

The AUTHOR's

Speaking Picture,

DRAWN BY HIMSELF.

FA I N wou'd the Graver here my Picture place,
But I, my Self, have *drawn* my truer Face:
Reader, behold my VISAGE in my Book,
My True Idea most exactly took;
My very Soul may (naked) here be seen,
Both what I was, and what I shou'd ha' been.
The Graver's Skill, my Pen and Thoughts supply,
They know the Best, my *Physiognomy*;
And best can draw the Lines which inward lye. }
On *Murthber'd Brass-Plat*e when some Author lies,
(If not already so) 'tis Two to One he dies,
'Thus Slain, and Butcher'd, lies the Fam'd *De Foe*;
'Tis too unkind to serve Poor *Dunton* so.
Thus brazen Lines the *Recreant Fuller* bear,
'Tis double Glaz'd, for *Brass* was Nature there.
My Book's my Picture, there's my *Living Face*;
And SPEAKING Tears, the Image of my Case.
My Soul Undress'd, stands there in open View,
By Nature, *finfal*; By *Devotion, New*.
There all the SHIFTING SCENES of Life appear, }
There stand my *Blushing Errors*: Ah beware!
Dear Bought Experience you may cheaply share. }
The vast *Terraqueous Globe* I've rambl'd o'er,
But in my SELF RETIR'D, discover'd more.
You, whose *Great Characters* I here present, }
Be Witnesses that *Dunton* does repent;
And here does stand in *Sheets* for Punishment. }
But since so many Pictures I have shown,
Mine (BY A PRIVILEGE) shou'd be unknown.
'Tis Handsome Men may tell those Fops they Curse
Their PRETTY PHIZ is join'd unto their Verte;

The Author's Speaking Picture, &c.

I love to know the Inside of a Man,
Let who will gaze o' th' SHADOW of him than.
For sometimes does a very Dolt appear
In SHEW, a very Learn'd Philosopher.
But since GRAV'D PICTURES please the Eyes of
Perhaps I'll fit 'em when I write agen. (Men,
But now my Speaking Picture must relate
All these FINE Things describ'd in Copper-Plate.
It also SPEAKS, to shew the Child unborn,
What I wou'd be, wou'd my past Age return.
Athen (for Ages past) I did Revive ;
Could I lost Years restore, just thus I'd live.
Had I the Choice of Flesh and Blood agen,
I ne'er wou'd stand to FLOT behind the Scene,
But bravely act the Man I shou'd ha' been. }
But tho' I Weep and Mourn for what's amiss,
With Tears that represent my INWARD PHIZ ;
Yet could Old Time unweave my Sins, and Age,
(That I might live just as I here engage)
My Love to my DEAR WIFE, and to my FRIEND,
I neerer do repent, nor need amend.
But for these ERRORS, I do here confess,
I wou'd so mend and alter all the Press,
That both my Person, and my Picture too,
Shou'd now no longer live Incognito.
Thus does my SPEAKING PICTURE conquer }
(Death, }
'Twas but a Dead Face, Art cou'd here bequeath, }
Look on the following Leaves, and see me Breathe. }
Nor cou'd the Limner DRAW my Picture here, }
For Ego, non sum Ego, that is clear ; }
And none can draw what is, and is not here : }
But when I live the SAME, by acting NEW,
Then to be known, I'll put my Face in View.
Delectat etiam Ista mala Luce, et Martyr grown :
Some Read my ERRORS, and reform your own.

JOHN DUNTON

Omnia trucescit is referat si Jupiter Annos. — Virgil.

THE
Life and Errors

OF
JOHN DUNTON

Late Citizen of **LONDON**; *

Written by Himself in SOLITUDE.

With an Idea of a New Life;

Wherein is Shewn

How he'd Think, Speak, and Act, might he
Live over his Days again :

intermix'd with the

NEW DISCOVERIES

The Author has made

In his Travels Abroad,

And in his

Private Conversation at Home.

Together with the LIVES and Characters of a Thou-
sand Persons now Living in London, &c.

Digested into Seven Stages, with their Respective Ideas.

*He that has all his own Mistakes confess,
Stands next to him that never has transgress,
And will be censur'd for a Fool by none,
But they who see no ERRORS of their own.*

Foe's Satyr upon himself, P. 6

L O N D O N: Printed for S. Malthus, 1705.

T O T H E

Impartial Readers.

Gentlemen,

TH E *Common Business* of my Life has given me many Opportunities to know something of the Fate of *BOOKS*; and I am sensible the following Performance lies under very many and peculiar Disadvantages; however, if there's any Justice due to my *Life and Errors*, I may well be allow'd to prepare my Reader's Mind a little: If he's but *IMPARTIAL*, he's as kind as I wou'd wish him.

My Retreat, from the *World and Business*, has given me not only the Leisure, but the Inclination to become more thoughtful than before. Some Time ago, in my Retirement, my Thoughts began to fix with more Attention than was usual, upon the Nature and the Tendency of Humane Life, and what Part I had acted in it. The *REVIEW* of my busie Life, put me sufficiently out of Humour with it; there were very many Passages I cou'd easily recollect, which wanted both *Repentance and Amendment*. I found the World, and my self, had very different Thoughts of *John Dunton*; I am inwardly conscious, the best part of my *Innocence* lies where I am charg'd the Deepest. After all, had I no better Design in this Performance, than purely Self-Defence, I shou'd neither have given the World, nor my Self, the Trouble of it. 'Tis well for me, and the Thoughts of it give me abundant Satisfaction, *That the private Opinions of other Persons must not make the Rule of Judgment when our last Accounts are given in*: My Judge is both my Advocate, and a Searcher of the Heart.

To the Impartial Readers.

I know very well, and am satisfied with my *low* *Opportunity*; it frequently falls out upon the open *Stage* of the *World*, and in *Humane* *Life*, as it does upon other *Theatres*. Some of the *Persons Dramatis*, retire behind the *Scenes*, before the *Play* be over, and the *Curtain* drop. I am heartily thankful, with *Regard* to my own *Advantage*, that my *LIFE* has been long enough to come 'till I have been able to make a *NOVEL* out of it, and that I have *dreamt* a great part of *Life* yet that now, methinks, I *begin to be awake*. How far others may think themselves concern'd in my *aching Thoughts*, I cannot tell; The *Burthen* of my *New* *Life* is no less than the *burdens* of the *Christian Life*. If there's any thing *peculiar* in it, perhaps it may meet with a *Reader*, here and there, whose *Circumstances* are *known to mine*, and upon that *Score* 'twill be capable of doing him the better *Service*. The *Life* which I here *UN-LIVE*, has been an *Amusement* to me *Forty Years*; had I been so happy as to turn the *Tables* much sooner, my *Satisfaction* had been greater: And if any have been so unfortunate as to *Copy* after my *REAL LIFE*, I here take the *Opportunity* to tell 'em, that I solemnly disown the *Original*; however in the *Room* of it, I here substitute a *New Method of Living*, for 'em; and if they'll *Embark* upon the same *Bottom*, with me, *Our Way*, and *our End* will be both the same. However, if others won't take the same *Measures* with me, and refuse me their *Company*, I can't help it; I am no *Friend* to *Religious Impositions*, but unless they turn *LIVING CHRISTIANS*, they'll certainly miscarry.

If the *Book* fall into the *Hands* of some *Readers* who never heard of *John Danton* before, I shan't, in the least, be out of *Humour* upon that *Account*; but I would inform 'em, that according to the best *Evidence* he can get, *He was living the Tent^h of October, 1704* which is the most I am allow'd to say, and therefore the *Performance* looks an *ORIGINAL* in its *Kind*; however, not to put a *Trick* upon the *Reader*, *My Old Life is over*, which makes an *Account* of it, much less a *Selection* than it seems.

Were

To the Impartial Readers.

Were I in the Humour to turn this *Preface* into a *Bill of Fare*, I cou'd promise the Reader, that before he has perus'd the following Sheets, he will know some thing more both of *Men and Books* — Here are very many CHARACTERS of Learned and Great Men, with whom I have been concern'd; and indeed *my Life, and my Affairs*, have been so closely interwoven, with those of other People, that there was no avoiding it. So that as for all those that don't approve of their *own Characters*, they will find a Necessity to pardon 'em; for I cou'd not write an *Impartial History* of my own Life, without giving a *distinct Account* of every Person I have either known or corresponded with, and for that Reason I found my self oblig'd, in a most particular Manner, to run through (in brief Characters) *The whole History of the Stationers Company*, so far as *my Life and Actions* have been any ways mixt with them; and tho' I have been satyrical on some *Booksellers, &c.* yet I hope, I need not assure the rest that 'twould be the farthest thing in the World, from my Intention, shou'd any Passage in these Papers be thought a Reflection on that HONOURABLE Employment, so Liberal, and Ingenious, that it, indeed, seems an ART, rather than a TRADE; The very attempting any such thing wou'd be the worst defiling of my own Nest: For tho' I ha' given a *Farewel* to TRADE; I shall ever think it an Honour, that I was once *A Member of the Stationers Company*. But that there are some Ill Men among us (*spite of the Proverb*) is neither to be deny'd, nor needs it any Excuse, any more than the exposing those Persons to the just Censures of Present and Future Ages.

