

‘ come, and hope by a close Application to
 ‘ business, to dispose of your Books in a few
 ‘ Days.

‘ Sir, if this *confession* and *Penitence* will make
 ‘ amends for my former Neglects I do faith-
 ‘ fully promise you that during the remainder
 ‘ of my Time, I’ll always approve my self.

Your faithful Servant,

Samuel Palmer.

Palmer's Amendment and diligent Attendance at the *Warehouse*, made the Books move off with new Life again, and in a few weeks he had sold all that were worth the while to stay for.

Upon this, *Palmer* return'd to *Boston*, where I shook Hands with him, in Regard he had not the Courage to see *Old England* again, for he had been dabbling in *Monmouth's* Adventure. However, when his Apprenticeship was expir'd, he ventur'd to come to *London*, where I receiv'd him with as much *Tenderness*, as if he had been my Child (for I cou'd not forget his Kindness to me at Sea) but *Sam* having a greater Fancy to shooting, then *Bookselling*, got a Post in the Army, and riding to see his Captain, was drown'd.

But to return to *the Third of my History*: Having dispos'd of my Venture at *Salem*, parted with *Palmer*, and committed my *Boston* Affairs to my kind Landlord (Mr. *Richard Wilkins*) I hop'd
 now

now in a few Days, to take my leave of this *New World*, and to Embark for *England*; but I see now, when a Man is born under a *Rambling Planet*, all that he does to fix him at home, does but hasten his Travels abroad, for tho' I was now weary of *New England* (for 'twas not home, nor was I R I S there) yet I had a mind to view a few more of the Towns, before I left it.

I was blest with the Company of Mrs. C O M F O R T, (my Landlords Daughter) in this New Adventure.

All things being ready for this *Indian Ramble*, I took my F A I R O N E up behind me, and rid to the River that parts Boston from Ipswich, which tho' it be often, and usually cross'd in a Canoo, yet I rather chose to cross it in a Ferry, having my Horse with me.

Having cross'd the River, we mounted again, and rid on our Way, meeting as we rambled along, with Two or Three *Indians*, who courteously saluted us, with *What cheer Netop?* *Netop* in the *Indian Language*, signifies *Friend*. I return'd their Salutation, and pass'd on, not without observing that there is a Vein of Civility and Courtesy runs in the Blood of these mild *Indians*, both among themselves, and towards Strangers.

The first Town we came to was M A R V A I L, which consists only of a few scatter'd Houses, Orchards and Gardens; with good Pastures and Arable Land; we here staid for Refreshment, and had the Luck to see an *Indian Woman* walking by the Door, with a Child at her Back, whom our Landlord told us, had not been de-

liver'd above Two Days so that the Curse laid upon Women of *bringing forth Children in Sorrow*, is mightily moderated to the *INDIAN WOMEN*, for they have a far more moderate Labour, and a more speedy and easy delivery, than most of our *European Women*; which I believe in a great Measure is occasion'd by the hardness of their Constitution, and by their *extraordinary Labour in the Field, as carrying of mighty Burdens, and beating their Corn in a Mortar, &c.* I was hugely amaz'd at this account of the *Indian Women*; but our Landlord stopp'd our wondering, by further telling us that most of the *Indian Women* count it a Shame for a Woman to complain *when she's in Labour*, and many of them are scarcely heard to Groan. It seems 'tis a Common Thing among them, to have a Woman merry in the House, and in half an Hours time deliver'd, and merry again, and within Two days abroad (*as we saw verified in this Indian Woman*) and after Four or Five Days at work——

Having left *Marvail* behind us, we rambled on towards *Wenham*, when we came to *Wenham* (which is an Inland Town, well stor'd with *Men and Cattle*) we paid a Vilit to Mr. Geery the present Minister of that place.

Wenham is a delicious Paradise, it abounds with all Rural Pleasures, and I wou'd chuse it above *all other Towns in America*, to dwell in; the lofty Trees on each side of it are a sufficient Shelter from the Winds; and the warm Sun so kindly ripens both the *Fruits and Flowers*, as if the *Spring*, the *Summer*, and the *Autum* had agreed together, to thrust *Winter* out of Doors. Twere

Twere endless to enter on a detail of each Faculty of Learning Mr. Geery is Master of, and therefore take his Character in Short-hand.—The PHILOSOPHER is Acute, Ingenious, and Subtle—The DIVINE Curious, Orthodox, and Profound—The Man of a MAJESTICK AIR, without Aulterity, or Sourness; his ASPECT is masterly and great, yet not Imperious or haughty—The CHRISTIAN is Devout, without Moroseness or Starts of holy Frenzy and Enthusiasm—The PREACHER is Primitive, without the accessional Colours of Whining or Cant; and Methodical, without Intricacy or Affectation, and which crowns his Character, he is a Man of a Publick Spirit, *Zealous for the Conversion of the Indians, and of great Hospitality to Strangers.*—He gave us a Noble Dinner, and entertain'd us with such PLEASANT FRUITS as I must own, *Old England* is a Stranger to.

Taking leave of this Generous Levite, we now thought it high time to prosecute our *design'd Ramble to Ipswich. (a)* As we were riding along, I engag'd Mrs. Comfort in a Discourse of PLATONICK-LOVE (*a Love so refin'd that we might Love on to the greatest heights of it without danger*) Mrs. Comfort told me 'twas strange to hear a married Man commend *Platonick-Love*, since by his Marriage he had overthrown the Notion; for my part, (said this

(a) Which has its Name from a Town in England.

Witty Virgin) when ever I Love, I will propose some end in doing it (for that which has no end, appears to me but the Chimera of a Dissemper'd Brain) but what end can there be in Love of different Sexes, but Enjoyment, and yet Enjoyment quite spoils the Notion of Platonick-Love. You must therefore excuse me (continu'd my Fellow Traveller) if I **DECLARE** my self an Enemy to *Platonick-Love*.

To this I reply'd, There are other ends in Love of different Sexes, besides **ENJOYMENT**: *Platonick-Love is a Real Thing*, and I cou'd my self (were Mrs. Comfore the Object) sit down and say Grace to it, without ever falling to the Flesh that is set before me. The Purer any Flame is, the less Aliment it needs to support it; *Platonick-Love is a Heavenly Flame, that burns not to consume, but to refine.*

*Since Love hath kindled in our Eyes,
A chaste and Holy Fire,
It were a Sin, if thou or I
Shou'd let this Flame expire.*

*What tho' our Bodies never meet,
Love's Fuel's more Divine;
The fix'd Stars by their twinkling green,
And yet they never joyn.*

*False Meteors, who still change their place,
Tho' they seem fair and bright,
Yet when they covet to Embrace,
Fall down and lose their Light.*

*If thou perceive thy Flame decay,
Come light thy Eyes at mine;
And when I feel mine fade away,
I'll take fresh Fires at thine.*

*Thus when we shall preserve from waste,
The Flames of our Desires,
No Vestals shall maintain more Chaste,
Nor more Immortal Fires.*

Then why (Mrs. Comfort) are you afraid of *Platonick-Love*? No Sin can lurk in an Innocent Affection. 'Tis true, 'tis *Airy Food*; and to a Mind that knows no other use of Friendship, but first to covet, and then t' enjoy, there may be Danger; but Madam, (said I) I look upon you with other Eyes; as you are to me a *Venus*, and strike a warm Fire in me; so you are *Diana* too, and do infuse a Chaste Religious Coldness: Truly Madam, (continu'd I) ~~my~~ my Desires never so sensual, I cou'd calm all Passion with one thought of you.

*'Tis thus I love, nor burn with common Fire;
Mine is the meer Perfection of Desire.*

Nor does ENJOYMENT spoil the Notion of *Platonick-Love*, for one noble Thought begets another (Vertue and Grace encrease) and such a DIVINE ISSUE proves immortal; then, Madam, never declare against *Platonick-Love*, for A MARRIAGE OF SOULS, is lawful, and the *Platonick Lover* is much happier

happier than the married sensual Drudg, with his *Pug come kither and Kiss me*, and knows no more what true Love is, than a *Town-Bull*.

Mrs. *Comfort*, signified to me how much she was pleas'd with my Answer to her; and assur'd me I had almost made her a Convert to *Platonick-Love*—— But our CONVERSATION was interrupted by a Friend *Indian's* overtaking us, who was a-going to *Ipswich* as well as we; and the Evening being advanc'd, we were glad of his Company.

When we came to *Ipswich*, I wou'd have treated our *INDIAN* with a Bottle of Wine, but he very thankfully refus'd it, and so we parted——

We took up our Quarters at Mr. *Stewards House* (Uncle to Mrs. *Comfort*) His Joy to see his Niece at *Ipswich*, was sufficiently express'd by the Kind welcome we met with; our Supper was ~~the~~ *Pig*, and a Bowl of *Punch*, yet I had so great a Desire to go to Bed, as made it to me a TROUBLESOME piece of Kindness.

Supper being being over, I took my leave of my *Fellow Traveller*, and was conducted to my Apartment by Mrs. *Steward* her self, whose Character I shan't attempt to Night, being so very weary, but reserve it till to morrow Morning——

Having repos'd my self all Night upon a BED OF DOWN (*than which there cou'd be nothing softer, but the Arms of IRIS*) I rose early the next Morning, and having
taken

taken a view of Ipswich, I found it a good Haven-Town; their Meeting-House (or Church) is built very beautifully, there is store of Gardens about it, and good Land for Tillage.

