was the fourth son of the mighty Emperor in whose dominions the father of waters begins his course—whose bounty pours down the streams of plenty, and scatters over the world the harvests of Egypt.

According to the custom which has descended from age to age among the monarchs of the torrid zone, Rasselas was confined in a private palace, with the other sons and daughters of Abyssinian royalty, till the order of succession should call him to the throne.

The place which the wisdom or policy of antiquity had destined for the residence of the Abyssinian princes was a spacious valley in the kingdom of Amhara, surrounded on every side by mountains, of which the summits overhang the middle part. The only passage by which it could be entered was a cavern that passed under a rock, of which it had long been disputed whether it was the work of nature or of human industry. The outlet of the cavern was concealed by a thick wood, and the mouth which opened into the valley was closed with gates of iron, forged by the artificers of ancient days, so massive that no man, without the help of engines, could open or shut them.

From the mountains on every side rivulets descended that filled all the valley with verdure and fertility, and formed a lake in the middle, inhabited by fish of every species, and frequented by every fowl whom nature has taught to dip the wing in water. This lake discharged its superfluities by a stream, which entered a dark cleft of the mountain on the northern side, and fell with dreadful noise from precipice to precipice till it was heard no more.

The sides of the mountains were covered with trees, the banks of the brooks were diversified with flowers; every blast shook spices from the rocks, and every month dropped fruits upon the ground. All animals that bite the grass or browse the shrubs, whether wild or tame, wandered in this extensive circuit, secured from beasts of prey by the mountains which confined them. On one part were flocks and herds feeding in the pastures, on another all the beasts of chase frisking in the lawns, the sprightly kid was bounding on the rocks, the subtle monkey frolicking in the trees, and the solemn elephant reposing in the shade. All the diversities of the world were brought together, the blessings of nature were collected, and its evils extracted and excluded.

The valley, wide and fruitful, supplied its inhabitants with all the necessaries of life, and all delights and superfluities were added at the annual visit which the Emperor paid his children, when the iron gate was opened to the sound of music, and during eight days every one that resided in the valley was required to propose whatever might contribute to make seclusion pleasant, to fill up the vacancies of attention, and lessen the tediousness of time. Every desire was immediately granted. All the artificers of pleasure were called to gladden the festivity; the musicians exerted the power of harmony, and the dancers showed their activity before the princes, in hopes that they should pass their lives in blissful captivity, to which those only were admitted whose performance was thought able to add novelty to luxury. Such was the appearance of security and delight which this retirement afforded, that they to whom it was new always desired that it might be perpetual; and as those on whom the iron gate had once closed were never suffered to return, the effect of longer experience could not be known. Thus every year produced new scenes of delight, and new competitors for imprisonment.

The palace stood on an eminence, raised about thirty paces above the surface of the lake. It was divided into many squares or courts, built with greater or less magnificence according to the rank of those for whom they were designed. The roofs were turned into arches of massive stone, joined by a cement that grew harder by time, and the building stood from century to century, deriding the solstitial rains and equinoctial hurricanes, without need of reparation.

This house, which was so large as to be fully known to none but some ancient officers, who successively inherited the secrets of the place, was built as if Suspicion herself had dictated the plan. To every room there was an open and secret passage; every square had a communication with the rest, either from the upper storeys by private galleries, or by subterraneous passages from the lower apartments. Many of the columns had unsuspected cavities, in which a long race of monarchs had deposited their treasures. They then closed up the opening with marble, which was never to be removed but in the utmost exigences of the kingdom, and recorded their accumulations in a book, which was itself concealed in a tower, not entered but by the Emperor, attended by the prince who stood next in succession.

Chapter II: The Discontent of Rasselas in the Happy Valley

Here the sons and daughters of Abyssinia lived only to know the soft vicissitudes of pleasure and repose, attended by all that were skilful to delight, and gratified with whatever the senses can enjoy. They wandered in gardens of fragrance, and slept in the fortresses of security. Every art was practised to make them pleased with their own condition. The sages who instructed them told them of nothing but the miseries of public life, and described all beyond the mountains as regions of calamity, where discord was always racing, and where man preyed upon man. To heighten their opinion of their own felicity, they were daily entertained with songs, the subject of which was the Happy Valley. Their appetites were excited by frequent enumerations of different enjoyments, and revelry and merriment were the business of every hour, from the dawn of morning to the close of the evening.

These methods were generally successful; few of the princes had ever wished to enlarge their bounds, but passed their lives in full conviction that they had all within their reach that art or nature could bestow, and pitied those whom nature had excluded from this seat of tranquillity as the sport of chance and the slaves of misery.

Thus they rose in the morning and lay down at night, pleased with each other and with themselves, all but Rasselas, who, in the

twenty-sixth year of his age, began to withdraw himself from the pastimes and assemblies, and to delight in solitary walks and silent meditation. He often sat before tables covered with luxury, and forgot to taste the dainties that were placed before him; he rose abruptly in the midst of the song, and hastily retired beyond the sound of music. His attendants observed the change, and endeavoured to renew his love of pleasure. He neglected their officiousness, repulsed their invitations, and spent day after day on the banks of rivulets sheltered with trees, where he sometimes listened to the birds in the branches, sometimes observed the fish playing in the streams, and anon cast his eyes upon the pastures and mountains filled with animals, of which some were biting the herbage, and some sleeping among the bushes. The singularity of his humour made him much observed. One of the sages, in whose conversation he had formerly delighted, followed him secretly, in hope of discovering the cause of his disquiet. Rasselas, who knew not that any one was near him, having for some time fixed his eyes upon the goats that were browsing among the rocks, began to compare their condition with his own.

“What,” said he, “makes the difference between man and all the rest of the animal creation? Every beast that strays beside me has the same corporal necessities with myself: he is hungry, and crops the grass; he is thirsty, and drinks the stream; his thirst and hunger are appeased; he is satisfied, and sleeps; he rises again, and is hungry; he is again fed, and is at rest. I am hungry and thirsty, like him, but when thirst and hunger cease, I am not at rest. I am, like him, pained with want, but am not, like him, satisfied with fulness. The intermediate hours are tedious and gloomy; I long again to be hungry that I may again quicken the attention. The birds peck the berries or the corn, and fly away to the groves, where they sit in seeming happiness on the branches, and waste their lives in tuning one unvaried series of sounds. I likewise can call the lutist and the singer; but the sounds that pleased me yesterday weary me to-day, and will grow yet more wearisome to- morrow. I can discover in me no power of perception which is not glutted with its proper pleasure, yet I do not feel myself delighted. Man surely has some latent sense for which this place affords no gratification; or he has some desire distinct from sense, which must be satisfied before he can be happy.”

After this he lifted up his head, and seeing the moon rising, walked towards the palace. As he passed through the fields, and saw the animals around him, “Ye,” said he, “are happy, and need not envy me that walk thus among you, burdened with myself; nor do I, ye gentle beings, envy your felicity; for it is not the felicity of man. I have many distresses from which you are free; I fear pain when I do not feel it; I sometimes shrink at evils recollected, and sometimes start at evils anticipated: surely the equity of Providence has balanced peculiar sufferings with peculiar enjoyments.”

With observations like these the Prince amused himself as he returned, uttering them with a plaintive voice, yet with a look that discovered him to feel some complacence in his own perspicacity, and to receive some solace of the miseries of life from consciousness of the delicacy with which he felt and the eloquence with which he bewailed them. He mingled cheerfully in the diversions of the evening, and all rejoiced to find that his heart was lightened.

Chapter III: The Wants of Him that Wants Nothing

On the next day, his old instructor, imagining that he had now made himself acquainted with his disease of mind, was in hope of curing it by counsel, and officiously sought an opportunity of conference, which the Prince, having long considered him as one whose intellects were exhausted, was not very willing to afford. “Why,” said he, “does this man thus intrude upon me? Shall I never be suffered to forget these lectures, which pleased only while they were new, and to become new again must be forgotten?” He then walked into the wood, and composed himself to his usual meditations; when, before his thoughts had taken any settled form, he perceived his pursuer at his side, and was at first prompted by his impatience to go hastily away; but being unwilling to offend a man whom he had once reverenced and still loved, he invited him to sit down with him on the bank.

The old man, thus encouraged, began to lament the change which had been lately observed in the Prince, and to inquire why he so often retired from the pleasures of the palace to loneliness and silence. “I fly from pleasure,” said the Prince, “because pleasure has ceased to please: I am lonely because I am miserable, and am unwilling to cloud with my presence the happiness of others.” “You, sir,” said the sage, “are the first who has complained of misery in the Happy Valley. I hope to convince you that your complaints have no real cause. You are here in full possession of all the Emperor of Abyssinia can bestow; here is neither labour to be endured nor danger to be dreaded, yet here is all that labour or danger can procure or purchase. Look round and tell me which of your wants is without supply: if you want nothing, how are you unhappy?”

“That I want nothing,” said the Prince, “or that I know not what I want, is the cause of my complaint: if I had any known want, I should have a certain wish; that wish would excite endeavour, and I should not then repine to see the sun move so slowly towards the western mountains, or to lament when the day breaks, and sleep will no longer hide me from myself. When I see the kids and the lambs chasing one another, I fancy that I should be happy if I had something to pursue. But, possessing all that I can want, I find one day and one hour exactly like another, except that the latter is still more tedious than the former. Let your experience inform me how the day may now seem as short as in my childhood, while nature was yet fresh, and every moment showed me what I never had observed before. I have already enjoyed too much: give me something to desire.” The old man was surprised at this

new species of affliction, and knew not what to reply, yet was unwilling to be silent. “Sir,” said he, “if you had seen the miseries of the world, you would know how to value your present state.” “Now,” said the Prince, “you have given me something to desire. I shall long to see the miseries of the world, since the sight of them is necessary to happiness.”

Chapter IV: The Prince Continues to Grieve and Muse

At this time the sound of music proclaimed the hour of repast, and the conversation was concluded. The old man went away sufficiently discontented to find that his reasonings had produced the only conclusion which they were intended to prevent. But in the decline of life, shame and grief are of short duration: whether it be that we bear easily what we have borne long; or that, finding ourselves in age less regarded, we less regard others; or that we look with slight regard upon afflictions to which we know that the hand of death is about to put an end.

The Prince, whose views were extended to a wider space, could not speedily quiet his emotions. He had been before terrified at the length of life which nature promised him, because he considered that in a long time much must be endured: he now rejoiced in his youth, because in many years much might be done. The first beam of hope that had been ever darted into his mind rekindled youth in his cheeks, and doubled the lustre of his eyes. He was fired with the desire of doing something, though he knew not yet, with distinctness, either end or means. He was now no longer gloomy and unsocial; but considering himself as master of a secret stock of happiness, which he could only enjoy by concealing it, he affected to be busy in all the schemes of diversion, and endeavoured to make others pleased with the state of which he himself was weary. But pleasures can never be so multiplied or continued as not to leave much of life unemployed; there were many hours, both of the night and day, which he could spend without suspicion in solitary thought. The load of life was much lightened; he went eagerly into the assemblies, because he supposed the frequency of his presence necessary to the success of his purposes; he retired gladly to privacy, because he had now a subject of thought. His chief amusement was to picture to himself that world which he had never seen, to place himself in various conditions, to be entangled in imaginary difficulties, and to be engaged in wild adventures; but, his benevolence always terminated his projects in the relief of distress, the detection of fraud, the defeat of oppression, and the diffusion of happiness.

Thus passed twenty months of the life of Rasselas. He busied himself so intensely in visionary bustle that he forgot his real solitude; and amidst hourly preparations for the various incidents of human affairs, neglected to consider by what means he should mingle with mankind.

One day, as he was sitting on a bank, he feigned to himself an orphan virgin robbed of her little portion by a treacherous lover, and crying after him for restitution. So strongly was the image impressed upon his mind that he started up in the maid’s defence, and ran forward to seize the plunderer with all the eagerness of real pursuit. Fear naturally quickens the flight of guilt. Rasselas could not catch the fugitive with his utmost efforts; but, resolving to weary by perseverance him whom he could not surpass in speed, he pressed on till the foot of the mountain stopped his course.

Here he recollected himself, and smiled at his own useless impetuosity. Then raising his eyes to the mountain, “This,” said he, “is the fatal obstacle that hinders at once the enjoyment of pleasure and the exercise of virtue. How long is it that my hopes and wishes have flown beyond this boundary of my life, which yet I never have attempted to surmount?”

Struck with this reflection, he sat down to muse, and remembered that since he first resolved to escape from his confinement, the sun had passed twice over him in his annual course. He now felt a degree of regret with which he had never been before acquainted. He considered how much might have been done in the time which had passed, and left nothing real behind it. He compared twenty months with the life of man. “In life,” said he, “is not to be counted the ignorance of infancy or imbecility of age. We are long before we are able to think, and we soon cease from the power of acting. The true period of human existence may be reasonably estimated at forty years, of which I have mused away the four-and-twentieth part. What I have lost was certain, for I have certainly possessed it; but of twenty months to come, who can assure me?”

The consciousness of his own folly pierced him deeply, and he was long before he could be reconciled to himself. “The rest of my time,” said he, “has been lost by the crime or folly of my ancestors, and the absurd institutions of my country; I remember it with disgust, yet without remorse: but the months that have passed since new light darted into my soul, since I formed a scheme of reasonable felicity, have been squandered by my own fault. I have lost that which can never be restored; I have seen the sun rise and set for twenty months, an idle gazer on the light of heaven; in this time the birds have left the nest of their mother, and committed themselves to the woods and to the skies; the kid has forsaken the teat, and learned by degrees to climb the rocks in quest of independent sustenance. I only have made no advances, but am still helpless and ignorant. The moon, by more than twenty changes, admonished me of the flux of life; the stream that rolled before my feet upbraided my inactivity. I sat feasting on intellectual luxury, regardless alike of the examples of the earth and the instructions of the planets. Twenty months are passed: who shall restore them?”

These sorrowful meditations fastened upon his mind; he passed four months in resolving to lose no more time in idle resolves, and was awakened to more vigorous exertion by hearing a maid, who had broken a porcelain cup, remark that what cannot be repaired is not to be regretted.

This was obvious; and Rasselas reproached himself that he had not discovered it—having not known, or not considered, how many useful hints are obtained by chance, and how often the mind, hurried by her own ardour to distant views, neglects the truths that lie open before her. He for a few hours regretted his regret, and from that time bent his whole mind upon the means of escaping from the Valley of Happiness.

Chapter V: The Prince Meditates his Escape

He now found that it would be very difficult to effect that which it was very easy to suppose effected. When he looked round about him, he saw himself confined by the bars of nature, which had never yet been broken, and by the gate through which none that had once passed it were ever able to return. He was now impatient as an eagle in a grate. He passed week after week in clambering the mountains to see if there was any aperture which the bushes might conceal, but found all the summits inaccessible by their prominence. The iron gate he despaired to open for it was not only secured with all the power of art, but was always watched by successive sentinels, and was, by its position, exposed to the perpetual observation of all the inhabitants.

He then examined the cavern through which the waters of the lake were discharged; and, looking down at a time when the sun shone strongly upon its mouth, he discovered it to be full of broken rocks, which, though they permitted the stream to flow through many narrow passages, would stop any body of solid bulk. He returned discouraged and dejected; but having now known the blessing of hope, resolved never to despair.

In these fruitless researches he spent ten months. The time, however, passed cheerfully away—in the morning he rose with new hope; in the evening applauded his own diligence; and in the night slept soundly after his fatigue. He met a thousand amusements, which beguiled his labour and diversified his thoughts. He discerned the various instincts of animals and properties of plants, and found the place replete with wonders, of which he proposed to solace himself with the contemplation if he should never be able to accomplish his flight—rejoicing that his endeavours, though yet unsuccessful, had supplied him with a source of inexhaustible inquiry. But his original curiosity was not yet abated; he resolved to obtain some knowledge of the ways of men. His wish still continued, but his hope grew less. He ceased to survey any longer the walls of his prison, and spared to search by new toils for interstices which he knew could not be found, yet determined to keep his design always in view, and lay hold on any expedient that time should offer. . . . [Rasselas tries to escape through the assistance of an inventor then turns to a man of learning, Imlac, whose biography is recounted. Imlac shares his views on the highest form of learning, Poetry, and on acts of piety, such as pilgrimage. Rasselas and Imlac consider the means and sources of happiness.]

Chapter XIII: The Prince Discovers the Means of Escape

The Prince now dismissed his favourite to rest; but the narrative of wonders and novelties filled his mind with perturbation. He revolved all that he had heard, and prepared innumerable questions for the morning.

Much of his uneasiness was now removed. He had a friend to whom he could impart his thoughts, and whose experience could assist him in his designs. His heart was no longer condemned to swell with silent vexation. He thought that even the Happy Valley might be endured with such a companion, and that if they could range the world together he should have nothing further to desire.

In a few days the water was discharged, and the ground dried. The Prince and Imlac then walked out together, to converse without the notice of the rest. The Prince, whose thoughts were always on the wing, as he passed by the gate said, with a countenance of sorrow, “Why art thou so strong, and why is man so weak?”

“Man is not weak,” answered his companion; “knowledge is more than equivalent to force. The master of mechanics laughs at strength. I can burst the gate, but cannot do it secretly. Some other expedient must be tried.”

As they were walking on the side of the mountain they observed that the coneys, which the rain had driven from their burrows, had taken shelter among the bushes, and formed holes behind them tending upwards in an oblique line. “It has been the opinion of antiquity,” said Imlac, “that human reason borrowed many arts from the instinct of animals; let us, therefore, not think ourselves degraded by learning from the coney. We may escape by piercing the mountain in the same direction. We will begin where the summit hangs over the middle part, and labour upward till we shall issue out beyond the prominence.”

The eyes of the Prince, when he heard this proposal, sparkled with joy. The execution was easy and the success certain.

No time was now lost. They hastened early in the morning to choose a place proper for their mine. They clambered with great fatigue among crags and brambles, and returned without having discovered any part that favoured their design. The second and the third day were spent in the same manner, and with the same frustration; but on the fourth day they found a small cavern concealed by a thicket, where they resolved to make their experiment.

Imlac procured instruments proper to hew stone and remove earth, and they fell to their work on the next day with more eagerness than vigour. They were presently exhausted by their efforts, and sat down to pant upon the grass. The Prince for a moment appeared to be discouraged. “Sir,” said his companion, “practice will enable us to continue our labour for a longer time. Mark, however, how far we have advanced, and ye will find that our toil will some time have an end. Great works are performed not by strength, but perseverance; yonder palace was raised by single stones, yet you see its height and spaciousness. He that shall walk with vigour three hours a day, will pass in seven years a space equal to the circumference of the globe.”

They returned to their work day after day, and in a short time found a fissure in the rock, which enabled them to pass far with very little obstruction. This Rasselas considered as a good omen. “Do not disturb your mind,” said Imlac, “with other hopes or fears than reason may suggest; if you are pleased with the prognostics of good, you will be terrified likewise with tokens of evil, and your whole life will be a prey to superstition. Whatever facilitates our work is more than an omen; it is a cause of success. This is one of those pleasing surprises which often happen to active resolution. Many things difficult to design prove easy to performance.” . . . [Imlac and Rasselas are joined in their escape by Rasselas’s sister Nekayah and her attendant Lady Pekuah.]

Chapter XV: The Prince and Princess Leave the Valley, and See Many Wonders

The Prince and Princess had jewels sufficient to make them rich whenever they came into a place of commerce, which, by Imlac’s direction, they hid in their clothes, and on the night of the next full moon all left the valley. The Princess was followed only by a single favourite, who did not know whither she was going.

They clambered through the cavity, and began to go down on the other side. The Princess and her maid turned their eyes toward every part, and seeing nothing to bound their prospect, considered themselves in danger of being lost in a dreary vacuity. They stopped and trembled. “I am almost afraid,” said the Princess, “to begin a journey of which I cannot perceive an end, and to venture into this immense plain where I may be approached on every side by men whom I never saw.” The Prince felt nearly the same emotions, though he thought it more manly to conceal them.

Imlac smiled at their terrors, and encouraged them to proceed. But the Princess continued irresolute till she had been imperceptibly drawn forward too far to return.

In the morning they found some shepherds in the field, who set some milk and fruits before them. The Princess wondered that she did not see a palace ready for her reception and a table spread with delicacies; but being faint and hungry, she drank the milk and ate the fruits, and thought them of a higher flavour than the products of the valley.

They travelled forward by easy journeys, being all unaccustomed to toil and difficulty, and knowing that, though they might be missed, they could not be pursued. In a few days they came into a more populous region, where Imlac was diverted with the admiration which his companions expressed at the diversity of manners, stations, and employments. Their dress was such as might not bring upon them the suspicion of having anything to conceal; yet the Prince, wherever he came, expected to be obeyed, and the Princess was frighted because those who came into her presence did not prostrate themselves. Imlac was forced to observe them with great vigilance, lest they should betray their rank by their unusual behaviour, and detained them several weeks in the first village to accustom them to the sight of common mortals.

By degrees the royal wanderers were taught to understand that they had for a time laid aside their dignity, and were to expect only such regard as liberality and courtesy could procure. And Imlac having by many admonitions prepared them to endure the tumults of a port and the ruggedness of the commercial race, brought them down to the sea-coast.

The Prince and his sister, to whom everything was new, were gratified equally at all places, and therefore remained for some months at the port without any inclination to pass further. Imlac was content with their stay, because he did not think it safe to expose them, unpractised in the world, to the hazards of a foreign country.

At last he began to fear lest they should be discovered, and proposed to fix a day for their departure. They had no pretensions to judge for themselves, and referred the whole scheme to his direction. He therefore took passage in a ship to Suez, and, when the time came, with great difficulty prevailed on the Princess to enter the vessel.

They had a quick and prosperous voyage, and from Suez travelled by land to Cairo.

Chapter XVI: They Enter Cairo and Find Every Man Happy

As they approached the city, which filled the strangers with astonishment, “This,” said Imlac to the Prince, “is the place where travellers and merchants assemble from all corners of the earth. You will here find men of every character and every occupation. Commerce is here honourable. I will act as a merchant, and you shall live as strangers who have no other end of travel than curiosity; it will soon be observed that we are rich. Our reputation will procure us access to all whom we shall desire to know; you shall see all the conditions of humanity, and enable yourselves at leisure to make your CHOICE OF LIFE.”

They now entered the town, stunned by the noise and offended by the crowds. Instruction had not yet so prevailed over habit but that they wondered to see themselves pass undistinguished along the streets, and met by the lowest of the people without reverence or notice. The Princess could not at first bear the thought of being levelled with the vulgar, and for some time continued in her chamber, where she was served by her favourite Pekuah, as in the palace of the valley.

Imlac, who understood traffic, sold part of the jewels the next day, and hired a house, which he adorned with such magnificence that he was immediately considered as a merchant of great wealth. His politeness attracted many acquaintances, and his generosity made him courted by many dependants. His companions, not being able to mix in the conversation, could make no discovery of their ignorance or surprise, and were gradually initiated in the world as they gained knowledge of the language.

The Prince had by frequent lectures been taught the use and nature of money; but the ladies could not for a long time comprehend what the merchants did with small pieces of gold and silver, or why things of so little use should be received as an equivalent to the necessaries of life.

They studied the language two years, while Imlac was preparing to set before them the various ranks and conditions of mankind. He grew acquainted with all who had anything uncommon in their fortune or conduct. He frequented the voluptuous and the frugal, the idle and the busy, the merchants and the men of learning.

The Prince now being able to converse with fluency, and having learned the caution necessary to be observed in his intercourse with strangers, began to accompany Imlac to places of resort, and to enter into all assemblies, that he might make his CHOICE OF LIFE.

For some time he thought choice needless, because all appeared to him really happy. Wherever he went he met gaiety and kindness, and heard the song of joy or the laugh of carelessness. He began to believe that the world overflowed with universal plenty, and that nothing was withheld either from want or merit; that every hand showered liberality and every heart melted with benevolence: “And who then,” says he, “will be suffered to be wretched?”

Imlac permitted the pleasing delusion, and was unwilling to crush the hope of inexperience: till one day, having sat awhile silent, “I know not,” said the Prince, “what can be the reason that I am more unhappy than any of our friends. I see them perpetually and unalterably cheerful, but feel my own mind restless and uneasy. I am unsatisfied with those pleasures which I seem most to court. I live in the crowds of jollity, not so much to enjoy company as to shun myself, and am only loud and merry to conceal my sadness.”

“Every man,” said Imlac, “may by examining his own mind guess what passes in the minds of others. When you feel that your own gaiety is counterfeit, it may justly lead you to suspect that of your companions not to be sincere. Envy is commonly reciprocal. We are long before we are convinced that happiness is never to be found, and each believes it possessed by others, to keep alive the hope of obtaining it for himself. In the assembly where you passed the last night there appeared such sprightliness of air and volatility of fancy as might have suited beings of a higher order, formed to inhabit serener regions, inaccessible to care or sorrow; yet, believe me, Prince, was there not one who did not dread the moment when solitude should deliver him to the tyranny of reflection.”

“This,” said the Prince, “may be true of others since it is true of me; yet, whatever be the general infelicity of man, one condition is more happy than another, and wisdom surely directs us to take the least evil in the CHOICE OF LIFE.”

“The causes of good and evil,” answered Imlac, “are so various and uncertain, so often entangled with each other, so diversified by various relations, and so much subject to accidents which cannot be foreseen, that he who would fix his condition upon incontestable reasons of preference must live and die inquiring and deliberating.”

“But, surely,” said Rasselas, “the wise men, to whom we listen with reverence and wonder, chose that mode of life for themselves which they thought most likely to make them happy.”

“Very few,” said the poet, “live by choice. Every man is placed in the present condition by causes which acted without his foresight, and with which he did not always willingly co-operate, and therefore you will rarely meet one who does not think the lot of his neighbour better than his own.”

“I am pleased to think,” said the Prince, “that my birth has given me at least one advantage over others by enabling me to determine for myself. I have here the world before me. I will review it at leisure: surely happiness is somewhere to be found.” . . . [Rasselas rejects the heedlessness of youth, and empty rhetoric and hypocrisy of the self-proclaimed learned man; the ignorance of the rustic; the delusions of wealth.]

Chapter XXI: The Happiness of Solitude—The Hermit’s History

They came on the third day, by the direction of the peasants, to the hermit’s cell. It was a cavern in the side of a mountain, overshadowed with palm trees, at such a distance from the cataract that nothing more was heard than a gentle uniform murmur, such as composes the mind to pensive meditation, especially when it was assisted by the wind whistling among the branches. The first rude essay of Nature had been so much improved by human labour that the cave contained several apartments appropriated to different uses, and often afforded lodging to travellers whom darkness or tempests happened to overtake.

The hermit sat on a bench at the door, to enjoy the coolness of the evening. On one side lay a book with pens and paper; on the other mechanical instruments of various kinds. As they approached him unregarded, the Princess observed that he had not the countenance of a man that had found or could teach the way to happiness.

They saluted him with great respect, which he repaid like a man not unaccustomed to the forms of Courts. “My children,” said he, “if you have lost your way, you shall be willingly supplied with such conveniences for the night as this cavern will afford. I have all that Nature requires, and you will not expect delicacies in a hermit’s cell.”

They thanked him; and, entering, were pleased with the neatness and regularity of the place. The hermit set flesh and wine before them, though he fed only upon fruits and water. His discourse was cheerful without levity, and pious without enthusiasm. He soon gained the esteem of his guests, and the Princess repented her hasty censure.

At last Imlac began thus: “I do not now wonder that your reputation is so far extended: we have heard at Cairo of your wisdom, and came hither to implore your direction for this young man and maiden in the CHOICE OF LIFE.”

“To him that lives well,” answered the hermit, “every form of life is good; nor can I give any other rule for choice than to remove all apparent evil.”

“He will most certainly remove from evil,” said the Prince, “who shall devote himself to that solitude which you have recommended by your example.”

“I have indeed lived fifteen years in solitude,” said the hermit, “but have no desire that my example should gain any imitators. In my youth I professed arms, and was raised by degrees to the highest military rank. I have traversed wide countries at the head of my troops, and seen many battles and sieges. At last, being disgusted by the preferments of a younger officer, and feeling that my vigour was beginning to decay, I resolved to close my life in peace, having found the world full of snares, discord, and misery. I had once escaped from the pursuit of the enemy by the shelter of this cavern, and therefore chose it for my final residence. I employed artificers to form it into chambers, and stored it with all that I was likely to want.

“For some time after my retreat I rejoiced like a tempest-beaten sailor at his entrance into the harbour, being delighted with the sudden change of the noise and hurry of war to stillness and repose. When the pleasure of novelty went away, I employed my hours in examining the plants which grow in the valley, and the minerals which I collected from the rocks. But that inquiry is now grown tasteless and irksome. I have been for some time unsettled and distracted: my mind is disturbed with a thousand perplexities of doubt and vanities of imagination, which hourly prevail upon me, because I have no opportunities of relaxation or diversion. I am sometimes ashamed to think that I could not secure myself from vice but by retiring from the exercise of virtue, and begin to suspect that I was rather impelled by resentment than led by devotion into solitude. My fancy riots in scenes of folly, and I lament that I have lost so much, and have gained so little. In solitude, if I escape the example of bad men, I want likewise the counsel and conversation of the good. I have been long comparing the evils with the advantages of society, and resolve to return into the world to-morrow. The life of a solitary man will be certainly miserable, but not certainly devout.”

They heard his resolution with surprise, but after a short pause offered to conduct him to Cairo. He dug up a considerable treasure which he had hid among the rocks, and accompanied them to the city, on which, as he approached it, he gazed with rapture. . . . [Rasselas rejects Nature as the only source of happiness. He and his sister explore a greater variety of lifestyles, including the

high (monarchic) and the low (domestic).]

Chapter XXVI: The Princess Continues Her Remarks Upon Private Life

Nekayah, perceiving her brother's attention fixed, proceeded in her narrative.

"In families where there is or is not poverty there is commonly discord. If a kingdom be, as Imlac tells us, a great family, a family likewise is a little kingdom, torn with factions and exposed to revolutions. An unpractised observer expects the love of parents and children to be constant and equal. But this kindness seldom continues beyond the years of infancy; in a short time the children become rivals to their parents. Benefits are allowed by reproaches, and gratitude debased by envy.

"Parents and children seldom act in concert; each child endeavours to appropriate the esteem or the fondness of the parents; and the parents, with yet less temptation, betray each other to their children. Thus, some place their confidence in the father and some in the mother, and by degrees the house is filled with artifices and feuds.

"The opinions of children and parents, of the young and the old, are naturally opposite, by the contrary effects of hope and despondency, of expectation and experience, without crime or folly on either side. The colours of life in youth and age appear different, as the face of Nature in spring and winter. And how can children credit the assertions of parents which their own eyes show them to be false?

"Few parents act in such a manner as much to enforce their maxims by the credit of their lives. The old man trusts wholly to slow contrivance and gradual progression; the youth expects to force his way by genius, vigour, and precipitance. The old man pays regard to riches, and the youth reverences virtue. The old man deifies prudence; the youth commits himself to magnanimity and chance. The young man, who intends no ill, believes that none is intended, and therefore acts with openness and candour; but his father; having suffered the injuries of fraud, is impelled to suspect and too often allured to practise it. Age looks with anger on the temerity of youth, and youth with contempt on the scrupulosity of age. Thus parents and children for the greatest part live on to love less and less; and if those whom Nature has thus closely united are the torments of each other, where shall we look for tenderness and consolations?"

"Surely," said the Prince, "you must have been unfortunate in your choice of acquaintance. I am unwilling to believe that the most tender of all relations is thus impeded in its effects by natural necessity."

"Domestic discord," answered she, "is not inevitably and fatally necessary, but yet it is not easily avoided. We seldom see that a whole family is virtuous; the good and the evil cannot well agree, and the evil can yet less agree with one another. Even the virtuous fall sometimes to variance, when their virtues are of different kinds and tending to extremes. In general, those parents have most reverence who most deserve it, for he that lives well cannot be despised.

"Many other evils infest private life. Some are the slaves of servants whom they have trusted with their affairs. Some are kept in continual anxiety by the caprice of rich relations, whom they cannot please and dare not offend. Some husbands are imperious and some wives perverse, and, as it is always more easy to do evil than good, though the wisdom or virtue of one can very rarely make many happy, the folly or vice of one makes many miserable."

"If such be the general effect of marriage," said the Prince, "I shall for the future think it dangerous to connect my interest with that of another, lest I should be unhappy by my partner's fault."

"I have met," said the Princess, "with many who live single for that reason, but I never found that their prudence ought to raise envy. They dream away their time without friendship, without fondness, and are driven to rid themselves of the day, for which they have no use, by childish amusements or vicious delights. They act as beings under the constant sense of some known inferiority that fills their minds with rancour and their tongues with censure. They are peevish at home and malevolent abroad, and, as the outlaws of human nature, make it their business and their pleasure to disturb that society which debars them from its privileges. To live without feeling or exciting sympathy, to be fortunate without adding to the felicity of others, or afflicted without tasting the balm of pity, is a state more gloomy than solitude; it is not retreat but exclusion from mankind. Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures."

"What then is to be done?" said Rasselas. "The more we inquire the less we can resolve. Surely he is most likely to please himself that has no other inclination to regard." . . . [Even greatness is not exempt from accident and loss.]

Chapter XXVIII: Rasselas and Nekayah Continue Their Conversation

“Dear Princess,” said Rasselas, “you fall into the common errors of exaggeratory declamation, by producing in a familiar disquisition examples of national calamities and scenes of extensive misery which are found in books rather than in the world, and which, as they are horrid, are ordained to be rare. Let us not imagine evils which we do not feel, nor injure life by misrepresentations. I cannot bear that querulous eloquence which threatens every city with a siege like that of Jerusalem, that makes famine attend on every flight of locust, and suspends pestilence on the wing of every blast that issues from the south.

“On necessary and inevitable evils which overwhelm kingdoms at once all disputation is vain; when they happen they must be endured. But it is evident that these bursts of universal distress are more dreaded than felt; thousands and tens of thousands flourish in youth and wither in age, without the knowledge of any other than domestic evils, and share the same pleasures and vexations, whether their kings are mild or cruel, whether the armies of their country pursue their enemies or retreat before them. While Courts are disturbed with intestine competitions and ambassadors are negotiating in foreign countries, the smith still plies his anvil and the husbandman drives his plough forward; the necessaries of life are required and obtained, and the successive business of the season continues to make its wonted revolutions.

“Let us cease to consider what perhaps may never happen, and what, when it shall happen, will laugh at human speculation. We will not endeavour to modify the motions of the elements or to fix the destiny of kingdoms. It is our business to consider what beings like us may perform, each labouring for his own happiness by promoting within his circle, however narrow, the happiness of others.

“Marriage is evidently the dictate of Nature; men and women were made to be the companions of each other, and therefore I cannot be persuaded but that marriage is one of the means of happiness.”

“I know not,” said the Princess, “whether marriage be more than one of the innumerable modes of human misery. When I see and reckon the various forms of connubial infelicity, the unexpected causes of lasting discord, the diversities of temper, the oppositions of opinion, the rude collisions of contrary desire where both are urged by violent impulses, the obstinate contest of disagreeing virtues where both are supported by consciousness of good intention, I am sometimes disposed to think, with the severer casuists of most nations, that marriage is rather permitted than approved, and that none, but by the instigation of a passion too much indulged, entangle themselves with indissoluble compact.”

“You seem to forget,” replied Rasselas, “that you have, even now represented celibacy as less happy than marriage. Both conditions may be bad, but they cannot both be worse. Thus it happens, when wrong opinions are entertained, that they mutually destroy each other and leave the mind open to truth.”

“I did not expect,” answered, the Princess, “to hear that imputed to falsehood which is the consequence only of frailty. To the mind, as to the eye, it is difficult to compare with exactness objects vast in their extent and various in their parts. When we see or conceive the whole at once, we readily note the discriminations and decide the preference, but of two systems, of which neither can be surveyed by any human being in its full compass of magnitude and multiplicity of complication, where is the wonder that, judging of the whole by parts, I am alternately affected by one and the other as either presses on my memory or fancy? We differ from ourselves just as we differ from each other when we see only part of the question, as in the multifarious relations of politics and morality, but when we perceive the whole at once, as in numerical computations, all agree in one judgment, and none ever varies in his opinion.”

“Let us not add,” said the Prince, “to the other evils of life the bitterness of controversy, nor endeavour to vie with each other in subtilties of argument. We are employed in a search of which both are equally to enjoy the success or suffer by the miscarriage; it is therefore fit that we assist each other. You surely conclude too hastily from the infelicity of marriage against its institution; will not the misery of life prove equally that life cannot be the gift of Heaven? The world must be peopled by marriage or peopled without it.”

“How the world is to be peopled,” returned Nekayah, “is not my care and need not be yours. I see no danger that the present generation should omit to leave successors behind them; we are not now inquiring for the world, but for ourselves.”