I own 'tis a Nice Undertaking to write *A History of Living Men*; but I have been as *Just and Impartial* to other Mens Reputations as I cou'd, and I'm sensible I han't been *too indulgent to my own*. If any shall think 'emselves touch'd a little sensibly, and reckon it worth their While to *exalt in Publick*; I desire no more than their NAMES at length, and I shall do 'em all the Justice which the Merit of their Cause does require.

To the Impartial Readers.

After all, there are Two or Three Enemies in the World, *Sir Know-pest, Squire Vinegar, and Satan himself*; shou'd either of the Two Former begin to MUTTER, 'twou'd make pretty Diversion for the Publick; I am furnish'd with *Memors* enough to make a Life for either of 'em; To which shall be annex'd *A Catalogue of their Writings*; one or both of 'em, know very well, who will be FURIOUSLY for the Church, and underhand for the Service of the Dissenters at the same Time. But supposing these TWO MEN (I was going to say *Monsters*) shou'd have that Respect to their Reputation to avoid WINCING; yet whilst *Bigotry and Leadeness* is found amongst those that pretend to Religion, this *Idea of a New Life*, must expect unmannerly Treatment. However, I have here drawn my Pen, and defy the Devil and all his Hackneys; for shou'd I fall in the Defence of Vertue, and in a WAR WITH VICE, 'twou'd be Great and Honourable, and I shou'd only pity and pray for a prophane World; but did I begin a NEW LIFE (like those in Paradise) or were *Refus'd* (almost) to an Angel; yet this History of my OLD LIFE wou'd no sooner be made Publick, but I shou'd be assaulted by that furious and inconsiderate Monster, called CENSURE, whose Lashes I will receive with the same Contempt the *Lacedemonians* (those avow'd Enemies to *Athens*) did the Cruelty of their Correctors, sporting themselves whilst their Backs were torn with the unmerciful Whip; of that Efficacy is *Resolution and Innocence*; that it presents Pain but meer Opinion, and values a *Furious Know-Post*, or a *Leut Vinegar*, no more than a harmless *Hellepont* did the vain Threats, of a Proud *Xerxes*. *Seneca* saith well, better *animus agere, quam nihil*; for Idleness is the Devils Opportunity: The Consideration of which, made me (as some KNAVES will call it) expose my *Life and Errors* in the following Sheets: However, let the *Criticks* say what they please, my Subject is Good and Great, being no less than the *Idea of a New Life*, and had I made any particular Dedication, I shou'd have stoop'd no lower than a PRINCE: The Subject meriteth as much, had it been handled accordingly. *Sir*
Wil-

• *To the Impartial Readers.*

William Cornwallis saith of Montaign's *Essays*, That it was the likeliest Book to advance Wisdom, because the Authors own Experience is the chiefest Argument in it. And indeed, shou'd every Man write an *History of his own Life*; comprehending, as well, his Vices as Vertues, How useful wou'd this prove to the Publick? But such an *Impartial History of Living Men*, may rather be wish'd for, than expected, since Men have ever prefer'd their own *Private Reputation*, before the real Good of themselves or others; so that I have the Honour to break the Ice, in giving the World *An Idea of a New Life*; and as I have ventur'd to publish the Discoveries I made in my TRAVELS Abroad, and in my Private CONVERSATION at Home, so I have digested the Whole into SEVEN STAGES, and shewn under each of these, how I'd Think, Speak, and Act, might I live over my Days again, &c. As this *Idea of a New Life*, is an ORIGINAL PROJECT; perhaps some will call it one of *Dunton's Maggots*: For having printed Thirty of *W——s* writing, it wou'd be strange if I shou'd not, by *Immitation*, become one myself. But how little I deserve to be so accounted, is sufficiently shewn in the following Sheets. (a) I confess, Six Years ago, I Printed my LIVING ELEGY (or represented John Dunton, as Dead and bury'd, in an *Essay upon my own Funeral*) and perhaps some may think it a little MAGOTTY, that I shou'd come again from the Dead to write *The History of my own Life*; but (Gentlemen) cease to wonder at this, for I have (almost) finish'd *The Funeral of Mankind*, or an *Essay, proving we are all dead and bury'd, with an Elegy upon the whole Race: To which is added, a Paradox, shewing what we call Life is Death; and that we all live and discourse in the Grave, &c.*

Now this Subject is New and Surprising, but is far from being *Magotty*; for if a Man must be call'd a *Magot* for starting Thoughts that are WHOLLY NEW, than Farwel Invention. In this Sense the Understanding *Lock*, and *Metaphysical Norris* are greater

(a) P. 247.

To the Impartial Readers.

MAGOTS than *John Dunton* (as they publish *Thoughts that are Newer and Better*) but sure none are so stupid as to call these Gentlemen **MAGOTS**, for obliging the World with their *Ideal Discoveries*; and tho' my weak *Composures* must not be named with their **Learned Works**, yet still they are *New* (either as to the Matter, or Method) and as such can't merit the Title of *Magots*, for (even) **PHILOSOPHY** it self had never been improv'd had it not been for *New Opinions* which afterwards were rectified by abler Men (such as *Newton* and *Lock*) and so the *First Notions* were lost and nameless, under **NEW** Superstructures; but such a Fate (with Respect to this *New Idea*) is too agreeable for my judgment to repine at, or my Vainety to hope for. But (if after all I can say) my **IDEAL-LIFE** must pass for a *Magot*, I must own it my own pure *Magot*: the Natural Issue of my *Brain Pan*, bred and born there, and only there; and therefore if **PURE NOVELTY** will be any Recommendation of this Book, I may expect, that even the *Criticks* themselves will be kind to it, for to use the Words of the *Stuffing Tub-man*. (:) The History of my **LIFE** and **Errors**, "Is a faithful and painful Collection, wholly gathered from my own Breat; neither is my *Idea* of a *New Life* stolen from any thing else, but my own Thoughts of becoming *A New Man*."

Now if any shou'd be so *Impertinent*, as to ask whether this Account of my **LIFE** be a **TRUE HISTORY**—I answer, Tho' I was the First that set up *The Athenian Oracle*; yet I never pretended to be **INFALLIBLE**; and I shou'd be fitter for *Bedl'm* (then to lay the Plan of a *New Life*) if I'd swear to my *Actions* for *Forty Years*; nay, I wou'd not Vouch for the Space but of *six Months*, my Memory (by Reason of *Sickness*) is grown so treacherous. However, this I may venture to say, I publish it for a *True History*, so far as my **DIARY** serves me; and I dare Challenge any one of those *Thousand Persons*, that are

(*) See *K—'s Tale of a Tub*.

here

To the Impartial Readers.

here named, to disprove one Line that I say of 'em; but if nothing will satisfie the *Incredulous Reader*, but 'tis all FICTION; for such, if he please, he may take it; but let him remember,

*That whatsoe'er of Fiction I bring in,
'Tis so like Truth, it seems at least a Kin.*

But perhaps some may own this Book for a *True History*, that yet may question my Discretion, for Publishing a *Secret History of my own Errors*:—To this I answer, He that is ashamed to confess the *Ills* he hath been conscious of, shews too plainly he is *A great many Leagues from Repentance*, and is more in Love with his Sin, than his Amendment; but if *there is Joy in Heaven over one Sinner that repents*: I can't but think my Lamenting my *OLD Errors* (and resolving on a *NEW Life*) will let me beyond the *VENOM* of Ill Tongues (sure I am) no Good Man will dislike any thing that endeavours to promote *A Reformation of Manners*, but will love my Design, more than my Performance, and approve my Future intended Innocence more than he will condemn the *ERRORS* of my past Life. *But however 'tis taken, (I am sure) 'tis honestly meant*; for I confess my *Errors*, on purpose to shame my self out of Love with 'em, and to add to 'em, my *Idea of a New Life*, as a Testimony against my self, if ever I fall into the like again.

But seeing I have been too Remiss in the *Former Part of my Life*, for those *FEW MOMENTS* I have yet left, I'll Endeavour (by the Grace of God) daily to act *Faith and Repentance*, and direct all the *FUTURE STEPS* of my Life towards Heaven; and if after all my Striving, I may but bring up the *REAR IN BLISS*, it will abundantly recompence all the *TEARS* I have, or can shed for my Sins: And I heartily wish, that all my Readers may repent of their *OLD*, and enter with me on a *NEW Life*.

