

Another Acquaintance is Mr. *Mason* ; He was a *stout honest Christian*, he will speak his mind, take it how you please. I remember once, that going to visit a *Lady* in Boston, she told him she was glad to see him, but sorry that he came at such a Time, when her House was dirty ; to which *Mason* only reply'd, *Why prithee when was't otherwise?* which BLUNT EXPRESSION (which perhaps carry'd too much Truth in't) the *Lady* took as a great affront ; but 'twas all one to *Mason*, who still spake as he thought, let his Friends take it how they pleas'd.

The next I'll mention shall be Mr. *Malinson*, he is a stiff Independent (which is rare in a FENCER) and so great a Critick, that he wou'd even find a KNOT in a Bull-rush. *Malinson* was one of those *unfortunate Gentlemen* that engag'd with Monmouth, and (I'm told) this Day, at the *Royal-Exchange*, he now teaches young Gentlemen to Fence in *Boston*, &c. —

But it is time now to descend to my PARTICULAR FRIENDS, (who tho' the last nam'd, yet being such, will the more readily pardon it) for tho' I had Acquaintance with most of the considerable Traders in *Boston*, yet PARTICULAR FRIENDSHIPS are necessary for several Reasons ; and if we will believe, the Wisest of Men, ought to be prefer'd, not only before Acquaintance, but Relations ; and that for a good Reason too, even because they are nearer ; for says he, *There is a Friend that is nearer than a Brother* : And the Truth is, tho' 'tis good to have the respect of all, and to live generally

generally belov'd, yet every Man has his P A R T I C U L A R Wants, which he finds it necessary to communicate to some P A R T I C U L A R F R I E N D, for a Secret is safely lodg'd in the Bosom of one Person, which is many Times Improper to be communicated to one more, at least not to several: So that a Solid and True Friendship, founded upon Vertue and sincere Religion (which are the only Ligaments that will make it hold) is the greatest Happiness of Humane Life. How pleasant is it to communicate our Misfortunes to a Friend who will both alleviate our Grievs, and Sympathize with us in our Sorrows; and even our JOYS themselves, unless imparted to a Friend, swell to that height that they prove dangerous, and often fatal. But I confess such *Particular Friends* are hard to be found, tho' such there are; for former Ages afford us a *David*, and a *Jonathan*, a *Pylades* and *Orestes* (who were willing to dye for each other) ——— And our present Times may boast of a *Reynolds* and a *Whitlock*, of a L ——— n, and a D ——— n.

But notwithstanding these INSTANCES of Remarkable Friendships, yet a *Pair of trite Friends* are seldomer to be found, then a Club of *Knives*, or a *Heard of Brutes* agreeing together, yet tho' I now find no such CREATURES (a) in *England*) I was so happy as to find P A R T I C U L A R F R I E N D S in *Roston*, whose Characters I shall next give you, and I'll begin with

(a) As I hinted in Page 110.

Dr. Oakes, — He is an EMINENT PHYSITIAN, and a Religious Man; at his first coming to a Patient, he perswades him to put his Trust in GOD, the FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH; the want of this hath caus'd the bad success of most Physicians, for they that won't acknowledge GOD in all their Applications, GOD wont acknowledge them in that success which they might otherwise expect. He was a *Great Dissenter* whilst he liv'd in *London*, and even in *New England*, retains the Piety of the *first Planters*; I was recommended to him by Mr. *Gilson* (as also by a Relation of his in *Ratcliff*) and I must own the Doctor gave me a Generous Welcome to *Boston*. — From Dr. Oakes: I pass to my Good Friend

Dr. *Bullivant* — Formerly my fellow Citizen in *London*; I must consider him both as a *Gentleman* and a *Physician* — As a Gentleman, he came of a noble Family, but his good Qualities exceeded his Birth; he is a *great Master of the English Tongue*, and the *Northampton People* find him a Universal Scholar; his Knowledge of the LAWS, fitted him for the Office of *Attorney general*, which was confer'd upon him on the Revolution in *Boston*; 'tis true he sought it not, but *New England* knew his Worth, and even forc'd him to accept of it.

While he held this place of *Attorney-General*, he was so far from pushing things to that Extremity as some hot Spirits wou'd have had him, that he was for accommodating things and making Peace. His eloquence is admirable, *he never speaks but 'tis a Sentence*, and no Man ever Cloath'd his Thoughts in better Words. I shall

I shall next consider him as a Physician, his Skill in *Pharmacy* was such as had no Equal in *Boston* (nor perhaps *Northampton*) he is as intimate with *Galen*, and *Hippocrates* (at least with their Works) as ever I was with *Iris*; He is so conversant with the GREAT VARIETY OF NATURE, that not a Drug or Simple escapes his Knowledge, so that he never practices New Experiments upon his Patients, except it be in desperate cases where *Death must be expell'd by Death*. This also is praise-worthy in him, that to the POOR, he always prescribes cheap but wholesome Medicines, not curing them of a *Consumption* in their Bodies, and sending it into their Purses, nor yet directing them to the *East-Indies* to look for Drugs, when they may have far better out of their Gardens. — I wou'd enlarge, but Dr. *Bullicant* is my PARTICULAR FRIEND, and I'm loth to offend his Modesty, so I proceed in the next place to

Mr. *Gauge* — a *Linnen-Draper* from London (Son to the charitable Divine of that Name) he's Owner of a deal of Wit (*his Brain is a Quiver of smart Jest*.) He pretends to live a Bachelor, but is no Enemy to a Pretty Woman: He's *high Church* yet so great a Lover of his *Fathers Christian Directions*, that he bought Two Hundred of me, to give away, that so he might (as he us'd to say) MAKE THE BOSTONIANS GODLY: And this was a noted Quality in him, That he wou'd always tell the truth; which is a Practice so uncommon in *New England*, that I cou'd not but Value

his Friendship. — But I must not forget Mr. Tryon.

Mr. Tryon — is a Man of a Sweet Temper, an excellent Husband, and very sincere in his Dealings — The next I shall mention is

Mr. Barnes, he was Clerk to the Government, a matchless Accomptant, a great Musitian, Bookish to a Proverb, *very generous to Strangers*, and at our first interview, declar'd a Particular Friendship to me. —

But perhaps Reader, you'll ask whether I had not my *Soft-Hours* in Boston as well as other Men? Or in plain Terms, whether I only was for a *Friendship* with my own Sex? I answer, No, for I ever thought Women as fit for Friendship, as Men: *And I lov'd!* It is too well, ever to run astray!

*My Honour guards me from Amorous Treason;
And if It is be Jealous, I'm sure she's no Reason.*

The Principal and most distinct Scenes, in which a Woman can Act a Part, are either as a *Virgin*, a *Wife*, or a *Widow*. and in these Three Capacities you'll find my Female Friends in Boston — For the D A M S E L (one eminently known by that name) was a Virgin, Mrs. Green a W I F E, and Madam Brick a W I D O W, and Mrs. Ten. Last. *Per Tale*, as the Herald says, half W I F E, half W I D O W; Her Husband a Captain being now at Sea.

I shall first speak of the DAMSEL, for Virginitie is first, in order of Time; and if we will take *St. Paul's* Judgment, in respect of Excellency also, *1 Cor. 7.* In the Primitive Times, Virginitie had *A Particular Crowne of Glory, belonging to it*; and the Roman Vestals had extraordinary Priviledges allow'd them by the State: In the Papal Church there is a *Religious Order of Virgins*, they call NUNS; but tho' there be not among us such Societies, yet there may be NUNS which are not profest, and such I esteem my Friend the DAMSEL, for she devoted her Heart to GOD, and perhaps this was more acceptable to Him, than if her Presumption had made her more positive, and engag'd her in a *VOW* that she was not sure to perform; 'tis true, an OLD (or superannuated) Maid, in *Boston*, is thought such a Curse, as nothing can exceed it (and look'd on as a DISMAL SPECTACLE) yet she by her Good Nature, Gravity, and Strict Vertue, convinces all (so much as the fleeing Beaus) that 'tis not her necessity, but her choice, that keeps her a Virgin. She's now about Thirty years, (the Age which they call a *Thornback*) yet she never disguises her self, and talks as little as she thinks of Love, she never reads any Plays or Romances, goes to no Balls, or *Dancing-Match*, as they do who go (to such Fairs) in order to meet with Chapmen. Her Looks, her Speech, her whole Behaviour, are so very Chaste, that but once (at *Governours Island*, where we went to be merry at roasting a Hog) going to Kiss her, I thought she'd ha' blush'd to Death; indeed the very Name of Virgin im-

ports

ports a most *Critical Nicene's* in that Point ; every indecent Curiosity, or impure Fancy, is a deflowering of the Mind, and gives some degree of defilement to the Body too. She that listens to lewd Talk, has defil'd her Ears; she that speaks any, her Tongue ; and every wanton Glance leaves a Stain behind it ; so that *nothing is more Nice and Delicate than a Maiden's Verge* ; our DAMSEL knowing this, her Conversation is generally amongst the Women (as there's least Danger from that Sex) so that I found it no easie Matter to enjoy her Company, for most of her Time (save what was taken up in *Needle-works, and Learning French, &c.*) was spent in Religious Worship, she knew Time was a Dressing-Room for Eternity, and therefore reserves most of her Hours for better uses, than those of the *Comb, the Toylet, and the Glass.*