Chapter XXIX: The Debate on Marriage

“The good of the whole,” says Rasselas, “is the same with the good of all its parts. If marriage be best for mankind, it must be evidently best for individuals; or a permanent and necessary duty must be the cause of evil, and some must be inevitably sacrificed to the convenience of others. In the estimate which you have made of the two states, it appears that the incommodities

of a single life are in a great measure necessary and certain, but those of the conjugal state accidental and avoidable. I cannot forbear to flatter myself that prudence and benevolence will make marriage happy. The general folly of mankind is the cause of general complaint. What can be expected but disappointment and repentance from a choice made in the immaturity of youth, in the ardour of desire, without judgment, without foresight, without inquiry after conformity of opinions, similarity of manners, rectitude of judgment, or purity of sentiment?

“Such is the common process of marriage. A youth and maiden, meeting by chance or brought together by artifice, exchange glances, reciprocate civilities, go home and dream of one another. Having little to divert attention or diversify thought, they find themselves uneasy when they are apart, and therefore conclude that they shall be happy together. They marry, and discover what nothing but voluntary blindness before had concealed; they wear out life in altercations, and charge Nature with cruelty.

“From those early marriages proceeds likewise the rivalry of parents and children: the son is eager to enjoy the world before the father is willing to forsake it, and there is hardly room at once for two generations. The daughter begins to bloom before the mother can be content to fade, and neither can forbear to wish for the absence of the other.

“Surely all these evils may be avoided by that deliberation and delay which prudence prescribes to irrevocable choice. In the variety and jollity of youthful pleasures, life may be well enough supported without the help of a partner. Longer time will increase experience, and wider views will allow better opportunities of inquiry and selection; one advantage at least will be certain, the parents will be visibly older than their children.”

“What reason cannot collect,” and Nekayah, “and what experiment has not yet taught, can be known only from the report of others. I have been told that late marriages are not eminently happy. This is a question too important to be neglected; and I have often proposed it to those whose accuracy of remark and comprehensiveness of knowledge made their suffrages worthy of regard. They have generally determined that it is dangerous for a man and woman to suspend their fate upon each other at a time when opinions are fixed and habits are established, when friendships have been contracted on both sides, when life has been planned into method, and the mind has long enjoyed the contemplation of its own prospects.

“It is scarcely possible that two travelling through the world under the conduct of chance should have been both directed to the same path, and it will not often happen that either will quit the track which custom has made pleasing. When the desultory levity of youth has settled into regularity, it is soon succeeded by pride ashamed to yield, or obstinacy delighting to contend. And even though mutual esteem produces mutual desire to please, time itself, as it modifies unchangeably the external mien, determines likewise the direction of the passions, and gives an inflexible rigidity to the manners. Long customs are not easily broken; he that attempts to change the course of his own life very often labours in vain, and how shall we do that for others which we are seldom able to do for ourselves?”

“But surely,” interposed the Prince, “you suppose the chief motive of choice forgotten or neglected. Whenever I shall seek a wife, it shall be my first question whether she be willing to be led by reason.”

“Thus it is,” said Nekayah, “that philosophers are deceived. There are a thousand familiar disputes which reason never can decide; questions that elude investigation, and make logic ridiculous; cases where something must be done, and where little can be said. Consider the state of mankind, and inquire how few can be supposed to act upon any occasions, whether small or great, with all the reasons of action present to their minds. Wretched would be the pair, above all names of wretchedness, who should be doomed to adjust by reason every morning all the minute details of a domestic day.

“Those who marry at an advanced age will probably escape the encroachments of their children, but in the diminution of this advantage they will be likely to leave them, ignorant and helpless, to a guardian’s mercy; or if that should not happen, they must at least go out of the world before they see those whom they love best either wise or great.

“From their children, if they have less to fear, they have less also to hope; and they lose without equivalent the joys of early love, and the convenience of uniting with manners pliant and minds susceptible of new impressions, which might wear away their dissimilitudes by long cohabitation, as soft bodies by continual attrition conform their surfaces to each other.

“I believe it will be found that those who marry late are best pleased with their children, and those who marry early with their partners.”

“The union of these two affections,” said Rasselas, “would produce all that could be wished. Perhaps there is a time when marriage might unite them—a time neither too early for the father nor too late for the husband.”

“Every hour,” answered the Princess, “confirms my prejudice in favour of the position so often uttered by the mouth of Imlac,

that ‘Nature sets her gifts on the right hand and on the left.’ Those conditions which flatter hope and attract desire are so constituted that as we approach one we recede from another. There are goods so opposed that we cannot seize both, but by too much prudence may pass between them at too great a distance to reach either. This is often the fate of long consideration; he does nothing who endeavours to do more than is allowed to humanity. Flatter not yourself with contrarieties of pleasure. Of the blessings set before you make your choice, and be content. No man can taste the fruits of autumn while he is delighting his scent with the flowers of the spring; no man can at the same time fill his cup from the source and from the mouth of the Nile.” . . . [They consider monuments to human ingenuity and art, like the pyramids.]

Chapter XXXII: They Enter the Pyramid

Pekuah descended to the tents, and the rest entered the Pyramid. They passed through the galleries, surveyed the vaults of marble, and examined the chest in which the body of the founder is supposed to have been deposited. They then sat down in one of the most spacious chambers to rest awhile before they attempted to return.

“We have now,” said Imlac, “gratified our minds with an exact view of the greatest work of man, except the wall of China.

“Of the wall it is very easy to assign the motive. It secured a wealthy and timorous nation from the incursions of barbarians, whose unskilfulness in the arts made it easier for them to supply their wants by rapine than by industry, and who from time to time poured in upon the inhabitants of peaceful commerce as vultures descend upon domestic fowl. Their celerity and fierceness made the wall necessary, and their ignorance made it efficacious.

“But for the Pyramids, no reason has ever been given adequate to the cost and labour of the work. The narrowness of the chambers proves that it could afford no retreat from enemies, and treasures might have been reposited at far less expense with equal security. It seems to have been erected only in compliance with that hunger of imagination which preys incessantly upon life, and must be always appeased by some employment. Those who have already all that they can enjoy must enlarge their desires. He that has built for use till use is supplied must begin to build for vanity, and extend his plan to the utmost power of human performance that he may not be soon reduced to form another wish.

“I consider this mighty structure as a monument of the insufficiency of human enjoyments. A king whose power is unlimited, and whose treasures surmount all real and imaginary wants, is compelled to solace, by the erection of a pyramid, the satiety of dominion and tastelessness of pleasures, and to amuse the tediousness of declining life by seeing thousands labouring without end, and one stone, for no purpose, laid upon another. Whoever thou art that, not content with a moderate condition, imaginest happiness in royal magnificence, and dreamest that command or riches can feed the appetite of novelty with perpetual gratifications, survey the Pyramids, and confess thy folly!” [Lady Pekuah is kidnapped by Arabs. They try to find her but have no recourse through law or other means. Nekayah almost falls into despair, but time blunts her grief. They find and ransom Pekuah.]

Chapter XXXVIII: The Adventures of Lady Pekuah

“At what time and in what manner I was forced away,” said Pekuah, “your servants have told you. The suddenness of the event struck me with surprise, and I was at first rather stupefied than agitated with any passion of either fear or sorrow. My confusion was increased by the speed and tumult of our flight, while we were followed by the Turks, who, as it seemed, soon despaired to overtake us, or were afraid of those whom they made a show of menacing.

“When the Arabs saw themselves out of danger, they slackened their course; and as I was less harassed by external violence, I began to feel more uneasiness in my mind. After some time we stopped near a spring shaded with trees, in a pleasant meadow, where we were set upon the ground, and offered such refreshments as our masters were partaking. I was suffered to sit with my maids apart from the rest, and none attempted to comfort or insult us. Here I first began to feel the full weight of my misery. The girls sat weeping in silence, and from time to time looked on me for succour. I knew not to what condition we were doomed, nor could conjecture where would be the place of our captivity, or whence to draw any hope of deliverance. I was in the hands of robbers and savages, and had no reason to suppose that their pity was more than their justice, or that they would forbear the gratification of any ardour of desire or caprice of cruelty. I, however, kissed my maids, and endeavoured to pacify them by remarking that we were yet treated with decency, and that since we were now carried beyond pursuit, there was no danger of violence to our lives.

“When we were to be set again on horseback, my maids clung round me, and refused to be parted; but I commanded them not to irritate those who had us in their power. We travelled the remaining part of the day through an unfrequented and pathless country, and came by moonlight to the side of a hill, where the rest of the troop was stationed. Their tents were pitched and their fires kindled, and our chief was welcomed as a man much beloved by his dependents.

“We were received into a large tent, where we found women who had attended their husbands in the expedition. They set before us the supper which they had provided, and I ate it rather to encourage my maids than to comply with any appetite of my own. When the meat was taken away, they spread the carpets for repose. I was weary, and hoped to find in sleep that remission of distress which nature seldom denies. Ordering myself, therefore, to be undressed, I observed that the women looked very earnestly upon me, not expecting, I suppose, to see me so submissively attended. When my upper vest was taken off, they were apparently struck with the splendour of my clothes, and one of them timorously laid her hand upon the embroidery. She then went out, and in a short time came back with another woman, who seemed to be of higher rank and greater authority. She did, at her entrance, the usual act of reverence, and, taking me by the hand placed me in a smaller tent, spread with finer carpets, where I spent the night quietly with my maids.

“In the morning, as I was sitting on the grass, the chief of the troop came towards me. I rose up to receive him, and he bowed with great respect. ‘Illustrious lady,’ said he, ‘my fortune is better than I had presumed to hope: I am told by my women that I have a princess in my camp.’ ‘Sir,’ answered I, ‘your women have deceived themselves and you; I am not a princess, but an unhappy stranger who intended soon to have left this country, in which I am now to be imprisoned for ever.’ ‘Whoever or whencesoever you are,’ returned the Arab, ‘your dress and that of your servants show your rank to be high and your wealth to be great. Why should you, who can so easily procure your ransom, think yourself in danger of perpetual captivity? The purpose of my incursions is to increase my riches, or, more property, to gather tribute. The sons of Ishmael are the natural and hereditary lords of this part of the continent, which is usurped by late invaders and low-born tyrants, from whom we are compelled to take by the sword what is denied to justice. The violence of war admits no distinction: the lance that is lifted at guilt and power will sometimes fall on innocence and gentleness.’

“’How little,’ said I, ‘did I expect that yesterday it should have fallen upon me!’

“’Misfortunes,’ answered the Arab, ‘should always be expected. If the eye of hostility could learn reverence or pity, excellence like yours had been exempt from injury. But the angels of affliction spread their toils alike for the virtuous and the wicked, for the mighty and the mean. Do not be disconsolate; I am not one of the lawless and cruel rovers of the desert; I know the rules of civil life; I will fix your ransom, give a passport to your messenger, and perform my stipulation with nice punctuality.’

“You will easily believe that I was pleased with his courtesy, and finding that his predominant passion was desire for money, I began now to think my danger less, for I knew that no sum would be thought too great for the release of Pekuah. I told him that he should have no reason to charge me with ingratitude if I was used with kindness, and that any ransom which could be expected for a maid of common rank would be paid, but that he must not persist to rate me as a princess. He said he would consider what he should demand, and then, smiling, bowed and retired.

“Soon after the women came about me, each contending to be more officious than the other, and my maids themselves were served with reverence. We travelled onward by short journeys. On the fourth day the chief told me that my ransom must be two hundred ounces of gold, which I not only promised him, but told him that I would add fifty more if I and my maids were honourably treated.

“I never knew the power of gold before. From that time I was the leader of the troop. The march of every day was longer or shorter as I commanded, and the tents were pitched where I chose to rest. We now had camels and other conveniences for travel; my own women were always at my side, and I amused myself with observing the manners of the vagrant nations, and with viewing remains of ancient edifices, with which these deserted countries appear to have been in some distant age lavishly embellished.

“The chief of the band was a man far from illiterate: he was able to travel by the stars or the compass, and had marked in his erratic expeditions such places as are most worthy the notice of a passenger. He observed to me that buildings are always best preserved in places little frequented and difficult of access; for when once a country declines from its primitive splendour, the more inhabitants are left, the quicker ruin will be made. Walls supply stones more easily than quarries; and palaces and temples will be demolished to make stables of granite and cottages of porphyry.’”

Chapter XXXIX: The Adventures of Lady Pekuah (continued)

“We wandered about in this manner for some weeks, either, as our chief pretended, for my gratification, or, as I rather suspected, for some convenience of his own. I endeavoured to appear contented where sullenness and resentment would have been of no use, and that endeavour conduced much to the calmness of my mind; but my heart was always with Nekayah, and the troubles of the night much overbalanced the amusements of the day. My women, who threw all their cares upon their mistress, set their minds at ease from the time when they saw me treated with respect, and gave themselves up to the incidental alleviations of our fatigue without solicitude or sorrow. I was pleased with their pleasure, and animated with their confidence. My condition had lost

much of its terror, since I found that the Arab ranged the country merely to get riches. Avarice is a uniform and tractable vice: other intellectual distempers are different in different constitutions of mind; that which soothes the pride of one will offend the pride of another; but to the favour of the covetous there is a ready way—bring money, and nothing is denied.

“At last we came to the dwelling of our chief; a strong and spacious house, built with stone in an island of the Nile, which lies, as I was told, under the tropic. ‘Lady,’ said the Arab, ‘you shall rest after your journey a few weeks in this place, where you are to consider yourself as Sovereign. My occupation is war: I have therefore chosen this obscure residence, from which I can issue unexpected, and to which I can retire unpursued. You may now repose in security: here are few pleasures, but here is no danger.’ He then led me into the inner apartments, and seating me on the richest couch, bowed to the ground.

“His women, who considered me as a rival, looked on me with malignity; but being soon informed that I was a great lady detained only for my ransom, they began to vie with each other in obsequiousness and reverence.

“Being again comforted with new assurances of speedy liberty, I was for some days diverted from impatience by the novelty of the place. The turrets overlooked the country to a great distance, and afforded a view of many windings of the stream. In the day I wandered from one place to another, as the course of the sun varied the splendour of the prospect, and saw many things which I had never seen before. The crocodiles and river-horses are common in this unpeopled region; and I often looked upon them with terror, though I knew they could not hurt me. For some time I expected to see mermaids and tritons, which, as Imlac has told me, the European travellers have stationed in the Nile; but no such beings ever appeared, and the Arab, when I inquired after them, laughed at my credulity.

“At night the Arab always attended me to a tower set apart for celestial observations, where he endeavoured to teach me the names and courses of the stars. I had no great inclination to this study; but an appearance of attention was necessary to please my instructor, who valued himself for his skill, and in a little while I found some employment requisite to beguile the tediousness of time, which was to be passed always amidst the same objects. I was weary of looking in the morning on things from which I had turned away weary in the evening: I therefore was at last willing to observe the stars rather than do nothing, but could not always compose my thoughts, and was very often thinking on Nekayah when others imagined me contemplating the sky. Soon after, the Arab went upon another expedition, and then my only pleasure was to talk with my maids about the accident by which we were carried away, and the happiness we should all enjoy at the end of our captivity.”

“There were women in your Arab’s fortress,” said the Princess; “why did you not make them your companions, enjoy their conversation, and partake their diversions? In a place where they found business or amusement, why should you alone sit corroded with idle melancholy? or why could not you bear for a few months that condition to which they were condemned for life?”

“The diversions of the women,” answered Pekuah, “were only childish play, by which the mind accustomed to stronger operations could not be kept busy. I could do all which they delighted in doing by powers merely sensitive, while my intellectual faculties were flown to Cairo. They ran from room to room, as a bird hops from wire to wire in his cage. They danced for the sake of motion, as lambs frisk in a meadow. One sometimes pretended to be hurt that the rest might be alarmed, or hid herself that another might seek her. Part of their time passed in watching the progress of light bodies that floated on the river, and part in marking the various forms into which clouds broke in the sky.

“Their business was only needlework, in which I and my maids sometimes helped them; but you know that the mind will easily straggle from the fingers, nor will you suspect that captivity and absence from Nekayah could receive solace from silken flowers.

“Nor was much satisfaction to be hoped from their conversation: for of what could they be expected to talk? They had seen nothing, for they had lived from early youth in that narrow spot: of what they had not seen they could have no knowledge, for they could not read. They had no idea but of the few things that were within their view, and had hardly names for anything but their clothes and their food. As I bore a superior character, I was often called to terminate their quarrels, which I decided as equitably as I could. If it could have amused me to hear the complaints of each against the rest, I might have been often detained by long stories; but the motives of their animosity were so small that I could not listen without interrupting the tale.”

“How,” said Rasselas, “can the Arab, whom you represented as a man of more than common accomplishments, take any pleasure in his seraglio, when it is filled only with women like these? Are they exquisitely beautiful?”

“They do not,” said Pekuah, “want that unaffecting and ignoble beauty which may subsist without sprightliness or sublimity, without energy of thought or dignity of virtue. But to a man like the Arab such beauty was only a flower casually plucked and carelessly thrown away. Whatever pleasures he might find among them, they were not those of friendship or society. When they were playing about him he looked on them with inattentive superiority; when they vied for his regard he sometimes turned away disgusted. As they had no knowledge, their talk could take nothing from the tediousness of life; as they had no choice, their

fondness, or appearance of fondness, excited in him neither pride nor gratitude. He was not exalted in his own esteem by the smiles of a woman who saw no other man, nor was much obliged by that regard of which he could never know the sincerity, and which he might often perceive to be exerted not so much to delight him as to pain a rival. That which he gave, and they received, as love, was only a careless distribution of superfluous time, such love as man can bestow upon that which he despises, such as has neither hope nor fear, neither joy nor sorrow."

"You have reason, lady, to think yourself happy," said Imlac, "that you have been thus easily dismissed. How could a mind, hungry for knowledge, be willing, in an intellectual famine, to lose such a banquet as Pekuah's conversation?"

"I am inclined to believe," answered Pekuah, "that he was for some time in suspense; for, notwithstanding his promise, whenever I proposed to despatch a messenger to Cairo he found some excuse for delay. While I was detained in his house he made many incursions into the neighbouring countries, and perhaps he would have refused to discharge me had his plunder been equal to his wishes. He returned always courteous, related his adventures, delighted to hear my observations, and endeavoured to advance my acquaintance with the stars. When I importuned him to send away my letters, he soothed me with professions of honour and sincerity; and when I could be no longer decently denied, put his troop again in motion, and left me to govern in his absence. I was much afflicted by this studied procrastination, and was sometimes afraid that I should be forgotten; that you would leave Cairo, and I must end my days in an island of the Nile.

"I grew at last hopeless and dejected, and cared so little to entertain him, that he for a while more frequently talked with my maids. That he should fall in love with them or with me, might have been equally fatal, and I was not much pleased with the growing friendship. My anxiety was not long, for, as I recovered some degree of cheerfulness, he returned to me, and I could not forbear to despise my former uneasiness.

"He still delayed to send for my ransom, and would perhaps never have determined had not your agent found his way to him. The gold, which he would not fetch, he could not reject when it was offered. He hastened to prepare for our journey hither, like a man delivered from the pain of an intestine conflict. I took leave of my companions in the house, who dismissed me with cold indifference."

Nekayah having heard her favourite's relation, rose and embraced her, and Rasselas gave her a hundred ounces of gold, which she presented to the Arab for the fifty that were promised. . . . [Rasselas considers devoting himself to science. Imlac's description of an astronomer causes Rasselas to pause.]

Chapter XLI: The Astronomer Discovers the Cause of His Uneasiness "

At last the time came when the secret burst his reserve. We were sitting together last night in the turret of his house watching the immersion of a satellite of Jupiter. A sudden tempest clouded the sky and disappointed our observation. We sat awhile silent in the dark, and then he addressed himself to me in these words: 'Imlac, I have long considered thy friendship as the greatest blessing of my life. Integrity without knowledge is weak and useless, and knowledge without integrity is dangerous and dreadful. I have found in thee all the qualities requisite for trust— benevolence, experience, and fortitude. I have long discharged an office which I must soon quit at the call of Nature, and shall rejoice in the hour of imbecility and pain to devolve it upon thee.'

"I thought myself honoured by this testimony, and protested that whatever could conduce to his happiness would add likewise to mine.

"'Hear, Imlac, what thou wilt not without difficulty credit. I have possessed for five years the regulation of the weather and the distribution of the seasons. The sun has listened to my dictates, and passed from tropic to tropic by my direction; the clouds at my call have poured their waters, and the Nile has overflowed at my command. I have restrained the rage of the dog-star, and mitigated the fervours of the crab. The winds alone, of all the elemental powers, have hitherto refused my authority, and multitudes have perished by equinoctial tempests which I found myself unable to prohibit or restrain. I have administered this great office with exact justice, and made to the different nations of the earth an impartial dividend of rain and sunshine. What must have been the misery of half the globe if I had limited the clouds to particular regions, or confined the sun to either side of the equator?'"

Chapter XLII: The Opinion of the Astronomer is Explained and Justified

"I suppose he discovered in me, through the obscurity of the room, some tokens of amazement and doubt, for after a short pause he proceeded thus:-

"'Not to be easily credited will neither surprise nor offend me, for I am probably the first of human beings to whom this trust has been imparted. Nor do I know whether to deem this distinction a reward or punishment. Since I have possessed it I have been

far less happy than before, and nothing but the consciousness of good intention could have enabled me to support the weariness of unremitted vigilance.'

"'How long, sir,' said I, 'has this great office been in your hands?'

"'About ten years ago,' said he, 'my daily observations of the changes of the sky led me to consider whether, if I had the power of the seasons, I could confer greater plenty upon the inhabitants of the earth. This contemplation fastened on my mind, and I sat days and nights in imaginary dominion, pouring upon this country and that the showers of fertility, and seconding every fall of rain with a due proportion of sunshine. I had yet only the will to do good, and did not imagine that I should ever have the power.

"'One day as I was looking on the fields withering with heat, I felt in my mind a sudden wish that I could send rain on the southern mountains, and raise the Nile to an inundation. In the hurry of my imagination I commanded rain to fall; and by comparing the time of my command with that of the inundation, I found that the clouds had listened to my lips.'

"'Might not some other cause,' said I, 'produce this concurrence? The Nile does not always rise on the same day.'

"'Do not believe,' said he, with impatience, 'that such objections could escape me. I reasoned long against my own conviction, and laboured against truth with the utmost obstinacy. I sometimes suspected myself of madness, and should not have dared to impart this secret but to a man like you, capable of distinguishing the wonderful from the impossible, and the incredible from the false.'

"'Why, sir,' said I, 'do you call that incredible which you know, or think you know, to be true?'

"'Because,' said he, 'I cannot prove it by any external evidence; and I know too well the laws of demonstration to think that my conviction ought to influence another, who cannot, like me, be conscious of its force. I therefore shall not attempt to gain credit by disputation. It is sufficient that I feel this power that I have long possessed, and every day exerted it. But the life of man is short; the infirmities of age increase upon me, and the time will soon come when the regulator of the year must mingle with the dust. The care of appointing a successor has long disturbed me; the night and the day have been spent in comparisons of all the characters which have come to my knowledge, and I have yet found none so worthy as thyself.'" [Rasselas decides that the Astronomer suffers from a malady of the mind induced by overimagination. They encounter a discontented old man but attribute his discontent to age, not experience. Grounding experience in reality, the Astronomer recovers his senses. They pursue sensation in the novel.]

Chapter XLVIII: Imlac Discourses on the Nature of the Soul

"What reason," said the Prince, "can be given why the Egyptians should thus expensively preserve those carcases which some nations consume with fire, others lay to mingle with the earth, and all agree to remove from their sight as soon as decent rites can be performed?"

"The original of ancient customs," said Imlac, "is commonly unknown, for the practice often continues when the cause has ceased; and concerning superstitious ceremonies it is vain to conjecture; for what reason did not dictate, reason cannot explain. I have long believed that the practice of embalming arose only from tenderness to the remains of relations or friends; and to this opinion I am more inclined because it seems impossible that this care should have been general; had all the dead been embalmed, their repositories must in time have been more spacious than the dwellings of the living. I suppose only the rich or honourable were secured from corruption, and the rest left to the course of nature.

"But it is commonly supposed that the Egyptians believed the soul to live as long as the body continued undissolved, and therefore tried this method of eluding death."

"Could the wise Egyptians," said Nekayah, "think so grossly of the soul? If the soul could once survive its separation, what could it afterwards receive or suffer from the body?"

"The Egyptians would doubtless think erroneously," said the astronomer, "in the darkness of heathenism and the first dawn of philosophy. The nature of the soul is still disputed amidst all our opportunities of clearer knowledge; some yet say that it may be material, who, nevertheless, believe it to be immortal."

"Some," answered Imlac, "have indeed said that the soul is material, but I can scarcely believe that any man has thought it who knew how to think; for all the conclusions of reason enforce the immateriality of mind, and all the notices of sense and investigations of science concur to prove the unconsciousness of matter.

“It was never supposed that cogitation is inherent in matter, or that every particle is a thinking being. Yet if any part of matter be devoid of thought, what part can we suppose to think? Matter can differ from matter only in form, density, bulk, motion, and direction of motion. To which of these, however varied or combined, can consciousness be annexed? To be round or square, to be solid or fluid, to be great or little, to be moved slowly or swiftly, one way or another, are modes of material existence all equally alien from the nature of cogitation. If matter be once without thought, it can only be made to think by some new modification; but all the modifications which it can admit are equally unconnected with cogitative powers.”

“But the materialists,” said the astronomer, “urge that matter may have qualities with which we are unacquainted.”

“He who will determine,” returned Imlac, “against that which he knows because there may be something which he knows not; he that can set hypothetical possibility against acknowledged certainty, is not to be admitted among reasonable beings. All that we know of matter is, that matter is inert, senseless, and lifeless; and if this conviction cannot he opposed but by referring us to something that we know not, we have all the evidence that human intellect can admit. If that which is known may be overruled by that which is unknown, no being, not omniscient, can arrive at certainty.”

“Yet let us not,” said the astronomer, “too arrogantly limit the Creator’s power.”

“It is no limitation of Omnipotence,” replied the poet, “to suppose that one thing is not consistent with another, that the same proposition cannot be at once true and false, that the same number cannot be even and odd, that cogitation cannot be conferred on that which is created incapable of cogitation.”

“I know not,” said Nekayah, “any great use of this question. Does that immateriality, which in my opinion you have sufficiently proved, necessarily include eternal duration?”

clude eternal duration?” “Of immateriality,” said Imlac, “our ideas are negative, and therefore obscure. Immateriality seems to imply a natural power of perpetual duration as a consequence of exemption from all causes of decay: whatever perishes is destroyed by the solution of its contexture and separation of its parts; nor can we conceive how that which has no parts, and therefore admits no solution, can be naturally corrupted or impaired.”

“I know not,” said Rasselas, “how to conceive anything without extension: what is extended must have parts, and you allow that whatever has parts may be destroyed.”

“Consider your own conceptions,” replied Imlac, “and the difficulty will be less. You will find substance without extension. An ideal form is no less real than material bulk; yet an ideal form has no extension. It is no less certain, when you think on a pyramid, that your mind possesses the idea of a pyramid, than that the pyramid itself is standing. What space does the idea of a pyramid occupy more than the idea of a grain of corn? or how can either idea suffer laceration? As is the effect, such is the cause; as thought, such is the power that thinks, a power impassive and indiscerptible.”

“But the Being,” said Nekayah, “whom I fear to name, the Being which made the soul, can destroy it.”

“He surely can destroy it,” answered Imlac, “since, however imperishable, it receives from a superior nature its power of duration. That it will not perish by any inherent cause of decay or principle of corruption, may be shown by philosophy; but philosophy can tell no more. That it will not be annihilated by Him that made it, we must humbly learn from higher authority.”

The whole assembly stood awhile silent and collected. “Let us return,” said Rasselas, “from this scene of mortality. How gloomy would be these mansions of the dead to him who did not know that he should never die; that what now acts shall continue its agency, and what now thinks shall think on for ever. Those that lie here stretched before us, the wise and the powerful of ancient times, warn us to remember the shortness of our present state; they were perhaps snatched away while they were busy, like us, in the CHOICE OF LIFE.”

“To me,” said the Princess, “the choice of life is become less important; I hope hereafter to think only on the choice of eternity.”

They then hastened out of the caverns, and under the protection of their guard returned to Cairo.

Chapter XLIX: The Conclusion, in Which Nothing is Concluded

It was now the time of the inundation of the Nile. A few days after their visit to the catacombs the river began to rise.

They were confined to their house. The whole region being under water, gave them no invitation to any excursions; and being well

supplied with materials for talk, they diverted themselves with comparisons of the different forms of life which they had observed, and with various schemes of happiness which each of them had formed.

Pekuah was never so much charmed with any place as the Convent of St. Anthony, where the Arab restored her to the Princess, and wished only to fill it with pious maidens and to be made prioress of the order. She was weary of expectation and disgust, and would gladly be fixed in some unvariable state.

The Princess thought that, of all sublunary things, knowledge was the best. She desired first to learn all sciences, and then proposed to found a college of learned women, in which she would preside, that, by conversing with the old and educating the young, she might divide her time between the acquisition and communication of wisdom, and raise up for the next age models of prudence and patterns of piety.

The Prince desired a little kingdom in which he might administer justice in his own person and see all the parts of government with his own eyes; but he could never fix the limits of his dominion, and was always adding to the number of his subjects.

Imlac and the astronomer were contented to be driven along the stream of life without directing their course to any particular port.

Of those wishes that they had formed they well knew that none could be obtained. They deliberated awhile what was to be done, and resolved, when the inundation should cease, to return to Abyssinia.

4.11.5: Reading and Review Questions

1. What do you think Johnson hopes to achieve with the record of England's decline in "London," and why? How do you know?
2. How, if at all, does Johnson reconcile his biases, for instance, against the French and Spanish, or against female intellectuals, with his bent for truth? How self-aware is he? How do you know?
3. How, if at all, does the style of Johnson's writing affect its sense or meaning? Consider whether or not the stately cadence of the opening lines of "The Vanity of Human Wishes" militate against the poem's observations on human futility. Consider, too, the ringing declamations of the same poem's closing lines.
4. How does Johnson balance fancy, which he often characterizes as selfdelusional, with fact, or history, in Rasselas? Why and to what end does he fictionalize history?
5. According to Johnson, what, if anything, does life offer, and why? How do you know?

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4.12: James Bosnell (1740-1795)



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Born into a prominent Scottish family, James Boswell studied at the University of Edinburgh and studied law at the University of Glasgow. Nevertheless, he diverted from the legal career laid out for him by his father, who was a judge on the High Court of Justiciary in Scotland. He instead sojourned for a time in London, recording his experiences in his *London Journal, 1762-1763* (published in 1950). He made a Grand Tour of Europe, again recording his experiences in his *Boswell on the Grand Tour: Germany and Switzerland, 1764* (published in 1953). While there, he interviewed the great authors and philosophers Jean-Jacques Rousseau and Voltaire, giving a first glimpse of his eager interest in the great men of his day. From the diaries he kept while in Europe, Boswell published *An Account of Corsica: The Journal of a Tour to That Island* (1768); his Boswell on the Grand Tour: Italy, Corsica, and France, 1765-1766 was not published until 1955.

It seems that he made his life the matter of his work. But his greatest work, for which he has gained most renown, ostensibly took the life of Samuel Johnson for its matter. In taking six years to write the greatest, if not the first, biography of the eighteenth century, though, Boswell produced something of an autobiography as well. For he offset his life, his thoughts, his experiences, against those of Samuel Johnson–as well as other such greats as Joshua Reynolds, David Hume, Oliver Goldsmith, David Garrick, and Edward Gibbon. In doing so, he provided a mirror to Samuel Johnson's (often sententious) wit, philosophical morality, sociability, and hospitality–and, by extension, a mirror into historical events, entertainments, and cultural conflicts of Johnson's London. He also contributed to the mixture of genres characterizing prose works, for the journals he published mixed travelogue with periodicals with drama. Later scholars note fiction in these journals, as well, in terms of Boswell's filtering tendencies.

By haunting John Davies's bookshop, a place that Johnson visited regularly, Boswell maneuvered first an introduction and then an invitation to Johnson's home at the Inner Temple. Fully aware of Boswell's recording incidents which he witnessed, Johnson opened not only his home but also his mind and experience to Boswell. They traveled, dined, and frequented clubs together for the last twenty years of Johnson's life. Johnson's *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland* (1775) parallels Boswell's *The Journal of a Tour of the Hebrides, with Samuel Johnson, LL.D.* (1785). Letters and interviews with Johnson's acquaintances provide material for the years of Johnson's life to which Boswell was not an immediate witness.

Boswell married his first cousin Margaret Montgomerie; they had five children. Although he never practiced law in England, he was admitted to its bar. He had many friends and experiences of his own–as is amply evidenced in the great store of letters, notes, and journals recovered in the twentieth century and that now comprise the eighteen volumes of Yale's *Editions of the Private Papers of James Boswell*. But he devoted his last years especially to Johnson's biography, publishing it four years before his own death. And in many ways, it could be said that Boswell gave his life to his *Life*.

4.12.1: from The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL. D.

(1791)

1763: AETAT. 54.]—This is to me a memorable year; for in it I had the happiness to obtain the acquaintance of that extraordinary man whose memoirs I am now writing; an acquaintance which I shall ever esteem as one of the most fortunate circumstances in my life. Though then but two-and-twenty, I had for several years read his works with delight and instruction, and had the highest reverence for their authour, which had grown up in my fancy into a kind of mysterious veneration, by figuring to myself a state of solemn elevated abstraction, in which I supposed him to live in the immense metropolis of London. Mr. Gentleman, a native of Ireland, who passed some years in Scotland as a player, and as an instructor in the English language, a man whose talents and worth were depressed by misfortunes, had given me a representation of the figure and manner of DICTIONARY JOHNSON! as he was then generally called; and during my first visit to London, which was for three months in 1760, Mr. Derrick the poet, who was Gentleman's friend and countryman, flattered me with hopes that he would introduce me to Johnson, an honour of which I was very ambitious. But he never found an opportunity; which made me doubt that he had promised to do what was not in his power; till Johnson some years afterwards told me, 'Derrick, Sir, might very well have introduced you. I had a kindness for Derrick, and am sorry he is dead.'

In the summer of 1761 Mr. Thomas Sheridan was at Edinburgh, and delivered lectures upon the English Language and Publick Speaking to large and respectable audiences. I was often in his company, and heard him frequently expatiate upon Johnson's extraordinary knowledge, talents, and virtues, repeat his pointed sayings, describe his particularities, and boast of his being his guest sometimes till two or three in the morning. At his house I hoped to have many opportunities of seeing the sage, as Mr. Sheridan obligingly assured me I should not be disappointed.

When I returned to London in the end of 1762, to my surprise and regret I found an irreconcilable difference had taken place between Johnson and Sheridan. A pension of two hundred pounds a year had been given to Sheridan. Johnson, who, as has been already mentioned, thought slightingly of Sheridan's art, upon hearing that he was also pensioned, exclaimed, 'What! have they given HIM a pension? Then it is time for me to give up mine.'

Johnson complained that a man who disliked him repeated his sarcasm to Mr. Sheridan, without telling him what followed, which was, that after a pause he added, 'However, I am glad that Mr. Sheridan has a pension, for he is a very good man.' Sheridan could never forgive this hasty contemptuous expression. It rankled in his mind; and though I informed him of all that Johnson said, and that he would be very glad to meet him amicably, he positively declined repeated offers which I made, and once went off abruptly from a house where he and I were engaged to dine, because he was told that Dr. Johnson was to be there.

This rupture with Sheridan deprived Johnson of one of his most agreeable resources for amusement in his lonely evenings; for Sheridan's well-informed, animated, and bustling mind never suffered conversation to stagnate; and Mrs. Sheridan was a most agreeable companion to an intellectual man. She was sensible, ingenious, unassuming, yet communicative. I recollect, with satisfaction, many pleasing hours which I passed with her under the hospitable roof of her husband, who was to me a very kind friend. Her novel, entitled Memoirs of Miss Sydney Biddulph, contains an excellent moral while it inculcates a future state of retribution; and what it teaches is impressed upon the mind by a series of as deep distress as can affect humanity, in the amiable and pious heroine who goes to her grave unrelieved, but resigned, and full of hope of 'heaven's mercy.' Johnson paid her this high compliment upon it: 'I know not, Madam, that you have a right, upon moral principles, to make your readers suffer so much.'

Mr. Thomas Davies the actor, who then kept a bookseller's shop in Russelstreet, Covent-garden, told me that Johnson was very much his friend, and came frequently to his house, where he more than once invited me to meet him; but by some unlucky accident or other he was prevented from coming to us.