But I remember, Reader, I promis'd to give you Mrs. Stewards Character.—Her Stature is of a middle size, Her Face round and Pretty, Her Speech and Behaviour Gentle and Courteous. SHE'S ALL OBEEDIENCE; the Hyacinth follows not the Sun more willingly than she her Husband's pleasure; Her Household is her charge, Her only Pride is to be neat and cleanly, she is both Wise and Religious; and in a Word, whatsoever Men may talk of Magick, there's none Charms like her—— This is the true Picture of Mrs. Steward, and if I'd attempt her Husbonds Character—— The least I can say of him is, He is so kind a Husband, he is worthy of the Wife he enjoys, and wou'd even make a bad Wife good by his Example——

I P S W I C H is a Country Town not very large, and when a Stranger arrives there, 'tis quickly known to every one; it is no wonder then, that the next Day after our arrival, the news of it was carry'd to Mr. Hubbald, the Minister of the Town, who hearing I had brought to Boston a great Venture of Learning, did me the HONOUR to make me a Visit, and afterwards kindly invited me (and my Fellow-Traveller) to his own House, where he was pleas'd to give us a very handsome Entertainment.—'Tis no easy Matter to give a true Character of Mr. Hubbald.—The benefit of Nature, and the Fatigue of Study, have equally contributed to his Eminence, neither are

we less oblig'd to both than himself, for he freely communicates of his Learning to all who have the happiness to share in his converse.—In a word, he's learned without Ostentation and Vanity, and gives all his Productions such a delicate Turn and Grace (as is seen in his Printed Sermons and HISTORY OF THE INDIAN WARS) that the Features and Lineaments of the Child, make a clear Discovery and Distinction of the Father; yet is he a Man of singular MODESTY, of strict MORALS, and has done as much for the Conversion of the INDIANS, as most Men in New England.

Having answer'd Mr. Hubbald some Questions about the Books I had brought over, and shewn him a CATALOGUE of them, I took my leave, and return'd back with Mrs. Comfort to her Uncle Steward's, with whom she staid till I return'd from Wonsquam, an Indian Town, where I went next.

On the Road to Wonsquam, I met an Indian Woman, with her Face all over BLACK'D with Soot, having a very sorrowful look, and quickly after Two or Three Indian Men, in the same Black and Mournful Condition, that had I been alone, it wou'd have frighted me, but having a Guide with me, I was well enough: Indeed they all pass'd by us very Civily, saying only *Ascovequassumunis*, which is in English Good morning to you. My Guide ask'd me if I had ever seen any of those Black Fac'd Indians before? I told him no, and ask'd him what the meaning of it was? He told me they had some Relation

Relation LATELY DEAD, and that the *Blacking of their Faces* was equivalent to the *Englismens* going into mourning for their *Dead Relations*. Where there is any *Indian dead* (continu'd my Guide) they express it by saying *He is in Black* (that is, he hath some dead in his House) and some lay on the Soot so very thick, that they clot it with their Tears, and this *Blacking and Lamenting* they observe divers Months, if the Person dying be great and Publick.

After a long and *Difficult Ramble*, we came at last to the *Indian Town* call'd *Wonasquam*. It is a very sorry sort of a Town, but better to come at by Land than by Water, for 'tis a dangerous place to Sail by, especially in Stormy Weather.

We saw several other *Mourning Indians* in this Town; and upon Enquiry we found that one of the *Chief Indians in the Town* was lately dead, and was to be bury'd that Night.

Having never seen an *Indian Burial*, I staid till the Solemnity was over, which was thus perform'd.

First, The Gravest among them wound up, and prepar'd the *Dead Body for the Coffin*; when the Mourners came to the Grave, they laid the Body by the Graves Mouth, and then all the *Indians sat down and lamented*, and I observ'd Tears to run down the Cheeks of the oldest amongst them, as well as from little Children.

After the *Dead Body was laid in the Grave* (and in some parts, some of their Goods are cast in with them) they then made a *second great Lamentation*: Upon the Grave they spread the

Matt that the deceas'd dy'd on, the Dish he eat in, and Two of the *Indians* hung a *fair Coat* of Skin upon the next Tree to the Grave, which (as my Guide inform'd me) none will touch, but suffer it there to rot with the Dead ———

There was nothing else remarkable to be seen in the Town, and therefore, as soon as the *Indian* was bury'd, I return'd back with my Guide to *Ipswich*, and having staid some Little Time, with my worthy Friend Mr. *Steward*, my self and Mrs. *Comfort* took our Leaves, and made the best of our way for *Boston*; where we arriv'd to the great satisfaction of my good Landlord, and his Wife. Mrs. *Comfort*, being no less pleas'd with the pleasure of her Journey, than I with her good Company.

I had now no more business in *New England*, but just to pay a Farewell to Mr. *Burroughs*, (that was so kind to me at my first landing) and to shake Hands with Mr. *Wilkins* (my Landlord) his Wife, and Daughter. ———

And here I shall first take my leave of Mr. *Francis Burroughs*, for I wanted till now, an Opportunity to thank him for the many Civilities he heap'd upon me in *Boston*; for he not only lent me *Money* (the true Touchstone of Friendship) but made me his Bed-Fellow, got me the Freedom of *Boston*, and was the CHIEF PERSON I advis'd with under any Difficulty.

His Person is Handsome (I don't know whether he knows it or no) and his Mind has as many Charms; he's a Man of Remarkable Chastity, of a great deal of Wit, and his Repartees

Repartees are *so quaint Apposite and Genteel*, 'tis a Pleasure to observe how handsomely he acquits himself, in the mean Time he's neither *scurrilous nor prophane*, but a *Scrupulous Honest Conscientious Man*, so that he's what we may call a *Religious-Merchant*, and (I was going to say) he hates Vice, *almost as much by Nature as Grace* — And this I think is his true Character, but I must remember Captain *Legis ready to sail*, and I have other FAREWELLS to make, and so *worthy Friend adieu*.

I come next to *Honest Wilkins*, my Landlord, for I shou'd think my self very unkind, shou'd I leave *BOSTON*, without shaking Hands with a Person I liv'd with near Eight Months. *His Person is Tall, his Aspect Sweet and Smiling, and (tho' but Fifty Years old) his Hair as White as Snow.* He was formerly a Bookseller in Limerick, and fled hither on the Account of Conscience. He is Person of good Sense, keeps up the Practice of Religion in his Family, and (upon a Nice Search into all his Affairs) I found it had a GENERAL Influence on all the Actions of his Life: He was deservedly chosen a Member of *Mr. Willards Church*, and I do think he's A PIOUS MAN, if there's such a Thing in *Boston*. — But Dear Sir, adieu, for the Wind is Fair, and I must be gone; but I leave your Company with as much regret as ever I did any Earthly Blessing.

My next FAREWEL shall be to *Mrs Wilkins* my obliging Landlady.

' She's a Tender Wife, a Kind Mother, and
 ' is a Woman well pois'd in all Humours; or
 ' in other words, Mrs. *Wilkins* is a Person of an
 ' Even Temper, which render'd her Conversation
 ' more agreeable than those that laugh more, but
 ' smile less: Some there are, who spend more Spi-
 ' rits, in Straining, for an Hours Mirth, than they
 ' can recover in a Month, which renders 'em so
 ' unequal Company; whilst she is always equal,
 ' and the same. 'Tis Vertue to know her, Wis-
 ' dom to converse with her, and Joy to be-
 ' hold her; or (to do her Justice in fewer words)
 ' she is the Counterpart of her Pious Husband,
 ' who without her, is but half himself——
 I might in large, but I fear if I write on, I
 shall lose my Passage, and so (kind Landlady)
 adieu.——

Having taken LEAVE of the *Father*
 and *Mother*, my last Visit must be to the
 Daughter, and sincere Gratitude obliges to this
 Farewel; for you *Mrs. Comfort*, may well
 take it amiss, if I shou'd forget your favours
 to me in your Fathers House, your Pleasant
 Company to *assist*, your Assistance when I
 was ill, and the NOBLE LOOKING-
 GLASS you sent my Dear, and all this with
 a World of Innocence; for tho' I had fair Op-
 portunities to try your Vertue, yet I never was
 so wicked; 'tis true, *Whore-Love* has ruin'd
 many of your Sex: For some Men will praise a
 Women's Vertue, till they get to Bed to her)
 yet you must say, if you do me Justice, that
 I found no *Whore-Love*—— And when I
 speak

Speak of you, I shall still say there may be *Maids* at Forty, Fifty, Sixty, Seventy, but I'll go no further, for *there's no Danger after that*.

Having taken **A FINAL LEAVE** of my *American Friends*, my stay from *IRIS* and my Native Country, grew now very tedious to me ; so putting Three Hundred Pound (that was yet unpaid me) in Mr. *WILKINS'S* HANDS, I committed my self once more to the Mercy of the *Ocean* ; and to make short of it, I agreed with Mr. *Sam. Leg*, for my Passage to *England*. The Ship was Burthen a Hundred and Fifty Tuns. There were only two Passenger (Mr. *Mortimer*, and Mr. *King*) besides my self.

When the Ship was ready to sail, I was attended on Board by Dr. *Bullewant*, Mr. *Wilkins*, Mr. *Tork*, Mr. *Gouge*, Mr. *Heath*, Mr. *Troyon*, Mr. *Green*, and some other of my *Boston* Friends. The Captain entertain'd 'em with *Wine*, *Beer*, *Cyder*, and *Neats Tongues*.

So soon as ever my Friends were gone off to shore, our Captain order'd all his Guns to fire, which were accompany'd with *Huzzas* and Shouts, and shaking of Hats, till we had lost all sight of our Friends.

*Kind Boston adieu, part we must. tho' tis pity ;
But I'm made for mankind, and all the World is
[my City.*

*Look how on the shore, they heep and they follow,
Not for Joy I am gone, but for Grief they can't
[follow.*

The Captain was very generous, and our Passage was as **SWIFT** and as **SAFE** as one would wish; so that my Thoughts were now reconcil'd to voyaging again.

The first Land I saw was the *Lizard*, and cutting our way directly up the Channel, we cast Anchor in the *Downs*, where we rode but one Night, and next Day came safe to *Graves-end*; but at Night most of the *Ships Crew* going a shoar, there were **TWO BOYS** that took the Opportunity to steal, what they thought convenient, and carry it off in the Long Boat; and here I have Reason to make Acknowledgment for the Care of Providence; in Regard, I had a Trunk with Four Hundred Pound in it, that stood upon my *Desk* with my Linen, and they Boys had only remov'd my Trunk, and taken away my *Desk*.

The next Morning we came up the River with the Tide, and cast Anchor at *Ratcliffe*, where I went a shoar to visit my Sister *Mary*, then living with Mrs. *Adams*, she express'd an unusual Joy to see me return'd in safety, told me Dear *IRIS* was well, and walk'd with me towards *Spittle Fields*, and then return'd.

I was now afraid that *Excess* of Joy might prove fatal to *Me*, and therefore I thought it would be more prudent not to discover my self all at once.