Having spoke of the *Damsels Modesty, &c.* I shall say something of her *Matchless Obedience.* And here I shall tell you she thinks it as much her Interest as her Duty, to observe her Parents Commands : Her Obedience extends it self to all things, that are either Good or Indifferent, and has no Clause of Exception, but only *where the Command is unlawful.* I have known her Scruple to go to Roxbury, (not a Mile from Boston) without her Fathers Consent. But now a days, she that goes with her Parent (unless it be a Parent as Wild as her self) thinks she does but *walk abroad with her Goaler* : But the Right of the Parent is so undoubted, that we find GOD Himself, gives way to it, and will not suffer the *most Holy Pretence*, no, not that of a *Vow*, to invade it, as we may see in *Numb. 30.*

How

How will he then resent it, to have this Law violated, upon the Impulse of a *gay Passion*, or an *amorous Fancy*? Neither did I ever know a Child in my Life, that married against his Parents Consent (and I have known several) but the Curse of GOD has followed, either them or their Off-spring. Let all Virgins therefore bestow themselves with their Parents leave, that they may not only have *their Benediction*, but *GOD's*: And I am sure this is most agreeable to the *Virgin Modesty*, which shou'd make Marriage an Act rather of their Obedience than their Choice: And they that think their Friends too SLOW-PAC'D in the Matter, give certain proof that *lust* is the *sole motive*. But as the *DAMSEL* I've been describing, wou'd neither anticipate nor contradict the Will of her Parents, so I do assure you she's against *forcing* her own, by marrying, where she cannot love; and that's the Reason she's still a Virgin —

Thus, Reader having Characteriz'd MY VIRGIN-FRIEND, I shall *shift the Scene*, and give you the Picture of the best of Wives (*this still excepted*) this is another of my Friends, with whom I us'd to spend some of my leisure Hours. And when you hear her Character, you'd wonder indeed, if her Husband was Jealous. The Person whose Character I am going to give, is Mrs. Green, a Printers Wife, in Boston.

A Wife is the next Change that a *Virgin* can lawfully make, and draws many other Relations after it: Which Mrs. Green was sensible of, for I have heard her say, That when she married

ried Mr. *Green*, she espous'd his Obligations also! and where-ever her Husband, either by *Tyes of Nature, or Splicing of Wax*, ow'd either Money or Love, she esteem'd her self to be no less a Debtor. She knew *her Marriage was an Adoption into his Family*, and therefore paid to every Branch of it, what their respective Stations requir'd. She is sensible that the Duty of her place has several Aspects; First, As it relates to her Husbands Person, and next to his Relations, and thirdly to his Fortune.—*As to his Person*, she well enough knew that the great Duty of a Wife is LOVE: Love was the reason that he marry'd him, for she knew where Love is wanting, 'tis but the Carcase of a Marriage; it was her study therefore, to preserve this Flame of Love, that like the Vestal Fire, it never might go out; and therefore she took care to guard it from all those things that might Extinguish it. Mrs. *Green* knew very well how fatal Jealousie had been to many; and therefore as she took care never to harbour it in her own Breast, so she was nicely careful never to give her Husband the least umbrage for it; she knew, howe'er she give way to Jealousie, she shou'd not only lose her Ease, but run the hazard of parting also with somewhat of her Innocence; for Jealousie is very apt to muster up the Forces of our insensible part to abet its quarrel. Another Debt that Mrs. *Green* was sensible she ow'd, and was careful to pay to her Husband, was *Fidelity*: She knew that as she had espous'd his Interest, so she ought to be true to 'em, *keep all his Secrets*, inform him of his Dangers, and in
a mild

a mild and gentle manner admonish him of his Faults. And this she knew, (how ill never many take it) is one of the most genuine *Aspects of Faithfulness*; and to be wanting in it would be a Failure in her Duty; And she was so sensible that if she did not do it, she should be unprofitful to her self, as well knowing *nothing so much secure the Happiness of a Wife, as the Fidelity and Piety of her Husband.* But *Marriage Fidelity*, has a special Relation to the Marriage Bed, and in this Mrs. Green was so severely scrupulous, that she would never utter any light Expressions, or wanton Discourse in her Company; and this was so remarkable in her, that there being an invitation of several Persons to a Gentleman's House in Boston, and some that were invited, resolving to be very merry; one of the Company made this an Objection, that Mrs. Green would be there, which would spoil their Mirth: To which another wild Spark in the Company reply'd, 'Tis but speaking two or three words of *Rawdy*, and she'll be gone presently. Another thing that was very remarkable in Mrs. Green, was her Obedience to her Husband; to whose will she was so exactly obsequious, that he could not be more ready to Command, than she was to obey; and when some of his Commands seem'd not to be so kind as she might have expected, she would not only obey 'em, but wisely dissemble the Unkindness of them; as knowing, where Men have not wholly put off humanity, there is a native Compassion to a meek sufferer. She was also extremely tender of her Husbands Reputation; setting his Worth in the clearest

clearest Light, putting his Infirmities (for where's the Man that lives without 'em) in the Shade. And as he was this way tender of his Reputation, so he was also in another respect more particularly relating to her self: For knowing that *the mis-behaviour of the Wife* reflects upon the Husband, she took care to abstain even from all appearance of evil, and resolved to be (what *Cæsar* desired of his Wife) not only free from Fault, but from all suspicion of it. But *Mrs. Green* was not only a *Loving, a Faithful, and an Obedient Wife*, but an *Industrious Wife* too; managing that part of his Business which he had deputed to her, with so much Application and Dexterity, as if she had never come into the House; and yet so manag'd her House, as if she had never gone into the Ware-house. The Emperour *Augustus* himself, scarce wore any thing, but what was the Manufacture of his *Wife, his Sister, his Daughter, or his Nieces*; shou'd our gay *English Ladies*, those *Lilies of our Fields*, which neither sow nor spin, nor gather into *Barns*, be exempted from furnishing others, and only left to Cloath themselves, 'tis to be doubted they wou'd reverse Our Saviour's Parallel of *Solomon's Glories*, and no *Bejger* in all his *Rags*, wou'd be array'd like one of these.

But *Mrs. Green* follow'd the Example of *Solomon's Vertuous Wife*, who riseth while it is yet *Night*, giving *Meat* to her *Houhold*, and a *Portion* to her *Maidens*.—And as she is a good *Wife* to her *Husband*, so is she also a good *Mother* to her *Children*, whom she brings up with that sweetness and Facility as is admirable; not keeping them at too great a distance, (as some do) thereby
Discouraging

Discouraging their good Parts ; nor by an O-
VER-FONDNESS (a fault most Mo-
thers are guilty of) betraying 'em into a thou-
sand Inconveniencies, which oftentimes pro-
fatal to 'em.

In brief, she takes care of their Education,
and whatever else belongs to 'em ; so that
*Mr. Green enjoys the comfort of his Children, with-
out knowing any thing of the trouble of 'em.*—Nor
is she less a GOOD MISTRESS than a
good Mother ; Treating her Servants with that
Love and Gentleness, as if she were their Mother,
taking care both of their Souls and Bodies, and
not letting them want any thing necessary for
either. *One Day told her, That I believ'd she
was an extraordinary Wife ; but Mr. Green was
so good a Man, she cou'd not well be otherwise.* To
which she answer'd, That she had so good a Hus-
band, was her Mercy ; but had her Husband
been as bad a Man as any in the World, her
*Duty wou'd have been the same, and so she hop'd
her practice should have been too.* Which as it is
a great Truth, it wants to be more known and
Practic'd.

And thus, Reader I have given you the
Character of another of my Female Friends in Bo-
ston, and in her, the Character of a good Wife.
I have only to add, That these Vertues are all
found in my dear IRIS, as 'twere in a NEW
EDITION, more Correct and enlarg'd :
Or, rather IRIS is that bright Original which
all

all good Wives should imitate — Then no wonder I name her so often; when to think of her, is *my Business, my Life, my every thing* — But having given a Farewel to Mrs. Green, I shall next present you with the Character of The Widow Brick, the very Flower of Boston.