Mr. Thomas Davies was a man of good understanding and talents, with the advantage of a liberal education. Though somewhat pompous, he was an entertaining companion; and his literary performances have no inconsiderable share of merit. He was a friendly and very hospitable man. Both he and his wife, (who has been celebrated for her beauty,) though upon the stage for many years, maintained an uniform decency of character; and Johnson esteemed them, and lived in as easy an intimacy with them, as with any family which he used to visit. Mr. Davies recollected several of Johnson's remarkable sayings, and was one of the best of the many imitators of his voice and manner, while relating them. He increased my impatience more and more to see the extraordinary man whose works I highly valued, and whose conversation was reported to be so peculiarly excellent.

At last, on Monday the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's backparlour, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies having perceived him through the glass-door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing towards us,—he announced his aweful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, 'Look, my Lord, it comes.' I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his Dictionary, in the attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep meditation, which was the first picture his friend did for him, which Sir Joshua very kindly presented to me, and from which an engraving has been made for this work. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I

had heard much, I said to Davies, 'Don't tell where I come from.'—'From Scotland,' cried Davies roguishly. 'Mr. Johnson, (said I) I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it.' I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to sooth and conciliate him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expence of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression 'come from Scotland,' which I used in the sense of being of that country; and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, 'That, Sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help.' This stroke stunned me a good deal; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies: 'What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings.' Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, 'O, Sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you.' 'Sir, (said he, with a stern look,) I have known David Garrick longer than you have done: and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject.' Perhaps I deserved this check; for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil. I now felt myself much mortified, and began to think that the hope which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. And, in truth, had not my ardour been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me for ever from making any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited.

I was highly pleased with the extraordinary vigour of his conversation, and regretted that I was drawn away from it by an engagement at another place. I had, for a part of the evening, been left alone with him, and had ventured to make an observation now and then, which he received very civilly; so that I was satisfied that though there was a roughness in his manner, there was no ill-nature in his disposition. Davies followed me to the door, and when I complained to him a little of the hard blows which the great man had given me, he kindly took upon him to console me by saying, 'Don't be uneasy. I can see he likes you very well.'

A few days afterwards I called on Davies, and asked him if he thought I might take the liberty of waiting on Mr. Johnson at his Chambers in the Temple. He said I certainly might, and that Mr. Johnson would take it as a compliment. So upon Tuesday the 24th of May, after having been enlivened by the witty sallies of Messieurs Thornton, Wilkes, Churchill and Lloyd, with whom I had passed the morning, I boldly repaired to Johnson. His Chambers were on the first floor of No. 1, Inner-Temple-lane, and I entered them with an impression given me by the Reverend Dr. Blair, of Edinburgh, who had been introduced to him not long before, and described his having 'found the Giant in his den;' an expression, which, when I came to be pretty well acquainted with Johnson, I repeated to him, and he was diverted at this picturesque account of himself. Dr. Blair had been presented to him by Dr. James Fordyce. At this time the controversy concerning the pieces published by Mr. James Macpherson, as translations of Ossian, was at its height. Johnson had all along denied their authenticity; and, what was still more provoking to their admirers, maintained that they had no merit. The subject having been introduced by Dr. Fordyce, Dr. Blair, relying on the internal evidence of their antiquity, asked Dr. Johnson whether he thought any man of a modern age could have written such poems? Johnson replied, 'Yes, Sir, many men, many women, and many children.' Johnson, at this time, did not know that Dr. Blair had just published a Dissertation, not only defending their authenticity, but seriously ranking them with the poems of Homer and Virgil; and when he was afterwards informed of this circumstance, he expressed some displeasure at Dr. Fordyce's having suggested the topick, and said, 'I am not sorry that they got thus much for their pains. Sir, it was like leading one to talk of a book when the authour is concealed behind the door.'

He received me very courteously; but, it must be confessed, that his apartment, and furniture, and morning dress, were sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit of cloaths looked very rusty; he had on a little old shrivelled unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt-neck and knees of his breeches were loose; his black worsted stockings ill drawn up; and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these slovenly particularities were forgotten the moment that he began to talk. Some gentlemen, whom I do not recollect, were sitting with him; and when they went away, I also rose; but he said to me, 'Nay, don't go.' 'Sir, (said I,) I am afraid that I intrude upon you. It is benevolent to allow me to sit and hear you.' He seemed pleased with this compliment, which I sincerely paid him, and answered, 'Sir, I am obliged to any man who visits me.' I have preserved the following short minute of what passed this day:—

'Madness frequently discovers itself merely by unnecessary deviation from the usual modes of the world. My poor friend Smart shewed the disturbance of his mind, by falling upon his knees, and saying his prayers in the street, or in any other unusual place. Now although, rationally speaking, it is greater madness not to pray at all, than to pray as Smart did, I am afraid there are so many who do not pray, that their understanding is not called in question.'

Concerning this unfortunate poet, Christopher Smart, who was confined in a mad-house, he had, at another time, the following conversation with Dr. Burney:— BURNEY. 'How does poor Smart do, Sir; is he likely to recover?' JOHNSON. 'It seems as if his mind had ceased to struggle with the disease; for he grows fat upon it.' BURNEY. 'Perhaps, Sir, that may be from want of exercise.' JOHNSON. 'No, Sir; he has partly as much exercise as he used to have, for he digs in the garden. Indeed, before his confinement, he used for exercise to walk to the ale-house; but he was CARRIED back again. I did not think he ought to be shut up. His

infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted on people praying with him; and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as any one else. Another charge was, that he did not love clean linen; and I have no passion for it.'—Johnson continued. 'Mankind have a great aversion to intellectual labour; but even supposing knowledge to be easily attainable, more people would be content to be ignorant than would take even a little trouble to acquire it.'

Talking of Garrick, he said, 'He is the first man in the world for sprightly conversation.'

When I rose a second time he again pressed me to stay, which I did.

He told me, that he generally went abroad at four in the afternoon, and seldom came home till two in the morning. I took the liberty to ask if he did not think it wrong to live thus, and not make more use of his great talents. He owned it was a bad habit. On reviewing, at the distance of many years, my journal of this period, I wonder how, at my first visit, I ventured to talk to him so freely, and that he bore it with so much indulgence.

Before we parted, he was so good as to promise to favour me with his company one evening at my lodgings; and, as I took my leave, shook me cordially by the hand. It is almost needless to add, that I felt no little elation at having now so happily established an acquaintance of which I had been so long ambitious.

I did not visit him again till Monday, June 13, at which time I recollect no part of his conversation, except that when I told him I had been to see Johnson ride upon three horses, he said, 'Such a man, Sir, should be encouraged; for his performances shew the extent of the human powers in one instance, and thus tend to raise our opinion of the faculties of man. He shews what may be attained by persevering application; so that every man may hope, that by giving as much application, although perhaps he may never ride three horses at a time, or dance upon a wire, yet he may be equally expert in whatever profession he has chosen to pursue.'

He again shook me by the hand at parting, and asked me why I did not come oftener to him. Trusting that I was now in his good graces, I answered, that he had not given me much encouragement, and reminded him of the check I had received from him at our first interview. 'Poh, poh! (said he, with a complacent smile,) never mind these things. Come to me as often as you can. I shall be glad to see you.'

I had learnt that his place of frequent resort was the Mitre tavern in Fleetstreet, where he loved to sit up late, and I begged I might be allowed to pass an evening with him there soon, which he promised I should. A few days afterwards I met him near Temple-bar, about one o'clock in the morning, and asked if he would then go to the Mitre. 'Sir, (said he) it is too late; they won't let us in. But I'll go with you another night with all my heart.'

A revolution of some importance in my plan of life had just taken place; for instead of procuring a commission in the foot-guards, which was my own inclination, I had, in compliance with my father's wishes, agreed to study the law, and was soon to set out for Utrecht, to hear the lectures of an excellent Civilian in that University, and then to proceed on my travels. Though very desirous of obtaining Dr. Johnson's advice and instructions on the mode of pursuing my studies, I was at this time so occupied, shall I call it? or so dissipated, by the amusements of London, that our next meeting was not till Saturday, June 25, when happening to dine at Clifton's eating-house, in Butcher-row I was surprized to perceive Johnson come in and take his seat at another table. The mode of dining, or rather being fed, at such houses in London, is well known to many to be particularly unsocial, as there is no Ordinary, or united company, but each person has his own mess, and is under no obligation to hold any intercourse with any one. A liberal and full-minded man, however, who loves to talk, will break through this churlish and unsocial restraint. Johnson and an Irish gentleman got into a dispute concerning the cause of some part of mankind being black. 'Why, Sir, (said Johnson,) it has been accounted for in three ways: either by supposing that they are the posterity of Ham, who was cursed; or that GOD at first created two kinds of men, one black and another white; or that by the heat of the sun the skin is scorched, and so acquires a sooty hue. This matter has been much canvassed among naturalists, but has never been brought to any certain issue.' What the Irishman said is totally obliterated from my mind; but I remember that he became very warm and intemperate in his expressions; upon which Johnson rose, and quietly walked away. When he had retired, his antagonist took his revenge, as he thought, by saying, 'He has a most ungainly figure, and an affectation of pomposity, unworthy of a man of genius.'

Johnson had not observed that I was in the room. I followed him, however, and he agreed to meet me in the evening at the Mitre. I called on him, and we went thither at nine. We had a good supper, and port wine, of which he then sometimes drank a bottle. The orthodox high-church sound of the Mitre,—the figure and manner of the celebrated SAMUEL JOHNSON,—the extraordinary power and precision of his conversation, and the pride arising from finding myself admitted as his companion, produced a variety of sensations, and a pleasing elevation of mind beyond what I had ever before experienced. I find in my journal the following minute of our conversation, which, though it will give but a very faint notion of what passed, is in some degree a valuable record; and it will be curious in this view, as shewing how habitual to his mind were some opinions which appear in his works.

‘Colley Cibber, Sir, was by no means a blockhead; but by arrogating to himself too much, he was in danger of losing that degree of estimation to which he was entitled. His friends gave out that he INTENDED his birth-day Odes should be bad: but that was not the case, Sir; for he kept them many months by him, and a few years before he died he shewed me one of them, with great solicitude to render it as perfect as might be, and I made some corrections, to which he was not very willing to submit. I remember the following couplet in allusion to the King and himself:

“Perch’d on the eagle’s soaring wing,

The lowly linnet loves to sing.”

Sir, he had heard something of the fabulous tale of the wren sitting upon the eagle’s wing, and he had applied it to a linnet. Cibber’s familiar style, however, was better than that which Whitehead has assumed. GRAND nonsense is insupportable. Whitehead is but a little man to inscribe verses to players.

‘Sir, I do not think Gray a first-rate poet. He has not a bold imagination, nor much command of words. The obscurity in which he has involved himself will not persuade us that he is sublime. His Elegy in a Church-yard has a happy selection of images, but I don’t like what are called his great things. His Ode which begins

“Ruin seize thee, ruthless King,

Confusion on thy banners wait!”

has been celebrated for its abruptness, and plunging into the subject all at once. But such arts as these have no merit, unless when they are original. We admire them only once; and this abruptness has nothing new in it. We have had it often before. Nay, we have it in the old song of Johnny Armstrong:

“Is there ever a man in all Scotland

From the highest estate to the lowest degree,” &c.

And then, Sir,

“Yes, there is a man in Westmoreland,

And Johnny Armstrong they do him call.”

There, now, you plunge at once into the subject. You have no previous narration to lead you to it. The two next lines in that Ode are, I think, very good:

“Though fann’d by conquest’s crimson wing,

They mock the air with idle state.”’

Finding him in a placid humour, and wishing to avail myself of the opportunity which I fortunately had of consulting a sage, to hear whose wisdom, I conceived in the ardour of youthful imagination, that men filled with a noble enthusiasm for intellectual improvement would gladly have resorted from distant lands;—I opened my mind to him ingenuously, and gave him a little sketch of my life, to which he was pleased to listen with great attention.

I acknowledged, that though educated very strictly in the principles of religion, I had for some time been misled into a certain degree of infidelity; but that I was come now to a better way of thinking, and was fully satisfied of the truth of the Christian revelation, though I was not clear as to every point considered to be orthodox. Being at all times a curious examiner of the human mind, and pleased with an undisguised display of what had passed in it, he called to me with warmth, ‘Give me your hand; I have taken a liking to you.’ He then began to descant upon the force of testimony, and the little we could know of final causes; so that the objections of, why was it so? or why was it not so? ought not to disturb us: adding, that he himself had at one period been guilty of a temporary neglect of religion, but that it was not the result of argument, but mere absence of thought.

After having given credit to reports of his bigotry, I was agreeably surprized when he expressed the following very liberal sentiment, which has the additional value of obviating an objection to our holy religion, founded upon the discordant tenets of Christians themselves: ‘For my part, Sir, I think all Christians, whether Papists or Protestants, agree in the essential articles, and that their differences are trivial, and rather political than religious.’

We talked of belief in ghosts. He said, 'Sir, I make a distinction between what a man may experience by the mere strength of his imagination, and what imagination cannot possibly produce. Thus, suppose I should think that I saw a form, and heard a voice cry "Johnson, you are a very wicked fellow, and unless you repent you will certainly be punished;" my own unworthiness is so deeply impressed upon my mind, that I might IMAGINE I thus saw and heard, and therefore I should not believe that an external communication had been made to me. But if a form should appear, and a voice should tell me that a particular man had died at a particular place, and a particular hour, a fact which I had no apprehension of, nor any means of knowing, and this fact, with all its circumstances, should afterwards be unquestionably proved, I should, in that case, be persuaded that I had supernatural intelligence imparted to me.'

Here it is proper, once for all, to give a true and fair statement of Johnson's way of thinking upon the question, whether departed spirits are ever permitted to appear in this world, or in any way to operate upon human life. He has been ignorantly misrepresented as weakly credulous upon that subject; and, therefore, though I feel an inclination to disdain and treat with silent contempt so foolish a notion concerning my illustrious friend, yet as I find it has gained ground, it is necessary to refute it. The real fact then is, that Johnson had a very philosophical mind, and such a rational respect for testimony, as to make him submit his understanding to what was authentically proved, though he could not comprehend why it was so. Being thus disposed, he was willing to inquire into the truth of any relation of supernatural agency, a general belief of which has prevailed in all nations and ages. But so far was he from being the dupe of implicit faith, that he examined the matter with a jealous attention, and no man was more ready to refute its falsehood when he had discovered it. Churchill, in his poem entitled The Ghost, availed himself of the absurd credulity imputed to Johnson, and drew a caricature of him under the name of 'POMPOSO,' representing him as one of the believers of the story of a Ghost in Cock-lane, which, in the year 1762, had gained very general credit in London. Many of my readers, I am convinced, are to this hour under an impression that Johnson was thus foolishly deceived. It will therefore surprize them a good deal when they are informed upon undoubted authority, that Johnson was one of those by whom the imposture was detected. The story had become so popular, that he thought it should be investigated; and in this research he was assisted by the Reverend Dr. Douglas, now Bishop of Salisbury, the great detector of impostures; who informs me, that after the gentlemen who went and examined into the evidence were satisfied of its falsity, Johnson wrote in their presence an account of it, which was published in the newspapers and Gentleman's Magazine, and undeceived the world.

Our conversation proceeded. 'Sir, (said he) I am a friend to subordination, as most conducive to the happiness of society. There is a reciprocal pleasure in governing and being governed.'

'Dr. Goldsmith is one of the first men we now have as an authour, and he is a very worthy man too. He has been loose in his principles, but he is coming right.'

I complained to him that I had not yet acquired much knowledge, and asked his advice as to my studies. He said, 'Don't talk of study now. I will give you a plan; but it will require some time to consider of it.' 'It is very good in you (I replied,) to allow me to be with you thus. Had it been foretold to me some years ago that I should pass an evening with the authour of The Rambler, how should I have exulted!' What I then expressed, was sincerely from the heart. He was satisfied that it was, and cordially answered, 'Sir, I am glad we have met. I hope we shall pass many evenings and mornings too, together.' We finished a couple of bottles of port, and sat till between one and two in the morning.

As Dr. Oliver Goldsmith will frequently appear in this narrative, I shall endeavour to make my readers in some degree acquainted with his singular character. He was a native of Ireland, and a contemporary with Mr. Burke at Trinity College, Dublin, but did not then give much promise of future celebrity. He, however, observed to Mr. Malone, that 'though he made no great figure in mathematicks, which was a study in much repute there, he could turn an Ode of Horace into English better than any of them.' He afterwards studied physick at Edinburgh, and upon the Continent; and I have been informed, was enabled to pursue his travels on foot, partly by demanding at Universities to enter the lists as a disputant, by which, according to the custom of many of them, he was entitled to the premium of a crown, when luckily for him his challenge was not accepted; so that, as I once observed to Dr. Johnson, he DISPUTED his passage through Europe. He then came to England, and was employed successively in the capacities of an usher to an academy, a corrector of the press, a reviewer, and a writer for a news-paper. He had sagacity enough to cultivate assiduously the acquaintance of Johnson, and his faculties were gradually enlarged by the contemplation of such a model. To me and many others it appeared that he studiously copied the manner of Johnson, though, indeed, upon a smaller scale.

At this time I think he had published nothing with his name, though it was pretty generally known that one Dr. Goldsmith was the authour of An Enquiry into the present State of polite Learning in Europe, and of The Citizen of the World, a series of letters supposed to be written from London by a Chinese. No man had the art of displaying with more advantage as a writer, whatever literary acquisitions he made. 'Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit.' His mind resembled a fertile, but thin soil. There was a quick, but not a strong vegetation, of whatever chanced to be thrown upon it. No deep root could be struck. The oak of the forest did not grow there; but the elegant shrubbery and the fragrant parterre appeared in gay succession. It has been generally circulated and believed that he was a mere fool in conversation; but, in truth, this has been greatly exaggerated. He had, no doubt, a more

than common share of that hurry of ideas which we often find in his countrymen, and which sometimes produces a laughable confusion in expressing them. He was very much what the French call un etourdi, and from vanity and an eager desire of being conspicuous wherever he was, he frequently talked carelessly without knowledge of the subject, or even without thought. His person was short, his countenance coarse and vulgar, his deportment that of a scholar aukwardly affecting the easy gentleman. Those who were in any way distinguished, excited envy in him to so ridiculous an excess, that the instances of it are hardly credible. When accompanying two beautiful young ladies with their mother on a tour in France, he was seriously angry that more attention was paid to them than to him; and once at the exhibition of the Fantoccini in London, when those who sat next him observed with what dexterity a puppet was made to toss a pike, he could not bear that it should have such praise, and exclaimed with some warmth, 'Pshaw! I can do it better myself.'

He boasted to me at this time of the power of his pen in commanding money, which I believe was true in a certain degree, though in the instance he gave he was by no means correct. He told me that he had sold a novel for four hundred pounds. This was his Vicar of Wakefield. But Johnson informed me, that he had made the bargain for Goldsmith, and the price was sixty pounds. 'And, Sir, (said he,) a sufficient price too, when it was sold; for then the fame of Goldsmith had not been elevated, as it afterwards was, by his Traveller; and the bookseller had such faint hopes of profit by his bargain, that he kept the manuscript by him a long time, and did not publish it till after The Traveller had appeared. Then, to be sure, it was accidentally worth more money.

Mrs. Piozzi and Sir John Hawkins have strangely misstated the history of Goldsmith's situation and Johnson's friendly interference, when this novel was sold. I shall give it authentically from Johnson's own exact narration:—'I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was drest, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return, and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill.'

My next meeting with Johnson was on Friday the 1st of July, when he and I and Dr. Goldsmith supped together at the Mitre. I was before this time pretty well acquainted with Goldsmith, who was one of the brightest ornaments of the Johnsonian school. Goldsmith's respectful attachment to Johnson was then at its height; for his own literary reputation had not yet distinguished him so much as to excite a vain desire of competition with his great Master. He had increased my admiration of the goodness of Johnson's heart, by incidental remarks in the course of conversation, such as, when I mentioned Mr. Levet, whom he entertained under his roof, 'He is poor and honest, which is recommendation enough to Johnson;' and when I wondered that he was very kind to a man of whom I had heard a very bad character, 'He is now become miserable; and that insures the protection of Johnson.'

He talked very contemptuously of Churchill's poetry, observing, that 'it had a temporary currency, only from its audacity of abuse, and being filled with living names, and that it would sink into oblivion.' I ventured to hint that he was not quite a fair judge, as Churchill had attacked him violently. JOHNSON. 'Nay, Sir, I am a very fair judge. He did not attack me violently till he found I did not like his poetry; and his attack on me shall not prevent me from continuing to say what I think of him, from an apprehension that it may be ascribed to resentment. No, Sir, I called the fellow a blockhead at first, and I will call him a blockhead still. However, I will acknowledge that I have a better opinion of him now, than I once had; for he has shewn more fertility than I expected. To be sure, he is a tree that cannot produce good fruit: he only bears crabs. But, Sir, a tree that produces a great many crabs is better than a tree which produces only a few.'

Let me here apologize for the imperfect manner in which I am obliged to exhibit Johnson's conversation at this period. In the early part of my acquaintance with him, I was so wrapt in admiration of his extraordinary colloquial talents, and so little accustomed to his peculiar mode of expression, that I found it extremely difficult to recollect and record his conversation with its genuine vigour and vivacity. In progress of time, when my mind was, as it were, strongly impregnated with the Johnsonian oether, I could, with much more facility and exactness, carry in my memory and commit to paper the exuberant variety of his wisdom and wit.

At this time MISS Williams, as she was then called, though she did not reside with him in the Temple under his roof, but had lodgings in Bolt-court, Fleetstreet, had so much of his attention, that he every night drank tea with her before he went home, however late it might be, and she always sat up for him. This, it may be fairly conjectured, was not alone a proof of his regard for HER, but of his own unwillingness to go into solitude, before that unseasonable hour at which he had habituated himself to expect the oblivion of repose. Dr. Goldsmith, being a privileged man, went with him this night, strutting away, and calling to me with an air of superiority, like that of an esoterick over an exoterick disciple of a sage of antiquity, 'I go to Miss Williams.' I confess, I then envied him this mighty privilege, of which he seemed so proud; but it was not long before I obtained the same mark of distinction.

On Tuesday the 5th of July, I again visited Johnson.

Talking of London, he observed, 'Sir, if you wish to have a just notion of the magnitude of this city, you must not be satisfied with seeing its great streets and squares, but must survey the innumerable little lanes and courts. It is not in the showy evolutions of buildings, but in the multiplicity of human habitations which are crowded together, that the wonderful immensity of London consists.'

On Wednesday, July 6, he was engaged to sup with me at my lodgings in Downing-street, Westminster. But on the preceding night my landlord having behaved very rudely to me and some company who were with me, I had resolved not to remain another night in his house. I was exceedingly uneasy at the awkward appearance I supposed I should make to Johnson and the other gentlemen whom I had invited, not being able to receive them at home, and being obliged to order supper at the Mitre. I went to Johnson in the morning, and talked of it as a serious distress. He laughed, and said, 'Consider, Sir, how insignificant this will appear a twelvemonth hence.'—Were this consideration to be applied to most of the little vexatious incidents of life, by which our quiet is too often disturbed, it would prevent many painful sensations. I have tried it frequently, with good effect. 'There is nothing (continued he) in this mighty misfortune; nay, we shall be better at the Mitre.'

I had as my guests this evening at the Mitre tavern, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Thomas Davies, Mr. Eccles, an Irish gentleman, for whose agreeable company I was obliged to Mr. Davies, and the Reverend Mr. John Ogilvie, who was desirous of being in company with my illustrious friend, while I, in my turn, was proud to have the honour of shewing one of my countrymen upon what easy terms Johnson permitted me to live with him.

Goldsmith, as usual, endeavoured, with too much eagerness, to SHINE, and disputed very warmly with Johnson against the well-known maxim of the British constitution, 'the King can do no wrong;' affirming, that 'what was morally false could not be politically true; and as the King might, in the exercise of his regal power, command and cause the doing of what was wrong, it certainly might be said, in sense and in reason, that he could do wrong.' JOHNSON. 'Sir, you are to consider, that in our constitution, according to its true principles, the King is the head; he is supreme; he is above every thing, and there is no power by which he can be tried. Therefore, it is, Sir, that we hold the King can do no wrong; that whatever may happen to be wrong in government may not be above our reach, by being ascribed to Majesty. Redress is always to be had against oppression, by punishing the immediate agents. The King, though he should command, cannot force a Judge to condemn a man unjustly; therefore it is the Judge whom we prosecute and punish. Political institutions are formed upon the consideration of what will most frequently tend to the good of the whole, although now and then exceptions may occur. Thus it is better in general that a nation should have a supreme legislative power, although it may at times be abused. And then, Sir, there is this consideration, that if the abuse be enormous, Nature will rise up, and claiming her original rights, overturn a corrupt political system.' I mark this animated sentence with peculiar pleasure, as a noble instance of that truly dignified spirit of freedom which ever glowed in his heart, though he was charged with slavish tenets by superficial observers; because he was at all times indignant against that false patriotism, that pretended love of freedom, that unruly restlessness, which is inconsistent with the stable authority of any good government.

'Bayle's Dictionary is a very useful work for those to consult who love the biographical part of literature, which is what I love most.'

Talking of the eminent writers in Queen Anne's reign, he observed, 'I think Dr. Arbuthnot the first man among them. He was the most universal genius, being an excellent physician, a man of deep learning, and a man of much humour. Mr. Addison was, to be sure, a great man; his learning was not profound; but his morality, his humour, and his elegance of writing, set him very high.'

Mr. Ogilvie was unlucky enough to choose for the topick of his conversation the praises of his native country. He began with saying, that there was very rich land round Edinburgh. Goldsmith, who had studied physick there, contradicted this, very untruly, with a sneering laugh. Disconcerted a little by this, Mr. Ogilvie then took new ground, where, I suppose, he thought himself perfectly safe; for he observed, that Scotland had a great many noble wild prospects. JOHNSON. 'I believe, Sir, you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble wild prospects; and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious noble wild prospects. But, Sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees, is the high road that leads him to England!' This unexpected and pointed sally produced a roar of applause. After all, however, those, who admire the rude grandeur of Nature, cannot deny it to Caledonia.

On Saturday, July 9, I found Johnson surrounded with a numerous levee, but have not preserved any part of his conversation. On the 14th we had another evening by ourselves at the Mitre. It happening to be a very rainy night, I made some common-place observations on the relaxation of nerves and depression of spirits which such weather occasioned; adding, however, that it was good for the vegetable creation. Johnson, who, as we have already seen, denied that the temperature of the air had any influence on the human frame, answered, with a smile of ridicule. 'Why yes, Sir, it is good for vegetables, and for the animals who eat those vegetables, and for the animals who eat those animals.' This observation of his aptly enough introduced a good supper; and I soon forgot, in Johnson's company, the influence of a moist atmosphere.

Feeling myself now quite at ease as his companion, though I had all possible reverence for him, I expressed a regret that I could not be so easy with my father, though he was not much older than Johnson, and certainly however respectable had not more learning and greater abilities to depress me. I asked him the reason of this. JOHNSON. 'Why, Sir, I am a man of the world. I live in the world, and I take, in some degree, the colour of the world as it moves along. Your father is a Judge in a remote part of the island, and all his notions are taken from the old world. Besides, Sir, there must always be a struggle between a father and son while one aims at power and the other at independence.'

He enlarged very convincingly upon the excellence of rhyme over blank verse in English poetry. I mentioned to him that Dr. Adam Smith, in his lectures upon composition, when I studied under him in the College of Glasgow, had maintained the same opinion strenuously, and I repeated some of his arguments. JOHNSON. 'Sir, I was once in company with Smith, and we did not take to each other; but had I known that he loved rhyme as much as you tell me he does, I should have HUGGED him.'

'Idleness is a disease which must be combated; but I would not advise a rigid adherence to a particular plan of study. I myself have never persisted in any plan for two days together. A man ought to read just as inclination leads him; for what he reads as a task will do him little good. A young man should read five hours in a day, and so may acquire a great deal of knowledge.'

To such a degree of unrestrained frankness had he now accustomed me, that in the course of this evening I talked of the numerous reflections which had been thrown out against him on account of his having accepted a pension from his present Majesty. 'Why, Sir, (said he, with a hearty laugh,) it is a mighty foolish noise that they make. I have accepted of a pension as a reward which has been thought due to my literary merit; and now that I have this pension, I am the same man in every respect that I have ever been; I retain the same principles. It is true, that I cannot now curse (smiling) the House of Hanover; nor would it be decent for me to drink King James's health in the wine that King George gives me money to pay for. But, Sir, I think that the pleasure of cursing the House of Hanover, and drinking King James's health, are amply overbalanced by three hundred pounds a year.'

There was here, most certainly, an affectation of more Jacobitism than he really had. Yet there is no doubt that at earlier periods he was wont often to exercise both his pleasantry and ingenuity in talking Jacobitism. My much respected friend, Dr. Douglas, now Bishop of Salisbury, has favoured me with the following admirable instance from his Lordship's own recollection. One day, when dining at old Mr. Langton's where Miss Roberts, his niece, was one of the company, Johnson, with his usual complacent attention to the fair sex, took her by the hand and said, 'My dear, I hope you are a Jacobite.' Old Mr. Langton, who, though a high and steady Tory, was attached to the present Royal Family, seemed offended, and asked Johnson, with great warmth, what he could mean by putting such a question to his niece? 'Why, Sir, (said Johnson) I meant no offence to your niece, I meant her a great compliment. A Jacobite, Sir, believes in the divine right of Kings. He that believes in the divine right of Kings believes in a Divinity. A Jacobite believes in the divine right of Bishops. He that believes in the divine right of Bishops believes in the divine authority of the Christian religion. Therefore, Sir, a Jacobite is neither an Atheist nor a Deist. That cannot be said of a Whig; for Whiggism is a negation of all principle.'

He advised me, when abroad, to be as much as I could with the Professors in the Universities, and with the Clergy; for from their conversation I might expect the best accounts of every thing in whatever country I should be, with the additional advantage of keeping my learning alive.

It will be observed, that when giving me advice as to my travels, Dr. Johnson did not dwell upon cities, and palaces, and pictures, and shows, and Arcadian scenes. He was of Lord Essex's opinion, who advises his kinsman Roger Earl of Rutland, 'rather to go an hundred miles to speak with one wise man, than five miles to see a fair town.'

I described to him an impudent fellow from Scotland, who affected to be a savage, and railed at all established systems. JOHNSON. 'There is nothing surprizing in this, Sir. He wants to make himself conspicuous. He would tumble in a hogstye, as long as you looked at him and called to him to come out. But let him alone, never mind him, and he'll soon give it over.'

I added, that the same person maintained that there was no distinction between virtue and vice. JOHNSON. 'Why, Sir, if the fellow does not think as he speaks, he is lying; and I see not what honour he can propose to himself from having the character of a liar. But if he does really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, Sir, when he leaves our houses let us count our spoons.'

He recommended to me to keep a journal of my life, full and unreserved. He said it would be a very good exercise, and would yield me great satisfaction when the particulars were faded from my remembrance. I was uncommonly fortunate in having had a previous coincidence of opinion with him upon this subject, for I had kept such a journal for some time; and it was no small pleasure to me to have this to tell him, and to receive his approbation. He counselled me to keep it private, and said I might surely have a friend who would burn it in case of my death. From this habit I have been enabled to give the world so many anecdotes,

which would otherwise have been lost to posterity. I mentioned that I was afraid I put into my journal too many little incidents. JOHNSON. 'There is nothing, Sir, too little for so little a creature as man. It is by studying little things that we attain the great art of having as little misery and as much happiness as possible.'

Next morning Mr. Dempster happened to call on me, and was so much struck even with the imperfect account which I gave him of Dr. Johnson's conversation, that to his honour be it recorded, when I complained that drinking port and sitting up late with him affected my nerves for some time after, he said, 'One had better be palsied at eighteen than not keep company with such a man.'

On Tuesday, July 18, I found tall Sir Thomas Robinson sitting with Johnson. Sir Thomas said, that the king of Prussia valued himself upon three things;—upon being a hero, a musician, and an authour. JOHNSON. 'Pretty well, Sir, for one man. As to his being an authour, I have not looked at his poetry; but his prose is poor stuff. He writes just as you might suppose Voltaire's footboy to do, who has been his amanuensis. He has such parts as the valet might have, and about as much of the colouring of the style as might be got by transcribing his works.' When I was at Ferney, I repeated this to Voltaire, in order to reconcile him somewhat to Johnson, whom he, in affecting the English mode of expression, had previously characterised as 'a superstitious dog;' but after hearing such a criticism on Frederick the Great, with whom he was then on bad terms, he exclaimed, 'An honest fellow!'

Mr. Levet this day shewed me Dr. Johnson's library, which was contained in two garrets over his Chambers, where Lintot, son of the celebrated bookseller of that name, had formerly his warehouse. I found a number of good books, but very dusty and in great confusion. The floor was strewed with manuscript leaves, in Johnson's own handwriting, which I beheld with a degree of veneration, supposing they perhaps might contain portions of The Rambler or of Rasselas. I observed an apparatus for chymical experiments, of which Johnson was all his life very fond. The place seemed to be very favourable for retirement and meditation. Johnson told me, that he went up thither without mentioning it to his servant, when he wanted to study, secure from interruption; for he would not allow his servant to say he was not at home when he really was. 'A servant's strict regard for truth, (said he) must be weakened by such a practice. A philosopher may know that it is merely a form of denial; but few servants are such nice distinguishers. If I accustom a servant to tell a lie for ME, have I not reason to apprehend that he will tell many lies for HIMSELF.'

Mr. Temple, now vicar of St. Gluvias, Cornwall, who had been my intimate friend for many years, had at this time chambers in Farrar's-buildings, at the bottom of Inner Temple-lane, which he kindly lent me upon my quitting my lodgings, he being to return to Trinity Hall, Cambridge. I found them particularly convenient for me, as they were so near Dr. Johnson's.

On Wednesday, July 20, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Dempster, and my uncle Dr. Boswell, who happened to be now in London, supped with me at these Chambers. JOHNSON. 'Pity is not natural to man. Children are always cruel. Savages are always cruel. Pity is acquired and improved by the cultivation of reason. We may have uneasy sensations from seeing a creature in distress, without pity; for we have not pity unless we wish to relieve them. When I am on my way to dine with a friend, and finding it late, have bid the coachman make haste, if I happen to attend when he whips his horses, I may feel unpleasantly that the animals are put to pain, but I do not wish him to desist. No, Sir, I wish him to drive on.'

Rousseau's treatise on the inequality of mankind was at this time a fashionable topick. It gave rise to an observation by Mr. Dempster, that the advantages of fortune and rank were nothing to a wise man, who ought to value only merit. JOHNSON. 'If man were a savage, living in the woods by himself, this might be true; but in civilized society we all depend upon each other, and our happiness is very much owing to the good opinion of mankind. Now, Sir, in civilized society, external advantages make us more respected. A man with a good coat upon his back meets with a better reception than he who has a bad one. Sir, you may analyse this, and say what is there in it? But that will avail you nothing, for it is a part of a general system. Pound St. Paul's Church into atoms, and consider any single atom; it is, to be sure, good for nothing: but, put all these atoms together, and you have St. Paul's Church. So it is with human felicity, which is made up of many ingredients, each of which may be shewn to be very insignificant. In civilized society, personal merit will not serve you so much as money will. Sir, you may make the experiment. Go into the street, and give one man a lecture on morality, and another a shilling, and see which will respect you most. If you wish only to support nature, Sir William Petty fixes your allowance at three pounds a year; but as times are much altered, let us call it six pounds. This sum will fill your belly, shelter you from the weather, and even get you a strong lasting coat, supposing it to be made of good bull's hide. Now, Sir, all beyond this is artificial, and is desired in order to obtain a greater degree of respect from our fellow-creatures. And, Sir, if six hundred pounds a year procure a man more consequence, and, of course, more happiness than six pounds a year, the same proportion will hold as to six thousand, and so on as far as opulence can be carried. Perhaps he who has a large fortune may not be so happy as he who has a small one; but that must proceed from other causes than from his having the large fortune: for, coeteris paribus, he who is rich in a civilized society, must be happier than he who is poor; as riches, if properly used, (and it is a man's own fault if they are not,) must be productive of the highest advantages. Money, to be sure, of itself is of no use; for its only use is to part with it. Rousseau, and all those who deal in paradoxes, are led away by a childish desire of novelty. When I was a boy, I used always to choose the wrong side of a debate, because most ingenious things, that is to say, most new things, could be said upon it. Sir, there is nothing for which you may not muster up more plausible arguments, than those which are urged against wealth and other external advantages. Why, now, there is stealing; why should it be thought a crime? When we consider

by what unjust methods property has been often acquired, and that what was unjustly got it must be unjust to keep, where is the harm in one man's taking the property of another from him? Besides, Sir, when we consider the bad use that many people make of their property, and how much better use the thief may make of it, it may be defended as a very allowable practice. Yet, Sir, the experience of mankind has discovered stealing to be so very bad a thing, that they make no scruple to hang a man for it. When I was running about this town a very poor fellow, I was a great arguer for the advantages of poverty; but I was, at the same time, very sorry to be poor. Sir, all the arguments which are brought to represent poverty as no evil, shew it to be evidently a great evil. You never find people labouring to convince you that you may live very happily upon a plentiful fortune.—So you hear people talking how miserable a King must be; and yet they all wish to be in his place.'