This Fancy pleas'd me well enough; in Regard, I thought my own Condition did not a little resemble the Fate of *Ulysses* at his Return from the *Trojan War*; and therefore I staid in at the *Green-Head Tavern* in *Spittle-fields*,

fields, sent immediately for my Sister *Sudbury*, and desir'd her to go and tell Dear *Iris*, there was a Gentleman waiting for her there, who cou'd give her some Account of *Philoct.* About an Hour after *Iris* came, and at the first Interview we stood speechless, and gazing upon each other, whilst *Iris* shed a Flood of Tears. At last we got our Tongues at Liberty, and then

*Embrac'd and talk'd, as meeting Lovers wou'd,
Who had the Pangs of Absence understood.*

We left the Tavern and went Home to Dr. *ANNESLEY*'s, where I was receiv'd with all the Marks of Kindness and Respect.

At my Return I expected nothing but a *Golden Life* of it for the future, tho' all my satisfactions were soon wither'd; for being so deeply entangled for my Sister-in-Law, I was not suffer'd to step over the Threshold in Ten Months; Unless 'twas once under Disguise, and the Story's this. My Confinement growing very uneasy to me, especially on LORDS-DAYS; I was extremely desirous to hear Dr. *ANNESLEY* preach, and immediately this Contrivance was started in my Head, that Dear *Iris* shou'd dress me in Womens Cloaths, and I'd venture my self abroad under those Circumstances: To make short of it, I got my self shav'd, and put on as Effeminate a Look, as my Countenance wou'd let me, and being well fitted out with a large Scarf, I set forward,

forward; but every Step I took, the Fear was upon me, that twas made out of *Form*. As for my Arms, I cou'd not tell how to manage them, but was altogether Ignorant to what *Figure* they should be receiv'd. At last I got safe to the *Altar*, and sat down in the obscurest Corner I cou'd find. But as I was returning through the *Temple*, with all the Circumspection, and the Care imaginable, (and I then thought I had done it pretty well) there was an unlucky-Rogue cry'd out, *I'll be hang'd if that ben't a Man in Womens Cloaths*. This put me into my *Dietermalis* indeed, and I began to Scower on as fast as my Legs wou'd carry me: There were at least Twenty or Thirty of 'em that made after me; but being acquainted with the Allies, I dropt 'em, and came off with Honour; but what with running, and dreadful Apprehensions, I was almost as wet with Sweat, as if I had been plung'd in the *Thames*; however, there's no Mischief in *Perspiration*, for a Man under so close Circumstances, as mine had been. My Reverend Father-in-Law, Dr. *ANNESLEY* knew nothing of this *Religious Metamorphosis*; and tho' I don't think he'd have suffer'd it, yet my *Insurrection to Publick Worship* was justifiable enough. But I have no need to Apologize here, for 'tis common for Men to conceal themselves in *Womens Apparel*; the Lord *G* ——— y made his escape from the *Tower* in Petticoats; and that brave Man, the *Earl of Argile*, made a Shift to escape his Destiny by exchanging Cloaths with his Daughter.

At last, purely to oblige my Sister, I took a Trip over to *Holland, Flanders, Germany, &c.* Tho' she has now forgot every Circumstance of it; for the Memories of most People are something slippery in such Cases, unless they be refresh'd.

I was attended on my way to *Stratford*, by *Dear Iris, Sister Sault, Brother Sedbury,* and other Friends, and there I met with my Old Acquaintance *Mr. Roberts*, who treated me with the Affection and the Generosity of a Friend; but the *Harmich-Coach* being just a going, I could not stay long in *Stratford*, and so was torn from the Arms of *Dear Iris*, and the rest of my Relations, and forc'd to seek my Fortune once more in a Foreign Country.

When I came to *Harmich*, the *Packet-Boat* was ready to sail with a Fair Wind; and by Five next Evening we landed at the *Brill*. My Fellow Passengers were *Mr. Cossart*, Friend to *Mr. Dangerfield*, and *Mr. Mazot*, a considerable Merchant in *Amsterdam*.

Before we left the *Brill*, I took a full view of it; in Regard 'twas one of the *Cautionary-Towns* that were Pawn'd to *England*, in the Reign of *QUEEN ELIZABETH*. It once made a good Figure, and had a Voice among the States, but *Rotterdam*, has now engross'd most of its Trade, and the Inhabitants support themselves by Fishing.

In our way to *Rotterdam* we pass'd through Three old Towns, *Flardin, Schiedam, and Delf-Haven*. So soon as we arriv'd at *Rotterdam*, I went to visit *Mr. Richardson*, (a true *Nathaniel*)

who was marry'd to my Wife's Sister, and I took Lodgings with him, for the Time I stay'd there.

At that Time the *Waters swell'd so high in the City*, that the Boats were employ'd in the Streets, there were many that lost their Lives in this *Distress*, and there were general Apprehensions that *Holland* would be overflow'd. I scower'd up into the *Garret*, I remember, and there were none could persuade me to leave the **ARK** till the Waters were abated. You might now have seen *all sorts of Householdstuff swimming about the Streets*, and Abundance of People sailing for their Safety and their Lives, in Tubs and Tuns, and Hampers, to the Ships, that were driven almost to their Doors.

At the Time I was there, Mr. *Hill* and Mr. *Spademan* were Ministers of the *English Church*, and Mr. *Fleming* of the *Scotch Church*.

Mr. *Hill* is a solid Divine, and well furnish'd for the Ministry, which he makes his *Choice*, and not his *Refuge*, in Regard, his Circumstances don't make any such Dependance, necessary for him.

His *Natural Temper*, is full of Peace and good Humour, which being heighten'd and adorn'd both with *Learning and Grace*, makes him shine forth to the World with a Considerable Degree of Eminence.

Mr. *Spademan* is a **HEARTY** Friend, and knows the *Foreign Languages*, as well as that he was born to. In his *Common Discourse*, there is Substance, as well as Rhetorick, and
he

He utters more things than words. He Delivers himself in the Pulpit, with a wonderful Degree of *Concern* upon him, and the Reason why he's not so *popular* as some others, is, perhaps, because his *Worth* is not so well known. He is one that knows the **BURDEN** of his Calling, and hath studied much, to make his Shoulder sufficient—He hath look'd into all Religions, and anchor'd in the best, and is a *Dissenter* out of Judgment, not Faction; not because his Country, but his Reason is on this side.

His **SERMONS** are Limited by the **METHOD**, not the Hour-Glass, and his *Devotion* goes along with him out of the Pulpit—He **HONOURED** me with several *Letters* after my Return from Holland, and sent me over the Books of a *Foreign* growth, which he thought might be serviceable in an **ENGLISH-DRESS**, I was oblig'd to his Friendship for the Two Volumes of the **EDICT OF NANTES**, and by that means I prevented the *London Booksellers*, that were going upon the same Design.

Mr. *Fleming* was Master of a large Extent of Learning, and quite beyond the **DEPTH** of our common Preachers.

His **PRINCIPLES** were very moderate; but his *Writings* have made him better known to the World than I can here describe him—

The Inhabitants of *Rotterdam* have driven a Considerable Trade, for a long Time with the *English*, in the Year 1674. at the Opening of the Waters after a Frost, there were three Hundred

102 DUNTON'S Life and Errors:

Hundred Ships that sail'd thence for *England*,
with an Easterly Wind.

Rotterdam is the place where the Learned *Drasius* was born, who has a Brazen Statue erected to his Memory, in the *Market-Place*. The Buildings in this City are well enough, but not so Rich and High as those in *Amsterdam*, *Zeland*, and *Harlem*. Their GREAT CHURCH is a vast Height, where several *Animals* are entomb'd. I was to see their *Antiquity*, *East-Indie*, and *Stads-Houses*. — My only Bookseller in this City, was Mr. *Leers*, he is an Aldermans Fellow, and a very Eminent Christian; he never seems better than he is, that he might gain a false Reputation from others; but reckons Godliness to be his greatest gain. *Leers* is chief Bookseller in *Holland*, and is much envy'd by his learned Brethren, yet he never lets the Reins of his Passion loose to his Malice and Revenge, nor gives (tho' he knows him his Enemy) rash Judgment upon any Man: So that *Leers* is a RICH PIOUS HUMBLE MAN; and sets no greater Value upon himself than he really deserves —

When I had spent some Days at *Rotterdam*, I sent the following Letter to *Dear IRIS*.

My Dear,

I'M afraid you'll expect this Letter with some *Impatience* before it comes. My **PASSAGE** over was very comfortable, and very Swift, and I wanted nothing but

Yours

' your Company to have made it more so.
 ' We arrived at the *Brill*, about Five next
 ' Evening after I parted with you, and thence
 ' I came to *Rotterdam*, where I have taken up
 ' my Lodgings with your Brother Mr. *Richard-*
 ' *son*. The greatest Danger I've been expos'd
 ' to since I left you was occasion'd by the
 ' *Smelling of the Waters* here in *Rotterdam*; but
 ' for my own Refuge, I ran up into the
 ' Garret, where I bestow'd my self till
 ' I perceiv'd the Waters began to Ebb

' I can't express what Losses this City has
 ' sustain'd by this *Deluge*, which has bury'd
 ' vast Numbers of the Inhabitants alive; and
 ' those of 'em that are yet Militant, look
 ' pale with Fears and Apprehensions; for they
 ' don't know *what Designs there may be against 'em*
 ' *for the future*, tho' they've little to lose, besides
 ' themselves.

' MY DEAR, now methinks, I am over
 ' laden with Melancholy, after I had weather'd
 ' out all the Deaths and Dangers of the *Atlantick*
 ' *Ocean*, to be again torn from the Arms of IRIS!
 ' when shall my Stars have spent all their ad-
 ' verse Influences which they had in store.
 ' When shall I be restor'd to Iris, and my Native
 ' Home? However, tho' my Fate shou'd carry
 ' me to the utmost Limits, both of the *Earth*
 ' and *Seas*, I shall never lose the Fair Image of
 ' DEAR IRIS from my Breast. Were
 ' there ever any that lov'd to such Excess as we, and
 ' yet were so unhappy? What shou'd hinder that
 ' you can't come over to me? Ah but then
 ' I shou'd dread every Wave, and every Gust
 ' of

of Wind, lest it shou'd have done some Mis-
chief to *Dear Iris*. I hope you can better support
your self under the Absence of *Philaret*, than
he can possibly under yours.