That of a Widow is the next State or Change that can succeed to that of Marriage; and I have Chosen (my Friend) the Widow Brick, as an Exemplar to shew you what a Widow is.

The Widow Brick, is a Gentlewoman whose HEAD (*i. e.* her Husband) has been cut off, and yet she lives and Walks: But don't be frighted, for *she's Flesh and Blood still*, and perhaps some of the FINEST that you ever saw; she has sufficiently evidenc'd that her Love to her late Husband is as strong as Death, because Death has not been able to extinguish it. Her grief for his Death, was such as became her, great but moderate; not like a hasty Shower, but a still Rain: She knew nothing of those *mad Furies* where with some Women seem Transported towards their Dead Husbands; those frantick Embraces and Caresses of a Carcass: they pay a little too much *the sensuality of their Souls*, their violent passions quickly spend themselves, and seem rather to *vanish than consume*. But Madam Brick griev'd more moderately and more lastingly. I always observ'd, That whenever she spoke of her Husband, it was in the most endearing manner. Nor cou'd she ever mention him, without paying the Tribute of a Tear to his Memory. She set such a Value on her Relation to her Husband, as to

do

do nothing that might seem unworthy of it. Historians inform us, That 'twas the Dying Charge of *Augustus*, to the Empress *Livia*, *Behave thy self well, and remember our Marriage.* Madam *Brick* had yet another way of expressing the Value she had for Mr. *Brick*, and that is, by the Kindness she show'd to the Children which he left behind him, which were only two. As to their Education, she took care that they might have that learning that was proper for them; and above all, that they might be furnish'd with Ingenious and Vertuous Principles, founded on the fear of G O D. Neither did she suffer her Pious behaviour to be cast off with her *Widow's Veil*, but made it the constant Dress both of her *Widowhood and Life*; and as a consequence hereof, she became a Member of Mr. *Allen's Congregation*; and liv'd a Life of Sincere Piety, and yet was so far from S O W R N E S S either in her *Countenance or Conversation*, that nothing was ever more sweet or agreeable: Making it evident that Piety did not consist in *moroseness*; nor sincere Devotion in a supercilious Carriage. 'Twas the V I T A L S of Religion that she minded, and not *Form and Mode*; and if she found the Power of it in her Heart, she did not think her self oblig'd to such a S T A R C H ' D N E S S of Carriage as is usual amongst the *Bostonians*. Nor was her Piety and Devotion barren, but fruitful and abounding in the Works of Charity; and when ever I went to visit her, she wou'd be always discoursing of the things of Heaven.—To conclude her Character, The B E A U T Y of her Person, the S W E E T-

NESS and Affability of her Temper, the GRAVITY of her Carriage, and her exalted PIETY, gave me so just a Value for her, that Mrs. Green wou'd often say *shou'd* Iris Dye (which Heaven forbid) there's none was fit to succeed her, but Madam Brick: But Mrs. Green, was partial, for my poor Pretences to *Vertue*, wou'd ne'er have answer'd to her Towering heighes. 'Tis true, Madam Brick did me the Honour to treat me very kindly at her House, and to admit me often into her Conversation; but I'm sure our Friendship was all Platonick (SO ANGELS LOV'D) and full as Innocent as that of the *Philosopher* who gave it the Name; but if *Plato* was not very much wrong'd, he never lov'd Vertue so REFINEDLY as to like to court her so passionately in a *sol* or *homely habitation*, as he did in those that were more Beautiful and Lovely; and this sufficiently justifies my Friendship to Madam Brick and her spotless Innocence in accepting of it —

Thus Reader, I have given you the Character of another of my Friends of the Fair Sex in Boston; and leave you to Judge whether or no she deserve the Title (of THE FLOWER OF BOSTON) which at first I gave her—But can I forget Mrs. Toy?

Mrs. Toy, is another of my Friends, and one that I am proud of having so; for she is an Epitomy of the other three. She has the Bashfulness and Modesty the of *Damsel*, the Love and Fidelity of Mrs. Green the *Wife*; and the Piety and Sweetness of the *Widow Brick*. But perhaps you'll ask me (if she's neither, *Maid, Wife, nor Widow*) what I call her?

Is she a Maid?—Phil.—What Men can answer that?
 Or Widow?—Phil.—No—What then?—Phil. I know not what
 Saint-like she looks; a Syren, if she sing;
 Her Eyes are Stars: Her Mind is every thing.

And now SIR DANIEL, I suppose
 you'll give some grains of Allowance to SIR
 JOHN: For I believe such Females as these,
 wou'd set even a Gentleman of MORE RE-
 FORMATION, a longing for further Ac-
 quaintance with 'em, without making it a
 Crime.

But perhaps you'll say, are all your FE-
 MALE FRIENDS Persons of such exalt-
 ed Worth, and had you none of a *Courser's*
Alloy?

I answer, My *Friends* are such as I've here
 recited; but I had *Acquaintance* with several
 Persons of a *far different Character*; For all sorts
 of Persons came to my *Warehouse* to buy Books,
 according to their several Inclinations; and
 I'll give you the Characters of some of
 them:

I'll begin with Mrs. *Ab*———, (a Person of
 Quality) a Well-wisher to the Mathematicks;
 a young Proficient, but willing to learn, and
 therefore came to Enquire for the *School of Ve-*
nus: She was one of the first that pos'd me, in
 asking for a Book I cou'd not help her to;

I told her however, I had *The School of Vertue* but that was a Book she had no occasion for *Her Love is a Blank, wherein she writes the next Man that renders his Affection.* And yet she has a strange affected kind of Coyness; which yet differs from Modesty as much as Hemlock from Parsley. She'll deny common Favours, because they are too small to be granted. She will part with all or none; and it is easier to obtain from her the last Favour in private, than a Kiss in Publick; for as I said before, she left the *School of Vertue, for The School of Venus.* Yet as bad as she is, for her Fathers sake, I hope she'll live to repent.

Another of my *Female Acquaintance* (for so they wou'd be, whether I wou'd or no) was Mrs. F——y, who had the Case of a Gentlewoman, but little else to show she was a Rational Creature, besides Speech and Laughter. When I first saw her, I was not long to guess what she was, for *Nature had hung out the Sign of Simplicity in her Face.* When she came into my *Manicure,* I wonder'd what Book she intended to buy; at last I perceiv'd she intended to buy none, because she knew not what to ask for; yet she took up several, look'd in 'em, and laid 'em down again; perceiving her simplicity, I ask'd her in Joque, *Whether she wou'd not buy the History of Tom. Thumb?* She told me yes; upon which I ask'd her whether she'd have it *Folio,* with Marginal Notes; to which she only said, **THE BEST, THE BEST.**

The next I shall mention is Mrs. D—— who has a bad Face, and a worse Tongue; and has the report of a Witch; whether she be one or no, I know not, but she has *Ignorance and Malice* enough to make her one: And indeed she has done very odd things, but hitherto, such as are rather *strange than hurtful*; yea, some of them are pretty and pleasing; but such as I think can't be done without the **HELP OF THE DEVIL**; as for Instance, *She'll take Nine Sticks, and lay 'em a Cross, and by mumbling a few words, make 'em all stand up an end like a pair of Nine-Pins*; but she had best have a Care, for they that use the Devil's help to make sport, may quickly come to do mischief. I have been told by some, that she has *actually contracted with the Devil*; and that he is to do what she would have him for a time, and afterwards he is to have **HER SOUL IN EXCHANGE**: *What pains poor Wretches take to make sure of Hell!*

The next is Doll S——r, who us'd to come often to my Warehouse, and would plague my **MAN PALMER** more than all my Customers besides: *Her Life is a perpetual contradiction*; and she is made up of *I will, and I will not*: **PALMER**, Reach me, that Book, yet let it alone too; *but let me see't however*, and yet 'tis no great matter neither, was her constant Dialect in my Warehouse: *She's very Fantastical*; but cannot be call'd Irresolute; for an *Irresolute Person is always beginning, and she never makes an end*; she writes and blots out again, whilst the other deliberates what to

write; I know two Negatives make an Affirmative, but what her *I and No together* makes, I know not, nor what to make of it, but that she knows not what to make of it her self: Her Head is just like a Squirrels Cage, and *her Mind the Squirrel that whirls it round.* She never looks towards the end, but only the beginning of things: For she will call in all haste for one, and have nothing to say to him when he is come; and long, **NAY DIE**, for some Toy or Trifle; and when she has got it, grows weary of it presently; *None knows where to have her a Moment*; and whosoever wou'd hit her thoughts, must shoot flying.