These Sheets shou'd have been made publick *above a Year ago*, but my (almost) *CONSTANT SICKNESS*,
and

To the Impartial Readers.

and some other Impediments have put a Stop to it ; so that 'tis more than Reasonable to put the Reader out of his *Suspense*, at last, what this Important BIRTH may prove.

Gentlemen, I have only to let you know, that besides the *Satyr* here and there scattered in this LIFE, there are many things which want a KEY, and are like to do so (without New Provocation) for they were not writ for every Body, tho' (I hope) there's enough, intelligible, to entertain the World with a great deal of *Profit and Diversion*—And now,

Gentlemen,

I'm Your Humble Servant,

JOHN DUNTON.

To

To His OLD Friend

Mr. JOHN DUNTON,

ON HIS

Idea of a NEW Life.

THE Press grows HONEST; and in Spight of
(Fate,
Now Teems a BIRTH, that is Legitimate:

Thy Book's thy own, so rare a Muse 'twas fit
Shou'd not be garnish'd out with *Dead-Mens Wit.*

Yet lives their GENIUS in thee: True it is,
Arts have a kind of *Metempsychosis*;

But no *Perfection* dwells within thy Breast,

For thou hast *Faults*, and so have e'en the Best.

The World's a WOOD, in which all lose their Way,
Tho' by a different Path each goes astray.

Thy Forty Years did PRINT thee full of Crimes,
But as Repentance cleanses all thy LINES,

We can't be angry that you went astray,

But thank those ERRORS made you miss your Way:

For you, by fixing on a false Delight,

Instruct; and by mistaking, set us right:

The Instances are here, or none, or few;

And the fresh WREATHS untouch'd, belong to you:

For tho' the World, like warmer Fruit-Trees, bear

A Double Harvest of ill Weeds each Year;

'Twas thought EXTREAMLY difficult to find

A Frailty, and a Generousness of Mind

Like yours, Consenting, in one Subject joyn'd;

You, to the Praise of *Vertuous Deeds* relign'd,

At your own FAME's Expence, oblige Mankind;

}
And

To his Old Friend on his

And by this Goodness, sure Compound for more
Than all the ERRORS of your Life before.
Thy YOUTH those Lessons teachest unto Me,
Which few have learn'd at Four-score Years and Ten,
And your IDEA makes us NEW again. }
Thus thou cut-strippest Life, and dost beguile,
The Fatal Sisters of a longer FILE ;
And like the Youthful Planet of the Light,
Art ever Climbing; and yet still at Height.
Thou'lt read both Men and Books, thou hast a Key,
To each Man's Brest, which is thy LIBRARY.
Are these the Bloomings of thy Greener Age ?
Sure they some wondrous Summer Fruits presage !
NATURE doth seem to Antidate thy Years,
And ere thy Seed-time's past, Harvest appears.
We blush to see thy 'DEAL LIFE display,
A Dawning clearer than our brightest Day.
SAY FRIEND,—What Genius with this Vigour fir'd
Thy Soul, and the Celestial Hint inspir'd ?
Say: for the UNKNOWN MUSE I wou'd invoke,
T'assist me whilst I sing *The Triumphs of your Book.*
When Life's departing Stages we Review,
The FALSE Things fright us, tho' they pleas'd when
Fantastick Sins, in Dismal Orders rise, (TRUE
And with a REAL Horror strike our Eyes :
Thus whilst we count the Up-shot of our Pains,
We Curse the Memory of what Remains ; }
And gaze with Terrour on the slow Advancing Scenes. }
'T WAS THUS : But now the Bugbear is no more,
We love to trace the imagin'd Stages o'er,
And Court the SPECTRE which we shun'd before. }
Directed by your Nobler Rules to cast,
And regulate the Future by the Past.
If e'er the Golden Age again return
And flash in Shining Beams from's Iron Urn ;
That Age, not as it was before, shall be,
But as th' IDEA is refin'd by thee.
That seems the Common ; thine's the ELIXIR, Gold,
So pure is thine, and to allay'd the OLD.

IDEA of a NEW LIFE.

Hail New Reformer! By whose Light we see
Omnipotence (almost) in POETRY;
Your FLAME can give to Graves, Promethean Fire,
And Cowley's Clay with Living Paint inspire.
For like some MYSTICK Wand, with awful Eyes,
You wave your Pen, and Lo NEW MEN arise.

Richard Friend, *Master of ARTS;*

Late of Trinity Colledge in Cambridge.

T O

My much Esteemed Friend

Mr. JOHN DUNTON,

UPON HIS

TRAVELS to *America, Germany, and
other Parts, &c.*

WELCOME! Dear Friend, to me, and England too!
Welcome as ever I have been to you!

* *Ulysses-like, at last return'dagen,*
Tho' more than he, thou *Manners knowst and Men,*
Altho' but FIVE Years thou, he ramb'd TEN. }
What's the small *Mediterranean* he was tost on,
To the Main Sea? What's *Italy* to Boston?
Cambridge has Rhim'd on thy IDEAL Art,
I'll strain my *Muse* and CONSCIENE ere we part, }
To let thy *Travels* have their due desert.

* *It is said of Ulysses, Quot Mores hominum multorum
Vidit & Urbes, Horat. de Arte Poetica.*

Candish

To my much Esteemed Friend

Candish and Drake rub off! Avaunt! Be gone!
A greater Rambler now's approaching on:
You for ONE WAY, at once, did well, 'tis true,
But his Invention's far more Strange and New,
At once beforwards goes, and backwards too!
Whilst his dull Body's for NEW ENGLAND bound,
His Soul (in Dreams) trots all the World around;
But Cunning Men and Conjurers use this Trade,
Who still as Stocks, have Sea and Land survey'd;
Nor think he writes more than he saw, tho' he
Use Authors to *refresh* his Memory,
And Trav'lers have, you know, AUTHORITY.

Now see how on the black'nd Shore attends
Thy looting Bark, a Shole of weeping Friends;
Weeping, or what's far worse, the sad Surprize,
And Grief for thy Departure, froze their Eyes:
He that can *Cry or Roar*, finds some Relief;
But nothings kills like the dry silent Grief.

But who can tell the mutual Sighs and Tears!
Husbandly, manly Groans, and gentle *Wisely* Fears:
'Twixt thee and *Iris*, at that Fatal Tide,
Which did the *Knot of Heaven* it self, divide?
Oh! That I were an Husband (for an Hour)
For who can else describe Love's mighty Power?
How sweet his Moments flow! How free from Strife!
When bless'd like thee, Phil—a—ret, in a Wife.
But yet if DEAKER STILL, Friends still must part
'They go——but leave behind each others Heart.

Now *Neptune's* Foaming Surges Rave and Boil,
While thou, great Friend, forsak'st our greater Isle,
Here may it stand (*just in the self-same Place*)
Here may it stand, 'till thou hast run thy Race.
With Blessings you forsak't, altho' it be
Ungrateful Isle! Unkind, Untrue to thee.

A Place there is, where vast Sea-Monsters keep,
In the Blew Bosom of the dreadful Deep;
Where angry Waves and furious Billows Fight,
'Till they (almost) STRIKE FIRE in a Tempestuou
(Night
Where surly *Nereus* Scowls, and *Neptune* Frowns,
In Sailors *English*, and plain Prose the DOWNS.

Her

Mr. JOHN DUNTON, &c.

Here did the *Furies* and the *Fates* combine,
To mine all our Hopes, dear Friend, and thine ;
For had't thou perish'd there, without strange Grace,
AMERICA, had never seen thy Face,
Now Tempest's terrible around thee roll,
And wou'd have daunted any's but thy Soul.
The Vaulting Surges toss thy *Bark* on High,
And with another *ARGO* maul the Sky.
Eternal Rambler ! Whither art thou driven ?
Since Earth's not wide enough, thou'lt *Travel Heaven*.
If thou below so many Lands explore,
sure thou'lt above discover many more,
SECRETS to all, but one unknown before :
Survey'd at first, by *Mahomet* on the Back
Of his good trusty *Palfrey* — *Alborack*.
And when, Dear Friend ! So near to Bliss you be,
Remember **IRIS!** **AND REMEMBER ME!**

—Some hope

Their Earthly Learning they in Heav'n shall share ;
but sure Friendship and Love will enter there.
but ah ! *Thou empty-teazing Name*, Farewel,
that Charms the Ship, and down it sinks to Hell ;
and wilt thou then thy *Third last Ramble* make
to the Dark Confines of the *Stygian Lake* ?
en't Earth and Heaven enough, that thou must go
to view the Kingdoms of the *World below* ?
both of thy Fockers, and thy self take care,
or *Shoals of BOGUSSELLERS* will scrape Acquain-
(tance there.

ome us for *Shine* ! Sure thou so long do'lt stay,
hou'lt be at *Purgatory* by the Way ;
There, for some *Little Lye* in way of Trade,
here's an *EMBARGO* on thy Veisel laid.
e heard ! He hears ! The Shortest Cut he came,
or see ! The *Malt* peeps up at *Amsterdam* :
ne *Kays* with *Crowds* of *Jews* and *Dutch Men* swell,
nd altogether ask, *What News from Hell* ?
! *Boon's Land* ! Our Rambler, thou hast crost,
ad by all means, Who knows what thou'lt lost ?

