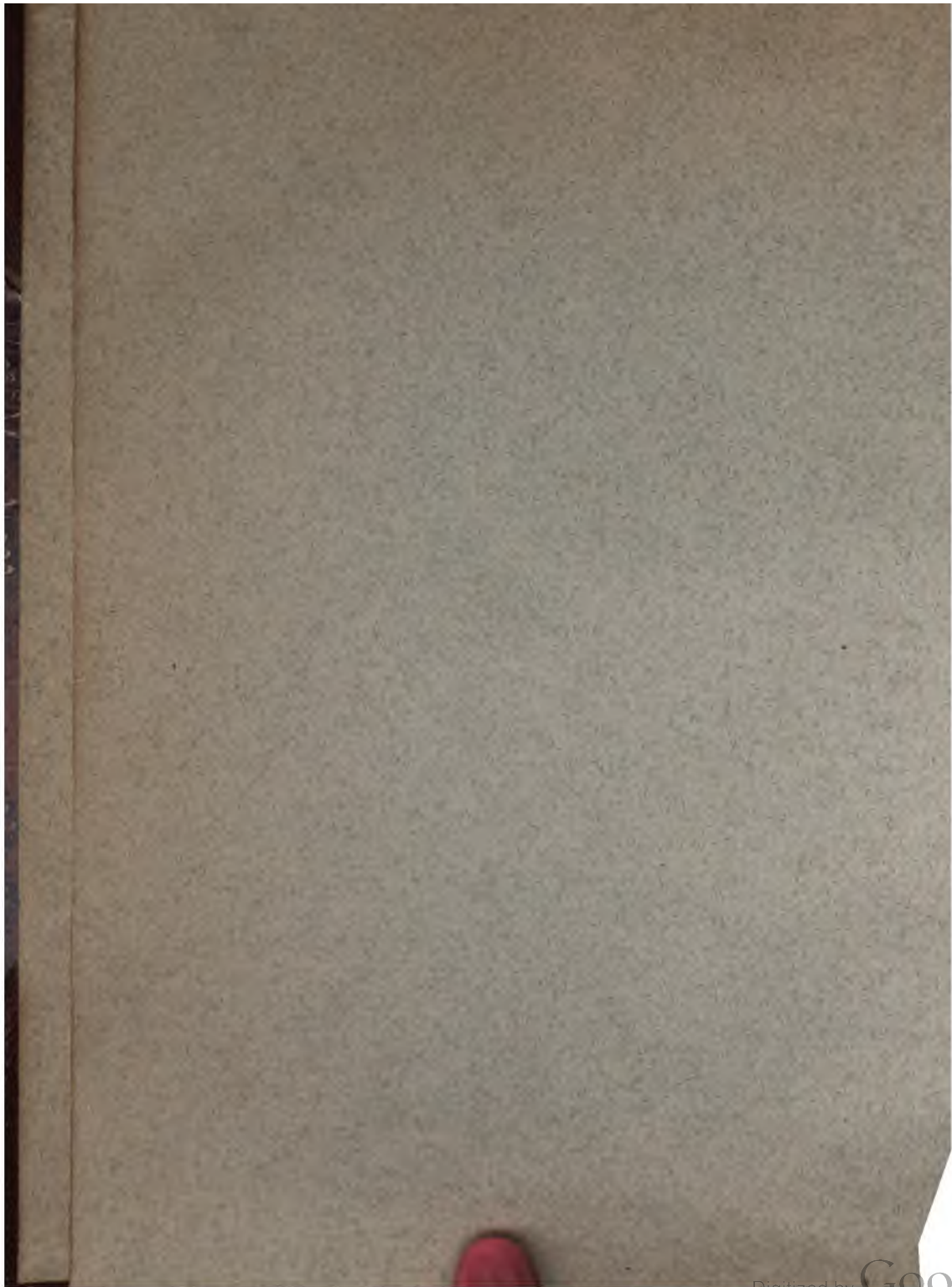


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Publications of the Prince Society.



JOHN DUNTON'S LETTERS  
FROM  
NEW-ENGLAND.



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Publications of the Prince Society



JOHN DUNTON'S LETTER  
FROM  
NEW-ENGLAND.

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THE

Publications of the Prince Society,

Established May 25th, 1858.

83887

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JOHN DUNTON'S LETTERS

FROM

NEW-ENGLAND.



**Boston:**

PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY,

By T. R. MARVIN & SON.

1867.

**Committee of Publication:**

**WILLIAM H. WHITMORE.**

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*No.*



## TO THE READER.

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HE "Life and Errors of John Dunton, late Citizen of London," first published in that city in 1705, has been for many years a standard book of reference for its description of New England in 1686. In that year Dunton paid a short visit to this country, and having written hence many letters to his friends in England, he made a free use of them in describing that portion of his life. This account of his visit occupies p. 101-195 in the original edition. In 1818, a new edition, with an accompanying volume of extracts from Dunton's other books, was published in London, by John Bowyer Nichols, and was embellished with a portrait of the author. In 1814, the Massachusetts Historical Society, in its 2nd S. vol. ii, p. 97-124, reprinted the portion of the "Life" which related to New-England.

At the end of his second volume, Mr. Nichols added a list of manuscripts formerly belonging to Dunton, which were contained in two volumes among the Rawlinson MSS. in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. Among them he mentions  
eight

eight letters from Dunton, two bearing date a one from Dr. Bullivant. The description, however meagre, that probably very few of his readers in these were more than brief epistles, hardly worth of examination.

Some few years ago, however, the Rev. He of Boston, visited Oxford, examined the volumes covered that they contained a much fuller Dunton's visit than he had published. The attending Council of the Prince Society was called to the value of these documents, and it was decided to transcript. The Council was fortunate in securing the assistance of Joseph L. Chester, Esq., well-known as an antiquary, and under his supervision an exact copy of all the designated letters.

In printing these letters no corrections have been made except of those errors which were plainly slips. A few omissions in the manuscript have been supplied from the "Life and Errors," so that the narrative is complete.

In regard to the point as to these being the letters at the time, Mr. Chester says that he does not know as letters actually sent from Boston to the parties. They were all written in a uniform hand, on uniform paper, and may be considered rather as a journal, kept during his sojourn at Boston, and intended for his private use. The other theory would be that this was his



## *To the Reader.*

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in which, according to the custom of the times, he kept copies of the letters sent.

Mr. Chester adds: "The interpolations and emendations are numerous, and some of them clearly of a later date. Sometimes entire pages were evidently after-thoughts, and occur at the end of the volume, being referred to by marks in the body of the MSS."

Lastly, it remains to make but one other explanation in regard to the integrity of the text. It has been deemed judicious to omit some passages, especially in the first two letters, as they had no reference to New-England, and were in themselves valueless. For a like reason many pages of quotations of poetry have been cancelled as uninteresting and often inappropriate. The book-making propensity of our author is visible at the outset. From the moment he decided to publish the account of his travels, whether this intention preceded his actual departure or not, he was intent upon opportunities to display his descriptive powers. As the reader will see, he has crowded into the space of his Atlantic voyage a summary of the natural history of that portion of the ocean. This account has been allowed to remain, but it seemed perfectly useless to cumber our pages with extracts from his commonplace-book of poetry and prose.

After Dunton commences the recital of his experiences in New-England, but two passages have been expunged. The one is a scurrilous story copied from a printed book, the  
other

other is a "character" of an acquaintance here, the author curtailed in his printed version.

The editor may therefore claim not only that care has been exercised to perfect the text, but that has been omitted of the slightest value to any in any who may desire to verify this statement it is to say that the complete transcript used for this edition is accessible to all who desire to make further invest

The notes and appendices are added in elucidation of the text, and it is hoped the reader will pardon any. The period covered by this book is somewhat limited, but allow us to rely solely upon SAVAGE's invaluable work. The sources of information have not been very numerous. To the kindness of Samuel G. Drake, Esq., we are indebted for the woodcuts illustrative of the appearance of the feventeenth century.

It is hoped that, as a contribution to the history of England, this book will yield to John Dunton : that fame which he anticipated when he prepared a page for the volume of his "Summer's Ramble in Ten Kingdoms."



LETTERS  
WRITTEN FROM  
NEW-ENGLAND,  
A. D. 1686.

BY  
**John Dutton.**

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IN WHICH ARE DESCRIBED  
HIS VOYAGES BY SEA, HIS TRAVELS ON LAND,  
AND THE CHARACTERS OF HIS FRIENDS  
AND ACQUAINTANCES.

Now First Published from the Original Manuscript,  
In the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

---

*WITH NOTES AND AN APPENDIX,*  
BY W. H. WHITMORE.

---

**Boston:**  
PUBLISHED FOR THE PRINCE SOCIETY.  
1867.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by  
WILLIAM H. WHITMORE,  
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

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BOSTON:  
PRINTED BY T. R. MARVIN & SON.





## INTRODUCTION.

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**J**OHN DUNTON was born at Graffham, in Huntingdonshire, the 14th of May, 1659. From the volume entitled "DUNTON'S REMAINS," in which our author piously preserved the record of his father's life and labors, we learn that the family had been for three generations devoted to the ministry. John Dunton, the father, was born 10th June, 1628, "at Little Miffenden, in Buckinghamshire, the place where his father and grandfather (both whose names were John Dunton) were ministers." He had three sisters, viz: Anne, wife of William Reding, of Dungrove, in Chesham, who had children, William, John, Nathaniel, Robert, Thomas and Anne; Mary, wife of Mr. Woolhouse, minister at Prince-Resbrow, co. Bucks, who had children, Mary, Margaret, Elizabeth, John, Anne, Richard and Sarah; and Mary, who married William Pratt, Esq., and d. s. p.

The Rev. John Dunton, as we will term him to distinguish him from his son, was of Trinity College, Cambridge, and after travelling abroad was settled at St. Mary's, co. Bedford. He

*Introduction.*

He was made Rector of Graffham, and there married Lydia, daughter of Mr. Daniel Carter, of Chesham. Their only child was John, and the mother died, 3 March, 1660. Soon after the father removed to Ireland, but after some seven years he returned to England, and was made Rector of Aston Clinton, co. Bucks. Here he married Mrs. Mary Lake, "daughter to the Rev. Mr. Mariot, and sister to that eminent citizen, Mr. Thomas Rolfe," by whom he had children, Sarah, Mary, Elizabeth and Lake. He died 4th November, 1676.

The autobiography of John Dunton, published in 1705, gives us a number of facts in regard to his life. He was intended for the ministry, but the design was abandoned in consequence of his dislike to study. He was then apprenticed to Thomas Parkhurst, a London bookfeller, and found the business sufficiently to his taste to complete the term of his service. He then commenced the business of bookfelling and publishing on his own account, and succeeded very well at first, so that he resolved upon being married. After various ineffectual attempts, which he very openly acknowledges, he was accepted by Elizabeth Annesley, daughter of Dr. Samuel Annesley, a distinguished non-conformist minister, and they were married, 3 August, 1682. Dunton says but little concerning the next three years, but it is probable that the prudence and diligence of his wife enabled him to maintain a good position in the trade.

In 1685 he resolved to visit New-England, and embarking in the "Susan and Thomas," of Boston, 150 tons burthen  
Capt

Capt. Thomas Jenner, he sailed from the Downs on the 2d of November of that year. His passage was long and stormy, and the vessel did not arrive at Boston till about the 10th of February, 1686. This volume contains a full record of his entire trip, until he arrived back in London, on the 5th of August, 1686, having been but one month on his return voyage. Having become responsible for the debts of a brother-in-law, Dunton was exposed to arrest, and for ten months after his arrival in London, he was obliged to remain housed.

His next undertaking was a visit to Holland, and at Amsterdam he lived some four months. He afterwards went up the Rhine, and, as he writes, having gratified his curiosity and spent his money, he returned to London, 15 November, 1688. He took a shop opposite to the Poultry Counter, its sign being the Black Raven, and opened it first on the day the Prince of Orange entered London. Here he traded for ten years, with a variety of successes and disappointments, putting into form some of his numerous projects. The most noticeable of these was the establishment of the "Athenian Gazette," or "Athenian Mercury," as it was later entitled. This was a weekly publication, somewhat of the nature of 'Notes and Queries,' wherein all kinds of questions were asked and answered. The idea was Dunton's, and his principal assistants were Mr. Richard Sault, Dr. Norris, and the Rev. Samuel Wesley. The latter had married another daughter of Dr. Annesley, and was somewhat noted as a writer. He was the father of the famous founders of Methodism, John and Charles Wesley. This publication reached nine-  
teen

teen volumes, and a selection of the articles was republished in three volumes, under the title of the "Athenian Oracle."

Of this period of his life Dunton writes: "By the general acquaintance I now had with all ranks and degrees of men, and which daily increased by the weekly spreading of 'the Athenian Mercury,' trade enlarged so much upon me, that I was quite cloyed with the crowd of business; and thereupon I began to bend my thoughts upon a quiet retreat from the world, that I might be more at leisure to get acquaintance with myself, and to devote my life more entirely to study, which has been one of the best pleasures I have met with. However, I could not reconcile myself to live altogether upon the main stock; and therefore I thought it the most prudent way to keep a warehouse, which might be managed in privacy, without much hurry. After long searching I found Mr. Shalcroffe's house, in Bull Head Court, near Jewin-street, very fit for my purpose; and there (as the Athenians jocularly said) my Raven went to roost." "I had a long time been making a choice collection of valuable Books from Mr. Shermerdine's shop, and at all the noted auctions. . . . My nights were now divided betwixt sleep and study. . . . I rose usually at four in the morning, and shutting my closet-door upon the vulgar world, and being encompassed with so many learned and great men, I thought myself in the very lap of Eternity."

"But, alas! the best state of happiness this world can afford is little more than an airy scene of vanity, which we cannot keep from shifting, which makes Life itself but little better

better than mere knight-errantry. My happiness was too spirituous and fine to continue long; and the conclusion of it was a wounding tragedy, the sickness and death of IRIS." This sad event took place, May 28th, 1697; and notwithstanding the grief he so loudly expressed, Dunton in the same year took a second wife. This was Sarah, daughter of Mrs. Jane Nicholas, a rich widow living at St. Albans. Soon after his second marriage he went to Ireland with a large collection of books, which were advantageously sold; and out of a quarrel in which he was involved, grew a characteristic book which he entitled "The Dublin Scuffle."

We are not informed of the cause of the embarrassments, pecuniary and matrimonial, in which he was soon involved, but he seems to have relied for assistance upon his mother-in-law, and to have failed to receive it. NICHOLS, in his edition of the "Life and Errors," quotes a letter from Mrs. Dunton, which shows that she was separated from her husband. It is dated at St. Albans, Feb. 28, 1701, and reads thus:—"I wish to let you know that, if you think much of providing for me, I am very willing you should have all your yoke and burden, as you call it being married, removed, and return me my fortune, and we will be both single; and you shall have your land if you will return me my money, and sure that will please you, for I and all good people, think you never married me for love, but for my money, and so you have had the use of it all this while to banter and laugh at me and my mother by your maggoty Printers."

In 1705 Dunton published "The Life and Errors of John Dunton, Late Citizen of London; Written by Himself in Solitude.

Solitude. With an Idea of a New Life, Wherein is Shown How he'd Think, Speak and Act, might he Live over his Days again: Intermix'd with the New Discoveries The Author has made In his Travels Abroad, And in his Private Conversation at Home. Together with the Lives and Characters of a Thousand Persons now Living in London, &c. Digested into Seven Stages, with their Respective Ideas. London: Printed for S. Malthus, 1705." Pp. 251.

This whimsical work has been undoubtedly the main source of his reputation. His political tracts, and even the farcastic praises of Dean Swift, would hardly have preserved his memory; but this budget of gossip has proved irresistible to succeeding generations. In it he has attempted to portray the characters and characteristics of all the prominent printers, publishers, engravers and even authors of his time. As an extensive though poorly digested collection of biographies, it has been a source of constant reference. It is but just to add that in many passages we discover a purity of thought not often seen in the pamphleteers of that time.

In the next year he published "The Living Elegy," and from the reprint by NICHOLS, we will make a few quotations. "I had great losses in trade (many of which have been owing to Malthus' telling me there was 400 fold of a Book, when there was not 60) and have had a much greater disappointment in the sale of my Woods." "But now the mortgage being paid off, £200 is all I owe in the world; and could my sister B— now pay me that £200 I can prove she owes me, I would clear with the whole world before I slept."

In

## *Introduction.*

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In 1708 his mother-in-law, Mrs. Nicholas, died, without apparently altering her opinion of Dunton, or affording him any relief. In fact he had laid his family troubles before the public in a way which would naturally prevent a reconciliation, and had accused Mrs. Nicholas of promising him certain property which she refused to deliver afterwards.

After this Dunton became a violent Whig, and probably became more deeply involved in debt by his numerous publications. In 1716 he made an appeal to George I. for some recompense for his services, and, in 1723, he repeated his claims. From NICHOLS'S reprint we quote the following passages.

“ That your petitioner, living in daily fear of a prison, by reason of the great sums of money which he freely spent out of his own pocket in detecting your Majesty's Enemies, applied himself to his two good friends, the late Marquis of Wharton, and the Bishop of Salisbury, who faithfully promised to lay your Petitioner's wants and services before your Majesty, which two thousand pounds would relieve.” “ That the expectation of some reward . . . . has gained your Petitioner credit for subsistence for these several years, which is now withdrawn, and a jail threatened.”

In return for the Royal bounty, Dunton promised to republish one thousand valuable books for which he held the copyright, to attempt to reform the manners and morals of the people, to publish a new book of his own, and to reprint the “ Life and Errors.” He adds a list of forty political tracts

tracts which he had issued, in favor of the Hanoverian dynasty.

The industry of NICHOLS has collected but few more facts concerning Dunton, than that his second wife was buried on March 21st, 1720-1, and that he died in obscurity, in 1733, aged 74.

The character of John Dunton is not easily understood, except upon the supposition that he was partially insane. He was vain and loquacious, and unfortunately for himself he had not only a ready pen at his service, but easy access to the printing press. The unexpected success of his "Athenian Mercury," seems to have so confirmed him in his oddities, that he did not perceive when the public had wearied of that fancy.

A letter addressed to him in 1718, and cited by NICHOLS, expresses this very sensibly. "The rest I have to say to you is merely to advise you for your own profit, and with the same sincerity I would a friend. Such titles as 'Athenian Phoenix' and 'Pindarick Lady,' are so senseless and impertinent, that it would spoil the credit of any Author that should use them; and for Plato's Notions and Platonic Love, those terms have been so justly exposed by the SPECTATOR, and are so very ridiculous and unfashionable, that nothing of those chimeras and whimsies would sell in the genteel part of the world. . . . Frolic and merry conceits are despised in this nice age." "If you have Essays or Letters that are valuable, call them Essays and Letters in short and plain language



language; and if you have any thing writ by men of sense, and on subjects of importance, it may sell without your name to it." The advice was of course rejected, and to his latest project the old catchword of Athenian was appended.

It would seem from many of his writings, that Dunton inherited a strong taste for religious discussions and dissertations. But for his unfortunate and mistaken desire to become a wit, he might have been a respected and useful citizen. It was perhaps his desire to play a part for which he was unfitted which destroyed the balance of his faculties. His works will remain as sources of information on many points, for in telling all that he knew or felt, he has occasionally preserved facts elsewhere unrecorded.

His writings often contain a random reference to matters which now provoke a desire for explanation. Thus in his *Conversation in Ireland*, (NICHOLS's edition of "Life and Errors," ii, 569,) he writes: "Having taken my leave of Sir Henry Ingolby, in my way home I met with Lieutenant Downing, my former Fellow-traveller in New-England. You can hardly imagine, Madam, how agreeable a thing it is to meet with an old Friend in a Foreign Country. It was some thousands of miles off, that we were last together; and we were equally surprized to meet each other here. There was in his company at that time Captain Annesley, Son to the late Earl of Anglesey, to whom I had the honor to be related by my first Wife." "After a Health to the King and some other of our friends in England, we talked over our New-England Ramble. After this I told the Lieutenant  
of

of my Brother Annesley's death, at which he was highly concerned." "For the Lieutenant, my old fellow-traveller, I must say that he has much address, and as great presence of mind as was ever seen. He is most agreeable company, and perhaps the best friend I had in America." Yet this best friend does not figure in Dunton's Letters, and we believe no genealogist has succeeded in identifying him with any member of the well-known family here.

In regard to the volume now presented to the public, it is thought that it will be considered a valuable addition to our knowledge of affairs here at that period. We may regret that the writer was not more competent for the task, but we have at all events a lively picture of the man who actually lived here, and was well received by the leading inhabitants. If we cannot put full reliance in the reported conversations, we can be sure that similar ones did occur and were conducted on his part in that vein. There is no improbability in the assumption that Dunton has correctly represented the tone of society here, and we can at least realize that it was healthy and not unduly repressive. As we follow Dunton on his various trips, we find evidences of a community well-ordered and prosperous. The subject of religion does not seem to have been unduly estimated, and the portraits of Mrs. Breck, Mrs. Green, and Comfort Wilkins, are descriptions of such Puritans as we may be proud to claim for Massachusetts.

Dunton has also the merit in our eyes of being favorably disposed on the whole towards the colonists. The few contemporary pamphlets treating upon our local affairs at this  
period

period were generally hostile in tone, and by no means trustworthy. While this book has been in the printer's hands, however, a most interesting volume has been published by the Long Island Historical Society, which contains new evidence in regard to affairs here. It is a translation of a journal written by Jasper Dankers, who, with Peter Sluyter, visited this country in 1679, as agents for the Labadist community, landing at New York and exploring the country with a view to purchasing territory.

In June, 1680, they visited Boston, and stayed there a month, sailing thence to Europe, July 23d. This portion of their journal covers nearly thirty pages and is of course very interesting as a new description of Boston and its inhabitants. As compared with Dunton's account the picture they draw is sufficiently harsh; but it must be remembered that not only were they strangers, unable to speak English with any fluency, but they were regarded with suspicion, as "Jesuits who had come here for no good." We may perhaps without impropriety copy from this volume a few passages which treat of the topics that Dunton discusses.

Of Boston they write, "The city is quite large, constituting about twelve companies. It has three churches, or meeting-houses, as they call them. All the houses are made of thin, small cedar shingles, nailed against frames, and then filled in with brick and other stuff; and so are their churches. For this reason these towns are so liable to fires, as have already happened several times; and the wonder to me is, that the whole city has not been burnt down, so light and dry

dry are the materials. There is a large dock in front of it, constructed of wooden piers, where the large ships go to be careened and rigged; the smaller vessels all come up to the city." "Upon the point of the bay, on the left hand, there is a block-house, along which a piece of water runs, called the Milk ditch. The whole place has been an island, but it is now joined to the main land by a low road to Roxbury." "There are many small islands before Boston, well on to fifty, I believe, between which you sail on to the city. A high one, or the highest, is the first that you meet. It is twelve miles from the city and has a light-house upon it, which you can see from a great distance, for it is in other respects naked and bare." "There is a high hill in the city also with a light-house upon it, by which you can hold your course in entering."

Of Gov. Bradstreet they write, he "dwelt in only a common house, and that not the most costly. He is an old man, quiet and grave. He was dressed in black silk, but not sumptuously."

They also went to visit John Eliot, whom they term a very old man, "seventy-seven years old," who had been forty-eight years in these parts. Their special desire was to obtain copies of his Indian books, and Eliot presented them with such as he had then with him. They asked for an Indian Bible, but it seemed that during the "late Indian war all the Bibles and Testaments were carried away and burnt or destroyed, so that he had not been able to save any for himself; but a new edition was in press, which he hoped would be

be much better than the first one, though that was not to be despised." However, he made up a copy from portions of the two editions, and in other ways showed himself friendly to these missionaries.

One of the most curious items is the picture of Harvard College, then apparently not in a very flourishing condition. There were only about ten students and no professors. On entering the College building they "found there eight or ten young fellows, sitting around, smoking tobacco, with the smoke of which the room was so full that you could hardly see; and the whole house smelt so strong of it, that when I was going up stairs, I said, this is certainly a tavern." "They could hardly speak a word of Latin, so that my comrade could not converse with them. They took us to the library where there was nothing particular. We looked over it a little."

As to the services in the churches they write that attending a day of fasting in a church, "in the first place a minister made a prayer in the pulpit, of full two hours in length; after which an old minister delivered a sermon an hour long, and after that a prayer was made, and some verses sung out of the psalm. In the afternoon, three or four hours were consumed with nothing except prayers, three ministers relieving each other alternately: when one was tired, another went up into the pulpit."

As to the inhabitants generally, it is said, "they are all Independent in matter of religion, if it can be called religion ;

gion; many of them perhaps more for the purposes of enjoying the benefit of its privileges than for any regard to truth and godliness." "All their religion consists in observing Sunday by not working or going into the taverns on that day; but the houses are worse than the taverns." "There is a penalty for cursing and swearing, such as they please to impose, the witnesses thereof being at liberty to insist upon it. Nevertheless, you discover little difference between this and other places. Drinking and fighting occur there not less than elsewhere; and as to truth and true godliness you must not expect more of them than of others."

There are many other interesting particulars in this Journal, to which we refer our readers. As to the return voyage, they took passage in the Dolphin, Capt. John Foy, paying therefor "the usual price of six pounds sterling for each person."

These missionaries were most decidedly opposed to the dominant sect here, and yet there is nothing in this record to which exception can be taken. The facts as stated are not improbable, and though we may think it a prejudiced account, it is a very moderate attack, compared with others.

To revert to Dunton and his Letters, and the dates of various occurrences; the following points are easily established: 1685, October 14th, Dunton quits London, and November 17th is fairly at sea, out of sight of land. In 1686, within a day or two of February 10, he arrives at Boston; February 16th, is allowed residence here. On  
March

March 7th and 11th, the sermons on Morgan were preached; April 4 and 10, the letter to his servant Palmer, at Salem, is written and answered. May 15th is the date of the arrival of Randolph and Ratcliffe, and May 20th to 30th covers the time in which the arrival of Mr. Morton and Mrs. Hicks occurred. The Training, and the Natick lecture, were undoubtedly in May or June, and his visit to Gloucester was probably in the latter month. On the 5th July, he quits Boston, and on the 5th August, 1686, arrives in London. He was thus four months on the outward voyage, resident here nearly five months, and one month in returning.

One defect of our author may be here confessed. In his accounts of the customs and ideas of the Indians, he has professedly given information derived at second-hand. It is evident that his great source of information was Roger Williams's "Key into the Language of America," originally published in 1643. We cannot justly accuse him of intentional plagiarism, since, had this volume been issued in Dunton's life-time, he might have confessed his indebtedness. At the time he wrote, indeed, he was doing a good service, by republishing information which had been out of reach for nearly forty years, and which he always confesses he had 'from a friend.' Although this book by WILLIAMS has been twice reprinted, once in 1827, and again in 1866, very few persons, comparatively, have access to it. In Dunton's version the matter is re-arranged, and is in a much more readable form. So, again, much of his essay on John Eliot is copied from Cotton Mather, but here we may not unfairly claim that Mather was the informant, as he was the friend,  
of

of Dunton. Certainly it is not improbable that Mather was already collecting material for his life of Eliot, then a very aged man, and Dunton's admiration of the Indian Evangelist was too genuine and enthusiastic to admit of any hesitancy in seeking for information. With these imperfections, however, the Letters must remain as unique sketches of New-England life, honestly drawn, and defective rather than erroneous.

In printing from the manuscript of an author so long deceased, many difficult questions have necessarily arisen. For all exercise of the critical functions, for omissions and annotations, the editor is to be held solely responsible, and he will be fully repaid for his labors if they prove of any service to a single student.

W. H. W.

*Boston, April, 1867.*







JOHN DUNTON'S LETTERS  
FROM  
NEW-ENGLAND.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

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As an introduction to "JOHN DUNTON'S LETTERS," the following extracts from his "LIFE AND ERRORS," concerning his first entertaining the idea of his voyage to New England, may be inserted.

He was married, August 3, 1682, at the Parish Church of Allhallows-the-Wall, London, to Elizabeth, daughter of Rev. Samuel Annesley. His account proceeds:

"When we had stayed a little time at my Father-in-law's, I carried dear Iris home, to the large house I had taken at the corner of Princes-street, where Mr. White had lived, who was so much noted for his courage in arresting Justice Balch for sending him to prison from Dr. Annesley's Meeting. "We

“We now came (as they say) to stand upon our own legs, and to barter for subsistence among the rest of mankind; and dear Iris gave an early specimen of her prudence and diligence that way; and thereupon commenced Bookfeller, Cash-keeper, managed all my affairs for me, and left me entirely to my own *rambling* and *scribbling* humors. However, I always kept an eye over the main chance. But these were golden days. Prosperity and success were the common course of Providence with me then, and I have often thought I was blessed upon the account of Iris.

“We took several journeys together into the Country, and made visits to both our Relations; but, look which way we would, the World was always smiling on us. The piety and good-humour of Iris made our lives as it were one continued Courtship; but the Reader shall have an impartial account of her Christianity towards the conclusion of this Stage.

“When I was thus seated to the best advantage at the Black Raven, in Princes-street, and as happy in my Marriage as I could wish, there came an universal damp upon Trade, occasioned by the defeat of Monmouth in the West; and, at this time, having £500 owing me in New-England, I began to think it worth my while to make a voyage of it thither.

“I first made a trial, how dear Iris would digest the thoughts of parting with me; and I found that, though she had a very tender sense of all the dangers I should be exposed to, yet she was always perfectly resigned to the pleasure of her Husband. I had no more than just an opportunity to hint the matter to my honoured Father-in-law,

*Prefatory Note.*

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in-law, Dr. Annesley, who was then going for Tunbridge ; but immediately after I wrote him the following Letter :

“LONDON, AUGUST 7, 1685.

“ *Much honoured Sir :*

“This comes to desire your free thoughts of my voyage to New-England. I have consulted several Friends upon it, who think it the best method I can take. I have a great number of Books that lie upon my hands, as the ‘Continuation of the Morning Exercises,’ and others, very proper for that place ; besides the £500 which I have there in Debts. However, I will not move without your advice and consent. My dear Wife sends her duty to you ; and we hope the Waters agree well with you.

“ I am

“ Your most affectionate and dutiful Son,

“ J. DUNTON.

“ To this Letter I had the following answer :

“ TUNBRIDGE, AUG. 10, 1685.

“ *Dear Son :*

“ I received yours, but cannot give so particular and direct an answer as you may expect. You know I came hither presently after you mentioned this voyage, neither had I an opportunity to consider all the circumstances of it. I perceive those you have consulted are for it ; and they are better able to foresee what may probably be the issue of such an undertaking, than I am, or can be. The infinitely wise God direct you, and give wisdom to those that advise you. I do as heartily desire your universal welfare as any Friend  
you

you have in the World, and therefore dare not say a word against it.

“My present opinion is, that you do not (if you resolve upon the voyage) carry too great a Cargo; for I think it will be less trouble to you to wish there that you had brought more, than to fret at the want of a market for too many. If you observe the course of the World, the most of all trouble is through frustration of our expectation: where we look not for much, we easily bear a disappointment. Moderation in all things but in love to God and serious godliness, is highly commendable. Covet earnestly the best Gifts, and the best Graces and the best Enjoyments; for which you shall never, while I live, want the earnest Prayers of

“Your most affectionate Father,

“S. ANNESLEY.”

“I was very glad of any excuse that would make my friends more indulgent to my *rambling* humour. To make short of it, I got ready for my voyage with all possible expedition, sent a great number of Books down the River to Gravefend, and followed them soon after, having bid a sorrowful farewell to dear Iris and my other Relations.”

---

[We now proceed with the copies of Dunton's Letters, as preserved in the Bodleian Library, Rawlinson MS. Misc. 71, which had evidently been prepared by him for publication, and to which he had prefixed the following title-page.]

A  
SUMMER'S RAMBLE,  
THROUGH TEN KINGDOMS,

OCCASIONALLY WRITTEN BY

JOHN DUNTON,

CITIZEN OF LONDON,

IN HIS TRAVELLS; AND SENT TO HIS FRIENDS IN ENGLAND.

WHEREIN HE RELATES

THE HISTORY OF HIS SEA-VOYAGES,  
HIS CONVERSATION ON THE ROADS, AT THE INNS AND TOWNS  
HE STAYD ATT,

With Particular Characters of Men and Women, and almost every thing  
He saw : or conversed with.

---

MORE ESPECIALLY

IN HOLLAND, AMERICA, DUBLIN, &c.

Where 500 Persons may find their Pictures, that at present little expect it.

---

The Whole writ in *A DIFFERENT METHOD* from other Travellers,  
and discovers the Mistakes of some late Writers.

---

ILLUSTRATED WITH COPPER-PLATES REPRESENTING THE  
MOST PLEASANT PASSAGES IN THE WHOLE ADVENTURE.

---

Hey Boys! She scuds away, and by my head I know,  
We round the World are sailing now.—Cowley.

---

VOL. I.

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LONDON:

Printed (FOR THE AUTHOR) and are to be sold by *A. Baldwin* near the Oxford  
Armes in Warwick Lane, of whom is to be had THE DUBLIN SCUFFLE,  
written by the same Hand.

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## LETTER I.

TO MRS. ELIZABETH DUNTON, AT MADAM  
GODFRYE'S HOUSE, IN THE POULTRY, LONDON.

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*From West-Cowes, in the Isle of Wight,  
Octob. 25th, 1685.*



**M**Y Heart and more,—As I lay capering in<sup>1</sup> the winding chambers of nature, even there I was forming Ideas of long voyages and New Worlds. I was not born above 3 Houres but my eyes were offering at discoveries. And by that time I could move my Tongue, it would be twattling of Forreign Countrys, and therefore (my Dear) you can't admire that *I leave England (to Ramble through Ten Kingdomes)* but may wonder that I leave you, for cou'd I goe and leave my selfe behind? (and without an Hyperbole, the best part of my selfe, too.) Behind, did I say? fooner shall my soul forfake its dwelling than I can part with your Dear Image! you are with me (dearest Partner of my Life) wherever I ramble, and like my Guardian-Angell, keep my soul from every straying thought. That bond of Love in which our Hearts are tyed is indissolvable, our Love is constant. Many waters cannot quench

<sup>1</sup>See a confirmation of this in my *Ju- Farwell to Dublin, p. 122, and in p. venile travells lately published in my 148.—J.D.*

quench<sup>2</sup> it, neither can place, time, or death it felfe, bring it to a Period. Nor is there any Reafon it thou'd, for I have allways lov'd thee as the Indented counterpart of my foul, and I muft fay the Teares you fhed when I left London, affure the world you love me, not my Fortunes.

Fair courfe of Paffions where two lovers start,  
And run together, Heart thus yok'd in Heart.

There's nothing in our Love that has been vulgar; our Paffions and Affections have been as pure as Æther, and all our Life has been nothing elfe but one continued fcene of Ecftacy and Rapture in the Mutuall Interchanges of our Love. In a word we are both fo happy in one another, that Adam and Eve in Paradife were fcarfe happyer. But, who can refift the laws of Fate? As happy as I am, I muft now leave you; 'tis true the man in the Gofpell had marryd a wife and he cou'd not leave her; but he was not born to ramble, or he muft have purfued his destiny: fure I am, if any thing cou'd keep me at home, 'tis a Tender wife, fuch a one as your dear felfe. But my Starrs have decreed me a Rambler. Yet, my Dear, be chearfull, for I can live as well abfent as prefent. Then, feeing I've defign'd a Ramble through Ten Kingdomes, Ile now goe to America—Thence to Holland—Thence to Ireland—Thence to Scotland—Thence to France—Thence to Spain—Thence to Germany—Thence to Italy—Thence to Greece—Thence to Jerufalem—and perhaps Thence to the Indyees, &c.; neither can I be ftop'd in this *long Adventure*, for being born under a Rambling-Planet, all that is done to fix me at home does but forward my Travells abroad. Even the Parfon<sup>3</sup> himfelfe (God bleffe him,) gave me a lifting hand, (and, Mr. H., I thank ye for't,) for as much as I love Iris, I can't but pity thofe that are

<sup>1</sup>Cant. 8. 7.

<sup>2</sup>Mr. H— minifter of St. Chriftophers in Threadneedle-Street who was pleas'd to excommunicate Mr. Aftwood,

my felfe, and feveral others for not being of his opinion, or in plainer Termes for not coming to Church.—  
J. D.



are meekly ty'd to a Petticoat. To such nothing is the object of these sences, (except they get such a Spouse as Iris,) but that is common; they see nothing surprizing or new; like a horse in a mill, they goe on in their constant Round and that they do to-day, that they do to-morrow; yet, (my Dear,) as much as I love rambling, I ben't for goeing on such errands as the Son of Kish, only to seek his Father's Asses, nor will I ramble like the Prodigall Son, only to feed upon the Husks of a Strange Country; nor need I travell with Æsop to Istria, thence to Africk, and sundry other kingdomes, only to find out the best crabbs; or like him who came to England from the furthest parts of Hungary only to eat *Oysters*. These Ramblers were better ha' staid at home! but there are few Instances of that nature — most men (like Alexander) travell for the Golden-Fleece.<sup>4</sup> And I must confesse 'twas the Hopes of Gold (with a little pleasure into the bargain) that has now engaged Ten merry boyes of us<sup>6</sup> to plow the ocean and like souldiers of fortune, to run all hazards that we might obtain our end. 'Tis true, had the valiant Monmouth succeeded, I had deferred these Rambles a year longer; but he was beaten (not to say betray'd) at Sedgmore, [there<sup>6</sup> were other parts first to be acted, and the great work of our deliverance was reserv'd for a more Noble and Illustrious Arm; and Heavens peculiar Darling, *Great Nassaw*, was only fit to be intrusted in it;] soe that every thing this yeare conspired to send me abroad, and accordingly, Octob. 14, 1685, I took my solemn leave of the

<sup>4</sup>Dunton has two drafts of this introductory matter, and we have used the later one for our text. In the cancelled part, however, is the following clause:

"At that time the Nation being in a Ferment, and Trading bad to an Extremity, and having there great sums of money due to me at Boston in New-England, despising all the difficulties

that attended it, I took a Resolution to Ramble thither."—ED.

<sup>6</sup>Mr. Stevens, Mr. Bolt, Mr. Roswell, Mr. Charles Martin, Jun., Mr. Weaver, Mr. Pain, Mr. Hasswell, Mr. Herrick, Mr. Allen, a printer, my selfe and one more.—J. D.

<sup>6</sup>The matter within this Brace was added since the first writeing of the Letter.—J. D.

the good Doctor, (my Reverend Father in Law,) his wife and family. And now, my Dear, methought 'twas a little representation of a Funerall, to see thee and my severall friends, (like so many mourners) marching with me to the water-side; for I now fancyd my selfe as 'twere a Herse and Coffin upon their shoulders, and my weeping spouse decently attending the Ceremony; but we wanted Torches; and besides, it's not usuall for any to waite upon their own Coffins. *However, your Dear Selfe*, Sister Sarah, Teddy, Brother and Sister Sudbury, Roger White, and a crowd of other friends, did not grudge me that small and last office, to goe with me to the Boate that was to carry me to Graves-end. It lay at Ratcliffe, near one Mrs. Adams, where my sifter, Mary Dunton, then lived; so takeing her with us (you may remember) we all went to the Ship-Tavern, in order to our last Farwell. You staid here about Three Houres, drinking a Boon voyage to the young Traveller, for soe I was then, haveing as yet never seen the sea, nor scarce a mariner's compasse. But the dearest friends must part, and as good at first as at last, and therefore takeing leave of my Dear, (which was the topping difficulty of my whole voyage,) and beckoning a sad farwell to my other friends, (as long as they cou'd see hand or glove,) we parted.

(My Dear,) It was time now to commit and commend my selfe and Boate to the protection and conduct of that God who rules the winds and the waves; so beckoning another Farwell to my friends at shore, and wishing you all (as long as you cou'd see or hear me) as much happynesse as cou'd be hoped for from a Popish King, and you to Philaret as long a life as cou'd be expected by a man going to his Grave: We launch out on Wednesday about 2 of the Clock; an afternoon for ever to be remember'd by *Poor Phil*:—and the Bill of Lading is as followeth, viz.—

John Dunton, Samuell Herrick, and Roger White:

for I cant forget the generous love of honest Roger, who  
when

when all were gone still cling'd about me, and wou'd not leave me—till I was Embarked, and so boated it with me to Erith, where we went ashore and lay that night. We lodg'd but in a poor House, but our Landlady was resolv'd to cross the Proverb, for tho' we had scarce any thing but bare walls, she was no giddy Houfwife, but went more neat and lite in her patch't cloaths than lazy flatterns in their silks and fattins; She entertain'd us with an obliging Aspect, and waited upon us with a diligence so peculiar to her, that tho' we might have gone to bigger Houfes (and had more variety) yet it could not have pleaf'd us better:

To what she brought us, we were welcome still;  
Good Entertainment, though the chear was ill.

The next morning, the Dawn scarce drew the curtains of the East, ere Herrick, Roger, and my self got out of our Beds. We made Graves-End the Port to which we Rambled next; it is but two miles from Erith, where we lay;<sup>7</sup> and is a pretty little Town at the Mouth of the River Thames. Its Trading consists chiefly, in entertaining those Passengers that are either just going to, or newly come from Sea; Such as the Graves-End Inkeepers never expect to see again; and therefore make the most of them while they have them: They make their customers pay for every thing, just as the Had'em Collegians speak, that is, through the Nose. As soon as we had look'd a little about the Town, we went into an Inn, where we found our Host a man that consisted of Double Beds and fellowship; for as he was sure to supply us with Drink even without asking, so he would always thrust himself in for a snack, in helping to drink it; yet to say the truth, he was a Man of great humility, and gave us power as well over himself as his house. I observ'd him to be exceeding willing to answer all Mens Expectations to the utmost of his Power, unless it were in the Reckoning, and there

<sup>7</sup> We have here omitted a long description of a milkmaid seen by the way.—ED.

there he would be absolute ; and had got that Trick of Court-Greatness, to lay all mistakes upon his Servants. His wife was like Cummin-seed to a Dove-house, and helpt to draw in the Customers ; and to be a good Guest, was a sufficient Warrant for her Liberty. And to give you his character in few words, he is an absolute slave, for he neither eats, drinks, nor thinks, but at other mens charges and Appointments. But he sells himself at an Extravagant rate, and makes all his Customers pay dearly for the Purchase. Nor was he at all singular, for in the whole Town, there was never a Barrel better Herring.

In this Town, my Dear, I met with my old Neighbour and Friend, Mr. Thomas Malthus, (who is since dead,) waiting for a wind for Holland. He liv'd, you know, at the Sun in the Poultry ; but his Sun setting in a cloud forc'd him to make a vertue of Necessity. Tom being a Brother citizen and meeting me so unexpectedly, was both pleas'd and surpriz'd, and therefore would needs attend me to my ship, then riding at Graves-End ; Her name was the Susan and Thomas, belonging to Boston in the Massachusetts, a Colony of English in New England, 150 Tuns Burden, mann'd with 16 saylers, the Masters name Thomas Jenner, with about 30 Passengers, the most part of which were men flying for safety after the Rout at Sedgemore : Being come to the ship, after the Exchange of our good wishes for each others wellfare, I took my leave of my True Friend Mr. Roger White, and of Mr. Malthus, who both went back to Graves-End in the Same Boat, not without several Huzza's to us, till we were out of hearing them. And now being on ship-board, and having parted with all my Friends, I look'd upon my self to be just beginning my Rambles. We left Graves-End on the 16th of October, about three in the afternoon, and went down into the Hope ; which (having never before seen so great a Confluence of Waters,) appear'd to me a very hopelefs place ; tho' this was  
but

but like a little puddle, in comparison of the mighty Ocean through which I afterwards sail'd. The 17th being Saturday, we fet sail out of the Hope: And this must be a very dispairing circumstance: For

What worfer treatment can a Rambler find,  
Than to be forced to leave e'en Hope behind?

Having left the Hope, about 6 o'clock at night we came to an Anchor in Margaret Road, in 3 fathom and a half Water: the 18th we turn'd into the Downs, where a *New England Captain* came aboard us; to whom the Master testify'd his hearty Welcome by a Splendid Entertainment, in which there wanted no Dainties to satiffie the most curious Palate; for besides those standing Dishes of Powder'd Bief, Pease and Bacon, (a dish that's always welcome to the Saylers) there were all forts of Fowls and Fishes; three Elements at least contributed to furnish out the Feast; nor wou'd the fourth have been excuf'd, could they have found a way to eat the Salamander. Neats Tongues, Westphalia Hams, Runds of Sturgeon, with joles of salmon, Anchovies and Caveare, were [there.] In brief, not Heljogabalus himself could scarce boast a more delicious table. Nor was there wanting to all this good chear, plenty of Wines to make it go down glibly. But that which was the most esteem'd by every one was a large Bowl of Punch, a Liquor of that Noble and Divine Original, that all the Gods and Goddesses (or else the Poet lies) contributed to its Composition.

The Wind proving contrary, we were forc'd to lie a considerable time in the Downs, but nothing extraordinary occur'd until the 23d of October (that Dismal Day wherein the Innocent Cornish, and the Compassionate Mrs. Gaunt, both fell a sacrifice to Popish Rage and Cruelty. Upon that dark and gloomy day there happen'd such a dreadful storm, that no mans memory cou'd produce its Parallel: 'twas attended both with Lightning and with Thunder: Thunder that rent the amazed Firmament, and tore in pieces

pieces the wide cheek of air; Lightning so flaming that it seem'd to open the Brest of Heaven, and let down sheets of fire: you cannot but remember how dreadful 'twas by Land: But in the Downs (where then I was) it was more difmall, for here the storm rais'd the proud Billows almost to the skies, and made the ship's main-mast tilt at the stars; scarce a wave came rolling over us but what we thought the Messenger of Death. How dreadful, think you, (dearest) must it be, when even the Sailors, that but seldom pray, came to the Passengers, desiring us, that for God's sake, we would go all to Prayer, for that the ship [illegible] they could not hold out an hour. The seamen's desiring us to go to prayer put me in mind of that saying, He that would learn to pray, let him goe to sea, at the which severall of us did.