The next is Mrs. *H* ---- who takes as much state upon her, as wou'd have serv'd Six of Queen Elizabeth's Countesses, and yet she's *no Lady neither, unless it be of Pleasure*; yet she looks high, and speaks in a *Majestic Tone*; *like one acting the Queens Part in a Play.* She seldom appears twice in a Shape; but every time she goes abroad, puts on a different Garb: Had she been with the *Israelites* in the Wilderness, when for **FOURTY YEARS** their Cloaths wax'd not old, it had been punishment enough for her, to have gone so long in **ONE FASHION.** But shou'd this Ruffling Madam be stript of her Silken Plumes, she wou'd make but a very ordinary Figure. *For to hide her Age, she paints, and to hide her Painting, dares hardly laugh*; whence she has two Counterfeit Vizards to put off every Night, *viz.* Her **PAINTING** and her **MODESTY**, when she lies with her own Face, tho some say,

not with her own Husband. She was a good Customer to me, and whilst I took her Money, I humour'd her Pride, and paid her (I blush to say it) a mighty Observance. The chief Books she bought were *Plays and Romances*; which to set off the better, she wou'd ask for Books of *Gallantry*.

The next is Mrs. T—— whose *Tongue runs round like a Wheel*, one spoke after another, for there's no end on't; She makes more Noise and Jangling than the Bells do on a *Coronation Day*. It is some bodies happiness that she is yet unmarried, for she wou'd make a Husband wish either that she were DUMB or he were DEAF: She us'd to come to my Warehouse, not to buy Books, (*for she talk'd so much, she had no time to read*) but that others might hear her talk; so that (I'm apt to think) had she but the Faculty of *Talking in her Sleep*, one might make THE PERPETUAL MOTION with her Tongue.

And thus Reader, I have given you the *Humours of a far different sort of Ladies from the former*; And if I have given you SIX of these for FOUR of the other; you must remember there are *Two Vices for one Vertue*. I have not set their Names down at length, because there is a possibility of their being REFORM'D, and so I wou'd not expose 'em; tho they are as well known in *Boston*, as if they had been nam'd particularly.

About this Time arriv'd the *Rose Frigor*, from *England*, with a *New Charter*, procur'd by one *Randal*, which gave *Major Dudley* the Title of *President*, and the *Magistrates* were now chang'd into *Counsellors*. *Parson Patchiffe* came over with the *Charter* and on *Lord's Days* read the *Common Prayer* in his *Surplice*, and preach'd in the *Town-House*.

Mr. Patchiffe was an *Eminent Preacher*, and his *Sermons* were useful and well dress'd; I was once or twice to hear him, and 'twas nois'd about, that *Dr. Annesly's Son-in-Law* was turn'd *Apostate*. But I cou'd easily forgive 'em, in Regard, the *Common Prayer*, and the *Surplice* were *Religious Novelties* in *New-England*.

To Return to my own Affairs, the *Booksellers* in *Boston* perceiv'd I was very diligent to bring Custom to my *Ware-house*, and thereupon began to make Terms with me for my whole *Venture*, but that would not do for me, because there's the Loss of *Thirty per Cent.* in the Return of their Money. The Books I had with me were most of 'em *Practical*, and well suited to the *Genius* of *New-England*, so that, my Warehouse being open'd, they began to move a Pace. *Palmer*, my *Apprentice*, was very *Honest* and *Diligent*; took the whole Charge of my *Business* off my *Hands*, and left me to ramble and divert my self as my *Fancy* would suggest.

And a Man unemploy'd, is commonly in *Mischief*, you know, and so it happen'd with me. The Reader will scarce give Credit to it, that I turn'd *Fortune-teller*, when I had nothing

to do, but the Matter was really so. Mr. *Wilkin's* Daughter led me into this *Intrigue*. At that Time, Madam *Whitemore*, a Young Lady of her Acquaintance, was almost run distracted with *Love*, and I was let into the whole Affair B E F O R E H A N D ; and it now came into my Head, that 'twas usual with the *Oracle of Apollo* at *Delphos* to reveal the *Secrets of Fate* in *Verse*, and thereupon I resolv'd to take the same Method, and accordingly prepar'd my self with all imaginable Dispatch. Immediately after came the Young Lady, very big with Expectation; and the company retiring, she began her Discourse:—*Sir, I am inform'd that you're a Learned Person, and by your Skill in Books can tell things to come, and there is something now depending wherein the Happiness of my Life is very much concern'd—the Case is this.*

Madam, said I, I know what it is (for I was afraid she'd have gone too far, and have spoil'd my FORTUNE-TELLING) and then in a Magisterial Tone, I deliver'd my self thus:

Madam!

I.

*Neither of Fortune, nor of Love complain,
For Love and Fortune, both your Friends will
[prove,
Tho' his Indifference causes now your Pain,
You shall at last enjoy the MAN you Love.*

II. 'Tis

II.

'Tis true, he does a wandring Star adore,
 Which makes a pretty Twinkling in the Skies,
 Yet your own Charms shall his lost Love restore,
 For Stars must vanish, when the Sun does rise.

III.

You in his Heart have the Ascendant now ;
 He only means to try your Constancy,
 And when he finds you Faithful to your Vow,
 For Pardon, at your Feet he'll prostrate lye.

IV.

But see you ben't too Haughty and Severe
 When like the Prodigal he does return,
 Love feeds on smiles, but Frowns wou'd give despair,
 And quench those Fires, which else wou'd
 [Flame and Burn.

But if your Conquest o'er him you'd improve,
 What you shall gain by Beauty, keep by Love.

When I had finish'd, I made the Lady a Ghostly Bow, which she very obligingly return'd with many Thanks for the Trouble she had given me, she was very much surpriz'd, she told me, to hear her Case so exactly represented, and assur'd me, the Gentleman had left her no Power to give him any ill Usage, whenever he thought fit to become her Humble Servant again. She wou'd have presented me a Pair of Gloves, which I refus'd to accept, only desiring she'd keep the Matter secret; in Regard, I was
 very

very much averſe to lay out my *Talent* that way, unleſs there was a Proſpect of doing good She ſaid, ſhe cou'd not be ſo ungrateful, as to diſoblige me in any kind. However the ſatisfaction ſhe receiv'd was too Hot to be kept in her own Breſt, ſhe diſcover'd it to ſeveral of her own Companions, who were very *Solicitous* to fore-know their own Fortunes in the World, but I refus'd to meddle any more, for the Reputation of a CONJURER is not ſo deſirable.

I acknowledge this *Frolick* to be one of the *Errors* of my Life; the Young Lady, I ſuppoſe, might be kept a while from Deſpair by't, but that don't juſtify the Folly of it.

But from Love I muſt make a Tranſition to Arms, and cou'd you think that *Phil.* (after the Story of the RUFFLES) wou'd ever make a SOLDIER? Yet ſo it fell out: For 'tis their Cuſtom here for all that can bear Arms, to go out on a *Training Day*; But I thought a Pike was beſt for a young Souldier, and ſo I carry'd a Pike. And between you and I Reader, there was another Reaſon for it too, and that was, *I knew not how to ſhoot off a Muſquet,* but 'twas the firſt time I ever was in Arms; which tho I tell thee Reader, I had no need to tell to my FELLOW SOLDIERS, for they knew it well enough, by my awkward handling of them. For I was as unacquainted with the *Terms of Military Discipline,* as a wild *Iriſh Man,* whom I have heard they uſ'd to Discipline
at

at first, by putting Bread in one Pocket and Cheese in another, and then bidding them turn to their Bread, and turn to their Cheese; instead of bidding them turn to the Right and left as is usual; which they did not understand.—Being come into the Field, the Captain call'd us all into our CLOSE ORDER, in Order to go to Prayer, and then Pray'd himself: And when our Exercise was done, the Captain likewise concluded with Prayer. I have read that *Gustavus Adolphus*, the Warlike King of Sweden, wou'd before the beginning of a Battle kneel down devoutly, at the head of his Army, and pray to GOD (the Giver of Victory) to give them success against their Enemies, which commonly was the Event; and that he was as careful also to return thanks to GOD for the Victory. But solemn Prayer in the Field upon a day of Training, I never knew but in New-England, where it seems it is a common Custom. About Three of the Clock, both our Exercise and Prayers being over, we had a very Noble Dinner, to which all the Clergy were invited.

About this Time, the Tryal of Captain P— for *Insufficiency*, made a great Noise in Boston In all such Cases the good *stives* are loaded with *Impudence*, &c. But where's the sense on't? Women are of the same Species and Composition with our selves, and have their Natural Inclinations as well as we. The Institution of Marriage has some Regards to the lawful Pleasures of Sense, with reference to them, as well as to

our selves; and when they Suffer under a disappointment of this Nature, why should they be reckon'd *Impudent*, if they but complain? Besides, in such Cases, the Man is perjur'd out of his own Mouth in the very Form of Marriage.