To Mr. JOHN DUNTON,

Fix'd, on thy unfixt Shores he might have deign'd to

(stand

Nor needed Rambling from a Rambling Land.

He's gone! He's gone! All thy Entreaties fail,
Nor can thy Tears, nor can thy Pray'rs prevail.

To Cologne next, and the Three Kings, he comes;
To kiss their Hands, or Arms, or Nails, or Thumbs.

These *Eastern Monarchs* ever will be brave,

For see what vast *Seraglio's* here they have!

Where *Urfula* reigns with her miraculous Aids,

The Eleven (*Would you think it?*) Thousand Maids.

But *Britain*, sure, was rude and savage then,

And Maids (*as Stags from Hunters*) run from Men.

Nor think (*Dear Friend*) I ramble now from you,

My Subject **RAMBLES**, and I but pursue.

And here where all the World invoke the Aids,

Of the *Three Rambling Kings, and Rambling Maids*,

I doubt *Phil—a—ret* with the rest did stray,

And beg a little Help as well as they,

Beg a small **MIRACLE**, (a) his Letter to convey

For in my Dream, I saw, methought

A Nimble Virgin Spring aloft,

And with Gay expanded Wings,

Drest in all her Trav'ling Things,

Riding-hood of Beaten Gold,

Muff of Cloud to keep out Cold;

On Cowl-Staff of a falling Star,

I saw him mount and Shine from far;

Like Robin Red-breast claps her Wings,

Then Coughs and Crows; then thus she sings;

But what she said I dare not tell,

Because the World's an Infidel.

Who can **PINDARICK's** lofty Flights refuse,

When thou dost lash the *Fiery Foaming Muse*?

(a) This POEM was sent to me in a Letter, while I was on my Travels in the Year 1686, and was answered by a Letter, Dated from Cologne, which coming to my verend Friend Six Days sooner than he expected; could not forbear to think it a **MIRACLE**.

Upon his Foreign Travels.

I'll rein her in, and try if we can be

As Grave, as Sober, and as Wise as thee.

GO ON! And into whate'er Country hurl'd,
My Muse shall lapkey after, round the World;
We'll chace the *All-surrounding Sun about,*
And mend the Maps, where *Bleau* and *Fanson's* out.

Terra Incognita shall fly before us,

And all the Savages behind adore us.

On Hills of Ice, as high as *Tenariff,*

Wintering, we'll moor our Weather-beaten Skiff:

Through *Nassau's* Streights we'll Row, unknown of

And *Nova Zembla* (in *Prose-Authors*) Cold: (Old,

There find the Passages, and through 'em trade,

For sure for common Things, nor thee nor I were made.

We'll cross the Back of *Jesso* (if we can)

And *Thrid*, and *Sound*, the Streights of *Anian,*

And RAMBLE round, and round, and round, and then

Ramble like Drake, 'till we come Home agen.

Samuel Warper, *Master of Arts,*

Late of Exeter Colledge in Oxford.

E R R A T A.

With Directions to the B I N D E R.

Candid Reader: My not *Revising the Sheets,* by Reason of my Distance from the Press, and (almost) constant Illness, has occasion'd some *Literal* escapes, and some few ERRORS, Injurious to the Sense; (and indeed, in a *History of Errors*; it wou'd be strange, shou'd not the Printer make some too) however, the Reader is desir'd to pardon FAULTS of less Moment, and to correct these which follow——
Page 239. for *Dr. Tom* read *Dr. Tomson.* P. 238. for *Mr. Carr,* read *Dr. Kerr*; p. 351. for *Cook Esq;* read *Edward Cook Esq;*—I must beg Pardon for one ERROR more, and that is, if the Reader finds a *Repetition of*
the

the same Expression (under different Characters) that he'd please to excuse it; for in a *Thousand Characters* (and that of persons that excel in the same Vertues, &c.) I found it a hard Matter to *diversifie* the Expression, as never to repeat the very same Words I had us'd before: but as hard as it was, I believe, I may venture to say, that in a *Thousand Characters*, the Reader won't find *Ten Blunders* of this Kind, and that I hope may be some Apology, but (bating the **ERROR** of some few Repetitions) my *Thousand Characters* are entirely New, except Nine that I formerly publish'd; and having written those before, with my own Hand: I was loth to be at the Pains of writing again the same Characters; having done it as well as I cou'd before.

There is also **ONE ERROR** for the **BINDER** to rectifie, and that is, the Printer having omitted to print Cc after the Sheet Bb; he must place Bb, immediately after Bb, beginning with the Idea of a New Life. And as to the **TWO QUARTER SHEETS**, b must be placed at the Beginning; and D d at the End of the Book.

But if I enlarge, I shall make an *Errata* in my very *Errata*: I shall therefore conclude with this one Remark, That perhaps some will think it a **Great Error**, that I have raised no *Alphabetical Table*; for the (more) ready finding the **NAMES** of such Persons that are describ'd; but for this (*seeming Error*) I shall make no Apology; for he that wou'd see any particular Character, if he consults — P. 224. to p. 247. p. 280. to p. 358. p. 363. to p. 367. and p. 412. to p. 430. he'll presently find it; and I intend, at the end of my *Second Volume* (which is to compleat the *History of my Life and Errors*) to add a *General Alphabetical Table* to the whole Work.

And so, Reader, fare thee well and welcome; for as to the rest of my **ERRORS**, I leave 'em to thy Eye, to discover, and to thy Candour to pardon; or if my whole **BOOK** shall pass for **ONE GREAT ERROR**, (without either Smile or Excuse) I must say thou hast no stomach to a *New Life* — And so Farewel —

JOHN DUNTON.

T H E

Introduction.

IT goes hard with the P R I D E of human Nature, and the Principle of Self-Love, to take a *Review of our past-Lives*, and to make a Collection of Mistakes and E R R O R S; tho' 'twou'd certainly be the ready way to Amendment, and I'm resolv'd to give the World a President of this Nature. St. *Austin* informs us, that *He who Repents, is almost Innocent*: And I may add, that *Confession* is the best Companion of *sincere Repentance*.

The Frowns of *Divine Providence* have darkened my Affairs, and confin'd my Circumstances; and yet, in great Mercy, have given me L E I S U R E and R E T I R E M E N T, to reflect on my *former Life*, which is a recompence sufficient for my being cut off from the Society of Mankind, and almost from all Commerce with a designing World, that has little in it but Vanity and Disappointment. *When I trace back the years I have liv'd*, I'm quite lost in wonder and Amazement at my own wand'rings, and I can scarce outlive the very thought how I have spent a Life, that's of infinite concern with Reference to an *After-state*. All I am able to do

The Introduction.

at present, is only to form an *Idea of a new Life* from the Ruins of the *Past*; and tho' I can't in a *Physical Sense*, live over again the time that's already gone, yet I can do it in *Wish* and *Inclination*; and am resolv'd, by the Assistance of Divine Grace, to conform my Life as near as possible, to this *new Idea*, in the Reality of Practice, till I shall meet the Grave and Eternity, and have no more to do with *Time and Sin*.

To clear my way a little, before I make an entrance upon the work, I'll first tell the Reader what I mean by this *Idea of a new Life*: And in the Second place, I shall chalk out the method of the whole; that the most narrow Capacity, may take in both the design and the management.

As for the first, I mean only a *Life that's perfectly govern'd by the rules of Reason and Revelation*. This Plan to live by, is entirely disencumber'd of all those **NAMES** and **SECTS** and **PARTIES**, that have rais'd so much Dust and Noise, and have done the greatest prejudice to *Christianity*, and the *Reformation*. The World, 'tis true, has given me that partial and precise Name of *Methodian*; which I renounce forever, and take this Opportunity to tell those *partial Men*, who are for fixing Bounds and Divisions, in the Flock of Christ that I am neither *Methodian*, *Independent*, nor *Episcopal*. That Title is the best, and sufficient for me, which obtain'd at *Antioch*, under the *Christian Dispensation*; I desire no Character for the future, but a lover of *Jesus*, and one that intends for Heaven, and happiness in the Lit

The Introduction.

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to come; and 'tis of small Moment with me, whether a Malignant World will allow me this Pleasure of Charity; my Right to the Covenant of Grace, and my Eternal Interest, have no Dependance upon *Ill Nature and Envy*.