But even in this confusion we had some angry words, for upon the Seamen desiring us to goe to Prayers, one of our Passengers pul'd out "*The Crumbs of Comfort*," (a prayer-book,) which displeas'd some of the rest; which I was troubled at, for certainly set Prayers are lawfull for any, otherwise God wou'd not have appointed the Priests (presumed of themselves best able to pray) a form of blessing the people; nor need our Saviour have set us His prayer, which (as the Town Bushell is the standard both to measure corn and other Bushells by) is both a Prayer in it selfe and a Pattern and Platforme of Prayer. The cloaths of the Israelites whilst they wandered forty yeares in the Wildernesse, never waxed old, as if made of Perpetuano indeed. So a Good Prayer often used is still fresh and faire in the Eares and Eyes of Heaven. Certainly a Form of Prayer (tho' used in a storm) is better than none. But tho' some in our ship wanted such helps as these, yet there were others that did not, and particularly Mr. Charles Martin and Mr. Allen, who not only prayed with us extempore, but sung a Psalm, which seem'd like that at Tyburn, sung by Condemned

demned criminals before their Execution. I know not how 'twas with my fellow-Passengers, but for my self I was too fad to sing.<sup>a</sup>

He whose word curbs the fury both of winds and seas, sent us a Happy Calm. And 'twas our Equal wonder to see so great a storm so soon succeeded by a Calm. Neptune now had wip'd his foamy Mouth, the Winds retir'd, and sunk into their Caverns. The sea-green Triton sounded a Retreat. As still as midnight were the Waves, as smooth as when the Halcyon builds her Nest; and all the Sea lay prostrate in slumbers. The Calm having thus succeeded, and given us some assurance of our Lives, some in our ship (I cant say they were seamen) begun to consider that Prayer is not like a stratagem in war, to be used but once—no, the oftener the better, so our first work was to give God thanks for our Deliverance, which was perform'd by all with such affection, (the sense of Danger being scarcely off,) that I am sure I never saw the like. This great Tempest was a lively and reall Comment on that place recorded in Ps. 107, 23 v. &c. They that go down to the Sea in ships, that do businesse in great waters—These see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the Deep, and For he commandeth and raiseth the stormie wind which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to Heaven; they goe down again to the Depths; their soul is melted because of Trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken-man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their Trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a Calm; so that the Waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet: so he bringeth them unto their desired Haven. After this manner we were delivered.

But tho' the storm was happily over, the wind kept still in its old quarter, i. e., contrary to us; and therefore the

<sup>a</sup> We omit a long passage concerning storms and prayer in general.—ED.

the next day, my self and servant Palmer, Who has such a Love for me that he tells me he'd goe with me round the world,—with four other Passengers, took a Boat for Deal; for having been so rudely tost upon the Sea, we hop'd to be more favorably treated on shore. But it was very near making good the Proverb, "Out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire," (tho' here 'twas into the water;) for just as we were Landing, we had like to have been all drownded, and so have found that Death a-shore we had so lately escap'd at Sea; and tho' through the goodness of God, we were all preserved, Yet did the dread of it so feiz my spirits, that, (to this hour,) I had rather go an East India Voyage in a Tite Ship than Cross the Thames in a Boat. Being Landed at Deal, we left it the next morning, and spent some time in viewing the country, which was pleafant enough, considering the season of the year.<sup>9</sup>

Having heard this story, we went back to our ship highly pleaf'd with the diversion we met with in spending some of our loose Coins at Deal, which is the usual fate attending those that are staid there by contrary winds.

On the 20th November, in the afternoon, we weighed out of the Downs, and steered away for the Beachy. About one of the clock in the morning, the wind took us a-stays with a gust, rain, thunder and Lightning; and now we were in great danger of Rocks, but with much difficultie we Anchored at Cowes in the Isle of Wight; the night proving very tempestuous, with much Thunder and Lightning.

The next morning, myself and Palmer, and 3 or 4 other Passengers, went ashore, and rambled into West Cowes; but the multitude of shameless women there, had like to have made us mistake it either for Rome or Venice, rather than for any place in a Reformed Country.<sup>10</sup>

There is, my Dear, both West Cows and East Cows in this

<sup>9</sup>We here omit a story told by a casual acquaintance to Dunton.—ED.

<sup>10</sup>We omit Dunton's more particular account of the inhabitants.—ED.



this Island. It is West Cows that we were in, and the entertainment we met with in West Cows quite turn'd our stomachs against East Cows, that we resolv'd against going thither, and so rambled to Newport, which was three miles from West Cowes, and the Principal Market Town in the whole Island: Being come thither, I went to see Martha Lambert, my old Correspondent there, who treated me with a generosity worthy of her self; her Person was (not to say deform'd) but very indifferent, but her Soul was Great and Noble; and the Internal Virtues and Endowments of her Mind, did more than compensate for all that was wanting in her Person; Her discourse and Notions, were so pure and clear, and so great and Uncommon, that they justly exacted my Admiration; And when I had reflected both on them and her Person, it brought the following lines to my remembrance:

They oft mis-judge, that by the Front Divine,  
The brightest Bushes better not the Wine,  
Nor does the Garment of a gilded Pill,  
Add Health unto the Patient that is ill:  
I love to know the in-side of a Man,  
Let who will gaze o'th' shadow of him there,  
For sometimes does a Doltish ass appear  
In shew a very Learn'd Philosopher;  
And where without but little has-been seen,  
The greatest Treasures have been found within.

While we were discoursing with Mrs. Lambert, we understood that there was in the Town a Famous Astrologer, one that pretended to be Register of Heaven, and Privy Counsellor to all the Planets, that took upon him to understand the stars' Prophetick Language, and with his Jacob's staff to walk to Heaven, and dive into the secrets of Futurity. My curiosity to discourse him, made me ramble to give him a visit, which he accepted with civility, as hoping I was come to be his Customer; and he would fain have been telling me the success of my voyage; but I excus'd my self from giving him that Trouble for this Reason, That what the

the Stars (according to his Notion) did forshew, was either Fate, or not; if it was Fate, it won't to be Reverf'd, and therefore the fore-knowledge of it might anticipate an Evil without Remedy; which brought a man into the worst condition that was possible; but if it was not Fate, and so might be reverfible, then there was nothing certain in his Art, and his Prognostications were but vain. For shou'd a Woman that's with Child, desire to know whether the Burden of her Pregnant womb be Male or Female, all that this Starry Notary can tell her, is that the Stars prognosticate a Boy, but not so certainly, but that it yet may chance to be a Girl; how idle and ridiculous wou'd this appear, and who wou'd credit such uncertain stories? This Star-Divine, my Dear, was not aware that my Design was to attack his Art, and therefore did desire a longer time to answer me, but my occasions not permitting any further stay, I left him to consult the Stars about it; and shall only give you my Observations on him, which is, That he is the worst part of an Astronomer, and a meer compass of Figures, Characters, and Cyphers, out of which he proves a Horary-Question not so profitably as doubtfully; He is Tenant by Custom to the Planets, of whom he holds the Twelve Houses by Lease Parole, paying the yearly Rent of his Study and Time; His Life is meerly contemplative, for his practice is nothing worth, or at least not worthy of credit; Ptolemy and Tycho Brahe are his Patrons, whose volumes he understands not, but admires; and the rather because they are strangers, and so easier to be believ'd than disprov'd: Yet I must needs say his Life is upright, for he is always looking upwards; yet dares believe nothing above Primum Mobile, for 'tis out of the reach of his Jacob's Staff. The rest of him you shall know when I return from New England; for what he will be then, he himself knows not now.

Having taken my leave of the Star-Gazer, and given my good Friend Mrs. Lambert a Thousand Thanks for our  
generous

generous Entertainment, we return'd back to our Ship, which is now ready to fail, as soon as the wind presents; which according to the Observation of the Seamen will be before the Blooming Light buds from the blushing East.

Thus (my Dear) have I sent you the account of my first embarking and the History of my sea voyage so far as to West Cowes; In which I've inserted the manner of my leaving London, which you may think needlesse as 'tis what you were present att, but I send it, see ye, to remind ye endearments that past then, and as 'tis necessary to render the History of my Rambles perfect, which I design to print, and therefore desire you'd keep all the Letters I send either to you or my friends. To-morrow if a gale presents we faile on for a new-world (for soe they call America): at my first arrivall I'll send an account of the wonders I meet on the Great *Herring-Pond* and a Particular Character of it. My Servant Palmer has been very usefull to me and doe present his humble service to you. But hark! The Seamen are hoising faile and I must be gone. A long Adieu to your dear Selfe which with my dayly prayers for our meeting agen at the Black-Raven is all at present (for we are under-fail) from

Yrs Entirely

JOHN: DUNTON.





## LETTER II.

TO MY ONLY BROTHER MR. LAKE DUNTON.  
LATELY RETURN'D FROM SURAT IN THE EAST-INDIES.

---

*From Boston in New England.*



ONEST Lake!—My last letter, (to my Dearest Spoufe), relates the Rambling Fate that I was born to; (I say born to, for you know, Brother, we are of a Rambling Generation; which my Father's Rambling through a great part of England, and then crossing St. George's Channel to the Hibernian Shore, and your great Travels to the furthest East, to meet the morning Sun in his own Aromatick Indies, sufficiently evince, tho' I had never Rambled to America, nor waited on the Sun till he lies down in the soft Bed of Thetis:) And tells the Melancholy story of my leaving England; with my own observations on what I met with in my Passage to the Isle of Wight, for 'twas from thence you had the latest News of Philaret; till like a Duck that had been Diving in the Aqueous Element, I popt up my head again above Water in New England, after having been four months out of sight—So that now, I am next in Order, (that I may observe a Method in Writing my Rambles), to send the History of my Sea-Voyage: And to which of my Friends can I so properly direct this, as your self? Your  
long

long East-India-Voyage, making you both a Competent Judge, and a good Witness, of the Truth of what I here relate.

Bro, I know there be some that censure the Relations of all Travellers. It was a good proviso of a learned man never to expect wonders, for in so doing of the greatest he will be sure not to be believed but laughed at, which certainly betrays their Ignorance and want of discretion of fools and mad men. Then I shall take no care: this Letter is only designed for you, who perhaps have seen all I relate, or at least have learn'd enough to believe that you can't disprove. For you know, my Brother, from your own Experience, That they that go down to the Sea in Ships, and do Business in great Waters, that these see the Works of the Lord, and his Wonders in the Deep: So that on two Accounts you are Entitled to this Letter; the one, as I can mention no Wonders in the Sea that you're a stranger to; and the other as you desired this Voyage of me; And 't's both pleasant to me, and reasonable also, not only to satisfy, but exceed the desires of a Brother, who like you, by a thousand good offices in my Absence persuade me (for I am not thinking of Trustees) that the Bonds of our Friendship are stronger, as well as sweeter, than those of our Birth: And since I have mention'd Friendship, I must put you in mind, Brother, that an honest Boldness in Noting of Errors, is the Truest Testimony of a Faithful Friend: And therefore if the following account of my voyage be stuff'd with Wonders of my own Invention, and such as never were in *rerum natura*, it is your duty to detect and find them out; And tho' your good Nature is as ready to forgive Faults, as your Wisdom is able to discover 'em, yet let me beg of you, when you Answer this, to tell me my Errors, Mistakes, and Omissions; not with the flattering Tongue of a Courtier, but with the honest severity of a true Friend: and remember, tho' you are a Traveller (and a great one too) yet you have no  
Authority

Authority to subscribe to the Lyes (if any such you meet with) even of your Elder Brother.—

To proceed then to the History of my Sea-Voyage; Having set out from West Cows in the Isle of Wight, with a fair Gale, and my dear brother, my Fair Spouse's best wishes for my good voyage and safe Return, I dreamt of nothing but of sporting Winds and Halcyon Weather; but alas! I quickly found my self mistaken; and all my teeming hopes soon prov'd abortive; for in this Voyage, Brother, which kept us on the surface of the Angry Main four Months together, (which is two more than usually Men make their Voyage thither in) you'll find the hardship of my whole life.

It was on Friday, the 29th of October, we began to fail from the Isle of Wight, dressing our selves with Aurora; Nay, before she had put on her Indian Gown; and Sol himself just rose from Thetis' Lap, did with his all-reviving Light and Heat accompany us: But what disgust we gave this glorious Luminary I know not; but so it was, that in a little time he took occasion to with-draw himself behind a Cloud, and afterwards would hardly give us one kind Ray in our whole Voyage; nor was this all, for on the Sun's with-drawing, the face of Heaven was chang'd, and with a frowning and contracted Brow, shew'd its Resentment in dreadful Storms of Thunder and of Lightning; and so disconsolate it was at the Sun's absence, that it scarce kept from Weeping till we had reach'd America; insomuch that our whole voyage seem'd unto me but one continued storm—So that our Captain (who had for many years been Rambling on those Seas) told us he ne'er had seen the like before. This was but cold Encouragement, my Brother, you may imagine, to poor Trembling Philaret, who ne'er had seen such Waves as those before. Nor need you disbelieve me, if I tell you, I wish'd my self i' th' Arms of my dear Iris (for 'twas safe Anchor there) as often as I view'd the Ocean, or durst

durft peep out of my Cabin, to order Palmer to assist me in my Spewing: For now the Sea began to work upon me; and the fighting of my Humors with Each other, soon made it evident the Harmony of Nature was quite out of Tune, which made as great a Tempest in my Microcosm as on the boiling Gulf on which we floated. And had I not been comforted by some experienced Passengers, that I should be the better for it afterwards, I should have fear'd the Dissolution of the Bodies League had been at hand. For I was so disorder'd by it, that at every heave, it set me on the Borders of the other World, and made me sensibly to touch the Extremities of Life: So violent my sickness was, that to undergo it long, requir'd a greater Remedy than Patience, and better helps than those that Man afforded; which as I wanted, so I also found; for which I on my bended knees adore that Sovereign Hand by which I was supported: Ah! had my dearest Iris seen me then, how much would she have been afflicted, and how much have pitied me! and so I doubt not but your self would have done also. But, my dear Brother, Tho' I can't Say that I was well till I arriv'd at Boston, yet I had between whiles those lucid intervals, that gave me opportunity to look about me, and make my Observations of such things as pass'd; or else I had been incapacitated to give you this Relation of my Voyage.

On the 2d of November (being Monday) at Ten in the morning, the Lizard was about five Leagues from us; The Lizard (so called by Mariners) is a high Promontory near the Lands End of Cornwall, edg'd and pointed like a Cone, or Pyramid. Near this place there was a great Ridge of Sand, which the Winds and Waters had laid there, which made the master Examine how the Tide stood affected, for that we shou'd need a Tide of Flood to carry us over it.<sup>11</sup>

On the 4th of Novemb. the furthest part of Scilly  
was

<sup>11</sup>We omit a long dissertation on the Cause of Tides.—Ed.

was 9 Leagues off N. W. Here we saw great quantities of Sea-fowl flying, which seem'd strange to me so far off of Land, tho' not quite out of sight of it. But the Mariners told me, that was very ordinary, even when out of sight of Land; for that these Fowls live generally upon Fishes, and indeed they wou'd be often-times popping at 'em: While we were thus observing the Flying Fowles, one of the Seamen affirm'd that he had seen Flying Fishes, and that they had wings like a Rere-Mouse, but of a silver-colour; and that under the Tropick of Capricorn they fly in shoals like stares. Nature has given this fish Wings (as he affirm'd) for the preservation of its Life, for being often pursued by the Beneto, Porpoise, and other ravenous Fish, with the same Eagerness as the hungry Hound pursues the timorous Hare, it is oftentimes forced to save it self by flying. It is observed by the Mariners, That this fish will rather chuse to fly into a Ship or Boat, if any be near, than be taken by its Enemies; tho' this only makes good the Proverb, Out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire. If in your Voyage to Surat, you have happen'd to see any of 'em, you can the better judge of the description I have given, and of the truth of what the Mariner affirm'd. Brother, I have seen a Dial Piece of a Clock in the Collegiate Church of Gloucester, whereon was pourtray'd four Angels, each of them seeming to say something to those that look'd up to observe the hour of the day: This I remembred, being at Sea, and it put me upon Improving what I saw and heard in my Voyage; a Recital of which Improvements upon several occasions will shew you how I spent my time. And even upon the Relation of this Flying Fish, I could not but reflect upon the great folly that we often run our selves into, that to escape an outward danger, which is but temporal, venture upon Sin, and thereby run the hazard of Eternal Ruine.

Novemb. 6. We made the Ship to be in the Latitude  
of



of 48 degrees 32 min. having a great Sea all Night; and the next Morning being out of sight of Land, the Ships Crew were all very jocund, and drank a Cheerful Cup to our good Voyage, which brought to my remembrance the following Ode of the Immortal Cowley:

Cheer up, my Mates: the Wind does fairly blow;  
Clap on more sail, and never spare;  
Farewel all Lands, for now we are  
In the wide Sea of Drink, and merrily we go.  
Bless me 'tis hot! another Bowl of Wine,  
And we shall cut the Burning Line:  
Hey Boys! the scuds away, and by my head I know,  
We round the World are sailing Now.

And now Brother, being come into the great and Wide Sea, give me leave to present you with a Particular Character, first of the Sea, itself, and secondly of our Leaky Ship; Thirdly, the Ship's Crew from the Master to the Cabin-Boy; Fourthly, What I saw and observ'd during the whole voyage; and lastly an account of our Landing at Boston in New England.<sup>12</sup>

Having thus given you some brief Account of the Ocean, I am in the next place, Brother, according to the Method I before prescrib'd to my self, to give you some account of our Leaky Ship: And sure the very Name of Leaky, wou'd be sufficient to frighten a Young Rambler from adventuring in it: Nor can I but esteem it as some degree of Daring, (if not of valour,) to expose my Life in a vessel where the Avenues to Ruine were left so unguarded: If he that sails within the stanchest ship, is yet within the Verge of Death, and but four Inches distant from it, how near must he be to those dismal shades, that lets the Enemy into his Bowels every moment, and does by every drop of Water she receives, make fresh Advances towards it. And yet, my Brother, this was our sad case; we had a ship that Leak'd incessantly, and tho' our Seamen stoutly ply'd the Pump, she would be letting

<sup>12</sup> We venture to omit the general description of the sea.—ED.

letting in the Enemy: And were it not that a peculiar Providence protected us, 'twas little less than Miracle we had not perish'd in that great Abyfs.

But I have been too long within this Leaky Vessel; and therefore, Brother, will entertain you next with an account of our Ship's Crew: And Decency and Order leads me first to tell you what our Captain was: His name was Thomas Jenner,<sup>13</sup> a gruff Tarpaulin, but never bred a Courtiour, nor scarcely understood Civility: And yet he had some smatterings of Divinity (as most of the New England Captains have) and went not only constantly to Prayers (which was a thing very Commendable) but also took upon him to Expound the Scriptures, which gave offence to several of the Passengers, who thought he took upon him more than belong'd to his Employment. However, I believe he meant no hurt in't; for being brought up in New England, where for a man to be Religious is the Fashion, he must be either a sincere Professor, or a Hypocrite; 'Tis not my Business, Brother, to judge men for their Principles, I only wish that we had found his Practice more correspondent to 'em. Yet had not Covetousness been his Idol, he had done well enough. The next in Order was his Mate, George Monk, who to say truth was a good sailer, and a good condition'd Fellow; or to give you his Character in Sea-terms, he is a pitch'd Piece of Reason, calckt and tackl'ct, and only studied to dispute with Tempests; and which is stranger, he's part of his own Provision, for he's always pickl'd in Salt Water: The next Man is the Boat-swain, his Name Charles King, an Able Seaman, and as far from Fear, as Brokers are from Honesty; a Fore-Wind is the substance of his Creed, and fresh Water the Burden of his Prayers. He is naturally ambitious, for he is ever climbing: Time and he are every where, and always contending

<sup>13</sup> As Dunton afterwards visited his house we reserve mention of him till later.  
—ED.

tending who shall arrive first. He is extream long-winded, for he tires the Day, and outruns Darknes.—But enough of him. The Cook is the next Man, a Tawney-more Indian; a necessary man in a ship, especially if he chance to be ones Friend, which I found it was my Interest to make him; and to that end, Employ'd my Servant Palmer, who had so insinuated himself into his affection, that he could have procur'd anything from him; I have also this further to say of him, That tho' he was a Tawney-more Indian, yet he was a Converted one, and in the main, a very honest Fellow. The next was George Drinkewater, the Gunner, a Man so pusillanimous, that he had rather creep into a scabbard, than draw a Sword, the most unfit man in the World for a Gunner, for fear had that ascendant over him, that he Cou'd scarce endure the Noise of his own Guns; and like K. James the first, the very sight of a naked Sword wou'd almost cause him to be—t himself: Yet was he wonderful exceptionis and Cholerick, when he saw men were loth to give him an occasion: but then there was no better way to allay his anger than by quarelling with him; for how hot and violent foever he appear'd, he might be easily threaten'd into a very pacifick Temper. The next Man was the Purser, an old, dull, sleeping Fellow, and so abandon'd to obstinacy and self-will, that there was no perfwading of him; And if one had a mind to have him do a thing, the only way was to declaim against it. As for the common Sailors, they were in generall Men that understood their Business, and very Courteous to the Passengers; But in the storm we met with, it was very disputable whether they or the Elements made most noife, and which wou'd first leave off scolding. Nor must the Cabbin-Boy be here forgotten, who was a very necessary instrument in the Ship, especially to such a one as I, who was so very ill and indispos'd, that I often wanted his assistance, notwithstanding all the Help that I receiv'd from Palmer: When I have seen the poor willing Boy beaten  
and

and abus'd by every one, even the Common Seamen, without cause; I have reflected on the Curse of Ham, what an uncomfortable thing it was, to be thus the Servant of Servants. But for my own part, I always treated him with that Compassion that I thought the Boys good Humour merited. And thus, my Brother, I have given you an account of our whole ships Crew.

After we had got into the main Ocean, as I told you before, one of the first things our Captain did, was to settle the Ships Family, and divide us into our several Messes: which Division was thus made; My Self, Captain Belcher, Mr. Bolt, Mr. Stephens, and Mr. Charles Marten, Junior, were all the Charge of being of the Captain's Mess: Mr. John Allen the Printer, and Monmouth's Forlorn Hope were of the Second Mess, and the Sailors and Seamen of (Hellin?).<sup>14</sup> We had always a stated hour for Dinner-time; but sometimes when the cloth was laid, and Dinner on the Table, a boisterous Puff of Wind would give the Ship so great a toss, as would both over-turn the Table, and put us all into Confusion, converting our several Dishes into one, and making a meer Ollapodrida. This, Brother, has made me often to reflect on the Uncertainty of every sublunary thing, even the most promising, and that which most appear'd to be within the compass of our Power: And that which was the Natural result of those Reflections was, To get an Interest in, and place the Anchor of my Hope upon those things that are above the Power of Chance and Fortune; things that shall be immutable and permanent, when the whole World shall shake, and be reduc'd again to its first nothing.

And now, Brother, being about 50 Leagues off the Lizard, and in 86 Fathom Water, we began to sail by the Log, (a Phrase you can't but understand, having been so long at Sea)

<sup>14</sup> *Sic* in MS., but probably it should read, "of the third."

Sea) When on a sudden we were surpriz'd by the Sudden Cry of a Sayl! a Sayl! This was occasion'd by one of the Seamen having descry'd to the S. W. a ship which he took for a Sally-Man; which being after confirm'd by the mate, who by his Prospective-Glass could make a more clear discovery, and bring the Ship nearer, tho' we all thought she was too near already: Upon this, Orders were giving for clearing the Gun-room, and making all things ready for an Incounter; For to use our Boatswain's Words (since made a Captain for his valour) we were resolv'd to sink by her side, rather than be taken captive. Nay, as much an enemy to fighting as I am, began to grow valiant: For slavery, methought, had something in it of I know not what harshness, which I could not brook; Fetters, tho' of Gold, do not lose their nature, they are Fetters still: Had the fierce Bajazet's cage been made of Gold, as 'twas of Iron, yet it was a Cage, and that was provocation enough to such a haughty Spirit to beat out his Brains against its Bars: These thoughts, my Brother, inspir'd me with New Courage, and I was now grown fierce, and as forward for fighting as the best of 'em. But after all this forwardness to fight, being come nearer to the Pyrate, our Captain thought she was an Over-match for us, and that we could not deal with her; and therefore the Ships company alter'd their Counsels, let their Resolutions die, and resolv'd to run for it: Uncertain Counsels never produce better Success: And therefore we sneak'd away under the Protection of a Mist; Which, brought to my remembrance that of the Ingenious Marvel, in a like case:

Old Homer yet, did never introduce,  
To save his Heros, Mists of better Use:  
Worship the Sun, who dwell where he doth rise,  
This mist doth more deserve our Sacrifice.

By the Protection of this Mist, and steering a contrary course, we did not doubt but we had lost our Pyrate; but the

the next morning by two a Clock we were sensible of our being mistaken; and were awak'd out of our sleep by the Cry of Arise! Arise! The Sally-man's upon us! This Allarm fet every man to his Gun but poor Philaret, Who being loth to dye so early in the morning, would not leave his Cabin, or come above Deck, till he had found his Ruffles: (a bad Excuse, you know, Brother, is better than none) or rather, 'till he had seen the issue of the Sally-man's Adventure: Thus you see the Valiant dare face their Danger, but Cowards wink when they fight. But after all this Noise about the Sally-man, it was but like the Devil's Sheering Hogs, according to the Proverb; A great Cry, and a little Wool; for this Supposed Sally-Rover prov'd nothing else but a Virginia Merchant Man, as much affraid of us as we of them. And so our Danger being thus blown over, Philaret appears above Deck, and was as valiant now, as any of 'em; wishing almost that this Virginia Ship had been a Sally-man, that so he might have had an opportunity of shewing them his Valour, for had they come to engage 'em, he wou'd—have still been looking for his Ruffles, I'm afraid. Well, Brother, whatever you may think it, I have given but too true a Character, of some that make a greater figure in the World than Philaret.<sup>16</sup>

After a fortnight's being out at Sea, we cou'd not find one of our Sailors, whom we call'd Father Shepherd: So that it was suppos'd by the Ship's Crew, that going to unburden Nature, a boisterous Wave took him from off the ship, and Wasted him into Eternity.

Had

<sup>16</sup> In his "Life and Errors" Dunton gives a little more dramatic version. "Upon this second alarm, every man was set to his gun in an instant, but as for myself, I kept out of fight as well as I could, till I heard them asking, 'Where is Mr. Dunton, that was so valiant overnight?' This, I confess, put me in a cold sweat, and I cried,

'Coming! Coming! I am only seeking my ruffles;' a bad excuse is better than none. I made my appearance at last, but looked nine ways at once; for I was afraid Death might come in amongst the boards, or nobody knew where. This is the only instance I can give, when my courage failed me."—ED.

Had Father Shepherd not stole out of the World so unsuspectedly, but made his Exit in his Cabin, he had had that Formality of Burial, which his precipitated Death depriv'd him of: For we had then ty'd a Bullet to his Neck, and another to his Legs, and so turn'd him out at a Port-hole, firing a great Gun after him; which is, you know, the manner of our Burials at Sea. However he made his own grave as all dead bodies do, buryed not in dust but water, which shall one day as well as the earth give up its dead. Rev. 20 : 13.

On the next Day, in the Captain's Cabin, we had hot debates about a Flame, which sometimes settles upon the main mast of a Ship (for we began to reckon all our Dangers.) I suppose, Brother, your self has seen of 'em in your East-India-Voyage). It is about the bigness of a good large Candle, and was call'd by the Seamen St. Ellines Fire; it usually comes before a storm, and is commonly thought to be a Spirit; and here's the conjuration of it, that tho' one is look'd upon as an ill Omen, yet if two appear, they are said to Prognosticate Safety. These are known to the Learned by the Names of Castor and Pollux: to the Italians, by St. Nicholas and St. Hermes, and are by the Spaniards called Corpus Santos.

Being by the help of Palmer got out of my Cabin, and crawl'd up upon the Deck, I found the weather very thick and hazy, infomuch that we could scarce see the Ship's length before us; upon which one of the Passengers ask'd the Master whether he was sure that they went right; To which the Master answer'd, That 'twas not by the Weather, but the Compass that they say'd: This occasion'd a Discourse about the finding out of the Loadstone, with its use and vertues.

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That night, my Brother, and the next day, the Wind blew directly against us; but we kept on our Course notwithstanding

ing; and this contrary wind serv'd only as a foyl to make our Captain's Skill and Conduct appear the more conspicuous: For to give him his due, he knew how to make all winds serviceable to him in his Voyage; and turn every gale that blew to his advantage: I confes I have many times wonder'd to see two ships failing in a direct Counter-motion by one and the same Wind: But this is one of the Evidences of a skilful Saylor.

The weather being a little clear, several Fishes were seen playing above-water, not far from our Ship, which made me do my utmost with the assistance of Palmer and another of the Passengers, to get above deck again; and indeed I did not lose my labour, for I saw a vast number of Fishes called Sea-hogs, or Porpoises. They were headed much like a Hog, and tooth'd and tusk'd much like a Boar; These Sea-hogs take such delight in one anothers Company, that they swim together in great Numbers, exceeding the largest herd of Swine I ever saw by Land, for those by Land are far inferior for multitude, to those that are in the Seas. [And as the Porpoises usually appear at Sea in very great Sholes or companyes]—These Porpoises, or Hog-fish, are very swift in their motion (as if they came of the race of the Gadaren swine that ran violently into the sea)—and are like a company marching in rank and file; they leap or mount very nimbly over the waves and so down and up again, making a melancholy noyse when they are above the water: when they appear they are certain presagers of foul weather. There is one thing very remarkable about this Fish, and that is, That if one of them happen to be wounded, either by shott or Harping Iron; the whole Herd pursue him with the greatest fury and violence that may be, seeming to contend who shou'd fall upon him first, and have their Teeth deepest in his Carcase.

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My



My constant indisposition would not suffer me to stay long upon the Deck at a time, and therefore having view'd those Sea-Hogs, I was forc'd to retire again into my Cabin: but Palmer afterwards brought me word that they had seen a Fish called Shark, a very dangerous and ravenous Fish, as the Mariners told me, of whom they are more afraid than of all the Fishes in the Sea beside; for if he chance to meet with any of them in the Water, he seldom suffers them to Escape without the loss of a Limb at least and many times devours the Whole Body; so great a Lover is this Fish of Humane Flesh; infomuch that some have observ'd that they have endeavour'd to clamber up the sides of the Ship, out of a greedy desire of Preying on the Sailors: This Fish, it seems, is of a very great Bulk, with a double or treble set of Teeth, as sharp as Needles: But Nature has so order'd it, that as an allay to his Devouring Nature, he is forc'd to turn himself upon his Back, before he can take his prey, by which means many escape him which else would fall into his Clutches. It is, my Brother, from the Devouring Nature of this Fish, that we call those Men Sharks, who having nothing of their own, make it their business to live upon other Men, and devour their Substance.

My Sicknefs had now render'd me so weak, that I was altogether unable to help my self, and therefore for several Days together was forc'd to be taken out of my Bed by Palmer, and laid upon the Bench like a Child, while he made my Bed.

My Dearest Love, out of her Tender Affection to me, the better to regale me in my Voyage, had laid out about £8 in Sweet-meats, Preserv'd Damorins, Cherry-Brandy, and the like Knick-knacks; but it so fell out I was not much the better for them, for being so long sick, my Man Palmer was afraid they wou'd turn Sour, and so be spoil'd, which he took a good course to prevent, for finding of 'em toothsome, he fed on 'em like common food, and eat 'em all up before I  
got

got well; So that, when I wou'd have eat some of 'em, I had none to eat; I call'd Palmer to an account for it, but he alledging he did it out of a good intent to prevent their being spoil'd, I easily pardon'd him. And the rather, because during my whole voyage he had a constant care of me; and would never leave my Cabin unless I bid him: So that as Alexander the Great told one, that ask'd him how he could sleep so soundly in the midst of so great danger, That Parmenio watch'd, and when he watch'd not, he durst not sleep so soundly; I may in like manner say of Palmer, while he was watching by me, I thought my self secure: Nor was it more than reason, for there were Sharpers, (not to say Sharks) that had not Palmer watch'd, would have been nibbling at what I had. But his care prevented 'em.

Being a little better, I got upon the Deck again, and the weather being pretty clear, the mariners discovered a Fish called the Sun-fish, of a lovely bright and shining colour, whose property it is in Calm weather to come out of the Depths, and lie sleeping and basking itself upon the Surface of the Waters, by which means often-times the Mariners have an opportunity of taking them. This, my Brother, made me reflect how dangerous a thing it is for any one to sleep unguarded in the midst of Enemies, especially so industrious and indefatigable an Enemy as the Scripture represents the Great Enemy of our Souls to be, who goes about continually like a roaring Lion, seeking whom he may devour.

I had now, thro' the Divine Goodness, attain'd a Competent degree of Health again; my Stomach was return'd, and I cou'd now eat like a Horse; our ordinary Meals wou'd not suffice me, and therefore I was forc'd to Employ Palmer (who for his own sake, as well as mine had us'd the Art of Wheedling with the Cook, and by that means had got into his Favour) to get me now and then a Dumpling between Meals; but being once discover'd, as he was privately conveying

conveying the (as it were) stolen Morfel to my Cabin, where I always eat it, he was in danger of the Bastinado, which I refented very ill, because the Captain's Mefs (of which I was a Member) had eat up all my part of Fowls, tho' they were near Ten dozen.

Being laid down upon the Bed one Day to repose my self, Palmer comes down to me, and tells me, I had lost the sight of a very great and strange Creature, which our Captain call'd an Alligator; this Creature is of a vast length and breadth, (some say many yards in length:) in colour he is of a dark brown, which makes him the more imperceptable when he lies as a Trapan in the Waters. He is of so vast a strength that no Creature is able to make his Escape from him, if he gets but his Chaps fastened in them; for he has three Tere of Teeth in his Chaps and so firmly sealed and armed with Coat of Male, that you may as well shoot at a Rock, or strike against Bars of Iron, as offer to wound him.

We were now, my Brother, got near the Bay of Biscay; and sure the mighty Noise by the Waters of that rowling Sea, might have sufficiently fore-warn'd us of our Impending Danger: For, Brother, we were no sooner come upon that Bay, But the whole Face of Heaven was muffled up in Clouds, and all the Winds let loose upon the Sea, which caus'd so great a storm, as that we met with all when in the Down, was nothing in Comparison of this. That in the Downs was but a Transient Storm, and quickly over, tho' 'twas violent: But this was both more violent, and far more lasting, continuing several Days together: Upon its first approach, I got into my Cabin, and laid me down upon my Bed: where tho' I was softly enough lodged, yet won't I much at ease: At Land, you know, we rock our Children in a Cradle, the sooner to lull 'em asleep; but here it was quite contrary, for the more I was rock'd, the less I cou'd sleep.

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After

After this Storm was over, (which every one expected would have landed us in the Immense and boundless Regions of Eternity) our Master and the Mariners had time to look about 'em, and to examine in what Latitude they were failing; and this was the Account they gave us, that we were every way 500 Leagues from Land: And really Brother, I cannot but acknowledge, that in all the occurrences of this Long Voyage, there was nothing appear'd to me with a more formidable Aspect, than to be failing thus upon the Ocean, at such a mighty distance from the Land: Bless me! cry'd I; still fifteen hundred miles to fail, before we come to Land! And in a Leaky vessel too! How shall we ever weather out this voyage? And that which made it (unto me at least) appear more dismal was, That we weren't only failing in a Trackless Path, but in an unfrequented Wat'ry Defart: For cou'd we but have seen a fail, (which we scarce did for three Weeks time together,) it would have been a Cordial to us, tho' failing a Contrary course to ours; but to have no other prospect, which way so e'er we look'd about us, but Seas and Skies, and Skies and Seas, was I thought very dismal; especially when that Expanded Canopy of Heaven was muffled up in Darknes and thick clouds all Day,

—and every Night,  
Its Twinkling Tapers kept out of our fight.

These difficulties, Brother, were enough to stagger a more resolved Rambler, than poor Philaret, And when I have consider'd the several circumstances of all the Passengers, I found my Case was worse than any of them: The Master and the Mariners were about their business and going to their several Relations: Mr. Allen the Printer was going to his Uncle, who had invited him over, and from whom he expected Preferment: And Monmouth's forlorn Hope had all their hopes of Safety in their Flight, and by this Voyage had

had escap'd their Hands who wou'd have shew'd no Mercy :  
But for my self, the case was vastly different, for every League  
we fail'd, I still went farther from the Centre of my Happi-  
ness, and left a Thousand Joys behind me, in the Person of  
my Charming Iris. How wou'd one sight of her upon this  
Wat'ry Wilderness, have supported me, and made me fearless  
pass Ten thousand Dangers: The very thoughts of Iris,  
even in this dismal prospect of Affairs, was sight of Land,  
and Fire, and every thing: Like Manna, still it answer'd all  
my wants: I know to whom it is I write; even to you, my  
Brother, who so well know my Iris, that you are sensible she  
loses still by all that I can say: for Praise can come no nearer  
to her Worth, than can a Painter with his Mimick Sun,  
express the Beauty of Hyperion. Think then, my Brother,  
at this Vast Distance from her, Encompass'd with a World  
of Water on each side, what comfort I cou'd take: It made  
me even hate the Sea, for waisting me so far from my dear  
Iris: I could have almost been of his Opinion, abating only  
for the Profanity of it, who thus gave way to his Unbridled  
Passion:

Noah be Damn'd, and all his Race accur'd,  
That in Sea-brine did Pickle Timber first:  
What tho' he planted Vines, he Pines cut down;  
He taught us how to Drink, and how to Drown:  
He first built Ships, and in his Wooden Wall,  
Saving but Eight, e'er since, Endanger'd All.

But whither has the thoughts of Iris carry'd me? It is  
indeed a subject that I could dwell upon for ever. But  
I must leave her, and attend my Voyage. Only I must  
acquaint you, That whilst I thus lay musing in my Cabin,  
one of the Seamen came, and told me that they had had a  
Dolphin swimming a pretty while by the Ship side, as if it did  
intend to vye with them in sailing: I made what haste I  
cou'd upon the Deck, but came too late to see it, for the  
sociable Fish had now withdrawn himself: But the account  
I

I had of it from them that saw it, was, This Fish takes great Delight in sailing along by those Ships that pass through the Seas; and one of the mariners affirm'd that in some voyages he had seen several of them accompanying their ship, for a long time together; some swimming a head, and some a stern, some on the Starboard, and others on the Larboard side, like so many Sea-Pages attending them, seeming to tell us we were welcome into their Territories; or as if they were resolv'd to be our safe-conduct thorow 'em. But this is not so much, I think, for the love they bear unto man, (as some write,) as to feed themselves with what they find cast overboard, whence it comes to pass, that many times they feed us, for when they swim close to our ships we often strike them with a broad instrument, full of barbs, called an Harping-iron. The Dolphin may be a fit emblem of an ill race of people who under sweet countenances carry sharp tongues. As to their being generally represented as a Crooked Fish, I enquir'd about it, and am inform'd it is only a vulgar error of the Painters, for 'tis a straight a Fish as any swims the Ocean: If I am in an Error, Brother, I hope you'll rectifie me, for I am sure you must have seen of 'em in your Voyage to Suratt: Dubartas records of this Fish, that he's a great Delighter in Musick: on which he has these Verses:

Among the Fishes that did swiftly throng  
To dance the measures of his Mournful Song,  
There was a Dolphin that did best afford  
His Nimble Motions to the Trembling Chord:

But whether that in the Story of Arion be true I cannot say:—However, very remarkable is the Story related by Pliny, of a Boy feeding a Dolphin, and carried on his back over the Waters to School: They did swim sometimes side by side, and at last, grew so familiar, that sometimes the Boy would get upon the Dolphin's Back, and ride in Triumph through Neptunes Wat'ry Kingdom, as upon some proud  
Prancing

Prancing Horfe: At laft, it fo unhappily fell out, that the Boy carelefs how he fat upon the Fifhes Back, was by his Sharp and brifly Fins wounded to Death; which the comiferating Dolphin ftraight perceiving fwam to the Land, and there laid down his wounded Burden, and for very forrow Died. In memory whereof, a Poet writes,

The Fish would Live, but that the Boy muft Dye,  
The Dying Boy, the Living Fish Torments :  
The Fish tormented hath no time to cry,  
But with his Grief, his Life he fadly vents.

The Storm, my Brother, which we fo lately were deliver'd from, and which had given us fo much Terrour, and Affrightment, had by its rapid motion brought us near the Banks of New-found Land: but why 'tis call'd The Banks of New-found Land, I understand not, for there was nothing to be feen but a vaft world of Water: However, being got thither it let us into a New World of Wonders, and Every Day made fresh Discoveries of various forts of Fifhes, which we before were utter ftrangers to: And to make this good, we had not fail'd a day upon thofe Seas, but the Mariners difcover'd two Fifhes of a different fort and fize, which they inform'd us were the Sword-fifh and the Threfher: and told us they believ'd the Whale was not far off; and when I ask'd what reason they had to fuppose fo, they told me, That thofe two Fifhes were always at a Truce between themfelves, but always at open Wars with the Leviathan: And that nothing was more pleafant, than to fee the combat between the Three, i. e. The Sword-fifh and the Threfher upon one fide, and the Whale on the other. For this Sword-fifh is fo well weapon'd, and arm'd for an Incounter with its mighty Enemy, that he has upon his Head a Fish-Bone, that's both as long and as like to a two-edged fword, as any two things can refemble one another, fave only that there are a great many sharp fpiques on either edge of it: Nature has it feems instructed this Fish what ufe to make of it; for being thus  
arm'd

arm'd, the property of this Fish is to get underneath the Whale, and with his Two-edg'd Sword to rake and riple him all over's Belly, which causes him to roar and bellow at such a prodigious rate, as if a Thousand Darts were sticking in his heart, and then the Thresher, (when by the bellowing of the Whale he understands the Sword-fish is assaulting him below) straight get a top of him and there plays his part, assaulting him with such thick and maffy blows, as may be plainly heard at two or three miles distance; and this rage and fury is so great against the Whale, that one wou'd think they'd cut and thrash him all to pieces. \* \* \* \* \*

The fight of these two Fishes, and the relation that the Seamen gave us of 'em, gave me the curiosity to ask 'em, If any of 'em had e'er seen a Mermaid or a Merman; and one of the most ancient of 'em told me, That he had formerly been us'd to Sail to the East Indies, and in those Voyages he had seen them frequently (and therefore Brother you must needs have seen 'em in your Voyage to Surat) but that they never car'd for such a fight, for that they were the certain Fore-borders of a Storm, and that they always look'd on their appearance as Ominous and Unfortunate. They may perhaps foreshew, but I don't think 'tis their power to raise a Storm; they may perhaps Know when a Storm is near, by certain secret Sympathies of Nature; and 'tis like those sort of Creatures which love to fish in troubled Waters: They are, however, very beautiful Creatures it seems; their upper parts bearing a perfect Symmetry to those of a Young Virgin, but their lower parts are purely Fish: The Poets feign there were but three of them, whom they call'd Syrens: And the Neitherland History tells us of a Meermaid that was taken there, that was both Taught to spin, and perform several other petty offices of Women. And since I have been naming History, pray give me leave to tell you, Brother, (for tho' you have been a far greater Traveller, yet I don't think you ever read so much as Philaret) That in the year 1576, there



there was taken in Norway a certain Fish resembling a Mitred Bishop. Cou'd such a Fish but now be found, 'twou'd be a Natural and Living Argument for Episcopacy.

But now, my Brother, I am Entring on a New Scene of Sorrows; For being in the Latitude of . . . I scarce cou'd forbear thinking our Captain had mistook his Compass, and brought Us to the Frozen Zone; for even there, it hardly cou'd be colder: For the very . . . were bound with Icy fetters, and the . . . Frosts had chain'd up all the Deep: Our very breath was presently congeal'd and attom'd mists turn'd instantly to Hail. 'Twas colder here than in the middle of January in England; even when it happens to be most severe: Not that great bitter Frost in London, Brother, which happen'd in the year 1683-4, and which made the Thames as common and as much beaten a Road for Coaches to drive on, as it had been before usual for Boats to row in; that had I know not how many thousand People still going and returning on the Thames, and so many hundred Booths built thereon, selling all forts of goods, as deservedly gave it the Name of Blanket-Fair: I say this mighty and unprevented Frost was but a Flea-biting to what we met with on the Banks of New-found-Land. You are not able to imagine, Brother, how much I was surpriz'd one morning (and I believe you wou'd have been the same) to see two mighty christal Mountains of congealed Water incorporated as it were, into the Stern and Poop of our Ship, which was judged by the Captain to be about seven Tun of Ice, and so continued several Nights together; so that had not the Warm Southern Winds, and the hot Sun by Day, reduc'd those Christal Mountains into their first original, as often as they froze by Night, this had alone perform'd, what Winds, and Storms, and Raging Billows, hard rocks and angry skies, had hitherto in vain attempted: This made me, Brother, to reflect, That when our Danger grew to such a height, it seem'd impossible to be prevented, Then interposing  
Mercy

Mercy stept between and brought us off: So that I cou'd not bear crying out with the Royal Psalmist, O that men wou'd praise the Lord for his Goodness, and for his Wonderful Works to the Children of Men!