My Duty, and Love, and Service to *all*
the Family, and to every one of our Relations. The
L O R D raise up a Paradise for you in your
own Breast.

I am your most Affectionate

PHILARET.

To this Letter *Dear Iris* return'd the follow-
ing Answer.

Dearest Life!

This Day I receiv'd yours, which has
given New Life to me, after a *Tedious*
Expectation. I'm afraid you indulge your
Melancholly, which may destroy your *Humour*
and *Health*, and then what wou'd become of
the Happiness of *POOR IRIS*, in this
Life?

Pray my Dear, why so *Affectionately unkind*
to me, as to say that I can better endure your
Absence, than you can possibly support your
self under mine? I thought you had been
sufficiently sensible of an equal Return to your
Affections, from *FAITHFUL IRIS*.
I cou'd almost, my self, begin a *New Courtship*
to have you home again.

' You say the Waters SWELL'D so
 ' prodigiously, that you took Refuge in a
 ' Garret, - but did you make sure of your
 ' RIFLES before you run for't? But why
 ' shou'd I be so pleasant upon you? I shou'd
 ' have run out at the Top of the House, had
 ' I been within the Reach of the same
 ' Danger.

' Pray (*my Dear*) if there's any Suspicion of
 ' the same Element for the Future, be sure you
 ' retreat into the HIGH-LAND-
 ' COUNTRY.

' *I have repented Five Thousand Times that I*
 ' *suffer'd you to go alone.* Smarted sufficiently
 ' in the same Respect, when you made your
 ' Voyage to *New England.* But, as you say, I
 ' know not what shou'd hinder me to ramble
 ' with you. *I'd undertake a Pilgrimage as far as*
 ' *Mecca, to be with you, and surely every Breath*
 ' *of Wind will be as kind and as Innocent as I.* I
 ' have ask'd my Fathers Advice about it, and
 ' he's unwilling I shou'd run the Hazard of it
 ' this Winter. But tell me seriously in your
 ' next *whether you'd have me come?* For you'd
 ' but look very oddly upon me, if you invited
 ' me in JEST, and I shou'd come over t'ye in
 ' EARNEST; and for your satisfaction I'd
 ' haunt you like a GHOST, and not be a
 ' Minute out of your Company. However, if
 ' the Affairs of my Sister B ——— can't be
 ' adjusted, you shall certainly see me. But I'm
 ' the less concern'd, being convinc'd the Disap-
 ' pointments we meet with in the Poor Trifles of
 ' this World, cannot lessen, but do encrease our
 ' Affections

' Affections ——— Then prithee my Dear,
 ' *Shew thy Love to me, by taking care of your self,*
 ' get thee Warm Cloaths, Woollen Waistcoats,
 ' and buy a Cloak ——— Be chearful, want for
 ' nothing; doubt not but **GOD WILL**
 ' **PROVIDE FOR US.** Now is the Time
 ' for us to live a Life of Faith, to depend
 ' wholly upon Him; for he never yet disap-
 ' pointed any that put their Trust in him. *My*
 ' *Dear,* I might inlarge, but to tell thee *I love*
 ' *thee Passionately and sincerely, I hope is now need-*
 ' *less.* However, I'll Write you a longer Let-
 ' *ter a Friday, when I come from Chiswick,*
 ' *whither I am to go a Thursday, with Cousin*
 ' *R ——— and Unckle, and Aunt Zach ———*
 ' *My Father, Mother, and sisters, send their*
 ' *Love and Service; and as for my own Part,*
 ' **I'd willingly, CONVEY MY SELF**
 ' **T'Y E.** Take Notice I'll Write every Week;
 ' and am

Your Sincere, Affectionate,

and Faithful

I R I S.

From *Rotterdam* I remov'd to *Delft*, and my
 Passage thither led me through *Overskirk*, a Pleas-
 sant Village, where there's a Considerable
SCHOOL for the *Latin* and the *Dutch*
Tongues.

Delft is a very Fair and populous City, the
Metropolis of Delfland, and the great *Magazine*

of Arms, for the *Earldom of Holland*. Here I convers'd a while with the Silent Tombs of the Princes of Orange; and the very Sight of 'em impress'd a kind of *Monumental Reverence* upon my Mind. Here I met also with the *Tomb of Admiral Tromp*, and that which was erected to the Memory of *General Morgan's Lady*. After this, my Guide led me into a *Cloyster*, and shew'd me a *Brazen Pillar*, on which was engrav'd how *William I. Prince of Orange* was assassinated by a *Miscreant Jesuit*.

From *Delft* I remov'd to the *Hague*, which perhaps is the *Fairest Village* in the *Whole World*. There I saw the *Council-Chambers*, of the *States* which are well adorn'd with large *Libraries*. I spent some Time in the *great Hall* there; in which are reposit'd the many *Trophies of Victory*, which the *States* have obtain'd in *War*. Then I went to the *Princes Palace*, which is a large and stately Building. The *Hague* is finely beautify'd with *Gardens of Pleasure*, especially those of the *Heer Bentbams* do every one of 'em make up a single *Paradise*; there I Wander'd and Gaz'd, and lost my self.

Just so, methought, thro' the *Primeval Groves*,
 Our PARENTS roam'd, and look'd, and talk'd
[their Loves:]
 But, Ah! were I as Innocent as they,
 I'd raise NEW PARADISE within my
[Mind, and Charms my legs away.]

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So soon as I had taken a View of all the Remarkables about the *Hague*. My next Remove was to *Leyden*, which is a Large, and a Rich City, and *Metropolis* of the Territory of *Rhinland*. The *Phine* runs through it, and divides it into several little Islands. The UNIVERSITY there is well known and frequented by a vast Number of Students, and 'tis no unusual Thing to see 'em come from *Asia*, and *America*, for a *Liberal Education*. The School of *Anatomy* at *Leyden*, excels all of that kind, in the known World, and their *Physick-Garden* is well furnish'd with the rarest Curiosities that grow within the Compass of Nature; so that those who Design for *Physick*, may make a better Proficiency there, than they can do in *England*.

The *Fortifications* and the *Walks* round this City give Abundance of Pleasure to those who ha'n't seen 'em before.

At *Leyden* I was very much oblig'd to the Friendship of Mr. *Baily*, who shew'd me the Rarities of the Place; in regard Dr. *Rolj* had favour'd me with a *Recommendatory Letter* to him.

From *Leyden*, my next Stage was to *Harlem*, a very fine and large City, in the *Earldom* of *Holland*, the *Metropolis* of the Territory of *Kenmerland*, and pleasantly situated on the River *Vaert*. And here the Reader must allow me to mention, that one *Costor* a *Burgher* of this City, was the first Inventaer of PRINTING; an ART, in which my LIFE has
been

so much concern'd. This Gentleman was immediately upon that Invention suspected to be a Conjuror, and to forc'd to fly for his own safety to Collogne in Germany, where he brought his new Art to perfection, for in Harlem he had only found the way to Print on one side of the Papier. So that the Rudeness of the Inhabitants of Harlem has made Collogne become a Rival in the Glory of that Invention. But such an Accident as this is no Novelty in the World; for the Assertion of a Generation of Antipodes on the opposite Hemisphere of our Globe, was once made a Capital Crime. The first Book which this Coster Printed is preserv'd as a Rarity in the Stadt-House at Harlem, to this Day. I saw very large Cannon Bullets sticking in the Walls of the Great Church, which were shot by the Spaniards at the Siege of Harlem.

In the Neighbourhood of Harlem there's a Grove of Pleasure, as large as a little Wood, and all curiously contriv'd into Walks and Wilderesses; where the Inhabitants of Amsterdam and the adjacent Places come to ramble and divert 'emselves on Holy-Days.

Harlem maintains a considerable Figure, is the 2d City of Holland, and sends her Deputies to all the Colleges of the Government.

From Harlem to Amsterdam, I had the Happiness to be Accompany'd by Brother Richardson. About the Mid-way in our Passage, we stept out of the Boat to take a view of a Noble Pallace, where the Lords, that go under the Title of their Dyke-Graces, have their Apartments when they meet upon the concerns of the Sea-Dykes.

When we arriv'd at Amsterdam, I provic'd my self a Chamber at Mr. Kirmichael's; a Scotch Man in Bantemors-street. One Mr. V—— lodg'd in the same House, a Catamitish Wretch, He made an attempt to commit a sinful Indecency of that Nature with me; but finding himself in the wrong Box, his Guilt wou'd never suffer him to look me in the Face from that Time. So soon as I was fix'd according to my usual Custom, I made a Visit to Mr. Vandereld and Mr. Swaert, two Noted Bookellers; There's nothing but obligation in their Humour, they treated me often at their Houses, and wou'd lend me any Book Gra-

24. When I had been three Days in *Amsterdam*, I met with Mr. King, one of my Fellow Passengers from *New England*, which was a great surprize to us both, in regard, we contracted a great Intimacy in *America*, which was very much refresh'd by this accident. We wou'd not part with each other till we had view'd all the *Rarities* in *Amsterdam*, and then he went off for *Hamborough*, but has been forgetful to let me hear from him since.

Soon after I had new Lodgings recommended to me at Mr. James a Dyer up the *Loyers Graft* next the *Hope*, where I had the good Fortune to meet with Dr. Partridge, whose *Almanacks* had been so sharp upon *Popery* in *K. James's* Reign, that *England* was grown too hot for him. There Lodg'd also in the same House, the Ingenious Lady *Scapleton*, a *Roman Catholick*, with whom I had several very warm Debates about the Matters of *Religion*. She endeavour'd to defend the Notion and the Necessity of *Purgatory* with as great Concern, as if the Existence of a *Deity*, or the *Immortality* of the *humane Mind*, had been at stake. Upon this Head she offer'd such places of *Scripture*, as seem'd to carry any reference to her purpose. She urg'd also the Imperfection of Believers in this State, and that many were surpriz'd off the stage before they had any opportunity to repent for their latest Sins. To these I return'd such Answers as were uppermost upon that occasion, in particular, that this, and no other State was to be the Rule of the future Judgment, and that we must then be either reward'd or doom'd according to our present management in the *Flesh*. As for Believers being surpriz'd by Death, I answer'd, that they were secure enough in a justify'd and a pardon'd State, and the Habitual Grace of Repentance in 'em, wou'd have risen up into Act, had they liv'd to make Reflections; and they won't be ty'd down to *Impossibilities*, but be judg'd according to their State, and the Tendency of it. Farther, I continu'd, that their Faith was acted upon *Christ* as a sufficient Saviour, and that the Spirit of the Blessed *Jesus* was the great Agent in the Work of Sanctification.