Having now dispatch'd the first Point, I'll inform the Reader with the method of these Sheets. And First, *I shall draw the Black Lines of my own Life, so far as 'tis run already; where several REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES* will come to Light, which otherwise out of pure necessity, wou'd have slept unknown, till the *last Day of search and Scrutiny*. Secondly, I shall form an *Idea of a new Life*, and make it run Parallel with the former. Under this Head I'll show *what Actions of my Life I repent of, and reflect upon with sorrow; and such also that were innocent and defensible*. And to make this particular more compleat, I'll acquaint the Reader, *how I'd think, and speak, and* &c. wou'd Heaven but indulge me that *Happy Opportunity of living over my Days again*.

DUNTON'S

Life and Errors.

STAGE I.

From his BIRTH to his XVth YE AR.

AT the Threshould of this Account, I must own it as a very Criminal Error of my Life, into which, both Disappointment and Passion have frequently misled me; that I have too often Arraign'd the Divine Providence that Nature ever Travell'd with such an *Unhappy Birth*; it was almost a Relief to me to cry out with *Job, 3: 3. Let the Day perish wherein I was Born, and the Night in which it was said, there, is a Man-child Conceiv'd.* Wou'd but this Acknowledgement be a Caution to others, how they slip upon the same Rock and quarrel with PROVIDENCE, I shou'd reckon my self sufficiently recompenc'd.

6 DUNTON'S Life and Errors.

However, to begin, I was Born at *Grassham* in *Huntingtonshire*, the 14th of *May*, 1659. My Father, Mr. JOHN DUNTON, was Fellow of *Trinity Colledge*, in *Cambridge*, and Rector of *Grassham*. My Mother, *Lydia Dunton*, was Daughter to Mr. *Daniel Carter* of *Chestam*; and were it not Foreign to the Purpose, I could here acquaint the Reader with the *Vision* she had of another World in her Trances, in One of which, she lay Three Days, and was mercifully restor'd as they were disposing her in the Coffin, and a Year after she Dy'd in *FARNEST*, and was Interr'd in *Grassham Church* the 3d. 1660. Upon which Occasion the following *Complets* were Compos'd.

Behold, I saw her mount the Sky,
And all her Hair Whiteness, Paint the Galaxy;
Her countenance, her methought, with all it Eyes did view,
And yet acknowledg'd all its Eyes too few.
Methought I saw in Crowds, Bless'd Spirits meet,
And with kind Welcomes, her Arrival greet:
Wonders, could they grieve, had gone with Grief away,
To see a Saint, more White, more Pure than they.
Faith was wanting, such a Prize as this,
Only a while, Heaven let us share the Blis.

To Return: My First Entrance upon the Stage was attended with all the Symptoms of Death, as if I had been sensible of my future Miseries, and willing to Steal into the Grave from the very Womb of Nature; but some of the

(a) Attendants were so Compassionate and Cruel, as to sprinkle Water on my Forehead, and raise me to Life; tho' alas! it prov'd but an unkind Office to Chain me down to this World, when I was making my Retreat, and taking Wing for another, upon which Emergency, the following Lines were Written,

1.

So the Infant Day does rise
Gilding Hills and Painting Skies;
Till some envious pregnant Cloud,
Does its blooming Glories shroud.

2.

So a short liv'd Winters Sun
Sets almost as soon's begun;
Weeping Heaven laments its Fall,
Mourning Earth, its Funeral.

3.

So a Rose Bud does prepare,
To Salute the Calmer Air;
Till some pierceing Northern Gust,
Rends and spreads it in the Dust.

4.

Such poor Infant was thy Birth,
Such thy Parents Joy and Mirrh,
Roses, Suns and Days can be
But a Meiosis of thee.

(a) Mrs. Palmer of Grafham.

The First Appearance which I made was very mean and contemptible ; and as if NATURE had design'd me to take up only some *insignificant and obscure* Corner of the Universe, I was so Diminutive a Creature, that a Q—t P—t cou'd contain the whole of me with Ease enough ; whereupon was written ;

*There lies a pretty little Knave
In's Cradle, Dressing-Room and Grave.*

In this Condition, and long before I had any *Articulate* Use of my Tongue, I gave the World sufficient Evidence of a *Child of Adam* ; and the certain Tokens of corrupt Nature and intemperate Passion were more and more apparent, as I made advances both in Strength and Age. All the Signs of *Disobedience and Revenge, of Impatience and Immoderate desire*, were seen in me, when I wanted the Power to Execute what my Inclinations led me to. These were only the *more Innocent and Infant Essays* of depraved Nature, to those *BLACKER* Crimes that are yet to come. 'Tis a Matter of Certainty with me, that by a narrow Observation of the Temper and Constitution of Children, we may discover most of those Vices and Vertues in the very *Embryo*, which afterwards make 'em Remarkable in the World. This Notion has often thrown me into Melancholy, when I have Reflected how Ripe and Pregnant the Seeds of all Vice and Sin were in me when so Young.

*These, the sure Preludes, these the ruder Plan
Of Early Childhood ripened into Man!*

When my Mother was Deceased, and my Father thereupon left in Sorrow, he made a Voyage into *Ireland*, (c) that his Grievs might be abated; where, at the Request of Sir *Henry Ingoldsby*, he settled for several Years, this made some Alteration in my Affairs. I was sent immediately away to Mr. *WILLIAM READING* at *Dungrove*, a Place almost in the Neighbourhood of *Chesham*, and there put to School so soon as I was capable; this was the first of all those inconsiderate Rambles that I have made. The World may expect that I shou'd here make up the Accounts of my Improvement and Proficiency at SCHOOL; but alas! Those Years which I spent there, were as well Cancel'd out of the Number I have liv'd.

All the Advance I made under *Sarah Wire*, *John Duckett*, *Richard Bowly*, and a whole Catalogue of Teachers, was only to know the Rudiments, of my Mother Tongue, I cou'd improve fast enough in any Thing but THE ART OF LEARNING; to which, I had a strange Kind of Aversion, both as it kept me Confin'd, and as I thought was too difficult and unpleasant.

At this Time, when I cou'd only tell backward a few Years, which I then reckon'd a fort

(c) Attended by his Old and Faithful Servants, Mr. *Thomas Tallwood*.

of Misery, my Mind was furnish'd with a Number of very *odd Fancies*, and which have since been my great Unhappiness. I remember One Day as I return'd thro' the Fields from *Chesham-School*, my Thoughts were so entirely taken up with projecting to my self the Plan of Life, and what I wou'd B E, and D O, when I came to be a Man, that my Feet misl'd me, and I wander'd without knowing it, till I had out-measur'd the *Terra Firma*, and so plung'd head-long in the River; but as Providence wou'd have it, my Cousin, Mr. *John Reading*, was lying on the Bank, and sav'd me from a Death, which in all Probability, was both present and unavoidable.

Another *Providential Deliverance* I receiv'd at *Chesham*, was this; while I was playing with a LEADEN BULLET in my Mouth, it stop'd down my Throat, but the size of it being so large for the Passage, it stop'd in my Breast, and I remain'd in that Condition, till I had lost all hope of Life, when on the suddain, the Bullet came out, and so prevented both my own, and the Fears of others.

*Thus, our souls our leave of Life and Pain,
And oft we live again;
Thus, oft we tread the fatal Gulph to pass,
And turn the vital Glass:
-Thus, oft we're willing when we cannot dye,
-And wish in vain for Immortality.
Death bags the Mind, then vanishes away,
And oft adjourns the last decisive Day.*

And here, that I mayn't prove ungrateful to the GOD of Providence, and preventing Mercy, I shall add a **THIRD DANGER**, that my *Childish Curiosity* expos'd me to; one Day I was wandering alone in the Fields of *Dungrove*, and taking up a **BEARDED** Ear of Corn to play with, I made the Experiment how far I cou'd venture it down my Throat, and pluck it back again; but both to my surprize and pain, it stuck there, and whilst I struggl'd with it, I only sent it farther out of my own Reach; in this extremity, some of my Relations (a) that were walking in the Fields, found me lying speechless, and gasping for Breath, and with some difficulty they set me at rights again, tho' the memory of it will remain with me.

*When nothing else can stop our little Breath,
The Staff of Life, turns into Vents of Death.*

This was the Third Time that Death had threatn'd me, and by so many *signal Deliverances* was I rescu'd, but alas! there was nothing of them that gave me the least impression, save the bare remembrance, which helpt me to tell them over to my **SCHOOL-FELLOWS** (b) with Abundance of Pride, for I cou'd then boast of

(a) Mr. Walmesley of Chelham, Aunt Reading, her Daughter Anne, Mrs. Mary Gollant, Sarah Randal, Robert Reading and Mrs. Prat of Bellingdon, &c. (b) Elias Cock, Matthew Biscow, John Aires, and Thomas Reading, &c. my

of my HEROISM, having out fac'd such a *Number of Deaths and Dangers*, and I'm sure the Matter lost nothing by the Relation of it. *At this Age a Lye with me was a Matter of very little Scruple*, tho' I never practic'd the Sin unless 'twou'd either prevent a Discovery, or procure some advantage that at least wou'd gratify and please me ; but alas ! *This Providence in Sin can never atone for't.*

The Advances I made at SCHOOL went on very slowly, for I had a Thousand little things to say, that wou'd *excuse my Absence*, or at least abate the Rigor of the Punishment ; SICKNESS and BUSINESS, I remember, were Threadbare Topicks, I had made use of 'em so frequently ; tho' I am fully convinc'd to my sorrow, that these methods to conceal my negligence, were the greatest CHEAT I ever put upon my self.