I told you, Brother, in the Day time, we were reliev'd from those vast Piles of Ice that like 4 Remora cleav'd to our Ship, by the Salubrious Southern Breezes, and the Suns hot Beams; This Kindness of the Sun thus to assist us in our greatest need, who had so long absconded and kept out of sight before, did so affect us, that we went all upon the Deck to make a Visit to him; where whilst we all were walking up and down, it was my hap to fix my Eye on something I knew not what, which unto me seem'd like a moving Rock; and shewing of it to a Seaman, we soon discover'd it to be one of those floating Mountains of the Sea, the Whale: As we came nearer him, I saw his very Breath put all the Water round in such a ferment, as made the very sea boyl like a Pot. I do confess I had a very great desire to take a more particular view of him, because God gives him such an Elaborate and accurate Description in the 41st of Job: And this I particularly observ'd, That the Sun shining upon him, cast a very orient Reflection upon the Water; which is also confirm'd by the Description given of him, Job 41: 32. He maketh a path to shine after him, one wou'd think the Deep to be hoary: Another thing I observ'd was, That there was so great a smoak where he was, that it seem'd to me as if there had been a Town full of Smoaking Chimneys in the midst of the Sea. I do confess I never saw so large and formidable Creature in my Life. He appear'd to me as big as either of the Holmes's, two little Islands that lie at the mouth of the Severn, near Bristol in England. It was impossible for me to take the True Dimensions of him: His Eyes are as large as two great Pewter-Dishes, and there's room enough in his Mouth for many People to sit round in, as those that have been at the Taking of them affirm. His  
teeth

teeth are terrible, and his Tongue is above two yards in breadth, and in length exceeds the tallest man on Earth, out of which they extract above a Hogshead of Oyl. *Ex pede Hercules.* I have been told that the Whale is of such incredible strength, that in Greenland (where most of them are taken) when they come once to dart an Harping-iron into 'em, they rage and rend at so extravagant a rate, that if there were an hundred Shallops near him, he'd make 'em fly into a thousand shivers, and send 'em up into the Skies. When the victory is got over 'em, and the mighty victim lies at their Conquering Feet, they fearless then survey his huge and massy Body, and tell all his goodly Fins, which like so many Oars in a great Gally do serve to row his Carcase through the Seas at his own pleasure: and they are reckoned by the most curious Anatomists of him to be above three hundred, and by these he can go, if he pleases, with that swiftness and violence, as Arrows scarce fly swifter from a Bow, nor Bullet from a piece of Ordnance. The Seamen tell me, That in smooth Water and calm weather, they are often seen sporting of themselves, and shewing their great and massy Bodies upon the Surface of the Waters, easily discernible by Ships that sail hard by 'em in the Seas, one while rising up, and in a little time fall down again and disappear. Some whales in calm weather often arise and shew themselves on the top of the water, where they appear like unto great Rocks, in their rise, spouting up into the Air with noise, a great quantity of water which falls down again about them like a shower. The Whale may well challenge the Principalitie of the Sea, yet I suppose that he hath many enemies in this his large Dominion; for instance, a little long Fish called a Thresher often encounters with him, who by his agilitie vexeth him as much in the Sea, as a little Bee in Summer, doth a great Beast on the shore. Munster writeth, That near unto Ireland, there be great Whales whose bigness equalizeth the Hills and mighty Mountains; and

and these, faith he, will drown and overthrow the greatest ships, except they be affrighted with the sound of Drums and Trumpets.

Pliny writes of a little Fish called Musculus, which is a great Friend to the Whale ; for the Whale being big, wou'd many times endanger her self between Rocks and narrow straits, were it not for this little Fish which swimmeth as a Guide before her. Whereupon Dubartus descants thus :

A little Fish, that swimming still before,  
Directs him safe, from Rock, from Shelf, from Shore :  
Much like a Child, that living Leads about  
His Aged Father when his eyes are out :  
Still wafting him through every way so right,  
That rest of Eyes, he seems not rest of sight.

Which office of that little Fish, may serve as a fit Emblem to teach Great Ones that they ought not to contemn their Inferiours: There may come a time when the meanest Person may do a Man some good ; and therefore there is no time wherein we ought to scorn such a one. To conclude, my Brother, and sum up all I have to say of him in one word, That what the Spirit of God says of Behemoth, I may say of the Leviathan, as to the Sea at least, He is the Chief of the Ways of God.

And now, Brother, we had another scene of Misery Entering in upon us ; which seem'd more formidable, and concern'd us nearer than all the rest : For as the Poet has it,

Nor is this all ; for lo, our Troubles find,  
No calm nor Truce, as if they had combin'd,  
Like th' Ocean's restless Billows, when they smother  
Themselves, one riding on the Neck of th' other.

The case, Brother, was this, our Voyage being much longer, and our Passengers more, than our Captain expected, our Provision began to fall short, and we were brought to an Allowance even to a pint of Water a Day, and our Bread  
in

in proportion: and tho' this Frugality was so necessary, that without it we had all been starv'd, it was yet worst in my case, because being newly recover'd from my Sea-sickness, I had the stomach of a Horse; and to have my stomach increas'd, and an Embargo laid on our Provision, was extremely hard upon me: And I never found anything more difficult than to stop the Importunate Cravings of that grand Incendiary of all my Bowels, Colon: And I am sure I had been quite choak'd for Liquor, had not the Generous HERRICK (whose singular Friendship to me for the whole Voyage, and particularly in this Extremity, I shall never forget,) given me a Bottle of Water, out of his own Allowance, which serv'd me for three days, (by melting it gradually over the Candle, as we did almost all we drank) after my own was gone; for 'twas so long before hand that I out-drank my Allowance, which was still given for a week, and I drank it in three days. This Gentleman giving this Bottle in my great Extremity, made me then think of what I had read of one of the Eastern Princes, who in a like Extremity cry'd out, A Kingdom for a Drop of Water! Many pursue the World, as if a great deal on't cou'd make 'em happy: But, alas! 'Tis no further valuable, but as it suits our Necessities of Body and Mind, or answers our Present Occasions: Our English Richard the Third, being seiz'd with an immoderate desire of Possessing the Kingdom swam to it through a Sea of Innocent Blood, and yet at what easie value would he have parted from this Dear-bought Purchase, at Boswel Field, when he cry'd out, A Kingdom for a Horse! Tho' instead of obtaining that, he lost his Kingdom, and his Life to boot.

About this time we discover'd another Sea-Wonder, to wit, a Fish called a Calamorie; which some call the Ink-horn-Fish, because he hath a black Skin like Ink, which serveth him instead of Blood: When they are like to be taken, they then cast their Ink into the Water, and so by colouring it,  
they

they obscure and darken it, and the Water being darken'd, they escape.

For through the Clouds of this dark Inky Night,  
They dazling pass the greedy Fishers Sight.

But we had not yet encounter'd with all our Enemies, and almost every thing we had to do with, prov'd so: You will easily grant, Brother, that Winds and Storms, and Tempests may pass for such; but will not perhaps agree, that a Calm cou'd be an Enemy, at least not a formidable one: For, Brother, we had about this time for several Days together so great a Calm, that not one breath of Air was stirring: 'Tis true, the Sea was far from still, although there was no Wind, but still kept rowling up and down, and rock't our Ship as if 't had been a Cradle; but without making the least way at all; so that in Six Days time, we had not fail'd a League: This was to me, the most uncomfortable thing that cou'd be, Brother; and I believe you must conclude it reasonable that it shou'd be so; For if you but consider, that now, notwithstanding all our good Husbandry, in the prudent Management of our Provisions, we were reduc'd to that low Ebb, we had but just Enough to serve a Fortnight, and that we were still out of sight of Land: and knew not when a gale of Wind wou'd rise to carry us out of that Standing Lake, wherein our Ship seem'd to be fix'd for ever; you will not wonder that it made our hearts ake.

During the time that we were lolling and rowling thus upon the restless Ocean, our Mariners discover'd that admirable Wonder of the Torpedo, or Cramfish, a Fish much better to behold than handle, for it has this prodigious, yet clandestine quality, that if it be but touch'd or handled, the person touching it is presently benumbed, as a Hand or Leg, that is Dead, and without feeling: In which condition they sometimes continue for two or three Days together; and with difficulty obtaining the use of their Limbs again.

But

But that which brought us the first Dawning of Hope, with respect to the Discovery of Land, was the Discovery which one of the Seamen made, of three or four great Fishes, which he call'd Sea-Horses; and not without reason, for their fore-parts were the perfect figure of a Horse, but their hinder parts perfect Fish; when the rest of the Seamen saw these Creatures, they all rejoic'd, and said we were not far from Land; the reason of which was, That these Sea-Horses were Creatures that took a great delight in sleeping on the Shore, and therefore were never seen but near the Shore: This was but a collateral Comfort, for tho' these Sea-Horses delight in Sleeping on the Shore, yet they might swim two or three hundred Leagues into the Sea for all that: But we that look'd upon our selves in a perishing Condition, were willing to lay hold on any little Twigg of Hope, to keep our Spirits up. One of the Seamen that had formerly made a Greenland Voyage for Whale-Fishing, told us that in that Country he had seen very great Troops of those Sea-Horses ranging upon Land, sometimes three or four hundred in a Troop: Their great desire, he says, is to roost themselves on Land in the Warm Sun; and Whilst they sleep, they appoint one to stand Centinel, and watch a certain time; and when that time's expir'd, another takes his place of Watching, and the first Centinel goes to sleep, &c. observing the strict Discipline, as a Body of Well-regulated Troops. And if it happen that at any time an Enemy approach, the Centinel will neigh, and beat, and kick, and strike upon their Bodies, and never leave till he has wak'd 'em; and then they run together into the Seas for shelter. But for all this Caution, the Sailors are, it seems too cunning for them; and get between them and the Sea, and beat out the Brains of the first that comes to hand; and so have done, till they have kill'd so long, that they have wanted strength to kill another; and that which moves the Seamen to this cruelty, is, because their Teeth are of great worth  
and

and value, and are a very vendible Commodity in the Southern parts of the World. And since it is the Shore on which these Creatures meet with this Destruction; and that if they had kept at Sea, they had been safe: I cou'd not but reflect, That those who leave their fettled stations, whether out of Principles of Profit or of Pleasure, and will be trying New Experiments, and putting of New Projects on the Tenters, do often times make very poor Returns; and are convinc'd it had been better for 'em to have kept that station which Providence at first had put 'em in.

Whilst thus, my Brother, we were lying between Hope and Despair, and Fearful Famine star'd in the face, we were upon a sudden, encompass'd round with a whole world of Fish; the vastest shoals of Codfish were swimming round about us, that I ever yet beheld: The Seamens hunger, and the straightness of our Provisions, set them soon a work to catch 'em: which they soon did in that abundance, that prov'd a very seasonable mercy to us. Thus we cou'd still experience, JEHOVAH JIREH, in the Mount of the Lord, i. e. in the Time of greatest Extremity, Deliverance shall appear.

The next day after our Codfishing was over, and they were all gone out of sight, I know not whither, we discover'd a Fish call'd the Sea-calf, whose Head and Hair's exactly like a Calf's: This Creature's an amphibious Animal, living sometimes at Sea, and sometimes on Land: I am told there are several of this kind of Creatures in the Islands about Scotland, (but more of that in my Rambles thither,) and that at night they will come on Shore to sleep and rest themselves; and early in the morning return to Sea, not daring to stay on Land, for fear of surprisals. This Fish was a further Inducement to our Sea-men to believe that we were upon the Coast of America, and very near Land: And these distant Hopes we Emprov'd for our support the best we cou'd.

But that which gave us greatest ground of hope, was,  
That



That we had now a fine fresh gale of Wind that blew directly for us. And the next Morning we thought, at least, that we discover'd Land. And tho' we yet were but in a suspence about it, we wou'd not let go those small hopes we had for the whole Spanish Plate fleet. A sight of Land had been a great rarity with us a long time: It was a Novelty of Providence; and really it wonderfully refresh'd our Spirits, repaired our decayed strength, and recruited Nature; at least poor Exhausted Nature was willing to be cheated, and fancy her self recruited. But there was no Cheat in 't: We were really refresh'd: for about noon, we Discover'd, or at least thought we discover'd Land: 'Tis impossible, my Brother, to expresse the Joy and Triumph of our rais'd Souls at this Apprehension. The Poets tell us, That as often as Hercules threw the great Gyant against the Earth, his mother Earth gave him new strength against the next encounter: It was new strength, new Life to us, tho' not to Touch, yet to see; or if not to see to think we saw the Earth: It brought fresh Blood into our Veins, and a fresh Colour into our late Pale Cheeks: We looked not like Men preserv'd in Tempests, under want of Bread and Water: But like Persons rais'd from the Dead, in all the strength and vigour of our Youthful Bloom. Hope and Fear made a strange medley Passion in our Souls. We had seen nothing but Air and Sea, and Sea and Air, in almost four months time: That though our Reason and Experience too, had fully certify'd us, that there was such a thing as Land, yet the Impressions Fear had made upon us, made it extreamly questionable whether ever we shou'd see it. Yet Hope, by much the kindest of the Two, did us this Favour, to put us on a stricter Scrutiny whether we were deceiv'd or no: And since it is Reward gives Wings to Vertue, we by a voluntary Contribution from each Passenger, made up a Purse of Money, and then proclaim'd that it was the just Guerdon of their Industry, who first should bring the happy Tydings of a True Discovery of Land: We scarce had

had fail'd an hour longer, before one cry'd out from the Top-mast Head, Land! Land! A true Discovery of Land! Our Captain and the Mate did both run up the Cords with equal Swiftnefs, and having staid some time, came down and told us, They cou'd see plainly the New-England Coast, and that they doubted not but by God's grace, they shou'd all lie in Boston to-morrow night: This was, methought, the most reviving News I ever heard, and was

More Welcome, than to greedy Misers, Wealth ;  
 To Rebels, Pardon ; or to sick Men, Health :—For  
 As when the Sun, after a stormy Night,  
 Displays o'er Eastern Hills the Morning Light,  
 Nature revives, and smiles, and thinks no more  
 On the Black Tempest of the Night before ;  
 So the Desir'd approach of Land, now cheers,  
 Our Drooping Souls, and dissipates our Fears :  
 Commands of every Passenger, that he,  
 Shou'd unto God, himself a Victim be :  
 And offer up a Pyramid of Praise  
 To Him whose Wondrous Goodnefs crowns our Days.

Being now satisfi'd that we were within sight of New-England, we call'd the first Discoverer among us, and gave him first a double Portion of the Design'd Gratuity: and then Divided the rest among the Seamen, including him again within that Number: So that all were very well pleas'd.

And now the Seamen got the Hatches under,  
 And to the Ocean told their joys in Thunder.

This was to us the joyfullest Day that we had seen in all our voyage; and every man might now set up his Eben-Ezer, and say, That hitherto the LORD had been our Help. And yet, methought this Day that I had long'd so much to see, and wish'd and pray'd so often for; now 'twas arriv'd, brought it's Alloy along with it. I cou'd not but reflect upon my Dearest Iris; and when I thought that Providence had now Divided us into two Distant Worlds; and that those Rocks  
 and

and Shelves, those mighty Storms and Tempests, those dreadful sicknesses, those fights of meagre Famine, and Pale Death that star'd us in the Face so often, must all be new Trod o'er again, before I cou'd behold my charming Iris! That very thought had almost broke my heart: I'm sure it made me melancholy, (in spite of all those weak Effects my Feeble Resolution cou'd set up against it) even on that general and publick Day of Joy. Altho' our Climate was extremely chang'd, being in 42 Degrees of Northern Latitude, yet it had made no change in my Affection, but Love retain'd his Old Dominion still; and the fierce transports of my Love to the dear object of it, did rather still burn fiercer, than abate. Which made me cry,

O cruel Love! how great a Power is thine!  
Under the Poles, altho' we lie,  
Thou mak'st us Fry;  
And thou canst make us Freeze beneath the Line.

And now the Passengers<sup>16</sup> cou'd all plainly discern the Coast upon the Lar-board side; and every one was now Preparing for a Disembarkment the next Day, if Wind and Weather, (or to speak better, He who rules them) favour'd us. But for my own part, I was more taken up in viewing of the Miracles of Nature; who now came crowding in so fast upon us, as if (as Once they did to Adam in the happy Garden) they wou'd a second time present themselves, to receive Names according to their various Natures. \* \* \* \*

The Sun was now making a visit to th' Antipodes, and all the several watches of this Night were run with much more Joy and Satisfaction than was usual, so acceptable was the sight of Land unto us: And this Night, because I hop'd it was

<sup>16</sup>The only one of Dunton's fellow-passengers not mentioned by him, whom we can identify, is described in the following item in the book of 'Warnings

out of Town.' 'Feb. 22, 1685-6. Andrew Wood, cooper, came from England with Jenner, at widow Sedwicks; —has a wife and several children.'—ED.

was to be my last, I slept more sweetly in my Cabin, than I had done for many Nights before. And yet, as soundly and contentedly as I had slept, the Sun it self had scarce got up before me, so earnestly did I desire to take a view of the New England shore, which now appear'd as plain as cou'd be to us; And tho' it was a sight so much desir'd, it look'd to me with but a poor appearance: A mighty Wilderness of Trees it look'd like; and here and there a little spot of clearer Ground, that look'd like a Plantation; and such the Mariners inform'd me that they were: Bless me! thought I, have I fail'd from my Dearest Iris, so many hundred Leagues, to visit such a Wilderness as this? And yet for all this stuff, I must ingenuously acknowledge, Brother, I was as glad to see my self so near the Land, as any of 'em; and I am sure I had more reason for it: for my long sickness had made the Sea more unupportable to me than any of them.

This morning we saw a Sea-Turtle, or Tortoise, (which it seems are frequent on the New-England Coast :) And its flesh is a very delicious Food. It is the property of this Creature at one time in the year constantly to leave the Seas, and betake her self to the Shore, where she will lay an infinite number of Eggs, and cover them in the Sand; and as soon as she has done, she leaves them, and goes to Sea again, not daring to sit and hatch them, as other Birds will do, because she has no wings to fly away, in case of an attack. And when her young ones by the Heat of the Sun are hatch'd, they'll all go as directly to the Sea, as if they had been there before, or that they had been bred in't; yea, tho' sometimes the old one leaves her eggs a mile or two from Sea, and quite out of sight on't; such is the mighty Power of Natural Instinct. It is observable, that if any of these Sea-fowl be taken on the Land, as oftentimes they are by Sea-Men, that they will never give over sighing, sobbing, and weeping, as long as Life is in them; yea, even Tears will trickle from their Eyes in great abundance. \* \* \* \* \*

But

But now 'tis time to leave the Sea, and its Inhabitants, for we were now gott pretty near the Shore, and within ken of Boston. We all drew near the Land with joyful hearts; and yet we durst not give too great a Loose unto those Pleasing Passions, because Extreame do equally annoy, and sometimes do infatuate our Minds. We went out into the Long-boat, and Landed near the Castle, within a mile of Boston, where we lay that Night; and tho' the Country shew'd at first but like a Barbarous Wilderness, yet by the Generous Treatment the Governour was pleas'd to give us, we found it wan't inhabited by Salvages. And now that wee were come to Land, we were not insensible of God's great Goodness in our Deliverance at Sea; tho' like men newly awaken'd out of a Dream, we had not the true Dimensions of it. We confess'd God had done Great things for us, but how great, was beyond our apprehension. We had escap'd the Sea, but yet Death might be found at Land, and therefore we shou'd moderate our Joy. But one thing I remember, Brother, tho' we had been so long at Sea, and consequently weary of our Ship, yet when I came to leave it, it was not without some Reluctance; for I consider'd it as that Faithful Instrument of God's Providence, that had so long preserv'd us, and therefore it cou'd not but recoil upon my spirit, that I shou'd so much as in appearance imitate the ingratitude of those who having serv'd their private Ends upon their Friends, and have now no further use of them, most ungratefully shake them off: That I shou'd be like the Water-Dog, which uses the Water to pursue his Game; and when he comes to Land, shakes it off, as Troublesome and Burdensome: Unlike the Generous Lion I have read of, who having got a Thorn into his Foot, which caus'd exceeding pain, he made after a foot Traveller which he had espied in the Forest, and made signs to him that he was in distress, which the Traveller seeing, and apprehending that his case was dangerous if he ran, he stood still to know the Lion's Pleasure, who by holding

holding up his Foot having declar'd his Grief, the poor man quickly gave him Ease by pulling forth the Thorn; which having done, the Lion to requite him became his Guardian, and fav'd him from the wrongs that might be offered by other Wild Beasts there, and was his Safe-Conduct through the Forest.

Having refresh'd our selves the first Night at the Castle, where (as I have already told you) we were very civilly treated by the Governour, the next morning we bent our Course for Boston; but differ'd at our setting out about the Way: O what a self-will'd, obstinate, frail thing is Man! That they whom Common Dangers by Sea had so united, shou'd for a Trifle differ and fall out by Land! And yet thus we did.

Our way from the Castle to Boston, was over the Ice, which was, me thought, but a cold sort of Rambling, especially for those that had so long been mew'd up in a Cabin. But since without the Rambling this one mile more, the many hundred Leagues we had already Rambled, had been in vain, we were resolv'd that this shou'd break no Squares: And so, tho it was over Ice, we went it chearfully, and found a good Reception there.

And thus my Reader, I am come at last, through God's good Providence, to the End of my Long Voyage: in which I do believe you'll see made good what I asserted at the beginning of it, That in this Voyage (when I publish the History of my Travells) you'll find the hardships of my whole Life; hardships so very great and difficult, that, were they to be acted over-again, rather than I wou'd undergo 'em, I'd part with both the Indies, were they mine; Yes, and shou'd think I parted with 'em to advantage too. My next, which I intend for my Friend Mr. George Larkin, shall give you an account both as to the City it self, its Publick Structures, Inhabitants and Trade: Their Customs and Way of Living, Marriages, Burials, &c. The Characters of their Ministers, and in brief whatever is Remarkable in  
Boston.

Boston. And as I doubt not, but that you will communicate this Letter to my Dear; So I will in like manner desire my Friend to communicate that which I send him next, to you. And thus, Dear Lake, not Doubting but you will in my absence be ready to perform all good offices to your Sister, that she shall desire of you; and submitting the Relation of this my Long Sea-Voyage, to your more accurate Correction, with the Remembrance of my Sincere and cordial Love, I rest,

Your truly Loving and  
Affectionate Brother,

PHILARET.

Boston, Febr. 17, 1685-6.





## LETTER III.

TO MR. GEORGE LARKIN, PRINTER, AT THE  
TWO SWANS, WITHOUT BISHOPSGATE, LONDON.<sup>17</sup>

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*Boston in New-England, March 25, 1686.*



Y Dear Friend!—After a long and hazardous Voyage, I am now in the New World called America. We were longer in our Ramble to this Countrey, by reason of bad Weather, than is usually seen in an East India Voyage. But having sent my Sea-Adventures (from my leaving West Cows in the Isle of Wight to my Arrival in Boston) to my Brother Lake, I shall repeat nothing of that Letter (which you may see at any time) but proceed to the further Account of my Rambles. And here I shall observe this method :

1. Give you an Account of my Reception at Boston :
2. The

<sup>17</sup>Of George Larkin, Dunton has twice given a character in his *Life and Errors*. "He has been my constant friend for Twenty-five Years, and the first Printer I had in London." "He is a particular Votary of the Muses, and I have seen some of his Poems, especially that upon Friendship, that cannot be equalled. He formerly wrote 'A Vision of Heaven,' &c. (which contains many nice and curious thoughts) and

has lately published an ingenious 'Essay on the Noble Art and Mystery of Printing,' which will immortalize his name amongst all the Professors of that Art, as much as his Essay will the Art itself." "Mr. Larkin has a Son now living, of the same name and trade with himself ; and four Grandsons (besides Larkin How, his Grandson by his Daughter) which, humanly speaking, will transmit his name to the end of time."—ED.



2. The Character of my Boston Landlord, his Wife and Daughter:

3. Give you an Account of my being admitted into the Freedom of this City:

4. I shall next describe the Town of Boston, it being the Metropolis of New-England; and say something of the Government, Law, and Customs thereof.

5. I shall relate the Visits I made, the Remarkable Friendships I contracted, and shall conclude with the character of Madam Brick as the Flower of Boston, and some other Ladyes, And I'll omit nothing that happened (if remarkable) during my stay here. And in all this I will not copy from others, as is usual with most Travellers, but relate my own Observations.

These General Heads will be the Subject of this Letter: And I think myself obliged to send this part of my Rambles to you, my dear Friend, Mr. Larkin, both as your Letter to Mr. John Allen, your quondam Servant (and my Fellow-Traveller hither) speaks so kindly of me, and engages me to this task; as also as a Testimony of the Respect I have for you, for your so boldly appearing for the True English Liberties and Protestant Religion, even at a time when it could not be done without Danger, and for which you have likewise been so great a sufferer; Besides, you know, my Friend, that in Days of Yore we us'd to trade together, and I wou'd not have you think that a far Country can make me to forget my old Friends.

But perhaps you'll wonder that this Letter was not sent to my Dear, as it relates to my Private Affairs, as well as my Rambles in Boston:—O Sir! She's aforehand w' ye in this matter! for still as I've a kind thought rises in my Brest, 'tis the subject of a letter to Iris; And when Fairweather left Boston (which was a week ago) he had no less than sixty Letters of mine in his Bag (a whole Cargo of Love!) and all Directed to Iris: If every ship shou'd bring her as many till  
I leave

I leave Boston, she'll receive a Thousand in three Months time: But these being Letters of Tendernefs, are not fo proper for Publick View—Not but that she'll have a hand in my Printed Rambles; and therefore 'twas I sent her my Voyage from London to the Isle of Wight, and design to fend her my Rambles to Salem (a Town in New-England), and another from Holland, when I get thither; but I cull out my He-Friends, when I relate matters of State; and that's the reason, together with the Obligations you have laid upon me, that I have sent this Letter to you: but you love much in a little, and therefore to avoid any further Preamble, I shall give you an Account of my Reception at Boston.<sup>18</sup>

The

<sup>18</sup>About half a page has been cut out and is missing in the original. The "Life and Errors" supplies us with the following letters written at this time, and inserted by Dunton at this point in his narrative. He writes thus:

"The Air of New-England was sharper than at London, which, with the Temptation of fresh Provisions, made me eat like a second Mariot of Gray's-Inn.

"After I got safe upon *Terra-firma*, I could scarce Keep my Feet under me for several Days; the Universe appeared to be one common Whirl-Pool, and one would think that Cartes had contrived his Vortices immediately after some tedious Voyage. The first Person that welcomed me to Boston was Mr. Burroughs, formerly a Hearer of my Reverend Father-in-Law, Dr. Annesley. He heaped more Civilities upon me than I can reckon up, offered to lend me Moneys, and made me his bed-fellow till I had provided Lodgings.

"After I had been some Days in Boston, there was a Ship ready to sail for England, with which I sent the following Letter to my Reverend Father-in-Law, Dr. Annesley.

"Reverend and Dear Sir,

"I am at last, through merciful Providence, arrived safe at Boston in New-England. We were above Four Months at sea, and very often in extreme Danger by Storms; and, which added to our Misfortunes, our Provisions were almost spent before we Landed. For some time we had no more than the Allowance of one Bottle of Water a Man for four Days. Since my Arrival, I have met with many Kindnesses from Mr. Burroughs, and others of your Acquaintance in Boston. I am now, Sir, in great suspense whether to part with my *Venture* of Books by Wholesale to some of the Trade in Town here, or to sell them by Retail. If this Letter comes shortly after the Date of it to your Hands, pray let me have your Advice in this Matter.

"I am, Your most Affectionate and

"Dutiful Son,

"JOHN DUNTON.

"Boston, March 25, 1686.

"Some Time after, I received the following Answer:

"Dear Son!

"I Was very glad to hear of your safe Arrival after your Tedious and

The first person that welcomed me to Boston was Mr. Burroughs, a Merchant in Boston, formerly a hearer, and still a great Lover, of my Reverend Father in Law, Dr. Samuel

and Hazardous Passage. Those Mercies are most observ'd, and through Grace the best improv'd, that are bestowed with some grievous Circumstances. I hope the Impression of your Voyage will abide, tho the Danger be over. I know not what to say to you about your Trading. Present Providences upon present Circumstances must be observed; and therefore I shall often (in prayer) recommend your Care to GOD: who alone can, and I hope will, do both in you, and for you, exceeding abundantly beyond what can be ask'd, or thought by

"Your most Affectionate Father,  
"S. A.

"London, May 10, 1686.

"With the same Ship that brought over my Letter to Dr. Annesley, I sent a whole Packquet to Dear Iris; but the greater part of them being upon Business, I shall only transcribe that which follows:

"My Dear!

"I am at last got safe ashore, after an uncomfortable Voyage, that had nothing in it but Misfortune and Hardship. Half of my Venture hither was cast away in the Downs; however, don't suffer that to make you Melancholy, in Regard the other Half is now safe with me at Boston. I was very often upon the Edge of Death in my Passage over hither, besides all the Hazards of our Ship, &c. Palmer, indeed, was very diligent to serve me: he took me out and put me into my Cabin, for almost four Months. It wou'd be endless to tell over the Extremities I was in, which lay Double upon my Hands, because you, my Dear, were not there

to tend me, and to give a Resurrection to my Spirits with one Kind Look, and with some soft Word or other, which, you know, would signifie so much to me.

"Dear Iris! I am now and then tormented with a Thousand Fears. The Ocean that lyes betwixt us seems lowering and unkind. Had I Wings, I'd rather steer myself a Passage through the Air, than commit myself a second Time to the Dangers of the Sea. My Thoughts, now I am at Boston, are however all running upon Iris; and, be assur'd, that with all imaginable Dispatch I'll resign my self to God and Providence, and the Conduct of my guardian Angel, to bring me Home again in safety. Our Pleasures and Satisfaction will be fresh and new when I'm restored t'ye, as it were from another World, and methinks upon the Prospect of that very Advantage, I could undertake another New-England-Voyage. After all, my Dear, our compleat and our final Happiness is not the growth of this World; 'tis more exalted, and far above the Nature of our best Enjoyments. I would not have you in the least solicitous about me. I have met with many Kindnesses from the Inhabitants of Boston. You'll take Care to read over the Letters that relate to Business. I am as much yours as Affection can make me.

"PHILARET.

"Boston, March 25th, 1686.

"To this Letter Iris returned me the following Answer:

"Most endeared Heart!

"I received your most Wellcome Letter of March 25th, which acquainted me

Samuel Annesly. On whose account I had the Civilitys I can't properly say, for he heap'd and crowded 'em upon me at that rate that he at first fight offers to lend me money (the true Touchstone of Friendship); Then has me to his own quarters (to Mr. —), and I being as yet unprovided of a Lodging, makes me his Bedfellow, and would scarce suffer me to be out of his fight, tho' 'twere to make a private Vifit to

me with your Tedious and Sick Voyage; I was very much overjoy'd for your safe Arrival at Boston, tho' much troubled for your Illness in the way to it. Those Mercies are the sweetest, that we enjoy after waiting and praying for them. I pray GOD help us both to improve them for his Glory. I think I have Sympathiz'd with you very much; for I don't remember I have ever had so much Illness in my whole Life as I have had this Winter.

When I first received your Letters, My Dear, I was resolv'd upon coming over t'ye, if my Friends approv'd of it; but, upon Discourse with them, they concluded I cou'd not bear the Voyage; and I, having had so large an Experience of your growing and lasting affections, could not believe but that you had rather have a living Wife in England, than a Dead one in the Sea. Besides, I cannot leave London till I have paid down the Money you were bound for, to Nevet,\* upon my Sister's Account. I have receiv'd more Kindnesses from your Cousin R—†(who was your Bail at leaving England) than from all your other Friends and Acquaintance. I am not able to express how great a Trouble it has been to me this Winter, that you shou'd be brought into so many Troubles and Bondships by Marrying of me. If there is any Encouragement for settling in New-Eng-

land, I will joyfully come over t'ye; but am rather for your going to Holland to trade there. Pray GOD direct you what to do, and in the mean time take great Care of your Health, and want for nothing. I do assure you, My Dear, yourself alone is all the Riches I desire; and if ever I am so happy as to enjoy your Company again, I will travel to the farthest Part of the World, rather than to part with you any more; Nothing but Cruel Death shall ever make the Separation. I had rather have your Company, with Bread and Water, than enjoy without you the Riches of both Indies. I have read your Private Letter, and shall do that which will be both for your Comfort and your Honour. I take it as the highest Demonstration of your Love, that you intrust me with your Secret Affairs. Assure yourself I do as earnestly desire the Welfare of your Soul and Body as I do my own; Therefore let nothing trouble you, for were you in London, you cou'd not take more Care of your Business than I shall do. I can't express how much I long to see you. Oh, this Cruel Ocean that lies between us! But, I bless GOD, I am as well at present as I can be when separated from you. I must conclude, begging of GOD to keep you from the Sins and Temptations which every Place and every Condition do expose us to. So, wishing you a speedy and a safe Voyage back again to England,

"I remain yours beyond Expression,

"IRIS.

"London, May 14th, 1686."

\* This was "for £50 to one Nevet, a Surgeon."  
LIFE AND ERRORS, p. 82.

† "Mr. R—, and Mr. Ashwood offered themselves to be bail for me."—Ibid.

to Dame Nature ; and where'er I went, wou'd not suffer me to *see* (as they call it) that is, not spend a Penny for nine days. In brief, his kindneses were so great, so many, and so sincere and uninterested, that he out-did all I can say. So great a Man he was that he indeed hid himself with the Garb of the Vulgar, and that was all that was Vulgar in him. His Looks are according to Nature, and so is his Behaviour, as far from Deceit and guile even as Nathaniel himself, who was told by One that cou'd tell, That he was an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile. Truth is the prize he aims at, and he takes care to get her, and is not content only to look like her. But why shou'd [I] go about to commend him, whose just Praise exceeds all Commendation ?

Mr. Larkin, I remember you are a great Admirer of Verse ; and I have seen several of your own making, far from being despisable, to say no more in their Commendation. For that Reason I have chosen to conclude the Character of my Friend with the following Poem, as knowing it will be diverting to you, for so I wou'd have all my Letters to my Friend : Tho' the Verses are none of the most modern, yet they well enough comprehend the Character of a happy Life.

## THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born or Taught  
That serveth not another's will,  
Whose Armour is his honest Thought  
And Upright Truth his highest skill.

Whose Passions not his Masters are,  
Whose Soul is still prepar'd for Death ;  
Unty'd unto the World with Care  
Of Princes Love, or Vulgar Breath :

Who hath his Life from Rumours freed,  
Whose Conscience is his strong Retreat ;  
Whose state can neither Flatterers need,  
Nor Ruine make Accusers Great.

Who

Who envieth none whom Chance doth raise,  
 Or Vice : who never understood  
 How deepeft Wounds are given with Praife ;  
 Not Rules of State, but Rules of Good :

Who GOD doth late and early pray  
 More of his Grace than Gifts to lend :  
 Who Entertains the harmlefs Day  
 With a well chofen Book and Friend.

This Man is free from Servile Bands,  
 Of hope to rife, or fear to fall ;  
 Lord of Himfelf, tho' not of Lands ;  
 And having Nothing, he hath All.

Having thus offered fomewhat as a grateful acknowledgment to my good Friend Mr. Burrows,<sup>19</sup> I cannot pafs by in filence his Worthy Landlord : who for a Zealous Profefor, and a fincere Practicer of True Piety, was one of the moft eminent in the whole Town of Bofton : He was one that efteem'd Godlinefs his greateft Gain, and fo was far from making a Gain of Godlinefs, which is too much the fault of the generallity of the Bofstoneers. But what need I fpeak of that, his Reputation is too bright to need a foyl to fett it off, and the conftant exercife of Religion in his Family, and the general Influence it had on all the Actions of his Life, fufficiently fignaliz'd him for a truly Religious Man.

Meeting with fo good Friends, Mr. Larkin, I began to think myfelf at home agen ; and cou'd I have put Iris and yourfelf out of my mind, I might perhaps have forgot London—But Iris had got fo firm a poffeffion of my whole heart, and you fo great a Right to my Friendship, that ftill the Name of Native Country bewitch'd me. 'Twas that daz'd my eyes : And 'twas thus with the firft Planters of this Country, who were, even to their 80th year, ftill pleafing themfelves

<sup>19</sup>Francis Burroughs was a merchant from London. He m. for fecond wife 29 Dec. 1709, Elizabeth, widow of Thomas Grofs, who was then a widow Heath. He probably had no child by her, as his will mentions only a daughter Sarah, wife of Capt. John Brown of Salem.—ED.

themselves with hopes of their Returning to England. But 'twas now my Duty, (and the Discharge of my present Duty I thought would help me to the better performance of my future Duties,) to look upon that as my Native Country where I cou'd thrive and prosper—For I had married a Wife (and a very kind one too) and 'twas my Duty to provide for her, and in that way, as well as by Writing, and other Endearments, to shew my Love for her. But now Exit Spoufe, that is, till I am settled so very well as to have nothing to think of else: And this brings me 4000 miles back in a Moment, even to the Door of Mr. Richard Wilkins,<sup>20</sup> (opposite to the Town-House in Boston). 'Twas here in Capital Letters I found

## LODGINGS TO BE LET, WITH A CONVENIENT WAREHOUSE.

I found 'twas convenient for my Purpose, and so wee soon made a Bargain, and entred into such a Friendship as will scarce end with our Lives. Mr. Wilkins' Family was only—Himself—his Wife—and Daughter—who I must say deserve better from me than all New England besides (Mr. Burroughs only excepted). And therefore in pure Gratitude I have Attempted their Characters.

My Landlord, Mr. Richard Wilkins, like good old Jacob, is a plain good man. He was formerly a Bookfeller in Limerick, and fled hither on the account of conscience, with two Divines, Mr. John and Mr. Thomas Bayly. But to go on with his Character: His Person is tall, his Aspect sweet and smiling; and tho' but fifty years old, his Hair's as white as Snow. He is a Man of good sence, very generous to his Friend;

<sup>20</sup>Of Richard Wilkins we learn little in addition to Dunton's account, but that he was nominated for postmaster after the overthrow of Andros, and died at Milton, 10 Dec. 1704, aged 80. By the Boston Records it seems that he was admitted to a residence here on the

28th Nov. 1684, with William Stewart, John Adams, John Langdon, Samuel Gray, John Simon, Thomas Atkinson and Archibald Eraskin; their sureties being Timothy Prout, Edward Willy and Edward Wyllys.—ED.

Friend; Talks well, keeps up the Practice of Religion in his Family, and is now a Member of Mr. Willard's Church.

I come next to his Wife, my kind and obliging Landlady, who is a Person of so agreeable a temper, and withal so easie Company, that 'tis a pleasure to be in it; which renders her Conversation Chearfuller than those that laugh more, but smile less: Some there are who spend more spirits in straining for an hour's Mirth than they can recover in a month after, which renders 'em so unequal company; whilst she is always equal and the same. It is indeed Vertue to know her, wisdom to converse with her, joy to behold her, and a species of the beatitude of the other World, only to enjoy her Conversation in this. Or to speak all in a few words, She is the Counterpart of her Husband, who without her is but half himself.

Having said something of my Landlord and Landlady, You, Mrs. Comfort, (for so was their Daughter call'd) may well take it amiss, if I shou'd forget your Favours; Your Smiles by Day, *and the Warming-Pan by Night*; your Assistance when I was ill, and the *rich Looking-glass* you sent my Dear; and all this with a world of Innocence—For tho' I had fair Opportunities to try your Vertue, yet I never was so wicked: 'Tis true, Platonick Love has ruin'd many of your sex, yet you must say (when you speak of me) that you found me a True Platonick: And when I think of you, I shall still say, There may be Maids at 15, 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70; But I'll go no further, for there's no Danger of 'em after that.

Being thus fix'd to my Heart's content, I began to visit my Friends, and the next Ramble I took was to deliver some Letters of Recommendation: Mr. Stretton, a Reverend Divine in London, sent one to Mr. Stoughton<sup>21</sup> the Deputy-Governour;

<sup>21</sup> This Mr. Stoughton was William, son of Col. Israel Stoughton. He was born in 1631, H. C. 1650, was a preacher in Suffex, England, and a fellow of New

College, Oxford. Returning here he held various high offices and died unm. 7 July, 1701.—ED.



Governour; and Mr. Morton of Newington-Green sent another to Major Dudley,<sup>22</sup> afterwards President; And I had some letters to other Magistrates; which had that effect, that in three or four Days after, I opened my Warehouses and was made a Freeman of Boston;<sup>23</sup> for which I thank my good Friend Mr. Burroughs; For by his means I am now free of Two parts of the World.

I was invited by Captain Hutchinson<sup>24</sup> (the tallest man that I ever beheld) to dine with the Governour and Magistrates of Boston; the Place of Entertainment was the Town-Hall, and the Feast Rich and Noble: As I enter'd the Room where the Dinner was, the Governour in Person, the Deputy-Governour, Major Dudley, and the other Magistrates, did me the Honour to give me a particular Welcome to Boston, and to wish me Success in my Undertaking.

And

<sup>22</sup> Joseph Dudley, son of Gov. Thomas Dudley, was born 23 Sept. 1647, and died 2 Apr. 1720. He was Governor of the Colony from 1702 till 1715 and held many other offices.—ED.

<sup>23</sup> As our readers may like to see the mode in which Dunton was made a freeman of the town, we transcribe the only document we have found or presume ever existed. It is in a book at the City Clerk's Office.—ED.

"Witnesse these presents, that I, Francis Burrowes, of Boston, Merchant, doe binde myfelfe, my Executors and Administrators to Edward Willis, Treasurer of the Towne of Boston, in the sume of fortie pounds in mony, that John Dunton, booke-feller, nor any of his familie, shall not be chargeable to this towne duringe his or any [of] there abode therein. Witnesse my hand the 16th of February, 1685.

"That is, sd. Burrowes binds himselfe as above to sd. Willis and his successors in the office of Treasurer, omitted in the due place above."

*For us: Burroughs*

*John Dunton*

<sup>24</sup> This was doubtless Capt. Elisha Hutchinson, born in 1641, son of Edward, and grandson of William and Anne H. He was Capt. in 1676, and a Counsellor from 1684 till his death in 1715. His grandson was the noted Governor Thomas Hutchinson.

And now, Mr. Larkin, having proceeded thus far in making good the Promise I made ye,—I shall next describe the Town of Boston, and shall say something of the Inhabitants, Government, Laws, and Customs of the City and Kingdom. And here, my Friend, when I come to speak of the Inhabitants of Boston, I must entreat your Candour in Distinguishing; Or else you will not know what to make of what I say; To which End, I ought to premise, That the first English that came over hither, in the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's, and the Beginning of King James's Reign, forced thereto by the severe Treatment they met with from the Bishops in England, were certainly the most Pious and Religious Men in the World, Men that had experienc'd the Power of Divine Grace upon their own Souls, and were the lively Patterns of Primitive Zeal and Integrity; and wou'd have converted all the World, if they cou'd; especially their own Posterity: But alas! this blessed Wind of the Spirit blows where it listeth; Many of them were converted and made truly Gracious, and these walk to this Day in the steps of their Pious Fore-fathers: But there are others of them, who never knew the Power of Converting Grace, who yet retain a form of Godliness, and make a strict Profession of the out-side of Religion, tho' they never knew what the Power of Godliness was; and these are the most Profligate and Debauched Wretches in the World; their Profession of Religion teaching them only how to sin (as they think) more refinedly. Having premised thus much, you will soon know how to discern what is spoken of these Hypocrites, from what belongs to the Truly Religious; of which there are many, tho' the others are the far greater Number.

Boston<sup>25</sup> is situated in the Bottom of the Massachusetts Bay, in the Latitude of 42 degrees and 10 minutes, (its Longitude

<sup>25</sup> This description of Boston is copied almost exactly from Josselyn's Account of Two Voyages to New-England, 1675. Compare p. 124-6 of Veazie's edition. (Boston, 1865.)—ED.

tude being 315 degrees, or, as others affirm, 322 degrees and 30 seconds.) So called from a Town in Lincolnshire. It is the Metropolis, not only of this Colony, but of the whole Country: And is built on the South-West-side of a Bay large enough for the Anchorage of 500 Sail of Ships. Situated upon a Peninsula about four miles in compass, almost Square, and environ'd with the Sea, having one small isthmus, which gives access to other Towns by Land on the South.

The Town hath two hills<sup>28</sup> of equal height on the Frontire part thereof, next the sea; the one well fortified on the Superficies with some Artillery mounted, commanding any Ship as she falls into the Harbour within the Bay: The other Hill hath a very strong Battery, built with whole Timber, and fill'd with Earth. At the Descent of the Hill, in the extreamest part thereof, betwixt these two Strong Arms, lies a large Cove or Bay, on which the chiefest part of the Town is built. To the North-west is a high Mountain that over-tops all, with its three little rising Hills on the summit, called Tramount: This is furnished with a Beacon and Great Guns: from hence you may overlook all the Islands in the Bay, and descry such ships as are upon the Coast.

The Houses are for the most part raised on the Sea-Banks, and wharfed out with great Industry and Cost; many of them standing upon Piles, close together on each side the streets, as in London, and furnished with many fair Shops; where all sorts of Commodities are sold. Their streets are many and large, paved with Pebbles; the Materials of their Houses are Brick, Stone, Lime, handsomely contrived, and when any New Houses are built, they are made conformable to our New Buildings in London since the fire. Mr. Shrimpton

<sup>28</sup>These two hills will be recognized as Copp's Hill and Fort Hill; the North Battery was where Battery Wharf now stands, and the South Battery was on the shore in front of Batterymarch Street. The water line is now greatly altered.—ED.

Shrimpton<sup>27</sup> has a very stately house there, with a Brass Kettle atop, to shew his Father was not ashamed of his Original: Mr. John Usher (to the honour of our Trade) is judg'd to be worth above £20,000, and hath one of the best Houses in Boston; They have Three<sup>28</sup> Fair and Large Meeting-Houses or Churches, commodiously built in several parts of the Town, which yet are hardly sufficient to receive the Inhabitants, and strangers that come in from all Parts.

Their Town-House<sup>29</sup> is built upon Pillars in the middle of the Town, where their Merchants meet and confer every Day. In the Chambers above they keep their Monthly Courts. The South-side of the Town is adorned with Gardens and Orchards. The Town is rich and very populous,<sup>30</sup> much frequented by strangers. Here is the Dwelling of [Mr.] Broadstreet, Esq., their present Governour. On the North-west and North-East, two constant Fairs are kept, for daily Traffick thereunto. On the South, there is a small but

<sup>27</sup> Samuel Shrimpton, born in 1643, was the son of Henry Shrimpton, of Boston, who had been a brazier in London. A brother of this Henry was Edward S., of Bednall-Green. Henry Shrimpton died in July, 1666, leaving a large estate to his son and four daughters. Samuel was captain of the Artillery company, a member of Andros's Council, and of the Council of Safety in 1689, and died of apoplexy, 9th Feb. 1698. His large estate passed to his son Samuel.—ED.