Some Time after I took a Trip to *New-Town*, call'd *Cambridge*; in regard, 'tis the Seat of *Harvard-Colledge*. This *University* took its Rise from very small Beginnings. There were Four Hundred Pounds rais'd for that Purpose, in a Court held at *Boston*, Sept. 8. 1630. But that which put new Life into this Design about Eight years after, was the Gift of Seven Hundred, Seventy Nine Pounds, Seventeen Shillings and two Pence, in the Last Will of the Reverend Mr. JOHN HARVARD, after whom it has the Name of HARVARD-COLLEGE.

The *Library* of this *Colledge* is very considerable, being well furnish'd both with Books, and *Mathematical Instruments*. Sir *Kenelm Digby*, Sir *John Maynard*, Mr. *Baxter*, and Mr. *Joseph Hill*; were Benefactors to it; and the Reverend Mr. *Theophilus Gale*, left his whole *Library* for that use.

Mr. *Cotton*, one of the *Fellows* of the *Colledge*, gave me the invitation to *Cambridge*, by whose Means I sold several Books to the *Students* there.

My next Ramble was to *Roxbury*, in order to Visit the Reverend Mr. *Elliot*, the great *Apostle* of the *Indians*. He was pleas'd to receive me
with

138 DUNTON'S Life and Errors.

with Abundance of Respect; and enquir'd very kindly after Dr. *Annesly*, my Father-in-Law, and then broke out with a World of seeming satisfaction; *Is my Brother ANNESLY yet alive? Is he yet converting Souls to GOD? Blessed be G O D for this Information before I dye.*

He presented me with Twelve *Indian* Bibles, and desir'd me to bring one of 'em over to Dr. *Annesly*, as also with Twelve *Speeches* of converted *Indians*, which himself had publish'd.

Summer was now well advanc'd, however my Time did not lye much upon my Hands, for upon my Return from *Roxbury*, I found several of my Friends making ready for a Journey to *Natick*. Every *Summer* there's an *Indian Lecture* preach'd there, which has been kept on Foot ever since the Reverend Mr. *Eliot* gather'd a *Church* there of the converted *Natives*.

I was glad of the Opportunity to acquaint my self with the *Manners, Religion and Government* of the *Indians*. When we were setting forward, I was forc'd out of Civility and Gratitude, to take *Madam Brick* behind me on Horse-Back; 'tis true, she was the *Flower* of *Boston*, but in this Case, prov'd no more than a *Beautiful sort of Luggage* to me.

We had about *Twenty Miles* to *Natick*, where the best Accommodations we cou'd meet with, were very coarse. We ty'd up our Horses in two old *Barns*, that were almost laid in Ruines, however we cou'd discern where they had stood formerly. But there was no place where we cou'd bestow our selves, unless, upon
the

the *Greensword*, till the *Lecture* began. The *Wigwams*, or *Indian Houses* are no more than so many *Tents*, and their way of Building 'em is this ; They first take long *Poles*, and make 'em fast in the ground, and then cover them with *Mats* on the out-side, which they tye to the *Poles*. Their Fire-place is made in the Middle, and they leave a little Hole upon the Top uncover'd with the *Mats*, which serves for a *Chimney*. Their Doors are usually two, and made opposite to each other, which they open or shut according as the Wind Sits, and these are either made of *Mats*, or of the *Barks* of Trees. While we were making such Discoveries as these, we were inform'd that the *SACHIM*, or the *Indian King*, and his *Queen*, were there. The Place, 'tis true, did not look like the *Royal Residence*, however we cou'd easily believe the Report, and went immediately to visit their *King* and *Queen* ; and here my Courage did not fail as when I wanted my *Ruffles*, for I stept up and kiss'd the *Indian Queen* ; making her two very low Bows, which she return'd very civilly. The *Sachim* was very tall, and well limb'd, but had no Beard, and a sort of a *Horse Face*. The *Queen* was well shap'd, and her Features might pass pretty well, she had Eyes as black as Jet, and Teeth as white as Ivory ; her *Hair* was very black and long, and she was considerably up in Years ; her Dress peculiar, she had *Sleeves* of *Moose-Skin*, very finely dress'd, and drawn with Lines of various Colours, in *Asiatick Work*, and her *Buskins* were of the same sort ; her *Mantle* was of fine *Blew cloath*, but very short, and ty'd

about

about her Shoulders, and at the *Middle* with a *Zone*, curiously wrought with *White* and *Blue-Beads* into pretty Figures; her *Bracelets* and her *Necklace* were of the same sort of Beads, and she had a little *Tablet* upon her *Breast*, very finely deck'd with *Jewels* and *Precious-stones*; her *Hair* was comb'd back and ty'd up with a *Border* which was neatly work'd both with *Gold* and *Silver*.

The *Indian Government* is *Monarchical*, but when the *Dominions* stretch farther than the *Royal Scepter* can well reach, they're govern'd by a *Vice-Roy*, who is almost as absolute as the *Prince* himself. In Matters of Difficulty, the *Sachim* sits in *Council* with his *Nobles*, where their *Affairs* are sedately weigh'd, and the *Prince* has a *Negative voice*. Their *Crown* descends always upon the *Eldest Son*, and the *Females* don't govern, unless the *Male-Line* be extinct. The *Sachim* has under him some subordinate *Governours*, or *Protectors* which supply the Places of *Magistrates* and *Judges*; and the common subjects fly to these, when there's any *Injustice* done 'em.

Their *NOBLES* are such as are descended from the *Chief-Royal*; or those to whom the *Sachim* has given *Titles*, with some part of his own *Dominions*; otherwise they are such as have been esteem'd so, down a long *Tract* of *Time*,

Their *Yeomen* are those that han't the least *signature* of *Nobility* upon 'em, and yet are esteem'd to have a *Natural Right* to *Protection*, so long as they keep 'emselves *Loyal* to their
Prince

Prince, and live within his *Dominions*; they're distinguish'd by two Names, *one* signifies *Subjection*, and the *other* a *Tiller* of the Land.

They've another Class of Subjects, which are reckon'd something Inferiour to the *Yeomen*, and they're either *Strangers*, or the Sons of *Foreigners*, whose Progenitors came among 'em some Time ago; for tho' they keep no Records, yet the Tradition that goes current among 'em, is esteem'd to be Authentick enough. These Foreigners are abridg'd of some Rights and Priviledges that belong to common Subjects, and are not suffer'd so much as to attend the *Prince* in *Hunting*, &c. unless they're invited.

The *INDIAN SACHIMS* have no other *Revenue*, than *Presents*, which are offer'd at the Pleasure of the Subject, and these *Presents* are not look'd upon as a Matter of meer *Kindness*, but as they proceed from a *Principle* of *Loyalty*, and *Obligation*, upon the Account of *Protection*, &c.

Sea-Wrecks, and the *Skins* of all Beasts that are slain in *Water*, are *Royalties* that belong to the *Crown*. And the *Sachim* has no Necessity for more; in Regard, if he *makes War*, both his Subjects, and their Estates lye entirely at his own Disposal; However, this Piece of *Tyranny* is carried on by Consent, for the *Sachim* don't engage himself in *War*, without the Consent of his *Subjects*; and they are usually much averse to it, unless it be upon the *last Extremity*.

There's a sort of *Grandure*, tho' it don't swell to Excess, in all the *Indian Courts*. The Royal Families and their Attendants, are well Cloath'd with the Skins of Moos, Deer, Beaver, Bear, &c. and their Tables are richly furnish'd with Flesh, Fish, Roots, Fruits, Beans, and Berries, which their Subjects almost Load 'em with, according as they come in Season.

'Tis usual in their Punishments, for the *Sachim* to Whip or put to Death with his own Hand, unless a Mutiny be suspected, and then the *Sachim* sends one of his Chiefest Warriors, as a Private Executioner to do the Business in Secret; but the Subjects are wonderfully resign'd to the Pleasure of their Prince in such Cases.

But to return to the Thread of History: When we had made our Visit to the *Indian King and Queen*, we went to the Meeting-Place where the Lecture was Preach'd by Mr. Gookins, upon that Subject, *It is appointed unto Men once to die; and after that, the Judgement—* The Doctrine, I remember, was this, *That Death is the unavoidable Lot of all Men.* Under this Proposition he shew'd 'em the Necessity of dying, and the vast Consequences that must follow upon it. The Application was full of Perswasions to 'em to make a speedy Preparation for Death, which were supported with the very different Motives of Happiness or Misery in the Life to come.