In my own defence (and I think I neither have, nor shall baulk the least ERROR that Occurs) I can say, that as for the *little Thieveries*, too common with Children, I was never much addicted to 'em : Once indeed, I was perswaded by a Company of Play-Fellows, to joyn with them in ROBBING AN ORCHARD, and being plac'd as a Centinel, we were all of us discover'd ; and perhaps 'twas well for me, seeing, had we got safe off, with the Booty, I might have had the courage to make a Second Adventure of that Nature. However, I can't call it any merit in me, that I was no more, addicted to *Steal*, because it proceeded purely from my own Cowardice,

dice, when my Inclinations were strong enough.

At these years RELIGION was as little understood as practis'd by me, tho' I was possess'd with *strange Notions of Heaven and Hell*; and as I had some love for Heaven, in regard, I was told 'twas a Place of Happiness and Pleasure, and furnish'd with variety of agreeable Entertainments; so I had some *Servile Fear of Hell*, because 'twas represented as a Place full of the blackest and the most frightful Terrors, as a fiery Dungeon, where impenitent Sinners shou'd be punish'd, with endless and extreme Pain. These considerations were matter of Astonishment to me, when I either reflected upon 'em, as it were by Accident, or was talk'd to about 'em: *tho' these Impressions wore off*, like Letters inscrib'd upon the surface of Water; for so soon as I got among my School-Fellows, I was diverted, and grew as unaffected as before.

This is an unfit place, to tell the Reader those young *Thoughts*, I entertain'd of DEATH: in general I form'd an *Idea* of him, like a *walking Skeleton*, with a Dart in his Right, and an Hour Glass in his Left Hand; this Image took its rise from some Effigies I had seen or some Discourse I had heard of DEATH; and the Imagination, tho' 'twas lively enough, was yet of little to service me, because *I reckon'd upon a vast number of years, and a World of Pleasure, betwixt me and Death*; however, at the worst, I thought, I cou'd certainly persuade him to spare me, and tho' I had been inform'd that

Death

Death was *inexorable*, as well as *impartial*, yet self-love was so strong in me, that I cou'd not but think that I might make Terms of Peace with him, or at least, that *Prayers and Tears* wou'd prevail with him, and work upon his Pity.

With Reference to the *Day of Judgment*, my Sentiments were so Childish and Various, both as to the *Place and Manner of Proceeding* at that Solemn Appearance, that they wou'd swell the Work quite beyond Compass.—But if ever I had a *Glimpse of Heaven*, 'was in these EARLY DAIES, as I was once Reading the *15th Psalm*; and for that Reason, I Read that *Psalm* with a peculiar Pleasure to this Day.

To Return, *Nine Years* of my Life were already up, when my Father return'd for *England*, and was (a) advanc'd to the *Rectorship of Aston-Clinton*, where he Married a SECOND Time (b) and so soon as he had settled his Affairs, and form'd a Family, I was sent for home; but I bid a Farewell to *Dungrove*, with almost as much Reluctance, as *the Soul leaves the Body*, and indeed the Comparison is something apposite; for at those Years I knew as little of any other Part of the Globe, as the Soul does of the upper Worlds. At the Arrival of this Melancholy News, I SWOONED away, as if my Life and *Dungrove* had been incorporate, and the Pleasure I found in that *Deliquium*, has ever since reconcild my Thoughts to Death,

(a) By Sir Francis Gerrard. (b) With Mrs. Mary Lake's Daughter to the Reverend Mr. Mariat, and Sister to that Eminent Curzer, Mr. Thomas Rolfe.

and familiariz'd the Appearance of the *King of Terrors*. But this Foolish Passion wore off, and was less and less troublesome, the longer I had been so agreeably Entertain'd at my Father's House, tho' that Liberty at first, was follow'd with a perfect Bondage to my Apprehensions, for my Father began now to look after me a little Strictly, and in Regard, he design'd me for the *Ministry*: I was kept at home under his own Care and Tuition; for I had convinc'd him sufficiently of my *roving Inclinations*; and, beside, having made such awkward Improvements at School, he thought I was not in a Condition to be trusted with my Time abroad; and for my own Part, I concluded, that to be bred a Minister was something out of the Road, and beyond the reach of the Common sort of Mankind; this work'd upon my Ambition, and went down with me well enough, till I was given to understand, **WHAT** there was betwixt me and being a Minister: An Attempt was made upon me, but indeed the *Latin Tongue* gave me Satisfaction enough; tho' I had attain'd to some Perfection in it; and cou'd speak it pretty well *Extempore*; but the difficulties of the *Greek* quite broke all my Resolutions; and, which was a greater disadvantage to me; was wounded with a *silent Passion* for a Virgin (a) in my Fathers House, That unhing'd me all at once, tho' I never made a Discovery of the same; and for that Reason it gave me the greater Torment. This happened in my Thirteenth Year,

(a) Mrs. Mary Sanders.

when, by some Impulse or other, I am sure I lov'd, tho' the Nature of the Passion was a Secret to me; yet the Symptoms of it were so innocent and sincere, that I may call it, with Propriety enough, *the very Tendency of Nature to closer Union*. I can attribute my Freedom, and the Cure of this amorous Indisposition, to nothing else but *Profound Silence*, which was certainly occasion'd by the contrary Struglings of Fear and Shame; for I always haunted her Retirements; and when I was with her, my Tongue Faulter'd, and refus'd to be the Instrument to convey the least of those *tender Things* I had to tell her.

*Thus pensive Ghosts, by their lov'd Reliques stay,
And sigh, and sob, the Midnight Hours away.
Thus Infant Passions Combat in the W O M B,
And silent, lay each other in the T O M B.*

My Father try'd all the Methods with me that cou'd be thought of, in order to reconcile my Mind to the Love of Learning; but all of 'em prov'd useless and ineffectual; my Thoughts were all unbent and dissolv'd in the Affairs of Love; and you may well conceive, that a *Amour*, which was intirely transacted within my own Breast, and the severities of Study and Strict Discipline, wou'd make betwixt 'em but a very indifferent sort of Harmony. However, had I been as much a Master of the *Greek* as I was of the *Latin* Tongue, I must without Dispute, ha' pack'd up for *Oxford*. When n
Fath

father was convinc'd, that an unsettled Mercu-
 rial Humour had given me such a Disgust to the
 Languages, which I then thought very barren
 and unprofitable. The next Experiment that
 I made was to know how the Rational Part of
 Learning wou'd relin with me; upon this, I
 began to dabble in *Philosophy*, and made some
 little Progress in *Logicks, Metaphysics, and*
Arithmetic; the last of which was only in *No-*
tion, not in Practice; for neither *Aristotle, Hya-*
drus, Wenzelin, nor all the *Ethicks* in the World,
 wou'd work a Reformation in my Manners.
 Their Fine-spun Threads, and the Reason of
 their Notions pleas'd me, I remember, but that
 was all. My Father's hopes began now to dwindle
 very sensibly; yet he was very unwilling to
 resign, in regard he wou'd gladly have trans-
 mitted the Priesthood to his own Posterity,
 being he himself was the Third *John Dunton* in
Lincoln Diocese, that had been a Minister.
 However, there was no stirring against the
 stream of Nature, *Ex quois, Signa non se Mut-*
antur. Fourteen Years of my Life were run,
 and my Father had not the least Encouragement
 to proceed with me, so that he began to take
 up a Resolution to dispose me some other way
 in Account of which, must be the Business of
 the next Period.

A N
I D E A
O F A
N E W L I F E
O R,

The manner how I'd Think, and
Speak, and Act, might I live o
ver again these Fourteen years.

IN vain! Alas in vain! the Period's run!
I wish, but can't recall th' smiling Sun.
His radiant Rounds, are finish'd in the Skie,
And a few more lead to Eternity.
Time's one successive NOW, it cannot stay,
But streams in silence on, and smoochs away;
We live but ONCE, and vainly wish for more;
That ONCE improv'd, we make the blisful shore.
But Ah! those years, and those more happy Times
Of Youth mispent, and stain'd with deepest Crimes
Yet, while remain these latest running sands;
I'll sue for Pardon, with up-listed Hands.
At Mercy's Feet, for Grace I'll prostrate lye,
And there unanswer'd, there I'll pine and dye.