<sup>28</sup> The three churches were the following: The First Church, founded in 1632 by Rev. John Wilson, and of which James Allen was minister from 1668 to 1710, and Joshua Moody assistant 1684-1692; it stood where Joy's Building now is on Washington St. The Second Church, or Old North, established in 1650 by Samuel Mather, brother of Increase. It stood at the head of North Square, and the second edifice, built in 1677, was destroyed by the British troops

in 1775. Increase Mather preached here from 1669 to 1723, Cotton Mather 1685 to 1728, and Samuel Mather (son of Cotton) 1732 to 1741. The Third Church was the Old South, of which Thomas Thatcher was installed the first pastor in 1670. Samuel Willard succeeded him in April, 1678, and died in 1707.—ED.

<sup>29</sup> The Town House was built about 1657. DRAKE writes (p. 350) "At what time it was completed does not clearly appear. It is incidentally mentioned a few years later, as being entered by a flight of several steps. It was where the old State house now stands, at the head of State Street, and stood until the great fire of 1711, in which it was consumed."—ED.

<sup>30</sup> DRAKE states that in 1686 the rateable polls were 1447; in 1698 there were above 1000 houses, and over 7000 inhabitants after 1000 were estimated to have died in that year.—ED.

but pleasant Common, where the Gallants a little before sunset walk with their Marmalet Madams, as we do in Moorfield, &c., till the Nine-a-Clock Bell rings them home; after which the Constables walk their Rounds to see good orders kept, and to take up loose people. In the high-street towards the Common, there are very fair Buildings, some of which are of stone. And at the East end of the Town, one amongst the rest built by the shore, by Mr. Gibbs,<sup>31</sup> a Merchant, being a very stately Edifice.<sup>32</sup> But I need give you no further a Description of Boston; for I remember you have been at Bristol, which bears a very near Resemblance to Boston.

But I shall say something of the Inhabitants, as 10 months of my Life was spent amongst 'em. There is no Trading for a stranger with them but with a Grecian Faith, which is, not to part with your Ware without ready Money; for they are generally very backward in their Payments, great Censors of other Men's Manners, but extremely careless of their own, yet they have a ready correction for every vice. As to their Religion,<sup>33</sup> I cannot perfectly distinguish it; but it is such that

<sup>31</sup> Robert Gibbs, son of Sir Henry Gibbs, of Honington, Co. Warwick, was a prominent merchant here, and died 7 Dec. 1673, aged 37. His son, Robert Gibbs, died 7 Dec. 1702, leaving issue.—ED.

<sup>32</sup> Gibbs's house is also referred to by Josselyn in his *New England's Rarities*, 1672, (Veazie's reprint, Boston, 1865.) Here it is added, "it is thought it will stand him in little less than 3000 £ before it be fully finished." It stood on Fort Hill.—ED.

<sup>33</sup> "As to their Religion," &c. The next few lines are copied by Dunton from a folio pamphlet of only 9 pages, signed J. W., issued with the following title: "A Letter from New-England. Concerning their Customs, Manners, and Religion. Written upon occasion of a Report about a Quo Warranto

Brought against that Government. London, Printed for Randolph Taylor near Stationers Hall, 1682." This little pamphlet, of which a copy is in the possession of William S. Appleton, Esq., is doubtless extremely rare. It contains the most disgusting charges against the colonists, so gross indeed as to require no refutation. Dunton was evidently acquainted with it, and has copied some things from it. The only items of the slightest value now noticed are these: "I have seen them whip several of the Anabaptist Principle in one day at the Gun, (the usual Whipping place here)." "A sixth Instance I shall give you of a Lay Elder, one W——ll, as he prayed in the old Conventicle: 'Lord,' (says he) 'thy mercies have been to us manifold, for behold formerly it was but a mere Bog and a Swamp, where our stately

that nothing keeps 'em friends but only the fear of exposing one another's knavery. As for the Rabble, their Religion lies in cheating all they deal with. When you are dealing with 'em, you must look upon 'em as at cross purposes, and read 'em like Hebrew backward; for they seldom speak and mean the same thing, but like Water-men, Look one Way, and Row another. The Quakers here have been a suffering Generation; and there's hardly any of the Yea-and-Nay Persuasion but will give you a severe Account of it; for the Bostonians, tho' their Forefathers fled thither to enjoy Liberty of Conscience, are very unwilling any should enjoy it but themselves: But they are now grown more moderate. Those were the Heats of some Persons among 'em whose zeal outran their knowledge, and was the effect of their Ignorance: For you and I, Mr. Larkin, are I am sure both of this Opinion, as our sufferings for it sufficiently Testifie, That Liberty of Conscience is the Birth-Right of all Men by a Charter Divine.

The Government both Civil and Ecclesiastical is in the hands of the Independents and Presbyterians, or at least of those that pretend to be such.

On Sundays in the After-noon, after Sermon is ended, the People in the Galleries come down and march two a Brest, up one Isle and down the other, until they come before the Desk, for Pulpit they have none: Before the Desk is a long Pew, where the Elders and Deacons sit, one of them with a Money-Box in his hand, into which the People as they pass put their Offerings, some a shilling, some two shillings, and some half a Crown, or five shillings, according to the Ability or Liberality of the Person giving. This I look upon to be a Praise-worthy Practice. This Money is distributed to supply

Townhouse stands; yea (Lord) the Sea and the Tide came up where now our Boys play at Football.'"

The historical value of this pamphlet

is absolutely nothing, and whoever this J. W. may have been, it is an unmerited charity which leaves him in obscurity.—

ED.

supply the Necessities of the Poor, according to their several wants, for they have no Beggars there.

Every Church (for so they call their particular Congregations) have one Pastor, one Teacher, Ruling Elders and Deacons.

They that are Members of their Churches have the Sacrament administered to them. Those that are not actually joyned to them, may look on, but partake not thereof, till they are so joynd.

As to their Laws,<sup>\*</sup> This Colony is a Body Corporate and Politick in Fact, by the Name of, The Governour and Company of the Massachusetts Bay in New-England. Their Constitution is, That there shall be one Governour and Deputy-Governour, and eighteen Assistants of the same Company, from time to time. That the Governour and Deputy-Governour, (who for this year are Esq: Broadstreet and Esq: Staughton,) Assistants and all other Officers, to be chosen from among the Freemen the last Wednesday in Easter Term, yearly, in the General Court. The Governour to take his corporal oath to be True and Faithful to the Government, and to give the same Oath to the other Officers. They are to hold a Court once a month, and any Seven to be a sufficient Quorum. They are to have four General Courts kept in Term-Time, and one great General and Solemn Assembly, to make Laws and Ordinances; Provided, They be not contrary or repugnant to the Laws and Statutes of the Realm of England. In Anno 1646, They drew up a Body of their Laws for the benefit of the People. Every Town sends two Burgeses to their Great and Solem General Court.

Their Laws for Reformation of Manners, are very severe, yet but little regarded by the People, so at least as to make 'em better, or cause 'em to mend their manners.

For

<sup>\*</sup> Dunton again copies from Josselyn's Two Voyages, p. 134-7, enlarging some what upon the text, but evidently depending upon this as authority.—Ed.

For being drunk, they either Whip or impose a Fine of Five shillings: And yet notwithstanding this Law, there are several of them so addicted to it, that they begin to doubt whether it be a Sin or no; and seldom go to Bed without Muddy Brains.

For Curfing and Swearing, they bore through the Tongue with a hot Iron.

For kissing a woman in the Street, though but in way of Civil Salute, Whipping or a Fine. [Their way of Whipping Criminals is by Tying them to a Gun at the Town-House, and when so Ty'd whipping them at the pleasure of the Magistrate, and according to the Nature of the Offence.]

For Single Fornication, whipping or a Fine. And yet for all this Law, the Chastity of some of 'em, for I do not Condemn all the People, may be gueff'd at by the Number of Delinquents in this kind: For there hardly passes a Court Day, but some are convened for Fornication; and Convictions of this Nature are very frequent: One instance lately told me, will make this matter yet more plain: There happened to be a Murder'd Infant to be found in the Town Dock: The Infant being taken up by the Magistrates Command, orders were immediately given by them for the search of all the Women of the Town, to see if thereby they cou'd find out the Murdrefs: Now in this Search, tho' the Murdrefs cou'd not be found out, yet several of the Bostonian Young Women, that went under the Denomination of Maids, were found with Child.

For Adultery they are put to Death, and so for Witchcraft; For that there are a great many Witches in this Country, the late Tryals of 20 New England Witches is a sufficient Proof.

An English Woman suffering an Indian to have carnal knowledge of her, had an Indian cut out exactly in red cloth, and sewed upon her right Arm, and enjoyned to wear it Twelve Months.

Scolds



Scolds they gag, and fet them at their own Doors, for certain hours together, for all comers and goers to gaze at. Were this a Law in England, and well Executed, it wou'd in a little Time prove an Effectual Remedy to cure the Noise that is in many Women's heads.

Stealing is punished with Restoring four-fold, if able; if not, they are sold for some years, and so are poor Debtors. I have not heard of many Criminals of this sort. But for Lying and Cheating,<sup>35</sup> they out-vye Judas, and all the false other cheats in Hell. Nay, they make a Sport of it: Looking upon Cheating as a commendable Piece of Ingenuity, commending him that has the most skill to commit a piece of Roguery; which in their Dialect (like those of our Ye-and-Nay-Friends in England) they call by the genteel Name of Out-Witting a Man, and won't own it to be cheating. As an Instance of what I have said, I was shewn a Man of such a Kidney as I have been speaking on, in Boston (whose Name for a Special Reason I shall here omit), who (as I was told by Mr. Gouge, Son to the Charitable Divine of that Name) agreed with a Country-man for a Horse, and was to pay him Four Pounds of Massachusset Money, and that to become due upon the Day of the Election for Magistrates, which is held yearly. But our witty Bostonian understanding that the Country-man cou'd not read, makes the Bill payable under his hand, at the Day of the Resurrection of the Magistrates; willing belike to take Time enough to pay his Debts; or else possibly in good hopes that the Magistrates had no share in that Day. But he carry'd the Jest a little too far, for the Country-Man su'd him, and tho' with much Trouble and Charge recover'd his Money.

In short, These Bostonians enrich themselves by the ruine  
of

<sup>35</sup>“But for Lying,” &c. From this sentence through the passage “I am holier than thou,” Dunton has copied again from the obscene pamphlet of J. W. already cited. The anecdote is

therein attributed to H——n L——tt, but in connection with such other improbable stories as make us doubt this one, even though endorsed by Mr. Gouge.—Ed.

of Strangers; and like ravenous Birds of Prey, strive who shall fasten his Talions first upon 'em. For my own share I have already trusted out £400, and know not where to get in 2*d.* of it. But all these things pass under the Notion of Self-Preservation and Christian-Policy.

I had not given you the Trouble of so large an Account of the manners of the Bostonians, nor rak'd in such a Dunghil of Filth, but that this sort of People are so apt to say, Stand off, for I am holier than Thou.<sup>36</sup> \* \* \* \* \*

And thus, my Friend, I have given you an Account of Boston: But as I said before, so I say again, You must make a Distinction: For amongst all this Dross, there runs here and there a vein of pure Gold: And though the Generality are what I have describ'd 'em, yet is there as sincere a Pious and truly Religious People among them, as is any where in the Whole World to be found.

The next thing I have to do is to proceed to give you some account of the Visits I made: For having gotten a Warehouse, and my Books ready for sale, (for you know mine was a Learned Venture,) 'twas my Business next to seek out the Buyers: So I made my first Visit to that Reverend and Learned Divine, Mr. Increase Mather.<sup>37</sup> He's the Present Rector of Harvard College: He is deservedly called, The Metropolitan Clergy-Man of the Kingdom. And the next to him in Fame, (whom I likewise visited at the same time) is

<sup>36</sup>We here omit a story concerning the sign of a Vintner at the "Rose and Crown," as it is copied from J. W.'s pamphlet, and possesses no historical interest to counterbalance its indecency. One anecdote we will copy from the pamphlet as an addition to the stock stories concerning the Puritans. "Another was at his Exercise, and a Customer Knock'd at the door for a Pennyworth of Nails: the Brother sends the Boy to the door to enquire who it was;

he returns and tells him, 'twas a Customer for a Pennyworth of Nails; ask him, (says the Good Man,) if he will joyn with us in prayer; he goes and returns with a No: why then, (says the Good Man,) serve him, John, serve him."—ED.

<sup>37</sup>Increase Mather, son of Rev. Richard Mather, of Dorchester, Mass., was born 21 June, 1639, and died 23 Aug., 1723. He was President of Harvard College from 1685 till 1701.—ED.

is his son Mr. Cotton Mather,<sup>38</sup> an Excellent Preacher, a great Writer; He has very lately finish'd the Church-History of New-England, which I'm going to print; And which is more than all, He Lives the Doctrine he Preaches. After an hour spent in his company (which I took for Heaven) he shew'd me his Study: And I do think he has one of the best (for a Private Library) that I ever saw: Nay, I may go farther, and affirm, That as the Famous Bodleian Library at Oxford, is the Glory of that University, if not of all Europe, (for it exceeds the Vatican,) so I may say, That Mr. Mather's Library is the Glory of New-England, if not of all America. I am sure it was the best sight that I had in Boston. As to the Discourses that pass between us, 'tis not proper to insert 'em here; but I must say, I am greatly wanting to myself, if I did not learn more in that hour I enjoy'd his Company, than I could in an Age spent in other Mens. Having taken my leave of Mr. Cotton and Nathaniel Mather<sup>39</sup> (whose Life I afterwards Printed) and after that, of their Reverend Father, I return'd home hugely pleas'd with my first Visit.

Early the next morning (before the Sun could shew his Face) I went to wait upon Mr. Willard: He's Minister of the South Meeting in Boston: He's a Man of Profound Notions: Can say what he will, and prove what he says: I darken his Merits if I call him less than a Walking Library. The Civilities I receiv'd from him, both at his own House, and in other places, might (had I any Gratitude) engage me further to write his Character; but he's too great a Man for me

<sup>38</sup>Cotton Mather was born 12 Feb., 1663, and died 13 Feb., 1728. In regard to his library, DRAKE, in the Introduction to his edition of Mather's "History of King Philip's War," (Boston, 1862,) makes the following citation from a letter written by Rev. Samuel Mather. "My Father's Library was by far the most valuable Part of the family Property. It consisted of

7000 @ 8000 Volumes of the most curious and chosen Authors, and a prodigious Number of valuable Manuscripts which had been collected by my Ancestors for five Generations." These he considered worth at least eight thousand pounds sterling.—ED.

<sup>39</sup>Nathaniel Mather, who was six years younger than Cotton, died Oct. 17, 1688.—ED.

me to Attempt it; (and Mrs. Abigail, your Father's too modest to read it.) So I shall leave his House, with only admiring what I can't Describe.

From hence I Rambled with John Allen,<sup>40</sup> to Dine with his Reverend Unckle of that Name: He's a grave Antient Divine, and now Pastor of the New Church in Boston: All that I shall say of him more, is, That he's very Humble, and very Rich, and can be Generous if he pleases. As I left him, he urg'd me to visit him often. And his Son was not less obliging, with whom I contracted a particular Friendship: [His son came afterwards for England, and prov'd an Eminent Preacher, but dy'd at Northampton.]

Leaving Mr. Allen's House, your servant Johnny left me to visit Mr. Green (the Chief Printer in Boston), but we were no sooner parted, but Mr. Wilkins, my Landlord, meets me, as I was going to Mr. [Reve] Pierce,<sup>41</sup> another Printer in this Town, and takes me with him to visit Mr. John and Mr. Thomas Bayly:<sup>42</sup> These two are Popular Preachers, and very generous to Strangers: I heard Mr. John last Sunday, on these words, LOOKING UNTO JESUS; and I thought he spoke like an Angel: They express a more than Ordinary Kindness to Mr. Wilkins; and (as I told you before) came over with him

<sup>40</sup> John Allen, the printer, we thus learn was the nephew of Rev. James Allen, pastor of the First Church. This clergyman was son of a minister in Hampshire and was born 24 June, 1632. He was a fellow of the New College, Oxford, was an ejected minister, and arrived here in June, 1662. He married three wives, Hannah Dummer, widow Elizabeth Endicott, and Sarah, widow of Robert Breck, the last in 1673. Of his sons, Jeremiah was Treasurer of the Province, and James, H. C. 1689, is the one said to have settled in England. Rev. James Allen died 22 Sept., 1710.—ED.

<sup>41</sup> Of Richard Pierce little seems known, save that he married, 27 Aug.,

1680, Sarah, daughter of Rev. Seaborn Cotton. In 1691, (a later date than THOMAS records,) he printed Cotton Mather's Scriptural Catechism, and in 1695, his "Johannes in Eremo."—ED.

<sup>42</sup> John and Thomas Bayley were both settled at Watertown. Rev. John, born at Blackburn, co. Lanc., 24 Feb., 1644, came here in 1683, and after preaching at the Old South, was settled at Watertown in 1686. In 1693 he became Assistant at the First Church, and died s. p. 12 Dec., 1697. Rev. Thomas, of Watertown, died 21 Jan'y, 1689, aged 35, possibly leaving a son Thomas. He had a brother, Henry Bayley, living in Manchester in 1688, and his mother and sister Lydia were then living also.—ED.

him from Ireland: I might be large in their Character, but when I tell you they are true Pictures of Dr. Annesly (who they count a second St. Paul) 'tis as high as I need go.

The Sun being gone to Bed, (for tho' we were up before him, he got to his Lodging first,) we bid Good-Night to the Two Brothers, and in our way home made a visit to Mr. Moody<sup>43</sup> (Assistant to Mr. Allen). His House stands on the side of a Hill, ('tis called [Dean] Deacon-Hill,<sup>44</sup> of which more hereafter,) and gave me at one glimpse a view of the whole City: 'tis surrounded with shady Trees, has a pleasant Garden before it: So that he that's a Lover of a good Prospect, wou'd call this House an Earthly Paradise, and the very Elizium of Boston. But that which gives it the greatest Ornament, is that Learned Person that lives in it: I may say of him, as a son of the Church did of the Great Owen, That he's both a Gentleman and a Schollar: In the Pulpit he's a Boanerges, and in his Family a true Nathaniel: His Printed Advice to a condemned Criminal, who I saw Executed, as you'll hear anon, shews his Compassionate Temper: And his Sermons on ONE DAY IN THY HOUSE IS BETTER THAN A THOUSAND, shows where his Heart lies. No wonder then Piscataway was so loth to lose him; for if there be a good Man in the World, 'tis He.

And now My Friend, having first paid my Visits to the Reverend Clergy of Boston, and given a short account what they are, which may serve only ex pede Hercules: Pray give me leave to ask my Brethren the Bookfellers how they do, and that shall be all: For, tho' I know they love to be respected, yet at the same time I am satisfy'd that I'm as welcome

<sup>43</sup>Rev. Joshua Moody was son of William Moody, of Newbury, a saddler from Ipswich, co. Suff. He was of H. C. 1653, preached at Portsmouth (or Piscataqua) in 1671, was involved in a dispute with Gov. Cranfield in 1683, and unjustly imprisoned. He came to Boston and was chosen Assistant at the

First Church. He returned to Portsmouth, but died at Boston, 4 July, 1697, aged 64. He was honorably distinguished by his opposition to the witchcraft delusion.—ED.

<sup>44</sup>Deacon-Hill is surely a mistake for Beacon-hill. It bore that name in 1689. See DRAKE, p. 482.—ED.

welcome to 'em as Sowr Ale in Summer; they Look upon my Gain to be their Loss, and do make good the Truth of that old Proverb, That Interest will not lie. But I must begin to make my Addressees to 'em.

Mr. Usher,<sup>45</sup> your humble Servant: He's very rich, and Merchandizes; very witty; and has got a great Estate by Bookfelling. He propos'd to me the buying my whole Venture; but yet wou'd give but £30 per cent. which wou'd not do with me by a great deal; and therefore the Treaty being over, I fell to planting of my Cannon, and making my Redoubts, and so made far better Advances.

Mr. Phillips,<sup>46</sup> my old Correspondent! 'Tis reason I shou'd make

\* John Usher, son of Hezekiah and Frances Usher, was born at Boston, 17 Apr., 1648. He was a bookfeller as we have seen, and was early interested in public affairs. In 1676 he was Agent for the Colony to purchase the Province of Maine, and visited England in 1679. He was one of Andros's Council and chosen friends. In a letter dated Salem, 17th June, 1686, to Joseph Dudley, is the following item: "Sir, I did forgett to speak to Monck for your dinner, butt hope you will order your officer to doe itt"; this is not without interest, in connection with Dunton.

When Andros was seized by the people in April, 1689, he was sent under guard to Usher's house; and soon after Usher went to London, where he stayed until 1692. He married, probably during this visit, Elizabeth, daughter of Samuel Allen.

Allen bought in 1691, from the heirs of Capt. John Mason, all their right to the Province of New-Hampshire. Usher accordingly was appointed, 1 Mch., 1692, Lieutenant-Governor, and returned to this country. Here he was involved in perpetual disputes with the actual settlers, and was superseded by William Partridge in 1697. Afterwards Allen came over himself, and Usher

acted as one of the Council. In 1699, the Earl of Bellomont became Royal Governor, and in 1703 Usher was again commissioned as Lieutenant-Governor. The claims of Allen produced endless disputes; Usher however seems to have acted as a faithful officer, and to have exerted himself to secure the safety of the colony during the French war. In 1715 Col. Samuel Shute was made Governor and George Vaughan, Lieutenant, and Usher, thus superseded, retired to Medford, Mass., where he had a fine estate. Here he died, 5 Sept., 1726, leaving several children, one of whom was Rev. John, of Bristol, R. I. Descendants of the name are still remaining.—Ed.

\* Samuel Phillips, who died in October, 1720, aged 58, married probably in 1681, Hannah, daughter of Capt. Benjamin Gillam. The match connected him with many wealthy families here, as I have shown in the "New-England Historical and Genealogical Register," xix. 254. There were several other families of the name in Massachusetts, and the descendants of Rev. George Phillips, of Watertown, have been distinguished in our political history. No connection however is traced between the bookfeller and his namesakes, and

make you the next Vifit.<sup>47</sup> He dealt with me before; has a pretty and obliging Wife; Treated me with a noble Dinner, and good Store of Excellent Cyder; (and his maid then, was an Old English Woman, and has fince liv'd with Mr. Laurence, Bookfeller in the Poultry, and my Neighbour.) He's young, witty, and the moft Beautiful Man in the whole Town of Bofton; He's very Juft, and (as an effect of that) Thriving.

But leaving him, I Rambled next to vifit Mynheer Bruning,<sup>48</sup> at the corner of Prifon-Lane; a Dutch Bookfeller from Holland; he is a man that's fcrupuloufly juft, plain in his cloaths, and upright in his Dealing: And fo exact therein, that he wou'd not wrong a man of the hundredth part of a Farthing if he knew it, and fo very careful that nothing can efcape his knowledge: and fo well verf'd in the knowledge of all forts of Books, that he may well be ftill'd, A Compleat Bookfeller. He was more generous than to decry whatever Book he fees, fowerly becaufe 'twas not of his own Printing: There are a fort of Men like Bafilisks, that dart an Eye employfon'd with the Dregs of Pining Envy, who when they fee another's Happinefs, do wifh the Organs of their fight were crack'd, and that the Engines of their grief wou'd caft their

THOMAS, in his "History of Printing," undoubtedly errs in faying that Samuel Phillips's defcendants continued book-felling; he having miftaken the true ancestry of thefe later merchants. Samuel Phillips had three fons, Gillam, Samuel and Henry; and three daughters, two of whom married relatives named Savage.

Gillam Phillips, who was for a fhort time a bookfeller, died 18 Oct., 1770. His wife was Marie, fifter of famous Peter Faneuil, with whom he received quite a large dowry. Henry Phillips, the youngft fon, was the unfortunate man who killed Benjamin Woodbridge in a duel, July 3, 1728. The furvivor efaped, but died in France, in May, 1729. Mr. L. M. Sargent, in his "Deal-

ings with the Dead," has given a very full and interefting account of this deplorable affair.—ED.

<sup>47</sup> In his "Life and Errors" Dunton alters this fentence as follows: "He treated me with a noble Dinner, and (if I may trust my Eyes,) is bleit with a Pretty obliging Wife; I'll fay this for SAM (after dealing with him for fome Hundred Pounds) he's very juft, and (as an Effect of that) very Thriving. I fhall add to his Character, that he's Young and Witty," &c., &c.—ED.

<sup>48</sup> Mynheer Bruning, was Jofeph Bruning, or Browning, his name being variously fpelt. He was of Bofton in 1682, but his name does not occur in the Bofton Census of 1695.—ED.

their Eye-Balls, like two Globes of Wildfire forth, to melt the unproportion'd frame of Nature: These are the Men that will run down the most elaborate and well-writ Treatises, only because it had none of their Midwifery to bring it into public view; And yet shall give the greatest Elogies to the most nauseous and insipid Trash that e're was made the Burthen of the Press, when they have had the hap to be concern'd in't. But our Dutch Bookseller was none of those; he valu'd a good Book, who-ever printed it; nor wou'd he praise an Idle Pamphlet tho' it shou'd happen to be done for him. He was my Partner in Printing Mr. Mather's and Mr. Moody's Sermon on condemned Morgan.

But from the Dutch, I rambled to the Scotch Bookseller, one Campbel: He is a brisk young Fellow, that dresses All-a-mode, and sets himself off to the best Advantage; and yet thrives apace. I am told (and for his sake I wish it may be true) that a Young Lady of a Great Fortune<sup>46</sup> has married him. He's an Industrious Man, and saw me often. And

\* As to this wealthy damsel we find the following particulars:

By a deed, recorded Suffolk Deeds xxiv. 110, it seems that Susanna, widow of Duncan Campbell, by order of Court, dated 4 May, 1708, sold a house and a lot of land measuring over one hundred feet square, on Summer Street, one half being part of her husband's estate, and one half being her inheritance from her mother, Mrs. Grace Oxford, widow, deceased.

By another deed, dated 30 Apr., 1679, (Suff. Deeds xii. 252,) William Pitt, merchant of Marblehead, granted this land to trustees for his daughter Grace, now wife of Thomas Oxford, and her children Susanna and Margaret Porter, whom she had by her former husband, William Porter, deceased. This was one half of the property belonging to Pitts' late wife Susanna, formerly wife of Philip Eley, deceased. The other half by a similar deed, recorded at Salem, (Essex Deeds v. 308,) Pitts gave

to his daughter Mary, wife of Christopher Latimore, vintner. These details are not to be found in SAVAGE, nor the fact that, 25 Nov., 1670, (Suff. Wills vii. 48) administration was granted "on the estate of Susanna Ely (since Susanna Pitts)" to John Bundy, of Taunton, in the colony of Plymouth, he being nearest of kin.

Duncan Campbell had by this wife five children, William, born 27 May, 1687; Archibald, b, 10 Feb., 1688-9; Mathew, 14 Feb., 1690-1; Susanna, 1 Feb., 1695-6; and Agnes, 2 Mch., 1699-1700.

Campbell seems to have given up bookfelling and have become a merchant, being so denominated in his inventory of 7 April, 1703, when his property was valued at about £900, one third being in bills of exchange on bottomry. His widow at that time renders her return on his estate as insolvent.—E.D.



And now my Friend, having thus visited the Bookfellers, I'll give you next a brief account of what Acquaintance I had among the Town: And will begin with Mr. Willy,<sup>60</sup> who fled hither on the Account of Conscience, (and is Brother-in-Law to the Reverend Mr. Bayly, of whom I've spoke before.) He is a man of a large heart, and an extensive Charity; And one who in Relieving others Wants, considers not so much his own Ability, as their Necessity. This Monmouth's Forlorn Fugitives experienc'd largely, to whom he was the common Refuge and Affylum.

The next that I shall mention is Mr. White,<sup>61</sup> a Worthy Merchant, who crosses both the Torrid and the frozen Zone, midst Rocks and swallowing Gulfs for gainful Trade; piercing the Center for the shining Oar, and th' Oceans Bosom to rake Pearly Sands; a Merchant who by Trading has clasp'd Islands to the Continent, and tack'd one Countrey to another: Nor was his skill in Merchandizing all: His Knowledge both of Men and Things, was Universal: And to have heard him talk of any subject, you wou'd have thought he had engross'd all Knowledge; and that the seven Liberal Sciences took up their Residence within his Brest.

The next was Mr. Green<sup>62</sup> the Printer: I need do no more than to name his Trade, to convince you that he was a Man  
of

<sup>60</sup>Mr. Willy was no doubt Edward Willy, already mentioned, (note 20, p. 63.) as security for several new-comers. His name also occurs on documents at the State House, dated in 1687. He is there called "shop-keeper." The name must not be confounded with that of Willys or Willis.—ED.

<sup>61</sup>This may possibly have been Capt. Samuel White, of Weymouth, who married Mary Dyer, and d. s. p. in 1698-9. His widow's will, of 30 Oct., 1705, mentions two negroes, plate, &c. SAVAGE mentions a William White, of Boston, as a friend of Andros in 1688.—ED.

<sup>62</sup>Mr. Green, the printer, was doubtless Samuel Green, jr., son of Samuel Green, of Cambridge, Mass., a printer there, and grandson of Bartholomew, who died here in 1635. SAVAGE would make Dunton's friend to be the father; but as Samuel, jr., was born in 1648, and was thus 36 years old at this time, the description seems more suited to him. I am assured on good authority that this Samuel did not marry Elizabeth Sill, of Cambridge, but that her husband was of another branch of the family, possibly allied to this.—ED.

of good Sense and Understanding: and here likewise was Mr. John Allen,<sup>58</sup> your quondam fervant, who was so well known to you, that I need say the less of him; But yet being both my Friend and Fellow-Traveller, that for four Months together run the same risque of Fortune with me, I cannot but say something of him: His Aspect has something so extraordinary in it, that whoever does but look upon him, will make no Scruple to give him the Title of My Lord: He is Master of an Excellent Mediocrity of Temper, for if Fortune smile, it never elates him; neither is he cast down if she Frowns. And under some more than ordinary Disappointment, I have known him to drown his Sorrows in a glass of Cyder: Fortune has plaid him some slippery Tricks so that he'll never Trust her: and if any thing falls out, better than he expects, 'tis Welcome.

But being got among the Printers, Mr. Larkin, You may justly expect that I shou'd say something of Printing: Which certainly is an Art (or Mystery, as I think you call it) which deserves a greater Encomium than the narrow Limits of this Letter will permit me to give it. It is without doubt the most compendious and easie Way of Communicating Mens Inward Sentiments to one another, tho' at never so remote a Distance, as was ever found out in the World. But before I speak of the Use and Benefit of Printing, It is necessary that I speak something of its Original and first finding out: For it wou'd be a great Pity that that Noble Art that gives Immortality to all other Sciences, should it self be buried in the Dark Womb of Oblivion. It is generally agreed that it is a German Invention, found out about the year 1440; tho' whether it was John Guttenburg, or Laurence Coster, (by some called Laurence John,) or whether it was first found out

<sup>58</sup> John Allen, the Printer, is duly mentioned by THOMAS, as the printer of the Boston News-Letter from 1707 to 1711. He kept in Pudding-Lane, near the Post-Office, being thus a near neighbor of George Monck. The last book printed by him which Thomas had seen, was dated in 1724.—ED.

out at Mentz in High Germany, or at Haerlem in the Netherlands, is yet a Dispute among Historians. But all agree that the first Occasion of this Noble Invention was the Inventers cutting of the Letters of his Name out of the Bark of a Tree, and then putting them into a fine Linnen Handkerchief, he found upon the taking of them out, the Characters of those Types he had cut, imprinted on the Handkerchief: This set him at work, first to cut several Alphabets of great and small Letters in Wood, to Print upon Paper; which succeeding according to his Desire, he afterwards improv'd it further, in making his Letters of Metal, and for the more quick Dispatch, found out a way of casting them. This was very fair for the beginning, tho' all must grant it was Improv'd vastly by those that came after. It is great Pity that the Original Inventer was no more carefully transmitted down to Posterity: The best Reason I have heard assign'd for it is,—

Brave Men more studious were in former Days,  
Of Doing good, than of Obtaining Praise.

But whoever was the Inventer, certain it is that it is an Excellent Invention, and has made us acquainted with the World, and with all those Remarkable Actions that have happened in the Remotest Parts and Ages of it. This brings fresh to my Remembrance the Sermon Preach'd to the Society of Printers in 1682, at St. Sepulchre's Church in London, when you were one of the Stewards that kept that Feast. The words of the Text I remember were, *These are the Men that have turn'd the World upside down, and now they are come hither also*: and Mr. Stoughton the Lecturer (for he it was that preach'd the Sermon) affirm'd, That tho' the Charge was false against the Apostles in the Sense by them intended; yet it was true in a better sense, and they had turn'd the World up-side-down in that, that is, They had turn'd the World from Heathenish Idolatry and Paganism  
to

to the Worship of the True and Living GOD: And his Application was, That the Enemies of Religion and Learning had Traduc'd Printing as turning the World up-side-down in a bad sense; tho' it was really True that Printing had turn'd the world upside-down in a good, which was, That it had Turn'd it from a World of Darknefs, Ignorance, Irreligion and Atheism, to a World of Light, Knowledge, Erudition, Learning, and the Knowledge of God and the True Religion; and what can be said more in its praise, I know not.

But having said enough of Printing, I must return again to Mr. Green, one of the New-England Printers: Who was a very honest and a very sensible Man, and so facetious and obliging in his Conversation, that I took a great delight in his Company, and made use of his House to while away my Melancholy Hours. His wife is a fine Woman, and of a very affable and obliging Temper. But she needs no higher commendation than this, that she was an Intimate of, and brought me acquainted with, Madam Brick, one of the finest and most accomplish'd Women in Boston, of whom more anon.

Another of my acquaintance was Captain Geery,<sup>54</sup> an honest and a worthy Gentleman, who is remarkable, and very much esteem'd in Boston for a True Lover of his Lover, and perhaps Junius Brutus, and the famous Scævola among the Romans, were not more eminent for their Love to their Countrey then was Captain Geery in New-England.

Another of 'em was Mr. George Monke,<sup>55</sup> a Person so remarkable

<sup>54</sup>Capt. Geery. As we shall see by Letter VII., Dunton visited at Wenham a Mr. Geery, who had a fine estate there, and whose father was a Captain in Boston. We shall therefore probably be safe to identify this gentleman with Capt. William Gerrish, of Newbury, and after 1678, of Boston. He had a large family, and his immediate descendants

attained high positions here, as recorded by SAVAGE. Capt. Gerrish died at Salem, 9 August, 1687, aged probably 67 years.—ED.

<sup>55</sup>George Monke was the landlord of the Blue Anchor Tavern. He married Lucy, daughter of Thomas Gardner, and widow of John Turner, by whom he had George, b. 7 Nov., 1683, and

remarkable that, had I not been acquainted with him, it wou'd be a difficult matter to make any New-England Man believe

William, 17 Aug., 1686. By his second wife, Elizabeth, widow of John Woodmansey, he probably had no children. He died 5 Sept., 1698. His will, dated in 1698, mentions only son George, and step-daughter, Margaret Woodmansey. It also mentions "one messuage or tenement lying or being in the county of Essex, within four miles of Rumsford, in the Kingdom of England, containing two acres of land, formerly the estate of my father, William Monck, and the place where said estate is, goes by the name of Navestock."

*George Monck*

As to the Blue Anchor Tavern, it undoubtedly stood very near the spot now covered by the Transcript Building on Washington St. As will be shown in the appendix to this volume, the estate was only separated by a lot forty feet wide from the estate belonging to Harvard College, now occupied by Little, Brown & Co., booksellers.

George Monck bought this estate, 28 July, 1691, of his step-daughter Hannah, wife of John Edwards, and daughter of John Turner, deceased. It was most probably the house which Robert Turner built in 1652, when he had liberty to "let his new house jet into the street further than his old one is, and to pay, 2s. 6d. a year for ever," as DRAKE records (p. 332). SAVAGE says of Robert Turner, that "at the sign of the Anchor he furnished lodgings and refreshments to the members of the government frequently, to the Commissioners of the United Colonies of New England, to juries, and to the clergy when summoned into synod by our

General Court." In his will he left "to son Ephraim my new-built house, a part whereof he now dwelleth in; also my garden, running from the house down to the lane, running upon a straight line home to John Toppins' house." "To son John the other part of my dwelling house and the ground below it, bounded by Mr. Cole's fence, the other side to be so left as my son Ephraim may have passage to the yard and garden."

After Robert Turner died, probably in 1664, his son John followed the same business of vintner, and died before Oct., 1681. His inventory of 12 Apr., 1681, (Suff. Wills, vi. 360,) mentions "one house with a piece of land fronting to the highway, and so running down to the land of Mr. Wharton's pasture, and Mr. Middlecuts, and running to the corner-post of Mr. Fayerweather's land, and so down in a straight line to Mr. Wharton's land." It mentions a little room, court chamber, fore-street rooms, garret and parlor. The wines enumerated were Canary, Madeira and Claret.

As a proof that our forefathers brought their home customs, we may here copy from the inventory of Nicholas Wilmott, in 1684, the list of the apartments in an inn similar to the "Blue Anchor." It mentions the chamber called the 'Cros Keyes,' that called the 'Green Dragon,' the 'Anchor' Chamber, the 'Castle' Chamber, the low room called the 'Sun,' and the 'Rose' low room.

We may imagine that Dunton as a favored guest at the Blue Anchor occupied the "Court chamber," or one of the rooms on the Fore-street.

It is probable that the Blue Anchor Tavern escaped the great fire of October, 1711, but we have not traced its later history.—ED.

believe that I had been in Boston: For there was no one House in all the Town more noted, or where a Man might meet with better accommodation: Besides he was a brisk and Jolly Man, whose Conversation was coveted by all his guests, as being the Life and Spirit of the Company, animating all with a certain Vivacity and Cheerfulness, which chaf'd away all Melancholy as the Sun does clouds; so that it was almost impossible not to be Merry in his Company.

Another was Captain Townsend,<sup>66</sup> a fine Gentleman, courteous and Affable in his Conversation: For as the Sword of the best temper'd Metal is most flexible, so the truly Generous (like him) are most pliant and courteous in their Behaviours.

I might next Ramble to Mr. Jollyff, Justice Lines, McCarty,<sup>67</sup> and some others; But lest I tire you quite, I'll next come to another distinct Head, which shall be, of those of my Countrey-Men that have Rambled into this Countrey as well as myself; such of them, I mean, as I came acquainted with in the course of my Business: And of them, First,

Mr. Mortimer,<sup>68</sup> who came from Ireland; a Gentleman so modest that the least Commendation wou'd make his Rosie Cheeks to blush, as if Modesty itself lay there within a bed of corral. A bawdy jest spoke in his company wou'd shame him more than if another had a Bastard laid to him. And yet there was none that understood sense better than himself;  
or

<sup>66</sup>This was probably Penn Townsend, born in 1651, son of William T., by his wife, Hannah Penn. He was a wine merchant, and a prominent citizen. He was Speaker, and Counsellor for many years, and served through all the ranks in the militia from ensign to colonel, and died 21 Aug., 1727.—ED.

<sup>67</sup>John Joyliffe died in 1702; Justice Lines may be Benjamin, son of Simon Lynde, or Joseph Lynde, of Charlestown, of a different family, who was a promi-

nent man at this date; Florence McCarty and Thaddeus Maccarty were both of Boston, in 1686.—ED.

<sup>68</sup>An Edward Mortimer, of Boston, had quite a family born here between 1674 and 1688. Yet as Dunton records that he and Mr. King were his two fellow-passengers on his return, it is possible that the two friends here noticed never returned to Boston, and that their names do not appear on our record.—ED.

or that cou'd with more readines answer the most abstruse and knotty questions. And 'twas my happines to have this Gentleman for one of my fellow Travellers home.

The next of these was Mr. King,<sup>68</sup> who was my daily companion; an Ingenious and good Natur'd Perfon; Heir to a good Estate;—But

Love ! Cruel Love ! Thou Source of all his Tears ;  
Unhappy he in whom thy Power appears :  
But happy he in whose untroubled Brest  
No Storms of Love disturb his Halcyon Rest ;  
Not blest with Pleasure, but secure from Wo,  
And Jealousie and Rayes which with it go ;  
Then shou'd we not by clear Experience see  
What fits of Heat and Cold in Love there be :  
How near the Brink of Death and dire Despair,  
Th' Imagined Sweets of Love and Pleasure are ;  
Nor those Tormenting Tortures shou'd we know,  
Which who lest merit, most do undergo ;  
For still the more some pay profound respect,  
Their slighted Service finds the more neglect.

Love was the sad sweet cause of this young Gentleman's long Ramble hither; My Case and his, you know, are mighty different; for I am happy, as far as Love can at this Distance make me so: But yet methinks I cann't but sympathize with him, and bear a part in his unhappines; And unto me the reason's obvious: The Breasts I suck'd were neither Wolves nor Tygers, and I am sure I have a heart of Wax, soft and soon melting: But whither has the thoughts of Love caus'd me to Ramble? But there's another Excellency in this Gentleman that must not be omitted; He has a Voice that wou'd have charm'd the Sphears; and had he but been a Contemporary with the Thracian Harper, the stones had follow'd him, and not Orpheus. And last of all, he had a mighty Kindness still for Philaret.

The

<sup>68</sup> Benjamin and William King occur in the list for 1687; but the previous note shows that the Mr. King mentioned returned home in 1686.—ED.

The next of these was Mr. York,<sup>59</sup> an industrious Merchant, who fought uncertain Treasure with a certain Care: One that wou'd proudly Plow the foaming Main, and climb steep Mountains for the sparkling stone. And yet for all his Industry in Merchandizing, he had his Lucida Intervalla, when he unbent the Bow (for too long keeping of it bent is the high way to spoil it, as the Archers tell us), and then he treated the Fair Sex with so much Courtship and Address, as if it had been all his Study, and he had never minded any other Business. His Garb was always neat and spruce, such as might make him Acceptable to the Ladies.

The next I'll mention shall be Mr. Andrew Thorncomb, a Bookfeller from London, and who sometime kept a shop on London-Bridge. He's an Ingenious Man, and one that understands himself so well, and is so facetious in his conversation, that his Company is coveted by the best Gentlemen in Boston, and they esteem themselves the happiest that can get it. Nor is he unacceptable to the Fair Sex, for he has something in him so extremely charming as makes 'em very fond of being in his Company; for which perhaps his excellent singing and variety of Songs is none of the least motives. He is a person whose humour I like very well, and one that visited me often. But I need say no more, because I'm sure you know him very well.

The next I'll mention shall be Mr. Heath<sup>60</sup>—a grave and sober Merchant: And were I now to write the Character of a good Merchant, I wou'd as soon take him for the Exemplar of one, as any Man I know. This I am sure, he never wrongs the Man that buys of him, in Number, Weight or Measure. For 'tis his Judgment that these are the Statute  
Laws

<sup>59</sup> John York is on the tax list of 1687.  
—ED.

<sup>60</sup> Elias Heath is on a petition in 1700, (see DRAKE, 518,) signed by several "merchants and traders," for a bankrupt law. Other signers were Penn

Townsend, Francis Burroughs, Thaddeus Maccarty. Elias Heath died 19 Oct., 1706, aged 55. He had a sister, Ann Turner, of Buckland, co. Surrey.  
—ED.



Laws of Trade, which, like those of the Medes and Persians, must never be remov'd; and I have heard him say that such a Cozenage is worse than open Felony; because they rob a Man of 's Purse, and never bid him stand; and besides that they Endeavour to make God accessory to their cozenage by false weights: For God is the Principal Clerk of the Market: All the Weights of the Bag (as Solomon tells us, Prov. 16, 11,) being his Work. There are two things remarkable in him, (and I will instance no more.) One is, That he never warrants any Ware for good, but what is so indeed: And the other, That he makes no Advantage of his Chapman's ignorance, especially if he refers himself to his Honesty. Where the Conscience of the Seller is all the Skill of the Buyer, the Seller is made the Judge, so that he doth not so much ask as Order what he must pay. I have read that old Bishop Latimer once bought a knife that cost him two pence (which was it seems accounted a great Price in those days), and shewing it unto his Friend, he told him, The Cutler had cozen'd him, for the knife was not worth a penny: No, replied Latimer, he cozen'd not me, but his own Conscience. So far from that was this honest Gentleman, that when a Bookfeller (that shall be nameless) did out of Ignorance demand less for a Book than it was truly worth, he of his own accord gave him the full value of it. This honest Gentleman did me the favour to be my daily Visitor, and has brought me acquainted with one Mr. Gore of New York, with whom I trade, which I hope will be to my advantage.

Mr. Watson shall be the next, formerly a Merchant in London; but not thriving on it, he left the Exchange for Westminster Hall; (observing that the Lawyers get most Money), and so in Boston passes for a Solicitor; And is become as dextrous at splitting of Causes as if he had been bred up an Attorneys Clerk. And now his Pen's the Plough, and Parliament is the soil from whence he reaps both Coyn, and sometimes Curfes; as often is the fate of  
other

other Lawyers. But I must do him the Justice to affirm, That he knows how to be as honest as the best Lawyer of 'em all. He is full of fancy, so that the Quirks of the Law are become familiar to him; but what is more strange, is, That Broken Titles make him whole. I shall only add more, That he has the Reputation of a Wit.