The *poor Indians*, were very much affected and seem'd to hang upon his Lips.

The Reader may expect I shou'd here give him some Account of the Religion of the unconverted *Indians*; and I shall make it as short as I can.

The *Native Indians* that are not yet made *Profelites* to the Christian Faith, are possess'd with very odd Notions about the *G O D S*, for they believe a Plurality of 'em, that made the World, and maintain their Propriety over the several Nations of it to this Day. But among the rest of the Gods, there's one (they say) towards the South-West-Regions of the Heavens, that makes the most considerable Figure, and commands in Chief.

The *Devil* appear'd frequently to 'em, at their Seasons of Worship, and gave them Advice about their Circumstances and Affairs.

When they meet with any considerable success, either in *Hunting* or *Fishing*, they acknowledge *GOD* to be the Author of it. Upon any Disaster, they immediately cry out, *GOD was Angry and did it*. They make the *South-west-God* to be the great *Arbiter* of Souls, from whom they say, their Corn and their Beans come. They have also, their Eastern, Western, and their Southern Gods, to whom they pay Homage and Religious Worship. And besides these, they have Gods both for their Women and their Children.

I was once with an *Indian Youth* that lay a Dying, and he call'd with Abundance of Affection and Concern upon *Muckquachuckward*; and those about him suppos'd this God

had appear'd to him, and promis'd him Assistance.

They pay *Divine Homage* also to several of the Creatures, in which they believe some Deity to be lodg'd.

When they meet with any *Excellency* in Men or Women, or any Bruit Beasts, they immediately Cry *Manitso, it is a God!* And when they talk familiarly among themselves, concerning the *English Buildings, Ships, &c.* they commonly conclude with *Manitoowock, they are Gods.*

I was once with an *English Minister* who understood their Language, and there were a great Number of Natives gather'd to hear him. The Minister put this Question to 'em, *Who made the World?* To this, some of 'em reply'd, *Tatta, I can't tell;* others said *Manitoowock, the Gods.* This gave him Occasion to argue with them about the Existence of one GOD, and afterwards, he ran over the History of Creation, and the *Six Day work,* and gave them the same Account of it which *Moses* has done. They appeared well satisfied with the Gentlemans Discourse, and when he had finished, there was an *Indian* that address'd himself to the *Sachim* who was present, and told him that Souls went up to *HEAVEN* or down to *HELL,* tho' our Fathers have inform'd us that they go to the *SOUTH-WEST.* The *Sachim* ask'd him, whether he had seen some Souls go either to *HEAVEN* or *HELL?* The Indian answer'd, *The Minister hasn't seen 'em, and yet he affirms it. Perhaps so,* reply'd the *Sachim, but he has Books and Writings,*

Writings, and one which GOD himself made which treats concerning Mans Souls ; and we have none, you know, but must take all upon trust. We left 'em discoursing Matters over thus among themselves.

These *Indians* have certain *Priests* among them whom they call *Taupomanog*, and these make *Speeches* to 'em, concerning *Religion*, and *Peace*, and *War*, and indeed concerning all the *Occurrences* of *common Life*.

The *Salary* of their *Priests* depends upon *Fests* and *Dances* which are very frequent, and upon every such *Occasion* you may see *Forty*, *Fifty*, and sometimes an *Hundred* of their *Taupomanos* met together in *Expectation* of *Gifts* ; and as they receive 'em they go forth, and *HOLLLOW* *Thrice*, for the *Health* and *Prosperity* of the *BENEFACTOR*.

These *Priests* live very peacefully, and don't approve of *Persecution* for the *Cause* of *Religion*, which has made very much for the *Settlement* and the *Happiness* both of *English* and *Dutch*.

Their *Notions* about *Future Happiness* are very *Gross* ; and their *Heaven* is much of the same *Nature* with that which *Mahomet* has fancy'd for his *Followers*. They believe and teach the *Immortality* of the *Soul*, and say that upon the *Death* of a good *Man*, his *Mind* goes to the *House* of *Cantanwit*, where the whole *Collection* of *Holy Souls* shall *revel* out an *Eternity* in the *Pleasures* of *Sense* ; but on the contrary, the *Minds* of bad *Men* shall wander for ever, in a *Restless* *Condition*.

As to the Creation of *Mankind*, they hold that *Kautantowit*, first shap'd a Man and a Woman out of Stone, but his Performance did not please him, and thereupon he dash'd 'em to Pieces. But making a second Experiment upon a *Tree*, he succeeded so well, in forming his new Couple, that he let 'em alone, and they became the Fountains of Mankind. But how *Life* was procur'd for 'em, and how the *Metamorphosis* was perform'd, they have nothing to say.

When these *Priests* make a Visit to a sick Person, they threaten and Conjure out the Sickness, for they conceive there are many *little Deities* in the Body of a Man, as in his Heart, his Lungs, and his Pulse; and when any of these DIVINE ENERGIES does but please to rouse it self, it can easily expel the Distemper from the Part, over which it Presides. But when the *Part affected* is so much out of Order and Indispos'd, that it becomes unfit for the Habitation of the *Deity*, 'tis thereupon forsaken, the Distemper prevails, and Death follows of Necessity.

The Religion of these *unconverted Indians*, is scarce more Heathenish than their way of Living.

The Men make the poor *Squaws* their Wives, do all the Drudgery for 'em; as Labour in the Field, Plant, dress Corn, and Build up their *Wigwams*, whilst they live at ease themselves, and undertake no Business, unless it be that of *Hunting*, and then they go forth in great Numbers, and drive all before 'em. They usually stay upon one place till they've
destroy'd

destroy'd all the Wood that's near 'em, and then they remove their *Wigwams*. They reckon *FUEL* to be one considerable Part of their Subsistence, and think that other Nations are in the same Condition with 'emselves; for they say the *English* came over to 'em because they wanted *FUEL*.

Their Division of Time is by *Sleeps*, *Moons*, and *Winters*; and by living abroad in the open Air, they've made some Observations upon the motions of the Stars.

These *Native Indians* were lying in this Condition when the Reverend Mr. *Eliot* began to endeavour their Conversion, and in a little Time after he had learn'd their Language, and translated the *BIBLE* into their Tongue, there were great Numbers of 'em, especially about *Natick*, that were distinguish'd by the Name of *Praying Indians*; and I have been an Eye-Witness of the wonderful success which the *Gospel of Peace* has had amongst 'em. Their Manners became less Barbarous, they form'd 'emselves into more regular Societies, and began to live after the *English* Fashion.

Mr. *Eliot* reduc'd 'em to the *Jewish Plan of Government* and for that purpose expounded to 'em *Exod. 18*. And thereupon the converted Natives enter'd into the following *Covenant*.

We are the Sons of Adam, we and our Forefathers have along Time been lost in our Sins; but now the Mercy of the LORD beginneth to find us out again, therefore, the Grace of CHRIST helping us, we do give our selves, and our Children unto GOD, to be his People. He shall rule us in all our Affairs.

The LORD is our Judge; The LORD is our Law-giver; The LORD is our King; He will save us; and the Wisdom which GOD has taught us in his Book, shall guide us. O JEHOVAH! teach us Wisdom, send thy Spirit into our Hearts, take us to be thy People, and let us take thee to be our GOD

They made *Severe Laws* against all Prophaneness and Immorality, and took great Care to abandon *Polygamy*, with which they were formerly over-run.

And now that I have given the most impartial Account of the *Native Indians*, I cannot but own their **CONVERSION**, to be one of the greatest Wonders of Free-Grace, and one of the greatest Conquests of the everlasting Gospel. *What more agreeable sight, than one who was Born a Pagan, upon his Knees, and there setting up his Prayers with Abundance of Devotion, in the Name of the Holy JESUS, to the Living GOD?*

In *New England* there are Six form'd Churches of *Indians*, that are baptiz'd, and Eighteen Assemblies of *Catechumens* that profess the Name of the Blessed JESUS.

To return. The *Natick-Lecture* was done about Four in the Afternoon, and we had Twenty Miles to *Boston*, so that we were oblig'd to mount immediately, and make the best of our way.

We had rid but a few Miles, till Mr. Cook, with *Maam Middleton* behind him, gave us the Slip, and miss'd their way, as we suppos'd no purpose; which occasion'd one of our Company,

pany,

pany, who was waggishly inclin'd to say, *That 'twas no more Cook upon Littleton, but Cook upon Middleton*; tho I hope there was more of suspicion, than of Truth in't.