When I had said this, and more that I can't recollect, I endeavour'd to make the very *Nature* and the *Notion* of a *Purgatory* appear sufficiently absurd, by suggesting the natural *Impossibility* of it, that *Fire* shou'd have any *Influence* to rectify and change the *Humane Will*, and to purge off from the substance of the *Soul*, the *Pollution* and the *Stains*, that are of an *Immoral Nature*. There's nothing can act beyond its *Nature* and above its *sphere*, and a *Moral Sanctification* must have a *Moral Agent*. However, all I cou'd say fell short of giving the *Lady Stapleton* the least *Conviction*.

Whilst I stay'd in *Amsterdam*, I came acquainted with several of *Monmouth's* Friends; who had taken *Refuge* in *Holland* to secure their *Lives*; among which were *Major M——*, *Dr. Oliver*, *Capt. Hicks*, Son to him who was *Executed* in the *West*, *Mr. Starkey*, and *Capt. Alsop*. The last of these was my old Neighbour and a *Book-seller*, he invited me to take a walk with him out of *Amsterdam*, and gave me a very *Noble Treat*, with the *Secret History* of *Monmouth's Adventure* for the *Crown* of *England*: He told me also the several *Discourses*, which he had with the *Duke* in *Amsterdam* before they *Embark'd*, with the *large Promises* the *Duke* made him in *Case* of *Success*.

The Reverend *Mr. Mead* and *Mr. Shower*, were then in *Amsterdam*, where *Capt. Alsop* accompany'd me to make 'em a *Visit*. *Mr. Mead* was so obliging as to return the *Civility* at my own *Lodgings*, He was well known in *England*, and his *Life* was very useful; both his *Preaching* and *Behaviour* were mighty popular, which gave him a large scope to do good, and put his very *Enemies* to silence.

I stay'd in *Amsterdam* about four Months; 'tis a *Rich*, *Populous*, and a *Beautiful City*, the *Metropolis* of all the *Low Countries* in *North-Holland*. *Amsterdam* was once an *Imperial City*, but now 'tis subject to the *States*. It stands on the *River Amstel*, and has a very safe and commodious *Haven* near the *Zuider-Zee*: 'Tis fortify'd with a *strong Wall* and *Bastions*.

The *Jews* have two *Synagogues* in this *City*, and one of 'em is the largest in *Christendom*, and within the

Court that belongs to it, they've *several Apartments*, where their Children are instructed in the *Hebrew Tongue*, and so soon as they are capable, they instil into 'em their *Jewish Principles* with a great deal of Care and Diligence.

The *Stadt-House* in *Amsterdam*, is a Building of admirable Beauty. There are very large Globes that stand on the Floor of the Great Hall, and here I was diverted with the finest *Painting* I have ever seen. In the uppermost apartment, there's a large *Magazin* of Arms. The *Copper Statues* on the top of the *Stadt-House* are finely moulded, and among these there's old *Atlas* standing with a *Globe* upon his back, which can contain more than 30 Barrels of Water.

None are suffer'd to Marry till they have made their Appearance at the *Stadt-House* before the *Lords*; where, if the Parties be agreed, the Ministers Marry the *Calvinists*, and the *Schepens* Marry those that dissent from the Religion of the *States*.

The *States*, you must know, are absolute Sovereigns of the Church, and when there's any *Synod* call'd, two of the *States* are always present to watch 'em that they may not meddle with the Government, and if the Clergy do but drop a word that has any reference that way, the *States* immediately cry, *Ho la Miin Heeren PREDICANTEN!*

There are a great Number of *Alms-Houses* in *Amsterdam*, which are built with all the State and Magnificence of so many Palaces. The Number of Poor they maintain is almost incredible, and amounted when I was there to above 20000.

They have *Hospitals* for Fools, for Boys and Girls; and for the *Foundlings*. There's also a *Rasp-House* for petty *Thieves*, and such as slash one another with Swords and Knives, which is too common in *Holland*, in this Place they're kept hard at work, and if they don't perform their Tasks, they're beat without Mercy, or put into a deep Tub, where if they cease to Pump, the water swells over their Heads.

Amsterdam is perhaps the most *Charitable* City in all the World, for there's scarce a *Bargain* made, but more or less is laid aside for the Poor.

Holland is a very *Temperate* Climate for distressed Debtors, for there you can't throw a Man in Prison, unless you subsid him; so that there's very little Encouragement for the Generation of *Petty-Foggers*, who have done so much mischief in *England*, and why might we not have a *Dispensary* for *Law*, as well as *Physick*? This refreshes my memory with a Story of *Ben. Johnson*, who, as he was walking through a *Church* in *Surry*, saw a Company of Poor People weeping over a *Grave*; *Ben.* ask'd one of the Women what the occasion shou'd be? She answer'd, ah, *Alas!* Sir, we have lost our precious good Lawyer *Justice Randal*, he kept us all in Peace, and from going to *Law*, certainly he was the best Man that ever liv'd. Well said *Ben.* I'll send you an *Epitaph* for his *Tomb-stone*, which was,

*God Works WONDERS now and then,
Here lies a LAWYER an Honest Man.*

Ben. was much in the right on't, However, I wish 'em all as much Encouragement, as those of their Profession find in *Switzerland*.

After I have said so much to the Advantage of *Amsterdam*, I must take the Freedom to say that they've their ill Customs and Abuses there, as well as other Places of the World.

There are at least 50 *Musick Houses* in *Amsterdam*, where all the flaming *Wickednesses* are committed that you can easily imagine.

Their *Long Cellar* is a tollerated Exchange for *Whores* to ply in, every one of 'em pays 3 *Stivers* for Enterance at the Door, and the place stands open from 3 in the *Afternoon* till 9 at Night, at which time the *Rake-Hells* and the *Debauchees* come there to pick and chule, and make their *Execrable Bargains*.

After I left *Amsterdam*, the first considerable Place I met with was *Cleves*, a City of *Germany* in the Circle of *Westphalia*, and the *Metropolis* of the *Dukedom* of *Cleves*,

but subject to the Duke of *Brandenburg* since the Year 1673. It is situate on the *Rhine*. The Inhabitants then wou'd perswade me to believe they were descended from those *Saxons*, who made a Conquest of *England*.

From *Clèves* I remov'd to *Rhineberg*, which is a small City, but strongly fortify'd; it stands in the *Circle* of the *Lower-Rhine*, at the distance of two Miles from *Wesel*, and subject to the Elector of *Cologne*.

Thence I Travell'd through *Dusseldorp* to *Cologne*, which was once one of the first *Rate Cities* in *Germany*, but the Decay of Trade has reduc'd many of the Inhabitants to very narrow Circumstances. The *Jesuit-University* there, is the great Support of the Place, where there are usually 3000 Students.

From *Cologne* I rambled farther into *Germany*, and stay'd sometime in *Mentz*, which is an antient and a well fortify'd City in the *Circle* of the *Lower-Rhine*. Here I was very curious to see the *Rats-Tower*, which stands in the middle of the *Rhine*, where a *Bishop* of this Place was devour'd by an Army of Rats, for his Inhumanity to the Poor.

I shan't here give the Reader the trouble to carry him any farther with me into *Germany*, in regard, the remarks I have made upon the most considerable Places, will be more proper for the *HISTORY OF MY TRAVELS*.

Let it therefore be sufficient, that when I had GRATIFY'D MY CURIOSITY and spent my Money, I return'd to *Rotterdam* and Embark'd for *England* in Company with Mr. *Dawson*, (now living in *York*) and Mr. *Christmas* of *Waterford*, we had a long and dangerous Passage, and which was still worse (letting out with a fair Gale) I lay'd in no fresh Provisions, so that not caring to eat of the Ships Diet, I thought I shou'd have been quite starv'd before we Landed in *England*, but through the good Providence of God, we arriv'd safe at *London*, Nov. 15. 1688. There I found dear *Iris* in Health, and all my Affairs in Peace.

I was no looner Landed in *England*, but I was straight Metamorphos'd into a *Quaker*, and sensibly found this Climate colder than in *Germany*.

I was now so hungry, that FRESH PROVISIONS made me eat abundantly, and generally, every Meal was from Morning till Night: For after so long a VACUUM, my Guts, like the Horse-Leach, were still crying, Give, give——— And 'twas a merry World with me now, to be sure, for (as it formerly happen'd at my landing in New-England) it turn'd round where'er I went; so that for me now to contradict Copernicus his System of the World's turning round, was to contradict my very Senles: Neither was my TONGUE less affected than my BRAIN; so that I spoke all by Figures, that I hardly understood my self; and spoke a more untelligible sort of Jargon, than the very Gypsies: For if a thing pleas'd me, I shou'd be ready to cry, Steddy! If I mov'd my Quarters, I'd cry, 'Bout Ship: And when I'd know what News, I'd generally cry, How wind ye? When I was weary, I generally us'd to say, I was becalm'd: And when I met with any Friend I had not lately seen, I us'd to cry a Sail! a Sail! When any thing went right, I straight cry'd Starboard; and, when any thing went wrong, Larboard was the Word: If I went abroad, 'twas veering out; and if I staid at home, 'twas casting Anchor. And when it Thunder'd or Lighten'd, I was still saying, Let's go to Prayer: So true is that old Adage, He that wou'd learn to Pray, let him go to Sea.

The Humour of Rambling was now pretty well off with me, and my Thoughts began to fix rather upon Business. The Shop I took with the Sign of the Black-Raven, stood opposite to the Poultry-Counter, where I trad'd Ten years, as all other Men must expect, with variety of successes and disapointments. My Shop was open'd juit upon the REVOLUTION, and as I remember, the same Day the Prince of Orange came to London.