The next is Mr. C——, [Cook,] a Young Beau; One that has boasted of more Villany than ever he committed; [However as he bought a great many Books, I cannot disown my acquaintance with him. And I here publish his matchless impudence, in hopes to shame him into better morals.]<sup>61</sup> \*

\* \* \* \* \*

What I have to say more of this Young Spark, is this, He brought over a great Venture; but at his rate of managing his matters, 'tis well if he can save enough to bring him back again; For he does all by his Proxy, Mr. Watfon, while he Wenches: which is a thing so chargeable, that if he had the Wealth of Crefus, it wou'd make him Bankrupt.

Another of my Fellow-Ramblers is Mr. Mason,<sup>62</sup> a grave, sober Merchant, a good Man, and well respected; amongst honest Men downright honest, but very blunt: One that wou'd speak his Mind, howe're Men took it. I remember once, that when he went to Visit a Bostonian Gentlewoman, she told him she was glad to see him, but sorry that he came at such a time when her House lay so dirty, and so much out of Order. To which Mr. Mason only return'd, Why, prithee, when was't otherwise? Which blunt Expression (which perhaps carry'd too much Truth in't) the Gentlewoman

<sup>61</sup> This passage thus stands in the "Life and Errors," and it seems preferable to the page or two of general moralizing which Dunton wrote in the present MS., and which we have omitted.—ED.

<sup>62</sup> Arthur Mason, of Boston, a baker, died 4 March, 1708, aged 77. He lived

on School St. His children and heirs were David, Arthur, Jonathan, Alice, wife of Sam. Shepherd, Joanna, (the widow Breck,) Mary, wife of Rev. John Norton, and Abigail Gillam. As will be afterwards shown, he was the father of Dunton's famous "widow Brick." —ED.

woman took as an affront. But 'twas all one to him, for he wou'd make no Retraction. He is lately gone for England.

Another was Mr. Mallinſon; He is one of thoſe unfortunate Gentlemen that fled from Monmouth: One that is a great Fencer, who yet found there was no Fence againſt a Flail: And was in England, ſo ſenſible that the Weakeſt goes to the Wall, that he rather truſted to his Flight than to his ſkill in fencing, for his ſafety. He is a very conſcientious, good Man, (which is rare in one of that Profeſſion,) and ſo great a Critick, that he wou'd even find a knot in a Bulruſh.

But it is time now to deſcend to my Particular Friends, (who tho' laſt named, yet being ſuch, will the more readily pardon it.) For tho' I had now 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 preferr'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 therefore his Counſel is, Thy Friend, and thy Father's Friend, forget not. And the Truth is, tho' 'tis good to have the reſpect of all, and to live generally belov'd; yet every Man has his particular Wants, which he finds it neceſſary to Communicate to ſome Particular Friend; for a ſecret is ſafe, lodg'd in the Boſom of one, which is many times improper to be communicated to one more; at leaſt not to ſeveral. So that a ſolid and true Friend, founded upon Vertue and ſincere Religion, (which are the only Ligaments that will make it hold,) is one of the greateſt Sweetneſſes of Human 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 it proves dangerous, and often fatal. But I confeſs ſuch  
**Friends**

Friends are rarely to be found, tho' such there are; and former Ages afford us several Examples of them: There has been in the World, a David and a Jonathan, a Cranmer and a Cromwel; a Eusebius and a Pamphilius. As to Cranmer, he was faithful to the Lord Cromwel even in his Disgrace, infomuch that he Ventur'd the Displeasure of King Henry VIII., to Excuse for Him; and absented from the Parliament when he was condemned; thereby shewing himself a True Friend; for such a one is born for Adversity, and Changes not as Fortune Changes. Eusebius, Bishop of Cesarea, for his great Love to his Friend Pamphilus, was surnamed Pamphilius. Minutius Felix saith, That he and his Friend Octavius did both will and will the same thing.

Memorable is the Story of Audarnidas, a Corinthian by Birth, who had two Friends, Aretæus and Charixenus; both Wealthy, but himself very poor: This Man at his Death made this his last Will and Testament, viz.: I bequeath my Mother to Aretæus, to be nourished and Cherished by him in her old Age: Mem., I bequeath my Daughter to Charixenus, to be placed out by him, with as big a Portion as possibly he can give her. The Girl was at that time Marriageable. Those two Friends to Audarnidas, as soon as they heard of the Will, came forth-with, and accepted those things that were given in charge; but Charixenus dying within five Days, Aretæus undertook the whole Charge, maintained the old Woman during Life, and marry'd the Daughter, together with his own, on the same Day, allowing them out of five Talents, Two Talents a piece for their Portion.

But notwithstanding this instance, and some others, of Remarkable Friendships, yet a pair of true Friends are feldomer to be found, than a Club of Knaves, or a herd of Brutes agreeing together. Cowley tells us, There are fewer Friends on Earth than Kings. Yet I was so happy as to  
find

find some even in Boston, whose Characters I shall next present you with. And shall begin with

Dr. Oaks,<sup>68</sup> whose great Abilities and Extraordinary Skill in Physick, has justly render'd him the greatest Æsculapius of the Countrey: His wise and safe Prescriptions have expell'd more Diseases, and rescu'd Languishing Patients from the Jaws of Death, than Mountebanks and Quack-Salvers have sent to those dark Regions: And on that score, Death has declar'd himself his Mortal Enemy: Whereas Death claims a Relation to those Pretenders to Physick, as being both of one Occupation, viz.: that of killing Men. But to give you his more particular Character: As touching his Perswasion in Religion, he is a great Dissenter; and so far from being a Ceremony-monger, that he believes in the Days of the Gospel, the Worship of GOD consists not in outward Pomp and Ceremony, but in Spirit and Truth: He is a modest, humble, and good Man; as will sufficiently appear by this, That at his first coming to a Patient, he perswades him to put his Trust in GOD the Fountain of Health: The want whereof, hath caus'd the bad success of most Physicians; For they that w'ont acknowledge GOD in all their Applications, GOD won't acknowledge them, in that success which they might otherwise expect. His Civilities to me, were so many and great, that not to acknowledge them, were to be guilty of Ingratitude. He is one that in this degenerate Age, retains the Piety of the first Planters: He has Treated me very kindly at his House, and has manifested a great respect to his Relation in Ratcliff, who sent by me a Letter of Recommendation to him, and to Mr. Gibson, a young Divine. I cou'd be much larger in his Character; but after all, must come far short of it; and therefore shall conclude with

<sup>68</sup>Thomas Oakes, son of Edward Oakes, of Cambridge, Mass., and brother of Urian Oakes, the President of Harvard College, was a physician. He was Speaker, Assistant and Agent to England. He died at Eastham, where his son Josiah was minister, 15 July, 1719.—ED.

with what I have already said. From him, I pass to my good Friend

Dr. Bullivant,<sup>4</sup> formerly my fellow-citizen in London. His Skill in Pharmacy was such, as rendered him the most compleat

<sup>4</sup>Benjamin Bullivant was Andross's Attorney-General. SAVAGE says that he had a daughter Hannah, bapt. 3 Jany., 1686, at the Old South; but that he was afterwards, in 1687, a Warden of King's Chapel. Though a friend of Andross's, and imprisoned at the Revolution, he remained doubtless in Boston, where he was in 1699, when the Governor, the Earl of Bellomont, had an encounter with him, thus recorded by Hutchinson, ii. 113: "Among the more liberal was one Bullivant, an apothecary, who had been a justice of peace, under Andros. Lord Bellamont, going from the lecture to his house, with a great crowd round him, passed by Bullivant standing at his shop door, loitering. 'Doctor,' says his lordship with an audible voice, 'you have lost a precious sermon to-day.' Bullivant whispered to one of his companions who stood by him, 'If I could have got as much by being there as his lordship will, I would have been there too.'"

By the following letter, copied for us from the original in the Bodleian Library, (Rawlinson MS. Misc. 72, f. 74.) it seems that Bullivant was living in England, it being in reply to one of Dunton's dated three days previous.

Letter addressed:

"For Mr. John Dunton,  
"at Mrs. Tomkins, the last house  
"next the fields in Grayes-Inn Lane,  
"In London."

"My most worthy Ultra-diluvian friend!

"The great paynes you have taken in your very large and patheticall epistle of the 15th present, give me a full assurance of your continued, and very loving respects to your fellow wanderer,

and I wish I could persuade my selfe to be a partner with you in this your so much applauded new-adventure, but so it is (my kind friend) that having 10 Tickets in the last yeares Lottery, and all turned up *blanc*, I am reduced to the estate of *Æsops* shepheard, (who had been a Merchant and lost by his adventures,) when attending his flock upon the shore, viewing a calm sea, and the stately ships ploughing the back of the furlly ocean, cried out, Ne'r flatter, I have no more dates and almonds for you. And though this is excuse enough to a reasonable mind that my spare crums are gone, and Ne Sutor ultra, &c. yet I will tell you a very truth, that my indisposition of the Stone in the Bladder, doth so frequently and fiercely assault me, that I have my grave in View, and am ready to cry out with the Trojan, Post varios casus, post tot discrimina rerum, tendimus in—sepulchrum—and have little courage at 65 to entertain a project not like to Issue in Lesse than 32 yeares. I own the hook is well guilt, but *ictus piscator sapit*, so much for Lotteries: yet I will not part till I tell you I thinke you do well to joyn forces in good company; it is a likely way to advantage; and I heartily wish it you. And now to shew you, I am not weary of a correspondence with you, I must pray you give me your opinion of Mr. Cotton Mather's *Magnalia Christi Americana* in folio, printed for Parkhurst, and what censure it hath from the Learned world. I have read it Over and over, and some things are very takeing in itt, (Epigrams, Punns, Gingles, &c., excepted,) especially Sir Wm. Phips and Eliots life. I fancie myselfe amongst them when I have it in my

compleat Pharmacopean, not only in all Boston, but in all New-England; and is beside, as much a Gentleman as any one in all the Countrey. And to do him right, I must consider him both as a Gentleman and a Physician. As a Gentleman, his Birth was generous, but his Qualities exceeded his Birth: He cou'd not indeed boast of a large Genealogy of Lords and Barons descended from his Ancestors; but this he cou'd boast, (which was far greater,) That he had Ennobled himself by his own Merits: His Valour makes him Son to Cesar, and his Learning and Oratory gives him a Title to claim Kindred to Tully. His knowledge of the Laws fitted him for the Office of Attorney-General in this country, which was conferr'd upon him, on the Revolution here. 'Tis true, he fought it not, tho' he accepted of it when 'twas offer'd: The Countrey knew his worth, and knew how to prize it, altho' himself seem'd ignorant of it: And while he held it, he was so far from pushing things to that

my hand. I must also, my friend, take upon me so farr as to request you will seriously Let me know if you are really the author of such Compositions as carry your name, or whither you are (according to the custom of your faculty) only the publisher. I have seen severall, as the Bull-baiting, &c. and wonder at your paynes, and where you have Leisure; it would please me also if I did know, how the warr issued betwixt you and your mother-in-Law's ghost; that other of her flattering Doctor and you; if your late spowfe be on this side eternity: and what elce you thinke fitt to impart to a rusty Bumpkin, hanging his head over a smoaky fire as unregarded, as unmolested, (though not so obscure as your Cripple-gate friend,) yet more happy then Cesar who often wished for, but never obtained a Quietus from the fatigues of the publick, till a Brutus signed his pass-port with a dagger; much happier was Scipio, that retired to his Neapolitan villa after his great

services for his ungratefull country, a part of whose monument (saith a Late Voyager to the Mediterranean) is yet to be Seen, and known by the only legible words on the inscription, ingrata patria. I have now and then A Letter from Boston from such surviving friends as I have there, and more particularly from Collonell Dudley they present gouvernour, they were lately in peace at home, and full of conquest abroad. Nova Scotia, and the Eastern (and the best) part of N. England being rescued from French and Indian tyranny. And now my friend I thinke I have matched your 2 sided letter; come againe and welcom, and be pleased to believe I shall be glad to know your health and prosperity, and will be proud if you shall thinke fitt to allow me the Character of

“ Sir, Your assured friend and

most humble Serv't,

“ BEN: BULLIVANT.

“ Northampton, February 18, 1710-11.”

that Extremity, that 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 words in finer or more proper Epithets; and all flow from him with that natural simplicity, that there is nothing looks like Bombast in it. But thus much as a Gentleman; I now must represent him to you as a Physician. He is as intimate with Gallen and Hypocrates, (at least ways with their works,) as ever I have been with you, Even in our most Familiar Converſe. And is ſo converſant with all the great variety of Nature, that not a Drug or Simple can Escape him; whoſe Power and Vertues are known ſo well to him, he needs not Practice new Experiments upon his Patients, except it be in deſperate Caſes, when 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. This Gentleman was my particular Friend; and both himſelf and Wife have often treated me. (I am very much troubled at his Wives miſfortune, who was lately kill'd in St. Martins le Grand in London.) But I proceed in the next place to

Mr. Gouge,<sup>66</sup> a Linnen-Draper from London, (Son to the Charitable Divine of that Name,) an Ingenuous and Witty Perſon; ſo that you'd take him for a Maſter of the Mint of Wit; and that his Brain was only a Quiver of Smart Jeſts. He's an old Batchelor, and yet (as I am told) a Secret Friend to the Fair Sex. He is a Church of England-Man in his Perſwaſion, and yet wou'd often buy his Father's Books to  
give

<sup>66</sup> Edward Gouge, draper. It ſeems that he was probably unfortunate in his buſineſs. Adminiſtration was granted on his eſtate, 6 March, 1704-5; and 11

June, 1708, his widow, Frances Gouge, paid four ſhillings in the pound to his various creditors.—ED.



give away, that so he might (as he was us'd to say) make the Bostonians better, that so much needed it. This was a noted Quality in him, that he wou'd always tell the Truth, a Quality well worthy of a Friend. But I must not forget

Mr. Tryon, a young Merchant, and mightily given to study; and as a Consequent of that, a great Admirer of Books, one of a singular good Nature, and extraordinary Generosity of Temper; affable and courteous, and ready upon all occasions both to Advise and Help his Friend, or indeed any one that stood in need on't, if it lay within his Power. Dr. Bullivant, Mr. Gouge, Mr. Tryon, and my self were so wrapt up in one another's Company, that it was rare to find us parted. The next I shall mention is

Mr. Barnes,\* A great Arithmetician, whose Skill in Numbers none can Excell, nor hardly any Equal; He's of a Person of great Generosity to Strangers: He at first sight of me, express'd a mighty kindness for me, which made him visit me often, and Promote my Trade, being a mighty Bookish Man himself. He is Clerk to the Government, and a Person of very great worth.

But perhaps, Mr. Larkin, you'll ask whether I had not my soft hours as well as other Men? Or in plain Terms, Whether I only was for a Friendship with my own Sex? I answer, No, by no means; for I ever thought Women as fit for Friendship as Men; And I lov'd Iris too well, ever to fear the Sex shou'd creep in for a share: No, Mr. Larkin, The Sun shall change his Course, and find New Paths to drive his Chariot in; the Loadstone leave his Faith unto the North; the Vine withdraw those strict Embraces that infold the Elm in her kind Arms, before I'll wrong my Iris in a Thought. Having said this, why shou'd I be ashamed to own that I have found some Female Friends in Boston: For they were all so strictly vertuous, that for their Sakes, I cou'd

\* Mr. Barnes, clerk to the Govern- who was Town Clerk in 1679, and for ment, was most probably Nathaniel B., some years later.—ED.

cou'd become an Advocate for the whole Sex; which in the general are the most excellent.<sup>67</sup> \* \* \* \* \*

Thus much, my Friend, for Women in General: I come now to give you the Particular Characters of those few Female Friends I found in Boston: I say, My few Female Friends: because tho' I was acquainted with many of the Fair Sex, yet they were but few with whom I contracted a Friendship.

The Principal and most Distinct Scenes in which a Woman can regularly act a Part, are either as a Virgin, a Wife, or a Widow; and in these three Capacities, you'll find my Female Friends of this Town: For the Damsel (one Eminently known by that Name) was a Virgin, Mrs. Green a Wife, and Madam Brick a Widow, and Mrs. Toy, Parte per Pale, as the Lawyers say; that is, half Wife, half Widow; her Husband, a Captain, having been long at Sea.

I shall first Speak of the Damsel,<sup>68</sup> for Virginitie is first in order of Time; and if we will take St. Paul's Judgment, in respect of Excellence also; 1 *Cor.* vii. and (as a late Writer tells us) she that preserves her self in that state, upon the account he mentions, vers. 34, *That she may care for the things that are of the Lord, that she may be holy both in Body and in Spirit*, deserves a great deal of Veneration, as making one of the nearest approaches to the Angelical state. In the Primitive Times, Virginitie had a Particular Coronet 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 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

<sup>67</sup>We here omit some four-score lines, in praise of the sex in general.—ED.

<sup>68</sup>The Damsel was evidently Comfort

Wilkins, daughter of his landlord, Richard Wilkins. She was born, it seems, about 1660.—ED.

perhaps this was more acceptable to him, than if her Pre-  
sumption had made her more Positive, and Engag'd her in a  
vow that she is not sure to perform.—She was little Tran-  
sported with this Zeal of Voluntary Virginity as knowing  
there's few Practice it. But tho' an old (or Super-annuated)  
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 Fleering Beaus) that 'tis not her Necessity,  
but her Choice, that keeps her a Virgin. Mr. Larkin, she's  
now about Twenty Six years (the Age which they call a  
*Thornback*) yet she never disguises her self by the Gayety  
of a Youthful Dress, and talks as little as she thinks of Love:  
She goes to no Balls or Dancing Match, as they do who go  
(to such Fairs) in order to meet with Chapmen. The two  
great vertues essential to the Virgin-State, are Modesty and  
Obedience; and these are as remarkable in her, as if she  
was made of nothing else. Modesty appears in her in the  
highest elevation and comes unto shamefac'dness: Her  
Looks, her Speech, her whole behaviour are so very chaste,  
that but once going to kiss her, I thought she'd ha'  
blush'd to Death. And indeed (as a Friend tells us) The  
very name of Virgin imports a most Critical Niceness in that  
point.—Every indecent Curiosity, or impure Fancy, is a  
desflouring of the Mind, and every, the least, Corruption of  
them, gives some degrees 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. Nothing is more nice and delicate than a  
Maiden Vertue. Our Damosel knowing this, (for she's a  
Virgin of great Sense) she avoids ill Company and Idleness;  
and her Conversation being generally amongst the Women,  
(as there's least Danger from that Sex) I found it no easie  
matter to Enjoy her Company: Most of her time but what's  
taken up in Religious Worship, is spent in acquiring those  
Accomplishments

U O P M

Accomplishments which become her Quality, as fingering, Writing, Needleworks, Learning French, and the like. And I must tell you, she has so well learnt the Art of Domestick Government, as to be able to manage (cou'd Mr. L—— perfwade her to it) a large House of her own. As to Plays and Romances (which are thought a fit Study for Ladies) she tells me she never reads 'em: She knows those Amorous Passions, which 'tis their design to paint to the Life, are apt to insinuate themselves into their unwary Readers; and by an unhappy Inverfion a Copy shall Produce an Original.

When a Young Lady (as a late Author expreffes it) shall read there of some Triumphant Beauty, that has I know not how many captive Knights prostrate at her feet, she will probably be tempted to think it a fine thing; and may reflect how much she loses time, that has not yet subdu'd one heart; and then her business will be to spread her Nets, lay her Toils, to catch some Body who will more fatally insnare her. And indeed 'tis very hard to imagine what vast Mischief is done to the World, by the False Notions and Images of things; particularly of Love and Honour, those Noblest Concerns of Humane Life, represented in these Memoirs. But to return to our Damsel; I shall next speak of her visits abroad, and they are all Innocent: I think my self and Mr. King, (who I told you was a Loving Soul) were an hour perfwading her to take a Ramble with us to Governours Island, to accept of a small Treat; but on no other terms cou'd we prevail, but this, That she might have the Company of Madam Brick, and Mr. Green, and Mrs. Toy, (of whom more anon) to go along with her. Not that she was a Nun, as I told you before, or lov'd to confine her self to a Cloister: She knew to be always wandering, is the Condition of a Vagabond; but the common Entercourse of civility is a Debt, and visits now and then are necessary.

But she went but seldom abroad; as believing that those Dinahs that are still gadding, tho' on pretence only to see the  
the



the Daughters of the Land, (*Gen.* 34.) may at last meet with a Son of Hamor. Neither did she waste much of her time in Dressing her self; They that love to be seen much abroad, (which she does not) will be sure to be seen in the most exact form. 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 Glafs.

<sup>69</sup> [Having spoken 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 itself 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 herself) thinks she does but walk abroad with her Gaoler. 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 see in *Numb.* 30. How will He then resent it, to have this Law violated upon the Impulse of a gay Passion, and 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

\*Pages 77-80 of the original manuscript are wanting. The following pages are copied from Dunton's "Life and Errors," and from his usual mode of writing, this is doubtless but a slightly condensed copy of the lost original.—ED.

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 (Iris 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 Mr. Green, she espou'd his Obligations also! and where-ever her Husband, either by Tyes of Nature or squeezing of Wax, owed either Money or Love, she esteem'd herself 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 she marry'd him; for she knew, where Love is wanting, it is 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

for it. She knew, shou'd 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 irascible 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 espouf'd his Interests, so she ought to be true to 'em, keep all his Secrets, inform him of his Dangers, and in a mild and gentle manner admonish him of his Faults. And this she knew (how ill soever many take it) is one of the most genuine Acts of Faithfulness; and to be wanting in it wou'd be a Failure in her Duty. And she was sensible that, if she did not do it, she shou'd be unfaithful to herself; as well knowing nothing does so much secure the Happiness of a Wife, as the Vertue and Piety of her Husband. But Matrimonial Fidelity has a special Relation to the Marriage-Bed; and in this Mrs. Green was so severely scrupulous, that she wou'd never suffer 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 wou'd be there, which wou'd spoil their Mirth." To which another wild Spark in the Company replied, "It is but speaking two or three words of Bawdy, 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 observant, that he cou'd 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 wou'd 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 Husband's

bands Reputation, setting his Worth in the clearest Light, putting his Infirmities (for where is the Man that lives without 'em?) in the Shade. And as she was this way tender of his Reputation, so she was also in another respect more particularly relating to herself; 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 desir'd 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 anything but what was the Manufacture of his Wife, his Sister, his Daughter, or his Nieces. Should 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 Begger 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 Household, and a Portion to her Maidens; and as she is a good Wife to her Husband, so she is 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 their good Parts; nor by an Over-Fondness (a fault most Mothers are guilty of) betraying 'em into a thousand Inconveniences, which oftentimes proves 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



of his Children, without knowing anything 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. I 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 Husband, 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 shou'd 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 Boston, and in her, the Character of a good Wife. I have only to add, That these Vertues are all found in my Iris, as 'twere in a *New Edition*, more Correct and Enlarg'd: Or rather, Iris is that bright Original which all good Wives shou'd imitate.—Then no wonder I name her so often; when to think of her, is my Business, my Life, my Everything.—But having given a Farewell to Mrs. Green<sup>70</sup> I shall next present you with the Character of

The

<sup>70</sup>Mrs. Green. In our note on Mr. Green, the printer, (*ante*, p. 81) we expressed the opinion that Samuel Green, Sr., who was born about A. D. 1615, could not be Dunton's friend, but that this was evidently Samuel Green, Jr. It was also said that this Samuel did not marry Elizabeth Sill, in 1685, as SAVAGE has recorded. This is evident if THOMAS be correct in saying that Timothy Green, a noted printer here, was born in 1679, and was the son of Samuel, Jr.

We have since found some confirma-

tion of the supposition that Samuel Green, Jr., married in Boston. A deed, recorded in Middlesex Deeds, vol. xiv, and dated August 2, 1707, is signed by Jonas Green, of New London, Conn., mariner, Bartholomew Green, of Boston, printer, Joseph Green, of Boston, tailor, Timothy Green, of Boston, printer, and Sarah, widow of Capt. Samuel Green, of Cambridge. We have here plainly the widow and heirs of Samuel Green, Senior.

We learn from SAVAGE that Jonas and Bartholomew were the sons of Capt. Samuel,

The Widow Brick,<sup>71</sup> 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: Madam Brick is a Gentlewoman whose *Head* (i. e. her Husband) has been cut off, and yet she lives and Walks: But don't be frightened, 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

Samuel, and that Joseph may possibly have been; yet there is more reason we think to believe that both Joseph and Timothy were the sons of Samuel, Jr., and represented their father's share of the estate.

We find that Samuel and Hannah Green, of Boston, had at Boston, Joseph, born 21 Feb., 1682, and Jane, b. 12 June, 1685, and we know of no other Samuel Green at this date to have been so married. We therefore are of the opinion that Dunton's "Mrs. Green" was named Hannah, and was probably born about 1660. It must be added that the identification of her family must be left to future genealogists. We only know that according to THOMAS, (i, 282,) in July, 1690, 'Printer Green died of the small pox, in three days, and his wife also is dead with it.' No record remains of any settlement of the estate, nor have we found any other clue to the name of Green's children.

The Green family has been connected with printing for several generations, as will be seen by the following abstract from THOMAS' History. Samuel Green, Sr., son of Bartholomew Green, of Cambridge, commenced printing as early as 1649, and continued the business till he was aged. His sons, Samuel and Bartholomew, were also printers. Samuel, Jr., was the father of Timothy Green, who married Mary Flint, in 1702, was a printer in Boston, and removed to

New London, Conn., in 1714. He died there, 5 May, 1757, aged 78, leaving six sons, of whom three, Timothy, Jonas and Samuel, were printers.

Of these, Samuel had Timothy, a printer, who left two sons, also printers. Jonas removed to Maryland and had three sons who were printers. We believe that in the present generation several pursue this same business.—ED.

<sup>71</sup>The Widow Brick was without doubt, Joanna, daughter of Arthur Mason, who married first Robert Breck, and secondly Michael Perry. From Dunton we have the following items for identification: She was a widow, twenty-two years old in 1686, the mother of two children, and a member of Rev. James Allen's church. We find that Robert and Joanna Breck had children, Joanna, b. 12 June, 1681, and Robert, b. 6 May, 1683. That Joanna Breck m. Michael Perry, 12 July, 1694, and this could only be the widow of Robert Breck; and that Joanna Perry, widow, (Michael having died 9 Oct., 1700, aged 34,) was, in 1708, one of Arthur Mason's children and heirs. Lastly, Joanna Mason was born 26 March, 1664. It is impossible to doubt that we have identified the "Flower of Boston."

By her second husband she had Elizabeth, b. 6 Sept., 1695. Rev. James Allen m. for his third wife, in 1673, Sarah, widow of Robert Breck, and mother of Joanna's first husband.—ED.

strong as Death, because Death has not been able to Extinguish it, but it still burns like the Funeral Lamps of old, even in Vaults and Charnel-Houses; But her Conjugal Love, being Transplanted into the Grave, has improv'd it self into Piety, and laid an Obligation upon her to perform all offices of Respect and Kindness to his Remains, which they are capable of.

As to his Body, she gave it a decent Entertment, suitable to his quality; or rather above it, as I have been inform'd; for Mr. Brick was Dead and Buried before I came to Boston. And that this was the Effect of that dear love she had for him, appears in this, That she wou'd not suffer the Funeral Charges to make any Abatement from the Children's Portions. 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 Tragical Furies wherewith some Women seem Transported towards their Dead Husbands; those frantick Embraces and Caresses of a Carcass, betray a little too much the Sensuality of their Love. Such violent Passions quickly spend themselves, and seem rather to Vanish than Consume. But Madam Brick griev'd more moderately, and more lastingly. She knew there was a better way of Expressing her Love to him, and therefore made it her Business to Embalm his Memory, and keep that from Perishing. And 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 wou'd often be reviving the remembrance of some Praise-worthy Quality or other in him; and if any happen'd to say something of him not so commendable, she wou'd excuse it with a world of Sweetness, and by a frowning glance at the Relator, declare how much she was displeas'd. And tho' I cannot think it her design, yet I believe she was sensible enough that she cou'd no way better provide for her own Honour, than by this Tenderness  
she

she shew'd for her Husband's. But Madam Brick shew'd a better way of expressing the Honour she had for her Husband's Memory, and that is, She set such a value on her Relation to her Husband, as to 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. This Madam Brick made her Care; For having been the Wife of a Gentleman of good Quality, she so remember'd it, as not to do any thing below her self, or which Mr. Brick (cou'd he have fore-seen it) might justly have been ashamed of. But 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: And this was so remarkably Eminent in her, that I have heard her say, Her Children might now claim a double Portion in her love, one on their Native Right, as being Hers; and the other on the Right of their dead Father, who had left them to her: "And truly," said she, "since I must supply the place of both Parents, 'tis but necessary that I shou'd put on the Affections of both; and to the Tenderness of a Mother, add the Care and Conduct of a Father." She was as good as her Word, both in a sedulous care of their Education, and in a Prudent Management of their Fortunes. 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 furnished with ingenuous and vertuous Principles, founded on the Fear of God, which is the beginning of all true Wisdom. And as to their Fortunes, she was so far from Embeziling them, a Practice too common with some Widows, that she augmented them, while it was in the Power of her hand to do it. (For Madam Brick is but a Young Widow, tho' she is the Mother of two Children.)

But

But Madam Brick is one that has yet more refined and Exalted Thoughts: She is highly sensible that God, who has plac'd us in this World to pursue the Interests of a better, directs all the signal Acts of his Providence to that end, and intends we shou'd so interprett them; And therefore she wisely reflected that when God took away from her the Mate of her Bosom, and so reduc'd her to a solitude, he thereby, as it were, Sounded a Retreat to her from the lighter Jollities and Gayeties of the World; and therefore in Compliance to the Divine Will, and that she might the better Answer the Requirement of the Almighty, tho put on a more retired Temper of Mind, and a more strict<sup>72</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

Neither did she suffer Her Pious behaviour, to be cast off with her Widow's Vail, 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 Sowness 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 *Vitals* of Religion that she minded, and not Forms and Modes; and if she found the Power of it in her heart, she did not think her self oblig'd to such a *starch'dness* of Carriage as is usual amongst the Bostonians, who value themselves thereby so much, that they are ready to say to all others, Stand off, for I am holier than thou. She did not think herself concern'd to put on a Sorrowful Countenance, when the Joy of the Lord was her strength.

I had much the greater value for Madam Brick, on the Account of a Discourse that past between Mrs. Green and her, which (as Mrs. Green related it to me) was to this effect: Mrs. Green commended her very much, in that

<sup>72</sup> Here the manuscript is imperfect.—ED.

that being a Young Widow, in the bloom of all her Youth and Beauty, (for she was but twenty-two) she had given up so much of her time to the Exercise of Devotion, and the Worship of God; To which she reply'd, 'She had done but what she ought; for in her Married state she found many things which yet are but the due Compliances of a Wife, which were great Avocations to a strict Devotion; but being now manumitted from that Subjection, and having less of Martha's Care of Serving, it was but reasonable she shou'd chuse Mary's better part.' "And those hours (added she) which were before my Husband's Right, are now devolv'd on God, the Great Proprietor of all my time: And that Discourse and free Converse with which I us'd to entertain Mr. Brick, ought now to be in Colloquies and heavenly Entercourses with My dear Redeemer." Nor was her Piety and Devotion barren, but fruitful and abounding in the Works of *Charity*, and she cloath'd the Naked as far as her Ability permitted. And tho' my self and Mr. King went thither often (for she wou'd scarce permit a single visit) we never found her without some poor but honest Christian with her, always discoursing of the things of Heaven, and ere she went, supplying of her with the things of Earth. How long she may remain a Widow, I have not yet consulted with the Stars to know, but that she has continu'd so two years, is evident to all that are in Boston.

To conclude her Character, the *Beauty* of her Person, the *Sweetness* 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 secure vertue, wou'd ne'er have answer'd to her Towing heights. '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 am  
sure

sure it was not on Love's, but on Vertue's score. For she well knows (at least as well as I do) that Iris is alive: And therefore I must justifie her Innocence on that account. And tho' some have been pleas'd to say, That were I in a single state, they do believe she wou'd not be displeas'd with my Addresse, As this is without any ground but groundless Conjectures, so I hope I shall never be in a capacity to make a Tryal of it.

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 foul 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 sight I gave her.

But can I forget Mrs. Toy,<sup>73</sup> who is another of my Friends and one that I am *proud* of having so; for she is an Epitomy  
of

<sup>73</sup> This Mrs. Toy was probably Mercy, wife of Jeremiah Tay or Toy, a mariner of Boston. The name is more commonly spelled Tay on our records, and in Drake's History of Boston has been perverted to Foy; a mistake the more natural since the Foyes were a contemporary family, and eminently maritime. William Tay, of Boston, 1643, and Billerica, was the father of Jeremiah Tay, who married Mercy, only child of Nathaniel Woodward, and had children in 1685, 1687, 1689, 1693, 1696, and 1703. There can be little doubt that Dunton's laborious pleasantry only signified that Mrs. Tay's husband was a sailor, and Jeremiah alone of the

family seems to have been such. His brother Isaiiah was a shop-keeper, and probably was not married in 1686.

1 Nov. 1711, Mercy Tay, widow, signs a deed recorded in Suffolk Deeds, calling herself the only child of Nathaniel Woodward, who was the oldest son of Robert Woodward, of Boston. The other party was Mehitable Ince, only daughter of Benjamin Harwood, who was the son of Thomas Harwood by wife Rachel (Smith), widow of Robert Woodward.

Jeremiah Tay was living in 1709, and died before Nov., 1711. Possibly his widow married, 4 April, 1715, John Eustis.—E.D.

of the other Three: She has the Bashfulness and Modesty of the Damself; 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 Man 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 well may I say her Mind is every thing, since everything is contain'd in it: It is the Habitation of the Graces, the Residence of the Muses, and the general Rendezvous of all the Vertues. And as to that Question, What is she? I told you before she was *parte per pale*, as the Lawyers speak; that is, half a Wife and half a Widow.

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 Reformation, a longing for further Acquaintance with 'em, without making it a Crime. And that will be of the same Opinion with me, That it is happiness to have the Honour of having Conversation with such Friends. But perhaps you'll say, Are all your Female Friends Persons of such Exalted Worth, and had you none of a Coarser Alloy?

I answer, My Friends are such as I've here recited; but I had several Acquaintance with 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—l, (a Person of Quality:) A well-wisher to the Mathematics: A young Proficient, but willing to learn, and therefore came to Enquire for the *School of Venus*; 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



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 tenders his Affection. As she sees, so also she is seen by her own Eyes: Sometimes she stares on Men with full fix'd Eyes; Sometimes she dejects her Eyes in a seeming Civility, and makes many mistake that for Modesty, which is only Cunning. But as those Bullets which graze on the ground, do most hurt to an Army, so she does most mischief with those glances that are shot from a down-cast Eye.

But 'tis not with her Eyes only she draws in Customers, but with her feet also, for she writes Characters of wantonness as she walks. But then it vexes her, when from an affected Dullness [you] won't understand the Language of her Behaviour. 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 Public. I will only add, It is a Proverbial Phrase, of ill People, That they have been better bred than taught; but of Mrs. A—I must say, she has been both well bred, and well taught, but has not learn'd well: for as I said before, she left the *School of Vertue*, for the *School of Venus*. Yet as bad as she is, for her Father's sake, I hope she'll live to repent.

Another of these Female Acquaintance (for so they would be, whether I would or no) was Mrs. F—y, who had the Case of a Gentlewoman, but little else to shew 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 Warehouse, 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

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 in folio, with Marginal Notes; to which she only said, "The best, the best." Then looking amongst my Pamphlets and Penny Books, and by Chance I found one of that Worshipful History, which I presented to this Oversight of Nature, who both paid for't, and I believe Esteem'd it as highly as she wou'd have done the best Book in my Ware-house.

In looking upon her, I cou'd not but reflect how much I ow'd to the Divine Goodness that had given me the use of my Senses, who might have made me like her; It being only His pleasure that put the Difference between us: And this made me consider, that a Fool and a wise Man are both alike in the Starting-place, their Birth; and at the Post, their death. Only they differ in the race of their Lives: And this begot in me another Reflection, which is, That one may get Wisdom by looking on a Fool.

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 9 Sticks, and lay 'em across, 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 indented with the Devil; and that he is to do what she wou'd 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

The next is Doll— S—der, who us'd to come often to my Warehouse and wou'd 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 can't 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 makes 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 herself. Her head is just like a Squirrel's 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. —, 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 Majestick Tone like one acting the Queen's 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 *forty 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

<sup>73</sup>Mrs. H., says DUNTON, in "Life and Errors."—ED.

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 was 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 that she were dumb, or he were deaf. You wou'd wonder at her matter, to hear her talk; and admire at her talk when you heard her matter; but considering both together, you'd wonder at neither, but conclude as one did of the Nightingale, That she's *Vox, et preterea nihil*, a voice and nothing else. To hear her always talking, one wou'd wonder how she holds out; but for that, her Tongue moves with as great facility, as leaves wag, when shaken by the Wind. 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 that 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.<sup>74</sup>

And

<sup>74</sup>Part of a page is here missing in the passage which stands in our text, Dunton's manuscript, but at the end is marked with the number of the page.  
As

And thus, Mr. Larkin, having briefly recited my Boston Visits, and given you a relation of my Friends and Acquaintance there, I am next to tell you the remarkable Occurrences that fell out whilst I was in Boston; and so shall end this Letter, being Impatient now for a view of the Countrey; but my next Adventure shall only be a Ramble to the Neighbouring Villages, (for I am Rambling still) after which I design for the Indian Towns.

As Dunton intended to close or divide his Letter at this point, we have made two parts of it, the latter portion being on very different topics from the first.

We preserve the enumeration, however, as the Third Letter, such having been the author's plan.—ED.



**THE OLD WAREHOUSE IN DOCK SQUARE, BOSTON.**



## LETTER III.

(CONTINUED.)

TO MR. GEORGE LARKIN, PRINTER, AT THE  
TWO SWANS, WITHOUT BISHOPSGATE, LONDON.

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*Boston, in New-England, March 25, 1686.*



ANOTHER<sup>78</sup> Occurrence that happened, whilst I was here, was the Execution of Morgan, which I may send you as a Piece of News, for there has not (it seems) been seen an Execution here this seven years. So that some have come 50 miles to see it: And I do confess, Considering what serious care the two Mathers and Mr. Moody took to prepare the Dying Criminal for Death, the Relation may be worth relating in my Summer Rambles; and in this Occurrence, I shall relate nothing but what I saw myself.

And first, I went to view the Prison,<sup>79</sup> in Prison-Lane; and here

<sup>78</sup>At this point Dunton commences an account of the execution of James Morgan, condemned for murder. Concerning this man, SAVAGE records only that a person of the name had lived in Boston, and had children born here, but there is no other reason to conclude that the criminal was a citizen here.—ED.

<sup>79</sup>The Prison stood in Prison-lane, now Court St. DRAKE (p. 635) speaks of the old Stone Jail as standing, in 1754, on a part of the lot now occupied by the Court House. In Bonner's map, 1722, the Prison occupies this locality exactly.—ED.

here I think it will not be amiss, if I first give you the Character of a Prison: A Prison is the Grave of the Living, where they are shut up from the World and their Friends, and the Worms that gnaw upon them are their own Thoughts and the Jayler. 'Tis a House of meagre Looks, and ill smells: for Lice, Drink, and Tobacco, are the Compound: Or, if you will, 'tis the Subburbs of Hell; and the Persons much the same as there: You may ask, as Manippas in Lucian, which is Nevius, which Thirfites; which the Beggar, and which the Knight: for they are all suited in the same kind of nasty Poverty. The only fashion here, is to be out at the Elbows; and not to be thread-bare, is a great Indecorum.

Every Man shews here like so many Wrecks upon the Sea: here the Ribs of a thousand Pound; and there, the Relicks of so many Manners is only a Doublet without Buttons; and 'tis a Spectacle of more Pity than Executions are. Men huddle up their Lives here, as a thing of no use, and wear it out like an old suit, the faster the better; and he that deceives the time best, best spends it. Men see here much sin, and much calamity; and where the last does not mortifie, the other hardens: And those that are worse here, are desperately worse, as those from whom the Horror of sin is taken off, and the Punishment familiar. This is a School, in which much Wisdom is learnt, but it is generally too late, and with danger; and it is better to be a fool, than come here to learn it.

Here it was that I saw poor Morgan; who seem'd to be very sorrowful and penitent, and confessed that he had in his rage murdered the Man whose Death and Blood has been laid to his Charge: He told me that the other gave him some ill Language whereby he was provoked, and that he said to him, If he came within the door, he wou'd run the spit into his Bowels, and he was as wicked as his Word; and so confessed himself guilty of Murder.—But  
having

having given you the character of the Prison, I come next to give you the character of the Jaylor.<sup>77</sup>

A Common and Cruel Jaylor, has the shape and Form of a Man, but the fierceness and Curriſhneſs of a Tyger: He was made of the baſeſt of the ruſhiſh of that red Earth of which Man was faſhion'd: Or rather he comes of the Race of thoſe Angels that fell with Lucifer from Heaven; whither he never (or very hardly) returns. Of all his Bunches of Keys, not one hath Wards to open that Door. Juſtice and Mercy he knows nothing of, but Wrong and Cruelty have been his Conſtant Practice. He is a Judges Slave, and a Priſoner is his: In this they differ, he is a Voluntary one, but the Priſoner is compell'd. He is the Hang-man of the Law, (with a hard hand) and if the Law gave him all his Limbs perfect, he wou'd ſtrike thoſe on whom he is glad to fawn. In fighting againſt a Debtor, he is a Creditor's Second, but obſerves not the Laws of Duelling, for his Play is foul, and takes all baſe Advantages. His Conſcience and his Shackles hang up together, and are made very near of the ſame mettal, ſaving that his Conſcience is the hardeſt, and hath one property above Iron, for that never melts. He diſtills money out of the Tears of the Poor, and grows fat by their Curſes. A Chamber of lowſie Beds, is better worth to him than the beſt Acre of Corn-Land in England. Two things are hard to him, nay almoſt impoſſible, viz: To ſave all his Priſoners, that none ever eſcape, and to be fav'd himſelf. His Ears are ſtopt to the Cries of others, and God's to his. And good reaſon, for lay the life of a Man in one Scale, and his Fees in the other, he will loſe the firſt to find the ſecond. He muſt look for no mercy (if he deſires Juſtice to be done him) for he ſhews none. And I thinke  
he

<sup>77</sup> The jailer at this time was probably John Arnold, who held the office a few years later and for a conſiderable period. He is named on our earlieſt Council record, in 1692, and was diſ-

charged for releaſing one of the witchcraft victims on a forged warrant, as HUTCHINSON relates, (*Hiſt. Maſs.* ii, 61). DUNTON's remarks however are not perſonal but general.—ED.



he cares the less, because he knows Heaven hath no need of such as he; the Doors there want no Porters, for they stand ever open.

But to return to Morgan, whose Execution being appointed on the 11th of March, there was that Care taken for his Soul that three Excellent Sermons<sup>78</sup> were preached before him, before his Execution; Two on the Lord's Day, and one just before his Execution. The first was preached by Mr. Cotton Mather, who preached upon that Text in *Isa.*

45:

<sup>78</sup> Dunton's version of these sermons is quite accurate, and in some portions is *verbatim*. It seems that Morgan's speeches were noted down in short-hand, and it is perhaps allowable to imagine that Dunton was the reporter. He certainly seems to have been very much interested in the proceedings. As a Londoner, an execution can hardly have been a novelty to him, and we must find some other reason for his particular interest.

The sermons from which the extracts were copied were published with the following titles:

"A Sermon, occasioned by the Execution of a man found Guilty of Murder. Preached at Boston in N. E. March 11th, 1685-6. Together with the Confession, Last Expression, and solemn Warning of that Murderer to all persons, especially to young men, to beware of those Sins which brought him to his miserable End. By Increase Mather, Teacher of [—] Church of Christ. The Second Edition. Deut. 19: 20, 21. Prov. 28: 17. [7 lines quoted.] Boston, Printed by R. P. Sold by J. Brunning, Bookfeller, at his Shop at the Corner of the Prison-Lane, next the Exchange. Anno, 1687."

"The Call of the Gospel Applied Unto All men in general, and unto a Condemned Malefactor in particular. In a Sermon. Preached on the 7th Day of March, 1686. At the Request, and in the Hearing of a man under a just

Sentence of Death for the horrid Sin of Murder. By Cotton Mather, Pastor of a Church at Boston in N. E. The Second Edition. Psa. 89: 1. [5 lines quoted.] Printed at Boston, by Richard Pierce, 1687."

"An Exhortation to a condemned malefactor, Delivered March the 7th, 1686. By Joshua Moody, Preacher of the Gospel at Boston in New-England. Ezek. 33: 9. Josh. 7: 19. Isa. 55: 6, 7. [12 lines quoted.] Printed at Boston, by R. P. Anno, 1687."

The first sermon occupies pp. 1-36, the second, pp. 37-82, and the third, pp. 83-113. There is a preface of two pages, and at the end, pp. 114-124, the printer adds "The Sum and Substance of what was spoken with Morgan on his way to his Execution."

These sermons are especially worthy of notice, as that by Cotton Mather was the first of his three hundred and eighty-three publications.

In the *MAGNALIA* will be found a short account of Morgan and his edifying speeches. Although Cotton Mather seems to have believed in his conversion, Increase Mather pungently says in the preface to his sermons, "Late repentance is seldom true."

We may here add a fact concerning the printer, Joseph Brunning, which we neglected before. He died 8 April, 1691, and administration was granted his widow, Mary, 25 Aug. following.—ED.

45: 22, *Look unto Me and be ye saved, all the Ends of the Earth.* He declar'd that when the no less unexpected than undeniable Request of a Dying Man, who (says he) now stands in this Assembly, that he wou'd allow him this morning, a Discourse proper to his Uncomfortable Circumstances, was brought to him, he cou'd not think of a more proper Text; Telling the poor Wretch, That he was now listening to one of the three last Sermons that ever he was like to sit under before his incounter with the King of Terrors. And then said, "Poor Man! Do you hearken diligently, and I'll study to make this whole hour very particularly suitable and serviceable to you; and methinks a Man that knows himself about to take an Eternal Farewel of all Sermons, shou'd Endeavour to hear with most Earnest heed. And a little after, "The Faithful and True Witness faith unto us, *I will give you rest*; O let the poor fetter'd Prisoner recollect himself! James! Thy Name is not excepted in these Invitations."