It was suggested that Kings must be unhappy, because they are deprived of the greatest of all satisfactions, easy and unreserved society. JOHNSON. 'That is an ill-founded notion. Being a King does not exclude a man from such society. Great Kings have always been social. The King of Prussia, the only great King at present, is very social. Charles the Second, the last King of England who was a man of parts, was social; and our Henrys and Edwards were all social.'

Mr. Dempster having endeavoured to maintain that intrinsick merit OUGHT to make the only distinction amongst mankind. JOHNSON. 'Why, Sir, mankind have found that this cannot be. How shall we determine the proportion of intrinsick merit? Were that to be the only distinction amongst mankind, we should soon quarrel about the degrees of it. Were all distinctions abolished, the strongest would not long acquiesce, but would endeavour to obtain a superiority by their bodily strength. But, Sir, as subordination is very necessary for society, and contentions for superiority very dangerous, mankind, that is to say, all civilized nations, have settled it upon a plain invariable principle. A man is born to hereditary rank; or his being appointed to certain offices, gives him a certain rank. Subordination tends greatly to human happiness. Were we all upon an equality, we should have no other enjoyment than mere animal pleasure.'

He took care to guard himself against any possible suspicion that his settled principles of reverence for rank and respect for wealth were at all owing to mean or interested motives; for he asserted his own independence as a literary man. 'No man (said he) who ever lived by literature, has lived more independently than I have done.' He said he had taken longer time than he needed to have done in composing his Dictionary. He received our compliments upon that great work with complacency, and told us that the Academia della Crusca could scarcely believe that it was done by one man.

At night Mr. Johnson and I supped in a private room at the Turk's Head coffeehouse, in the Strand. 'I encourage this house (said he;) for the mistress of it is a good civil woman, and has not much business.'

'Sir, I love the acquaintance of young people; because, in the first place, I don't like to think myself growing old. In the next place, young acquaintances must last longest, if they do last; and then, Sir, young men have more virtue than old men: they have more generous sentiments in every respect. I love the young dogs of this age: they have more wit and humour and knowledge of life than we had; but then the dogs are not so good scholars. Sir, in my early years I read very hard. It is a sad reflection, but a true one, that I knew almost as much at eighteen as I do now. My judgement, to be sure, was not so good; but I had all the facts. I remember very well, when I was at Oxford, an old gentleman said to me, "Young man, ply your book diligently now, and acquire a stock of knowledge; for when years come upon you, you will find that poring upon books will be but an irksome task."'

He again insisted on the duty of maintaining subordination of rank. 'Sir, I would no more deprive a nobleman of his respect, than of his money. I consider myself as acting a part in the great system of society, and I do to others as I would have them to do to me. I would behave to a nobleman as I should expect he would behave to me, were I a nobleman and he Sam. Johnson. Sir, there is one Mrs. Macaulay in this town, a great republican. One day when I was at her house, I put on a very grave countenance, and said to her, "Madam, I am now become a convert to your way of thinking. I am convinced that all mankind are upon an equal footing; and to give you an unquestionable proof, Madam, that I am in earnest, here is a very sensible, civil, well-behaved fellow-citizen, your footman; I desire that he may be allowed to sit down and dine with us." I thus, Sir, shewed her the absurdity of the levelling doctrine. She has never liked me since. Sir, your levellers wish to level DOWN as far as themselves; but they cannot bear levelling UP to themselves. They would all have some people under them; why not then have some people above them?' I mentioned a certain authour who disgusted me by his forwardness, and by shewing no deference to noblemen into whose company he was admitted. JOHNSON. 'Suppose a shoemaker should claim an equality with him, as he does with a Lord; how he would stare. "Why, Sir, do you stare? (says the shoemaker,) I do great service to society. 'Tis true I am paid for doing it; but so are you, Sir: and I am sorry to say it, paid better than I am, for doing something not so necessary. For mankind could do better without your books, than without my shoes." Thus, Sir, there would be a perpetual struggle for precedence, were there no fixed invariable rules for the distinction of rank, which creates no jealousy, as it is allowed to be accidental.'

He said he would go to the Hebrides with me, when I returned from my travels, unless some very good companion should offer when I was absent, which he did not think probable; adding, 'There are few people to whom I take so much to as you.' And when I talked of my leaving England, he said with a very affectionate air, 'My dear Boswell, I should be very unhappy at parting, did I think

we were not to meet again.' I cannot too often remind my readers, that although such instances of his kindness are doubtless very flattering to me; yet I hope my recording them will be ascribed to a better motive than to vanity; for they afford unquestionable evidence of his tenderness and complacency, which some, while they were forced to acknowledge his great powers, have been so strenuous to deny.

He maintained that a boy at school was the happiest of human beings. I supported a different opinion, from which I have never yet varied, that a man is happier; and I enlarged upon the anxiety and sufferings which are endured at school. JOHNSON. 'Ah! Sir, a boy's being flogged is not so severe as a man's having the hiss of the world against him.'

On Tuesday, July 26, I found Mr. Johnson alone. It was a very wet day, and I again complained of the disagreeable effects of such weather. JOHNSON. 'Sir, this is all imagination, which physicians encourage; for man lives in air, as a fish lives in water; so that if the atmosphere press heavy from above, there is an equal resistance from below. To be sure, bad weather is hard upon people who are obliged to be abroad; and men cannot labour so well in the open air in bad weather, as in good: but, Sir, a smith or a taylor, whose work is within doors, will surely do as much in rainy weather, as in fair. Some very delicate frames, indeed, may be affected by wet weather; but not common constitutions.'

We talked of the education of children; and I asked him what he thought was best to teach them first. JOHNSON. 'Sir, it is no matter what you teach them first, any more than what leg you shall put into your breeches first. Sir, you may stand disputing which is best to put in first, but in the mean time your breech is bare. Sir, while you are considering which of two things you should teach your child first, another boy has learnt them both.'

On Thursday, July 28, we again supped in private at the Turk's Head coffeehouse. JOHNSON. 'Swift has a higher reputation than he deserves. His excellence is strong sense; for his humour, though very well, is not remarkably good. I doubt whether The Tale of a Tub be his; for he never owned it, and it is much above his usual manner.'

'Thomson, I think, had as much of the poet about him as most writers. Every thing appeared to him through the medium of his favourite pursuit. He could not have viewed those two candles burning but with a poetical eye.'

'As to the Christian religion, Sir, besides the strong evidence which we have for it, there is a balance in its favour from the number of great men who have been convinced of its truth, after a serious consideration of the question. Grotius was an acute man, a lawyer, a man accustomed to examine evidence, and he was convinced. Grotius was not a recluse, but a man of the world, who certainly had no bias to the side of religion. Sir Isaac Newton set out an infidel, and came to be a very firm believer.'

He this evening recommended to me to perambulate Spain. I said it would amuse him to get a letter from me dated at Salamancha. JOHNSON. 'I love the University of Salamancha; for when the Spaniards were in doubt as to the lawfulness of their conquering America, the University of Salamancha gave it as their opinion that it was not lawful.' He spoke this with great emotion, and with that generous warmth which dictated the lines in his London, against Spanish encroachment.

I expressed my opinion of my friend Derrick as but a poor writer. JOHNSON. 'To be sure, Sir, he is; but you are to consider that his being a literary man has got for him all that he has. It has made him King of Bath. Sir, he has nothing to say for himself but that he is a writer. Had he not been a writer, he must have been sweeping the crossings in the streets, and asking halfpence from every body that past.'

In justice however, to the memory of Mr. Derrick, who was my first tutor in the ways of London, and shewed me the town in all its variety of departments, both literary and sportive, the particulars of which Dr. Johnson advised me to put in writing, it is proper to mention what Johnson, at a subsequent period, said of him both as a writer and an editor: 'Sir, I have often said, that if Derrick's letters had been written by one of a more established name, they would have been thought very pretty letters.' And, 'I sent Derrick to Dryden's relations to gather materials for his life; and I believe he got all that I myself should have got.'

Johnson said once to me, 'Sir, I honour Derrick for his presence of mind. One night, when Floyd, another poor authour, was wandering about the streets in the night, he found Derrick fast asleep upon a bulk; upon being suddenly waked, Derrick started up, "My dear Floyd, I am sorry to see you in this destitute state; will you go home with me to MY LODGINGS?"'

I again begged his advice as to my method of study at Utrecht. 'Come, (said he) let us make a day of it. Let us go down to Greenwich and dine, and talk of it there.' The following Saturday was fixed for this excursion.

As we walked along the Strand to-night, arm in arm, a woman of the town accosted us, in the usual enticing manner. 'No, no, my girl, (said Johnson) it won't do.' He, however, did not treat her with harshness, and we talked of the wretched life of such women; and agreed, that much more misery than happiness, upon the whole, is produced by illicit commerce between the sexes.

On Saturday, July 30, Dr. Johnson and I took a sculler at the Temple-stairs, and set out for Greenwich. I asked him if he really thought a knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages an essential requisite to a good education. JOHNSON. 'Most certainly, Sir; for those who know them have a very great advantage over those who do not. Nay, Sir, it is wonderful what a difference learning makes upon people even in the common intercourse of life, which does not appear to be much connected with it.' 'And yet, (said I) people go through the world very well, and carry on the business of life to good advantage, without learning.' JOHNSON. 'Why, Sir, that may be true in cases where learning cannot possibly be of any use; for instance, this boy rows us as well without learning, as if he could sing the song of Orpheus to the Argonauts, who were the first sailors.' He then called to the boy, 'What would you give, my lad, to know about the Argonauts?' 'Sir, (said the boy,) I would give what I have.' Johnson was much pleased with his answer, and we gave him a double fare. Dr. Johnson then turning to me, 'Sir, (said he) a desire of knowledge is the natural feeling of mankind; and every human being, whose mind is not debauched, will be willing to give all that he has to get knowledge.'

We landed at the Old Swan, and walked to Billingsgate, where we took oars, and moved smoothly along the silver Thames. It was a very fine day. We were entertained with the immense number and variety of ships that were lying at anchor, and with the beautiful country on each side of the river.

I talked of preaching, and of the great success which those called Methodists have. JOHNSON. 'Sir, it is owing to their expressing themselves in a plain and familiar manner, which is the only way to do good to the common people, and which clergymen of genius and learning ought to do from a principle of duty, when it is suited to their congregations; a practice, for which they will be praised by men of sense. To insist against drunkenness as a crime, because it debases reason, the noblest faculty of man, would be of no service to the common people: but to tell them that they may die in a fit of drunkenness, and shew them how dreadful that would be, cannot fail to make a deep impression. Sir, when your Scotch clergy give up their homely manner, religion will soon decay in that country.' Let this observation, as Johnson meant it, be ever remembered.

I was much pleased to find myself with Johnson at Greenwich, which he celebrates in his London as a favourite scene. I had the poem in my pocket, and read the lines aloud with enthusiasm:

> *'On Thames's banks in silent thought we stood:*
>
> *Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood:*
>
> *Pleas'd with the seat which gave ELIZA birth,*
>
> *We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth.'*

Afterwards he entered upon the business of the day, which was to give me his advice as to a course of study.

We walked in the evening in Greenwich Park. He asked me, I suppose, by way of trying my disposition, 'Is not this very fine?' Having no exquisite relish of the beauties of Nature, and being more delighted with 'the busy hum of men,' I answered, 'Yes, Sir; but not equal to Fleet-street.' JOHNSON. 'You are right, Sir.'

I am aware that many of my readers may censure my want of taste. Let me, however, shelter myself under the authority of a very fashionable Baronet in the brilliant world, who, on his attention being called to the fragrance of a May evening in the country, observed, 'This may be very well; but, for my part, I prefer the smell of a flambeau at the playhouse.'

We staid so long at Greenwich, that our sail up the river, in our return to London, was by no means so pleasant as in the morning; for the night air was so cold that it made me shiver. I was the more sensible of it from having sat up all the night before, recollecting and writing in my journal what I thought worthy of preservation; an exertion, which, during the first part of my acquaintance with Johnson, I frequently made. I remember having sat up four nights in one week, without being much incommoded in the day time.

Johnson, whose robust frame was not in the least affected by the cold, scolded me, as if my shivering had been a paltry effeminacy, saying, 'Why do you shiver?' Sir William Scott, of the Commons, told me, that when he complained of a headache in the post-chaise, as they were travelling together to Scotland, Johnson treated him in the same manner:

'At your age, Sir, I had no head-ache.'

We concluded the day at the Turk's Head coffee-house very socially. He was pleased to listen to a particular account which I gave him of my family, and of its hereditary estate, as to the extent and population of which he asked questions, and made calculations; recommending, at the same time, a liberal kindness to the tenantry, as people over whom the proprietor was placed by Providence. He took delight in hearing my description of the romantick seat of my ancestors. 'I must be there, Sir, (said he) and we will live

in the old castle; and if there is not a room in it remaining, we will build one.' I was highly flattered, but could scarcely indulge a hope that Auchinleck would indeed be honoured by his presence, and celebrated by a description, as it afterwards was, in his Journey to the Western Islands.

After we had again talked of my setting out for Holland, he said, 'I must see thee out of England; I will accompany you to Harwich.' I could not find words to express what I felt upon this unexpected and very great mark of his affectionate regard.

Next day, Sunday, July 31, I told him I had been that morning at a meeting of the people called Quakers, where I had heard a woman preach. JOHNSON. 'Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hinder legs. It is not done well; but you are surprized to find it done at all.'

On Tuesday, August 2 (the day of my departure from London having been fixed for the 5th,) Dr. Johnson did me the honour to pass a part of the morning with me at my Chambers. He said, that 'he always felt an inclination to do nothing.' I observed, that it was strange to think that the most indolent man in Britain had written the most laborious work, The English Dictionary.

I had now made good my title to be a privileged man, and was carried by him in the evening to drink tea with Miss Williams, whom, though under the misfortune of having lost her sight, I found to be agreeable in conversation; for she had a variety of literature, and expressed herself well; but her peculiar value was the intimacy in which she had long lived with Johnson, by which she was well acquainted with his habits, and knew how to lead him on to talk.

After tea he carried me to what he called his walk, which was a long narrow paved court in the neighbourhood, overshadowed by some trees. There we sauntered a considerable time; and I complained to him that my love of London and of his company was such, that I shrunk almost from the thought of going away, even to travel, which is generally so much desired by young men. He roused me by manly and spirited conversation. He advised me, when settled in any place abroad, to study with an eagerness after knowledge, and to apply to Greek an hour every day; and when I was moving about, to read diligently the great book of mankind.

On Wednesday, August 3, we had our last social evening at the Turk's Head coffee-house, before my setting out for foreign parts. I had the misfortune, before we parted, to irritate him unintentionally. I mentioned to him how common it was in the world to tell absurd stories of him, and to ascribe to him very strange sayings. JOHNSON. 'What do they make me say, Sir?' BOSWELL. 'Why, Sir, as an instance very strange indeed, (laughing heartily as I spoke,) David Hume told me, you said that you would stand before a battery of cannon, to restore the Convocation to its full powers.' Little did I apprehend that he had actually said this: but I was soon convinced of my errour; for, with a determined look, he thundered out 'And would I not, Sir? Shall the Presbyterian KIRK of Scotland have its General Assembly, and the Church of England be denied its Convocation?' He was walking up and down the room while I told him the anecdote; but when he uttered this explosion of high-church zeal, he had come close to my chair, and his eyes flashed with indignation. I bowed to the storm, and diverted the force of it, by leading him to expatiate on the influence which religion derived from maintaining the church with great external respectability.

On Friday, August 5, we set out early in the morning in the Harwich stage coach. A fat elderly gentlewoman, and a young Dutchman, seemed the most inclined among us to conversation. At the inn where we dined, the gentlewoman said that she had done her best to educate her children; and particularly, that she had never suffered them to be a moment idle. JOHNSON. 'I wish, madam, you would educate me too; for I have been an idle fellow all my life.' 'I am sure, Sir, (said she) you have not been idle.' JOHNSON. 'Nay, Madam, it is very true; and that gentleman there (pointing to me,) has been idle. He was idle at Edinburgh. His father sent him to Glasgow, where he continued to be idle. He then came to London, where he has been very idle; and now he is going to Utrecht, where he will be as idle as ever. I asked him privately how he could expose me so. JOHNSON. 'Poh, poh! (said he) they knew nothing about you, and will think of it no more.' In the afternoon the gentlewoman talked violently against the Roman Catholicks, and of the horrours of the Inquisition. To the utter astonishment of all the passengers but myself, who knew that he could talk upon any side of a question, he defended the Inquisition, and maintained, that 'false doctrine should be checked on its first appearance; that the civil power should unite with the church in punishing those who dared to attack the established religion, and that such only were punished by the Inquisition.' He had in his pocket Pomponius Mela de situ Orbis, in which he read occasionally, and seemed very intent upon ancient geography. Though by no means niggardly, his attention to what was generally right was so minute, that having observed at one of the stages that I ostentatiously gave a shilling to the coachman, when the custom was for each passenger to give only six-pence, he took me aside and scolded me, saying that what I had done would make the coachman dissatisfied with all the rest of the passengers, who gave him no more than his due. This was a just reprimand; for in whatever way a man may indulge his generosity or his vanity in spending his money, for the sake of others he ought not to raise the price of any article for which there is a constant demand.

At supper this night he talked of good eating with uncommon satisfaction. 'Some people (said he,) have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind, what they eat. For my part, I mind my belly very studiously, and very carefully; for I look upon it, that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else.' He now appeared to me Jean Bull philosophe, and

he was, for the moment, not only serious but vehement. Yet I have heard him, upon other occasions, talk with great contempt of people who were anxious to gratify their palates; and the 206th number of his Rambler is a masterly essay against gulosity. His practice, indeed, I must acknowledge, may be considered as casting the balance of his different opinions upon this subject; for I never knew any man who relished good eating more than he did. When at table, he was totally absorbed in the business of the moment; his looks seemed rivetted to his plate; nor would he, unless when in very high company, say one word, or even pay the least attention to what was said by others, till he had satisfied his appetite, which was so fierce, and indulged with such intenseness, that while in the act of eating, the veins of his forehead swelled, and generally a strong perspiration was visible. To those whose sensations were delicate, this could not but be disgusting; and it was doubtless not very suitable to the character of a philosopher, who should be distinguished by self-command. But it must be owned, that Johnson, though he could be rigidly ABSTEMIOUS, was not a TEMPERATE man either in eating or drinking. He could refrain, but he could not use moderately. He told me, that he had fasted two days without inconvenience, and that he had never been hungry but once. They who beheld with wonder how much he eat upon all occasions when his dinner was to his taste, could not easily conceive what he must have meant by hunger; and not only was he remarkable for the extraordinary quantity which he eat, but he was, or affected to be, a man of very nice discernment in the science of cookery. He used to descant critically on the dishes which had been at table where he had dined or supped, and to recollect very minutely what he had liked. I remember, when he was in Scotland, his praising 'Gordon's palates,' (a dish of palates at the Honourable Alexander Gordon's) with a warmth of expression which might have done honour to more important subjects. 'As for Maclaurin's imitation of a MADE DISH, it was a wretched attempt.' He about the same time was so much displeased with the performances of a nobleman's French cook, that he exclaimed with vehemence, 'I'd throw such a rascal into the river, and he then proceeded to alarm a lady at whose house he was to sup, by the following manifesto of his skill: 'I, Madam, who live at a variety of good tables, am a much better judge of cookery, than any person who has a very tolerable cook, but lives much at home; for his palate is gradually adapted to the taste of his cook; whereas, Madam, in trying by a wider range, I can more exquisitely judge.' When invited to dine, even with an intimate friend, he was not pleased if something better than a plain dinner was not prepared for him. I have heard him say on such an occasion, 'This was a good dinner enough, to be sure; but it was not a dinner to ASK a man to.' On the other hand, he was wont to express, with great glee, his satisfaction when he had been entertained quite to his mind. One day when we had dined with his neighbour and landlord in Bolt-court, Mr. Allen, the printer, whose old housekeeper had studied his taste in every thing, he pronounced this eulogy: 'Sir, we could not have had a better dinner had there been a Synod of Cooks.'

While we were left by ourselves, after the Dutchman had gone to bed, Dr. Johnson talked of that studied behaviour which many have recommended and practised. He disapproved of it; and said, 'I never considered whether I should be a grave man, or a merry man, but just let inclination, for the time, have its course.'

I teazed him with fanciful apprehensions of unhappiness. A moth having fluttered round the candle, and burnt itself, he laid hold of this little incident to admonish me; saying, with a sly look, and in a solemn but quiet tone, 'That creature was its own tormentor, and I believe its name was BOSWELL.'

Next day we got to Harwich to dinner; and my passage in the packet-boat to Helvoetsluys being secured, and my baggage put on board, we dined at our inn by ourselves. I happened to say it would be terrible if he should not find a speedy opportunity of returning to London, and be confined to so dull a place. JOHNSON. 'Don't Sir, accustom yourself to use big words for little matters. It would NOT be TERRIBLE, though I WERE to be detained some time here.'

We went and looked at the church, and having gone into it and walked up to the altar, Johnson, whose piety was constant and fervent, sent me to my knees, saying, 'Now that you are going to leave your native country, recommend yourself to the protection of your CREATOR and REDEEMER.'

After we came out of the church, we stood talking for some time together of Bishop Berkeley's ingenious sophistry to prove the non-existence of matter, and that every thing in the universe is merely ideal. I observed, that though we are satisfied his doctrine is not true, it is impossible to refute it. I never shall forget the alacrity with which Johnson answered, striking his foot with mighty force against a large stone, till he rebounded from it, 'I refute it THUS.'

My revered friend walked down with me to the beach, where we embraced and parted with tenderness, and engaged to correspond by letters. I said, 'I hope, Sir, you will not forget me in my ahsence.' JOHNSON. 'Nay, Sir, it is more likely you should forget me, than that I should forget you.' As the vessel put out to sea, I kept my eyes upon him for a considerable time, while he remained rolling his majestick frame in his usual manner: and at last I perceived him walk back into the town, and he disappeared.

4.12.2: Reading and Review Questions

1. How does his meeting Johnson fulfill Boswell's ambition? What kind of ambition does he possess, do you think?

2. What qualities in Johnson draw Boswell to him? How do you know?
3. How, if at all, does this biography differ from a memoir? How, if at all, does it differ from a diary? Does it compare in any way to Pepys's Diary?
4. How factual is this biography, do you think? What features, if any, give it a sense of factuality? What features, if any, make it seem a work of fiction?
5. How, if at all, does Boswell present himself in this biography?

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4.13: Olaudah Equiano (c. 1745-1797)



Image 4.22 | Olaudah Equiano
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Born in Essaka, Kingdom of Benin (now in Nigeria) to an Igbo tribe elder, Olaudah Equiano (at the age of eleven) and his sister were kidnapped, separated, and sold to slave traders. He was transported across the Atlantic to Barbados. Along with other captured Africans, he was put up for auction. Although he was not purchased there, he was sent to Virginia. He was sold in 1754 to Michael Henry Pascal (d. 1786), a British Royal Navy lieutenant.

For the next ten years, Equiano, now called Gustavas Vassa, worked on various ships, including the military warships *Roebuck* and *Namur* and did service as Pascal's valet and by hauling gunpowder during the Seven Years' War with France. Equiano was sent by Pascal to his sister in England, where Equiano learned to read and write in school. He also converted to Christianity in 1759 and was baptized in St. Margaret's, Westminster. His godparents, Pascal's cousins Mary Guerin and Maynard Guerin later attested to details in Equiano's autobiography, including his learning English only after coming to England.

Pascal sold Equiano to Captain James Doran who transported Equiano to Montserrat. There Equiano was sold to Robert King, an American Quaker. Equiano assisted King in his business ventures and was allowed to engage in trade for his own profit. In 1767, Equiano bought his freedom from King for forty pounds, the amount King paid to purchase Equiano. Even as a freedman, he was almost captured as a "runaway slave" and sent to Georgia.

Equiano traveled on scientific expeditions to the Arctic and to Central America as well as on other sailing ventures. He eventually returned to England where he devoted himself to ending the slave trade and the Abolitionist Cause. He exposed for examination and condemnation slave atrocities, including the Zong massacre (1781). Because this slave ship ran low on potable water, its crew threw slaves, who were insured as cargo, overboard in order to cash in on the insurance and save water for the rest of the ship's passengers. In 1789, Equiano published *The Interesting Narrative of the Life of Olaudah Equiano: Or, Gustavus Vassa, the African*. Now considered one of the first major slave autobiographies in English, it became a bestseller, running through nine editions during his lifetime. It gave firsthand details of slaves chained in ships, whipping, starvation, the division of families, and other horrors committed by so-called Christians. It became a forceful weapon in the fight against slavery, leading to the Slave Trade Act of 1807 which ended the African slave trade for Britain and its colonies. It directly influenced American slave narratives, such as *The Autobiography of Frederick Douglass* (1845) and Harriet Jacobs's *Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl* (1861). For this reason, as well as his experiences in America, Equiano is usually considered an American writer. He is included here, though, due to his living in England and his effect on English law and history.

His narrative is characterized by its vivid imagery, humanity, and commitment to Christianity in the face of almost unbearable cruelty and struggle.

4.13.1: from *The Interesting Narrative of the Life of Olaudah Equiano: Or, Gustavus Vassa, the African*

(1789)

Chap. II

The Author's birth and parentage — His being kidnapped with his sister — Their separation — Surprise at meeting again — Are finally separated — Account of the different places and incidents the Author met with till his arrival on the coast — The effect the sight of a slave-ship had on him — He sails for the West-Indies — Horrors of a slave-ship — Arrives at Barbadoes, where the cargo is sold and dispersed.

. . . My father, besides many slaves, had a numerous family, of which seven lived to grow up, including myself and a sister, who was the only daughter. As I was the youngest of the sons, I became, of course, the greatest favourite with my mother, and was always with her; and she used to take particular pains to form my mind. I was trained up from my earliest years in the arts of agriculture and war: my daily exercise was shooting and throwing javelins; and my mother adorned me with emblems, after the manner of our greatest warriors. In this way I grew up till I was turned the age of eleven, when an end was put to my happiness in the following manner:— Generally, when the grown people in the neighbourhood were gone far in the fields to labour, the children assembled together in some of the neighbours' premises to play, and commonly some of us used to get up a tree to look out for any assailant, or kidnapper that might come upon us; for they sometimes took these opportunities of our parents' absence, to attack and carry off as many as they could seize. One day, as I was watching at the top of a tree in our yard, I saw one of those people come into the yard of our next neighbour but one, to kidnap, there being many stout young people in it. Immediately, on this, I gave the alarm of the rogue, and he was surrounded by the stoutest of them, who entangled him with cords, so that he could not escape till some of the grown people came and secured him. But, alas! ere long it was my fate to be thus attacked, and to be carried off, when none of the grown people were nigh. One day, when all our people were gone out to their works as usual, and only I and my dear sister were left to mind the house, two men and a woman got over our walls, and in a moment seized us both; and, without giving us time to cry out, or make resistance, they stopped our mouths, tied our hands, and ran off with us into the nearest wood: and continued to carry us as far as they could, till night came on, when we reached a small house, where the robbers halted for refreshment, and spent the night. We were then unbound, but were unable to take any food; and being quite overpowered by fatigue and grief, our only relief was some slumber, which allayed our misfortune for a short time. The next morning we left the house, and continued travelling all the day. For a long time we had kept the woods, but at last we came into a road which I believed I knew. I had now some hopes of being delivered; for we had advanced but a little way before I discovered some people at a distance, on which I began to cry out for their assistance; but my cries had no other effect than to make them tie me faster, and stop my mouth, and then they put me into a large sack. They also stopped my sister's mouth, and tied her hands; and in this manner we proceeded till we were out of the sight of these people.— When we went to rest the following night they offered us some victuals; but we refused them; and the only comfort we had was in being in one another's arms all that night, and bathing each other with our tears. But, alas! we were soon deprived of even the smallest comfort of weeping together. The next day proved a day of greater sorrow than I had yet experienced; for my sister and I were then separated, while we lay clasped in each other's arms; it was in vain that we besought them not to part us: she was torn from me, and immediately carried away, while I was left in a state of distraction not to be described. I cried and grieved continually; and for several days did not eat any thing but what they forced into my mouth. At length, after many days travelling, during which I had often changed masters, I got into the hands of a chieftain, in a very pleasant country. This man had two wives and some children, and they all used me extremely well, and did all they could to comfort me; particularly the first wife, who was something like my mother. Although I was a great many days' journey from my father's house, yet these people spoke exactly the same language with us. This first master of mine, as I may call him, was a smith, and my principal employment was working his bellows, which was the same kind as I had seen in my vicinity. They were in some respects not unlike the stoves here in gentlemen's kitchens; and were covered over with leather; and in the middle of that leather a stick was fixed, and a person stood up and worked it, in the same manner as is done to pump water out of a cask with a hand-pump. I believe it was gold he worked, for it was of a lovely bright yellow colour, and was worn by the women on their wrists and ankles. I was there I suppose about a month, and they at last used to trust me some little distance from the house. This liberty I used to inquire the way to my own home: and I also sometimes, for the same purpose, went with the maidens, in the cool of the evenings, to bring pitchers of water from the springs for the use of the house. I had also remarked where the sun rose in the morning, and set in the evening, as I had travelled along and I had observed that my father's house was towards the rising of the sun. I therefore determined to seize the first opportunity of making my escape, and to shape my course for that quarter, for I was quite oppressed and weighted down by grief after my mother and friends: and my love of liberty, ever great, was strengthened by the mortifying circumstance of not daring to eat with free-born children, although I was mostly their companion.

—While I was projecting my escape one day, an unlucky event happened, which quite disconcerted my plan, and put an end to my hopes. I used to be sometimes employed in assisting an elderly woman slave to cook and take care of the poultry; and one morning, while I was feeding some chickens, I happened to toss a small pebble at one of them, which hit it on the middle, and directly killed it. The old slave, having soon after missed the chicken, inquired after it; and on my relating the accident (for I told her the truth; because my mother would never suffer me to tell a lie) she flew into a violent passion, threatening that I should suffer for it; and, my master being out, she immediately went and told her mistress what I had done. This alarmed me very much, and I expected an instant correction, which to me was uncommonly dreadful; for I had seldom been beaten at home. I therefore resolved to fly; and accordingly I ran into a thicket that was hard by, and hid myself in the bushes. Soon afterwards my mistress and the slave returned, and, not seeing me, they searched all the house, but, not finding me, and I not making answer when they called to me, they thought I had ran away, and the whole neighbourhood was raised in pursuit of me. In that part of the country (as well as ours) the houses and villages were skirted with woods or shrubberies, and the bushed were so thick, that a man could readily conceal himself in them, so as to elude the strictest search. The neighbours continued the whole day looking for me, and several times many of them came within a few yards of the place where I lay hid. I expected every moment, when I heard a rustling among the trees, to be found out, and punished by my master; but they never discovered me, though they were often so near that I even heard their conjectures as they were looking about for me; and I now learned from them that any attempt to return home would be hopeless. Most of them supposed I had fled towards home; but the distance was so great, and the way so intricate, that they thought I could never reach it, and that I should be lost in the woods. When I heard this I was seized with a violent panic, and abandoned myself to despair. Night too began to approach, and aggravated all my fears. I had before entertained hopes of getting home, and had determined when it should be dark to make the attempt; but I was now convinced it was fruitless, and began to consider that, if possibly I could escape all other animals, I could not those of the human kind; and that, not knowing the way, I must perish in the woods.— Thus was I like the hunted deer:

—“Ev’ry lead, and ev’ry whispering breath

Convey’d a foe, and ev’ry foe a death.”

I heard frequent rustlings among the leaves; and, being pretty sure they were snakes, I expected every instant to be stung by them.— This increased my anguish; and the horror of my situation became now quite insupportable. I at length quitted the thicket, very faint and hungry, for I had not eaten or drank any thing all the day, and crept to my master’s kitchen, from whence I set out at first, and which was an open shed, and laid myself down in the ashes, with an anxious wish for death to relieve me from all my pains. I was scarcely awake in the morning when the old woman slave, who was the first up, came to light the fire, and saw me in the fire place. She was very much surprised to see me, and could scarcely believe her own eyes. She now promised to intercede for me, and went for her master, who soon after came, and, having slightly reprimanded me, ordered me to be taken care of, and not ill treated.

Soon after this my master’s only daughter and child by his first wife sickened and died, which affected him so much that for some time he was almost frantic, and really would have killed himself had he not been watched and prevented. However, in a small time afterwards he recovered, and I was again sold. I was now carried to the left of the sun’s rising, through many dreary wastes and dismal woods, amidst the hideous roarings of wild beasts.— The people I was sold to used to carry me very often, when I was tired, either on their shoulders or on their backs. I saw many convenient well-built sheds along the roads, at proper distances, to accommodate the merchants and travellers, who lay in those buildings along with their wives, who often accompany them; and they always go well armed.

From the time I left my own nation I always found someboy that understood me till I came to the sea coast. The languages of different nations did not totally differ, nor were they so copious as those of the Europeans, particularly the English. They were therefore easily learned; and, while I was journeying thus through Africa, I acquired two or three different tongues. In this manner I had been travelling for a considerable time, when one evening, to my great surprise, whom should I see brought to the house where I was but my dear sister. As soon as she saw me she gave a loud shriek, and ran into my arms.— I was quite overpowered; neither of us could speak, but, for a considerable time, clung to each other in mutual embraces, unable to do any thing but weep. Our meeting affected all who saw us; and indeed I must acknowledge, in honour of those sable destroyers of human rights that I never met with any ill treatment, or saw any offered to their slaves except tying them, when necessary, to keep them from running away. When these people knew we were brother and sister, they indulged us to be together; and the man, to whom I supposed we belonged, lay with us, he in the middle, while she and I held one another by the hands across his breast all night; and thus for a while we forgot our misfortunes in the joy of being together; but even this small comfort was soon to have an end; for scarcely had the fatal morning appeared, when she was again torn from me for ever! I was now more miserable, if possible, than before. The small relief which her presence gave me from pain was gone, and the wretchedness of my situation was redoubled by my anxiety after her fate, and my apprehensions lest her sufferings should be greater than mine, when I could not be with her to alleviate them. Yes, thou dear partner of all my childish sports! thou sharer of my joys and sorrows! happy should I have ever esteemed myself to encounter every misery for you, and to procure your freedom by the sacrifice of my own! Though you were early forced

from my arms, your image has been always riveted in my heart, from which neither time nor fortune have been able to remove it: so that while the thoughts of your sufferings have damped my prosperity, they have mingled with adversity, and increased its bitterness.— To that heaven which protects the weak from the strong, I commit the care of your innocence and virtues, if they have not already received their full reward; and if your youth and delicacy have not long since fallen victims to the violence of the African trader, the pestilential stench of a Guinea ship, the seasoning in the European colonies, or the lash and lust of a brutal and unrelenting overseer.

I did not long remain after my sister. I was again sold, and carried through a number of places, till, after travelling a considerable time, I came to a town called Timnah, in the most beautiful country I had yet seen in Africa. It was extremely rich, and there were many rivulets which flowed through it; and supplied a large pond in the center of the town, where the people washed. Here I first saw and tasted cocoa nuts, which I thought superior to any nuts I had ever tasted before; and the trees, which were loaded, were also interspersed amongst the houses, which had commodious shades adjoining, and were in the same manner as ours, the insides being neatly plastered and white-washed. Here I also saw and tasted for the first time sugar-cane. Their money consisted of little white shells, the size of the finger-nail: they are known in this country by the name of core. I was sold here for one hundred and seventy-two of them by a merchant who lived and brought me there. I had been about two or three days at his house, when a wealthy widow, a neighbour of his, came there one evening, and brought with her an only son, a young gentleman about my own age and size. Here they saw me; and having taken a fancy to me, I was bought of the merchant, and went home with them. Her house and premises were situated close to one of those rivulets I have mentioned, and were the finest I ever saw in Africa: they were very extensive, and she had a number of slaves to attend her. The next day I was washed and perfumed, and when mealtime came, I was led into the presence of my mistress, and eat and drank before her with her son. This filled me with astonishment: and I could scarce help expressing my surprise that the young gentleman should suffer me, who was bound to eat with him who was free; and not only so, but that he would not at any time either eat or drink till I had taken first because I was the eldest, which was agreeable to our custom. Indeed every thing here, and all their treatment of me, made me forget that I was a slave. The language of these people resembled ours so nearly, that we understood each other perfectly. They had also the very same customs as we. There were likewise slaves daily to attend us, while my young master and I, with other boys sported with our darts and arrows, as I had been used to do at home. In this resemblance to my former happy fate, I passed about two months, and I now began to think I was to be adopted into the family, and was beginning to be reconciled to my situation, and to forget by degrees my misfortunes, when all at once the delusion vanished; for, without the least previous knowledge, one morning early, while my dear master and companion was still asleep, I was awakened out of my reverie to fresh sorrow, and hurried away even among the uncircumcised.