So soon as I enter'd upon Business, I was all over infected with a New Itch of Printing, and I confess, I have indulg'd this Humour something to excess. The following Books, among many more, may serve to give the Reader a Taste of what I engag'd in:

Heads of Agreement, assented to, by the United Ministers. *The Morning Exercises*, publish'd by the London Ministers. *Malebranches search after Truth*, which was

made *English*, by Mr. Sault. Mr. Cokes Detection of the Count and State of England. The Works of the Lord Delamere, publish'd by Consent of the Earl of Warrington. Dr. Burnhogs Essay on Reason, and the Nature of Spirits, Dedicated to Mr. Lock. The Tigurine Liturgy, Publish'd by the Approbation of Six learned Prelates. Bishop Bancroft's Remains, published from his Lordships Original Papers, by Sir Peter Pet Knight. The Life of the Reverend Mr. Tho. Brand. The Life and Death of the Reverend Mr. John Ellior, who first preach'd the Gospel to the Indians, in America. The Bloody Assizes, which contain the Tryals and Lying Speeches of those that dyed in the West. Sermons on the whole Parable of Dives and Lazarus, by Joseph Stevens, Lecturer of Cripplegate and Lombury Churches. The Tragedies of Sin, by Mr. Jay, Rector of Chinner. Mr. Williams's Gospel Truth. Marchenzye's Narrative of the Siege of DEKRY. Mr. Boyse's Answer to Bishop King. Mr. Shower's Mourners Companion. Mr. Roger's Practical Discourses. Poems, written by Magam dingo, the pindarick Lady. Mr. Baxter's Life. The History of the Edict at Nantes, translated by several Hands.

It was a wonderful Pleasure to QUEEN Mary, to see this History made *English*, and was the only Book to which she ever granted her Royal Licentie, and for the Ranney of it, I'll here insert it.

MARIE R.

WILLIAM and MARY, by the Grace of GOD King and Queen of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, Defenders of the Faith, &c. To all our loving Subjects, of what Degree, Condition, and Quality shew within our Kingdoms and Dominions, Greeting. Whereas our trusty and well beloved John Dunton, Citizen and Stationer of London, hath represented unto us that he is printing an English Translation out of French of The Edict of Nantes, in four Volumes, and that in regard of the great Costs and Charges it hath already been, and will be to him, he hath Humbly besought us to grant him

Our

our Royal Licence; for the sole Printing and Publishing thereof; We are graciously pleas'd to gratify him therein; and accordingly We do therefore grant unto him the said John Dunton, Our Royal Licence, for the Sole Printing and publishing of the said Book, for the Term of Fourteen years from the Date hereof; strictly chargeing, prohibiting, and forbidding all our Subjects to reprint the said Book; in whole or in part, or to Imprint buy, vend, utter or distribute any Copies or Exemplaries of the same, or any part thereof, reprinted beyond the Seas, within the said Term, without the consent and approbation of him, the said John Dunton, his Executors, Administrators or Assigns, first had and obtained; as they and every of them offending herein, will answer the contrary at their Peril; whereof the Masters, Wardens, and Company of Stationers of our City of London, the Commissioners and Officers of Our Customs, and all other our Officers, and Ministers whom it may concern, are to take notice, that due obedience may be given to Our Pleasure, herein signified. Given at Our Court, at White-Hall, the 30th Day of June, 1693. in the Fifth Year of our Reign. By her Majesties Command.

J. TRENCHARD.

I shou'd prove tedious, or I wou'd inlarge, for these len't the 30th part of those valuable Pieces I printed, whilst I was in Trade. I give this Account of my own Copies, that you may see their Impudence, who tell ye I printed nothing but TRASH; but (Reader) TWO OF A TRADE CAN NEVER AGREE, and there be Men in the World, who will call the first and best Book in the World TRASH. (I mean the Bible) and therefore well may others be so call'd: Nor indeed is there any thing more usual amongst Bookfellers, than to undervalue what does not agree with their own Sentiments, or what they have not an Interest in themselves: But admitting that in the six Hundred Books I have printed, there might be some TRASH, I wou'd fain know whar Bookteller there is, who has none in his Shop, yea, or what Gentleman or Divine is without it in his Closet. If Authors have TRASH in their Heads, the World must indure the Penance to have it

in

in their Houses and Hands, so that the *Reflection is General*—

The World may perhaps expect I shou'd here say something of the *SECOND SPIRA*.—This *Narrative* was put into my Hands, by Mr. *Richard Sault*, the *Methodizer*, Decemb. 26. 1692. Mr. *Sault* assur'd me, he receiv'd the *Memories*, out of which he had form'd the *Copy* from a *Divine* of the *Church of England*. He also confirm'd the Truth of it by a Letter and a Preface from the same Gentleman. The Letter ran thus.

Sir, I had yours with the *MANUSCRIPT*, and having compar'd it with the *MEMOIRES* I took, I think you have done me and the Case of that Miserable Gentleman, a rigid Justice. —

In the Preface the *Divine* says, *That having examin'd the Piece, now 'tis perfected, with the Original Notes and Papers, which I drew my self, I find the Substance and material Part very faithfully done; and I dare affirm that there's nothing material left out, nor are there any Interpolations which are not genuine.*

My way to publish the *Copy* being^o made so plain, I procur'd Mr. *Bobun's License*; but so soon as it appear'd in the World, the Noise it made was more than ever I expected. Several *Clergy-men* came to examine me about the Truth of it, and I carry'd 'em to Mr. *Sault*, who gave 'em the very same Account I had receiv'd from him before; and Mr. *Jekyl*, whose Acquaintance with Mr. *Sault*, had been very intimate, told me (after coming from Mr. *Sault*) that he believ'd the *Narrative* was true.

After all the Evidence I have receiv'd of this Matter, I have now quite alter'd my Opinion of *Second Spira*, and shall deliver my Thoughts with all the Impartiality and the Freedom I am capable.

I really believe that Mr. *Sault* himself was the *Second Spira*, in Regard, that a little before he writ the *Narrative*, he was under the severest Terrors of his own Conscience; his Despair and his Melancholly, made him Look like some *Walking-Ghost*; and I heard several such broken Speeches as these, fall from him, I AM DAMN'D! I AM DAMN'D! I re-
member

member he came one Time to my Chamber in the *Poultry* in this Condition; and his Complexion and his Looks, were quite alter'd, and his Discourse run all upon Despair.

After he was gone, *Dear Iris* came to me, and said *she was very much afraid Mr. Sault wou'd do himself some mischief*——— And the Truth is, there is such deep Despair, in every Page of the *Second Spira*, that 'tis hard to conceive how any Man cou'd write such a **DISMAL NARRATIVE**, that did not himself feel what he there relates.

This Suspition of mine, is strengthen'd by some other Circumstances, for he cou'd never give us any particular Account where *Mr. Sanders* lodg'd, from whom he receiv'd the *Memoirs*; and *Mr. Sault*, had the Matter been true, must of Necessity have had a Correspondence with *Sanders*, that he might convey the *Manuscript* to him, for his Approbation.

Nay, farther, I have all the Original Copy of *Second Spira*, by me, and 'tis the Opinion of my *Dear Friend Mr. D——x——n*, as well as mine, that the *Letter* and the *Preface* which *Mr. Sault* pretended to receive from the *Divine*, are no more than *Counterfeits* of his own writing, which any *Gentlemen* shall have the Liberty to compare, for their own satisfaction, if they think it worth their while to call upon *Mr. Larkin*, at the *Half-Moon* in *Hand-Alley*. And that I mayn't throw any Reflections upon *Mr. Sault*, that want either Proof or Evidence, I shall here transcribe a *Letter his Wife writ to him at Cambridge*, and which I have yet by me, written with her own Hand.

The Letter shews that *Mr. Sault* had really been guilty of those unlawful Freedoms which, in the Married State, might very well sink him into *Melancholly and Trouble of Mind*. And her Letter was this.

Since (*Mr. Sault*) you are so obliging to promise to do any thing to convince me of your Sincerity, I'll propose to you two or three things, that will do it, and assure me also that your esteem is what I cou'd wish it, without which I can never think you have any
true

true Value, or Tenderness for me, That you make me a solemn Promise, to quit all other Persons for me, acquaint me freely and unreservedly, with all your Affairs — Account your Interest and mine the same — and in all Things as much as in your Power, wish and promote what ever may make me Happy, in any respect — — — — — If this seems unreasonable to you, methinks it shou'd not, after I've told you these conditions perform'd on your Part, I'll refuse nothing that is in my Power to gratify you.

I am your ever Faithful,

and Tender Wife,

Sarah Sault.

To this Letter Mr. Sault's Answer made a very free Discovery of his GUILT, with a great Degree of Penitence and Sorrow. He freely own'd Mrs. Sault had been one of the best of Wives, and that he'd submit with all imaginable cheerfulness to her Terms of Amity, he hop'd also they'd be so happy in this Life, and mind the great Concerns of a better, that they shou'd both of 'em meet in Heaven. But notwithstanding this Penitent Letter, and Mr. Sault's once saying he was vext there was such a Noise about *The Second Spira*, till of late, I as really believ'd the Truth of *Second Spira*, as those Reverend Ministers who recommended it from the Pulpit, to the perusal of their Hearers; and the Publication of it was one of the most innocent Actions of my whole Life — — — — —

Now Reader, what I have here said of the *Second Spira* being what I am willing to swear to, upon all the Bibles in the Queens Dominions, and if my Credit appears hitherto unspotted and free, and not stain'd with Baile, Little, and Dishonourable Actions, I hope, I shall have that common charity in this Affair which every one wou'd be unwilling to be deny'd, were he in my Circumstance: Yet *The Second Spira* did not meet with a more inveterate Enemy than a certain Bookseller, &c. who wou'd faine have gone Sharer with me in the Copy
after

after 'twas printed; but how *Railing and Detraction* were the only Methods, he and some others cou'd invent to ruin the Reputation and the *sale of it*, tho' alas! they fell short of their Design, for in **SIX WEEKS** I had sold about Thirty Thousand of 'em; and all the Revenge I shall take upon these and my other Enemies, is to forgive 'em; for if *Second Spira* be a *Forgery*, its none of my making, nor *contrivance*, nor is there a Bookeller in *London* wou'd have refus'd the Copy upon the like Information.

As to that Person who dealt so basely with me, and exclaim'd against the Book, tho' he was so eager to be a sharer in it, I shou'd not much wonder if he became a **TRUE** Subject for a *Second Spira himself*, if he consider'd his **SHAM TITLES**, or allow'd his Conscience a free Parley — All that I can say further is this, that I have laid it fairly at the *Methodizers Door*, and that of *J. S.* the Divine, who gave him the Information; if they won't Vindicate themselves, I am not oblig'd to bear them Company —

Thus Reader, you see my *Innocence* as to this Book, and how much I suffer'd (when formerly rail'd at for publishing of it) by the *Malice* of some, and *Ignorance* of others; and therefore I thought it proper to let *Second Spira* in a true Light, for I can't run every where to answer Slanderers.