"I am glad for the seemingly penitent Confession of your monstrous Miscarriages, which yesterday I obtain'd in writing from you, and which indeed was no more than there was need of: But it remains yet, that you give your Dying Looks to the Lord Jesus Christ; for Salvation from all your Guilt, and from all the Plagues in the flying Roll." And a little after, "My request unto you is, That you wou'd at this hour think of an Interest in Christ.—Surely when the Executioner is laying the Cold Cloth of Death over your Eyes, the Look, with the Shriek of your Soul, will then say, 'O now a Thousand Worlds for an Interest in Jesus Christ!' Surely a few minutes after that, when your naked Soul shall appear before the Judgment-Seat of the Most High, you will again say, an Interest in Jesus Christ, is worth whole Mountains of Massive Gold!

You have murder'd the Body and (no thanks to you, if not) the Soul of your Neighbour too: And O that the Rock  
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in your Bosom might flow with Tears at such a thought! If the Court shou'd say unto you, Beg hard, and you shall live; O, how affectionate wou'd you be! Poor dying man, The Lord Jesus Christ saith the same thing to you, If thou canst heartily look and beg, thou shalt not be hang'd up among the Monuments of my Vengeance, in Chains for Evermore.

"The sharp Ax of Civil Justice will speedily cut you down; O for a little good Fruit before the Blow! Manifest your penitence for your Iniquities by a due care to excel in Tempers quite contrary to those ill habits and Customs whereby you have heretofore blasphemed the Worthy Name of Christ and Christianity: Especially employ the last minutes of your Life, in giving a Zealous Warning unto others, to take heed of those things which have been destructive unto you. Tell them what wild Gourds of Death they are, by which you have got your Bane; point out before them those Paths of the Destroyer which have led you down So near unto the Congregation of the Dead.

"When the numerous Crowd of Spectators are, three or four days hence, throng'd about the Place where you shall then breathe your last before them all, then do you with the heart-piercing-groans of a deadly wounded Man, beseech of your Fellow-sinners, That they wou'd turn now every one from the Evil of his way. Beseech them to keep clear of ill haunts and ill houses, with as much dread of them, as they cou'd have of lying down in a Nest of poysonous Snakes: Beseech them to abhor all Uncleaness, as they wou'd the Deep Ditch which the abhorred of the Lord do fall into. Beseech of them to avoid all Excess in Drinking, as they wou'd not rot themselves with more bitter Liquors than the Waters of Jealousie. Beseech them to mortifie and moderate all inordinate Passions, as they wou'd not surrender themselves into the hands of Devils, that will hurry them down into deeper Deeps than they are aware of. Beseech them to shun Idle Swearing, as a Prophanity that the God to whom

whom vengeance belongeth will not permit to go unpunished. Beseech them to avoid Curses on themselves or others, lest whilst they like Madmen so throw about Fire-brands; Arrows, and Death, they bring upon their own heads, as you have done, the things which they are apt to be wishing. Beseech them to beware of Lying, as they wou'd not be put to need, and Crave, and be deny'd, a drop of Water, to cool their Tongues in the place of Torment. Beseech of them to be as averse to all stealing, as they wou'd be to carry coals of Fire into those Nests that they so feather by their dishonesty. Beseech of them to prize the means of Grace; to sleep at, or keep from sermons no more: To love the Habitation of God's House, and the place where his Honour dwells; lest God soon send their barren, froward souls to dwell in silence, where there shall never be a Gospel-Sermon heard; Never, Never, as long as the Almighty sits upon his Christal Throne.

"And when you have given these Warnings, upon the Ladder from whence you shall not come off without taking an Irrecoverable step into Eternity; O remember still, you give unto Jesus Christ the Honour of Looking to him for his salvation. Remember, that if you wou'd do a work highly for the Honour of Him, this is The Work of God, that you believe on Him. Even after your Eyes are so covered, as to take their leave of all sights below, still continue Looking unto Him whom you have heard saying, *Look unto me.* And now let the Everlasting Saviour look down in much mercy upon you: O that he wou'd give this Murderer and Extraordinary Sinner, a place among the Wonders of Free Grace! O that this Wretched Man might be made meet for the Inheritance among the Saints in Light; being kept from an unrepenting and deluded Heart, as unquenchable Fire will find fewel in."

This was the Substance of what Mr. Cotton Mather address'd to the Prisoner, in his Sermon in the Morning.  
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In the Evening of the same Lord's Day, Mr. Joshua Moodey preach'd before him; his Text was *Isa. 12: 1.—Tho' thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away.*—He told the Poor condemned Prisoner, That what he had to say to him, shou'd be under these two Heads, 1. By way of Conviction and awakening: 2. By way of Encouragement and Counsel. He told him also, That he shou'd use all Plainness and Freedom, taking it for Granted that Dying Men are past all Expectation of Flatteries or Complements; and that plain Dealing, which will do the most Good, will find the best Acceptance: And then, addressing himself to the Prisoner said:

“Thou standest here before the Lord and his People at this Time, as a solemn example of that sacred Text, *Numb. 32: 23. You have sinned against the Lord, and be sure your Sin will find you out.* This Day is this Scripture awfully fulfilled upon you. You have owned under your hand, that you have lived all your Days in those abominable Sins of Cursing, swearing, Lying, Drunkenness and Sabbath-breaking; and those that have been acquainted with you, think you have not wrong'd your self in that Confession: Besides all the other evils your own Heart is privy to.

“You are yet but a young Man, and according to the ordinary Course, might have lived many years in this World, had not your over-much Wickedness brought you to dye before your time: as *Eccles. 7: 17.* Not before God's time, but before your time, i. e., before that time which is usual for Man; whose Days are reckoned Threescore and Ten, and sometimes fourscore years, *Psal. 9: 10.*—It is true, we have none of us any lease of our Lives, we cannot say what may befall us this night: And yet (O amazing madness and folly!) how apt are we, if not to boast of, yet to lot upon to morrow? How ready to promise to our selves many years as the fool in the Gospel did, *Luke 12: 20,* who well deserved the name of Fool, had it been for that One Evidence of it only. But  
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for your part, you have your Bounds fet, and told you, beyond which, you cannot pass; you know at the utmost, the Date of your Life, and the Day of your Death: You may indeed die sooner, but you must not live longer; your End is in your View, you have but a few steps thither, and had not need take any Vain Unprofitable ones.

“You seem to bewail your Sin of Sabbath-breaking: Well, know that you shall never have another Sabbath to break.—The Lord help you to keep this as you ought.—It is a very awful thing to us to look on you, a Person in your Youth, Health, and Strength, Breasts full of Milk, and Bones moistened with Marrow, and then to think that within so many Days, this Man, tho’ in his full strength, must Dye: And methinks it shou’d be much more awful to you.—Consider, You have no time to get Sin pardoned, and Wrath turn’d away, (if it be not done already) but between this and Death, into the very Borders, and under the Sentence of which, you now are. In the Grave there is no Repentance, no Remission, *Eccles. 9: 10.* Before four Days more pass over your head, (and O how swiftly do they fly away!) you will be entered into an Eternal and Unchangeable state, of Weal or Wo; and of wo it will be, if speedy, thorough Repentance prevent it not.

“But yet know, That notwithstanding all that has been spoken, there is yet hope in Israel concerning this thing. There is a way found out, and revealed by God for the Turning of his Anger even from such Sinners. Paul was a Murderer, and yet Pardon’d; Manasseh made the streets of Jerusalem to swim with Innocent Blood, and yet was forgiven. Nay, the greatest Murderers that ever were in the world, even those that imbrewed their wicked hands in the Blood of the Son of God, were many of them, Converted and Reconciled to God, and are now in Heaven, beholding the Glory of that Christ whom they crucified. It is, I confess, a strange way, to leave men to undo themselves, thereby

thereby to prevent their being everlastingly undone. But doubtless there have been such Examples;—and who can tell but Thou mayst make one more?—I am informed that thou didst this morning hear a precious Discourse in another Congregation, from that most suitable and seasonable Text, *Isa. 45, 22. Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the Ends of the Earth:* Why that is believing, viz: Looking to JESUS for Salvation; Looking to, and taking him as thy Lord and Saviour: One such humble, hearty Look, will save thee.”

Then addressing himself to the Congregation, he said: “You may not expect to have any come from the Dead to warn you, but here is one that is just going to the Dead, who bequeaths you this Warning, lest you also be in like manner hung up as Monuments of God’s Wrath. I lived near twenty years in this Countrey, before I heard an Oath or a Curse: But now as you pass along the Streets, you may hear Children curse and swear, and take the great and dreadful name of God in vain. This they have learnt from Elder Persons, but wo to them that taught them, if they repent not.—I remember what Pious Herbert saith, in his Advice to young Men, That the Swearer has neither any fair pretence for doing it, nor Excuse when done, either from Pleasure or Profit, &c., and says, That if he were an Epicure, he cou’d forbear Swearing.

“And O you Drunkards, Let trembling take hold of you, Especially you Drunkards of Ephraim, *Isa. 28: 1.* I mean Church-Member Drunkards. I wish there were none such, that hear me this Day, who neither are Church-Members now, nor were, till Dismembred for that Sin.

“Sabbath-breaking is likewise a growing Evil among you, and therefore to be testified against. Hear this poor condemned Person telling you, That he feels this sin now lying as an insupportable Load upon him: And all that are guilty of this Sin, shall find it sooner or later alike burdensome to them. It hath been observed of old, that Religion lives and dies

dies with the Sabbath. And you now hear this Dying Man bewail his Sabbath-Breaking."

He then said, "I shall conclude, in a few words more to this Dying Bloody Sinner":—And then addressing himself to the Prisoner, he said,—“ Poor Man! Consider, That all who live under the Gospel, are brought to JESUS, *the Mediator of the New Covenant*; to the *Blood of Sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel.*—*Heb. 12: 24.* And thereupon it is presently added, *vers. 25, See that ye refuse not him that speaks from Heaven.* Abel's Blood cried for Vengeance upon the Murderer, but Christ's Blood cries for Pardon, and Christ himself calls on thee, to receive, and not refuse him; unto which Call, if thou yield the obedience of Faith, his Blood will speak on thy Behalf. Thy sins speak bitter things, old sins, sins of youth, a Course of Sin; and this bloody Sin cries aloud, and speaks most bitterly; but that blood of Christ can out-speak, out-cry all these. It was from hence, that David, when under the Anguish of Soul, for his Blood-guiltiness, expected Pardon, and had it, and so mayst thou. *Psal. 51.*

“ Let thy heart leap to hear such Language of this Blood: Go thy way, and spend that little time that is left thee, in studying the Vileness of thy Sins committed, and the misery unto which thou art thereby exposed, together with the Excellence and preciousness of Jesus Christ, and him crucified, who is ready to save thee from Sin present, and Wrath to come. And tho' thou art not able to come, yet the glorious lifting up of Christ in the Gospel, together with the general Invitation unto all that need him, are the means appointed and blest by God, to draw Men to come. Christ wou'd fain have the Honour of saving such a wretched Sinner as thou art: and be thou well assured, that unless thou add unto that Sin of shedding of Mans Blood, the guilt of Refusing and Slighting of Christ's Blood, thou shalt not perish. All the Sins that ever thou hast committed, shall



shall not damn thee, unless thou add Unbelief to all the rest; viz: The wilful Rejecting of a Tendered Saviour. There is Wrath on thee, but it shall not be Everlastingly upon thee, if thou believe. It is Unbelief only that makes Wrath abide, *John 3: ult.* Other Sins do displease, but this only can destroy. Look up to Christ therefore for the Gift of Faith. The good Lord open thine ear, that thou mayst be no longer Rebellious, but help thee so to hear, as that thy Soul may Live."

This was the substance of Mr. Moody's Address to the Prisoner; who was remanded to Prison, where he continued till Thursday Morning, (the Day of his Execution) and then another Sermon (the last he ever heard) was preached before him by the Reverend Mr. Increase Mather, just before his going to Execution: Of which I shall give you the substance, relating to the Condemned Malefactor, as I have done of the other.—

His Text was, *Numb. 35: 16.—And if he smite him with an Instrument of Iron (so that he dye) he is a Murderer: the Murderer shall surely be put to Death.* His Doctrine from the Text was, That Murder is a Sin so Great and Hainous, as that whoever shall be found guilty of it, must be put to Death by the hand of Publick Justice. But here he made an Exception, which was in case of a Mans own just-Defence, a private Person may take away the Life of another; for the Light of Nature teacheth Men self-Preservation. If a Murderer assault him, he may kill rather than be killed. We cannot say Abner was guilty of Murder, when he slew Asahel in his own Defence. If a Man be contrary to Justice invaded or set upon by another, in an hostile manner, and there be no other way for him to preserve his own Life, but by killing the Assailant; the Law of Nature, and of all Nations acquit him from the guilt of Murder: But he that has shed Blood causeless, or that has avenged himself, is a Murderer, 1 *Sam. 25: 31.*

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He then said, "This Doctrine justifieth the Authority here, in respect of the Sentence of Death which has been passed on the Murderer who is this Day to be Executed. There is a Man standing before the Lord, and amongst his People this Day, who has done just as my Text expresseth, he has smitten his Neighbour, and that with an Instrument of Iron too, with a cruel Spit made of Iron; the thing proved by several Witnesses; and the Man that was hurt, dyed by that wound; and therefore he that has smitten him is a Murderer, and must surely be put to Death: Tho' for a long time he denied it, yet since his Condemnation he has acknowledged it; and yesterday he confessed to me that he had in his rage murder'd the Man whose Death and Blood has been laid to his Charge. He said the other gave him some ill Language whereby he was provoked, and he told him if he came within the Doors, he wou'd run the Spit into his Bowels, which the other not regarding, came in, and he did to him as he had said, so that he is guilty of Murder.

"This miserable Creature before us acknowledgeth that in his mad passion he cared not whom he did strike: It is not good for them that have lawful Power to strike others, to do it in passion: A moral Heathen, when his servant had committed a fault that greatly incensed him, said to him, 'If I were not angry with thee, I wou'd strike thee, but I will stay till my Passion is over before I punish thee.'—The Scripture saith, That a good Man is merciful to his Beast: they then that make themselves sport with putting dumb Creatures to misery, do very sinfully: Yet that has been practiced here of later years in the open streets, especially on one day in the year: (I mean the Cock-Scalings on Shrove-Tuesday.) To do it at such a time is vanity and heathenish Superstition: Besides, to make sport with exercising Cruelty on dumb Creatures, which had never been miserable had not the Sins of Man made them so, it is a wicked

wicked thing, and ought not to be amongst those that call themselves Christians.—It was one of Luther's sayings, Cain will kill Abel to the End of the World.—A late Historian reports, That in the kingdom of France within the space of Ten years, there were known to be no less than six thousand Murders committed.

“I know not but that it may be for Edification, and tend to God's glory, if I shou'd read in this great Assembly, what I received in writing from this dying and distressed Creature. It is this which followeth.

“I, James Morgan, being condemned to dye, must needs own to the glory of God, That he is Righteous, and that I have by my sins provoked him to destroy me before my time. I have been a great Sinner, guilty of Sabbath-breaking, of Lying, and of Uncleaness; but there are especially two Sins, whereby I have offended the Great God; one is, that Sin of Drunkenness, which has caused me to commit other Sins; for when in drink, I have been often guilty of Cursing, and Swearing, and quarreling, and striking others. But the Sin which lyeth most heavy upon my Conscience, is, That I have despised the Word of God, and many a time refused to hear it preached. For these things, I believe God has left me to that which has brought me to a shameful and miserable Death. I do therefore beseech and warn all Persons, young Men especially, to take heed of these Sins, lest they provoke the Lord to do to them as he has justly done by me. And for the further Peace of my own Conscience, I think myself obliged to add this unto my Foregoing Confession, That I own the Sentence which the Honoured Court has passed upon me, to be Exceeding just; in as much, as tho' I had no former grudge and malice against the Man whom I have killed, yet my passion at the time of the Fact was so out-ragious, as that it hurried me on to the doing of that which makes me justly now proceeded against as a Murderer.’

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“ Thus does this Miserable Man confefs.—Lett Sinners hear, and take Warning this Day; This Man now that the Terrors of God have awakened his Distressed Soul, bitterly Complains of Two Sins Especially; One is that of Drunkenness: And indeed Drunkenness has been a bloody Sin: it has been the Cause of many a Murder. The Man here who is now flying to the Pit, confesseth that in his Drink he was wont to curse and swear, and to quarrel and strike those near him: And he acknowledged to me that he had made himself grievously drunk, the day before he was left of God to commit this Murther which he now must dye for; yea, and that he had that very night been drinking to excess, and that he was not clear of Drink at the time when he did this bloody fact.

“ It is an unhappy thing that later years a kind of strong Drink called Rum, has been common amongst us, which the poorer sort of People, both in Town and Countrey, can make themselves drunk with. They that are poor and wicked too, can for a penny or two pence, make themselves drunk: I wish to the Lord some Remedy may be thought of, for the prevention of this evil.—Reverend Mr. Wilson once said in a Sermon, There is a sort of Drink come into the Countrey which is called Kill-Devil; but it shou'd be called Kill Men for the Devil.—If Murder be such a Crime as has been declar'd, then let whosoever has been guilty of this sin, be humbled for it. As for Interpretative Murder, many have been guilty of that.—But I hope in all this vast Assembly there is none that has been guilty of that Murder, which by the Law of God and of the Land, is a Capital Crime, excepting one Man; and one such Person there is here present, unto whom I shall now apply my self.”

(And then turning to the Prisoner, and addressing himself to him, said :) “ Do you then hear, that your Soul may live: This is the last Sermon that ever you shall hear: Time was when you might have heard Sermons, but wou'd not; and  
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now you shall not hear them, tho' you wou'd. For, as God said to him, *This Night thy Soul shall be required of thee*; so I say to you in his Name, This Night thy Soul shall be taken from thee: This Night your Soul shall be either in Heaven or Hell for ever. You are appointed to dye this day, and after Death, cometh the Judgment: As soon as your Body is dead, your Immortal Soul shall appear before the Great God and Judge of all; and a Sentence of Everlasting Life, or Everlasting Death, shall be passed upon you.

"I have spoken so often to you in private, since your being apprehended, that I shall not need to say much now: Only a few Words:—

"1. Consider what a Sinner you have been; The Sin which you are to dye for, is as red as Scarlet; and many other Sins has your wicked Life been filled with. You have been a stranger to me; I never saw you; I never heard of you, until you had committed the Murder, for which you must dye this Day; but I hear by others that have known you, how wicked you have been; and you have your self confessed to the World, That you have been guilty of Drunkenness, guilty of Cursing and Swearing, guilty of Sabbath-breaking, guilty of Lying, guilty of Secret Uncleaness; as Solomon said to Shimei, *Thou knowest the Wickedness which thine own heart is privy to*; so I say to you: and that which aggravates your guiltiness not a little, is, That since you have been in Prison you have done Wickedly: You have made your self drunk several Times since your Imprisonment; yea, and you have been guilty of Lying since your Condemnation.

"2. Consider what misery you have brought upon your self: on your Body, that must dye an accursed Death; you must hang between Heaven and Earth, as it were forsaking of both, and unworthy to be in either. And what misery have you brought upon your poor Children? You have brought an  
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an Everlasting Reproach upon them. How great will their shame be, when it shall be said to them that their Father was hang'd? Not for his Goodness, as many in the World have been; but for his Wickedness: Not as a Martyr, but as a Malefactor: But that which is Ten thousand thousand times worse than all this, is, That you have (without Repentance,) brought undoing Misery upon your poor, yet precious Soul: Not only Death on your Body, but a second Death on your never-dying Soul: O tremble at that!

"I remember a Man that was Condemned and Executed in this place some years ago, that had been a Souldier, and as stout a spirited Man as most in the World, who when he came to die, thus expressed himself to a Minister that treated with him about his Soul: 'I (said he) never knew what fear meant, tho' I have been amongst drawn Swords, and before the Cannons Mouth, I feared not Death: But now you tell me of a Second Death, it makes my Soul to shake within me.'

"The three Sermons which have been preached to you in Publick, since your Condemnation; the pains which has been taken with you in private, by one or other of the Lord's Servants; all these will aggravate your Condemnation, when you shall be judged again before all the World, at the last day, if you die Impenitent.

"3. Consider there is yet a possibility that your Soul may be saved. Notwithstanding all that has been spoken to you, do not despair; Repent, but do not despair. I wou'd not have you say as Cain did, My Sin is greater than can be forgiven. The LORD is a merciful GOD: Tho' Men cannot forgive you, GOD can, and he will do it, if you unfeignedly repent, and believe on the LORD JESUS.—But be sure your Repentance be true and sincere. To come nearer to you, I have known some, more than one, or two, or three, that have been condemned to Die; and whilst they remained under that Sentence, they seemed very penitent: But they were afterwards

afterwards pardoned, (for they had not been guilty of Murder, as you have) and since that, have been as wicked as ever. O then, look to your self, that you do not dissemble with GOD and Man, and your own Soul too. Do not think you shall be saved, because good Men have prayed for you, or for the Confession of your Sins, which you have now made, or for the sake of any thing but Christ. And I pray the SON of GOD to have Compassion on you."

This, Mr. Larkin, is a part of what I heard preached at Mr. Willard's Meeting in an Auditory of near 5000 People; they went first to the New Church, but the Gallery crack'd, and so they were forced to remove to Mr. Willard's. They were all preach'd with so much Awfulness, and so pathetically apply'd to the Poor Condemned Man, that all the Auditory (as well as my self) were very much affected thereat: And tho' I have been pretty long in the Rehearfal, yet you being an old Dissenter, I did not think the Reading of them wou'd be unacceptable to you. And remember this, I am rambling still, tho' it be from one subject to another.—But before I leave off this subject, I must bring Morgan to his Execution, whither I rid with Mr. Cotton Mather, after the Sermon was ended. Some thousands of the People following to see the Execution. As I rid along I had several glimpses of poor Morgan, as he went.

He seem'd penitent to the last: Mr. Cotton Mather pray'd with him at the place of Execution, and conferred with him about his Soul all the way thither, which was about a mile out of Boston. After being ty'd up, standing on the Ladder, he made the following Speech:—

" I pray GOD that I may be a Warning to you all, and that I may be the last that ever shall suffer after this manner. In the fear of GOD I warn you to have a Care of the Sin of Drunkenness, for that's a Sin that leads to all manner of Sins and Wickedness: (Mind and have a Care of breaking the Sixth Commandment, where it is said, *Thou shalt do no Murder.*)

*Murder.*) For when a Man is in drink, he is ready to commit all manner of Sin, till he fill up the Cup of the Wrath of GOD, as I have done, by committing that Sin of Murder. I beg of GOD, as I am a dying Man, and to appear before the LORD within a few Minutes, that you may take notice of what I say to you: Have a Care of Drunkenness and ill Company, and mind all good Instruction, and don't turn your back upon the Word of GOD, as I have done. When I have been at a Meeting, I have gone out of the Meeting-House to commit sin, and to please the Lust of my flesh: and don't make a mock at any poor Object of Pity, but bless GOD, that he hath not left you, as he hath justly done me, to commit that horrid Sin of Murder.

“Another thing that I have to say to you, is, To have a Care of that House where that Wickedness was committed, and where I have been justly ruined: But here I am, and know not what will become of my poor Soul, which is within a few Moments of Eternity. I have murder'd a poor Man, who had but little time to repent, and I know not what's become of his poor Soul. O that I may make use of this opportunity that I have! O that I may make Improvement of this little time, before I go hence, and be no more! O let all mind what I am a saying now, I am a going out of this World! O take warning by me, and beg of GOD to keep you from this Sin, which hath been my Ruine.”

After he had been about an hour at the Gallows, and had prayed again, his Cap was pulled over his Eyes, and then having said, “O Lord, Receive my Spirit; I come unto thee, O Lord; I come, I come, I come”; he was Turned off, and the multitude by degrees disper'd. I think, during this Mournful Scene, I never saw more serious nor greater Compassion.





But from the House of Mourning, I rambled to the House of Feasting; for Mr. York, Mr. King, with Madam Brick, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Toy, the Damsell and my self, took a Ramble to a place call'd Governour's Island, about a mile from Boston, to see a whole Hog roasted, as did several other Bostonians. We went all in a Boat; and having treated the Fair Sex, returned in the Evening.

Another Occurrence that happened whilst I was here, was, the Arrival of the *Rose* Frigot from England, with a New Charter, brought over by one Rundel,<sup>79</sup> a Person generally hated by the Bostonians; by this Charter, Major Dudley was made President; a very worthy, honest, and accomplish'd Person, and every way a Gentleman: infomuch that they cou'd hardly have chosen a better Man in the whole Countrey: He was my particular Friend, and had been Extremely Civil to me, and had done me many Honours since I came into the Countrey. But they being now to lose the old Title of Governour and Magistrates, for President and Council, tho' more Modish, it wou'd not relish so well with Men that had their Liberty for above 60 years.

Mr. Ratcliff<sup>80</sup> was the Parson that came over with the Charter, who was a very Excellent Preacher, whose Matter was good, and the Drefs in which he put it, Extraordinary; he being as well an Orator as a Preacher. The next Sunday after he Landed, he preach'd in the Town-house, and read Common-Prayer in his Surplice, which was so great a Novelty to the Bostonians, that he had a very large Audience; and my self happening to go thither for one, it was told about Town, as a piece of Wonder, That Dr. Annesly's Son-in-Law was turn'd Apostate: So little Charity have some

<sup>79</sup>The Charter was brought over by Edward Randolph in the *Rose* frigate, which afterwards occupied the Stone Chapel. He undoubtedly went back to England in July, 1689. (See GREENWOOD'S History of King's Chapel, p. 50.)—ED.

<sup>80</sup>This was Robert Ratcliffe, the first

some Men in New-England, for all that have a larger Charity than themselves. Dr. Bullivant, and Mr. Gouge, and Mr. Tryon, were constant hearers at this New Church ; but for my own part, I went but once or twice at the first, tho' Mr. Ratcliff (as I have said before) was an Extraordinary good Preacher.

And now for a Merry Occurrence ; Wou'd you Believe your Friend to be a Conjurer ? Yet so, (by reason of my Trading in Books) a young Lady<sup>81</sup> in Boston wou'd needs believe me : Mrs. Comfort was concern'd in the Frolick, and to carry on the Jest, wou'd needs have me tell the Young Lady her Fortune : And inquiring, by the by, of Mrs. Comfort, what her circumstances were, I understood she was in love with a young Gentleman that really lov'd her, but yet courted another, and seem'd very indifferent to her he lov'd. When the young Lady came, she told me she understood that I was a Learned Person, and by the Knowledge I had arriv'd to, cou'd foretel future Events ; upon which, and the Encouragement Mrs. Comfort Wilkins had given her, of my great Civility to all, and especially to strangers, she had done her self the Honour of giving me a Visit, in order to be inform'd of the Event of something which now very much troubled her.—It is (said she)—'Madam,' said I, 'I know what it is, 'tis Love : ' (for I was afraid she wou'd have told me first, and that wou'd have spoil'd the best part of my Fortune-telling) and then remembering that the Delphic Oracles us'd to be deliver'd in Verse, I thought I had best take

<sup>81</sup>In the "Life and Errors" this young lady is termed Madam WHITE-MORE. It seems very probable that she was Frances, daughter of Francis Whitmore, of Cambridge, and was then about sixteen years old. There was a family of Whittemores living in Malden, but the records seem invariably to preserve a spelling which shows that the two names were pronounced differently. Besides, in this Malden family we do

not find any girl of a suitable age in 1686 to have been the subject of such a frolic. Francis Whitmore, jr., owned land in Boston, which he sold in 1692, and may have been living here at this date. If this were his sister, she married within two or three years Jonathan Thompson, of Woburn, and her great-grandson was the well known philosopher, Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford.—ED.

take the same Method: And therefore raising my Voice, and speaking somewhat Magisterially, I delivered myself thus: Madam!

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.

'Tis true, he does a Wandring star adore,  
Which makes a Pretty Twinkling in the Skies ;  
• Yet your bright Eyes shall his lost Love restore :<sup>¶</sup>  
For stars must Vanish when the Sun does rise.

You in his heart have the Ascendant now :  
He only means to try your Constancy :  
And when he finds you faithful to your Vow,  
• He at your feet will for his Pardon lie.

But see you do not use him too severe ;  
When like the Prodigal he does return ;  
• Smiles will cause Love, when Frowns may raise his Fear,  
• And quench those Flames which otherwise wou'd burn.

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

When I had deliver'd my Oracle, I made the Lady a bow, which she return'd very obligingly, and gave me many Thanks for the trouble she had given me ; withal telling me, that she was surpriz'd to hear me tell her case so plainly ; and since she knew what I had said was true in one part, she hop'd it wou'd prove so in the other likewise ; and then thank'd me for my good Counsel at last, telling me he had got too great an Interest in her heart to receive any bad Usage from her. I then desir'd her to conceal what I had done to gratifie her upon Mrs. Comfort's account ; assuring her

<sup>¶</sup> In the "Life and Errors" the four lines here marked stand respectively thus :

"Yet your own Charms shall his lost Love restore."

"For Pardon, at your Feet he'll prostrate lye."

"Love feeds on smiles, but Frowns wou'd give def-

pair,  
"And quench those Fires, which else wou'd Flame and Burn."

her it was a thing I never car'd to practise, nor so much as to have publickly known. She gave an assurance that she wou'd be private, as I had desir'd her, and that none shou'd know any thing of it from her. And as a Testimony of her being very well pleas'd with my performance, she afterwards presented me with a Noble pair of Gloves, which I refused to accept, which she was much troubled at. But I was of Opinion that my Accepting of the Gloves wou'd have been carrying on the Jest too far. For I knew no more than other Gypsies and Fortune-Tellers, which is just nothing. But by this you may see how easily People may be impos'd upon.<sup>63</sup>

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 *Souldier*? 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-Souldiers*, for they knew it well enough by my awkward handling of them. For I  
was

<sup>63</sup> DUNTON'S printed version was so different that we here reprint it. "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 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 Breast; 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 Conjuror 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."—ED.

was as unacquainted with the Terms of Military Discipline, as a wild Irish Man, whom I have heard they use to Discipline 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. But we were even here, for tho' they understood Arms better than I, yet I understood Books better than they.

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 Battel 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.

<sup>81</sup>[About this Time, the Tryal of Captain P—— for Insufficiency, made a great Noise in Boston. In all such Cases the good Wives 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 a disappointment of this Nature, why shou'd they be reckon'd

<sup>81</sup>This passage stands in this place in the "Life and Errors" as originally published. There is no reference to it in the present Manuscript, but it seems too characteristic to be omitted, especially since the editor of the reprint, in 1818, has stricken it from the text without a single word of apology.—ED.

reckon'd Impudent, if they but complain? Besides, in such Cafes, the Man is perjurd out of his own Mouth, in the very Form of Marriage.]

And now, Mr. Larkin, having tyr'd you with this long Letter, 'tis time to draw to a Conclusion; Especially having made good all that I promis'd in the beginning of it. Besides, I am juft now ready for a Ramble to the adjacent Towns: For Palmer can fufficiently fupply my place in the Warehouse. And this gives a greater Latitude to my Rambles: In which I yet obferve fome Method: For as they that learn to fwim, firft try only within their reach, that fo they may retreat with fafety, if there be occafion; and after venture into deeper Waters; So my firft Rambles fhall be near at hand, to the adjacent Towns; and being by this means become a little acquainted with the Countrey, I intend to Ramble further.

But before I end my Letter (as near as I am to it) I muft defire you to prefent my Service to my Old and true Friend Mr. James Aftwood:<sup>85</sup> He (you know) was born in this Countrey, which I think no Small honour to it: For he is a truly honeft, fober, and Religious Man; and my Fellow-Sufferer in Excommunication; (being both given to the Devil (as you alfo were) becaufe we refus'd to play the Devil for God's fake, and wou'd not help forward thofe Calamities which

<sup>85</sup> There can be no doubt that James Aftwood was the fon of James Aftwood, of Roxbury, born there, as SAVAGE records, 29 Nov., 1638. The father died in 1653, and in his will, published in the Genealogical Register, vii., 337, appointed his wife Sarah executrix. She refused, becaufe of her departure for England, and very probably her fon James went with her. Of the fon, DUNTON writes in "Life and Errors:" "He was my near Neighbor and Intimate Friend for many Years. He printed for me near Sixty Books, and was constantly engag'd in the *Athenian*

*Mercury*. If he had any failing, 'twas that of a Little Paffion, but 'twas over in a Word fpeaking; and to make amends, he was almoft perfect in Charity, Friendfhip, Humility, Juftice, and every other Vertue; what I fpeak is from the long Intimacy I had with him. But I need not enlarge, for fince the Death of his Son, (Mr. John Aftwood,) he feems no longer to have any commerce with the World, and hath nothing fo Familiar as a Life that is (by his Retreat from London to a Country Village) as it were bury'd in Death."—ED.

which have now over-taken poor England, by a Popish King.) He is Industrious in his Business, and Conscientious in his Dealing; and one that I hope will do very well, if Mr. Ponder ben't too Ponderous for him. And pray give my respects also to his Son John.

Give my Service also (and a great deal of Love to boot) to my very good Friend, that Mirror of Honesty, Mr. John Harris at the Harrow: You know, as well as I, how truly just and honest a Man he is: and that it was of him it has been said,<sup>66</sup>

If of all honest Bookfellers, you'll have the Marrow,  
Repair to King John, at the sign of the Harrow.

Nor was he out of the way that bestow'd that Character upon him. As several can tell, with whom he has been  
Partner

<sup>66</sup> In his "Life and Errors," DUNTON says that this couplet was by his "Friend, Mr. Larkin, who being once ask'd, Who was the Honestest Bookfeller in London, return'd this Extempore Answer." "The same Day He Welcom'd me home from Dublin, he was seiz'd with his Old Dittemper, the Tiffick, &c., which ended his Life in a few Days," DUNTON also records "Mrs. Elizabeth Harris. She's the Beautiful Relict of my worthy Friend, Mr. John Harris: Her most remarkable Graces are Beauty, Wit and Modesty. So pretty a Fabrick was never Fram'd by an Almighty Architect for a vulgar Guest. He shew'd the value which he set upon her Mind, when he took care to have it so nobly and so beautifully lodg'd. And to a Graceful carriage and deportment of Body, There is joyn'd a Pleasant Conversation, a most exact Justice, and a Generous Friendship; all which, as my self and her she-friend can testifye, she possesses in the Height of their Perfection."

Possibly connected with this John

Harris was Benjamin Harris, of whom DUNTON writes: "He sold a *Protestant Petition* in King Charles's Reign, for which they fin'd him Five Hundred Pound, and set him once in the Pillory; but his Wife (like a Kind Rib) stood by him, to defend her Husband against the Mobb. After this, (having a deal of Mercury in his Natural Temper,) he travel'd to New-England, where he followed Bookfelling, and then Coffee-felling, and then Printing, but continu'd Ben Harris still; and is now both Bookfeller and Printer, in Grace-church Street, as we find by his *London Post*; so that his conversation is general, (but never Impertinent,) and his Wit pliable to all Inventions. But yet his vanity (if he has any) gives no Alloy to his Wit, and is no more than might justly Spring from conscious Vertue; and I do him but Justice in this part of his Character, for in once travelling with him from Bury Fair, I found him to be the most Ingenious and Innocent Companion that I had ever met with."

After

Partner in above 20 Books. Nor is he only remarkable for his Honesty, but is as much to be commended for several other things. Tho' his Stature be small, he has a Soaring Soul, and is Master of a Vast Understanding; and a very thinking Man; his Thoughts always very neat and clean; and his Conversation so facetious and Entertaining, that I am sure both you and I were very much wont to covet it.

I have yet something further to tell you before I conclude, that is, That tho' I have first broke the Ice, in bringing hither a Cargo of Books; yet by some Letters I receiv'd by the Rose Frigot that brought hither the New Charter, I perceive I shall not be the last: For Old England is now so uneasy a Place for honest Men, that those that can will seek out for another Countrey: And this I suppose is the Case of Mr. Benjamin Harris and the two Mr. Hows, whom I hear are coming over hither, and to whom I wish a good Voyage. Mr. Ben. Harris, you know, has been a noted Publick Man in England, and I think the Book of English Liberties that you Printed, was done for him and Mr. How: No wonder then that in this Reign they meet with Enemies. Mr. Harris I think also Printed the Protestant Tutor, a Book not at all relish'd by the Popish Party, because it is the design of that little Book to bring up Children in an Aversion to Popery. To speak the Truth, Mr. Benj. Harris has had many good Thoughts, tho' he has wanted the Art  
of

After this was written, DUNTON evidently quarreled with his friend, and abuses him without limit; amongst other doggerel lines, he writes:

"Slander, *Ned Ward*, confusion, rage and shame,  
Attend you to the place from whence you came.  
To Tyburn thee let carrion horses draw,  
In jolting cart, without so much as straw," etc.

SAVAGE says that Benjamin Harris while in Boston projected a newspaper, in 1687, which was stopped on the issue of one number, and that he returned in 1694 to London. In 1690, he sold Cotton Mather's 'Wonderful Works of

God Commemorated,' at the "London Coffee House." In 1693, Cotton Mather's 'Winter Meditations' were "printed and Sold by Benj. Harris, over against the Old Meeting House." In 1694, Scottow's Narrative was printed by him at "The Sign of the Bible over-against the Blew Anchor, Cornhill." These however probably mean the same store. THOMAS records that in 1695 Vavafour Harris was a book-seller at the same place, "opposite the old Meeting House in Cornhill," and presumably he was a relative.—ED.



of Improving 'em; and cou'd he fix his Mercury a little, and not be so volatile, he wou'd do well enough. He advances in years, as well as your self, and if he can but make a shift to scuffle thro' this World, if I ben't mis-inform'd, his W— has taken care for his well-doing in the next, unless the Proverb fails.

As to the Two Hows,<sup>87</sup> Job and John (for Job I think is the Elder Brother, tho' John has the most Mercury) I never heard any thing of 'em, but that they were both Industrious and honest Men; and men of very good sense, John especially, with whom I have most acquaintance: And always of the Right Side, for the promoting of English Liberties, and the Protestant Religion: And the cause of their present Sufferings makes me very much Pity 'em; for I am inform'd they have been indicted for Printing a Scandalous and Seditious Libel, and for this have been put by their Trade for three Years, according to the Act for Printing: But I was astonish'd to hear that this Scandalous and Seditious Libel, was no other but the Assemblies Catechism; 'Tis true, they have no reason to be asham'd of their Suffering, but the Company of Stationers have, who prosecuted 'em, and who once laid claim to this Book as their copy; and that they shou'd indict men for Printing it, as a Scandalous and Seditious Libel, is such a thing as certainly a Protestant Company were never guilty of before! Nor do I know what Plea they can make for themselves, unless it be that of Gratitude. For being Incorporated by Philip and Mary, both Popish Princes, they thought themselves bound in Gratitude to their Founders to promote Popery, and suppress the

<sup>87</sup> We do not find that these brothers John and Job Howe came hither. Yet in "Life and Errors" DUNSTON says of John: "He was a great Sufferer in King James's Reign and has had the Fate of being a *Traveller*: but being an Honest Man at the bottom, he is blest where-ever he goes. He is now

settled in Grace-Church Street; and being a great Projector, (as we see by the *London Spies*, and the *Observer*, &c.) is like to encrease apace." As a traveller he might have visited New-England, but more probably Holland was the scene of his exile.—ED.

the Protestant Religion. But whither am I Rambled?—If these Persons arrive here before I go hence, I shall be very glad to see 'em, and give 'em any assistance I can, Especially the Two Brothers.

Pray give my Love and Service to Mrs. Larkin, the faithful Partner of all your Sufferings, and my respects to your Son George, and Daughter Lydia. My kind love to your self, hoping you will Excuse the trouble of this tedious Epistle, to which I will now put an End, by subscribing my self, Dear Mr. Larkin,

Your truly affectionate and well-wishing Friend,

PHILARET.



THE OLD STATE HOUSE, STATE STREET, BOSTON.

Erected A. D. 1748.



## LETTER IV.

TO MR. JOHN WOOLHURST,\* AT HIS HOUSE  
IN CLARE MARKET, LONDON.

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**M**Y Dear Cousin!—Not only your Relation to me, as the Son of my Father's own Sister, but much more our being Contemporary in Years, and Companions to Each other in our Juvenile Sports and Recreations, has made so deep an Impression in my Breast, as neither distance of Time or Place can ever wear off. And I have often Observ'd that those first little Friendships Children make with their Play-Fellows, are of longer continuance than those that are afterwards Contracted. And Methinks the remembrance of our being School-fellows together, between whom there was a little kind of Emulation with respect to our Learning, (which I remember by that very remarkable token of your Taxing me once with breaking Priscians Head in making false Lattin,) and our being Play-fellows together, both at Resbury and Graham, has strangely endear'd you to me.

And therefore that I might Evidence to you that I have carried the remembrance of you, and of our former Intercourse with each other, into another World, (for such is America,

\* John Woolhouse was the fourth house, as is shown in the biographical child of Mary Dunton and — Wool- sketch of Dunton.—ED.

America, with respect to Europe,) I have directed this Letter to you from thence: For since we us'd often in our youthful years, to send Letters to each other, tho' but at five miles distance, I thought a Letter that came three thousand miles might be more acceptable to you: And tho' I doubt not but you have heard of me since I rambled into this part of the World, both by my Dearest Wife, (to whom I write as often as I can,) and also by my Brother Lake, to whom I writ a large account of my Voyage at Sea, yet I believe a Letter to your self, wou'd give you a greater assurance of the Continuance of my old Friendship and Affection for you, than all those second-hand Remembrances: Nor do I intend, my Cousin, that this Letter shall only be a bare How-do-you; but since I know you tinctur'd with that Athenian Itch of Enquiring after Novelties, I shall endeavour to satisfy your Curiosity, by giving you an Account of some of the Customs and Manners of the Natives of this Country; and a little Narrative of my short Rambles to the Countrey Towns adjacent to Boston which is the Metropolis of all New-England. I need not give you an Account of Boston, because I have done that already in a Letter to our good Friend Mr. Larkin, the Printer, who I am very sure will be glad to oblige you with the sight of it.

After I had a little settled my Business, and taken such a survey of Boston as I thought convenient, I was minded in the next place to see how the Countrey stood affected; which being nothing else but a great Wilderness, I was loth to venture too far at first; but begun to take a view of it by small Rambles to the Adjacent Towns, an Account of which shall be the subject matter of my Travell-History; in which, what I write, you may assure your self is nothing but Truth, however the Proverb may abuse poor Travellers (or Ramblers) and give 'em a License to Lye by Authority.

To begin then, my Cousin; My first Ramble, was (for I love to keep a Method, as much at least, as can be kept by

a Rambler) to Visit our Captain that brought us over, Captain Thomas Jenner;<sup>89</sup> My self and three or four Friends with me, set out from Boston, about the time that Sol had rais'd his Beams above the Flood, and with his Rays gilded the Mountain Tops. For we were all resolv'd to take the Day before us, and not to make a Toyl of that which we design'd for Pleasure: The Town where the Captain dwells, and whither we design'd to Ramble, was Charles-Town: and the Passage to it is by a Ferry, which I am told is worth about £40 per annum; and sometimes quickly came to Charles-Town, where the Captain receiv'd us with all the kindness and respect imaginable, and to speak the truth, Treated us very genteelly: So that I found it was better being at the Captain's Table a shoar, than aboard: For on Board, he grutch'd me once a Dumplin, and had like to have beat my Man for bringing it to me; but here was both Pudding Enough, and all forts of other Varieties; and to show it was a Sea-Captain's Treat, he crown'd it with a Noble Bowl of Punch.

Dinner being over, and the Punch and other Liquors having exhilarated our Spirits, I desir'd the Captain to take a little walk with me, that I might see the Town; with the situation whereof I was extreemly pleas'd: For it is situated upon a narrow Neck of Land, between two pleasant Rivers, whose

<sup>89</sup>As to Capt. Thomas Jenner, we learn from an article written by William S. Appleton, Esq., and printed in the *N. E. Historical and Genealogical Register* for July, 1865, that he was grandson of Rev. Thomas Jenner, who came to New-England in 1635, and was settled at Weymouth and Saco. Returning to England, he lived in Norfolk, but the date of his death is unknown. His son Thomas was of Weymouth and Charlestown, and had sons John and Thomas. This last was married in 1655 to Rebecca Trerise, and had nine

children. He joined the church of Charlestown in 1681, and the Artillery Company of Boston in 1673. He was captain of a vessel apparently making regular trips to England, as there are several voyages mentioned in letters of that period. He died in England in the autumn of 1686, and his estate proved insolvent. His widow died 23 Sept., 1732, aged 86. His grandson, Thomas Jenner, died in Charlestown, and on his tomb are the family arms, of which an engraving will be found in the *Heraldic Journal*, vol. 1., p. 56.—Ed.

whose streams on purling Pebbles kept a murmur, and with their amorous foldings did Embrace the lovely Shore on either side the Town; one of these Rivers is Namesake to the Town, and call'd Charles River; and with such wanton kisses daily greets it, that one wou'd think there was some kin between 'em: The other River is call'd Mystick, but from what Cabala or dark Intent of Fate, this Mystick Name was put upon the River, is yet to me a Mystery: This River Mystick runs through the right side of the Town, and by its nearness to Charles River, makes in one place a very narrow Neck, On which the most part of the Town is built: The Market Place is near the Water-side; and is encompass'd round about with Houses; from whence two streets stretch themselves forth, built with Exact and Curious Symmetry; And beautify'd extremely with pleasant Gardens and well-planted Orchards: Their Meeting-House adorns the North-side of the Market, plac'd on the bottom of a little Hill, which on its back-side gently over-looks it. The Captain told me that this Town had belonging to it 1200 Acres of Arable Land, and 400 Head of Cattel, with as many Sheep: And that the Inhabitants of the Town had several Farms in the Countrey.