There

There's commonly a long time spent before Children can take in the different Natures of Good and Evil. Yet 'tis a matter beyond dispute with me, that there's no Child can commit any actual Transgression, till its understanding be impress'd with some obscure Notices, at least, of the *Evil* of Sin: And tho' those Images that an Infant forms of Duty and Obedience, may have but very faint Influence on the Will that's unrenew'd, yet they are sufficient to leave the Person inexcusable.

Upon this Notion, I shall raise the first *Rudiments* of a *New Life*, and begin to reform from that very instant, in which the first actual Sin was committed; for there's none can doubt, but where there's a capacity to Sin, there's at the same time, a capacity to reform; in regard, that by the *Rule* of *Contraries*, whatsoever is capable of the One, is also capable of the Other.

The very First Effort of this Ideal Life, you'd be to Guard and secure those Avenues, that lead into the Errors and the Sins of Infancy; which, for the Sake of Method, I'll range under the Heads of *Passion* and *Disobedience*; and the Reason why I place *Disobedience* the Second, is plain, seeing 'tis the Natural Off-spring of *temperate Passion*.

To begin: *Passion*, in the general Acceptation, may be Branch'd into *Pride*, and *impatient Desire*, which are frequently, if not always, the first Fruits of corrupt Nature in Children; these are the Seeds of all those licentious and wild Excesses, which have been the Ruine of

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Thousands, and have made so many Desolations among Mankind: For when Men have all along sooth'd themselves with the Vanities of Ambition and the Fooleries of Inclination, they'll find these Affections will be constantly pursuing them at the Heel, and spurring 'em on to all the Kinds of unlawful Liberties: Now these Men must either abridge their Inclinations and sinful Appetites; which, when they are ripen'd and habitually confirm'd, will give them a World of Uneasiness and Trouble in their own Breasts; or on the other Hand, they must gratify themselves at the Expence of their Vertue, if they have any, and the Favour of Heaven. Now the First of these Extremities, I'm sure is very unacceptable to humane Nature; for 'tis the Emblem of the Pains of Hell, to have those Inclinations about one, that can't be gratify'd without a *Wound to Conscience*, and a *Breach upon Christianity*; and as for the last Extremity, 'tis as Evident, that a *Man*, unless he were abandon'd to that *Chimera of Speculative Atheism*, can't indulge himself the Liberty of Sinning in the Face of Heaven, and in Defiance to all the Menaces of Divine Displeasure and Future Punishment; for if a Man don't discredit the *Word of Truth*, the Immortality of his own Mind, and that he's capable of subjecting himself to God's Moral Government, he must out of mere Necessity, believe there are States of Reward and Punishments in the Life to come. But how easily might both these Extremities be prevented if Men wou'd but cut off the First Tumors of *Pride*, and the *Extravagance* of Desire. 'Tis

Matter

Matter of no great Difficulty, we know, to divert a Stream at the Fountain-Head, which, if it run on undisturb'd, may overflow and drown a Country; and the Case is exactly the same with corrupt Nature; when it gets the Byass, 'tis very difficult to Stop and Correct its Course; and we are certainly inform'd, that if Reformation don't make the Amendment, the Consequence will be no less than *Misery and endless Ruine*. Upon these Reflections, might I live over my Years again, my first Business shou'd be to prune off the very *Infant Motions* of proud Nature; and in Regard, that this *New Idea* shall be *squar'd* according to the *Rules of Reason and Revelation*, I'll first see what Assistance *Reason* can furnish toward the Mortification of Pride; and here, the very first Thought that my *Reason* might Suggest, wou'd be the mean Original that I sprung from. The Dust is but a Mouldering Principle to grow proud upon; 'tis the most incapable and corruptive Part of the Creation and 'twou'd be extreme Folly to see the meanest, and most insignificant moyety, among the whole *System* of Things, begin to advance it self; so that upon this first Reflection, my Body wou'd be thrown out of all Claim and Pretence to swell and grow Proud of it self. But again, shou'd I consider my Dependance, at these years upon Providence, and my obligations to Things and Persons, I'm perswaded the Thought shou'd Humble me. Pride, if any such Thing were allowable, shou'd only be the *Prerogative* of Persons that are *independent*; but this is what none of the Race of *Adam* can boast of; and

'Im sure we have the least Grounds for it, when Children ; at that time the *whole Creation* seems to have an Indulgent Kindness for us, and upon that Regard, may properly be call'd our *Parent*. But alas ! we conclude, when we are so young, that seeing Persons have so much indulgence and respect for us, they certainly discover something in us that must be extraordinary, and thereupon we grow insensibly vain, and are sooth'd into Pride, before we understand our selves ; but might I live those early Days again, I wou'd Correct this Error, and not only Frown upon those that shou'd offer to commend and praise me ; but improve those very Praises to my own Humility. Were but Persons well aware how fast the seeds of Pride ripen to Maturity, by this officious sort of vanity, I believe twou'd grow out of Fashion, and that Parents wou'd discourage it, seeing the Consequence may prove so fatal.

But if neither, the *meanness* of my, *Original* nor my Dependance upon Persons and Providence, cou'd Cure the *growing Tympany*, I wou'd look within my self, and see how narrow and unimprov'd my Understanding lies, and what Fatigue and Industry wou'd be necessary, before my Knowledge cou'd be enlarg'd to any considerable Size. In the next place I'd take a Survey of the Natural Obliquity and Stubbornness of my Will ; how passionately it is inclin'd to what is Evil, and how cold and disaffected to all that's Good. Thus far my own Reason might help to humble me, in taking as full a view of my

natural and moral Imperfections as I shou'd be capable of at those Years. But alas! I am satisfi'd that all this wou'd be ineffectual, if the Word of GOD (a) were not at Hand to carry the Matter farther. I'd therefore turn over the Bible, and there I should find the first Rise of all my Unhappiness, that I was Born a Child of Apostate *Adam*, and that all the Disorders of my Nature, the Darkneſs that hovers over my understanding, and the Perversneſs of my Will, were all of 'em the *Hereditary Ruins of the Humane Nature and the lamentable Effects of the first Fall.* The Bible wou'd inform me that *I was conceiv'd in Sin, and brought forth in Iniquity,* and that without Repentance and Reformation I was an Heir of Misery in the next World. This Prospect wou'd be so Black and Dismal, that I shou'd have all the Reason in the World to be humble for the future. I can't say, indeed, that my Thoughts wou'd at that Age act up to this Pitch of Accuracy, however something like it might be done; that wou'd be extremely serviceable to root out of my Nature, as near as possible the very Principle of Pride, which I am fully perswaded, wou'd be the happiest Advance that cou'd be made in Youth, towards a Religious and a Christian Life.

(a) *That the Scriptures are of Divine Authority, is an inquiry of that Consequence, that as yet, I suppose myself too young for it, so I shall take it here upon trust, and persons that understand 'emſelves won't censure*

This Preparation already made (tho' I must expect that the *Pride* of Nature and the *Impatience* of *Desire* will make frequent Reprizals and Returns upon me, so long as the Humane Nature is imperfect) The next Step I wou'd take, shou'd be to submit my self to the *reasonable Government of my Parents*, and indeed ; at these young Years, I cannot so well judge for my self as they, in what Instances, their Authority is reasonable. This Obedience to my Parents is a Matter of indispensable Duty, so long as their Commands are consistent with the Law of GOD and the Dictates of Humane Nature, and 'tis that which I'd endeavour to perform with all imaginable *Cheerfulness*. that it might appear, I did not obey purely out of *Necessity* and *Constraint*, but from a Principle of *Inclination*. They are by Nature my Superiors, and were the Instruments in the Hand of GOD, to bring me, a reasonable Creature, upon the Stage of this World to act a Part for Eternity; and it cannot be suppos'd, that a *Man-Child*, shou'd be Born, and for so great Ends as the *Honour* and *Enjoyment* of GOD, but that his Wisdom and Providence were concern'd to order the Minute Circumstances of it ; that I shou'd have my *Life Time* now, and not some *Centuries* either sooner or later; that I shou'd be Born as it were a *Christian*, and not a *Pagan*; in *England*, and not in *Asia*; of these, and not of other Parents and shall all this Expence of Wisdom and Contrivance be laid out upon this very Matter, and shan't I submit my self to those who, both by Nature and Providence are made my Parents.