Thus, at the very moment I dreamed of the greatest happiness, I found myself most miserable: and seemed as if fortune wished to give me this taste of joy only to render the reverse more poignant. The change I now experienced was as painful as it was sudden and unexpected. It was a change indeed from a state of bliss to a scene which is inexpressible by me, as it discovered to me an element I had never before beheld, and till then had no idea of, and wherein such instances of hardship and fatigue continually occurred as I can never reflect on but with horror.

All the nations and people I had hitherto passed through resembled our own in their manners, customs and language but I came at length to a country, the inhabitants of which differed from us in all those particulars. I was very much struck with this difference, especially when I came among a people who did not circumcise, and eat without washing their hands. They cooked also in iron pots, and had European cutlasses and cross bows, which were unknown to us, and fought with their fists among themselves. Their women were not so modest as ours, for they eat, and drank, and slept with their men. But, above all, I was amazed to see no sacrifices or offerings among them. In some of those places the people ornamented themselves with scars, and likewise filed their teeth very sharp. They wanted sometimes to ornament me in the same manner, but I would not suffer them; hoping that I might some time be among a people who did not thus disfigure themselves, as I thought they did. At last, I came to the banks of a large river, which was covered with canoes, in which the people appeared to live with their household utensils and provisions of all kinds. I was beyond measure astonished at this, as I had never before seen any water larger than a pond or a rivulet; and my surprise was mingled with no small fear, when I was put into one of these canoes, and we began to paddle and move along the river. We continued going on thus till night; and, when we came to land, and made fires on the banks, each family by themselves, some dragged their canoes on shore, others staid and cooked in theirs, and lay in them all night. Those on the land had mats, of which they made tents, some in the shape of little houses: In these we slept; and, after the morning meal, we embarked again, and proceeded as before. I was often very much astonished to see some of the women, as well as the men, jump into the water, dive to the bottom, come up again, and swim about. Thus I continued to travel, sometimes by land sometimes by water, through different countries, and various nations, till, at the end of six or seven months after I had been kidnapped, I arrived at the sea coast. It would be tedious and uninteresting to relate all the incidents which befel me during this journey, and which I have not yet forgotten; of the various lands I passed through, and the manners and customs of all the different people among whom I lived: I shall therefore only observe, that, in all the places where I was, the soil was exceedingly rich; the pomkins, eadas, plantains, yams, &c. &c. were in great abundance, and of incredible size. There were also large quantities of different gums, though not used for any purpose; and every where a great deal of tobacco. The cotton even grew quite wild; and there was plenty of red wood. I saw no

mechanics whatever in all the way, except such as I have mentioned. The chief employment in all these countries was agriculture, and both the males and females, as with us, were brought up to it, and trained in the arts of war.

The first object which saluted my eyes when I arrived on the coast was the sea, and a slave-ship, which was then riding at anchor, and waiting for its cargo. These filled me with astonishment, which was soon converted into terror, which I am yet at a loss to describe, nor the then feelings of my mind. When I was carried on board I was immediately handled, and tossed up, to see if I were sound, by some of the crew; and I was now persuaded that I had got into a world of bad spirits, and that they were going to kill me. Their complexions too differing so much from ours, their long hair, and the language they spoke, which was very different from any I had ever heard, united to confirm me in this belief. Indeed, such were the horrors of my views and fears at the moment, that, if ten thousand worlds had been my own, I would have freely parted with them all to have exchanged my condition with that of the meanest slave in my own country. When I looked round the ship too, and saw a large furnace or copper boiling, and a multitude of black people of every description changed together, every one of their countenances expressing dejection and sorrow, I no longer doubted my fate, and, quite overpowered with horror and anguish, I fell motionless on the deck and fainted. When I recovered a little, I found some black people about me, who I believed were some of those who brought me on board, and had been receiving their pay; they talked to me in order to cheer me, but all in vain. I asked them if we were not to be eaten by those white men with horrible looks, red faces, and long hair? They told me I was not; and one of the crew brought me a small portion of spirituous liquour in a wine glass; but, being afraid of him, I would not take it out of his hand. One of the blacks therefore took it from him and gave it to me, and I took a little down my palate, which, instead of reviving me, as they thought it would, threw me into the greatest consternation at the strange feeling it produced having never tasted any such liquor before. Soon after this, the blacks who brought me on board went off, and left me abandoned to despair. I now saw myself deprived of all chance of returning to my native country, or even the least glimpse of hope of gaining the shore, which I now considered as friendly: and even wished for my former slavery, in preference to my present situation, which was filled with horrors of every kind, still heightened by my ignorance of what I was to undergo. I was not long suffered to indulge my grief; I was soon put down under the decks, and there I received such a salutation in my nostrils as I had never experienced in my life; so that with the loathsomeness of the stench, and crying together, I became so sick and low that I was not able to eat, nor had I the least desire to taste any thing. I now wished for the last friend, Death, to relieve me; but soon, to my grief, two of the white men offered me eatables; and, on my refusing to eat, one of them held me fast by the hands, and laid me across, I think, the windlass, and tied my feet, while the other flogged me severely. I had never experienced any thing of this kind before; and although not being used to the water, I naturally feared that element the first time I saw it; yet, nevertheless, could I have got over the nettings, I would have jumped over the side; but I could not; and, besides, the crew used to watch us very closely who were not chained down to the decks, lest we should leap into the water; and I have seen some of these poor African prisoners, most severely cut for attempting to do so, and hourly whipped for not eating. This indeed was often the case with myself. In a little time after, amongst the poor chained men, I found some of my own nation, which in a small degree gave ease to my mind. I inquired of them what was to be done with us? they give me to understand we were to be carried to these white people's country to work for them. I then was a little revived, and thought, if it were no worse than working, my situation was not so desperate: but still I feared I should be put to death, the white people looked and acted, as I thought, in so savage a manner; for I had never seen among any people such instances of brutal cruelty; and this not only shewn towards us blacks, but also to some of the whites themselves. One white man in particular I saw, when we were permitted to be on deck, flogged so unmercifully, with a large rope near the foremast, that he died in consequence of it; and they tossed him over the side as they would have done a brute. This made me fear these people the more; and I expected nothing less than to be treated in the same manner. I could not help expressing my fears and apprehensions to some of my countrymen: I asked them if these people had no country, but lived in this hollow place the ship? they told me they did not, but came from a distant one. 'Then,' said I, 'how comes it in all our country we never heard of them?' They told me, because they lived so very far off. I then asked, where were their women? had they any like themselves! I was told they had: 'And why,' said I, 'do we not see them?' they answered, because they were left behind. I asked how the vessel could go? they told me they could not tell; but that there were cloth put upon the masts by the help of the ropes I saw, and then the vessel went on; and the white men had some spell or magic they put in the water when they liked in order to stop the vessel. I was exceedingly amazed at this account, and really thought they were spirits. I therefore wished much to be from amongst them, for I expected they would sacrifice me: but my wishes were vain; for we were so quartered that it was impossible for any of us to make our escape. While we staid on the coast I was mostly on deck; and one day, to my great astonishment, I saw one of these vessels coming in with the sails up. As soon as the whites saw it, they gave a great shout, at which we were amazed; and the more so as the vessel appeared larger by approaching nearer. At last she came to anchor in my sight, and when the anchor was let go, I and my countrymen who saw it were lost in astonishment to observe the vessel stop; and were now convinced it was done by magic. Soon after this the other ship got her boats out, and they came on board of us, and the people of both ships seemed very glad to see each other. Several of the strangers also shook hands with us black people, and made motions with their hands, signifying, I suppose, we were to go to their country; but we did not understand them. At last, when the ship we were in had got in all her cargo they made ready with many fearful noises, and we were all put under deck, so that we could not see how they managed the vessel. But this disappointment was the least of my sorrow. The stench of the hold while we were on the coast was so intolerably loathsome, that it was dangerous to remain there for any time, and some of us had been permitted to stay

on the deck for the fresh air; but now that the whole ship's cargo were confined together, it became absolutely pestilential. The closeness of the place, and the heat of the climate, added to the number in the ship, which was so crouded that each had scarcely room to turn himself, almost suffocated us. This produced copious perspiration, from a variety of loathsome smells, and brought on a sickness amongst the slaves, of which many died, thus falling victims to the improvident avarice, as I may call it, of their purchasers. This wretched situation was again aggravated by the galling of the chains, now become insupportable; and the filth of the necessary tubs, into which the children often fell, and were almost suffocated. The shrieks of the women, and the groans of the dying, rendered the whole a scene of horror almost inconceivable. Happily perhaps for myself I was soon reduced so low here that it was thought necessary to keep me almost always on deck; and from my extreme youth I was not put in fetters. In this situation I expected every hour to share the fate of my companions, some of whom were almost daily brought upon deck at the point of death, which I began to hope would soon put an end to my miseries. Often did I think many of the inhabitants of the deep much more happy than myself; I envied them the freedom they enjoyed, and as often wished I could change my condition for theirs. Every circumstance I met with served only to render my state more painful, and heighten my apprehensions and my opinion of the cruelty of the whites. One day they had taken a number of fishes; and when they had killed and satisfied themselves with as many as they thought fit, to our astonishment who were on deck, rather than give any of them to us to eat, as we expected, they tossed the remaining fish into the sea again, although we begged and prayed for some as well as we could, but in vain; and some of my countrymen, being pressed by hunger, took an opportunity, when they thought no one saw them, of trying to get a little privately; but they were discovered, and the attempt procured them some very severe floggings.

One day, when we had a smooth sea, and moderate wind, two of my wearied countrymen, who were chained together (I was near them at the time), preferring death to such a life of misery, somehow made through the nettings, and jumped into the sea; immediately another quite dejected fellow, who, on account of his illness, was suffered to be out of irons, also followed their example; and I believe many more would very soon have done the same, if they had not been prevented by the ship's crew, who were instantly alarmed. Those of us that were the most active were, in a moment, put down under the deck; and there was such a noise and confusion amongst the people of the ship as I never heard before, to stop her, and get the boat out to go after the slaves. However, two of the wretches were drowned, but they got the other, and afterwards flogged him unmercifully, for thus attempting to prefer death to slavery. In this manner we continued to undergo more hardships than I can now relate; hardships which are inseparable from this accursed trade.— Many a time we were near suffocation, from the want of fresh air, which we were often without for whole days together. This, and the stench of the necessary tubs, carried off many. During our passage I first saw flying fishes, which surprised me very much: they used frequently to fly across the ship, and many of them fell on the deck. I also now first saw the use of the quadrant. I had often with astonishment seen the mariners make observations with it, and I could not think what it meant. They at last took notice of my surprise; and one of them willing to increase it, as well as to gratify my curiosity, made me one day look through it. The clouds appeared to me to be land, which disappeared as they passed along. This heightened my wonder: and I was now more persuaded than ever that I was in another world, and that every thing about me was magic. At last, we came in sight of the island of Barbadoes, at which the whites on board gave a great shout, and made many signs of joy to us. We did not know what to think of this; but, as the vessel drew nearer, we plainly saw the harbour, and other ships of different kinds and sizes: and we soon anchored amongst them off Bridge Town. Many merchants and planters now came on board, though it was in the evening. They put us in separate parcels, and examined us attentively.— They also made us jump, and pointed to the land, signifying we were to go there. We thought by this we should be eaten by these ugly men, as they appeared to us; and when, soon after we were all put down under the deck again, there was much dread and trembling among us, and nothing but bitter cries to be heard all the night from these apprehensions, insomuch that at last the white people got some old slaves from the land to pacify us. They told us we were not to be eaten, but to work, and were soon to go on land, where we should see many of our country people. This report eased us much; and sure enough, soon after we landed, there came to us Africans of all languages. We were conducted immediately to the merchant's yard, where we were all pent up together like so many sheep in a fold, without regard to sex or age. As every object was new to me, every thing I saw filled me with surprise. What struck me first was, that the houses were built with bricks, in stories, and in every other respect different from those I have seen in Africa: but I was still more astonished on seeing people on horseback. I did not know what this could mean; and indeed I thought these people were full of nothing but magical arts. While I was in this astonishment, one of my fellow prisoners spoke to a countryman of his about the horses, who said they were the same kind they had in their country. I understood them, though they were from a distant part of Africa, and I thought it odd I had not seen any horses there; but afterwards, when I came to converse with different Africans I found they had many horses amongst them, and much larger than those I then saw. We were not many days in the merchant's custody before we were sold after their usual manner, which is this:— On a signal given, (as the beat of a drum), the buyers rush at once into the yard where the slaves are confined, and make choice of that parcel they like best. The noise and clamour with which this is attended, and the eagerness visible in the countenances of the buyers, serve not a little to increase the apprehension of the terrified Africans, who may well be supposed to consider them as the ministers of that destruction to which they think themselves devoted. In this manner, without scruple, are relations and friends separated, most of them never to see each other again. I remember in the vessel in which I was brought over, in the men's apartment, there were several brothers who, in the sale, were sold in different lots; and it was very moving on this occasion to see and hear their cries at parting. O, ye nominal Christians! might not an African ask you, learned you this from your God? who says unto you, Do unto all men as you would men

should do unto you. Is it not enough that we are torn from our country and friends to toil for your luxury and lust of gain? Must every tender feeling be likewise sacrifices to your avarice? Are the dearest friends and relations, now rendered more dear by their separation from their kindred, still to be parted from each other, and thus prevented from cheering the gloom of slavery with the small comfort of being together, and mingling their suffering and sorrows? Why are parents to lose their children, brothers their sisters, or husbands their wives? Surely this is a new refinement in cruelty, which, while it has no advantage to atone for it, thus aggravates distress, and adds fresh horrors even to the wretchedness of slavery.

Chap. III

The author is carried to Virginia — his distress — Surprise at seeing a picture and a watch — Is bought by Captain Pascal, and sets out for England — His terror during the voyage — Arrives in England — His wonder at a fall of snow — Is sent to Guernsey, and in some time goes on board a ship of war with his master — Some account of the expedition against Louisbourg, under the command of Admiral Boscawen, in 1758.

I now totally lost the small remains of comfort I had enjoyed in conversing with my countrymen; the women too, who used to wash and take care of me, were all gone different ways, and I never saw one of them afterwards.

I staid in this island for a few days; I believe it could not be above a fortnight; when I and some few more slaves that were not saleable among the rest, from very much fretting, were shipped off in a sloop for North America. On the passage we were better treated than when we were coming from Africa, and we had plenty of rice and fat pork. We were landed up a river, a good way from the sea, about Virginia county, where we saw few or none of our native Africans, and not one soul who could talk to me. I was a few weeks weeding grass and gathering stones in a plantation, and at last all my companions were distributed different ways, and only myself was left. I was now exceedingly miserable, and thought myself worse off than any of the rest of my companions; for they could talk to each other, but I had no person to speak to that I could understand. In this state I was constantly grieving and pining and wishing for death, rather than any thing else. While I was in this plantation, the gentleman to whom I supposed the estate belonged being unwell, I was one day sent for to his dwelling house to fan him: when I came into the room where he was, I was very much affrighted at some things I saw, and the more so, as I had seen a black woman slave as I came though the house, who was cooking the dinner, and the poor creature was cruelly loaded with various kinds of iron machines: she had one particularly on her head, which locked her mouth so fast that she could scarcely speak, and could not eat nor drink. I was much astonished and shocked at this contrivance, which I afterwards learned was called the iron muzzle. Soon after I had a fan put into my hand, to fan the gentleman while he slept; and so I did indeed with great fear. While he was fast asleep I indulged myself a great deal in looking about the room, which to me appeared very fine and curious. The first object that engaged my attention was a watch which hung on the chimney, and was going. I was quite surprised at the noise it made, and was afraid it would tell the gentleman any thing I might do amiss: and when I immediately after observed a picture hanging in the room, which appeared constantly to look at me, I was still more affrighted, having never seen such things as these before. At one time I thought it was something relative to magic; and not seeing it move, I thought it might be someway the whites had to keep their great men when they died, and offer them libations as we used to do our friendly spirits. In this state of anxiety I remained till my master awoke, when I was dismissed out of the room, to my no small satisfaction and relief, for I thought that these people were all made of wonders. In this place I was called Jacob; but on board the African snow I was called Michael. I had been some time in this miserable, forlorn, and much dejected state, without having any one to talk to, which made my life a burden, when the kind and unknown hand of the Creator (who in very deed leads the blind in a way they know not) now began to appear, to my comfort; for one day the captain of a merchant ship, called the Industrious Bee, came on some business to my master's house. This gentleman, whose name was Michael Henry Pascal, was a lieutenant in the royal navy, but now commanded this trading ship, which was somewhere in the confines of the county many miles off. While he was as my master's house it happened that he saw me, and liked me so well that he made a purchase of me. I think I have often heard him say he gave thirty or forty pounds sterling for me; but I do not now remember which. However, he meant me for a present to some of his friends in England; and I was sent accordingly from the house of my then master (one Mr. Campbell) to the place where the ship lay, I was conducted on horseback by an elderly black man (a mode of travelling which appeared very odd to me). When I arrived I was carried on board a fine large ship, loaded with tobacco, &c. and just ready to sail for England. I now thought my condition much mended; I had sails to lie on, and plenty of good victuals to eat; and every body on board used me very kindly, quite contrary to what I had seen of any white people before; I therefore began to think that they were not all of the same disposition. A few days after I was on board we sailed for England. I was still at a loss to conjecture my destiny. By this time, however, I could smatter a little imperfect English; and I wanted to know as well as I could where we were going. Some of the people of the ship used to tell me they were going to carry me back to my own country, and this made me very happy. I was quite rejoiced at the idea of going back; and thought if I should get home what wonders I should have to tell. But I was reserved for another fate, and was soon undeceived when we came within sight of the English coast. When I was on board this ship my captain and master named me Gustavus Vassa. I at that time began to understand him a little, and refused to be called so, and told him as well as I could that I would be called Jacob; but he said I should not, and still called me Gustavus: and when I refused to answer to my new name, which at first I did, it gained me many

a cuff; so at length I submitted, and by which name I have been known ever since. The ship had a very long passage; and on that account we had very short allowance of provisions. Towards the last we had only one pound and a half of bread per week, and about the same quantity of meat, and one quart of water a day. We spoke with only one vessel the whole time we were at sea, and but once we caught a few fishes. In our extremities the captain and people told me, in jest, the would kill and eat me, but I thought them in earnest, and was depressed beyond measure, expecting every moment to be my last. While I was in this situation one evening they caught with a good deal of trouble, a large shark, and got it on board. This gladdened my poor heart exceedingly, as I thought it would serve the people to eat instead of their eating me; but very soon, to my astonishment, they cut off a small part of the tail, and tossed the rest over the side. This renewed my consternation; and I did not know what to think of these white people; I very much feared they would kill and eat me. There was on board the ship a young lad who had never been at sea before, about four or five years older than myself: his name was Richard Baker. He was a native of America, had received an excellent education, and was of a most amiable temper. Soon after I went on board he shewed me a great deal of partiality and attention, and in return I grew extremely fond of him. We at length became inseparable; and for the space of two years, he was of very great use to me, and was my constant companion and instructor. Although this dear youth had many slaves of his own, yet he and I have gone through many sufferings together on shipboard; and we have many nights lain in each other's bosoms when we were in great distress. Thus such friendship was cemented between us as we cherished till his death, which to my very great sorrow happened in the year 1759, when he was up the Archipelago, on board his Majesty's ship the Preston: an event which I have never ceased to regret, as I lost at once a kind interpreter, an agreeable companion, and a faithful friend; who, at the age of fifteen, discovered a mind superior to prejudice; and who was not ashamed to notice, to associate with, and to be the friend and instructor of, one who was ignorant, a stranger of a different complexion, and a slave! My master had lodged in his mother's house in America: he respected him very much, and made him always eat with him in the cabin. He used often to tell him jocularly that he would kill me and eat me. Sometimes he would say to me — the black people were not good to eat, and would ask me if we did not eat people in my country. I said, No: then he said he would kill Dick (as he always called him) first, and afterwards me. Though this hearing relieved my mind a little as to myself, I was alarmed for Dick, and whenever he was called I used to be very much afraid he was to be killed; and I would peep and watch to see if they were going to kill him: nor was I free from this consternation till we made the land. One night we lost a man overboard; and the cries and noise were so great and confused, in stopping the ship, that I, who did not know what was the matter, began, as usual, to be very much afraid, and to think they were going to make an offering with me, and perform some magic; which I still believed they dealt in. As the waves were very high, I though the Ruler of the seas was angry, and I expected to be offered up to appease him. This filled my mind with agony, and I could not any more that night close my eyes again to rest. However, when day-light appeared, I was a little eased in my mind; but still every time I was called I used to think it was to be killed. Some time after this, we saw some very large fish, which I afterwards found were called grampusses. The looked to me extremely terrible, and made their appearance just at dusk, and were so near as to blow the water on the ship's deck. I believed them to be the rulers of the sea; and, as the white people did not make any offerings at any time, I thought they were angry with them; and, at last, what confirmed my belief was, the wind just then died away, and a calm ensued, and, in consequence of it, the ship stopped going. I supposed that the fish had performed this, and I hid myself in the fore-part of the ship, through fear of being offered up to appease them, every minute peeping and quaking; but my good friend Dick came shortly towards me, and I took an opportunity to ask him, as well as I could, what these fish were? not being able to talk much English, I could but just make him understand my question, and not at all, when I asked him if any offerings were to be made to them? However, he told me these fish would swallow any body; which sufficiently alarmed me. Here he was called away by the captain, who was leaning over the quarter-deck, railing and looking at the fish; and most of the people were busied in getting a barrel of pitch to light, for them to play with. The captain now called me to him, having learned some of my apprehensions from Dick; and having diverted himself and others for some time with my fears, which appeared ludicrous enough in my crying and trembling, he dismissed me. The barrel of pitch was now lighted and put over the side into the water: by this time it was just dark, and the fish went after it; and, to my great joy, I saw them no more.

However, all my alarms began to subside when we got sight of land; and at last the ship arrived at Falmouth, after a passage of thirteen weeks. Every heart on board seemed gladdened on our reaching the shore, and none more than mine. The captain immediately went on shore, and sent on board some fresh provisions, which we wanted very much: we made good use of them, and our famine was soon turned into feasting, almost without ending. It was about the beginning of the spring 1757 when I arrived in England, and I was near twelve years of age at that time. I was very much struck with the buildings and the pavement of the streets in Falmouth; and, indeed, every object I saw filled me with a new surprise. One morning, when I got upon deck, I saw it covered all over with the snow that fell over-night: as I had never seen any thing of the kind before, I thought it was salt; so I immediately ran down to the mate, and desired him, as well as I could, to come and see how somebody in the night had thrown salt all over the deck. He, knowing what it was, desired me to bring some of it down to him: accordingly I took up a handful of it, which I found very cold indeed; and when I brought it to him he desired me to taste it. I did so, and I was surprised beyond measure. I then asked him what it was? he told me it was snow: but I could not in any wise understand him. He asked me if we had no such thing in my country? and I told him, No. I then asked him the use of it, and who made it; he told me a great man in the heavens, called God: but here again I was to all intents and purposes at a loss to understand him; and the more so, when a little after I saw the air filled with it, in a heavy shower, which fell down on the same day. After this I went to church; and having never

been at such a place before, I was again amazed at seeing and hearing the service. I asked all I could about it; and they gave me to understand it was worshipping God, who made us and all things. I was still at a great loss, and soon got into an endless field of inquiries, as well as I was able to speak and ask about things. However, my little friend Dick used to be my best interpreter; for I could make free with him, and he always instructed me with pleasure: and from what I could understand by him of this God, and in seeing these white people did not sell one another as we did, I was much pleased; and in this I thought they were much happier than we Africans. I was astonished at the wisdom of the white people in all things I saw; but was amazed at their not sacrificing or making any offerings, and eating with unwashed hands, and touching the dead. I likewise could not help remarking the particular slenderness of their women, which I did not at first like; and I thought they were not so modest and shamefaced as the African women.

I had often seen my master and Dick employed in reading; and I had great curiosity to talk to the books, as I thought they did; and so to learn how all things had a beginning: for that purpose I have often taken up a book, and have talked to it, and then put my ears to it, when alone, in hopes it would answer me; and I have been very much concerned when I found it remained silent.

My master lodged at the house of a gentleman in Falmouth, who had a fine little daughter about six or seven years of age, and she grew prodigiously fond of me; insomuch that we used to eat together, and had servants to wait on us. I was so much caressed by this family that it often reminded me of the treatment I had received from my little noble African master. After I had been here a few days, I was sent on board of the ship; but the child cried so much after me that nothing could pacify her till I was sent for again. It is ludicrous enough, that I began to fear I should be betrothed to this young lady; and when my master asked me if I would stay there with her behind him, as he was going away with the ship, which had taken in the tobacco again? I cried immediately, and said I would not leave him. At last, by stealth, one night I was sent on board the ship again; and in a little time we sailed for Guernsey, where she was in part owned by a merchant, one Nicholas Doberry. As I was now amongst a people who had not their faces scarred, like some of the African nations where I had been, I was very glad I did not let them ornament me in that manner when I was with them. When we arrived at Guernsey, my master placed me to board and lodge with one of his mates; who had a wife and family there; and some months afterwards he went to England, and left me in the care of his mate, together with my friend Dick. This mate had a little daughter aged about five or six years, with whom I used to be much delighted. I had often observed that, when her mother washed her face, it looked very rosy; but, when she washed mine, it did not look so; I therefore tried oftentimes myself if I could not by washing make my face of the same colour as my little play-mate (Mary), but it was all in vain; and I now began to be mortified at the difference in our complexions. This woman behaved to me with great kindness and attention; and taught me every thing in the same manner as she did her own child, and indeed in every respect treated me as such. I remained here till the summer of the year 1757, when my master, being appointed first lieutenant of his Majesty's ship the Roebuck, sent for Dick and me, and his old mate: on this we all left Guernsey, and set out for England in a sloop bound for London. As we were coming up towards the Nore, where the Roebuck lay, a man of war's boat came along-side to press our people, on which each man an to hide himself. I was very much frightened at this, though I did not know what it meant, or what to think to do. However, I went and hid myself also under a hencoop. Immediately the press-gang came on board, with their swords drawn, and searched all about, pulled the people out by force, and put them into the boat. At last I was found out also; the man that found me held me up by the heels while they all made their sport of me, I roaring and crying out all the time most lustily; but at last the mate, who was my conductor, seeing this, came to my assistance, and did all he could to pacify me; but to very little purpose, till I had seen the boat go off. Soon afterwards we came to the Nore, where the Roebuck lay; and, to our great joy, my master came on board to us, and brought us to the ship, I was amazed indeed to see the quantity of men and the guns. However my surprise began to diminish, as my knowledge increased; and I ceased to fell those apprehensions and alarms which had taken such strong possession of me when I first came among the Europeans, and for some time after. I began now to pass to an opposite extreme; I was so far from being afraid of any thing new which I saw, that, after I had been some time in this ship, I even began to long for an engagement. My griefs too, which in young minds are not perpetual, were now wearing away; and I soon enjoyed myself pretty well, and felt tolerably easy in my present situation. There was a number of boys on board, which still made it more agreeable; for we were always together, and a great part of our time was spent in play. I remained in this ship a considerable time, during which we made several cruises, and visited a variety of places; among others we were twice in Holland, and brought over several persons of distinction from it, whose names I do not now remember. On the passage, one day, for the diversion of those gentlemen, all the boys were called on the quarter-deck, and were paired proportionably; and then made to fight, after which the gentlemen gave the combatants from five to nine shillings each. This was the first time I ever fought with a white boy; and I never knew what it was to have a bloody nose before. This made me fight most desperately; I suppose considerably more than an hour; and at last, both of us being weary, we were parted. I had a great deal of this kind of sport afterwards, in which the captain and the ship's company used very much to encourage me. Some time afterwards the ship went to Leith, in Scotland, from thence to the Orkneys; where I was surprised in seeing scarcely any night; and from thence we sailed with a great fleet, full of soldiers, for England. All this time we had never come to an engagement, though we were frequently cruising off the coast of France; during which we chased many vessels, and took in all seventeen prizes. I had been learning many of the manoeuvres of the ship during our cruise; and I was several times made to fire the guns.

One evening, off Havre de Grace; just as it was growing dark, we were standing off shore, and met with a fine large French-built frigate. We got all things immediately ready for fighting, and I now expected I should be gratified in seeing an engagement, which I had so long wished for in vain. But the very moment the word of command was given to fire, we heard those on board the other ship cry 'Haul down the jib;' and in that instant she hoisted English colours. There was instantly with us an amazing cry of — 'Avast!' or 'stop firing!' and I think one or two guns had been let off, but happily they did no mischief. We had hailed them several times; but they not hearing, we received no answer, which was the cause of our firing. The boat was then sent on board of her, and she proved to be the Ambuscade man of war, to my no small disappointment. We returned to Portsmouth, without having been in any action, just at the trial of Admiral Byng (whom I saw several times during it); and my master, having left the ship and gone to London for promotion, Dick and I were put on board the Savage sloop of war, and we went in her to assist in bringing off the St. George man of war, that had run ashore somewhere on the coast. After staying a few weeks on board the Savage, Dick and I were sent on shore at Deal, where we remained some short time, till my master sent for us to London, the place I had long esired exceedingly to see. We therefore both with great pleasure got into a waggon, and came to London, where we were received by Mr. Guerin, a relation of my master. This gentleman had two sisters, very amiable ladies, who took much notice and great care of me. Though I had desired so much to see London, when I arrived in it I was unfortunately unable to gratify my curiosity; for I had at this time the chilblains to such a degree, that I could not stand for several months, and I was obliged to be sent to St. George's Hospital. There I grew so ill, that the doctors wanted to cut my leg off at different times, apprehending a mortification; but I always said I would rather die than suffer it; and happily (I thank God)I recovered without the operation. After being there several weeks, and just as I had recovered, the small-pox broke out on me, so that I was again confined: and I thought myself now particularly unfortunate. However, I soon recovered again: and by this time my master having been promoted to be first lieutenant of the Preston man of war of fifty guns, then new at Deptford, Dick and I were sent on board her, and soon after we went to Holland to bring over the late Duke of Cumberland to England. While I was in this ship an incident happened, which though trifling, I beg leave to relate, as I could not help taking particular notice of it, and considering it then as a judgement of God. One morning, a young man was looking up to the fore-top, and in a wicked tone, common on ship board, d---n his eyes about something. Just at the moment some small particles of dirt fell into his left eye, and by the evening it was very much inflamed. The next day it grew worse, and within six or seven days he lost it. From this ship my master was appointed a lieutenant on board the Royal George. When he was going he wished me to stay on board the Preston, to learn the French-horn; but the ship being ordered for Turkey, I could not think of leaving my master, to whom I was very warmly attached; and I told him, if he left me behind it would break my heart. This prevailed on him to take me with him; but he left Dick on board the Preston, whom I embraced at parting for the last time. The Royal George was the largest ship I had ever seen; so that when I came on board of her I was surprised at the number of people, men, women, and children, of every denomination; and the largeness of the guns, many of them also of brass, which I had never seen before. Here were also shops or stalls of every kind of goods, and people crying their different commodities about the ship as in a town. To me it appeared a little world, into which I was again cast without a friend, for I had no longer my dear companion Dick. We did not stay long here. My master was not many weeks on board before he got an appointment to be sixth lieutenant of the Namur, which was then at Spithead, fitting up for Vice-Admiral Boscawen, who was going with a large fleet on an expedition against Louisbourgh. The crew of the Royal George were turned over to her, and the flag of that gallant Admiral was hoisted on board, the blue at the maintop gallant-mast head. There was a very great fleet of men of war of every description assembled together for this expedition, and I was in hopes soon to have an opportunity of being gratified with a sea-fight. All things now being in readiness, this mighty fleet (for there was also Admiral Cornish's fleet in company, destined for the East Indies) at last weighed anchor, and sailed. The two fleets continued in company for several days, and then parted; Admiral Cornish, in the Lenox, having first saluted our Admiral in the Namur, which he returned. We then steered for America; but, by contrary winds, we were driven off Teneriffe, where I was struck with its noted peak. Its prodigious height, and its form, resembling a sugar loaf, filled me with wonder. We remained in sight of this island some days, and then proceeded for America, which we soon made, and got into a very commodious harbour called St. George, in Halifax, where we had fish in great plenty, and all other fresh provisions. We were here joined by different men of war and transport ships with soldiers; after which, our fleet being increased to a prodigious number of ships of all kinds, we sailed for Cape Breton in Nova Scotia. We had the good and gallant general Wolfe on board our ship, whose affability made him highly esteemed and beloved by all the men. He often honoured me as well as other boys, with marks of his notice; and saved me once a flogging for fighting a young gentleman. We arrived at Cape Breton in the summer of 1758; and here the soldiers were to be landed, in order to make an attack upon Louisbourgh. My master had some part in superintending the landing; and here I was in a small measure gratified in seeing an encounter between our men and the enemy. The French were posted on the shore to receive us, and disputed our landing for a long time: but at last they were driven from their trenches, and a complete landing was effected. Our troops pursued them as far as the town of Louisbourgh. In this action many were killed on both sides. One thing remarkable I saw this day;— A lieutenant of the Princess Amelia, who, as well as my master, superintended the landing, was giving the word of command, and while his mouth was open a musket ball went through it, and passed out as his cheek. I had that day in my hand the scalp of an Indian king, who was killed in the engagement: the scalp had been taken off by an Highlander. I saw this king's ornaments too, which were very curious, and made of feathers.

Our land forces laid seige to the town of Louisbourgh, while the French men of war were blocked up in the harbour by the fleet,

the batteries at the same time playing upon them from the land. This they did with such effect, that one day I saw some of the ships set on fire by the shells from the batteries, and I believe two or three of them were quite burnt. At another time, about fifty boats belonging to the English men of war, commanded by Captain George Balfour of the Ætna fireship, and Mr. Laforey, another junior captain, attacked and boarded the only two remaining French men of war in the harbour. They also set fire to a seventygun ship, but they brought off a sixty-four, called the Bienfaisant. During my stay here I had often an opportunity of being near captain Balfour, who was pleased to notice me and liked me so much that he often asked my master to let him have me, but he would not part with me; and no consideration would have induced me to leave him. At last Louisbourgh was taken, and the English men of war came into the harbour before it, to my very great joy, for I had now more liberty of indulging myself, and I went often on shore. When the ships were in the harbour, we had the most beautiful procession on the water I ever saw. All the admirals and captains of the men of war, full dressed, and in their barges, well ornamented with pendants, came alongside of the Namur. The Vice-admiral then went on shore in his barge, followed by the other officers in order of seniority, to take possession, as I suppose, of the town and fort. Some time after this, the French governor and his lady, and other persons of note, came on board our ship to dine. On this occasion our ships were dressed with colours of all kinds, from the topgallant-mast head to the deck; and this, with the firing of guns, formed a most grand and magnificent spectacle.

As soon as every thing here was settled, Admiral Boscawen sailed with part of the fleet for England, leaving some ships behind with Rear Admirals Sir Charles Hardy and Durell. It was now winter; and one evening, during our passage home, about dusk, when we were beginning to look for land, we descried seven sails of large men of war, which stood off shore. Several people on board of our ship said, as the two fleets were (in forty minutes from the first sight) within hail of each other, that they were English men of war; and some of our people even began to name some of the ships. By this time both fleets began to mingle, and our admiral ordered his flag to be hoisted. At that instant, the other fleet, which were French, hoisted their ensigns, and gave us a broadside as they passed by. Nothing could create greater surprise and confusion among us than this. The wind was high, the sea rough, and we had our lower and middle deck guns housed in, so that not a single gun on board was ready to be fired at any of the French ships. However, the Royal William and the Somerset, being our sternmost ships, became a little prepared and each gave the French ships a broadside as the passed by. I afterwards heard this was a French squadron, commanded by Mons. Constans; and certainly had the Frenchman known our condition, and had a mind to fight us, they might have done us great mischief. But we were not long before we were prepared for an engagement. Immediately many things were tossed overboard; the ships were made ready for fighting as soon as possible; and, about ten at night, we had bent a new main-sail, the old one being split. Being now in readiness for fighting, we wore ship, and stood after the French fleet, who were one or two ships in number more than we. However, we gave them chace, and continued pursuing them all night; and at day-light we saw fix of them, all large ships of the line, and an English EastIndiaman, a prize they had taken. We chased them all day till between three and four o'clock in the evening, when we came up with, and passed within a musquet shot of one seventy-four gun ship, and the Indiaman also, who now hoisted her colours, but immediately hauled them down again. On this we made a signal for the other ships to take possession of her; and, supposing the man of war would likewise strike, we cheered, but she did not; though, if we had fired into her, from being so near, we must have taken her. To my utter surprise, the Somerset, which was the next ship a-stern of the Namur, made way likewise; and, thinking they were sure of this French ship, they cheered in the same manner, but still continued to follow us. The French Commodore was about a gun-shot a-head of all, running from us with all speed; and about four o'clock he carried his fore-top-mast overboard. This caused another loud cheer with us; and a little after the top-mast came close by us; but to our great surprise, instead of coming up with her, we found she went as fast as ever, if not faster. The sea grew now much smoother; and the wind lulling, the seventy-four gun ship we had passed came again by us in the very same direction, and so near, that we heard her people talk as she went by; yet not a shot was fired on either side; and about five or six o'clock, just as it grew dark, she joined her Commodore. We chased all night: but the next day we were out of sight, so that we saw no more of them; and we only had the old Indiaman (called Carnarvon I think) for our trouble. After this, we stood in for the channel, and soon made the land; and, about the close of the year 1758—9 we got safe to St. Helen's; here the Namur ran a-ground; and also another large ship a-stern of us; but, by starting our water, and tossing many things over board to lighten her, we got the ships off without any damage. We staid but a short time at Spithead, and then went into Portsmouth harbour to refit; from whence the Admiral went to London; and my master and I soon followed, with a press-gang, as we wanted some hands to complete our complement.