I ask'd the Captain if there were any Indians in the Town, he told me there were some, but not many: I ask'd him if he knew 'em; he told me, 'Yes, very well'; 'Then,' said I, 'Let's go and see one of 'em, and see how they'll Entertain us?' The Captain and my Friends agreed to it, and away we Rambled to one of their Houses, which was made of long Poles set up, and cover'd with Mats, and on the inside hung with a sort of Embroider'd Mats, which looks almost as well as Hangings: When the Captain, (who was our Leader) went in, he saluted them with saying, 'What Chear, Netop,' (Netop in the Indian Language signifying Friend;) the Indian very courteously thank'd him, and bid us sit down; which we did; and having discour'd a little with him  
about



about Country matters, and especially shooting with the Bow and Arrows, at which they are very skilful, the Indian telling us he had often shot Birds flying; we made some overtures to be going; but the Indian told us we must not go till we had Eat; which it seems is a Common Custom amongst them, being generally very kind to strangers: I was resolv'd to see their Entertainment, and so accepted of his Invitation.

Our first Dish (for we had more than one Course) was some Parch'd meal, as they call'd it, that is, it was a sort of Indian corn parch'd, which is a ready and very wholesome Food, which they eat with a little Water, sometimes hot, and sometimes cold; its taste is not unlike to that of Coffee; and to those that love Coffee eats very pleasantly: That we might not seem unkind guests, we eat some of these Parch'd Berries, and Commended 'em too, at which the Indian seem'd very well pleas'd: And told us,<sup>90</sup> That he had travell'd with 200 of his Country-men at once through the Woods, for three or four Days together; and Every Man only carried a little Basket of this at his back, or else a hollow Leathern Girdle of it full about our Middles, and that, with some Water, was Provision sufficient for us: 'And with this ready Provision' (says he) 'and our Bows and Arrows, we are ready for

<sup>90</sup> At this point we commence one of the most curious portions of DUNTON'S literary plagiarisms. It will be noticed that throughout this letter, he has inserted many interesting details in regard to the Indians, and has represented them as being related to him on certain occasions by well-informed friends. *These conversations are entirely imaginary, the text being copied almost literally from Roger Williams's "KEY INTO THE LANGUAGE OF AMERICA,"* printed in London in 1643.

We believe that this book was not reprinted until 1827, so that DUNTON in 1686 was tolerably safe from detection,

if indeed he meant more than a literary mystification. In December, 1866, the first volume of the Narragansett Club's Publications appeared, containing a reprint of the KEY, admirably edited by J. Hammond Trumbull, late Secretary of State of Connecticut, a gentleman preëminently qualified for the task. Our references will be therefore to this edition, and the pagination will be that of the volume, and not of this tract, which is one of four contained in the book.

The remark of the Indian and reply of Capt. Jenner are taken from WILLIAMS, p. 100.—ED.

for War and Travel, at an hours Warning': 'I will assure you,' answer'd our Captain, 'with a spoonful of this meal, and a spoonful of Water Brooks, have I made many a good Dinner and Supper.'

Our next Courfe (for I told you before we had two) was a Mefs of Meal Pottage unparch'd; which is, the Indian Corn beaten and boil'd, and eaten either hot or cold with Milk or Butter: But ours was cold, and eaten with Milk; tho' he offer'd to heat some for us, and do it with Butter; which we, thanking him, refus'd. The Indians, for the most part, eat this only with water, but we were treated like Persons of Quality: Our Captain eat heartily of it, tho' he came from so good a Dinner at his own Table; and assur'd us that this Dish was Exceeding wholesome for English Bodies. And now, having thank'd the Indian for his kind Entertainment, we took our Leaves of him. Very well fatisfied with plain-heartedness and kindness of the poor Indian.

The Captain as we went back, told us,<sup>91</sup> That there were a sort of People in the Countrey, call'd Mihtukmecha, that is, Tree-Eaters; These People live between three and four hundred miles West within the Land: They fet no Corn, but live on the Bark of Chefnuts and Walnuts, and other fine Trees: They dry and eat this Bark with the fat of Beasts,

<sup>91</sup> This is from WILLIAMS, p. 101, 102, 103, 105. To account for so many pages of the original being cited, we must explain that WILLIAMS'S book is divided into thirty-two chapters, each treating of a distinct topic. In each chapter he has a vocabulary of words and phrases belonging to its subject, and on nearly every page a short sentence is introduced of remarks pertinent to the occasion. DUNTON has brought these brief notes into a connected form, adding here and there a word to complete the sense. He has not however copied from the book in a continuous abstract, but taking a chapter has made

his adaptation, and inserted it at such a point in his own letter as seemed suitable.

It is not impossible that DUNTON did receive some information about the Indians from persons with whom he conversed, and therefore felt justified afterward in copying from WILLIAMS, as the book was confirmed by other testimony. Still it is undeniable that he represents other persons as saying and doing things which were really said and done by WILLIAMS, and has even represented as his own the moral reflections of that divine.—ED.



Beasts, and sometimes of Men; from whence they are also call'd Men-Eaters; they are a strong People, and the Terrour of those Indians that live near 'em. They generally all take Tobacco, which is also a principal part of their Entertainments, tho' we refus'd it: and it is the only Plant at which the Men labour, the Women it seems managing all the rest. And the Reasons they give for their taking Tobacco, are, first because it is good against the Rhume, which they say causeth the Toothache, which they are much troubled with, and bear it with great Impatience; and their other Reason is, because it revives and refreshes them, which they stand in need of, drinking nothing but Water.

The Captain further told us, That whosoever cometh in when they are Eating, it is always their Custom to offer them to Eat of that which they have, tho' it be but little enough for themselves. And if any Provision of Fish or Flesh be taken by them, they make their Neighbours Partakers with them. Also if any Stranger comes in, they presently give him to Eat of what they have; and tho' it be in the night, and they have nothing ready, they will rise, both the Man and his Wife, and prepare some Refreshing for them. Being come back to the Captain's House, he gave us the Parting Bottle, and so we return'd back again over the Ferry to Boston.

My second Ramble from Boston was to a Village called Medford,<sup>22</sup> about a Mile and a half from Charles Town:  
This

<sup>22</sup> Medford was undoubtedly a small village for many years, though during the early portion of its history it paid a large portion of the taxes of the Colony. This was probably owing to the property there owned by Governor Cradock. Edward Collins bought all of the Cradock property in 1652, and sold much of it to Richard Russell in 1656. In 1661, Jonathan Wade bought from Russell the mansion-house and

three-quarters of the land, and probably his son lived there in 1686. In 1680 the Collins farm was divided between John Hall, Thomas Willis, Stephen Willis, Stephen Francis and John Whitmore. All of these were resident in Medford, and with the Brooks, Tufts, Bishop, Blanchard, Bradshaw and Secomb families formed the majority, almost the whole of the owners of the township for many years.—Ed.

This was nothing near so pleasant a Ramble as the other; and that for three Reasons; for first, the Weather was n't so good: For tho' the Sun flatter'd me in the Morning, and made me believe it wou'd be a fair day, yet before noon he grew fullen, drew in his exhilarating Beams, and muffl'd up his Face in a Cloud, so that there was no getting sight of him all the Day after: Nor was the Clouds' obscuring of the Sun's bright face, the only mischief that they did me; but to make my Rambling more uncomfortable yet, they pour'd down such a Prodigious Shower of Rain upon me, that if I was n't wet to th' Skin, it was because my kinder Fate provided a good Shelter near at hand. For the chief kindness I receiv'd at Medford, was to be shelter'd by it from a Swinging shower of Rain, which only wet my Upper Garment,—and no more.

But Secondly, Neither was my Company so good; for I had only with me a young Bostonian for my Guide, who when he saw that it began to rain, turn'd a Deforter, and foolishly turn'd back again, fast as his Legs cou'd carry him; by which means he was catch'd in all the Shower, whilst I was shelter'd by making haste to Medford. Nor thirdly, Did I meet with such kind Entertainment at Medford as at Charles Town: For here I had no Acquaintance, but took Sanctuary in a Publick,<sup>88</sup> where there was extraordinary good Cyder, and tho' I hadn't such a Noble Treat as at Captain Jenner's; yet with the Cyder and such other Entertainment as the House afforded, (together with my Landlord and my Landlady's good Company,) I made a very pretty thing on't.

I ask'd my Landlady whether if the rain continu'd, there was any Lodging to be had, and she was pleas'd to tell me  
I

<sup>88</sup>We learn from BROOKS's History of Medford, that about 1690, Major Jonathan Wade built a tavern, which was kept by Nathaniel Pierce. In 1692, Thomas Willis was licensed, and possibly as this was the earliest session of the new Court, he may have been licensed in former years.—ED.

I shou'dn't want for that, tho' she set up all night her self; I told her before she shou'd do so, I'd seek a Lodging out among the Indians: And ask'd my Landlord whether he thought the Indians wou'd entertain me? My Landlord<sup>m</sup> told me there was no need of my going among them, for he had Lodging enough; but as to the Indians Entertaining of me, he said that he had often known them (in the Summer time Especially) lie abroad themselves, to make room for Strangers, either English or others. I ask'd him what Beds they had, and he told me either Mats, or else Straw; and that when they lay down to sleep, they generally, both in Summer and Winter, made a great Fire, which serves them instead of Bedcloaths; and he that finds himself a-cold, must turn to the Fire to warm him; and they that wake first, must repair the Fire; For as they have abundance of Fewel, so they don't spare in laying of it on. He told me also that when they had a Bad Dream, they look'd upon it as a threatening from God, and that on such occasions they wou'd rise and fall to Prayer, at any time of the Night.

By this time, the rain was over, tho' it still remain'd Cloudy; and therefore I thought it was best taking Time by the Fore-lock, and go back to Boston while it held up, there being nothing remarkable to be seen at Medford, which is but a small Village, consisting of a few Houses; And so paying my Reckoning, I came back to Boston in good time: For I had not been long at home, before it fell a raining again very hard.

My Third Ramble was to a Town called New-Town, which is situated three Miles from Charles-Town, on the North Side of the River, a league and a half by Water: This Town was first intended for a City, and is one of the neatest and best compacted Towns in the whole Countrey: It has many stately structures, and well-contrived Streets; Which

<sup>m</sup> All of this conversation is adapted from WILLIAMS, pp. 107, 108.—ED.

Which for handsomness and beauty out-does Boston it self: The Inhabitants are generally rich, and have many hundred Acres of Land paied with one common Fence,—a mile and half long, affording store of Cattel.

You will the less wonder, Cousin, at what I have said about this Town, when you shall know this Town, that at first was called New Town, is now made an University, and called Cambridge, there being a colledge Erected there by one Mr. John Harvard, who gave £700 for the Erecting of it, in the year 1638. I was invited hither by Mr. Cotton,\* a fellow of the Colledge, by whom I was very handsomely Treated, and shewn all that was remarkable in it. He discours'd with me about my Venture of Books; and by his means I sold many of my Books to the Colledge.

Among other Discourse that we had, he ask'd me, Who I look'd upon in England to be the best Authors, and Men of greatest Name and Repute? I told him, This was a very Comprehensive Question; For there were Authors famous in their several Faculties, some for Divinity, others for Philosophy, and some for the Mathematics; and several other Arts and Sciences; and therefore without he was more particular, 'twould be an Endless Task to answer him. He then reply'd he did intend chiefly Divinity; but since 'twas necessary for a Scholar to be universal in his knowledge, so 'twould be necessary for him to know who were the best Authors in every several Faculty I mention'd: I then told him I wou'd Endeavour to serve him, as far as my Memory wou'd give me leave: And as to Divinity, in England I must make a Distinction between the Establish'd Church-men and the Dissenters.

“ The most Eminent Authors among the Church-Men, or Conformists,

\* This was John Cotton, the son of H. C. 1681, and was minister of Yarmouth. From 1681 to 1690 he was Librarian of Harvard College.—ED.  
Rev. John C., of Plymouth, and grand-son of the famous Rev. John Cotton, of Boston. He was born in 1661, was of

Conformists, are Dr. Hamond, who has writ very Learned Annotations upon the New Testament, Dr. Tillotson, who has writ the Rule of Faith, and several Learned Tracts against the Papists, and variety of Celebrated Sermons, which are very much esteem'd of, being both a Learned and a very moderate good Man; far from those bigotted and high-flown Church-men, who had rather the whole Frame of their Church-Government shou'd be pull'd down, than part with one small Ceremony, tho' it shou'd be as inconsiderable and unnecessary as that of bowing to the Altar, or the Cross in Baptism. The Author of the Whole Duty of Man is (tho' Anonymous) a very celebrated Author, and his Works much in Vogue and well worth buying. Bishop Sanderfon's Works are also very much esteem'd; and Dr. Stillingfleet is very Eminent for Writing his Phanaticism of the Church of Rome; and had been much better respected, had he not fallen foul on the Dissenters, and writ his Book of the Mischief of Separation which has been sufficiently answer'd by several of the Dissenters again, and the Mischief of Impositions made appear to be greater than the Mischief of Separation. Dr. Patrick is also an Author of great Eminency; his Parable of the Pilgrim, and other Practical Discourses of his, have sold very well; but his Unfriendly Friendly Debate, never did him any great Credit: For as one wittily says,

'One Scene of Dryden springs more Noble Fire,  
Than all his Anti-Non-Con Quibbling Ire.'

"Dr. Taylor's Life of Christ, with his book of Holy Living and Dying, and Dr. Cave's Lives of the Apostles, are all Eminent in their kind. Dr. Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln, and Dr. Barrow, of Cambridge, are both Eminent Authors; These, Sir, are some, but not the Tythe of those of the Establish'd Church, which Emitted many good Books into the World, and their strenuous Writings against Popery, even

even in this Reign, are very much to be Commended. Nor must Dr. Sherlock be forgotten, who has gain'd more Reputation by Writing two Practical Treatises upon Death and Judgment, than by all his Polemical Writings.

“ But there are also, besides these Gentlemen of the Established Church, several good Authors also among the Dissenters. Dr. John Owen, sometime Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, and Dean of Christ-Church there, has written many Learned and Elaborate Treatises. His Books against Socinus, and Answer to the Cracovian Catechism, written in Latin, put so great a stop to the Spreading of that Error in Hungary, that the Protestant Churches there, sent over Messengers on Purpose to England, to thank him for the Pains he had taken therein, declaring at the same time the great good that had been done thereby in that Countrey: His Learned Exercitations and Exposition on the Epistle to the Hebrews, is an Excellent Piece, and sufficiently shews his great Learning: His Exposition also of the 130th Psalm, treating of the Forgiveness of Sins, is a most Excellent Book: But shou'd I recite all that he has writ, 'twou'd tire you.

“ Dr. Samuel Annesly, (to whom I have the Honour to be related as his Son-in-Law,) besides his being an Excellent Preacher, is also a Famous Author, as his Learned and Judicious Casuistical Exercises, Consisting of several volumes, do sufficiently Testifie: Besides several other of his Works.

“ Dr. Bates is also a very Eminent Author, and his Works much Esteem'd, both of Conformists and Nonconformists: his Harmony of the Divine Attribute, his Discourses of the Four last things, and several other of his Writings, meet with a general Acceptance. Mr. Stephen Charnock's Learned Works in two Volumes, are as useful for a Divine of any Perswasion, as any Books as I know extant, and have been as well receiv'd by all men, as they justly deserve. Mr. How is also an Eminent Author among the Dissenters, as his Blessedness of the Righteous, and other good Books by him  
Published,

Published, sufficiently declare. Dr. Manton's Works in folio, sufficiently declare him an Eminent Author, and so does Dr. Thomas Goodwin's also. Mr. Baxter's many Books (and some very large ones) have made him well-enough known to the World, and for ought I know, his Name and Memory wou'd have been as sacred, had he writ only that first Excellent Piece of his, call'd the Saints Everlasting Rest. Dr. Collings is also an Eminent Author, as his Treatise of Divine Love, and that other of the Actual Providence of God, do well enough declare.

"Nor must I omit amongst these great Names, to mention that of Mr. John Bunyan, who tho' a Man of but very ordinary Education, yet was a Man of great Natural Parts, and as well known for an Author thro'out England, as any I have mention'd, by the many Books he has Publish'd, of which the Pilgrim's Progress bears away the Bell.

"But as I said of the Church-men, so I must of the Dissenters, these are scarce a Tythe of the Eminent Authors among 'em. You see Sir," said I, "what a Task you have put me upon, and therefore if I have been too tedious, and worn your Patience out, you must thank your self, since 'tis the Deference I pay to your Commands that has occasion'd it. But I shall Dispatch the others quickly.

"As to Philosophy, especially Experimental Philosophy, there are the Transactions of the Royal Society, published by Dr. Grew; and the Celebrated Works of the Honourable Robert Boyle, Esq., who is also as great a Divine as a Philosopher, as his style of the Scriptures, Occasional Reflections, and his Seraphic Love will Witness.

"For Law, Fleta, Bracton, and Cook upon Littleton, are Eminent. There are also the Reports of Sir Geoffery Palmer, and divers other Learned Judges, Eminent in their times. Among which Sir Mathew Hale, late Lord Chief Justice of England, must not be forgotten, who was the Perfect Pattern of an Upright Judge, and as great a Philosopher and  
Divine

Divine as a Lawyer; as Divine Origination of Mankind in Folio, and his Meditations and Contemplations, in Octavo, which are Excellent things, do abundantly Evidence.

“For Physick, the Learned Dr. Willett is a Famous Author, and Dr. Salmon by his Dispensatory, and several other Books, is very well known.

“For the Mathematicks, Sir Jonas Moore and Mr. William Leybourn are both very Eminent Authors.

“And for Poetry, the Immortal Cowley, who first brought in the use of Pindarick Poetry in English. Besides whom we have Dryden, Shadwel, Tate, Settle, and several others, very Eminent Authors.

Nor must we here forget to do justice to the Fair Sex, Mrs. Katharine Philips having made herself deservedly Famous for her Excellent Poetical Pieces; Mrs. Behn also has approved her self a Devotee to the Muses; and not the least, tho' the last, is the Incomparable Philomela; than whom, none has drunk a larger Draught at the Heliconian Spring, or been a greater Favourite of the Muses.”

Mr. Cotton gave me many thanks for the Account I had given him of our English Authors; many of whom he said he had before heard on, and had some of their Works; but others of them were till now altogether unknown to him; but now that he knew them, he intended to enlarge his study with some of their Writings. I told him I was very glad I had in any measure gratified his Curiosity: And added, That since I had given him an Account of some of the most Eminent of our Old English Authors, he wou'd by way of Retaliation give me some little Account of their New-England Authors, for I did not doubt but there were many that had done worthily in this Countrey.

To this Mr. Cotton reply'd: “That I cou'd not expect New-England cou'd compare with Old, either for the Number of Authors, or the Excellency of their Parts and Endowments; New-England being only a Colony; and all their Learning



Learning but as springs from those two Fountains in Old England, Oxford and Cambridge: However, we have not been without Excellent Men in this Countrey: And amongst the first Planters here, Mr. John Cotton, and Mr. Seaborn Cotton, his Son, are deservedly Famous; and Mr. Shepherd for the many Excellent Tracts written by him, has his Praise in all the Churches: The many impressions that have been made of his Sincere Convert and Sound Believer, both at London, and here at Boston, shews what acceptance they have mett with in the World; his Parable of the Ten Virgins also, tho' in Folio, has been several times printed.

“Nor must the Famous Mr. Elliot (who is still living, tho' very aged,) be Omitted; whose indefatigable Zeal and Industry, both by Printing and Preaching, for the Conversion of the Indians, has given Place to none.

“And as to our Modern Authors, the Reverend Mr. Increase Mather, the Present Rector of our Colledge, holds the chief Rank, whose Universal knowledge, both in Divine and Humane Learning, is very well known both in New-England and Old too: And his Worthy Son, Mr. Cotton Mather, does not come much short of his Father; and his Works do also praise him in the Gate: And to the Honour of our Colledge do I speak it, he was brought up in it. And tho' our Colledge does not pretend to compare it self with any either in Oxford or Cambridge, yet has there been brought up in it since its Foundation, 122 Ministers; of which Ten are dead, seventy-one remain still in the Country, and Forty-one are removed to England.

“As to the other of our Boston-Ministers, I believe you have heard 'em, and know 'em to be good Preachers, and men of great Parts; There are also several eminent Ministers in several Parts of the Countrey, but of them, I can give you but a small Account, having little Acquaintance with them, and therefore shall pass them by.”

I then gave Mr. Cotton many thanks for the Trouble I had

had put him to, and promised him a Catalogue of my Books as soon as I could write it out, and so took my leave of him.

As my Friends and I were returning to Boston, there happened a little Scuffle between an Indian and his Son: and the Boy having received some Blows from his Father, ran away; at which the Father fell a Crying: I told my Friends, I thought it a great piece of Folly in the Father to Cry for Correcting his Son; To which one of his Friends<sup>99</sup> answered, That the Indians were the most affectionate People to their Relations (and especially to their Children,) that were in the World: Inasmuch (said he) that I have known a Father so extremely troubled for the loss of his Child, that for very grief and rage, he cut and stabb'd himself: But this inordinate Affection of the Parents, does only serve to make their Children Undutiful, bold and saucy.

He told me he once went into an Indians House, and desired him to give him a Cup of Water to drink; the Indian told him he should have it, and bid his Son, (who was a Lad of about eight years of age,) to fetch some Water; but the Lazy young Rogue refused it, and wouldn't stir: Whereupon (said he) I told his Father, That if it were my Child, I would make him do what I bid him; and that for refusing it, he ought to be corrected: Upon which the Father took up a stick to beat him; but the Boy took up another Stick, and flew at his Father: So that the Father was going to lay down his Stick again, and let his Son alone; but upon my persuasion, said he, the Father made him smart a little, and then he went for Water, and threw down his Stick. And the Father acknowledged to me, That Correction was very necessary for Children; and the neglect of it was the Cause of their Undutiful Behaviour.

My Friend also told me, That there is such a Natural Affection in the Indians towards their Brothers, That when one Brother had committed a Murder and fled, they have Executed

<sup>99</sup> This account of the Indian is from WILLIAMS, pp. 117, 118.—ED.

Executed the other Brother for it. And 'tis common with them for a Living Brother to pay the Debts of a Brother Deceased. Nor are they less kind to their Daughters, who are commonly the most dutiful; and when Marriageable Virgins, distinguish themselves for such, by a becoming Bashfulness, and the falling down of their Hair over their Eyes. There is one thing also very commendable among them, and that is, If any Man dies, and leaves small Children behind him, the Survivors take care of them, so that there are no Fatherless Children unprovided for, nor any Beggars amongst them.—By that time my Friend had ended his Discourse, we were come to Boston; and after having drank one Bottle of Cyder at George Monks, we parted, and went each to his own home.

My Fourth Ramble, my Cousin, (for you see I keep reckoning) was to a town called *Winnifimet*,<sup>97</sup> about a Mile from Charles Town, the River only parting them: There is nothing remarkable to be said of this Town, save that it is the last Town in the still Bay of the Massachusetts: As I was going out of Boston in the Morning all alone, I met with an Acquaintance who ask'd me whither I was going? I told him I was taking a Ramble to Winnifimet, upon which, he told me he had little to do, and therefore if I would accept of his Company, he would go along with me: Which I very readily did, and so we went together.

As we went along, we saw two Indian Houses, one being pretty large and the other a very small one: My Fellow-Traveller ask'd me if I knew what that little House was for? I told him No, unless it was to lodge a Servant, or put odd things out of the way: He<sup>98</sup> told me I was mistaken; for that little House was made for their Women and Maids to live a-part in, four, five, or six Days, during the time of their Monthly Sicknes; Which Custom he said was strictly observed

<sup>97</sup> Winnifimet is now called Chelsea.  
—ED.

<sup>98</sup> From WILLIAMS, pp. 120, 121, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 132-5.—ED.

observed through the whole Countrey, and no Male on any pretence suffered to come into that House. I then ask'd him what their Houses were, and what was generally the Business of their Families: Says he, 'I have been often among 'em, and know their Customs very well;' 'You will,' said I, 'do me a pleasure to give me a Relation of 'em.'

'As to their Houses,' said he, 'you see what their outsides are; They are supported by long Poles, in number according to the bigness they design it; some very large ones consisting of fifty or threescore Poles, some more, and some less; but an Ordinary House has between thirty and forty; these Poles the Men get and pin them in the ground, and then the Women cover the House with Mats, and afterwards line it with Embroidered Mats which the Women make, and call them *Munnotaubana*, or Hangings; which makes a very fair show, and resemble many Mats which I have seen come from England to hang Houses with here. And then they have Burching Bark, and Chesnut Bark, which they dress finely, and have a Summer Covering for their Houses. Two Families will live very lovingly in a little round House of about fourteen or sixteen foot over; and so more or less, according to the bigness of their Houses, or the Proportion of their Families.

'They keep account of the time of the Day by the height of the Sun; and of the Night, by the height of the Moon and Stars; by which they can tell, as well as we by Clocks and Dyals. They are as full of business as the best Merchant in Europe, and as impatient of Meeting with any Obstruction or hinderance in it. Instead of shelves, they have several Baskets wherein they put all their Household-stuff; and some instead of these Baskets get great sacks made of Hemp, which will hold five or six Bushels, and in them they put their Household Implements. All their Corn is constantly beaten with hand by their Women, who are very laborious, and have much the hardest Task, for they also plant it, dress  
it,

it, and gather it, taking as much pains as any People in the World, whilst the Men live at Ease, and only follow Hunting, Fishing, or Fowling: So that their Women are the perfect Reverse of Europe. But they have this benefit above our European Dames, that in bearing of Children, and in the time of their Labour, their pains are very little and inconsiderable.

'They have a great value for knives, whence they call English-men Knive-men, from their making of Knives, the Indians using sharp stones formerly, instead of Knives and Hatchets. Their Houses are most commonly open, their Door being only a hanging Mat, which when lifted up, will fall down of it self. But they begin now to be a little more refin'd, several of them having English Boards and Nails, with which they now make artificial Doors and Bolts themselves; and others of them make slighter Doors of Birch or Chestnut Bark, which is in much request with 'em: These Doors they make fast with a Cord in the Night Time, or when they go out of Town, and then the last that makes fast the door goes out at the Chimney, which is a large opening in the middle of their House. Their Women shew themselves true Mothers, and Nurse all their Children themselves, except it be some very rich or high Woman, and then she maintains a Nurse to tend the Child. Many of them now begin to be furnished with English Chests to put their best things in; and others when they go out of Town, bring their Goods to the English (if they live any thing near:) And as for their money, they hang it about their Necks, and lay it under their heads when they sleep. They are generally very contented, for the poorest among them will say they want nothing.

'Both Men and Women generally take Tobacco, and they have a Tobacco-Bag, with a Pipe in it, hanging at their Backs; Sometimes they make such great Pipes both of Wood and Stone, that they are two foot long, with Men and  
Beasts

Beasts carved on them; but these are very rare among those that are here, but are common among the *Mauquduwogs* or Men-Eaters, three or four hundred miles from us. They have an Excellent Art to cast our Pewter or Bras into very neat and artificial Pipes: The Tobacco they take is of a weak sort, which the Men generally plant themselves: And yet, as well as they love Tobacco, there are several of the English that will out-do 'em in taking it, so much has that Weed prevail'd.

'They oftentimes remove their Houses, which they do upon several occasions: They commonly Winter in low, Warm Vallies; and when 'tis Spring, and the Weather grows warmer, they remove nearer to their Summer Fields where they plant their Corn.—In the middle of Summer they are extreemly molested with Fleas, which the dust of the House breeds; this makes 'em on a sudden, to get rid of those Troublefome Guests, remove from that to the other side of the Field; and sometimes they have Fields a mile or two distant; and when the Work of one Field is done, they remove House to the other: If any one of their Family happens to dye, they presently remove to a fresh place, and never return thither again. In time of War, if an Enemy approach, they remove into some Thicket or Swamp, unless they have a Fort to remove to, where they may defend themselves. Sometimes they remove House for the better Convenience of Hunting and continue there till the Snow begins to lie thick, and then they will remove again to their first station.

'Both Men, Women, and Children, will travel through the Snow, sometimes thirty, nay, fifty or sixty miles. But their great remove is, from their Summer Fields, to warm and thick Woody Bottoms, where they winter. They are very quick in their Motion: For in half a day, nay, sometimes at a few hours warning, they are gone, and the House up elsewhere; especially if they have stakes ready pitch'd  
for

for their Matts. I once,' said he, 'in my Travel lodg'd at a House, in which at my return, I hop'd to have lain again there the next night, but the House was gone in the interim, and I was forc'd to lodge under a Tree. The making of the Poles is the Mens Business, but the Women make and set up, take down, order and carry the Mats and Household-Stuff.

'Thus,' says my Fellow-Traveller, 'I have given you a large account of the Indians Manners and Customs in relation to their Houses and their House-keeping: which I have heretofore observ'd in my travels among them.' I acknowledg'd his kindness in so far gratifying my Curiosity, and thank'd him for his Civility and good Company. By this time we were come to the Town, which consisted of some few Houses by the Sea-side, this being the last Town in the Massachusetts Bay; here my Fellow-Traveller had an Acquaintance and Friend of his that liv'd, which made him so willing to come along with me, thither it was we went, and met with a hearty welcome: Where after we had staid till the Shadows of the Evening were ready to overtake us, we thought it was high time for us to make the best of our way to Boston; whither (after having taken our leaves of our Benefactor, and given him many thanks for his kind entertainment,) we went accordingly, and just came home as Night began to muffle up the Day, and draw her Sable Curtains o'er the Skies.

My Fifth Ramble from Boston was to a Town now call'd *Lin*, but formerly by the Indians, *Cawgust*,<sup>99</sup> *Sagust*, *Saugut*: To this Town three or four of my Acquaintance took a Ramble with me, for the day was so inviting, that none that had any leisure to go abroad, wou'd stay at home: They were before-hand determin'd to go abroad, so that I didn't reckon my self much beholden to 'em for their Company, only they gave me leave to Chuse the place, and I pitch'd upon *Lin*, being (as I before told you) still for New Discoveries:

<sup>99</sup> The more usual form was *Saugus*.—ED.

coveries: They were all very merry but my self, who was extremely out of Humour, I knew not why: The strange Inquietude I found within, made me suspect all was n't well with the dear Partner of my Life, my Iris; and that by reason of that perfect Union of Souls, I by a Secret but powerful Sympathy was now the Partner of her Sorrows, tho' I knew 'em not; and this one thought, was cause enough to spoil the pleasure of my this Days Ramble, which made me to reflect how poor those pleasures are, one thought can spoil.

However, to divert me, one of the Company<sup>100</sup> wou'd needs give me an account of the Indians manner of Travelling; which he said was mostly on foot, because they had no Horses, altho' they coveted them above any other Cattel, but cou'd not come up to the English price, to buy them, and therefore against their Wills were forc'd to go without 'em. In the time of War they were used to make Refuges for their Wives and Children in thick Woods and Swamps, like the Bogs in Ireland; and in the mean time the Men wou'd fight. They are very joyful when they meet any on the Road, and will strike fire either with stones or sticks to take a Pipe of Tobacco, and discourse together the while; and there is some reason for it, because the Roads are so much unfrequented. Sometimes a Man shall meet a lame Man, or an old Man with a Staff; but generally a Staff is a rare sight even in the hand of the Eldest, their Constitution is so strong; and yet it is a Rule amongst them, that it is not good for a Man to travel without a weapon, nor alone.

'I once,' said he, 'travell'd with near 200 Indians, who had word brought 'em of near 700 Enemies in the Way: Yet they all resolv'd that it was a shame to fear or go back; and so they went forward with a purpose to fight their Enemies, but they did not meet with them, they turning another way. If any Robbery fall out in Travel between Persons of Divers States,

<sup>100</sup> As usual the friend was WILLIAMS. See pp. 158-162.—ED.



States, the offended State sends for Justice ; and if no Justice be granted, nor recompence made, they grant out a kind of Letter of Mart, to take satisfaction themselves : Yet they are very careful not to exceed, in taking from others beyond the Proportion of their own Loss ; But Murthers and Robberies in this Countrey, are nothing near so frequent as in Europe.'

My Friend having done, and I being well enough pleas'd with the Relation he had given me of their Travelling, and observing their great Justice, I desir'd him to give me some account of the Religion of these People, that I might know from what Principle they acted : 'I mean,' said I, 'the Unconverted Indians, and not those that are Converted to the Christian Religion, (for that I hope we all know,) whom you call Friend Indians.' 'No,' said my Friend, 'you are mistaken in that; for we call many of the Unconverted Indians Friend Indians, provided they are such as live in Friendship with us, and are not our declared Enemies. But the Discourse of their Religion will engage us now too far, for we are almost come to Lin ; I will therefore reserve that discourse till we come back again.'

We all agreed to this motion, and in a little Time came to Lin ; which is a Town situated at the Bottom of a Bay without Pullin-Point, six miles North-East from Winnisimmet, near a River, which upon the breaking up of Winter vents it self with a furious Torrent into the Sea : The Town Consists of more than an hundred dwelling Houses, their Meeting-house being built upon a level, and defended from the North-West Wind, and is made with steps descending to it. Tho' it be none of the first-rate Towns in this Countrey, yet there are many others that are inferior to it.

Neither my self nor any of my Friends with me had any Acquaintance there ; so we went to a Publick House, where we met with good Accommodations : And our Host wou'd needs be acquainted with us whether we wou'd or no ; he  
was

was a bold forward sort of a Man, and wou'd thrust himself into our Company, and take up all the Discourse too, which was for the most part of his own good Qualities, Knowledge and Understanding; valuing himself at such a rate that he wou'd have made one of the three Dukes of Dunstable; and yet wou'd bring Scripture to Apologize for his Impertinence, telling us that a Candle shou'd not be hid under a Bushel; and made sensible that he wou'd not hide his, tho' it was but a Snuff, or at best but a rush Candle; and therefore those few good Qualities he had, he was no Niggard in displaying: Some of the Company affronted him sufficiently, but he took no notice on't, for he thought no vice so prejudicial as Blushing.

He din'd with us, without being invited, for he needed it not; and his talk at the Table was like Benjamin's Mefs, five times his part to any others; and tho' we often shifted the Theme, yet no Argument wou'd shut him out for a Quarreller; and rather than be non-plust, wou'd fly to Nonsense for Sanctuary: For my part I admir'd the address of his humour, and let him alone, for I perceiv'd he wou'd be sooner dash'd out of anything than Countenance; and tho' at first he seem'd very troublesome, I was at last pleas'd with him; for I found it was his trade, and that his Words serv'd equally for all men, and were all equally to no purpose: The best thing in him was, that his Troublesomeness made me shake off that Indisposition that had lain upon me all Day, and brought me again to a good Humour.

Having satisfi'd the Cravings of our Stomacks with a good Dinner, and exhilarated our Spirits with some good Liquor, and being at last wearied with our Landlords Impertinence; We paid our Reckoning, and return'd towards Boston again. But I had not forgot the promise that one of my Fellow-Travellers made me as we came, which was, to give me an Account of the Religion of the Indians, as we came back; which when we had come about half a mile from

from Linn, I put him in mind of. Whereupon he gave me the following Account.

'Methinks<sup>101</sup> Atheists (if any such there really be) shou'd blush and be asham'd to deny the being of a GOD, when even the Heathens themselves own him; and that he made the World: Nay, they go higher, and confes both that God is, and that he is a Rewarder of all them that diligently seek him. For they will generally confes that God made all; but then tho' they deny not but the English Mans God made English Men, and the Heavens and the Earth there, yet they affirm that their Gods made them, and the Heavens and the Earth where they dwell. I have heard a poor Indian call up his Wife and Children at break of Day to lament the losf of a Child, and with many Tears cry out, O God thou hast taken away my Child, thou art angry with me; O turn thy anger from me, and spare the rest of my Children. And when they are abroad in Hunting, or Fishing, if they meet with success, they acknowledge God to be the Author of it. And in common accidents that happen, as a Fall, or the like, they will say, God was angry and did it, &c.

'By what I have said, one wou'd take 'em to be Christians, but they are not, for here is their misery, they branch their Godhead into many Gods, which they invoke in their Solemn Worship: As, The Great South-West-God, to whose House they believe all Souls go; and from whom they say their Corn and Beans come: And then they have the Eastern God, the Western God, the Southern God, the House God, the Womans God, the Childrens God; not unlike the Papists in Europe, who have their He and She Saint Protectors, as St. George, St. Patrick, and St. Dennis; and of the Female Sex, the Virgin Mary, St. Winnifred, St. Agnes, &c., to whom they address their Prayers, as these poor Indians do to their several sorts of Gods. I<sup>102</sup> was once with an

<sup>101</sup> All of this account will be found in WILLIAMS, pp. 207-220.—ED.

<sup>102</sup> This was Roger Williams, it will be remembered.—ED.

an Indian young Man who lay a dying, and he called very much upon *Muckquachuckquand*, which those about him told me was one of their Gods, which had appeared, as they believed, to the Dying Man some years before, and bid him call upon him, whenever he was in distress. And as they worship these fancied Deities, so they also worship several of the Creatures, in whom they conceive doth rest some Deity; for they have the Sun God, the Moon God, the Sea God, the Fire God, and several others; supposing that Deities be in these Creatures.

'When I have argued,' said he, 'with some of them about their Fire God, they have told me that it cannot be, but that the Fire must be a God, or Divine Power, that out of a Stone will arise in a Spark, and when a poor Naked Indian is ready to starve with Cold, often saves his Life, and dresses our Food for us; and at other time, if he be angry, will burn the House about us; yea, and if a Spark fall into the dry Wood, will burn all the Country about our Ears: So that the Usefulness and Excellency that is in any Creature, makes them worship it: And therefore when they see any Excellency either in Men, Women, Birds or Beasts, they straight cry out, *Manitoo!* It is a God! And when they talk among themselves of the English Ships and great Buildings, of the Plowing of their Fields, and of their reading and Writing, they use to say, *Manitoowock*, They are Gods: Which by the way, is a strong argument, that there is a natural Conviction in the Souls of all Men, That God fills all things and Places, and that all Goodness and Excellency proceeds from him. So that an Atheist must do violence to his own Nature, before he can race out the Ideas of a Deity out of his Soul.

'But to proceed, and give you a more particular Account of their Customs in their Religion: Their chief Worship is at their Publick Feasts and Dances, which are both Publick and Private: And this of two different sorts. One is,  
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in Sicknefs, War, Drouth, or Famine; the other is after Harveft and Hunting time, when they Enjoy a Calm of Peace, Wealth, Plenty, and Prosperity. In Sicknefs, the Priest comes clofe to the Sick Perfon, and performs many ftrange Aétions about him, and threatens, and fometimes conjures out the ficknefs: For they conceive there are many Gods, or Divine Powers in the Body of Man, as in his Pulfe, his Heart, his Lungs, and other parts. They have been conjectur'd by feveral to have been the Defcendants or off-Spring of the Ten Tribes of Ifrael,<sup>103</sup> carry'd Captive by Salmanaffar, King of Affyria, no man knows whither. And that which gives fome grounds to this Conjecture, is, That their Customs in many things refembles that of the Ifraelites; for they have fuch an Exaét form of King, Priest, and Prophet, as was in Ifrael. Their Kings and Governours are called *Sachimauog*, Kings, and *Maufkowaug*, Rulers, which do govern them; their Priests perform and manage their Worfhip; and their wife Men and Old Men (of which Number the Priests are alfo) whom they call *Taupowauog*, and thefe make Speeches and Orations, or Lectures to 'em, concerning Religion, Peace, or War, or indeed any other matters.

' He or She that makes this Feaft, or Dance, befides the Feafting of fometimes forty or fifty, nay, an hundred, or more, gives alfo a great quantity of money, and all forts of their Goods, according to their Ability, and fometimes beyond it, to the value of perhaps eighteen pence, or two fhillings to one perfon: And the Perfon that receives this Gift, upon the receiving it, goes out and hollows thrice for the Health and Profperity of the Perfon that gave it. By this

<sup>103</sup> This conjecture of the Ifraelitish defcent of the Indians may be credited to DUNTON. WILLIAMS writes (p. 212): "They have an exaét forme of King, Priest and Prophet, as was in Ifrael typicall of old in that holy Land of Canaan, and as the Lord Jefus ordained in his spirituall Land of Canaan his Church throughout the whole World: their Kings or Governours called *Sachimauog*." &c. This certainly gives no warrant for DUNTON'S theory.—ED.

this Feasting, and those Gifts, the Devil drives on their Worship pleasantly; so that they will run far and near to ask who makes a Feast? One thing is commendable in 'em, and that is, They have a modest Religious Perswasion, not to disturb any Person, whether it be themselves, or the English, Dutch, or any others, in or for their Conscience and Worship.

' The Soul they call *Cowwewonck*, from *Cowwene*, to sleep, because they say the Soul works and is active, when the Body sleeps: They also call the Soul *Michachunk*, which signifies a Looking-glass or clear Resemblance; and indeed, a clear sight or discerning, seems very well to agree with the nature of the Soul. They believe that the Souls of Men and Women go to the South-West; and that all good Men and Women go to the House of *Cautantouwit*, where they have hopes (as the followers of Mahomet have) to enjoy carnal delights and pleasures: And that the souls of Murderers, Thieves, Lyars, and bad Men, wander abroad in a restless Condition.

' I was once,<sup>104</sup> where an English Minister that understood the Indian Language, spake thus to a great many Indians, that were gathered together to hear him: "Friends, I will ask you a Question;" they bid him, Speak on: He then said, "What think you? Who made the Heavens, the Earth, the Sea, and the World?" To this some said, *Tatta*, I cannot tell: Others said *Manitowock*, that is, the Gods: The minister then ask'd them, how many Gods there were? They answered, There are many, a great many. He then replied, "Friends,

<sup>104</sup>The passage that follows is a fine specimen of DUNTON'S adaptations. WILLIAMS writes (p. 215): "Now because this book (by GOD'S good Providence) may come into the hand of many fearing GOD, who may also have many an opportunity of occasional discourse of these their wild brethren and Sisters. . . . I shall propose some proper expressions concerning the Creation . . . and particularly theirs also, which from my selfe many hundredths of times, great numbers of them have heard," &c. &c. He then gives the phrases and supplies the answers which the Indians will make. All of this imaginary scene DUNTON says happened in the experience of his friend.—ED.

"Friends, It is not so, you are mistaken, you are out of the way:" (which is a phrase with which they are much taken; possibly because it is proper to those who are (like them) wandering in the Woods; and similitudes do very much please them).

'But the Minister went on, and said, "I will tell you some News: There is only one God, who made the Heavens, the Earth, and the Sea, five thousand years ago, and upwards. He alone made all things out of nothing: In six days he made all things: The first Day he made the Light; the second Day he made the Firmament; the third day he made the Earth and Sea; the Fourth Day, he made the Sun and Moon, those two great Lights, and all the Stars; the fifth day he made all the Fowl in the Air, and all the Fish in the Sea; the sixth day he made all the Beasts of the Field; and last of all, he made one Man of red Earth, and call'd his Name Adam, or red Earth; and afterward while Adam slept, God took a Rib from him, and of that Rib he made one Woman, and brought her to Adam; and when Adam saw her, he said, This is my Bone. On the seventh day God rested; and therefore all English Men work six Days, and on the seventh Day they praise God." At this relation they seem'd very much satisfied; especially at the reason why the English and Dutch (as they had before observed,) laboured six Days, and rested the seventh. And some of them said, "We never heard of this before; but our Fathers have told us, That *Kautantowit* made one Man and Woman of a Stone, which he disliking, broke them in Pieces, and then made another Man and Woman of a Tree, which were the Fountains of all Mankind."

'After the *Minister* had made an end of preaching his Sermon, which is too long for me to repeat, (said my Fellow-Traveller)<sup>105</sup> an Indian told a Sachim that was there, That  
Souls

<sup>105</sup> We here come to another of WILLIAMS'S own experiences; (p. 219.) "After I had (as farre as my language would reach,) discoursed (upon a time) before

Souls went up to Heaven, or down to Hell, for, said he, Our Fathers have told us, That our Souls go to the Southwest. To which the Sachim answered, But how do you know your self, that your Souls go to the Southwest? Did you ever see a Soul go thither? The Indian replied, When did the Minister see a Soul go to Heaven or Hell? The Sachim answer'd again, He hath Books and Writings, and one which GOD himself made, concerning Mens Souls, and therefore may well know more than we, that have none; but take all upon trust from our Fore-Fathers. And the said Sachim, and the Chief of his People discoursed among themselves of keeping the Englishmans Day of Worship. But whether they did or not, I know not. But by what I have related,' said my Friend, 'you may see that the Indians are not an obstinate or incorrigible People, but that there is hopes that in time they all may, as some of them have been, be converted, and brought from their Worship of many Gods, to the Knowledge of the true God, who is blessed for ever, and whom to know, is Life Eternal.'

I gave my Friend many thanks for the Ingenious Relation he had made me of the Religion of the Indians, with which I was very much affected; and which I hope will be diverting to you, my dear Cousin. But by this time, we were come to Boston, where we took leave of each other, and went each to his own Apartment.

My Sixth Ramble was to a Town called *Nantascot*: But I wou'd not have you think, my Cousin, that I rambled for Six days together successively; that wou'd have been Rambling too much from my Business: For tho' I left Palmer in my Warehouse, whom I knew to be a faithful Servant; yet

before the chiefe Sachim or Prince of the Country, with his Archpriests, and many other in a full Assembly; and being night, wearied with travell and discourse, I lay downe to rest; and before I slept, I heard this passage: A Qun-

nihticut Indian (who had heard our discourse) told the Sachim Miantunnomu, that soules went up to Heaven," &c. &c. This was an actual occurrence, here joined to the imaginary one by DUNTON. —ED.