Mr. Sault the Methodizer remov'd to *Cambridge*, where his Ingenuity and his exquisite skill in *Algebra* got him a very considerable Reputation; about Six Months ago he **DECEASED** there, and was supported in his last sickness by the Friendly Contributions of the *Scholars*, which were collected without his Knowledge or Desire; and my Friendship to *Mr. Sault*, and the generous Charity of those *Cantabrigians*, have oblig'd me to mention it as a **MONUMENT** of their *Gratitude*.

Mr. Sault, express'd a great deal of uneasyness under his narrow *Circumstances* before his Death. But never once mention'd *Second Spira* in his last Sickness, nor of any **TERRORS** he had with respect to his future state, so that I hope he had made his *Peace with GOD*, and went out of the World a *sincere Penitent*. How-
ever

ever he was decently interr'd in *St. Andrews Church* in *Cambridge*, and his last Offices were discharg'd by two worthy *Gentlemen*, one of 'em is a *Dr. of Physick*, belonging to *Trinity Colledge*, who visited *Mr. Saul* in his Illness, and administer'd *Physick* to him gratis.

Thus Reader, you find (by my being impos'd on in *Second Spira*) that I don't pretend to be more *Infallible* than other People; and of *six Hundred Books*, I have Printed, it wou'd be strange if all should be alike Good; But tho' in my *Untinking Age*, I have printed something I wish I had never seen (though of 600, I know but of Seven I am angry at) yet where I have err'd, 'tis from Heaven, and not from Man, that I heartily ask forgiveness: I confess 'twas a Bold Saying of the Great *Montaign*, on his *Death-Bed*, That were he to live over his *Life*, again, he would Live exactly as he had done: I neither, says he, complain of the past, nor do I fear the future.

I can't say so; for tho' I am but turn'd of my *40th* year, and have always devoted my *Time and Travels*, to the knowledge of *Countries, Books, and Men*; yet were I to correct the *Errata's* of my short *Life*, I would quite alter the *Press*.—— *Wou'd Time unweave my Age again to the first thread, What another Man wou'd I be?* But as willing as I am to confess this, yet where I have Err'd with *Respect to Printing*, I must cast the fault into the great heap of *Humane Error*—— I never printed a *Book* in my whole *Life*, but what I had a just end in the *Publication*. But if others won't think so, I can't help it, I must own, That having printed a great many *Books* (and not reading through the *Twentieth* part of what I Print) some *Errors* have escap'd my *Hand*, but this is my *Misfortune*, and not my *Crime*; and ill success ruins the the merit of a good meaning; however, the way to *Amendment* is never out of date—— *Repentance* is a *Plank*, we (*Book-Merchants*) have still left, on which we may swim to shore; and having err'd, the *Noblest* thing we can do, is to own it. He that *Repents*, is well near *Innocent*—— *Diogenes*, seeing a *Lad* sneaking out of a *Bawdy-House*, bid him hold up his *Head*, for he need not be ashamed of coming out, but of going in. And there-
fore

fore as I grow in Years, I alter my Opinion of Things; when I now print a Book, I put on my *Grover Spectacles*, and consult as well with my *Judgment as Interest*: When I first began to Print, I had then seen but the out side of the World and Men, and conceiv'd them according to their *Appearing Glister*.

You know Reader, *Youth are Rash and Heedless, Green Heads are very ill Judges of the Productions of the Mind*. The first Glance is apt to deceive and surprize: **NOVELTIES** have Charms that are very taking, but a Little Leisure and Consideration discovers the Imposture, those false Lights are dispeld upon a *serious Review*, and second thoughts are wiser than the first. And this was my case with respect to *The second Spira*—*The Post Boy rob'd of his Mail*—*The Voyage round the World*—*The New Quevedo*—*The Pastors Legacy*—*Heavenly Pastime*—*The Hue and cry after Conscience*—
But (excepting these Seven Books) I have nothing to repent of with respect to printing; but for these, I heartily wish I had never seen 'em, and advise all that have 'em, to burn 'em—

Thus have I freely confest my Errors in Printing, but as to *Bookselling and Traffick*, I dare stand the Test with the same Allowances, that every Man under the same Circumstance with me, wou'd wish to have, for *the whole Trading part of my Life*—
Nay, I challenge all the Bookellers in *London to prove I ever over-reach'd 'em or deceiv'd 'em in any one Instance*. And when you come to that part of my Life that relates to the *Auctions I made in Dublin*, you'll find that in all the *Notes I made for Dublin*, that I put the same Price to every Man; and wou'd any Bookeller be at the Pains to *compare all my Notes together* (tho' I exchang'd with all the Trade) for every Penny he finds charg'd more to himself than to other Men, he shall have Ten Pound Reward, and a Thousand Thanks into the Bargain, for rectifying a Mistake I never design'd. But if notwithstanding this *Heartly Repentance, for my Errors in Printing*, and scrupulous Justice in Trade, I have still Enemies, 'tis no wonder; better Men then I have had 'em as much undeserv'd.

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I next reckon my self oblig'd in gratitude, to draw the Characters of the Authors for whom I printed, &c. and indeed my own Life wou'd appear but a broken Thread, unless I shou'd set both Men and Things in as fair a Light as I can, so far as they have come within the Compass of my own Sphere; and I shall begin with

Bishop Barlow, whose very Soul was wrapt up in Books; and tho' he was well acquainted with universal Learning, yet Casuistical Divinity was his peculiar Province. There was nothing but Peace and Moderation in his Principles, which gain'd him very great Respect among the religious and temperate Part of Mankind. His Life and Actions were govern'd by Reason and Religion, and his whole Behaviour was grave and serious, and well suited to the high Post he maintain'd. He deceas'd when he was considerably up in Years, and left an unblemish'd Reputation behind him, which is more than every Good Man can do.

Mr. Jay, Rector of Chinner, was a considerable Scholar, well read, and his Behaviour was extremely Courteous and Civil. He deliver'd his Sermons without any Dependance upon his Notes, and they were usually very warm and brisk. He was more concern'd to advance the Happiness and last Interests of Men, than to raise a Heat in the Church of Christ, and to persecute those that dissented from him.

Mr. Brandon, Rector of Finchamstead, was a Man of great Piety and sober Principles. His Learning was very solid, and his Understanding quick and piercing; and his Charity deserves a Monument of Praise.

Mr. Allen, Minister of Burton, upon Trent, was a very worthy Man, of great Piety and Moderation, and a good Friend to Bookellers, in Regard his Charity would not suffer a Practical Piece to lie long upon their Hands.

Mr. Barlow, Rector of Chalgrave, in Bedfordshire, has a considerable Stock of Learnings, and his Style is very free and generous. He's a Man in some Sense, of very great Worth, but he has got a strange Habit of borrowing Money, and deferring the Payment. I have
now

now a Note under his Hand for a Summ of Money, and once made a Visit to *Chalgrave*, purely upon that Account, but was forc'd to return with a *Non est Inventus*. If he's yet alive, and in Circumstances, the Money I freely lent him in *London*, upon a great Extremity, to cure his Sore Leg, may come pretty near his Conscience. Cou'd he but have shook off some Inclinations that hung upon him, he might have been a good and a great Man.

Mr. *Stacy*, a Minister of the *Church of England*, he's a Man very ingenious, and can perform well in Poetry, a quick Disputant, and a Critick in the Languages. His Stile is natural and easie. He writ the *Epitome of the whole Duty of Man*. He's pretty well acquainted with the Inclinations of the *Town Ladies*, witness his *English Marshal*; yet he is *CHASTE* (to a Proverb) and has a *PECULIAR* Respect for a Man that is just in his Dealings.

Mr. *Turner*, Vicar of *Walberton*, a Man of wonderful Moderation and of great Piety. He always entertain'd a particular Friendship and Respect for Mr *Henry* deceas'd. His Stile was very easie and free. He writ the *History of Remarkable Providences*, in *FOLIO*; and the *History of all Religions* in *OCTAVO*. He was very generous, and wou'd not receive a Farthing for his Copy till the Success was known.

Mr. *Hickeringill*, Rector of *All Saints in Colchester*, his *WIT* is excellent, of which he has given the World an undeniable Specimen in his *Character of the Ceremony-Monger*. His Humour is good and pleasant. He is his OWN LAWYER, the Treasury of Knowledge, the Oracle of Council, and his Talent that Way has been very serviceable to many. He's a Man of a *BOLD* Spirit. He writ for me *The Divine Captain*, and often did me the Honour to invite me down to his Noble Seat in *Essex*.

Mr. *Clerk*, Rector of *Aikesden*, was a great Scholar, and his Constitution was something tinctur'd with Melancholy, which made him sedate and thoughtful. He labour'd with great Zeal and Faithfulness to bring Sin-

ners home to the Wisdom of the Just. His Sermons were always fill'd with an useful Variety, which made 'em less tedious, and more profitable to the Hearers.

Dr. Horneck, He was a Man of that great USEFULNESS, that none ever yet *saw him without Reverence, or heard him without Wonder.* I knew a Gentlewoman (who was a great frequenter of Plays, and had liv'd a very careless Life) that was converted by his Sermons on *Dives and Lazarus.* I was often with Dr. Horneck, and had the Honour to receive SEVERAL LETTERS from him, which I have now by me, so that I have great Reason to lament his Death; not only as he was a publick *Lot* (a long fix'd Star in the Firmament of the Church) but also on the Account of some particular Friendship I receiv'd from him (of which more anon) and I would to God mine and the Nations *Lots* cou'd be as easily supply'd as lamented: For where shall we find such another as Dr. Horneck, *So devoted to the Ministry from the Womb, so exemplary for Piety in his Youth, such an Enemy to Pivialities, such a Lover of Souls, such a constant Preacher, such a Reprover of Vice, such a Learned Casuist, such a useful Writer, such an Incourager of Religious Societies, and in a Word, one who so deny'd himself, that rather than the Poor shou'd want, he wou'd Fast himself.* We have a pious Example to follow in Dr. Horneck; and all that ever knew him will readily own it. And if I shou'd add, *he was mortify'd to all worldly Pleasures, and sensual Satisfaction:* I shou'd say no more than what I find attested by his Great Friend, RICHARD, late Bishop of Bath and Wells; I can't say I actually printed ~~any~~ thing for this EMINENT DIVINE, yet I may truly call him my AUTHOR; for whilst he was Preaching on the Parable of Dives and Lazarus, THE PRESENT BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER (at the Request of Dr. Annetley his Predecessor at Cripplegate) did me the Honour to engage Dr. Horneck's Promise, that I shou'd print the SERMONS he preach'd upon that Subject, and Dr. Horneck sent me a Letter (which I once shew'd Mr. Aimer) wherein he tells me he was Transcribing *these Sermons* for the Press; and that no other Person shou'd

shou'd print 'em but me, so that I have *great Reason to respect the Memory of Dr. Hornbeck*; and it must be said that the Church of *Westminster* shew'd the great Kindness they had for him, by the Care they took of his *Solemn Interment*; and by that **MONUMENT** they have since erected to his Memory in the *Abby Church of Westminster*.