Shortly after, the Beautiful and Religious Madam *Brick*, and my self, were very warmly engag'd in Discourse, and so lost both our way, and the sight of our Company; and one Misfortune led on to another, for we found our selves among Bogs, and encompass'd with desperate Precipices; however, we wander'd as chearfully as the Circumstances wou'd admit, for the World can scarce furnish a Companion more agreeable than Madam *Brick*.—— This Lady had more Charms than ever *Caypso* wore, when she kept *Ulysses* Prisoner in the Chains of Love; and I shou'd certainly have foold away my Liberty, had not *Iris* been possess'd of my whole Soul, that not one single Thought or Wish cou'd ever wander from her.

After many Dangers, and more Fears, we came within sight of a G A T E, where we saw some Horses ty'd, and found that our *Fellow-Travelers* had alighted to refresh'emselves there. This was no small Satisfaction to us; and after a little Refreshment, we set forward, and came to *Boston*, very late that Evening.

Upon my coming to *Boston*, I heard that the Reverend Mr. *Morton* (so much celebrated in England for his *Piety and Learning*) was just arriv'd from *England*, and with him, his Kinsman, Dr. *Morton*, the Physitian. Mr. *Morton* did me the Honour to declare he was very glad to see me, and I am sure I was glad to see him; not

not only as he brought me Letters from *Iris*, but for his own Personal worth.

The news of Mr. *Mortons* arrival was receiv'd here with extraordinary Joy by the People in general, and they had reason for it, for besides his being a useful Man, in fitting Young Men for the Ministry, he always gave a *Mighty Character of New England*, which occasion'd many to fly to it from the *Persecution* which was then raging in *London*.

I know it wou'd be Presumption in me, to draw Mr. *Mortons* Character, yet (being personally acquainted with him) I cannot but attempt something like it.

His Conversation shew'd him a Gentleman— He was the very Soul of Philosophy; the several *Manuscripts* he writ for the use of his Private Academy, sufficiently shew'd this ——— He was the *Repository of all Arts and Sciences*, and of the Graces too;— His *Discourses* were not stale, or studied, but always new and occasional, for what ever Subject was at any time started, he had still some Pleasant and Pat Story for it; His Sermons were High, but not Soaring; Practical, but not Low ——— His *Memory* was as vast as his *Knowledge*, yet (so great was his Humility) he knew it the least of any Man ——— He was as far from Pride as Ignorance, and if we may Judge of a Mans Religion by his Charity, (and can we go by a surer Rule?) he was a sincere Christian.

Mr. *Morton* being thus accomplish'd (as all will own, but *Sam W* ——— who has foul'd his Nest

Nest (a) in hopes of a Bishoprick) he certainly must be the fittest to being up Young Men to the Ministry, of any in *England*; 'tis true, he brought up chiefly, the *Children of Dissenters*, yet was (as all good Men are) a Man of Universal Charity.

In a word, Mr. *Charles Morton* (late of *Newington Green*) was that Pious and Learned Man, by whose Instructions my Reverend and worthy Uncle, Mr. *Obadiah Marriot*, was so well qualified for the Work of the Ministry; to this Instance I might add, That Mr. *John Shower*, and other Eminent Preachers, owe that Fame they have in the World, to his great Skill in their Education.

Mr. *Morton* having serv'd his Generation, according to the will of *G O D*, is fall'n a sleep in *New England*, and is there buried by the side of his Vertuous Wife. — —

In the same Ship with Mr. *Morton*, came over one Mrs. *Hicks*, with the valuable Venture of her Beautiful Person, which went off at an extraordinary Rate; she marrying a Merchant in *Salem* worth Thirty Thousand Pound; and therefore I don't wonder that so many Pretty Women venture themselves to the *West-Indies*, since they succeed so well, and are a Commodity that makes such vast Returns.

Female Reader, By this you see, that if your Beauty is but equal to your Vertue, I cou'd put you into a ready way of turning Merchant, but Vertue alone won't do; I confess Vertue is the best Commodity, yet **B E A U T Y** in this Market yields the highest Price. But where they both

(a) See his Satyr against Private Academies.

meet (as they did in *Mrs. Hicks*, for she was truly Vertuous, and a perfect Beauty) they are the best Cargo that a Ship can carry.

By this Time there were about *two Thirds* of my *Venture of Books* gone off, and I was fearful to sell any more at *Boston*, till the old Scores were discharg'd ; for besides all the Money I had taken, there was about Four Hundred Pound owing me in *Boston*, and the Towns adjacent, at my Return from *Natick*.

It began to run in my Head, that *Mr. Sewel*, one of the *Magistrates* in *Salem*, had invited me thither, and told me, if I sent part of my *Venture* there, he'd do me all the Service that was possible, in the Sale of 'em ; Upon these Thoughts, I made a Journey to *Salem*.

I rambled to *Salem* all alone, save by a *Sympathy*, or Intercourse of Souls (*a new way of Converse, which Love has found out*) I had Dear *IRIS* Company.

I trudg'd it on Foot, like a *MEER CORIAT*, but shall say nothing of the several Places I went through (designing to insert 'em in *The History of my Travels*) But it may not be altogether unprofitable to tell you how I employ'd my self as I rambled along ; for tho' I went by my self yet I wanted not Company, but Convers'd with every thing I met with.

The first that Saluted me was a *Curious Bird*, whose Feathers were as various as the Rainbow, from whence I inferr'd, if *GOD* does so gloriously adorn the Fowls of the Air, which he created for the use of Man, how Glorious must the
Garments

Garments of Salvation be (those Robes of Righteousness) with which the Saints shall be cloath'd when they shall Shine forth as the Sun in the Kingdom of their Father

But this Bird that I met with, was not only Remarkable for the *fineness of her Feathers*, but also for the *sweetness of her Notes*; from whence I again infer'd *what an ungrateful Creature Man is*, who when all Creatures, like this pretty Bird, chaunt forth their Makers Praise, remains Dumb and Silent, altho' he was created with the most proper Organs of Speech to sound forth the Praise of his GOD.

Tho' *the shining of the Sun* in the Morning promis'd me a Fair Day, yet I had not been above an Hour on the Road, before *the Sun withdrew his Beams, and hid himself behind a Cloud*, which made me very melancholy, and my way uncomfortable; this caus'd in me a double Reflection, first *how comfortable a thing it is to have the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in his Wings, arise upon the Soul*. At such a Time, tho' the Soul walks thro' the Valley of the Shadow of Death, yet it will fear no evil — But then I also reflected how uncomfortable a thing it is, *when GOD withdraws the Light of his Countenance from a gracious Soul*; it makes the Wheels of his Chariot move heavily, and tho' the Soul may keep on his way, it is very uncomfortable.

I had not gone a Mile farther before the Sun was got again from behind the Cloud, and shin'd forth with more resplendent Brightness, than before, and continu'd shining all the
Day

Day after, so that I cou'd not but wonder at the Glory of it, and at the same Time reflect, *how bright - ist that Glory be, which shall darken the Glory of that Sun.*

I sti^{ll} went on, and consider'd this Sun, as Glorious as it is, must set anon; but in Heaven, the *Sun of Glory* shines for ever ———

Soon after this I past by *a Heap of Stones*, laid there, as I suppos'd, to mend the ways which are dirty in Winter ——— These Stones took up my Thoughts a while, which made me thiak again, that some Instruction might be gather'd from 'em; and I consider'd that when the Ground is pav'd with them, they are laid in the Dirt themselves, and yet keep others out of it: *This made me reflect upon the sad condition of those who preach to others, and are Instrument of saving of their Souls, and yet themselves are cast away.*

In going along the Woods, I observ'd that several Branches of the highest Trees had been broke off by the Wind, and lay underneath on the Ground, whereas the *S H R U B S* that grew below were out of Danger, and standing whole. This made me Reflect, what Pains Men take to *mount the Pinnacle* of Honour, when they but thereby make their Fall the greater; while those that are in a *Low Condition*, live more securely, and are out of Danger.

————— *Honour's a Bubble,*
And let blind Fortune where she will bestow her,
Set me on Earth, and I can fall no lower.

With these and the like REFLECTIONS, I entertain'd my self upon the Road; and about Two of the Clock I reach'd Captain *Marshal's* House (which is half way between Boston and Salem) here I staid to refresh Nature, with a Pint of Sack, and a good Fowl.

Captain *Marshal* is a Hearty old Gentleman, formerly one of *Oliver's* Soldiers, upon which he very much values himself; he had all *The History of the Civil Wars* at his Fingers ends, and if we may believe him, *Oliver* did hardly any thing that was considerable without his Assistance; and if I'd have staid as long as he'd have talk'd, he'd have spoil'd my Ramble to *Salem*.