CHAP. IV.

The Author is baptized — Narrowly escapes drowning — goes on an expedition to the Mediterranean — Incidents he met with there — Is witness to an engagement between some English and French ships — A particular account of the celebrated engagement between Admiral Boscawen and Meus. Le Clue, off Cape Logas, in August 1759 — Dreadful explosion of a French ship — The author sails for England — His master appointed to the command of a fire ship — meets a negro boy, from whom he experiences much benevolence — Prepares for an expedition against Belle-Isle — A remarkable story of a disaster which befel his ship — Arrives at Belle Isle — Operations of the landing and siege — The Author's danger and distress, with his manner of extricating himself — Surrender of Belle Isle — Transactions afterwards on the coast of France — Remarkable instance of kidnapping — The Author returns to England — Hears a talk of peace, and expects his freedom — His ship sails for Deptford to

be paid off, and when he arrives there he is suddenly seized by his master, and carried forcibly on board a West India ship, and sold.

It was now between three and four years since I first came to England, a great part of which I had spent at sea; so that I became inured to that service, and began to consider myself as happily situated; for my master treated me always extremely well; and my attachment and gratitude to him were very great. From the various scenes I had beheld on ship-board, I soon grew a stranger to terror of every kind, and was, in that respect, at least almost an Englishman. I have often reflected with surprise that I never felt half the alarm at any of the numerous dangers I have been in, that I was filled with at the first sight of the Europeans, and at every act of theirs, even the most trifling; when I first came among them, and for some time afterwards. That fear, however, which was the effect of my ignorance, wore away as I began to know them. I could now speak English tolerably well, and I perfectly understood every thing that was said. I not only felt myself quite easy with these new countrymen, but relished their society and manners. I no longer looked upon them as spirits, but as men superior to us; and therefore I had the stronger desire to resemble them: to imbibe their spirit, and imitate their manners; I therefore embraced every occasion of improvement; and every new thing that I observed I treasured up in my memory. I had long wished to be able to read and write; and for this purpose I took every opportunity to gain instruction, but had made as yet very little progress. However, when I went to London with my master, I had soon an opportunityof improving myself, which I gladly embraced. Shortly fter my arrival, he sent me to wait upon the Miss Guerins, who had treated me with much kindness when I was there before; and they sent me to school.

While I was attending these ladies, their servants told me I could not go to heaven unless I was baptized. This made me very uneasy; for I had now some faint idea of a future fate: accordingly I communicated my anxiety to the eldest Miss Guerin, with whom I was become a favourite, and pressed her to have me baptized; when, to my great joy, she told me I should. She had formerly asked my master to let me be baptized, but he had refuse; however, she now insisted on it; and he, being under some obligation to her brother, complied with her request; so I was baptized in St. Margaret's church, Westminster, in February 1759, by my present name. – The clergyman, at the same time, gave me a book, called a guide to the Indians, written by the Bishop of Sodor and Man. On this occasion, Miss Guerin and her brother did me the honour to stand as godfather and godmother, and afterwards gave me a treat. I used to attend these ladies about the town, in which service I was extremely happy; as I had thus many opportunities of seeing London, which I desired of all things. I was sometimes, however, with my master at his rendezvous-house, which was at the foot of Westminster bridge. Here I used to enjoy myself in playing about the bridge stairs, and often in the watermen's wherries, with the other boys. On one of these occasions there was another boy with me in a wherry, and we went out into the current of the river: while we were there, two more stout boys came to us in another wherry, and abusing us for taking the boat, desired me to get into the other wherry boat. Accordingly I went to get out of the wherry I was in; but just as I had got one of my feet into the other boat, the boys shoved it off, so that I fell into the Thames; and, not being able to swim, I should unavoidably have been drowned, but for the assistance of some watermen, who providentially came to my relief.

. . . Now that I am on this subject, I beg leave to relate another instance or two which strongly raised my belief of the particular interposition of Heaven, and which might not otherwise have found a place here, from their insignificance. I belonged for a few days, in the year 1758, to the Jason, of fifty-four guns, at Plymouth; and one night, when I was on board, a woman, with a child at her breast, fell from the upper deck down into the hold, near the keel. Every one thought that the mother and child must be both dashed to pieces; but, to our great surprise, neither of them was hurt. I myself one day fell headlong from the upper deck of the Ætna down the after-hold, when the ballast was out; and all who saw me fall cried out I was killed; but I received not the least injury. And in the same ship a man fell from the mast-head on the deck without being hurt. In these, and in many more instances, I thought I could plainly trace the hand of God, without whose permission a sparrow cannot fall. I began to raise my fear from man to him alone, and to call daily on his holy name with fear and reverence: and I trust he heard my supplications, and graciously condescended to answer me according to his holy word, and to implant the seeds of piety in me, even one of the meanest of his creatures.

When we had refitted our ship, all things were in readiness for attacking the place, the troops on board the transports were ordered to disembark; and my master, as a junior captain, had a share in the command of the landing. This was on the 12th of April. The French were drawn up on the shore, and had made every disposition to oppose the landing of our men, only a small part of them this day being able to effect it; most of them, after fighting with great bravery, were cut off; and General Crawford, with a number of others, were taken prisoners. In this day's engagement we had also our lieutenant killed.

On the 21st of April we renewed our efforts to land the men, while all the men of war were stationed along the shore to cover it, and fired at the French batteries and breastworks, from early in the morning till about four o'clock in the evening, when our soldiers effected a safe landing. They immediately attacked the French; and, after a sharp encounter, forced them from the batteries. Before the enemy retreated, they blew up several of them, lest they should fall into our hands. Our men now proceeded to besiege the citadel, and my master was ordered on shore to superintend the landing of all the materials necessary for carrying on the siege; in which service I mostly attended him. While I was there I went about to different parts of the island; and one day, particularly, my curiosity almost cost me my life. I wanted very much to see the mode of charging mortars, and letting off the

shells, and for that purpose I went to an English battery that was but very few yards from the walls of the citadel. There indeed I had an opportunity of completely gratifying myself in seeing the whole operation, and that not without running a very great risk, both from the English shells that burst while I was there, but likewise from those of the French. One of the largest of their shells bursted within nine or ten yards of me: there was a single rock close by, about the size of a butt; and I got instant shelter under it in time to avoid the fury of the shell. Where it burst the earth was torn in such a manner that two or three butts might easily have gone into the hole it made, and it threw great quantities of stones and dirt to a considerable distance. Three shots were also fired at me, and another boy who was along with me, one of them in particular seemed

"Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage;"

for, with a most dreadful sound, it hissed close by me, and struck a rock at a little distance, which it shattered to pieces. When I saw what perilous circumstances I was in, I attempted to return the nearest way I could find, and thereby I got between the English and the French centinels. An English serjeant, who commanded the outposts, seeing me, and surprised how I came there (which was by stealth along the sea-shore), reprimanded me very severely for it, and instantly took the centinel off his post into custody, for his negligence in suffering me to pass the lines. While I was in this situation I observed at a little distance a French horse belonging to some islanders, which I thought I would now amount, for the greater expedition of getting off. Accordingly, I took some cord which I had about me, and making a kind of bridle of it, I put it around the horse's head, and the tame beast very quietly suffered me to tie him thus and mount him. As soon as I was on the horse's back I began to kick and beat him, and try every means to make him go quick, but all to very little purpose: I could not drive him out of a slow pace. While I was creeping along, still within reach of the enemy's shot, I met with a servant well mounted on an English horse. I immediately stopped; and, crying, told him my case, and begged of him to help me; and this he effectually did; for, having a fine large whip, he began to lash my horse with it so severely, that he set off full speed with me towards the sea, while I was quite unable to hold or manage him. In this manner I went along till I came to a craggy precipice. I now could not stop my horse; and my mind was filled with apprehensions of my deplorable fate, should he go down the precipice, which he appeared fully disposed to do: I therefore thought I had better throw myself off him at once, which I did immediately, with a great deal of dexterity, and fortunately escaped unhurt. As soon as I found myself at liberty, I made the best of my way for the ship, determined I would not be so fool-hardy again in a hurry.

We continued to besiege the citadel till June, when it surrendered. During the siege I have counted above sixty shells and carcases in the air at once. When this place was taken I went through the citadel, and in the bomb-proofs under it, which were cut in the solid rock; and I thought it a surprising place both for strength and building: notwithstanding which our shots and shells had made amazing devastation, and ruinous heaps all around it.

After the taking of this island, our ships, with some others commanded by commodore Stanhope in the Swiftsure, went to Basse-road, where we blocked up a French fleet. Our ships were there from June till February following; and in that time I saw a great many scenes of war, and stratagems on both sides, to destroy each other's fleet. Sometimes we would attach the French with some ships of the line; at other times with boats; and frequently we made prizes. Once or twice the French attached us, by throwing shells with their bomb vessels; and one day, as a French vessel was throwing shells at our ships, she broke from her springs behind the Isle of Rhe: the tide being complicated, she came within a gun-shot of the Nassau; but the Nassau could not bring a gun to bear upon her, and thereby the Frenchman got off. We were twice attacked by their fire-floats, which they chained together, and then let them float down with the tide; but each time we sent boats with grapplings, and towed them safe out of the fleet.

We had different commanders while we were at this place, Commodores Stanhope, Dennis, Lord Howe &c. From thence, before the Spanish war began, our ship, and the Wasp sloop, were sent to St. Sebastian, in Spain, by Commodore Stanhope; and Commodore Dennis afterwards sent our ship as a cartel to Bayonne in France; after which we went in February 1762, to Belle-Isle, and there stayed till the summer, then we left it, and returned to Portsmouth.

After our ship was fitted out again for service, in September she went to Guernsey, where I was very glad to see my old hostess, who was now a widow, and my former little charming companion her daughter. I spent some time here very happily with them, till October, when we had orders to repair to Portsmouth. We parted from each other with a great deal of affection, and I promised to return soon, and see them again, not knowing what all-powerful fate had determined for me. Our ship having arrived at Portsmouth, we went into the harbour, and remained there till the latter end of November, when we heard great talk about peace; and, to our very great joy, in the beginning of December we had orders to go up to London with our ship to be paid off. We received this news with loud huzzas, and every other demonstration of gladness; and nothing but mirth was to be seen throughout every part of the ship. I too was not without my share of the general joy on this occasion. I thought now of nothing but being freed, and working for myself, and thereby getting money to enable me to get a good education; for I always had a great desire to be able at least to read and write; and while I was on ship-board I had endeavoured to improve myself in both. While I was in the Ætna particularly, the captain's clerk taught me to write, and gave me a smattering of arithmetic as far as the rule of three. There

was also one Daniel Queen, about forty years of age, a man very well educated, who messed with me on board this ship, and he likewise dressed and attended the captain. Fortunately this man soon became very much attached to me, and took very great pains to instruct me in many things. He taught me to shave and dress hair a little, and also to read in the Bible, explaining many passages to me, which I did not comprehend. I was wonderfully surprised to see the laws and rules of my own country written almost exactly here; a circumstance which I believe tended to impress our manners and customs more deeply on my memory. I used to tell him of this resemblance; and many a time we had sat up the whole night together at this employment. In short he was like a father to me; and some even used to call me after his name; they also styled me the black Christian. Indeed I almost loved him with the affection of a son. Many things I have denied myself that he might have them; and when I used to play at marbles or any other game, and won a few halfpence, or got any other little money, which I did sometimes for shaving any one, I used to buy him a little sugar or tobacco, as far as my stock of money would go. He used to say, that he and I never should part; and that when our ship was paid off, and I was as free as himself or any other man on board, he would instruct me in his business, by which I might gain a good livelihood. This gave me new life and spirits, and my heart burned within me, while I thought the time long till I obtained my freedom: for though my master had not promised it to me, yet besides the assurances I had received that he had no right to detain me, he always treated me with the greatest kindness, and reposed in me an unbounded confidence; he even paid attention to my morals; and would never suffer me to deceive him, or tell lies, of which he used to tell me the consequences; and that if I did so, God would not love me; so that from all this tenderness I had never once supposed, in all my dreams of freedom, that he would think of detaining me any longer than I wished.

In pursuance of our orders we sailed from Portsmouth for the Thames, and arrived at Deptford the 10th of December, where we cast anchor just as it was high water. The ship was up about half an hour, when my master ordered the barge to be manned; and all in an instant, without having before given me the least reason to suspect any thing of the matter, he forced me into the barge, saying, I was going to leave him, but he would take care I should not. I was so struck with the unexpectedness of this proceeding, that for some time I could not make a reply, only I made an offer to go for my books and chest of clothes, but he swore I should not move out of his sight; and if I did he would cut my throat, at the same time taking his hanger. I began, however, to collect myself: and, plucking up courage, I told him I was free, and he could not by law serve me so. But this only enraged him the more; and he continued to swear, and said he would soon let me know whether he would or not, and at that instant sprung himself into the barge from the ship, to the astonishment and sorrow of all on board. The tide, rather unluckily for me, had just turned downward, so that we quickly fell down the river along with it, till we came among some outward-bound West-Indiamen; for he was resolved to put me on board the first vessel he could get to receive me. The boat's crew who pulled against their will, became quite faint at different times, and would have gone ashore, but he would not let them. Some of them strove then to cheer me, and told me he could not sell me, and that they would stand by me, which revived me a little, and encouraged my hopes; for as they pulled along he asked some vessels to receive me, and they would not. But, just as we had got a little below Gravesend, we came alongside of a ship which was going away the next tide for the West Indies; her name was the Charming Sally Capt. James Doran; and my master went on board and agreed with him for me; and in a little time I was sent for into the cabin. When I came there, Captain Doran asked me if I knew him. I answered that I did not; 'Then,' said he, 'you are now my slave.' I told him my master could not sell me to him, nor to any one else. 'Why,' said he, 'did not your master buy you?' I confessed he did. But I have served him, said I, many years, and he has taken all my wages and prize-money, for I only got one sixpence during the war; besides this I have been baptized; and by the laws of the land no man has a right to sell me: and I added, that I had heard a lawyer, and others at different times, tell my master so. They both then said that those people who told me so were not my friends: but I replied — It was very extraordinary that other people did not know the law as well as they. Upon this Captain Doran said I talked too much English; and if I did not behave myself well, and be quiet, he had a method on board to make me. I was too well convinced of his power over me to doubt what he said: and my former sufferings in the slave-ship presenting themselves to my mind, the recollection of them made me shudder. However, before I retired, I told them that as I could not get any right among men here, I hoped I should hereafter in Heaven; and I immediately left the cabin, filled with resentment and sorrow. The only coat I had with me my master took away with him, and said, 'If your prize-money had been 10,000l. I had a right to it all, and would have taken it.' I had about nine guineas, which during my long sea-faring life, I had scraped together from trifling perquisites and little ventures; and I hid that instant, lest my master should take that from me likewise, still hoping that by some means or other I should make my escape to the shore, and indeed some of my old shipmates told me not to despair, for they would get me back again; and that, as soon as they could get their pay, they would immediately come to Portsmouth to me, where this ship was going: but, alas! all my hopes were baffled, and the hour of my deliverance was as yet far off. My master, having soon concluded his bargain with the captain, came out of the cabin, and he and his people got into the boat, and put off; I followed them with aching eyes as long as I could, and when they were out of sight I threw myself on the deck, with a heart ready to burst with sorrow and anguish.

CHAP. V.

The author's reflections on his situation. — Is deceived by a promise of being delivered. — His despair at sailing for the West Indies. — Arrives at Montserrat, where he sold to Mr. King. — Various interesting instances of oppression, cruelty, and extortion, which the author saw practised upon the slaves in the West-Indies during his captivity, from the year 1763 to 1766. — Address on

it to the planters.

. . . He told me he had got me the very best master in the whole island, with whom I should be as happy as if I were in England, and for that reason he chose to let him have me, though he could sell me to his own brother-in-law for a great deal more money than what he got from this gentleman." Mr. King my new master, then made a reply, and said, the reason he had bought me was on account of my good character; and, as he had not the least doubt of my good behaviour, I should be very well off with him. He also told me he did not live in the West Indies, but at Philadelphia, where he was going soon; and, as I understood something of the rules of arithmetic, when we got there he would put me to school, and fit me for a clerk. This conversation relieved my mind a little, and I left those gentlemen considerably more at ease in myself than when I came to them; and I was very thankful to Captain Doran, and even to my old master, for the character they had given me; a character which I afterwards found of infinite service to me. I went on board again, and took my leave of all my shipmates; and the next day the ship sailed. When she weighed anchor I went to the water side and looked at her with a very wishful and aching heart, and followed her with my eyes until she was totally out of sight. I was so bowed down with grief that I could not hold up my head for many months; and if my new master had not been kind to me, I believe I should have died under it at last. And indeed I soon found that he fully deserved the good character which Captain Doran had given me of him; for he possessed a most amiable disposition and temper, and was very charitable and humane. If any of his slaves behaved amiss, he did not beat or use them ill, but parted with them. This made them afraid of disobliging him; and as he treated his slaves better than any other man on the island, so he was better and more faithfully served by them in return. By this kind treatment I did at last endeavourto compose myself; and with fortitude, though moneyless, determined to face whatever fate had decreed for me. Mr. King soon asked me what I could do; and at the same time said he did not mean to treat me as a common slave. I told him I knew something of seamanship, and could shave and dress hair pretty well; and I could refine wines, which I had learned on ship board where I had often done it; and that I could write, and understood arithmetic tolerably well as far as the Rule of Three. He then asked me if I knew any thing of gauging; and, on my answering that I did not, he said one of his clerks should teach me to gauge.

Mr. King dealt in all manner of merchandize, and kept from one to six clerks. He loaded many vessels in a year; particularly to Philadelphia, where he was born, and was connected with a great mercantile house in that city. He had, besides many vessels, droggers of different sizes, which used to go about the island and other places to collect rum, sugar, and other goods. I understood pulling and managing those boats very well; and this hard work, which was the first that he set me to, in the sugar seasons, used to be my constant employment. I have rowed the boat, and slaved at the oars, from one hour to sixteen in the twenty-four; during which I had fifteen pence sterling per day to live on, though sometimes only ten pence. However, this was considerably more than was allowed to other slaves that used to work often with me, and belonged to other gentlemen on the island: these poor souls had never more than nine-pence a day, and seldom more than six-pence, from their masters or owners, though they earned them three or four pisterines a day: for it is a common practice in the West Indies, for men to purchase slaves though they have not plantations themselves, in order to let them out to planters and merchants at so much a-piece by the day, and they give what allowance they choose out of this produce of their daily work to their slaves for subsistence; this allowance is often very scanty. My master often gave the owners of these slaves two and a half of these pieces per day, and found the poor fellows in victuals himself, because he thought their owners did not feed then well enough according to the work they did. The slaves used to like this very well, and as they knew my master to be a man of feeling, they were always glad to work for him in preference to any other gentleman; some of whom, after they had been paid for these poor people's labours, would not give them their allowance out of it. Many times have I seen those unfortunate wretches beaten for asking for their pay; and often severely flogged by their owners if they did not bring them their daily or weekly money exactly to the time; though the poor creatures were obliged to wait on the gentlemen they had worked for, sometimes more than half the day, before they could get their pay; and this generally on Sundays, when they wanted the time for themselves. In particular, I knew a countryman of mine, who once did not bring the weekly money directly that it was earned; and though he brought it the same day to his master, yet he was staked to the ground for his pretended negligence, and was just going to receive a hundred lashes, but for a gentleman who begged him of fifty. This poor man was very industrious, and by his frugality had saved so much money, by working on shipboard, that he had got a white man to buy him a boat, unknown to his master. Some time after he had this little estate, the governor wanted a boat to bring his sugar from different parts of the island; and, knowing this to be a negro-man's boat, he seized upon it for himself, and would not pay the owner a farthing. The man on this went to his master, and complained to him of this act of the governor; but the only satisfaction he received was to be damned very heartily by his master, who asked him how dared any of his negroes to have a boat If the justly-merited ruin of the governor's fortune could be any gratification to the poor man he had thus robbed, he was not without consolation. Extortion and rapine are poor providers; and some time after this the governor died in the King's Bench, in England, as I was told, in great poverty. The last war favoured this poor negro-man, and he found some means to escape from his Christian master; he came to England, where I saw him afterwards several times. Such treatment as this often drives these miserable wretches to despair, and they run away from their masters at the hazard of their lives. Many of them in this place, unable to get their pay when they have earned it, and fearing to be flogged as usual, if they return home without t run away where they can for shelter, and a reward is often offered to bring them in dead or alive. My master used sometimes in these cases, to agree with their owners, and to settle with them himself; and thereby he saved many of them a flogging.

Once, for a few days, I was let out to fit a vessel, and I had no victuals allowed me by either party; at last I told my master of this treatment, and he took me away from him. In many of these estates, on the different islands where I used to be sent for rum or sugar, they would not deliver it to me, or any other negro; he was therefore obliged to send a white man along with me to those places; and then he used to pay him from six to ten pisterines a day. From being thus employed, during the time I served Mr. King, in going about the different estates on the island, I had all the opportunity I could wished for, to see the dreadful usage of the poor men; usage that reconciled me to my situation, and made me bless God for the hands into which I had fallen.

I had the good fortune to please my master in every department in which he employed me; and there was scarcely any part of his business, or household affairs, in which I was not occasionally engaged. I often supplied the place of a clerk, in receiving and delivering cargoes to the ships, in tending stores, and delivering goods: and, besides this, I used to shave and dress my master when convenient, and care of his horse; and when it was necessary, which was very often, I worked likewise on board of different vessels of his. By these means I became very useful to my master, and saved him, as he used to acknowledge, above a hundred pounds a year. Nor did he scruple to say I was of more advantage to him than any of his clerks; though their usual wages in the West Indies are from sixty to a hundred pounds current a year.

I have sometimes heard it asserted, that a negro cannot earn his master the first cost; but nothing can be further from the truth. I suppose nine tenths of the mechanics throughout the West Indies are negro slaves; and I well know the coopers among them earn two dollars a day; the carpenters the same, and oftentimes more; as also the masons, smiths, and fishermen, &c. and I have known many slaves whose masters would not take a thousand pounds current for them. But surely this assertion refutes itself; for, if it be true, why do the planters and merchants pay such a price for slaves? And, above all, why do those who make this assertion exclaim the most loudly against the abolition of the slave trade? So much are we blinded, and to such inconsistent arguments are they driven by mistaken interest! I grant, indeed, that slaves are sometimes, by half-feeding, half-cloathing, overworking, and stripes, reduced so low, that they are turned out as unfit for service, and left to perish in the woods, or expire on a dung-hill.

My master was several times offered by different gentlemen one hundred guineas for me; but he always told them he would not sell me, to my great joy: and I used to double my diligence and care for fear of getting into the hands of those men who did not allow a valuable slave the common support of life. Many of them even used to find fault with my master for feeding his slaves so well as he did; although I often went hungry, and an Englishman might think my fare very indifferent; but he used to tell them he always would do it, because the slaves thereby looked better and did more work.

While I was thus employed by my master, I was often a witness to cruelties of every kind, which were exercised on my unhappy fellow slaves. I used frequently to have different cargoes of new negroes in my care for sale; and it was almost a constant practice with our clerks, and other whites, to commit violent depredations on the chastity of the female slaves and these I was, though with reluctance, obliged to submit to at all times, being unable to help them. When we have had some of these slaves on board my master's vessel's to carry them to other islands, or to America, I have known our mates to commit these acts most shamefully, to the disgrace, not of Christians only, but of men. I have even known them gratify their brutal passions with females not ten years old; and these abominations some of them practised to such scandalous excess, that one of our captains discharged the mate and others on that account. And yet in Montserrat I have seen a negro-man staked to the ground, and cut most shockingly, and then his ears cut off bit by bit, because he had been connected with a white woman who was a common prostitute, as if it were no crime to the whites to rob an innocent African girl of her virtue; but most heinous in a black man only to gratify a passion of nature, where the temptation was offered by one of a different colour, though the most abandoned woman of her specie.

One Mr. Drummond told me that he had sold 41,000 negroes, and that he once cut off a negro-man's leg for running away. —I asked him, if the man had died in the operation? How he, as a Christian, could answer for the horrid act before God? And he told me, answering was a thing of another world; what he thought and did were policy. I told him that the Christian doctrine taught us to do unto others as we would that others should do unto us. He then said that his scheme had the desired effect — it cured that man and some others of running away.

Another negro man was half hanged, and then burnt, for attempting to poison a cruel overseer. Thus, by repeated cruelties, are the wretches first urged to despair, and then murdered, because they still retain so much of human nature about them as to wish to put an end to their misery, and retaliate on their tyrants! These overseers are indeed for the most part persons of the worst character of any denomination of men in the West Indies. Unfortunately, many humane gentlemen, by not residing on their estates, are obliged to leave the management of them in the hands of these human butchers, who cut and mangle the slaves in a shocking manner on the most trifling occasions, and altogether treat them in every respect like brutes. They pay no regard to the situation of pregnant women, nor the least attention to the lodging of the field-negroes. Their huts, which ought to be well covered, and the place dry where they take their little repose, are often open sheds, built in damp places; so that, when the poor creatures return tired from the toils of the field, they contract many disorders, from being exposed to the damp air in this uncomfortable state, while they are heated, and their pores are open. This neglect certainly conspires with many others to cause a decrease in the births as well as in the lives of the grown negroes. I can quote many instances of gentlemen who reside on

their estates in the West Indies, and then the scene is quite changed; the negroes are treated with lenity and proper care, by which their lives are prolonged, and their masters profited. To the honour of humanity, I knew several gentlemen who managed their estates in this manner; and they found that benevolence was their true interest. And, among many I could mention in several of the islands, I knew one in Montserrat whose slaves looked remarkably well, and never needed any fresh supplies of negroes; and there are many other estates, especially in Barbadoes, which, from such judicious treatment, need no fresh stock of negroes at any time. I have the honour of knowing a most worthy and humane gentleman, who is a native of Barbadoes, and has estates there. This gentleman has written a treatise on the usage of his own slaves, He allows them two hours for refreshment at mid day, and many other indulgencies and comforts, particularly in their lying; and, besides this, he raises more provisions on his estate than they can destroy; so that by these attentions he saves the lives of his negroes, and keeps them healthy, and as happy as the condition of slavery can admit. I myself, as shall appear in the sequel, managed an estate, where, by those attentions, the negroes were uncommonly cheerful and healthy, and did more work by half than by the common mode of treatment they usually do.

For want, therefore, of such care and attention to the poor negroes, and otherwise oppressed as they are, it is no wonder that the decrease should require 20,000 new negroes annually to fill up the vacant places of the dead. Even in Barnadoes, notwithstanding those human exceptions which I have mentioned, and others I am acquainted with, which justly make it quoted as a place where slaves meet with the best treatment, and need fewest recruits of any in the West Indies, yet this island requires 1000 negroes annually to keep up the original stock, which is only 80,000. So that the whole term of a negro's life may be said to be there but sixteen years! and yet the climate here is in every respect the same as that from which they are taken, except in being more wholesome."

Do the British colonies decrease in this manner? And yet what a prodigious difference is there between an English and West India climate.

While I was in Montserrat, I knew a negro man, named Emanuel Sankey, who endeavoured to escape from his miserable bondage by concealing himself on board of a London ship: but fate did not favour the poor oppressed man; for being discovered when the vessel was under sail, he was delivered again to his master. This Christian master immediately pinned the wretch down to the ground at each wrist and ankle, and then took some sticks of sealing-wax, and lighted them, and dropped it all over his back. There was another master who was noted for cruelty, and I believe he had not a slave but what had been cut, and had pieces fairly taken out of the flesh: and after they had been punished thus, he used to make them get into a long wooden box or case he had for that purpose, in which he shut them up during pleasure. It was just about the height and breadth of a man; and the poor wretches had no room when in the case to move.

It was very common in several of the islands, particularly in St. Kitt's, for the slaves to be branded with the initial letters of their master's name, and a load of heavy iron hooks hung about their necks. Indeed, on the most trifling occasions they were loaded with chains, and often other instruments of torture were added. The iron muzzle, thumb-screws, &c are so well known as not to need a description, and were sometimes applied for the slightest faults. I have seen a negro beaten till some of his bones were broken, for only letting a pot boil over. It is not uncommon, after a flogging, to make slaves go on their knees, and thank their owners, and pray, or rather say, God bless them. I have often asked many of the men slaves (who used to go several miles to their wives, and late in the night, after having been wearied with a hard day's labour) why they went so far for wives, and why they did not take them of their own master's negro women, and particularly those who lived together as household slaves? Their answers have ever been — "Because when the master or mistress choose to punish their women, they make the husbands flog their own wives, and that they could not bear to do." Is it surprising that usage like this should drive the poor creatures to despair, and make them seek refuge in death from those evils which render their lives intolerable — while,

> "With shudd'rng horror pale, and eyes aghast,
>
> "They view their lamentable lot, and find
>
> "No rest!"

This they frequently do. A negro man on board a vessel of my master's, while I belonged to her, having been put in irons for some trifling misdemeanor, and kept in that state for some days, being weary of life, took an opportunity of jumping overboard into the sea; however, he was picked up without being drowned. Another, whose life was also a burden to him, resolved to starve himself to death, and refused to eat any victuals: this procured him a severe flogging; and he also, on the first occasion which offered, jumped overboard at Charles Town, but was saved.

Nor is there any greater regard shewn to the little property than there is to the persons and lives of the negroes. I have already related an instance or two of particular oppression out of many which I have witnessed; but the following is frequent in all the islands. The wretched field slaves, after toiling all the day for an unfeeling owner, who gives them but little victuals, steal

sometimes a few moments from rest or refreshment to gather some small portion of grass, according as their time will admit. This they commonly tie up in a parcel; either a bit's worth (sixpence) or half a bit's worth; and bring it to town, or to the market to sell. Nothing is more common than for the white people on this occasion to take the grass from them without paying for it; and not only so, but too often also to my knowledge, our clerks, and many others, at the same time, have committed acts of violence on the poor, wretched, and helpless females, whom I have seen for hours stand crying to no purpose, and get no redress or pay of any kin. Is not this one common and crying sin, enough to bring down God's judgment on the islands? He tells us, the oppressor and the oppressed are both in his hands; and if these are not the poor, the broken-hearted, the blind, the captive, the bruised, which our Saviour speaks of, who are they? One of these depredators once, in St. Eustatia, came on board of our vessel, and bought some fowls and pigs of me; and a whole day after his departure with the things, he returned again, and wanted his money back; I refused to give it, and, not seeing my captain on board, he began the common pranks with me; and swore he would even break open my chest and take my money. I therefore expected, as my captain was absent, that he would be as good as his word; and he was just proceeding to strike me, when fortunately a British seaman on board, whose heart had not been debauched by a West India climate, interposed and prevented him. But had the cruel man struck me, I certainly should have defended myself at the hazard of my life; for what is life to a man thus oppressed? He went away, however, swearing; and threatened that whenever he caught me on shore he would shoot me, and pay for me afterwards.

The small account in which the life of a negro is held in the West Indies, is so universally known, that it might seem impertinent to quote the following extract, if some people had not been hardy enough of late to assert, that negroes are on the same footing in that respect as Europeans. By the 329th Act, page 125, of the Assembly of Barbadoes, it is enacted,

'That if any negro, or other slave, under punishment by his master, or his order, for running away, or any other crime or misdemeanor towards his said master, unfortunately shall suffer in life or member, no person whatsoever shall be liable to a fine; but if any man shall out of wantonness, or only of bloody mindedness or cruel intention, wilfully kill a negro or other slave, of his own, he shall pay into the public treasury fifteen pounds sterling.'

And it is the same in most, if not all, of the West India islands. Is not this one of the many acts of the island, which call loudly for redress? And do not the Assembly which enacted it, deserve the appellation of savages and brutes rather than of Christians and men? It is an act at once unmerciful, unjust, and unwise; which for cruelty would disgrace an assembly of those who are called barbarians; and for its injustice and insanity would shock the morality and common sense of a Samiade or Hottentot. Shocking as this and many other acts of the bloody West India code at first view appear, how is the iniquity of it heightened when we consider to whom it may be extended. Mr. James Tobin, a zealous labourer in the vineyard of slavery, gives an account 'of a French planter of his acquaintance, in the island of Martinico, who shewed him many Mulattoes working in the fields like beasts of burden; and he told Mr. Tobin, these were all the produce of his own loins!'

And I myself have known similar instances. Pray, reader, are these sons and daughters of the French planter less his children by being begotten on black women! And what must be the virtue of those legislators, and the feelings of those fathers, who estimate the lives of their sons, however begotten, at no more than fifteen pounds, though they should be murdered, as the act says, out of wattonness and bloodymindedness! But is not the slave trade entirely at war with the heart of a man? And surely that which is begun, by breaking down the barriers of virtue, involves in its continuance destruction to every principle, and buries all sentiments in ruin!

I have often seen slaves, particularly those who were meagre, in different islands, put into scales and weighed, and then sold from three-pence to six-pence, or nine-pence a pound. My master, however, whose humanity was shocked at this mode, used to sell such by the lump. And at or after a sale, even those negroes born in the islands, it is not uncommon to see taken from their wives, wives taken from their husbands, and children from their parents, and sent off to other islands, and wherever else their merciless lords choose; and probably never more during life see each other! Oftentimes my heart had bled at these partings; when the friends of the departed have been at the water-side, and with sighs and tears have kept their eyes fixed on the vessel till it went out of sight.

A poor Creole negro I knew well, who, after having often been thus transported from island to island, at last resided at Montserrat. This man used to tell me many melancholy tales of himself. Generally, after he had done working for his master, he used to employ his few leisure moments to go a fishing. When he had caught any fish, his master would frequently take them from him without paying him; and at other times some other white people would serve him in the same manner. One day he said to me, very movingly, 'Sometimes when a white man take away my fish, I go to my master, and he get me my right; and when my master by strength take away my fishes, what me must do? I can't go to any body to be righted;' then, said the poor man, looking up above, 'I must look up to God Mighty in the top for right.' This artless tale moved me much, and I could not help feeling the just cause Moses had in redressing his brother against the Egyptian. I exhorted the man to look up still to the God on the top, since there was no redress below. Though I little thought then that I myself should more than once experience such imposition, and need the same exhortation hereafter, in my own transactions in the islands; and that even this poor man and I should some time after

suffer together in the same manner, as shall be related hereafter.

Nor was such usage as this confined to particular places or individuals; for, in all the different islands in which I have been (and I have visited no less than fifteen) the treatment of the slaves was nearly the same; so nearly indeed, that the history of an island, or even a plantation, with a few such exceptions as I have mentioned, might serve for a history of the whole. Such a tendency has the slavetrade to debauch men's minds, and harden them to every feeling of humanity! For I will not suppose that the dealers in slaves are born worse than other men — No! it is the fatality of this mistaken avarice, that it corrupts the milk of human kindness, and turns it into gall. And, had the pursuits of those men been different, they might have been as generous, as tender-hearted, and just, as they are unfeeling, rapacious, and cruel. Surely this traffic cannot be good, which spreads like a pestilence, and taints what it touches! which violates that first natural right of mankind, equality and independency, and gives one man a dominion over his fellows which God could never intend! For it raises the owner to a state as far above man as it depresses the slave below it; and, with all the presumption of human pride, sets a distinction between them, immeasurable in extent, and endless duration! Yet how mistaken is the avarice even of the planters! Are slaves more useful by being thus humbled to the condition of brutes, than they would be if suffered to enjoy the privileges of men? The freedom which diffuses health and prosperity throughout Britain answers you — No. When you make men slaves, you deprive them of hald their virtue, you set them, in your own conduct, an example of fraud, rapine, and cruelty, and compel them to live with you in a state of war; and yet you complain that they are not honest or faithful! You stupify them with stripes, and think it necessary to keep them in a state of ignorance; and yet you assert that they are incapable of learning; that their minds are such a barren soil or moor, that culture would be lost on them; and that they come from a climate, where nature (though prodigal of her bounties in a degree unknown to yourselves) has left man alone scant and unfinished, and incapable of enjoying the treasures she hath poured out for him! An assertion at once impious and absurd. Why do you use those instruments of torture? Are they fit to be applied by one rational being to another? And are you not struck with shame and mortification, to see the partakers of your nature reduced so low? But, above all, are there no dangers attending this mode of treatment? Are you not hourly in dread of an insurrection? Nor would it be surprising; for when

> —"No peace is given
>
> "To us enslav'd, but custody severe;
>
> "And stripes and arbitrary punishment
>
> "Inflicted---What peace can we return
>
> "But to our power, hostility and hate;
>
> "Untam'd reluctance, and revenge tho' stow,
>
> "Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least
>
> "May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
>
> "In doing what we most in suff'ring feel."