But if such a Train of Thought as this will scarce be granted me at these years, yet there are some other ways to get my self convinc'd of the Duty I owe in this Respect. GOD has been so careful to secure to Parents the Obedience of Children, that he has made it a Part of his *positive Law*, which was before only a *common Dictate* of the reasonable Nature; and Children may be allow'd to have the *Decalogue* by Heart pretty early, and there it stands the first Precept of the Second Table, *Honour thy Father and thy Mother*, and has the Promise of a long Life annexed, and of which Children are commonly very fond. To this Conviction of Duty from the Fifth Commandment, I may add all the Indulgent Care and Solitude of Parents for the good of their Children, and what obligation so forcible as this, to win over the Affections, and even to tye Children to Obedience? When I was naked and defenceless, they cloath'd and fed and foster'd me; when I was very often running upon my own Ruine, they prevented me; when I knew nothing of it, they were contriving for my Happiness; when I was Ignorant, they gave me Instruction; and what Monstrous Ingratitude wou'd it be, now that my Reason is something awaken'd, to disobey and to disappoint their Expectations? To make their Lives and their Deaths uncomfortable, and to bring such a Load of Guilt and Inevitable Punishment upon my self, which without the severe Sorrows of Repentance cannot possibly be avoided?

Having

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Having thus laid down the Reason of the Duty and my own Resolution with Reference to it. I shall next shew how I'd manage my self at School, might I but have that happy opportunity once again. In the General, it may be sufficient to say, that I'd use all the Diligence I cou'd possibly be Master of, in order to get some tolerable Acquaintance with the Languages; as for *Play*, I wou'd give my self no greater Liberty in it, than was absolutely necessary to preserve my Health, to quicken Fancy, and to keep me from Melancholy. But then in particular, as to the Languages, that which is Native to me, shou'd be my first Care, tho' the many Beauties of it, will require a peculiar *Genius*, and some Time and Study, and I might add a long Custom to speak and write well, to make one become a Master of 'em. *Latin* shou'd be my next Study, and indeed there's Reason to give it the Second place, for the Grammar to it, being well understood, will make the *Greek Syntax* more familiar; and the Knowledge of this Tongue, will be a good Foundation to some of the *European Tongues*. In my Study of this Tongue, I wou'd not content my self with the barren Knowledge of the Words and the common Rules of Construction, but I'd endeavour to get a Taste of it, to have a Relish for the Delicacies with which it abounds to know the Difference betwixt *true Grammar* and *good Latine*. I'd take all possible Care of my *Theams* and *Orations*; and I wou'd never be perswaded to flourish with the Stolen Beauties of other Authors, but endeavour to writ a free Stile, and to avoid

all Appearance of *Pedantry*, with which most of our *Public Schools* are so miserably infected, that Gentlemen are oblig'd to spend as much time in *Conversation* and *Travel*, if not more, than they had done at the *School*, before ever they can Discourse like reasonable Creatures, and conjure down that Apparition of *Pedantry*, which their Education had rais'd.

Nor wou'd I be satisfy'd with writing a Prose Stile tolerably well, but I'd Labour hard to get a *Taste* of the *Latine Poetry*, for tho' Poetry may be cry'd down by *Men of Dullness*, that never had any Harmony in their Minds, and that in a Life-Time, cou'd never conceive one enlarged Thought, yet these *Dullards* shou'd never deprive me of an Entertainment so generous and grateful, where it makes no Inroads upon *Vertue*, and the great *Rules of Christianity*; for my *Innocence* shou'd always remain unfully'd, and be my chiefest Care.

As for the Tongues that are yet behind; the *Greek, Hebrew, Italian, French, Spanish* and *High-Dutch*, these shou'd be all I wou'd ever aim at, and in which I'd endeavour to be as well skill'd as my Time and Circumstances wou'd admit.

After all, I wou'd not take up here, as if the Barren insipi'd Knowledge of *Words* and *Sounds* were sufficient for me, but make some Attempt upon the *Sciences*, as indeed it was no small part of my Happiness to have done in my former real Life. The great end I wou'd aim at in *Logicks*, shou'd be to fix my Thoughts, and make 'em
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Something more Solid and Consistent, that I might neither speak nor write (if Possible) upon any *Subject*, till I had work'd my Thoughts into a *Conformity* with it, which I reckon to be the very Nature of *Logical Truth*, and indeed, 'tis the want of this *fixedness* of *Thought*, that makes Men *superficial*; they don't dwell upon an *Idea*, till they make it correspond exactly to the Nature of the *Object*, as one Face answers the other in a *Glass*.

Mathematicks, 'tis true, are recommended for this Purpose to fix the *Attention*, but then the Study of 'em is so tedious, and Life so short, and again the *Truth* they discover is altogether absolute, and unrelated to the Happiness of Man, that I shou'd content my self with a general Knowledge of 'em.

Metaphysicks, if one should pursue the Knowledge of 'em in the the Old way, wou'd make but an unprofitable Study; I'd therefore become a *Votary* to the *Speculative way*, and endeavour to digest *Malbranche*, so far as he follows *Truth*, and where he makes an *Error*, I wou'd always take the *Liberty* to think for my self.

Natural Philosophy, a little of it might be necessary, to give a Man some Knowledge of the *Present System* of Things, and of the *World* he inhabits, and upon this Head I'd read over both the *Antient* and the *Modern Account* of *Matters*.

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Moral Philosophy, I reckon, is of absolute necessity for a Man that intends to understand himself, and what the *Genius* of the reasonable Nature is, with all the general Designs that Mankind are driving forward. Tho' what I wou'd here make the express Subject of my Study, shou'd be the *great Law of Nature*, which as it is most agreeable to Reason, so the Knowledge of it gives a Man a wonderful Enlargement in his Thoughts, frees him from a trifling levity of Mind, sets him above the mean Designs of common Life, and always inspires him with a generous Emulation to act up to the *Native Precepts of this Law*.

Divinity, is the greatest Study of Humane Life, and without some Knowledge at least, of its *Essential Doctrines*, a Man wou'd be altogether in the Dark, as to his Happiness and his last end. And might I live over my Days again, I'd endeavour to acquaint myself as early as I cou'd with these two Great Enquiries: First, *What was my State by Nature?* Secondly, *Upon what great Design was it that the Eternal Son of GOD became Incarnate?*

With Reference to the former, it seems to be the *Universal Cry* of Nature, or at least it shou'd be so, that **MAN IS A CONDEMN'D CREATURE, A CRIMINAL UNDER SENTENCE OF ETERNAL DEATH.** One wou'd think it shou'd be no less the Practice, than it is the Duty of Parents, in the most familiar Words, to tell their Children of their *dreadful State*, seeing they know it as well, as if they saw the
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the Inscription in real Characters upon their Foreheads, **YOU ARE CONDEMN'D.** What Ingenuous Child upon this Information, but wou'd weep out these or the like Expressions? *Is it a Thing impossible to be sav'd? Is there no Redeemer to buy off the Sentence? Is there no kind Intercessor to plead my Cause? Must I dye, and is there no Remedy?* And indeed, can the Matter admit that either I or any other shou'd be less concern'd than this comes to? With what satisfaction cou'd I play, eat, or sleep, or go to School, seeing I was all the while a *Condemn'd Malefactor*, **GOD** unreconcil'd, and my Soul in extream Danger every Breath I draw, of going out into an Eternal State of endless and intolerable Pain? How cou'd I reconcile my Thoughts to my Condition, seeing it admits of nothing as yet, but either of a blind security, or of wild Despair?

§

When I was thus desponding of the Favour of **GOD** and of future Happiness, how welcome News wou'd it be, to hear one say; 'Tis true, all this and more is thy State by Nature, but the *Son of GOD* was here upon Earth some Seventeen hundred years ago, and has made satisfaction for thee, and procur'd a Pardon; with what concernment of Mind shou'd I immediately make this Return? Who will speak for me to this Great, this Merciful Reconciler? Why then is my State so full of Danger? Is there nothing to be done

done in this Case? (a) Suppose now that Answer shou'd be made, there is nothing to be done but what is highly reasonable, (b) only *Believe* and *Repent*, and you shall be Pardon'd and Sav'd, and for this Faith and Repentance apply your self to the *Throne of Grace*, and beg earnestly in the Name of the *Blessed JESUS*, that the Holy Spirit may work 'em in you, and for your farther Information, read over the *Testament of your dying LORD*, and that will give you a large Account of this wonderful *Transaction*. With what overflowings of Joy shou'd I be thus inform'd? How frequently wou'd I importune for the Graces of the Spirit, that Christ might be revealed in me the Hope of Glory, that my Repentance might be sincere, that my Sins might be for ever cancell'd.

(a) I don't suppose the Matter can be brought thus forward, and so ripe for Conversion without the previous Operation of the Spirit, for that is of absolute Necessity, and yet a great and a Blessed Mystery.

(b) What Folly is it for a Sinner to dispute the Case, is Faith an Instrument? or is it a Condition? Is my Repentance a Condition of my Pardon? No Matter what Names you give them, they are absolutely necessary, thy Life is at Stake, thou must dye without them.

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Might I live over my Days again, how Happy shou'd I be in this early Conversion, that I might but have the Opportunity once again, thus to dedicate a *Life-Time*, to the Glory and the Service of GOD..

Stage II.