About Six of the Clock in the Afternoon I came to *Salem*, and found the Town about a Mile long, with many fine Houses in it, and is reported the next Town to *Boston* for Trade ———

The first Person I went to visit in *Salem* was Mr. *Herrick*; how kindly he receiv'd a Poor Traveller, whose Life he had sav'd at Sea, you may easie guess, than I relate. From his House we went to take a Glafs, and talk over our *Sea-Voyage*; what we found hard to suffer, 'twas easie to recite: Nay, there is a certain kind of Pleasure in the Reflecting upon Dangers that are past; and tho' NOW it was Two Months

Months since I had the Deliverance, it was still fresh in my Remembrance.

When we were at the Tavern, among other things, I renew'd my Acknowledgments for his former Favours, and drank a kind Remembrance in Wine, to *the Bottle of Water, that had sav'd my Life at Sea; and after that, to Captain Sayer* and to the rest of our Ships Crew.

Reader, I have already told you that Travellers take a Pleasure in recounting their past Dangers, and had you heard how *Herrick* was affected with it, you wou'd own him my true Friend. He spake of *IRIS* with much honour and respect, and I believe we drank her Health five Times in an Hours sitting.

From hence he went with me to take a *Ware. House*, which I thought stood very conveniently. Having settled that Affair, Mr. *Herrick* gave me a Fish-Dinner, and fain wou'd have had me lodg'd with him, which I shou'd have accepted, but that Mr. *Sewel*, the Magistrate of *Salem*, sent me word he shou'd take it unkindly, if I did not make his House my Quarters; whercupon I desir'd Mr. *Herrick's* excuse, and lay at Mr. *Sewel's* that Night; his Entertainment was Kind and Generous, and had I staid a Month there, I had bin welcome Gratis.

Reader, to give you Mr. *Sewel's* Character in brief, *He is the chief Magistrate in Salem, his care is to live so as to be an Example to the People; he is the Mirror of Hospitality, and neither Abraham nor Lot, were ever more kind to strangers.*

Having

Having slept well in my *New Quarters*, the next Day I went to pay a Visit to the *Ministers of Salem* (for you know Reader, they are the greatest Benefactors to Booksellers) so that my paying them a Visit, was but, in other words, to go among my Customers. The first I visited was,

Mr. *Higgins*, an Antient Minister; he resembles my *Reverend Father-in-Law*, both in his *Person*, and ZEAL for Religion: All Men look on him as a *Common Father*, and on old Age, for his sake, as a REVEREND thing.

He is eminent for *Learning, Humility, Charity*, and all those shining graces that adorn a Minister. *His very presence and Face puts Vice out of Countenance*; he is now in his Eightieth Year, (yet Preaches every Sunday) and his CONVERSATION is a Glimp of Heaven. I din'd twice at his House, where he promis'd me great Assistance in my Business, and spake of my *Reverend Father-in-Law* with much Respect.

From Mr. *Higgins's* I went to visit Mr. *Noyse*, (his Assistant) I spent several agreeable Hours in this Gentleman's Company, which I thought no ordinary Blessing, for he is all that's delightful in Conversation, so easy Company, and so far from all constraint, that 'tis a real Pleasure to talk with him. He gave me a generous Welcome to Salem; and 'tis no lessening to his Brother *Higgins*, to say he is no ways inferior to him for Good Preaching, or Primitive Learning.

I must also remember the great Civilities I met at *Salem* from *Mr. Epes* (the most Eminent SchoolMaster in *New-England*) he hath sent many Scholars to the University in *New-England*. He is much of a Gentleman, yet has not humbled his Meditations to the Industry of Compliments, nor afflicted his Brain in an Elaborate Leg, (*he cannot Kiss his Hand and cry Madam, Your humble Servant, nor talk Idle enough to bear her Company*) but tho' a SCHOOL, and the Hermitage of his Study, has made him uncourtly, yet (which is a finer accomplishment) he's a Person of solid Learning; and does not, like some Authors, lose his Time by being busie about nothing, *nor make so Poor a use of the World, as to hug and Imbrace it.*

By the frequent Conference I had with him, I found him to be a Person of great worth; he is free from Vice, if ever any Man was, for he hath no Occasion to use it; and being a Good Man, is above those ends that make Men Wicked. I shall only add, I lately receiv'd a Letter from *Mr. Epes* for Two Hundred Pounds worth of Books, but (having given A FAREWEL TO TRADE) I desire this CHARACTER may serve as an Answer to it.

Meeting with so good Friends in *Salem*, I began to think my self at home again; and could I have put I R I S out of my mind, I might perhaps have forgot London; but I R I S had got so firm a possession of my Heart, and *London* so great a Right to my Friendship, that still the Name of *Native Country* bewitch'd me. And 'twas thus with the FIRST PLANTERS of this Country, who were ever to their Eightieth Year.

Year, still pleasing themselves with Hopes of their returning to *England*. But 'twas now my Duty (and the Discharge of my Present Duty I thought wou'd help to the better performance of future Duties) to look upon that as my Native Country, where I cou'd thrive and prosper, I carry'd about me but Six Ounces of Dust, which I ow'd to our common Mother (for the Chymists of *Cardan* found no more in the Ashes of a Calcin'd body) and I did not matter where my Tabernacle was dissolv'd, or where I paid so small a Debt; all places are alike distant from Heaven, and having marry'd a kind Wife, I thought it my Duty to provide for her. I did not care whether I met the Sun at his rising or going down, provided only I cou'd serve *IRIS*. But now *Exit Spouse*, that is, till I am settled so well in *Salem* as to have nothing to think of else —

Having spent Four Days in *Salem*, taken a Warehouse, encourag'd in the Design I had form'd, and taken my leave of *Sewcl*, *Herrick*, *Drink-Water*, and the rest of my *Salem* Friends, I return'd to *Boston*, sent away my Books, and entrusted *Palmer* as Factor for me.

My Books went off apace there for a while, but *Palmer* my Apprentice, being at some Distance from his Master, he began to Neglect the Warehouse, and follow Hunting and Shooting.

So soon as I was inform'd of this, I writ him a very gentle Letter, and told him how his Credit with me was gone back, and what Matters were like to Issue in, shou'd he persist in the neglect of Business.

The HINTS I gave him were so Effectual, that he return'd me a very *penitential Letter* upon the same Account, (which I'll here insert (as a Caution to EYE-SERVANTS) and shall introduce it with my *Letter to Palmer*, which was this following —

Boston April the 4th, 1686.

Samuel!

‘ **W**HEN I consider your Care of me in my
 ‘ SEA-SICKNESS, during our Voy-
 ‘ age to *Boston*, I cannot but be extreamly trou-
 ‘ bled to hear you neglect *my Business in Salem*.
 ‘ Sure, *Sam*, you forget the Credit and good
 ‘ Name of a Servant is more than a Portion; then
 ‘ return to your Business, with your wonted
 ‘ Diligence. *Sam*, I own you shew'd a great
 ‘ Affection to me when you offer'd *to go round*
 ‘ *the World with me*, when I left it to your
 ‘ choice; either to stay in *London*, or to Travel
 ‘ with me; but pray take notice that 'tis only
 ‘ Perseverance in well doing that meets
 ‘ with a Reward. Remember what *Randolph*
 ‘ says:

*Thy Credit wary keep: 'Tis quickly gone,
 Being got by many Actions, lost by one.*

• *Sam*, 'tis chiefly for your sake that I am thus
 ‘ concern'd, for the Injury you do me by neg-
 ‘ lecting my Ware-house (tho' very prejudicial
 ‘ to my Affairs, for as much as my return to
 ‘ *England* depends upon your Dispatch at *Salem*)

' is yet but small, in comparison to the wrong
 ' you do to your Reputation. All I aim
 ' at in this Letter, is your *Reformation*; then
 ' repent of your EYE-SERVICE (for you
 ' were very diligent while you liv'd under my
 ' Roof) and I will both pardon and forgive
 ' your Fault; tho' *I will never forget your Love, in*
 ' *venturing your Life with me*—— your Com-
 ' pliance herein shall still cause me to be

Your loving Master,

John Dunton.

Upon the receipt of this Letter, *Palmer* sent me
 the following Answer.

Salem April the 10th 1686.

Honoured Sir!

' Since my first coming to live with you, I
 ' acknowledge I have receiv'd nothing but
 ' KINDNESS from you, but your last
 ' Letter has been a greater Favour to me, than
 ' all that I receiv'd before, for it *has brought*
 ' *me to a sight of my Sins*; and your Goodness in
 ' promising upon my return to Pardon and
 ' forget my Faults, makes me the more sensi-
 ' ble of 'em.

' Sir, if the repenting of my Negligence
 ' will set me right in your good Opinion, I
 ' will double my Diligence, for the time to