But, by changing your conduct, and treating your slaves as men, every cause of fear would be banished. They would be faithful, honest, intelligent, and vigorous; and peace, prosperity, and happiness would attend you.

Chap. VI

Some account of Brimstone-hill in Montserrat — The author surprised by two earthquakes. — Favourable change in the author's situation — He commences merchant with three-pence — His various success in dealing in the different islands, and America, and the impositions he meets with in his transactions with white people — A curious imposition on human nature — Danger of the surfs in the West Indies — Remarkable instance of kidnapping a free mulatto — The author is nearly murdered by Dr. Perkins, in Savannah.

. . While we lay in this place, a very cruel thing happened on board of our sloop, which filled me with horror; though I found afterward such practices were frequent. There was a very clever and decent free young mulatta-man who sailed a long time with us; he had a free woman for his wife, by whom he had a child; and he was then living on shore, and all very happy. Our captain and mate, and other people on board, and several elsewhere, even the natives of Bermudas, then with us, all knew this young man from a child that he was always free, and no one had ever claimed him as their property: however, as might too often overcomes right in these parts, it happened that a Bermudas captain, whose vessel lay there for a few days in the road, came on board us, and

seeing the mulatto-man, whose name was Joseph Clipson, he told him he was not free, and that he had orders from his master to bring him to Bermudas. The poor man could not believe the captain to be in earnest; but he was very soon undeceived, his men laying violent hands on him; and although he shewed a certificate of his being born free in St. Kitt's, and most people on board knew that he served his time to boat building, and always passed for a free man, yet he was forcibly taken out of our vessel. He then asked to be carried ashore before the secretary or magistrates, and these infernal invaders of human rights promised him he should; but, instead of that, they carried him on board of the other vessel; and the next day, without giving the poor man any hearing on shore, or suffering him even to see his wife or child, he was carried away, and probably doomed never more in this world to see them again. Nor was this the only instance of this kind of barbarity I was a witness to, I have since seen in Jamaica, and other islands, free men, whom I have known in America, thus villainously trepanned and held in bondage. I have heard of two similar practices even in Philadelphia: and were it not for the benevolence of the quakers in that city, many of the sable race, who now breathe the air of liberty, would, I believe, be groaning indeed under some planter's chains. These things opened my mind to a new scene of horror, to which I had been before a stranger. Hitherto I had thought only slavery dreadful; but the state of a free negro appeared to me now equally so at least, and in some respects even worse, for they live in constant alarm for their liberty, which is but nominal, for they are universally insulted and plundered, without the possibility of redress; for such is the equity of the West Indian laws, that no free negro's evidence will be admitted in their courts of justice. In this situation, is it surprising that slaves, when mildly treated, should prefer even the misery of slavery to such a mockery of freedom? I was now completely disgusted with the West Indies, and thought I should never be entirely free until I had left them.

"With thoughts like these my anxious boding mind

"Recall'd those pleasing scenes I left behind;

"Scenes where fair Liberty, in bright array,

"Makes darkness bright, and e'en illumines day;

"Where not complexion, wealth, or station, can

"Protect the wretch who makes a slave of man."

I determined to make every exertion to obtain my freedom, and to return to Old England. For this purpose, I thought a knowledge of navigation might be of use to me; for, though I did not intend to run away, unless I should be ill used, yet, in such a case, if I understood navigation, I might attempt my escape in our sloop, which was one of the swiftest sailing vessels in the West Indies, and I could be at no loss for hands to join me: and, if I should make this attempt, I had intended to have gone to England; but this, as I said, was only to be in the event of my meeting with any ill usage. I therefore employed the mate of our vessel to teach me navigation, for which I agreed to give him twenty-four dollars, and actually paid him part of the money down; though, when the captain, some time after, came to know that the mate was to have such a sum for teaching me, he rebuked him, and said it was a shame for him to take any money from me. However, my progress in this useful art was much retarded by the constancy of our work. Had I wished to run away, I did not want opportunities, which frequently presented themselves; and particularly at one time, soon after this. When we were at the island of Guadaloupe, there was a large fleet of merchantmen bound for Old France; and, seamen then being very scarce, they gave from fifteen to twenty pounds a man for the run. Our mate, and all the white sailors, left our vessel on this account, and went on board of the French ships. They would have had me also gone with them, for they regarded me, and swore to protect me if I would go; and, as the fleet was to sail the next day, I really believe I could have got safe to Europe at that time. However, as my master was kind, I would not attempt to leave him; still remembering the old maxim, that "honesty is the best policy," I suffered them to go without me. Indeed my captain was much afraid of my leaving him and the vessel at that time, as I had so fair an opportunity: but I thank God, this fidelity of mine turned out much to my advantage hereafter, when I did not in the least think of it; and made me so much in favour with the captain, that he used now and then to teach me some parts of navigation himself: but some of our passengers, and others, seeing this, found much fault with him for it, saying, it was a very dangerous thing to let a negro know navigation; thus I was hindered again in my pursuits. About the latter end of the year 1764, my master bought a larger sloop, called the Prudence about seventy or eighty tons, of which my captain had the command. I went with him into this vessel, and we took a load of new slaves for Georgia and Charles Town. My master now left me entirely to the captain, though he still wished for me to be with him; but I, who always much wished to lose sight of the West Indies, was not a little rejoiced at the thoughts of seeing any other country. Therefore, relying on the goodness of my captain, I got ready all the little venture I could; and, when the vessel was ready, we sailed to my great joy. When we got to our destined places, Georgia and Charles Town, I expected I should have an opportunity of selling my little property to advantage; but here, particularly in Charles Town, I met with buyers, white men, who imposed on me as in other places. Notwithstanding, I was resolved to have fortitude, thinking no lot or trial too hard when kind Heaven is the rewarder.

We soon got loaded again, and returned to Montserrat; and there, among the rest of the islands, I sold my goods well; and in

this manner I continued trading during the year 1764; meeting with various scenes of imposition, as usual. After this, my master fitted out his vessel for Philadelphia, in the year 1765; and during the time we were loading her, and getting ready for the voyage, I worked with redoubled alacrity, from the hope of getting money enough by these voyages to buy my freedom, if it should please God; and also to see the city of Philadelphia, which I had heard a great deal about for some years past; besides which, I had always longed to prove my master's promise the first day I came to him. In the midst of these elevated ideas, and while I was about getting my little merchandise in readiness, one Sunday my master sent for me to his house. When I came there I found him and the captain together; and, on my going in, I was struck with astonishment at his telling me he heard that I meant to run away from him when I got to Philadelphia: 'And therefore,' said he, 'I must sell you again: you cost me a great deal of money, no less than forty pounds sterling; and it will not do to lose so much. You are a valuable fellow,' continued he, 'and I can get any day for you one hundred guineas, from many gentlemen in this island. And then he told me of Captain Doran's brother-in-law, a severe master, who ever wanted to buy me to make me his overseer. My captain also said he could get much more than a hundred guineas for me in Carolina. This I knew to be a fact: for the gentleman that wanted to buy me came off several times on board of us, and spoke to me to live with him, and said he would use me well. When I asked what work he would put me to, he said, as I was a sailor, he would make me a captain of one of his rice vessels. But I refused; and fearing, at the same time, by a sudden turn I saw in the captain's temper, he might mean to sell me, I told the gentleman I would not live with him on any condition, and that I certainly would run away with his vessel: but he said he did not fear that as he would catch me again: and then he told me how cruelly he would serve me if I should do so. My captain, however, gave him to understand that I knew something of navigation: so he thought better of it; and, to my great joy, he went away. I now told my master I did not say I would run away in Philadelphia; neither did I mean it, as he did not use me ill, nor yet the captain: for if they did, I certainly would have made some attempts before now; but as I thought that if it were God's will I ever should be freed it would be so; and, on the contrary, if it was not his will, it would not happen; so I hoped, if ever I was freed, whilst I was used well, it should be by honest means; but as I could not help myself, he must do as he please! I could only hope and trust to the God of heaven; and at that instant my mind was big with inventions, and full of schemes to escape. I then appealed to the captain, whether ever he saw any sign of my making the least attempt to run away; and asked him if I did not always come on board according to the time for which he gave me liberty; and, more particularly, when all our men left us at Guadaloupe, and went on board of the French fleet, and advised me to go with them, whether I might not, and that he could not have got me again. To my no small surprise, and very great joy, the captain confirmed every syllable that I had said, and even more; for he said he had tried different times to see if I would make any attempt of this kind, both at St. Eustatia and in America, and he never found that I made the smallest; but, on the contrary, I always came on board according to his orders; and he did really believe, if I ever meant to run away, that, as I could never have had a better opportunity, I would have done it the night the mate and all the people left our vessel at Guadaloupe. The captain then informed my master, who had been thus impose on by our mate (though I did not know who was my enemy), the reason the mate had for imposing this lie upon him; which was, because I had acquainted the captain of the provisions the mate had given away, or taken out of the vessel. This speech of the captain's was like life to the dead of me, and instantly my soul glorified God; and still more so on hearing my master immediately say that I was a sensible fellow, and he never did intend to use me as a common slave; and that, but for the entreaties of the captain, and his character of me, he would not have let me go from the stores about as I had done; and also, in so doing, he thought by carrying one little thing or other to different places to sell I might make money. That he also intended to encourage me in this, by crediting me with half a puncheon of rum and half a hoghead of sugar at a time; so that, from being careful I might have money enough, in some time, to purchase my freedom; and, when that was the case, I might depend upon it he would let me have it for forty pounds sterling money, which was only the same price he gave for me. This sound gladdened my poor heart beyond measure; though indeed it was no more than the very idea I had formed in my mind of my master long before; and I immediately made him this reply: 'Sir, I always had that very thought of you, indeed I had, and that made me so diligent in serving you.' He then gave me a large piece of silver coin, such as I had never seen or had before, and told me to get ready for the voyage, and he would credit me with a tierce of sugar and another of rum; he also said that he had two amiable sisters in Philadelphia, from whom I might get some necessary things. Upon this my noble captain desired me to go aboard; and, knowing the African mettle, he charged me not to say any thing of this matter to any body; and he promised that the lying mate should not go with him any more. This was a change indeed; in the same hour to feel the most exquisite pain, and in the turn of a moment the fullest joy. It caused in me such sensations as I was only able to express in my looks; my heart was so overpowered with gratitude, that I could have kissed both of their feet. When I left the room, I immediately went, or rather flew, to the vessel, which being loaded, my master, as good as his word, trusted me with a tierce of rum, and another of sugar; when we sailed, and arrived safe at the elegant city of Philadelphia. I soon sold my goods here pretty well; and in this charming place I found every thing plentiful and cheap.

While I was in this place a very extraordinary occurrence befel me. I had been told one evening of a wise woman, a Mrs. Davis, who revealed secrets, foretold events, &c. I put little faith in this story at first, as I could not conceive that any mortal could foresee the future disposals of Providence, nor did I believe in any other revelation than that of the holy Scriptures; however, I was greatly astonished at seeing this woman in a dream that night, though a person I never before beheld in my life; this made such an impression on me, that I could not get the idea the next day out of my mind, and I then became as anxious to see her as I was before indifferent; accordingly, in the evening, after we left off working, I enquired where she lived, and, being directed

to her, to my inexpressible surprise, beheld the very woman in the very same dress she appeared to me to wear in the vision. She immediately told me I had dreamed of her the preceding night; related to me many things that had happened with a correctness that astonished me; and finally told me I should not be long a slave; this was the more agreeable news, as I believed it the more readily from her having so faithfully related the past incidents of my life. She said I should be twice in very great danger of my life within eighteen months, which, if I escaped, I should afterwards go on well; so giving me her blessing, we parted. After staying here some time till our vessel was loaded, and I had bought in my little traffic, we sailed from this agreeable spot for Montserrat, once more to encounter the raging surfs.

We arrived safe at Montserrat, where we discharged our cargo, and I sold my things well. Soon after that we took slaves on board for St. Eustatia, and from thence to Georgia. I had always exerted myself, and did double work, in order to make our voyage as short as possible; and from thus overworking myself while we were at Georgia I caught a fever and ague. I was very ill eleven days, and near dying; eternity was now exceedingly impressed on my mind, and I feared very much that awful event. I prayed the Lord therefore to spare me; and I made a promise in my mind to God, that I would be good if ever I should recover. At length, from having an eminent doctor to attend me, I was restored again to health: and soon after we got the vessel loaded, and set off for Montserrat. During the passage, as I was perfectly restored, and had much business of the vessel to mind, all my endeavours to keep up my integrity, and perform my promise to God, began to fail; and in spite of all I could do, as we drew nearer and nearer to the islands, my resolutions more and more declined, as if the very air of that country or climate seemed fatal to piety. When we were safe arrived at Montserrat, and I had got ashore, I forgot my former resolutions. — Alas! how prone is the heart to leave that God it wishes to love! and how strongly do the things of this world strike the senses and captivate the soul! — After our vessel was discharged, we soon got her ready, and took in, as usual, some of the poor oppressed natives of Africa, and other negroes; we then set off again for Georgia and Charlestown. We arrived at Georgia, and, having landed part of our cargo, proceeded to Charlestown with the remainder. While we were there I saw the town illuminated. the guns were fired, and bonfires and other demonstrations of joy shewn, on account of the repeal of the stamp-act. Here I disposed of some goods on my own account; the white men burying them with smooth promises and fair words, giving me, however, but very indifferent payment. There was one gentleman particularly who bought a puncheon of rum of me, which gave me a great deal of trouble; and although I used the interest of my friendly captain, I could not obtain any thing for it; for, being a negro man, I could not oblige him to pay me. This vexed me much, not knowing how to act; and I lost some time in seeking after this Christian; and though, when the sabbath came (which the negroes usually make their holiday) I was much inclined to go to public worship, but, instead of that, I was obliged to hire some black men to help me pull a boat across the water to go in quest of this gentleman. When I found him, after much entreaty, both from myself and my worthy captain, he at last paid me in dollars; some of them, however, were copper, and of consequence of no value; but he took advantage of my being a negro man, and obliged me to put up with those or none, although I objected to them. Immediately after, as I was trying to pass them in the market amongst other white men, I was abused for offering to pass bad coin; and though I shewed them the man I had got them from, I was within one minute of being tied up and flogged without either judge or jury; however, by the help of a good pair of heels, I ran off, and so escaped the bastinadoes I should have received. I got on board as fast as I could, but still continued in fear of them until we sailed, which, I thank God, we did not long after; and I have never been amongst them since.

We soon came to Georgia, where we were to complete our landing: and here worse fate than ever attended me: for one Sunday night, as I was with some negroes in their master's yard in the town of Savannah, it happened that their master, one Doctor Perkins, who was a very severe and cruel man, came in drunk; and not liking to see any strange negroes in his yard he, and a ruffian of a white man he had in his service, beset me in an instant, and both of them struck me with the first weapons they could get hold of. I cried out as long as I could for help and mercy; but, though I gave a good account of myself, and he knew my captain, who lodged hard by him, it was to no purpose. They beat and mangled me in a shameful manner, leaving me near dead. I lost so much blood from the wounds I received, that I lay quite motionless, and was so benumbed that I could not feel any thing for many hours. Early in the morning they took me away to the jail. As I did not return to the ship all night, my captain not knowing where I was, and being uneasy that I did not then make my appearance, he made inquiry after me; and, having found where I was, immediately came to me. And soon as the good man saw me so cut and mangled, he could not forbear weeping; he soon got me out of jail to his lodgings, and immediately sent for the best doctors in the place, who at first declared it as their opinion that I could not recover. My captain, on this, went to all the lawyers in the town for their advice, but they told him they could do nothing for me as I was a negro. He then went to Dr. Perkins, the hero who had vanquished me, and menaced him, swearing he would be revenged of him, and challenged him to fight. But cowardice is ever the companion of cruelty — and the Doctor refused. However, by the skilfulness of one Doctor Brady of that place, I began at last to amend; but, although I was so sore and bad with the wounds I had all over me, that I could not rest in any posture, yet I was in more pain on account of the captain's uneasiness about me than I otherwise should have been. The worthy man nursed and watched me all the hours of the night; and I was, through his attention, and that of the doctor, able to get out of bed in about sixteen or eighteen days. All this time I was very much wanted on board, as I used frequently to go up and down the river for rafts, and other parts of our cargo, and stow them, when the mate was sick or absent. In about four weeks I was able to go on duty; and in a fortnight after, having got in all our landing, our vessel set sail for Montserrat; and in less than three weeks we arrived there safe, towards the end of the year. This ended my adventures

in 1765; for I did not leave Montserrat again till the beginning of the following year.

CHAP. VII.

The author's disgust at the West Indies — Forms schemes to obtain his freedom — Ludicrous disappointment he and his Captain met with in Georgia — At last, by several successful voyages, he acquires a sum of money sufficient to purchase it — Applies to his master who accepts it, and grants his manumission, to his great joy — He afterwards enters, as a free-man on board one of Mr. King's ships, and sails for Georgia — Impositions on free negroes as usual — his venture of turkies — Sails for Montserrat, and, on his passage, his friend the Captains falls ill and dies.

. . . We set saild once more for Montserrat, and arrived there safe, but much out of humour with our friend the silversmith. When we had unladen the vessel, and I had sold my venture, finding myself master of about forty-seven pounds — I consulted my true friend, the captain, how I should proceed in offering my master the money for my freedom. He told me to come on a certain morning, when he and my master would be at breakfast together. Accordingly, on that morning, I went, and met the captain there, as he had appointed. When I went in I made my obeisance to my master, and with the money in my hand, and many fears in my heart, I prayed him to be as good as his offer to me, when he was pleased to promise me my freedom as soon as I could purchase it. This speech seemed to confound him; he began to recoil; and my heart sunk that instant within me, 'What! said he, give you your freedom? Why, where did you get the money; Have you got forty pounds sterling?' 'Yes, sir,' I answered. 'How did you get it;' replied he; I told him, 'Very honestly.' The captain than said he knew I got the money very honestly, and with much industry, and that I was particularly careful. On which my master replied, I got money much faster than he did; and said he would not have made the promise he did if he had thought I should have got the money so soon. 'Come, come,' said my worthy captain, clapping my master on the back, 'Come. Robert, (which was his name), I think you must let him have his freedom; — you have laid your money out very well; you have received good interest for it all this time, and here is now the principal at last. I know Gustavus had earned you more than one hundred a-year, and he will still save you money, as he will not leave you: Come, Robert, take the money.' My master then said, he would not be worse than his promise; and, taking the money, told me to go to the Secretary at the Register Office, and get my manumission drawn up. These words of my master were like a voice from heaven to me; in an instant all my trepidation was turned into unuttered bliss; and I most reverently bowed myself with gratitude, unable to express my feelings, but by the overflowing of my eyes, and a heart replete with thanks to God; while my true and worthy friend the captain congratulated us both with a peculiar degree of heartfelt pleasure. As soon as the first transports of my joy were over, and I had expressed my thanks to these my worthy friends in the best manner I was able, I rose with a heart full of affection and reverence, and left the room in order to obey my master's joyful mandate of going to the Register Officer. As I was leaving the house I called to mind the words of the Psalmist, in the 126th Psalm, and like him, 'I glorified God in my heart, in whom I trusted.' These words had been impressed on my mind from the very day I was forced from Deptford to the present hour, and I now saw them, as I thought, fulfilled and verified. My imagination was all rapture as I flew to the Register office: and, in this respect, like the apostle Peter, (whose deliverance from prison was so sudden and extraordinary, that he thought he was in vision), I could scarcely believe I was awake. Heavens! who could do justice to my feelings at this moment? Not conquering heroes themselves, in the midst of a triumph- Not the tender mother who has just regained her long-lost infant, and presses it to her heart — Not the weary hungry mariner, at the sight of the desired friendly port — not the lover, when he once more embraces his beloved mistress, after she has been ravished from his arms! — All within my breast was tumult, wildness, and delirium! My feet scarcely touched the ground, for they were winged with joy, and, like Elijah as he rose to Heaven, they 'were with lightning sped as I went on.' Every one I met I told of my happiness, and blazed about the virtue of my amiable master and captain.

When I got to the office, and acquainted the Register with my errand, he congratulated me on the occasion, and told me he would draw up my manumission for half price, which was a guinea. I thanked him for his kindness; and having received it, and paid him, I hastened to my master to get him to sign it, that I might fully be released. Accordingly he signed the manumission that day; so that, before night, I who had been a slave in the morning, trembling at the will of another, now became my own master, and compleatly free. I thought this was the happiest day I had ever experienced; and my joy was still heightened by the blessings and prayers of many of the sable race, particularly the aged to whom my heart had ever been attached with reverence.

As the form of my manumission has something peculiar in it, and expresses the absolute power and dominion one man claims over his fellow, I shall beg leave to present it before my readers at full length:

Montserrat. — To all men unto whom these presents shall come: I Robert King, of the parish of St. Anthony, in the said island, merchant, send greeting: Know ye, that I the aforesaid Robert King, for, and in consideration of the sum of seventy pounds current money of the said island, to me in hand paid, and to the intent that a negro man slave, named Gustavus Vasa, shall and may become free, have manumitted, emancipated, enfranchised, and set free, and by these presents do manumit, emancipate, enfranchise, and set free the aforesaid negro man-slave named Gustavus Vasa, for ever; hereby giving, granting, and releasing unto him the said Gustavus Vasa, all right, title, dominion, sovereignty and property, which, as lord and master over the aforesaid

Gustavus Vasa, I have had, or which I now have, or by any means whatsoever I may or can hereafter possibly have over him the aforesaid Negro, for ever. In witness whereof, I the abovesaid Robert King, have unto these presents set my hand and seal, this tenth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and sixty-six.

Robert King.

Signed, sealed, and delivered in the presence of Terry Legay.

Montserrat,

Registered the within manumission, at full length, this eleventh day of July, 1766, in liber D.

Terry Legay, Register

In short, the fair as well as the black people immediately styled me by a new appellation, to me the most desirable in the world, which was freeman, and at the dances I gave, my Georgia superfine blue cloaths made no indifferent appearance, as I thought. Some of the sable females, who formerly stood aloof, now began to relax, and appear less coy, but my heart was still fixed on London, where I hoped to be ere long. So that my worthy captain, and his owner my late master, finding that the bent of my mind was towards London, said to me, 'We hope you won't leave us, but that you will still be with the vessels.' Here gratitude bowed me down; and none but the generous mind can judge of my feelings, struggling between inclination and duty. However, notwithstanding my wish to be in London, I obediently answered my benefactors that I would go on in the vessel, and not leave them; and from that day I was entered on board as an able-bodied sailor, at thirty-six shillings per month besides what perquisites I could make. My intention was to make a voyage or two, entirely to please these my honoured patrons; but I determined that the year following, if it pleased God, I would see Old England once more, and surprise my old master, Capt. Pascal, who was hourly in my mind; for I still loved him, notwithstanding his usage to me, and I pleased myself with thinking of what he would say when he saw what the Lord had done for me in so short a time, instead of being, as he might perhaps suppose, under the cruel yoke of some planter. With these kinds of reveries I often used to entertain myself, and shorten the time till my return: and now, being as in my original free African state, I embarked on board the Nancy, after having got all things ready for our voyage. In this state of serenity we sailed for St. Eustatia; and having smooth seas and pleasant weather we soon arrived there: after taking our cargo on board, we proceeded to Savannah in Georgia, in August 1766. While we were there, as usual, I used to go for the cargo up the rivers in boats: and when on this business have been frequently beset by Alligators, which were very numerous on that coast and river; and shot many of them when they have been near getting into our boats; which we have with great difficulty sometimes prevented, and have been very much frightened at them. I have seen young ones sold alive in Georgia for six-pence.

During our stay at this place, one evening a slave belonging to Mr. Read, a merchant of Savannah, came near to our vessel, and began to use me very ill. I entreated him, with all the patience I was master of, to desist, as I knew there was a little or no law for a free negro here; but the fellow, instead of taking my advice, persevered in his insults, and even struck me. At this I lost all temper, and fell on him and beat him soundly. The next morning his master came to our vessel as we lay alongside the wharf, and desired me to come ashore that he might have me flogged all round the town, for beating his negro slave. I told him he had insulted me, and had given the provocation by first striking me. I had told my captain also the whole affair that morning, and wished him to have gone alone with me to Mr. Read, to prevent bad consequences; but he said that it did not signify, and if Mr. Read said any thing, he would make matters up, and desired me to go to work, which I accordingly did. The captain being on board when Mr. Read came and applied to him to deliver me up, he said he knew nothing of the matter, I was a free men. I was astonished and frightened at this, and thought I had better keep where I was, than go ashore and be flogged around the town, without judge or jury. I therefore refused to stir; and Mr. Read went away, swearing he would bring all the constables in the town, for he would have me out of the vessel. When he was gone, I thought his threat might prove too true to my sorrow; and I was confirmed in this belief, as well be the many instances I had seen of the treatment of free negroes, as from a fact that had happened within my own knowledge here a short time before.

There was a free black man, a carpenter, that I knew, who for asking a gentleman that he worked for, for the money he had earned, was put into gaol; and afterwards this oppressed man was sent from Georgia, with the false accusations, of an intention to set the gentleman's house on fire, and run away with his slaves. I was therefore much embarrassed, and very apprehensive of a flogging at least. I dreaded, of all things, the thoughts of being stripped, as I never in my life had the marks of any violence of that kind. At that instant a rage seized my sould, and for a while I determined to resist the first man that should offer to lay violent hands on me, or basely use me without a trial; for I would sooner die like a free man, than suffer myself to be scourged by the hands of ruffians, and my blood drawn like a slave. The captain and others, more cautious, advised me to make haste and conceal myself; for they said Mr. Read was a very spiteful man, and he would soon come on board with constables, and take me. At first I refused this council, being determined to stand my ground; but at length, by the prevailing entreaties of the Captain and Mr. Dixon, with whom he lodged, I went to Mr. Dixon's house, which was a little out of the town, at a place called Yea-ma-chra. I was but just

gone, when Mr. Read, with the constables, came for me, and searched the vessel, but not finding me there he swore he would have me dead or alive. I was secreted above five days; however the good character which my Captain always gave me as well as some other gentlemen who also knew me, procured me some friends. At last some of them told my Captain that he did not use me well, in suffering me thus to be imposed upon, and said they would see me redressed, and get me on board some other vessel. My captain, on this, immediately went to Mr. Read, and told him, that ever since I eloped from the vessel, his work had been neglected, and he could not go on with her loading, himself and mate not being well; and, as I had managed things on board for them, my absence must have retarded his voyage, and consequently hurt the owner; he therefore begged of him to forgive me, as he said he never heard any complaint of me before, during the several years I had been with him. After repeated entreaties, Mr Read said I might go to hell, and that he would not meddle with me; on which my Captain came immediately to me at his lodging, and, telling me how pleasantly matters had gone on, desired me to go on board.

Some of my other friends then asked him if he had got the constables warrants from them? the Captain said, No. On this I was desired by them to stay in the house; and they said they would get me on board of some other vessel before the evening. When the Captain heard this, he became almost distracted. He went immediately for the warrants, and, after using every exertion in his power, he at last got them from my hunters; but I had all the expences to pay.

After I had thanked all my friends for their kindness, I went on board again to my work, of which I had always plenty. We were in haste to complete our lading, and were to carry twenty head of cattle with us to the West Indies, where they are a very profitable article. In order to encourage me in working, and to make up for the time I had lost, my Captain promised me the privilege of carrying two bullocks of my own with me; and this made me work with redoubled ardour. As soon as I had got the vessel loaded, in doing which I was obliged to perform the duty of the mate as well as my own work, and when the bullocks were near coming on board, I asked the captain leave to bring my two, according to his promise; but, to my great surprise, he told me there was no room for them. I then asked him to permit me to take one; but he said he could not. I was a good deal mortified at this usage, and told him I had no notion that he intended thus to impose on me: nor could I think well of any man that was so much worse than his word. On this we had some disagreement, and I gave him to understand that I intended to leave the vessel. At this he appeared to be very much dejected; and our mate, who had been very sickly, and whose duty had long devolved upon me, advised him to persuade me to stay: in consequence of which he spoke very kindly to me, making many fair promises, telling me that as the mate was so sickly, he could not do without me; and that as the safety of the vessel and cargo depended greatly upon me, he therefore hoped that I would not be offended at what had passed between us, and swore he would make up all matters to me when we arrived in the West Indies so I consented to slave on as before. Soon after this, as the bullocks were coming on board, one of them ran at the captain, and butted him so furiously in the breast, that he never recovered of the blow. In order to make me some amends for this treatment about the bullocks, the captain now pressed me very much to take some turkies, and other fowls, with me, and gave me liberty to take as many as I could find room for; but I told him he knew very well I had never carried any turkies before, as I always thought they were such tender birds that they were not fit to cross the seas. However, he continued to press me to buy them for once: and, what seemed very surprising to me, the more I was against it, the more he urged my taking them, insomuch that he ensured me from all loses that might happen by them, and I was prevailed on to take them; but I thought this very strange, as he had never acted so with me before. This, and not being able to dispose of my paper money in any other way, induced me at length to take four dozen. The turkies, however, I was so dissatisfied about, that I determined to make no more voyages to this quarter, nor with this captain; and was very apprehensive that my free voyage would be the very worst I had ever made.

We set sail for Montserrat. The captain and mate had been both complaining of sickness when we sailed, and as we proceeded on our voyage they grew worse. This was about November, and we had not been long at sea before we began to meet with strong northerly gales and rough seas; and in about seven or eight days all the bullocks were near being drowned, and four or five of them died. Our vessel, which had not been tight at first, was much less so now: and, though we were but nine in the whole, including five sailors and myself, yet we were obliged to attend to the pump, every half or three quarters of an hour. The captain and mate came on deck as often as they were able, which was now but seldom; for they declined so fast, that they were not well enough to make observations above four or five times the whole passage. The whole care of the vessel rested therefore upon me; and I was obliged to direct her be mere dint of reason, not being able to work a traverse. The Captain was now very sorry he had not taught me navigation, and protested, if ever he should get well again, he would not fail to do so: but in about seventeen days his illness increased so much, that he was obliged to keep his bed, continuing sensible, however, till the last, constantly having the owner's interest at heart; for this just and benevolent man ever appeared much concerned about the welfare of what he was intrusted with. When this dear friend found the symptoms of death approaching, he called me by my name; and, when I came to him, he asked (with almost his last breath) if he had ever done me any harm? 'God forbid I should think so,' replied I, 'I should then be the most ungrateful of wretches to the best of benefactors.' While I was thus expressing my affection and sorrow by his bed-side, he expired without saying another word, and the day following we committed his body to the deep. Every man on board loved him, and regretted his death; but I was exceedingly affected at it, and found that I did not know till he was gone, the strength of my regard for him. Indeed I had every reason in the world to be attached to him; for, besides that he was in general mild, affable,

generous, faithful, benevolent, and just, he was to me a friend and a father; and had it pleased Providence, that he had died but five months before, I verily believe I should not have obtained my freedom when I did; and it is not improbable that I might not have been able to get it at any rate afterwards.

The captain being dead, the mate came on the deck and made such observations as he was able, but to no purpose. In the course of a few days more, the bullocks that remained, were found dead; and the turkies I had, though on the deck, and exposed to so much wet and bad weather, did well, and I afterwards gained near three hundred per cent on the sale of them; so that in the event it proved a happy circumstance for me that I had not bought the bullocks I intended, for they must have perished with the rest; and I could not help looking on this, otherwise trifling circumstance, as a particular providence of God, and was thankful accordingly. The care of the vessel took up all my time, and engaged my attention entirely. As we were now out of the variable winds, I thought I should not be much puzzled to hit the islands. I was persuaded I steered right for Antigua, which I wished to reach, as the nearest to us; and in the course of nine or ten days we made this island, to our great joy; and the day after we came safe to Montserrat.

Many were surprised when they heard of my conducting the sloop into the port, and I now obtained a new appellation, and was called captain. This elated me not a little, and it was quite flattering to my vanity to be thus styled by as high a title as any sable freeman in this place possessed. When the death of the captain became known, he was much regretted by all who knew him; for he was a man universally respected. At the same time the sable captain lost no fame; for the success I had met with increased the affection of my friends in no small measure; and I was offered, by a gentleman of the place, the command of his sloop to go among the islands, but I refused.

CHAP. VIII.

The author, to oblige Mr. King, once more embarks for Georgia in the Nancy — A new captain is appointed — They sail, and steer a new course — Three remarkable dreams — The vessel is shipwrecked on the Bahama Banks, but the crew are preserved, principally by the means of the author — He set out from an island, with the captain in a small boat, in quest of a ship — Their distress — Meet with a wrecker — Sail for Providence — Are overtaken again by a terrible storm, and are all near perishing — Arrive at New Providence — The author, after some time sails from thence to Georgia — Meets with another storm, and is obliged to put back and refit — Arrives at Georgia — Meets new impositions — Two white men attempt to kidnap him — Officiates as a parson at a funeral ceremony — bids adieu to Georgia, and sails for Martinico.

. . . We stayed in New Providence about seventeen or eighteen days; during which time I met with many friends, who gave me encouragement to stay there with them, but I declined it; though, had not my heart been fixed on England, I should have stayed as I liked the place extremely, and there were some free black people here who were very happy, and we passed our time pleasantly together, with the melodious sound of the catguts, under the lime and lemon trees. At length Capt. Phillips hired a sloop to carry him and some of the slaves that he could not sell here, to Georgia; and I agreed to go with him in this vessel, meaning now to take my farewell of that place. When the vessel was ready, we all embarked; and I took my leave of New Providence, not without regret. We sailed about four o'clock in the morning, with a fair wind, for Georgia; and, about eleven o'clock the same morning, a sudden and short gale sprung up and blew away most of our sails; and, as we were still among the keys, in a very few minutes it dashed the sloop against the rocks. Luckily for us the water was deep; and the sea was not so angry; but that, after having for some time laboured hard, and being many in number, we were saved through God's mercy; and, by using our greatest exertions, we got the vessel off. The next day we returned to Providence, where we soon got her again refitted. Some of the people swore that we had spells set upon us, by somebody in Montserrat; and others said that we had witches and wizzards amongst the poor helpless slaves; and that we never should arrive safe at Georgia. But these things did not deter me; I said, 'Let us again face the winds and seas, and swear not, but trust to God, and he will deliver us.' We therefore once more set sail; and with hard labour, in seven days' time arrived safe at Georgia.

After our arrival we went up to the town of Savannah; and the same evening I went to a friend's house to lodge, whose name was Mosa, a black man. We were very happy at meeting each other; and, after supper we had a light till it was between nine and ten o'clock at night. About that time the watch or patrole came by, and, discerning a light in the house, they knocked at the door; we opened it, and they came in and sat down, and drank some punch with us; they also begged some limes of me, as they understood I had some, which I readily gave them. A little after this they told me I must go to the watch-house with them; this surprised me a good deal, after our kindness to them; and I asked them, Why so? They said that all negroes who had a light in their houses after nine o'clock were to be taken into custody, and either pay some dollars, or be flogged. Some of these people knew that I was a free man but, as the man of the house was not free, and had his master to protect him, they did not take the same liberty with him they did with me. I told them that I was a free man, and just arrived from Providence; that we were not making any noise, and that I was not a stranger in that place, but was very well known there: 'Besides,' said I, 'what will you do with me? — 'That you shall see,' replied they; 'but you must go to the watch-house with us.' Now, whether they meant to get money from me or not, I was

at a loss to know; but I though immediately of the oranges and limes at Santa Cruz: and seeing that nothing would pacify them, I went with them to the watch-house, where I remained during the night. Early the next morning these imposing ruffians flogged a negro man and woman that they had in the watchhouse, and then they told me that I must be flogged too; I asked why? and if there was no law for free men? and told them if there was I would have it put in force against them. But this only exasperated them the more, and they instantly swore they would serve me as Doctor Perkins had done; and were going to lay violent hands on me; when one of them, more humane than the rest, said, that as I was a free man they could not justify stripping me by law. I then immediately sent for Dr. Brady, who was known to be an honest and worthy man; and on his coming to my assistance they let me go.