Mr. *Stephens*, late Lecturer of *Cripplegate*, was Master of a noble Genius, and a clean Spirit of *Wit*, ran thro' all his Conversation. The Harmony of his own Mind, made him a great Lover of the *Organ*. I remember he show'd me his own *Coffin*, which he kept in Readiness some Years before he dy'd, as a *Memento* of his own Mortality.

Mr. *Wooly*: He deserves the good Character the World has given him. His Reason is fierce and cogent, his Style gentle and natural as his Mien, and his Action without Force or Foppery; He thunders not along in a Torrent of Epithets, nor stuns the Audience with an Equipage of Words, but insinuates by easie and agreeable Measures, and carries the Day by Perwasion rather than Assault; Some of our Parsons are but a sacred Sort of Drummers at the best, they beat violently upon the Ear, speak as if they were at the Head of an Army, and depend meerly upon the Dial of Sound to waken the Secure. Christianity has the fairest Plea for it self, when the Mind is cool and sedate; he that thinks with Calmness stands fairest for a Discovery of the Obligations of Religion: Were the Cause bad at the Bottom, *Hwangue* might be more needful, 'tis necessary the Thoughts shou'd be wrought up to a Tumult, e'er they will surrender and give their Assent; but where the Jewel lies at the Bottom of the Stream, 'tis discover'd best by keeping it unshak'd from Passion or Surprize; and generally the good Motions that are conjur'd up by Force, will fall flat agen when the Cause is removed; whereas we seldom part with those Impressions which are made upon us in cool Blood. I shall only add to Mr. *Woolys* Character, that he is a univerval Scholar. He writ for me *The Compleat Library*, took the private Minutes that compos'd the *Secret History of Whitehall*, and all the

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Subjects

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Subjects I engag'd him in, he perform'd to a Nicety.

I shall add my old Friend Mr. *Samuel Wesley* to the List of these *Conformists*. He was educated upon Charity, in a private *Academy*, if we may take his own Word for't in his late *Pamphlet*, which was designedly writ too expose and overthrow those *Academies*. One would have thought that either Gratitude, or his own Reputation in the World, and among his *Relations* and his best *Friends*, might have kept him silent, tho' when a Man is resolv'd to do himself a Mischief, who can help it? But 'tis certainly so, *Apostata est os for sui ordinis.*

Mr. *Wesley* had an early Inclination to *Poetry*, but he usually writ too fast to write well. Two hundred *Couplets* a Day, are too many by two Thirds, to be well furnish'd with all the Beauties and the Graces of that Art. He writ very much for me both in *Verse* and *Prose*, tho' I than't name over the *Titles*, in Regard I am altogether as unwilling to see my Name at the Bottom of 'em, as Mr. *Wesley* woud be, to subscribe his own. Mr. *Wesley* had read much, and is well skill'd in the *Languages*; He's generous and good humour'd and caresses his Friend with a great deal of *Passion*, so long as his Circumstances are any thing in Order, and then he DROPS him, and I challenge the *Rector of Epworth* (for he is not yet MY LORD, NOR HIS GRACE) to prove I injure him in this Character, for that he was once GLAD of my Friendship, none can question that reads the following Letter (of which I have the Original still by me.)

Epworth July the 24th 97.

Dear Brother,

T Has been neither Unkindness to you, with whom I've Traded, and been justly us'd for MANY YEARS much less Unthankfulness to Mr. Rogers, for I shal own my Obligations to that GOOD MAN while I live, which has made me so long neglect answering your several Letters; but the Hurry of a Remove, and my extraordinary Business, being oblig'd to preach the Visitation Sermon at Gainsborough at the Bishops coming thither,

ther, which is but just over — Besides I wou'd fain hav^t sent you an Elegy, as well as, an Epitaph, but can't get one to my Mind, and therefore you must be content with half your Desire; and if you please to accept this Epitaph 'tis at your Service, and I hope 'twill come before you need another Epithalamium. I am

Your oblig'd Friend and Brother.

S. Wesley

I cou'd be very MAGGOTY in the Character of this CONFORMING DISSENTER (for so this Letter shews him to be) but except he further provokes me, I bid him Farewel till we meet in Heaven, and there I hope we shall renew our Friendship, for (humane Frailties excepted) I believe Sam Wesley a pious Man. I shall only add the giving this TRUE CHARACTER of Person Wesley is all the Satisfaction I ever desire for his DRIPPING an old Friend. I shall leave him to struggle thro' Life, and to make the best of it. But alas!

*He loves too much the HELICONIAN Strand,
Whose Stream's unfurnish'd with the GOLDEN SAND.*

I don't speak this out of Prejudice to Mr. Wesley; for to forgive a SLIGHT (or undeserv'd Slander, invented by S—t, to revenge the Discovery I made of his Wh—m, and whisper'd about by a Reverend Brother) is so easie to me, 'tis scarce a Vertue. But this Rhiming Circumstance of Mr. Wesley, is what I learn from the Poem call'd—
The Reformation of Manners——where are these words,

W—ly with PEN and POVERTY beset,
And B—re Verst in Physick as in Wit;
Tho' this of JESUS, that of JOB may sing,
One Bawdy Play will twice their Profits bring:
And had not both caref'd the flatter'd Crown,
This had no Knighthood seen, nor that no Gown.

Among my DISSENTING AUTHORS, I shall begin with

Dr. *Annesley*, a Man of wonderful Piety and Humility; I have heard him say, that *He never knew the time he was not Converted*. The great Business and the Pleasure of his Life, was to *perswade Sinners back to God from the general Apostacy*: And in the Faithful Discharge of his Ministry, he spent Fifty five years. He had the Care of all the Churches upon his mind, and was the great support of *Dissenting Ministers*, and of the *Morning Lecture*. His Nonconformity created him many Troubles; however all the Difficulties and Disappointments he met with from *an ungrateful World*; did never alter the Goodness and the Cheerfulness of his Humour. And what an *Ingenious Author* has said of himself, in a different Case, was true of the Reverend Doctor:

*A Slave to Sickness, and to Pains a Prey,
I keep my HUMOUR cheerful still and gay.*

I might enlarge upon his *Charity*, and the *Usefulness* of his Life, was not the World so well acquainted with them. I reckon it the great Happiness of my Life that I had him for my *Father in Law*; I shall only add, that we shou'd have some Zeal to fill up the Vacant Spaces in the Church of God *Militant*, First, and *Triumphant* afterwards; then, how happy must Dr. *Annesley* be, who produc'd much Fruit for Heaven: I heard him say, he has had twenty five Children; Dr. *Manton* baptizing one of them, and being ask'd how many Children the Doctor had, he return'd this Answer that he believ'd 'twas *two Dozen*, or a Quarter of an Hundred, which reckoning of Children by DOZENS was a thing so very uncommon, that I have heard Dr. *Annesley* mention it with a *special Remark*: After his Decease Mr. *William's* preach'd his Funeral Sermon, and Mr. *Fredrick* drew his Character, which I publish'd, and the Reader may meet with it in the *Collection* of that Author's Works.

Dr. *Bates*, a Man well known and much esteem'd among the Politer Sort of Mankind. He was the *best* *Orator* of the Age, and all his Writings show that he

had a rich and a living Fancy, which he knew to moderate with the Temperance of his Judgment. His *Style* is wonderfully fine, and discovers a very noble Genius. He never discours'd but he always charm'd. The late Archbishop *Tillotson* had a high Value for him; and the Lord Chancelour *Finch*, and the Right Honourable the Earl of *Nottingham*, were his good Friends. Neither Honour nor Interest cou'd ever engage him to desert his Principles. Upon the Return of King *Charles* he had the Offer of a *Deanery*, and afterwards might have had any *Bishoprick* in the Kingdom, but he refus'd 'em. He deceas'd at *Hackney*, 1699.

Dr. Jacomb sometime Fellow of *Trinity Colledge* in *Cambridge*, was a Man of great Temper and Judgment. His *Sermons* and his *Life* were all of a Piece. His Principles were moderate and did not throw him upon Extreams. After his Ejection in Sixty two, he took Refuge in the Family of the Right Honourable and Pious Lady, the Countess Dowager of *Exeter*, in this Family he deceas'd, *March* twenty seven, 1687, and his Library was sold for thirteen hundred Pounds afterwards.

Dr. Owen was a Man of great Piety and Learning, and a shining Ornament of the University of *Oxford*, where he was *Vice-Chancelour* for several Years. *Mr. Wood* himself, after he has plentifully discharg'd his Venom, will freely own, the Doctor was a Person well skill'd in the *Tongues*, *Rabbinical Learning*, *Jewish Rites and Customs*; and that he had a great Command of his English Pen, and was one of the most Genteel and Fairest Writers that appear'd against the Church of *England*.

When he was laid aside at *Oxford*, he was invited over into *New-England* to preside over *Harvard Colledge*, but King *Charles* thought fit to stop him.

The last Stage of his *Life* was spent in *London*, and after a considerable Time of Labour and Usefulness, he deceas'd on *St. Bartholomew Day*, 1683, and his Remains were interr'd in that known Place near the *Artillery-Ground*, where there's a Monument erected to preserve his Memory, with a latin Epitaph, o'er which is engrav'd his Coat of Arms.