This was not the only disagreeable incident I met with while I was in this place; for, one day, while I was a little way out of the town of Savannah, I was beset by two white men, who meant to play their usual tricks with me in the way of kidnapping. As soon as these men accosted me, one of them said to the other, 'This is the very fellow we are looking for, that you lost:' and the other swore immediately that I was the identical person. On this they made up to me, and were about to handle me; but I told them to be still and keep off, for I had seen those kind of tricks played upon other free blacks, and they must not think to serve me so. At this they paused a little, and one said to the other — it will not do; and the other answered that I talked too good English. I replied, I believed I did; and I had also with me a revengeful stick equal to the occasion; and my mind was likewise good. Happily however it was not used; and, after we had talked together a little in this manner, the rogues left me.

I stayed in Savannah some time, anxiously trying to get to Montserrat once more to see Mr. King, my old master, and then to take a final farewell of the American quarter of the globe. At last I met with a sloop called the Speedwell, Captain John Bunton, which belonged to Grenada, and was bound to Martinico, a French island, with a cargo of rice; and I shipped myself on board of her.

Before I left Georgia, a black woman who had a child lying dead, being very tenacious of the church burial service, and not able to get any white person to perform it, applied to me for that purpose. I told her I was no parson; and, besides, that the service over the dead did not affect the soul. This however did not satisfy her; she still urged me very hard; I therefore complied with her earnest entreaties, and at last consented to act the parson for the first time in my life. As she was much respected, there was a great company both of white and black people at the grave. I then accordingly assumed my new vocation, and performed the funeral ceremony to the satisfaction of all present; after which I bade adieu to Georgia, and sailed for Martinico. . . .

CHAP. X.

The author leaves Dr. Irving, and engages on board a Turkey ship — Account of a black man's being kidnapped on board, and sent to the West Indies, and the author's fruitless endeavours to procure his freedom — Some account of the manner of the author's conversion to the Faith of Jesus Christ.

. . . It was now early in the spring 1774. I sought for a master, and found a Captain, John Hughes, commander of a ship called Anglicania, fitting out in the river Thames, and bound to Smyrna in Turkey. I shipped myself with him as a steward; at the same time I recommended to him a very clever black man, John Annis, as a cook. This man was on board the ship near two months doing his duty; he had formerly lived many years with Mr. William Kirkpatrick, a gentleman of the island of St. Kitt's, from whom he parted by consent, though he afterwards tried many schemes to inveigle the poor man. He had applied to many captains, who traded to St. Kitt's to trepan him; and when all their attempts and schemes of kidnapping proved abortive, Mr. Kirkpatrick came to our ship at Union stairs, on Easter Monday, April the 4th, with two wherry-boats and six men, having learned that the man was on board; and tied, and forcibly took him away from the ship, in the presence of the crew and the chief mate, who had detained him after he had information to come away. I believe this was a combined piece of business; but, be that as it may, it certainly reflected great disgrace on the mate, and captain also, who, although they had desired the oppressed man to stay on board, yet notwithstanding this vile act on the man who had served him, he did not in the least assist to recover him, or pay me a farthing of his wages, which was about five pounds. I proved the only friend he had, who attempted to regain him his liberty, if possible, having known the want of liberty myself. I sent as soon as I could to Gravesend, and got knowledge of the ship in which he was; but unluckily she had sailed the first tide after he was put on board. My intention was then immediately to apprehend Mr. Kirkpatrick, who was about setting off for Scotland; and, having obtained a habeas corpus for him, and got a tipstaff to go with me to St. Paul's Church yard, where he lived, he, suspecting something of this kind, set a watch to look out. My being known to them obliged me to use the following deception: I whitened my face that they might not know me, and this had the desired effect. He did not go out of his house that night, and next morning I contrived a wellplotted stratagem, notwithstanding he had a gentleman in his house to personate him. My direction to the tipstaff had the desired effect; he got admittance into the house, and conducted him to a judge according to the writ. When he came there, his plea was, that he had not the body in custody, on which he was admitted to bail. I proceeded immediately to that well-known philanthropist, Granville Sharp, Esq. who received me with the utmost kindness, and gave me every instruction that was needful on the occasion. I left him in full hopes that I should gain the unhappy man his liberty, with the warmest sense of gratitude towards Mr. Sharp for his kindness; but, alas! my attorney proved unfaithful; he took

my money, lost me many months employ, and did not do the least good in the cause; and when the poor man arrived at St. Kitt's, he was, according to custom, staked to the ground with four pins through a cord, two on his wrists, and two on his ankles, was cut and flogged most unmercifully, and afterwards loaded cruelly with irons about his neck. I had two very moving letters from him while he was in this situation; and I made attempts to go after him at a great hazard, but was sadly disappointed: I also was told of it by some very respectable families now in London, who saw him in St. Kitt's in the same state, in which he remained till kind death released him out of the hands of his tyrants. During this disagreeable business, I was under strong convictions of sin, and thought that my state was worse than any man's; my mind was unaccountable disturbed; I often wished for death, though, at the same time, convinced I was all together unprepared for that awful summons: suffering much by villains in the late cause, and being much concerned about the state of my soul, these things (but particularly the latter) brought me very low; so that I became a burden to myself, and viewed all things around me as emptiness and vanity, which could give no satisfaction to a troubled conscience. I was again determined to go to Turkey and resolved, at that time, never more to return to England. I engaged as steward on board a Turkeyman the Wester Hall, Capt. Lina, but was prevented by means of my late captain Mr. Hughes, and others. All this appeared to be against me, and the only comfort I then experienced was in reading the Holy Scriptures, where I saw that 'there is no new thing under the sun,' Eccles. i. 9. and what was appointed for me I must submit to. Thus I continued to travel in much heaviness, and frequently murmured against the Almighty, particularly in his providential dealings; and, awful to think! I began to blaspheme, and wished often to be any thing but a human being. In these severe conflicts the Lord answered me by awful 'visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed,' Job xxxiii. 15. He was pleased, in much mercy, to give me to see, and in some measure understand, the great and awful scene of the Judgement-day, that 'no unclean person, no unholy thing, can enter into the kingdom of God,' Eph. v. 5. I would then, if it had been possible, have changed my nature with the meanest worm on the earth, and was ready to say to the mountains and rocks, 'fall on me," Rev. vi. 16. but all in vain. I then, in the greatest agony, requested the divine Creator, that he would grant me a small space of time to repent of my follies and vile iniquities, which I felt was grievous. The Lord, in his manifold mercies, was pleased to grant my request, and being yet in a state of time, my sense of God's mercies were so great on my mind when I awoke, that my strength entirely failed me for many minutes, and I was exceedingly weak. This was the first spiritual mercy I ever was sensible of, and being on praying ground, as soon as I recovered a little strength, and got out of bed and dressed myself I invoked heaven from my inmost soul, and fervently begged that God would never again permit me to blaspheme his most holy name. The Lord, who is long-suffering, and full of compassion to such poor rebels as we are, condescended to hear and answer. I felt that I was altogether unholy, and saw clearly what a bad use I had made of the faculties I was endowed with: they were given me to glorify God with; I though, therefore, I had better want them here, and enter into life eternal, than abuse them and be cast unto hell fire. I prayed to be directed, if there were any holier persons than those with whom I was acquainted, that the Lord would point them out to me. I appealed to the searcher of hearts, whether I did not wish to love him more, and serve him better. Notwithstanding all this, the reader may easily discern, if a believer, that I was still in nature's darkness. At length I hated the house in which I lodged, because God's most holy name was blasphemed in it; then I saw the word of God verified, viz. 'Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking I will hear.'

I had a great desire to read the Bible the whole day at home; but not having a convenient place for retirement, I left the house in the day, rather than stay amongst the wicked ones; and that day, as I was walking, it pleased God to direct me to a house, where there was an old sea-faring man, who experienced much of the love of God shed abroad in his heart. He began to discourse with me; and, as I desired to love the Lord, his conversation rejoiced me greatly; and indeed I had never heard before the love of Christ to believers set forth in such a manner, and in so clear a point of view. Here I had more questions to put to the man than his time would permit him to answer: and in that memorable hour there came in a Dissenting Minister; he joined our discourse, and asked me some few questions; among others, where I heard the gospel preached? I knew not what he meant by hearing the gospel; I told him I had read the gospel: and he asked me where I went to church, or whether I went at all, or not? To which I replied, 'I attended St. James's, St. Martin's, and St. Ann's, Soho.' — 'So,' said he, 'you are a churchman?' I answered, I was. He then invited me to a love feast at his chapel that evening. I accepted the offer, and thanked him; and soon after he went away. I had some further discourse with the old christian, added to some profitable reading, which made me exceedingly happy. When I left him he reminded me of coming to the feast; I assured him I would be there. Thus we parted, and I weighed over the heavenly conversation that had passed between these two men, which cheered my then heavy and drooping spirit more than any thing I had met with for many months. However, I thought the time long in going to my supposed banquet. I also wished much for the company of these friendly men; their company pleased me much; and I thought the gentleman very kind in asking me, a stranger, to a feast; but how singular did it appear to me, to have it in a chapel! When the wished for hour came I went, and happily the old man was there, who kindly seated me, as he belonged to the place. I was much astonished to see the place filled with people, and no signs of eating and drinking. There were many ministers in the company. At last they began by giving out hymns, and between the singing, the ministers engaged in prayer: in short, I knew not what to make of this sight, having never seen any thing of the kind in my life before now; Some of the guests began to speak their experience, agreeable to what I read in the Scriptures: much was said by every speaker of the providence of God, and his unspeakable mercies to each of them. This I knew in a great measure, and could most heartily join them. But when they spoke of a future state, they seemed to be altogether certain of their calling and election of God; and that no one could ever separate them from the love of Christ, or pluck them out of his hands. This

filled me with utter consternation intermingled with admiration. I was so amazed as not to know what to think of the company; my heart was attracted, and my affections were enlarged; I wished to be as happy as them, and was persuaded in my mind that they were different from the world "that lieth in wickedness,' I John v. 19. Their language and singing, &c. did well harmonize; I was entirely overcome, and wished to live and die thus. Lastly, some persons in the place produced some neat baskets full of buns, which they distributed about; and each person communicated with his neighbour, and sipped water out of different mugs, which they handed about to all who were present. This kind of Christian fellowship I had never seen, nor ever thought of seeing on earth; it fully reminded me of what I had read in the Holy Scriptures of the primitive Christians, who loved each other and broke bread; in partaking of it, even from house to house. This entertainment (which lasted about four hours) ended in singing and prayer. It was the first soul-feast I ever was present at. This last twenty-four hours produced me things, spiritual and temporal, sleeping and waking, judgment and mercy, that I could not but admire the goodness of God, in directing the blind, blasphemous sinner in the path that he knew not, even among the just; and instead of judgment he has shewed mercy, and will hear and answer the prayers and supplications of every returning prodigal;

O! to grace how great a debtor

Daily I'm constrain'd to be.

After this I was resolved to win heaven, if possible; and if I perished, I thought it should be at the feet of Jesus, in praying to him for salvation. After having been an eye-witness to some of the happiness which attended those who feared God, I knew not how, with any propriety, to return to my lodgings, where the name of God was continually profaned, at which I felt the greatest horror; I paused in my mind for some time, not knowing what to do; whether to hire a bed elsewhere, or go home again. At last, fearing an evil report might arise, I went home, with a farewell to card-playing and vain-jesting, &c. I saw that time was very short, eternity long, and very near; and I viewed those persons alone blessed who were found ready at midnight-call, or when the Judge of all, both quick and dead, cometh.

The next day I took courage, and went to Holborn, to see my new and worthy acquaintance, the old man, Mr. C—; he, with his wife, a gracious woman, were at work at silk-weaving; they seemed mutually happy, and both quite glad to see me, and I more so to see them. I sat down, and we conversed much about soul matters, &c. Their discourse was amazingly delightful, edifying, and pleasant. I knew not at last how to leave this agreeable pair, till time summoned me away. As I was going they lent me a little book, entitled, "The Conversion of an Indian." It was in questians and answers. The poor man came over the sea to London, to enquire after the Christian's God, who (through rich mercy) he found, and had not his journey in vain. The above book was of great use to me, and at that time was a means of strengthening my faith; however, in parting, they both invited me to call on them when I pleased. This delighted me, and I took care to make all the improvement from it I could; and so far I thanked God for such company and desires. I prayed that the many evils I felt within might be done away, and that I might be weaned from my former carnal acquaintances. This was quickly heard and answered, and I was soon connected with those whom the Scripture calls the excellent of the earth. I heard the gospel preached, and the thoughts of my heart and actions were laid open by the preachers, and the way of salvation by Christ alone was evidently set forth. Thus I went on happily for near two months; and I once heard during this period, a reverend gentleman Mr. Green, speak of a man who had departed this life in full assurance of his going to glory. I was much astonished at the assertion; and did very deliberately inquire how he could get at this knowledge. I was answered fully, agreeably to what I read in the oracles of truth; and was told also, that if I did not experience the new birth, and the pardon of my sins, thro' the blood of Christ, before I died, I could not enter the kingdom of heaven. I knew not what to think of this report, as I thought I kept eight commandments out of ten; then my worthy interpreter told me I did not do it, nor could I; and he added, that no man ever did or could keep the commandments, without offending in one point. I thought this sounded very strange, and puzzled me much for many weeks; for I thought it a hard saying. I then asked my friend, Mr. L—d, who was a clerk of a chapel, why the commandments of God were given, if we could not be saved by them? To which he replied, 'The law is a school-master to bring us to Christ,' who alone could, and did keep the commandments, and fulfilled all their requirements for his elect people, even those to whom he had given a living faith, and the sins of those chosen vessels were already atoned for and forgiven them whilst living; and if I did not experience the same before my exit, the Lord would say at that great day to me, 'Go, ye cursed,' &c. &c. for God would appear faithful in his judgments to the wicked, as he would be faithful in shewing mercy to those who were ordained to it before the world was; therefore Christ Jesus seemed to be all in all to that man's soul. I was much wounded at this discourse, and brought into such a dilemma as I never expected. I asked him, if he was to die that moment, whether he was sure to enter the kingdom of God; and added, 'Do you know that your sins are forgiven you?" he answered in the affirmative. Then confusion, anger, and discontent seized me, and I staggered much at this sort of doctrine; it brought me to a stand, not knowing which to believe, whether salvation by works, or by faith only in Christ. I requested him to tell me how I might know when my sins were forgiven me. He assured me he could not, and that none but God alone could do this. I told him it was very mysterious; but he said it was really matter of fact, and quoted many portions of Scripture immediately to the point, to which I could make no reply. He then desired me to pray to God to shew me these things. I answered that I prayed to God every day. He said, 'I perceive you are a churchman.' I answered, I was. He then entreated me to beg of God, to shew me what I was, and the true state of my soul. I though the prayer very short and odd; so we parted for that time. I weighed all these

things well over, and could not help thinking how is was possible for a man to know that his sins were forgiven him in this life. I wished that God would reveal this selfsame thing unto me. In a short time after this I went to Westminster chapel; the late Rev. Dr. Peckwell preached from Lam. iii. 39. It was a wonderful sermon; he clearly shewed that a living man had no cause to complain for the punishments of his sins; he evidently justified the Lord in all his dealings with the sons of men; he also shewed the justice of God in the eternal punishment of the wicked and impenitent. The discourse seemed to me like a two-edged sword cutting all ways; it afforded much joy, intermingled with many fears about my soul; and when it was ended, he gave it out that he intended, the ensuing week, to examine all those who meant to attend the Lord's table. Now I thought much of my good works, and, at the same time, was doubtful of my being a proper object to receive the sacrament: I was full of meditation till the day of examining. However, I went to the chapel, and, though much distressed, I addressed the reverend gentleman, thinking, if I was not right, he would endeavour to convince me of it. When I conversed with him, the first thing he asked me was, What I knew of Christ? I told him I believed in him, and had been baptized in his name. 'Then,' said he, 'when were you brought to the knowledge of God; and how were you convinced of sin? I knew not what he meant by these questions; I told him I kept eight commandments out of ten; but that I sometimes swore on board ship, and sometimes when on shore, and broke the sabbath. He then asked me if I could read; I answered, 'Yes.' — 'Then,' said he, 'do you not read in the Bible, he that offends in one point is guilty of all?' I said, 'Yes.' Then he assured me, that one sin unatoned for was as sufficient to damn a soul, as one leak was to sink a ship. Here I was struck with awe; for the minister exhorted me much, and reminded me of the shortness of time, and the length of eternity, and that no unregenerate soul, or any thing unclean, could enter the kingdom of heaven.

He did not admit me as a communicant; but recommended me to read the scriptures, and hear the word preached; not to neglect fervent prayer to God, who has promised to hear the supplications of those who seek him, with many thanks, and resolved to follow his advice, so far as the Lord would condescend to enable me. During this time I was out of employ, nor was I likely to get a situation suitable for me, which obliged me to go once more to sea. I engaged as steward of a ship called the Hope, Captain Richard Str nge, bound from London to Cadiz in Spain. In a short time after I was on board, I heard the name of God much blasphemed, and I feared greatly lest I should catch the horrible infection. I thought if I sinned again, after having life and death set evidently before me, I should certainly go to hell. My mind was uncommonly chagrined, and I murmured much at God's providential dealings with me, and was discontented with the commandments, that I could not be saved by what I had done; I hated all things, and wished I had never been born; confusion seized me, and I wished to be annihilated. One day I was standing on the very edge of the stern of the ship, thinking to drown myself; but this scripture was instantly impressed on my mind, 'That no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him,' I John iii. 19. Then I paused, and thought myself the unhappiest man living. Again, I was convinced that the Lord was better to me than I deserved; and I was better off in the world than many. After this I began to fear death; I fretted, mourned, and prayed, till I became a burden to others, but more so to myself. At length I concluded to beg my bread on shore, rather than go again to sea amongst a people who feared not God, and I entreated the captain three different times to discharge me; he would not, but each time gave me greater and greater encouragement to continue with him, and all on board shewed me very great civility: notwithstanding all this, I was unwilling to embark again. At last some of my religious friends advised me, by saying it was my lawful calling, consequently it was my duty to obey, and that God was not confined to place, &c. particularly Mr. G. Smith, the governor of Tothill-fields Bridewell, who pitied my case, and read the eleventh chapter of the Hebrews to me, with exhortations. He prayed for me, and I believe that he prevailed on my behalf, as my burden was then greatly removed, and I found a heartfelt resignation to the will of God. The good man gave me a pocket Bible, and Alleine's Alarm to the Unconverted. We parted, and the next day I went on board again. We said for Spain, and I found favour with the captain. It was the fourth of the month of September when we sailed from London: we had a delightful voyage to Cadiz, where we arrived the twenty-third of the same month. The place is strong, commands a fine prospect, and is very rich. The Spanish galleons frequent that port, and some arrived whilst we were there. I had many opportunities of reading the Scriptures. I wrestled hard with God in fervent prayers, who had declared his word that he would hear the groanings and deep sighs of the poor is spirit. I found this verified to my utter astonishment and comfort in the following manner: On the morning of the 6th of October (I pray you to attend) all that day, I thought that I should either see or hear something supernatural. I had a secret impulse on my mind of something that was to take place, which drove me continually for that time to a throne of grace. It pleased God to enable me to wrestle with him, as Jacob did: I prayed that if sudden death were to happen, and I perished, it might be at Christ's feet.

In the evening of the same day, as I was reading and meditating on the fourth chapter of the Acts, twelfth verse, under the solemn apprehensions of eternity, and reflecting on my past actions, I began to think I had lived a moral life, and that I had a proper ground to believe I had an interest in the divine favour; but still meditating on the subject, not knowing whether salvation was to be had partly for our own good deeds, or solely as the sovereign gift of God:— in this deep consternation the Lord was pleased to break in upon my soul with his bright beams of heavenly light; and in an instant, as it were, removing the veil, and letting light into a dark place, Isa. xxv. 7. I saw clearly, with the eye of faith, the crucified Saviour bleeding on the cross on Mount Calvary: the Scriptures became an unsealed book, I saw myself as a condemned criminal under the law, which came with its full force to my conscience, and when 'the commandment came sin revived, and I died.' I saw the Lord Jesus Christ in his humiliation, loaded and bearing my reproach, sin and shame. I then clearly perceived, that by the deed of the law no flesh living could be justified. I was then convinced, that by the first Adam sin came, and by the second Adam (the Lord Jesus Christ) all that are saved must

be made alive. It was given me at that time to know what it was to be born again, John iii. 5. I saw the eighth chapter to the Romans, and the doctrines of God's decrees verified, agreeable to his eternal, everlasting and unchangeable purposes. The word of God was sweet to my taste, yea sweeter than honey and the honey comb. Christ was revealed to my soul as the chiefest among ten thousand. These heavenly moments were really as life to the dead, and what John calls an earnest of the Spirit. This was indeed unspeakable, and, I firmly believe, undeniable by many. Now every leading providential circumstance that happened to me, from the day I was taken from my parents to that hour, was then, in my view, as if it had but just occurred. I was sensible of the invisible had of God, which guided and protected me when in truth I knew it not: still the Lord pursued me although I slighted and disregarded it; this mercy melted me down. When I considered my poor wretched state, I wept, seeing what a great debtor I was to sovereign free grace. Now the Ethiopian was willing to be saved by Jesus Christ, the sinner's only surety, and also to rely on none other person or thing for salvation. Self was obnoxious, and good works he had none; for it is God that works in us both to will and to do. Oh! the amazing things of that hour can never be told — it was joy in the Holy Ghost! I felt an astonishing change; the burden of sin, the gaping jaws of hell, the fears of death, that weighed me down before, now lost their horror; indeed I thought death would now be the best earthly friend I ever had. Such were my grief and joy, as, I believe, are seldom experienced. I was bathed in tears, and said, What am I, that God should thus look on the vilest of sinners? I felt a deep concern for my mother and friends, which occasioned me to pray with fresh ardour; and, in the abyss of thought, I viewed the unconverted people of the world in a very awful state, being without God and without hope.

It pleased God to pour out on me the spiri of prayer and the grace of supplication, so that in loud acclamations I was enabled to praise and glorify his most holy name. When I got out of the cabin, and told some of the people what the Lord had done for me, alas! who could understand me or believe my report! None but to whom the arm of the Lord was revealed. I became a barbarian to them in talking of the love of Christ: his name was to me as ointment poured forth; indeed it was sweet to my soul, but to them a rock of offence. I thought my case singular, and every hour a day until I came to London, for I much longed to be with some to whom I could tell of the wonders of God's love towards me, and join in prayer to him whom my soul loved and thirsted after. I had uncommon commotions within, such as few can tell aught about. Now the Bible was my only companion and comfort; I prized it much, with many thanks to God that I could read it for myself, and was not lost to be tossed about or led by man's devices and notions. The worth of a soul cannot be told.— May the Lord give the reader an understanding in this. Whenever I looked into the Bible I saw things new, and many texts were immediately applied to me with great comfort; for I knew that to me was the word of salvation sent. Sure I was that the Spirit which indited the word opened my heart to receive the truth of it as it is in Jesus — that the same Spirit enabled me to act with faith upon the promises which were precious to me, and enabled me to believe to the salvation of my soul. By free grace I was persuaded that I had a part and lot in the first resurrection, and was enlightened with the 'light of the living,' Job xxxiii. 30. I wished for a man of God, with whom I might converse; my soul was like the chariots of Aminadab, Canticles vi. 12. These, among others, were the precious promises that were so powerfully applied to me:

> All thing whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive,
>
> —Matt. xxi. 22.
>
> Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you,
>
> —John xiv. 27.

I saw the blessed Redeemer to be the fountain of life, and the well of salvation. I experienced him to be all in all; he had brought me by a way that I knew not, and he had made crooked paths straight. Then in his name I set up his Ebenezer, saying, Hitherto he had helped me: and could say to the sinners about me, Behold what a Saviour I have! Thus I was, by the teaching of that all glorious Deity, the great One in Three, and Three in One, confirmed in the truths of the Bible; those oracles of everlasting truth, on which every soul living must stand or fall eternally, agreeable to Acts iv. 12.

> Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved, but only Jesus Christ. May god give the reader a right understanding in these facts! To him that believeth, all things are possible, but to them that are unbelieving, nothing is pure, Titus i. 15.

During this period we remained at Cadiz until our ship got laden. We sailed about the 4th of November; and having a good passage, we arrived in London the month following, to my comfort, with heart-felt gratitude to God, for his rich and unspeakable mercies.

On my return, I had but one text which puzzled me, or that the devil endeavoured to buffet me with, viz. Rom. xi. 6. and as I had heard of the Rev. Mr. Romaine, and his great knowledge in the Scriptures, I wished to hear him preach. One day I went to Blackfriars church, and, to my great satisfaction and surprise, he preached from that very text. He very clearly shewed the difference between human works and free election, which is according to God's sovereign will and pleasure. These glad tidings set

me entirely at liberty, and I went out of the church rejoicing, seeing my spots were those of God's children. I went to Westminster chapel, and saw some of my old friends, who were glad when they perceived the wonderful change that the Lord had wrought in me, particularly Mr. G. Smith, my worthy acquaintance, who was a man of a choice spirit, and had great zeal for the Lord's service. I enjoyed his correspondence till he died in the year 1784. I was again examined in that same chapel, and was received into church-fellowship amongst them: I rejoiced in spirit, making melody in my heart to the God of all my mercies. Now my whole wish was to be dissolved, and to be with Christ — but, alas! I must wait mine appointed time. . . .

CHAP. XII.

Different transactions of the author's life till the present time — His application to the late Bishop of London to be appointed a missionary to Africa — Some account of his share in the conduct of the late expedition to Sierra Leona — Petition to the Queen — His marriage — Conclusion

. . . . March the 21st, 1788, I had the honour of presenting the Queen with a petition on behalf of my African brethren, which was received most graciously by her Majesty;

To the QUEEN's Most Excellent Majesty.

Madam

Your Majesty's well known benevolence and humanity embolden me to approach your royal presence, trusting that the obscurity of my situation will not prevent your Majesty from attending to the sufferings for which I plead. Yet I do not solicit your royal pity for my own distress: my sufferings, although numerous, are in a measure forgotten. I supplicate your Majesty's compassion for millions of my African countrymen, who groan under the lash of tyranny in the West Indies.

The oppression and cruelty exercised to the unhappy negroes there, have at length reached the British legislature, and they are now deliberating on its redress; even several persons of property in slaves in the West Indies have petitioned parliament against its continuance, sensible that it is as impolitic as it is unjust and what is inhuman must ever be unwise.

Your majesty's reign has been hitherto distinguished by private acts of benevolence and bounty; surely the more extended the misery is, the greater claim it has to your Majesty's compassion, and the greater must be your majesty's pleasure in administering to its relief.

I presume, therefore, gracious Queen, to implore your interposition with your royal consort, in favour of the wretched Africans; that, by your Majesty's benevolent influence, a period may now be put to their misery; and that they may be raised from the condition of brutes, to which they are at present degraded, to the rights and situation of men, and be admitted to partake of the blessings of his Majesty's happy government; so shall your Majesty enjoy the heart-felt pleasure of procuring happiness to millions, and be rewarded in the grateful prayers of themselves, and of their posterity.

And may the all-bountiful Creator shower on your Majesty, and the Royal Family, every blessing that this world can afford, and every fulness of joy which divine revelation had promised us in the next.

I am your Majesty's most dutiful and devoted servant to command,

GUSTAVUS VASSA,

The oppressed Ethiopian.

No. 53, Baldwin's-Gardens.

The negro consolidated act, made by the assembly of Jamaica last year, and the new act of amendment now in agitation there, contain a proof of the existence of those charges that have been made against the planters relative to the treatment of their slaves.

I hope to have the satisfaction of seeing the renovation of liberty and justice, resting on the British government, to vindicate the honour of our common nature. These are concerns which do not perhaps belong to any particular office: but, to speak more seriously, to every man of sentiment, actions like these are the just and sure foundation of future fame; a reversion, though remote, is coveted by some noble minds as a substantial good. It is upon these grounds that I hope and expect the attention of gentlemen in power. These are designs consonant to the elevation of their rank, and the dignity of their stations; they are ends suitable to

the nature of a free and generous government; and, connected with views of empire and dominion, suited to the benevolence and solid merit of the legislature. It is a pursuit of substantial greatness. May the time come — at least the speculation to me is pleasing — when the sable people shall gratefully commemorate the auspicious æra of extensive freedom: then shall those persons particularly be named with praise and honour, who generously proposed and stood forth in the cause of humanity, liberty, and good policy; and brought to the ear of the legislature designs worthy of royal patronage and adoption. May Heaven make the British senators the dispersers of light, liberty and science, to the uttermost parts of the earth: then will be glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good-will to men. — Glory, honour, peace, &c. to every soul of man that worketh good; to the Britons first, (because to them the gospel is preached), and also to the nations. 'Those that honour their Maker have mercy on the poor.' 'It is righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people: destruction shall be to the workers of iniquity, and the wicked shall fall by their own wickedness.' May the blessings of the Lord be upon the heads of all those who commiserated the cases of the oppressed negroes, and the fear of God prolong their days; and may their expectations be filled with gladness!

> The liberal devise liberal things, and by liberal things shall stand,
>
> —Isaiah xxxii. 8.
>
> They can say with pious Job,
>
> Did not I weep for him that was in trouble; Was not my soul grieved for the poor?
>
> —Job xxx. 25.

As the inhuman traffic of slavery is now taken into the consideration of the British legislature, I doubt not, if a system of commerce was established in Africa, the demand for manufactures would most rapidly augment, as the British fashions, manners, customs, &c. In proportion to the civilization, so will be the consumption of British manufactures.

The wear and tare of a continent, nearly twice as large as Europe, and rich in vegetable and mineral productions, is much easier conceived than calculated.

A case in point. — It cost the Aborigines of Britain little or nothing in clothing, &c. The difference between their forefathers and the present generation, in point of consumption, is literally infinite. The supposition is most obvious. It will be equally immense in Africa. — The same cause viz. civilization, will ever have the same effect.

It is trading upon safe grounds. A commercial intercourse with Africa opens an inexhaustible source of wealth to the manufacturing interest of Great Britain, and to all which the slave-trade is an objection.

If I am not misinformed, the manufacturing interest is equal, if not superior to the landed interests, as to the value, for reasons which will soon appear. The abolition of slavery, so diabolical, will give a most rapid extension of manufactures, which is totally and diametrically opposite to what some interested people assert.

The manufactures of this country must will, in the nature and reason of things, have a full and constant employ; by supplying the African markets.

Population, the bowels and surface of Africa, abound in valuable and useful returns; the hidden treasures of centuries will be brought to light and into circulation. Industry, enterprise, and mining, will have their full scope, proportionably as they civilize. In a word, it lays open an endless field of commerce to the British manufacturers and merchant adventurer. The manufacturing interest and the general interests are synonymous. The abolition of slavery would be in reality an universal good.

Tortures, murder, and every other imaginable barbarity and iniquity, are practised upon the poor slaves with impunity. I hope the slave-trade will be abolished. I pray it may be an event at hand. The great body of manufacturers, uniting in the cause, will considerably facilitate and expedite it; and, as I have already stated, it is most substantially their interest and advantage, and as such the nation's at large, (except those persons concerned in the manufacturing neckyokes, collars, chains, hand-cuffs, leg-bolts, drags, thumb-screws, iron-muzzles, and coffins; cats, scourges, and other instruments of torture used in the slavetrade). In a short time one sentiment alone will prevail, from motives of interest as well as justice and humanity. Europe contains one hundred and twenty millions of inhabitants. Query. — How many millions doth Africa contain? Supposing the Africans, collectively and individually, to expend 5l. a head in raiment and furniture yearly when civilized, &c. an immensity beyond the reach of imagination!

This I conceive to be a theory founded upon facts, and therefore an infallible one. If the blacks were permitted to remain in their own country, they would double themselves every fifteen years. In proportion to such increase will be the demand for manufactures. Cotton and indigo grow spontaneously in most parts of Africa; a consideration this of no small consequence to the

manufacturing towns of Great Britain. It opens a most immense, glorious, and happy prospect — the clothing, &c. of a continent ten thousand miles in circumference, and immensely rich in productions of every denomination in return for manufactures.

Since the first publication of my Narrative, I have been in a great variety of scenes in many parts of Great Britain, Ireland, and Scotland, an account of which might well be added here; but this would swell the volume too much, I shall only observe in general, that, in May 1791, I sailed from Liverpool to Dublin where I was very kindly received, and from thence to Cork, and then travelled over many counties in Ireland. I was every where exceedingly well treated, by persons of all ranks. I found the people extremely hospitable, particularly in Belfast, where I took my passage on board of a vessel for Clyde, on the 29th of January, and arrived at Greenock on the 30th. Soon after I returned to London, where I found persons of note from Holland and Germany, who requested of me to go there; and I was glad to hear that an edition of my Narrative had been printed in both places, also in New York. I remained in London till I heard the debate in the House of Commons on the Slave Trade, April the 2d and 3d. I then went to Soham in Cambridgeshire, and was married on the 7th of April to Miss Cullen, daughter of James and Ann Cullen, late of Ely.

I have only therefore to request the reader's indulgence, and conclude. I am far from the vanity of thinking there is any merit in this Narrative; I hope censure will be suspended, when it is considered that it was written by one who was as unwilling as unable to adorn the plainness of truth by the colouring of imagination. My life and fortune have been extremely chequered, and my adventures various. Even those I have related are considerably abridged. If any incident in this little work should appear uninteresting and trifling to most readers, I can only say, as my excuse for mentioning it, that almost every event in my life made an impression on my mind, and influenced my conduct. I early accustomed my self to look at the hand of God in the minutest occurrence, and to learn from it a lesson of morality and religion; and in this light every circumstance I have related was to me of importance. After all, what makes any event important, unless by it's observation we become better and wiser, and learn 'to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly before God!' To those who are possessed of this spirit, there is scarcely any book or incident so trifling that does not afford some profit, while to others the experience of ages seems of no use; and even to pour out to them the treasures of wisdom is throwing the jewels of instruction away.

THE END.

4.13.2: Reading and Review Questions

1. How are Equiano's experiences as a slave unique to him? Do these differences qualify or diminish the significance of his autobiography in terms of Abolitionist efforts? Why, or why not?
2. How, if at all, does Equiano accommodate himself do Western culture? What does he "gain" through this accommodation? What does he "lose?"
3. How, if at all, does Equiano distinguish the way that whites treat each other from the way that whites treat blacks? What behaviors to whites repeat among both groups, and why? What behaviors are different, and why? What's the effect of this difference? How does his treatment of whites and blacks compare with Behn's?
4. What comments does Equiano make on Western institutions, such as the law and Christianity? Why?
5. How, if at all, does life change for Equiano after he purchases his freedom? Why?

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4.14: Key Terms

- Act of Union
- Anne I
- Anti-Hero
- Audience
- Bill of Rights
- Burlesque
- Deism
- Farce
- George I
- Great Britain
- Jacobite
- Mock Heroic
- The Novel
- Satire
- Periodic Sentence
- Periodical Essay
- Scriblerus Club
- The Spectator
- Tory
- Whig
- William III and Mary II

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GLOSSARY

A

allegory | the use of characters or events in a literary work to represent abstract ideas or concepts

alliterative revival | a resurgent use of the alliterative verse form of oral Old English poetry such as Beowulf

anchoress | a woman called to a contemplative life closed away from other people

B

beast epic | a fable, often allegorical, that features animal characters

bob and wheel | a group of five short lines at the end of an alliterative verse rhyming ABABA

C

chivalry | the code of conduct which bound and defined a knight's behavior

courtly love | rules governing the behavior of knights and ladies in a ritualistic, formalized system of flirtation

cycle plays | a sequence of plays portraying all the major events of the Bible, from the fall of Satan to the last judgment

E

exemplum | a moral tale, often used to illustrate a point in a sermon

F

fabliau | a humorous, bawdy tale, often including satire of foolish characters

G

Great Chain of Being | the metaphor used in the Middle Ages to describe the social hierarchy believed to be created by God

Green Man | a character in ancient fertility myths representing spring and the renewal of life

L

links | conversations among the various pilgrims between the stories to tie the stories together

M

medieval romance | a narrative, in either prose or poetry, presenting a knight and his adventures

morality plays | a play depicting representative characters in moral dilemmas with both the good and the evil parts of their character struggling for dominance

P

Pearl Poet | the unidentified author of Pearl, Patience, and *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*

S

saint's legend | a story depicting the life and martyr's death of a saint

showing | a word used in the Middle Ages to describe a manifestation, a revelation, a dream, or a vision, usually of a religious nature

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