I remembered that as the Masters Eye makes the Horfe fat, by honeftly cheating the Ofler, who otherwife wou'd have knavifhly cheated him, by Wronging the Horfe of his Provender; and in like manner I knew that the Masters prefence often in the Warehouse both makes the Customers the willing to come, and the Servant more diligent in attending and accommodatng them. Therefore for one day that I rambled abroad, I always took care to ftay two days in the Warehouse: For to fay Truth, my Coufin,

Who Profit joyns with Pleafure, gets the Day;  
He wins the Prize, and bears the Bell away:

But having by this Digreffion rambled from Nantafcot, to which I was a Rambling, 'tis time to get into the way again: Before my Rambling Day came, I always made fure of a Friend or two at leaft, to ramble with me; for I never cared to ramble alone, fince my Guide ferv'd me fuch a flipery Trick when I rambled to Medford, running away from me, and leaving me to come home alone. My Friends and I therefore having Refolved upon a Ramble to Nantafcot, had early notice given us by the Sun, to whom we paid a very great obfervance, both that 'twas time to rife, and that it was fit weather for us to purfue our Ramble; which we undertook the more cheerfully, as having an implicit affurance of the Suns good Company along with us, whose all-Enlivening Rays, I always found extreamly exhilarating to my Spirits. Nor had we any Caufe to find fault with our Journey, for we found in our way two fathom of Indian Money; which bore our Charges all the Day: Perhaps, Coufin, you may wonder at that Phrafe of a Fathom of Money, (as I my felf did at firft.)

I will therefore here give you a brief Account<sup>106</sup> of the Indians Money which goes Currant among them. You muft know

<sup>106</sup>WILLIAMS, pp. 233-237.—ED.

know then, that the Indians are ignorant of the Coyns we have in Europe, yet they have given a Name to ours, and call it *Moneash*, alluding to our English money: but tho' they are ignorant of our Coyns, yet they have Money of their own, which is of two sorts, one white, the other black: The white they make of the stem or stock of the Periwinkle, which they call *Meteahock* when all the shell is broken off; and of this sort, six of their small Beads, (which they make with holes to string, like Bracelets,) are current with the English for a Penny: Their black Money, which is inclining to, or looks a little bleuish, is made of the shell of a Fish, which the English call *Hens*, but the Indians *Poquanhook*, and of this sort three make an English Penny. The Black being double the value of the White. It is all made with holes and put upon Strings. They that live upon the Sea-side generally are their Coyners, or those that make it; and there it is no Treason for a Private Person to do it, for as many may make it as will.

For this sort of Money will the Indians bring down and sell all their Furs which they take in the Countrey, to the English, and to the Indians also: With this Money the English, Dutch, and French, trade to the Indians six hundred miles in several parts, (North and South from New-England) for their Furs, and what soever they stand in need of from them, as Corn, Venison, or any thing else. Of these Beads 360 put upon a string makes a Fathom, which of the White Money comes to five shillings, and of the Black 10°. But some years ago, one Fathom of their white money was worth nine, and sometimes ten shillings per fathom; but that which occasioned the Fall of it, was the Fall of Beaver in England, which it was very difficult to make the Indians understand, who thought the English had cheated them, when for English Commodities they made them pay so much more of their money.

Their white Money they call *Wompam*, which signifies  
white,

white, and their Black *Suckauhock*, *Sucki* signifying Black. Both amongst themselves and the English and Dutch, the Black Penny is two pence white, and the black fathom the value of two Fathom of White: That which we found upon the way happen'd to be all white, and was worth 10s. and tho' it was of the worser fort, we ne'er refus'd it, but took it as it was. They frequently hang these strings of money about their Necks and Wrists, and also upon the Necks and Wrists of their Wives and Children. And I have been told that they make curious Girdles of one, two, three, four and five Inches thickness, and more, of this Money, which they wear about their Middles, and as a Scarff about their Shoulders and Breasts, and this sometimes to the value of Ten pounds: And I have also been told that their Princes or Sachims make rich caps and Aprons (or small Breeches) of these Beads thus curiously strung, into many forms and figures; their Black and White being curiously mixt together.

But having thus far Rambled out of my Way, my Cousin, to give you a description of the Indian Money, 'tis time I now return to my Fellow-Travellers, who by this time are come near to Nantascot: We were so fair, as to ask all we met, whether they had lost any thing or not, but cou'd find no owner for our two fathom of money, which we were forc'd to spend in our own defence, some at Nantascot, and some at George Monks, when we came back to Boston.

Being come to Nantascot we took a survey of the Town, which is a Sea-Port, about two Leagues from Boston, where ships commonly cast Anchor: near which is Pullin Point, so called, because the Boats are haled against the Tide, which is very strong. It is the usual Channel for Boats to pass into the Massachusetts Bay. On the South Side of the Passage there is an Island containing about Eight Acres of ground; Upon a rising Hill within this Island is mounted a Castle. Here 'twas we first Landed, when I came into the  
Country;

Country: Tho' this Castle be no stately Edifice, nor very strong, being built with Brick and Stone, yet it commands the Entrance, so that no Ship can pass by without its leave: It is kept by a Captain, under whom is a Master-Gunner, and some others.

I then next took a transient view of Pullin-Point. The Bay is large, and has Boston in view, as soon as you enter into it: It is made by many Islands, the chiefest of which is the Dear Island, which is within a flight shot of Pullin-Point: It is called Dear Island, because great store of Deer were wont to swim thither from the main Land: We then viewed Bird Island, Glass-Island, State-Island, and the Governour's Garden, where the first Apple trees in the Country were planted, and there also was planted a Vineyard: Then there is Round Island, so called from the figure of it, and last of all Noddles Island, not far from Charles-Town. Most of these Islands lie on the North-Side of the Bay.

And having now satisfied our selves with the Pleasant Prospect we had, we went to the best House we cou'd find in Nantascot, and there had a good Dinner, for which we paid a Fathom and a half of our Indian Coyn; and by the length of the Shadows finding the Sun was inclining to his Journeys End, we hastened to Boston, whither being come, we went to George Monks (a Noted Publick House there,) and there having melted down the other half Fathom, we parted.

My Seventh Ramble was to *Wissagusset*, the next Town to Nantascot, on the South-side of the Bay: I had but one Friend that accompanied me in this Ramble; and yet I did not want for Company; for his Conversation was so agreeable that I was very well pleas'd with it. As we went along we fell into a Discourse of the Deers, (which are very numerous in this Country,) and of their swimming over to Deer Island; and my Friend told me that they were not so subject to be hunted there, as on the main Land; I ask'd him who it was  
that

that usually hunted them, and he told me it was the Indians: I told him I had indeed heard that the Indians were great hunters, but had never heard what sort of Hunting they us'd: He told me, If I pleas'd, he wou'd give me an account of it; having seen 'em hunt himself several times: I thank'd him, and told him he wou'd oblige me much with the Relation.<sup>107</sup> He then thus began:

'The Indians have two several Ways of Hunting: First, When they pursue their Game, especially Deer, of which there are abundance; these they pursue in twenty, forty, fifty, yea sometimes in two or three hundred in a Company, as I have seen; when they drive the Woods before them. A second way of Hunting they have is, by Traps of several sorts: To which purpose, after they have observed in spring time and Summer the haunt of the Deer, then about Harvest they go ten or twenty together, and many times more; and withal, unless it be too far off, their Wives and Children also, where they build up little Hunting-Houses of Barks and Bushes, not comparable to their dwelling-Houses, and so each Man takes his Bounds of two, three, or four miles, where he sets thirty, forty, or fifty Traps, and baits his Traps with that Food the Deer loves; and once in two Days he walks round to view his Traps, of which they are very tender, where they lie, and what comes at them: For they say the Deer, whom the Indians believe to have a Divine Power in them, will soon smell, and be gone: And therefore, *Npunnowaumen*, (which is, I must go to my Traps) is a usual Phrase with them.

'Nor is it without reason that they are so careful; for sometimes when a Deer has been taken in their Traps, they have found a Wolf there devouring him; and the Wolf being greedy of his Prey, they have killed the Wolf: Sometimes the Wolf having glutted himself with Eating one half, he leaves the other for his next bait; but the glad Indian coming

<sup>107</sup> WILLIAMS, pp. 248-252.—ED.

coming in the mean time, prevents him. But it is not the Wolf alone, that will devour the Deer, but other ravenous Beasts also: I remember how a poor Deer, after having been long chafed by a Stout Wolf, was at last tired, and the Wolf feized upon it, and kill'd it; but in the Act of devouring his Prey, two English Sows, big with Pig, Past by, and assaulting the Wolf, drove him from his Prey, and devoured so much of that poor Deer, that the Swine both surfeited, and died that Night.

'When a Deer is caught by the Leg in a Trap, sometimes there it lies a whole day before the Indian comes; and so the Deer lies a prey to the ranging and ravening Wolf, and other Wild Beasts, but most commonly to the Wolf, who siezeth upon the Deer, and robs the Indian (at his first devouring) of near half his Prey; and if the Indian comes not the sooner, the Wolf will make a Second Meal, and leave the poor Indian nothing but the Bones, and the torn Deers Skin; Especially if the Wolf brings some of his greedy Companions to this bloody Banquet. But the Indian being thus disappointed, makes a falling Trap with a great Weight of Stones; and so sometimes knocks the Wolf on the Head with a gainful Revenge; Especially if it be a black Wolf, whose Skins they greatly prize. When any Controversie happens between two Indians, or more, whose a Deer shall be, they commonly divide it, to prevent quarrelling. And when a Deer, Wolf, or any other Beast, happens in hunting to run into the Water, and is kill'd there, the skin is carried to the Sachim or Prince within whose Territory it was slain: This they call *Pumpom*, that is, a Tribute Skin.'

I gave my Friend many Thanks, for his Relation, but told him they did not hunt for Pleasure, as we did in England, and indeed throughout Europe, where Hunting is counted one of the Noblest Recreations: He told me 'twas true, they did not hunt with so much Gallantry, but then it was with  
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less hazard and more Profit; and as for Pleasure, they took as much to find a Deer in a Trap, as the Europeans did to hunt him down, and then their Profit,' said he, 'which is the Chief thing they aim at, is considerable. For they don't only get Winter Provision for their Families, (they hunting for the skins most part after Harvest,) but make a great advantage of the Skins, which they sell both to the English and Dutch, for ready money; and is one of the Chief Commodities which the Merchants Export hence.'

Our discourse brought us insensibly to Wiffagusset, which is a place easily survey'd, for it is but a small Village, Situate on the South-side of the Bay, about three miles from a Town call'd Mount Wolleston: There are but few Houses in it, the Inhabitants for the most part addict themselves to Husbandry, the Soil about the Town being Extraordinary fertile. In this Village we had like to have been hard put to it for a Dinner. But cou'd you think, Cousin, that my Father-in-Law, Dr. Annesly, cou'd help me to a Dinner here? Yet so it was, for it happened that a Gentleman liv'd in this Village that had seen me in my Ware-house in Boston, and had heard that I was Dr. Annesly's Son-in-law, who passing by as we were asking for a Public House, told us there was none in the Town: And then asking me whether I was not Dr. Annesly's Son, I told him I had the Honour to be related to him, having married his Daughter: He then desir'd me and my Friend to go along with him to his House, and accept of a small Dinner with him: My Friend and I look'd upon it to be no time to compliment, and therefore went at the first Invitation.

We found there a very good Dinner, and were Treated by the Gentleman very genteelly and Civilly, he being pleas'd to tell me he was very glad he had an Opportunity to satisfy his respects to Dr. Annesly, by whose Writings he had receiv'd much good, and for whom he had an Extraordinary respect: (and between you and I, Cousin, I was as  
glad

glad on't as he, for otherwise I shou'd have gone without a good Dinner). And indeed the Dr. is very much esteem'd throughout the whole Countrey. But having Din'd very plentifully, and had as much good Liquor as we car'd to Drink, I gave the Gentleman many Thanks for his great Civility and good Entertainment, telling him I shou'd be glad to see him at my Warehouse in Boston, we took our leaves on him, and return'd home, very well pleas'd with our seasonable Treat.

My Eighth Ramble (still, Cousin, you see I am within Reckoning) was to *Braintree*, to which place I had the Company of a Couple of Friends, who were willing to see Braintree as well as my self; but not for the same Reason: For my Reason was, because I had a mind to see it; but theirs was, because they had some Relations there: Which I was very glad to heare, because by that means I thought we were pretty sure of securing a Dinner, which fell out accordingly.

The Wind as we went was pretty high, and the Weather sharp and cold, which occasion'd a Discourse among us about the Weather, and made me ask, Why since New-England is above 12 degrees nearer to the Sun than Old England, it shou'd yet be colder here some part of Winter, then it is in England? To this one of my Fellow-Travellers<sup>108</sup> answer'd me, 'The Reason is obvious: All Islands being warmer than Main Lands and Continents; and England being an Island, the Winds in England are Sea-Winds, which commonly are more thick and vaporous, and warmer Winds. But the Northwest Wind, which occasions New-Englands cold, comes over the cold frozen Land, and over many millions of Loads of Cold Snow; And yet,' said he, 'the pure wholesomeness of the Air is wonderful, and the Warmth of the Sun such in the sharpest weather, that I have often seen the Indians Children run about stark naked in the coldest Days: And it

<sup>108</sup> WILLIAMS, p. 167.—ED.



it is common for the Indian Men and Women to lye by a fire in the Woods in the Coldest Nights.

'And as to the Winds, of all the Winds that blow here, the pleafantest and warmest Wind is the Southwest, which is most desired by the Indians, ordinarily making fair Weather; and therefore they have a Tradition, That to the Southwest, which they call *Sowwanin*, the Gods chiefly dwell; and thither the Souls of all their great and good Men and Women chiefly go. This South-West Wind is called by the New-Englilh the Sea Turn, which comes from the Sun in the Morning, about nine or ten of the Clock Southeast, and about South, and then strongest Southwest in the Afternoon, and towards Night it dies away. It is rightly called the Sea-turn, because the Wind commonly all the Summer comes off from the North and North-West in the night, and then turns again about from the South in the Day; as Solomon speaks of the Vanity of the Winds in their Changes, *Eccles. 1:6.*' From this Discourse of my Friend, I reflected, That God is wonderfully glorious in bringing the Winds out of his Treasure, and riding upon the Wings of those Winds in the Eyes of all the Sons of Men in all Coasts of the World.

By this time we were come to Mount Wollaston, or Merry Mount, called Massachusetts Fields, where one *Chicatabat*, the greatest Sagamore or Prince of the Countrey formerly liv'd: And here it is that the Town of Braintree is seated: Tho' it be near the Sea, yet it is no good Harbour, for no Boat nor Ship can come near it: That which is most remarkable in it, is an Iron Mill: To the West of this Town is Naponset River.

Having view'd the Town, my Friends went to see their Relations that liv'd there, who made us so very welcome, that we had no reason to be displeas'd with our Ramble, but return'd to Boston very well Satisfied. And to make my Friends amends for the Treat I had receiv'd upon their  
Account

Account at Braintree, I told them, That if they wou'd go with me the next week to Dorchester, I wou'd retaliate their kindness, by another Treat which I was sure to have from a Friend of mine there; and that besides, I had a great mind to see the Town of Dorchester: They told me they wou'd gladly do it, and so having appointed a Day, we parted.

My Ninth Ramble, my Cousin, was to the Town of *Dorchester*; my Friends [met] me in the morning of the fore-appointed Day, according to their Word: We began our Ramble almost as soon as the Sun began his; and had both good Way and good Weather; the Wind being neither so high, nor the Weather so sharp as when we went to Braintree: As we pass'd along, we had the Sea in View, and saw some Persons fishing thereon, which made me say to my Companions, 'I have already had an Account of the Indians Hunting, and now, to make the way seem less tedious, I wou'd desire one of you which best can, to give me an Account of their way of Fishing, and what sort of Fish you have in this Countrey.' Then he that was the best Spokesman, and that gave me an Account of the Weather, &c. when we went to Braintree, thus began.

'The way of Fishing which the Indians use, has nothing very remarkable in it to distinguish it from that which is us'd by the English; but the variety of our Fish may be worth your Knowledge: Which I will therefore give you an account of, as far as my Memory will let me. And because I intend to Name 'em all, I shall name those we have in England, as well as those that are peculiar to this Countrey.' I bid him proceed without any further preface.

'The first,' said he,<sup>100</sup> 'I shall name, is the Cod, which is indeed the first that comes, a little before the Spring; then we have Lampries, which is the first that comes in the Spring, into fresh Rivers; we have also a Fish somewhat like a Herring, but not the same; We have also a Fish call'd

<sup>100</sup> WILLIAMS, pp. 196-202.—ED.

call'd a Basse, of the head of which the Indians (and the English too) make a very fine Dish, this Fish having a great quantity of Brains and Fat, which eats as sweet as marrow: We have likewise great quantities of Sturgeon in this Countrey; which for the goodness and greatness of it, is very much priz'd by the Natives, who upon that score refus'd at first to furnish the English either with so many as they wanted, or so cheap as they might have been afforded, till the English themselves got the way of fishing for them, and now they may have [them] cheap enough. The Indians venture one or two in a Canow (which is a Boat made out of the Body of a Tree, of one intire piece of Wood) and with an Harping Iron, or some such-like Instrument, stick this Fish, and so hale it into their Canow; and sometimes they take them by their Nets, which they make of Hemp, very strong. Which Nets they will set thwart some little River or Cove wherein they kill Basse (at the Fall of the Water) with sharp sticks or Arrows, especially if headed with Iron gotten from the English, &c.

'Another Fish we have is Mackarel; we have also Salmon, which the Indians call Redfish; then we have a fat, sweet Fish something like a Hadock: Bream is another of our Fish, of which there is abundance, which the Indians dry in the Sun and Smoak, and some of the English begin to salt; both ways they keep all the year; and it is hoped it may be as well accepted as Cod at a Market; and better too, were it once known, it being a better Fish; we have likewise a Fish call'd Sheeps-heads,<sup>110</sup> and good store of Eels; Porpuses is another of our Fish, and we have also Whales, which in some places are often cast up: I have seen some my self, said he, 'but they were not above sixty foot long, which were counted but small ones: The Indians cut them out in several Parcels, and give and send it far and near

<sup>110</sup> Mr. TRUMBULL in his notes to WILLIAMS, says that the Sheeps-head is the Tautog.—E.D.

near among themselves, for an acceptable present; and as such it is taken.

'We have also great store of Oysters, Lobsters, and Clams, which last is a sweet kind of Shelfish, which all the Indians generally throughout the Countrey delight in, both Winter and Summer; and at low water the Women dig for them: This Fish, and the natural Liquor of it they boyl, and it makes their Broth and their *Nasaump* (which is a kind of thickened Broth), and their Bread seasonable and savoury, instead of salt. And because the English fwine will dig and root for these clams, wheresoever they come, and watch for the low Water, (as the Indian Women do) therefore of all the English Cattel, the Indians hate the Swine most, calling them filthy cut-throats; for the truth is, Swine are of a very filthy disposition, and a Creature good for nothing while it lives; tho'<sup>m</sup> when 'tis dead, it is excellent meat, and far exceeds the best Pork in England.

'We have also in this Countrey Horse-fishes, and a little thick shell-fish, which the English call Hens, but the Indians *Poquanuhock*; which the Indians wade deep and dive for; and after they have eaten the meat, they break out of the shell about half an Inch of a black part of it, of which they make their *Suckauhock*, which they account very pretious.

'And then we have a Fish called the Periwinkle, of which the Indians make their *Wompam*, or White Money: I must say this for the Indians,' (continu'd my Friend) 'that the Indians are very industrious in their Fishing, watching their Seasons both by Day and Night; it being an Ordinary thing with them to lay their naked Bodies on the cold shore about a small fire of two or three sticks, in the coldest Night, often going into the Water to search their Nets.

'We have also here a sort of little Fish, half as big as sprats,

<sup>m</sup>This remark on the superiority of American pork may be credited to DUNTON.—ED.

sprats, very plentiful in the Winter-Season. We have another Fish, which we call a Winter-Fish,<sup>112</sup> which comes up in the Brooks and Rivulets, and which some call Frost Fish, because they come from the Sea into Fresh Brooks, in times of Frost and Snow: The last I shall mention, is what we call a Fresh-Fish,<sup>112</sup> which when the Indians take, they are forc'd to break the Ice in fresh Ponds, where they also take many other sorts, for the Countrey yields many other sorts of Fish, besides those I have mention'd; but I fear I have tir'd your Patience too much already.'

I thank'd my Friend for his Pains, assuring him that I was so far from being tyr'd, that I was very much delighted with his Relation; and cou'd not but reflect from what he had said,<sup>113</sup> how many thousand millions of those under-water Sea-inhabitants, in all the various Coasts of the World, seem to exhort the Sons of Men on shore, for whose use they were made, to adore and magnifie their glorious Maker.

But being not yet come to Dorchester, I desir'd my other Fellow-Traveller,<sup>114</sup> if it were not too much trouble to him, to give me a brief account of what sorts of Beasts this Countrey afforded, which were the Inhabitants of their Woods: He told me 'I shall be glad to serve you in what I can, but I can make no long Preamble, and hope you won't expect it; but as for the Wild Beasts in the Woods, I think there are these: Wolves good store, and some black Wolves, but not so many as the other; and then we have good store of Beavers, also red Foxes and gray Foxes.'

'Hold,' said my other Friend, 'before you proceed any further, let me say something of the Beaver: This is a Beast of Wonder, for he will cut and draw great pieces of Trees with his Teeth, with which, and sticks and Earth together,

<sup>112</sup>TRUMBULL calls the "Winter Fish" second-hand, WILLIAMS having already the Tom-Cod; and the "Fresh Fish," said the same. (KEY, p. 202.)—ED.  
the Pickerel.—ED.

<sup>114</sup>WILLIAMS, or his double. (KEY, pp.

<sup>113</sup>DUNTON's reflections were only a 187-190.)—ED.

together, I have often seen him dam up fair streams and Rivers; and upon these streams thus damn'd up, he builds his Houfe with Stories, wherein he fits at pleasure dry in his Chambers, and either stays there, or goes into the Water which he pleafes. His Skin is of good Value,<sup>115</sup> and is a very good Commodity both here and in England, the fineft Hats being made of his Furr, which from thence are call'd Beavers.—Now,' faid he to the other, 'Go on again, and I beg your Pardon for interrupting you:'

'I am very glad,' faid he, 'that you help'd me out; for I told you when I begun, you muft expect no Preambles of me: The laft that I nam'd was gray Foxes, of which I have feen feveral; but the Indians fay, They have Black Foxes too, which they have often feen, but cou'd never take; and that makes 'em fay they are *Manitooes*, that is, Gods, Spirits, or Divine Powers; for fo they fay of every thing which they can't comprehend. Next we have Racoones, Otters, Wildcats, and a Wild Beast of a reddifh hair, about the bignefs of a Pig, and rooting like a Pig, which the Indians call *Ockqutchaunnug*.<sup>116</sup> Then we have Squirrels of feveral Colours, and Coneys or Rabbits, which the Indians have a reverend efteem of, and conceive there is fome Deity dwells in it. We have alfo Deer in abundance; we have alfo Horfes, Cows, Goats, Swine, and Dogs. Some of thefe are Beafths of Prey, and others are prey'd upon.'

My Friend having done, I thank'd him: 'I perceive,' faid I, 'your Wildernefs is a clear Refemblance of the World, where the Great and Rich do for the moft part devour the poor, harmlefs and Innocent, as the Wolves and Wild Beafths purfue and devour the Hinds and Roes.'

This Difcourfe had now brought us to Dorchefter, which lies fix miles beyond Braintree; it is a frontier Town, very pleafantly

<sup>115</sup> This remark about the value of the skins and the manufacture of hats is doubtlefs DUNTON'S OWN.—ED.

<sup>116</sup> TRUMBULL fays this is the Woodchuck.—ED.

pleafantly feated, ftretching it felf out largely into the Main Land, and well watered with two Small Rivers: her Body and Wings, filled fomewhat thick with houfes, to the Number of above two hundred; beautified with fair Orchards and Gardens, having alfo plenty of Corn-land, and ftore of Cattel. This Town was heretofore efteemed the greateft in New-England, but now gives way to Boston, which has far out-ftript it. It hath a Harbour for Ships to the North. Having furvey'd the Town to our great fatisfaction, I went with my Two Friends to the Houfe of Deputy Stoughton, who lives here, and who had formerly invited me to his Houfe; which is one of the fineft in all the Town: He expreff'd himfelf very glad to fee me, in the moft obliging Terms that cou'd be, and told me that both myfelf and Friends were heartily welcome; he fhew'd me all the fine things in his Houfe, Orchard and Garden, which were indeed very ftately; and afterwards, Treated both me and my Friends very Nobly.

He enquir'd of me when I heard from England, and what was the beft News there? I told him there was little good to be expected during that Reign, and that unlefs fome Extraordinary turn of Providence appear'd, things were like to be worfe and worfe. He told me he was of the fame Opinion; but added, God was never at a lofs to carry on his own Work. After fome other Difcourfes of this Kind, I took my leave of him, with many Thanks for the Honour he had done me, and fo came back again in the Evening to our old Center, Boston; being all very well pleaf'd with our that Day's Ramble.

My next Ramble to the adjacent Towns, was to *Roxbury*, whither (for a Particular Reafon) I chofe to go alone. It is but a mile beyond Dorchefter, from whence I might eafily have gone to Roxbury then, but that I had company with me, which I cou'd not genteelly part with, and yet it was not proper for them to go with me. I fet out betimes in the  
morning,

morning, and came to Roxbury about Ten a Clock, and then took a view of the Town which is fair and handsome, the streets large and well built, the Inhabitants said to be very rich, their Houfes having those necessary Appendages of Orchards and Gardens, and well watered with Springs and small Rivulets, having a Brook running through it called Smelt-River, and a quarter of a mile to the North side of the Town runs Stony-River: It is seated in the bottom of a Shallow Bay, but hath no Harbour for Shipping, tho' Boats may come to it; It hath great store of Land and Cattel belonging to it.

But (that which is) the Glory of Roxbury, as well as of all New-England, is, that the Reverend Mr. John Elliot, (the first Preacher of the Gospel to the Indians,) that Great Apostle and Evangelist of the Indians, lives there. To pay a visit to whom, was the Principal Cause of my Chusing to go thither alone, that so I might have nothing to hinder me in Conversing with him. I had seen him at Boston once, and he then gave me a charge to come and see him at Roxbury, where (as he said) he had something to say to me; which also made me desirous to speak with him alone, that he might speak to me with the greater freedom.

When I came to see him, he receiv'd me with all the Tendernefs and respect imaginable, and had me up into his Study; and then he enquir'd of me with all the Expressions of Love and Kindness that cou'd be, how my Father-in-Law, the Reverend Doctor Annesly did? And when I had told him the state of his Health when I left London, he rejoiced very much thereat, and told me he cou'd not have too great a value for so painful a Labourer in the Lord's Vineyard as my Father-in-Law had so many years been, whose Earnest Travail for the Conversion of Souls he had for a long time been acquainted with: Breaking out into this Expression, *Is my Brother Annesly still alive? Blessed be God that I have heard of his Welfare before I die.* And then speaking to me,



me, said, 'Well, Young Man, how goes the Work of Christ on in England?' I then told him of the Troubles that were there, and how like Popery was to be set up again.

'No,' said he, 'it never will, it never shall: They may indeed attempt it; they have Towering Thoughts, as their Brethren the Babel-Builders had of old, but they shall never be able to bring their wicked Intentions to pass; for God will come down, and confound all their Designs, and make themselves the Workers of their own Overthrow.' And this he spake with very good Assurance. 'But,' says he, 'do the People of God keep up their Meetings still? Is the Gospel preach'd? Does the Work of Conversion go forward? Are Souls brought in to Jesus Christ? My Bowels,' says he, 'yearns after the good of Souls.' I told him, That tho' the Gaols were full of Dissenters, yet the Meetings were as numerous, and as much throng'd as ever. And I had heard my Father say, That more Members had been added to the Church the last year than in some years before.

Mr. Elliot was very well pleas'd at what I had told, and said, 'It was a Token for Good, that God had not forsaken his People.' And then, in a way of Triumph, he said, '*Come down, O Daughter of Babylon! and sit in the Dust; for the Cup shall pass over to thee: The Virgin Daughter of Sion hath laugh'd thee to scorn, she hath shaken her head at thee.* I see,' said he 'the fall of Antichrist, which God will hasten for his Elect's sake.' And then said to me, 'O labour to get in to the Ark, CHRIST, for there alone you will find Safety.' After which, he presented me with 12 Bibles in the Indian Language, and gave me a charge to present one of 'em to my Father, Dr. Annesly; he also gave me Twelve Speeches of Converted Indians, publish'd by himself, to give to my Friends in England: After which, he made me stay and dine with him, by which means I had the Opportunity of hearing him Pray, and expound the Scriptures with his Family.

After

After Dinner, he told me that both for my own, but especially for my Father's sake, whom he said he admir'd above most Men in England, if his Countenance and Recommendation cou'd be of any Service to me, I shou'd not want it: (And I have already found the good Effects of it:) And then I took my leave of him, with all those Acknowledgments which I ought to make him for so great Favours. But, my dear Cousin, I cannot yet leave this Great Man, (for such indeed he is.) I have attempted his Character, in which, if I am some thing large, I hope you will not think much, because I am sure the subject will bear it.

He<sup>117</sup> was born in England, but the particular place where, I know not; tho' perhaps the place of his Nativity was worthy of the Honour of being Contended for, as that of the Great Homer; but whatever place had the Honour of his Birth, it is New-England that with most Right can call him hers; for here he drew his best Breath, and in all probability will his last Breath. He came to New-England (as I have been informed) in the Month of November, 1631, among those blessed Planters which came over hither to Enjoy the free Exercise of the Protestant Religion, in its Purity and Power: When he came from England, he left behind him there, a young and vertuous Gentle Woman to whom he was contracted, and she coming over the year following, they were married in October, 1632. And this Wife of his Youth became also the Staff of his Age, and left him not till about half a year ago.

And

<sup>117</sup> Much of this account is taken verbatim from CORTON MATHER'S Life of Eliot. The first edition was printed for Joseph Brunning, at Boston, in 1691; the third edition was printed in 1694 for John Dunton, in London. It is also incorporated in the *Magnalia*.

It is certainly to be regretted that we have no knowledge of the birth-place of John Eliot, though there is much reason

to believe that it was Nazing, co. Essex. He had brothers, Philip, Jacob, and Francis, and such records as are preserved, point clearly to Nazing as the birth-place of all the family. He married Ann Mumford or Mountfort, who died, 22 March, 1687, and by whom he had several children. Numerous descendants remain, both of the name of Eliot and others.—ED.

And I have been told she was an Extraordinary Woman for Piety and Vertue, and that at her Death, Mr. Elliot, who very rarely wept, cou'd not refrain from Tears; and that at her Funeral, before a vast confluence of People, assembled on that occasion, with Tears in his Eyes, he said, 'Here lies my Dear, Faithful, Pious, Prudent Wife; I shall go to her, but she shall not return to me!' By her he had six worthy children; children of a Character which may for ever stop the Mouths of those Popish Blasphemers who have set a false Brand of Disaster and Infamy upon the Off-Spring of a Married Clergy: Tho' if you'll take the words of a Poet, *Do all Breathe something more than Common Air.*

This Great Man (for so I cannot but call him) was Converted very Early; not having known many Turns in the World, before he knew the meaning of a Saving Turn from the Vanity of an Unregenerate State; and one of the Chief Instruments that God was pleased to make use of to that End, was the Venerable Mr. Thomas Hooker, whose Name among the Churches in New-England, is as an Oyntment poured.

His first Appearance in the World, after his Education in the University of Cambridge, was in that difficult and unthankful but very necessary Employment of a School-Master; which he discharged with great Fidelity.

On his first arrival in New-England, he soon joyned himself to the Church at Boston; I find 'twas Church-Work that was his Errand hither. Mr. Wilson, the Pastor of that Church was gone back into England, to perfect the Settlement of his Affairs; and in his absence, young Mr. Elliot was he that supply'd his place.

But 'twas not Boston was to be his station; for having Engaged to some Christian Friends in England, that if they shou'd come into these parts before he shou'd be in the Pastoral Care of any other People, he wou'd give himself to them, and be for their Service; It happen'd that these  
Friends

Friends Transported themselves hither the year after him, and chose their Habitation at the Town which they call'd Roxbury: So 'twas in the Orb of that Church that he continu'd as a star fix'd for very near Threescore years, he being now in the 80th year of his Age; and being so aged, he is often telling his Friends, That he is shortly going to Heaven, and that he wou'd carry a deal of good News thither with him; he said, He wou'd carry Tidings to the old Founders of New-England which are now in Glory, That Church Work was yet carried on in New-England; that the Number of their Churches was continually Encreasing, and that the Churches were still kept as big as they were, by the Dayly Addition of those that shall be saved. He had once, I hear, a pleasant fear, that the old Saints of his Acquaintance, Especially those two dearest Neighbours of his, Cotton, of Boston, and Mather, of Dorchester, which were got safe at Heaven before him, wou'd suspect him to be gone the wrong way, because he staid so long behind them. I shall attempt to describe what was his Magnitude all this while, and how he perform'd his Revolution.

'Tis impossible to finish the lively Picture of this Pious and holy Man, without some Touches upon that Mortification which has accompanied him all his Days: For never did I see a Person more mortified unto all the Pleasures of this Life. He is so nailed to the Cross of the Lord Jesus Christ, that the Grandeurs of this World are unto him, just what they wou'd be to a dying Man: The meat upon which he lives is *Cibus Simplex*, and homely, but an wholesome Dyet: When he thinks the Countenance of a Minister looks as if he make too much of himself, he will go to him with that Speech, 'Study Mortification, Brother, study Mortification:' And he makes all his Addresses with a becoming Majesty. The Lust of the Eye is put out by him in such a measure, that it is in a manner all one to him to be Rich or Poor. His Apparel is without any Ornament, except that of Humility:  
Had

Had you seen him, Cousin, with his Leathern Girdle, (as I have<sup>118</sup> so often, as he comes to the Boston Lecture,) about his Loyns, you wou'd almost have thought what Herod fear'd, That John the Baptist was come to Life again. In short, he was in all regards a Nazarite indeed, unless this one, That long Hair was always very loathsome to him.

He is so great an Exemplar of Charity, that he that will write of Elliot, must write of Charity, or say nothing: His Charity is a Star of the first magnitude, in the bright Constellation of his Virtues, and the Rays of it are wonderful, various and extensive. His Liberality to Pious Uses, is much beyond the Proportion of his Estate in the World: Many hundreds of Pounds does he freely bestow upon the Poor. The good People of Roxbury doubtless cannot remember, but the righteous God will, how often and with what Ardours, with what Arguments he became a Beggar to them for Collections to support such needy Objects as fall under his Observation. The Poor count him their Father, and repair still unto him with a filial Confidence in their Necessities. And yet he can't persuade himself that he has any thing but what he gives away. He drives a mighty Trade at such Exercises as he thinks will furnish him with Bills of Exchange, which he hopes after many Days to find the Comfort of in Heaven. He does not put off his Charity to be put in his last Will, as many do, who therein shew that their Charity is against their Will; but is his own Administrator, makes his own Hands his Executors, and his own Eyes his Overseers. He is also a great Enemy to all Contention, and will ring a loud Courfeu-Bell, where-ever he sees the Fires of Animosity. When he hears any Minister complain that such and such in their Flocks are too difficult for them, his answer always is, Brother, Compose them; and  
Brother,

<sup>118</sup> All this description, as we have said, his leathern girdle (for such an one he is taken from COTTON MATHER; but as wore)," we may accept DUNTON's testimony as corroborative on the point.—ED.

Brother, learn the meaning of those three little words, Bear, Forbear, Forgive. Indeed, his Inclinations for Peace, makes him sometimes almost sacrifice his Right to obtain it.

I shall next tell you,<sup>119</sup> Cousin, how this Good man lives in his Family; The Apostle Paul, reciting and requiring the Qualifications of a Gospel-Minister, gives Order, That he be the Husband of one Wife, and one that ruleth well his own House, having his Children in Subjection with all gravity: His whole Conversation with his Wife, even till her Death, had that Sweetness, gravity and modesty beautifying of it, that none came nearer to the Pattern of Zachary and Elizabeth. His Family is a little Bethel, for the Worship of GOD is constantly and exactly maintained in it. No Exorbitancies nor Extravagancies can find a Room under his Roof, nor is his House any other than a School of Piety and Vertue: Which perhaps is the Original of that Tradition that is among 'em, That the Countrey can never perish, as long as Elliot is alive.

And now you may be sure, Cousin, that I was curious to hear him preach; and of his Preaching, I must say, He is a Preacher that makes it his care to give every one their Meat in due Season. It is Food, and not Froth, that in his Publick Sermons he entertains the Souls of the People with: He does not starve them with Empty and windy Speculations. It is another Property of his Preaching, that there is always much of Christ in it: And in this he imitateth my Reverend Father, Dr. Annesly,<sup>120</sup> who I believe, never ended a Sermon without Christ: As 'twas told of Dr. Bodly, That whatever Subject he was upon, when he came to the Application, still his Use wou'd be, to drive Men to the Lord Jesus Christ. From hence also 'twas, That he uses to give this Advice to young Preachers, ' Pray let there be much of Christ

<sup>119</sup> DUNTON still continues to follow MATHER closely, altering but few words. —ED.

<sup>120</sup> The reference to Dr. Annesly is an interpolation by DUNTON.—ED.

Christ in your Ministry.' It is observ'd of him, that he likes that Preaching best, that hath been well studied for; and will very much commend a Sermon, which he perceives has requir'd some good Thinking and Reading in the Author of it. And yet he likewise looks for something in a Sermon, beside and beyond the meer study of Man, for he is for having the Spirit of God breathing in it and with it.

An honourable Person<sup>121</sup> did once in Print put the Name of an Evangelist upon him; whereupon, in a Letter of his to that Person, afterwards Printed, his Expressions were, 'There is a Redundency where you put the Title of Evangelist upon me; I beseech you to suppress all such things.  
Let

<sup>121</sup> This 'honourable Person' was undoubtedly Edward Winslow. In Henry Whitfield's "The Light appearing more and more towards the perfect Day, Or, a farther Discovery of the present state of the Indians in New-England," 1651, (reprinted by Sabin of New York, 1865.) we find certain letters of Eliot to Winslow. At p. 18, Eliot writes, "A second redundance is page 17, (though misfigured and no matter,) where you put the title of Evangelist upon me, which all men take, and you seeme so to put it for that extraordinary office mentioned in the New Testament; I do beseech you to suppress all such things, if ever you should have occasion of doing the like; let us speak and do and carry all things with all humility; it is the Lord who hath done what is done, and it is most becoming the spirit of Jesus Christ to lift up Christ, and our selves lie low; I wish that that word could be obliterated if any of the books remain." See also "Hutchinson's Collection of Papers," i. 257-259, Prince Society's edition, in proof that this letter was addressed to Winslow.

Following this trace we find that the occasion when Winslow used this expression was in a tract reprinted in the

Massachusetts Historical Society's Collections, 3rd Series, vol. iv, p. 89. The tract is entitled "The Glorious Progress of the Gospel amongst the Indians in New-England, manifested by three Letters, under the Hand of that famous Instrument of the Lord, Mr. John Eliot, and another from Mr. Thomas Mayhew, jun., both Preachers of the Word, as well to the English as Indians in New-England. Wherein the riches of God's Grace in the effectual calling of many of them is cleared up: As also a manifestation of the hungry desires of many People in sundry parts of that Country after the more full Revelation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, to the exceeding Consolation of every Christian Reader. Together With an Appendix to the foregoing Letters, holding forth Conjectures, Observations and Applications. By I. D., Minister of the Gospel. Published by Edward Winslow. *Mal.* i: 11. London. Printed for Hannah Allen in Popes-head-Alley. 1649."

The particular passage is on p. 17 of the tract, and p. 89 of the reprint. WINSLOW writes, "Another Letter, Courteous Reader, dated in February last, I received also from this our Indian Evangelist (if I may so terme him)," &c.—ED.

Let us do, and speak, and carry all things with Humility.' His Life has long made it just for us to acknowledge him with such a Title. I know not whether that of an Evangelist, or one separated for the Employment of Preaching the Gospel, in such places where no Churches have hitherto been gathered, be not an office that shou'd be continu'd in our Days: But this I know, by the report of all Men, that Mr. Eliot does the Service and Business of such an officer.

The Natives<sup>122</sup> of the Countrey, I mean the Indians, have been forlorn and wretched Heathens ever since their first herding here; and tho' we know not when or how those Indians first became Inhabitants of this mighty Continent, yet we may guess that probably the Devil decoy'd those miserable Salvages hither, in hopes that the Gospel of the blessed JESUS wou'd never come here to destroy or disturb his Absolute Empire over them. But this Good Man, Mr. Eliot, is in such ill terms with the Devil, as to alarm him with sounding the Silver Trumpets of Heaven in his Territories, and has made some Noble and Zealous Attempts towards outing him of his ancient Possessions here.

I cannot find (upon the best Enquiry I have made) that any, besides the Holy Spirit of GOD, first moved him to the blessed Work of being an Evangelist, or Preaching to these Perishing Indians: 'Twas that holy Spirit which laid before his Mind the Idea of that which is now on the Seal of the Massachuset-Colony: A poor Indian, having a Label going from his Mouth, with a *Come Over And Help Us*: It was the Spirit of our LORD JESUS CHRIST which Enkindled in him a Pity for the dark, dying, damning Souls of these Natives, whom the God of this World has blinded through all the by-past Ages. He is none of those that make the Salvation of the Heathen an Article of their Creed, but (setting aside the Unrevealed and Extraordinary Steps which the

<sup>122</sup>As might be imagined, this sentence, as well as the preceding, is from MATHER's pen.—ED.



the Holy One of Israel may take out of his Usual Paths,) he thought Men to be lost, if the Gospel be hidden from them. All the good Men in the Countrey were glad of his Engagement in such an Undertaking: The Ministers especially Encouraged him, and those in the Neighbourhood kindly supply'd his place, and perform'd his Work, in part, for him at Roxbury, while he was abroad, labouring among them that were without.

Hereunto also he was further incited by those Expressions in the Royal Charter, in the Assurance and Protection whereof, this Wilderness was first Peopled, namely, *To win and incite the Natives of that Countrey to the Knowledge and Obedience of the only True GOD, and Saviour of Mankind.*<sup>123</sup> And the remarkable Zeal of the Romish Missionaries, compassing Sea and Land, that they might make Profelytes, made his devout Soul think of it with Disdain, that they in their Countrey shou'd come any whit behind in their care to Evangelize the Indians among whom they dwell. But the Exemplary Charity of this Great and Excellent Person in this Important Affair of the Conversion of the Indians, cannot be seen in its due lustre, unless I make some Reflections upon the miserable Circumstances which he beheld these forlorn Indians in.

Know then, my dear Cousin, that these doleful Creatures are the veriest Ruines of Mankind, which are to be found any where upon the face of the Earth: No such Estates are to be Expected among them, as have been the Baits which the pretended converters in other Countries have snapped at. So poor and miserable was their condition, that one might see among them what an hard Master the Devil is, to the most devoted of his Vassals. So helpless they were, that tho' they had many Iron Mines, there was not a knife, nor any

<sup>123</sup> "And the Christian faith, in our the plantation." This is the remainder royal intention, and the adventurer's of the quotation as it stands in Mather's free profession, is the principal end of *Magnalia*.—Ed.

any Instrument of Iron to be found amongst them: So poor, that tho' there be plenty of Gold and Silver Mines, they made their Money of the Shells of Fishes: So infatuated in their Understandings, that tho' indeed the Being of a Deity was not quite Era'd out of their Souls, yet so fordid and fottishly stupid were they, that they not only worship'd the Sun, Moon and Stars, whose glorious Light, and whose benign Influences might tempt a Heathen thereunto; but they even descended so low, that the Devil himself, under the most abhorr'd and filthy shapes, became the Object of their Adoration.

Let us in them, my Cousin, here behold the fatal Effects of Sin, and the deplorable Ruines of Humane Nature, which tho' Created in so much Holiness and Purity, is now miserably Fallen below the very Dregs of the Creation. In this State of gloomy and Cimmerian Night, sat these poor Tawny, Black, and Barbarous Indians, when the Great Eliot first came amongst them: and by the Preaching of the Gospel brought forth those sooty Captives of the Devil, into the glorious liberty of the Sons of GOD: For having his Heart inflam'd with a grateful Sense of the Grate Things GOD had done for him, the love of JESUS having the chief Ascendent in his Soul, he cou'd not rest till he had done his Utmost to obtain for him the Heathen for his Inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the Earth for his Possession.

But, Cousin, I must remember, That I am not writing an History of his Life, but giving you a brief Character of his Excellent Qualifications and admirable Graces: And, tho' you may think I expatiated too much therein, it will be a sufficient Apology, if I tell you, as I truly can, I have not said the half of what I might: And 'twill be no Hyperbole to tell you, That the most I can say, is the least that can be said upon so great a Subject. From this Person, (which is the only thing in the World I have to boast of) I have had a hearty Welcome into the Countrey; have had Advice, as  
my

my Cafe requir'd; and shou'd I tell you all other Favours I receiv'd from him, I must write on an Age. In short, I can't but think it a great Happiness that my Eyes were once blest with the sight of this Great Man: And the Honour of my having his particular Friendship and Countenance during my stay in America, did me a greater service than can be imagin'd by any that did not know him. I do confess my self no Poet, but the Extraordinary Merit of this Great Man, will not let [me] give over this Excellent Theme without writing the following Acrostick:<sup>124</sup>

AN ACROSTICK TO MR. JOHN ELIOT,  
Minister of the Gospel in New-England, now in the 80th year of his Age:  
Anno Dom. 1686.

I n Eliot alone New-England finds  
O re richer than in Peru's Golden Mines:  
H e in GOD's Grace is Rich beyond Compare:  
N ot Pearls nor Rubies half so precious are:

E ngland (his Birth-place) boast: And let them see  
L ove like to his does still reside in Thee.  
I ndians, rejoyce that Eliot e'er came here:  
O how Industrious does he appear,  
T hat the True GOD you may both Love and Fear. }

And now, my dear Cousin, give me leave to remind you, That my Ramble to Roxbury was the last Ramble I made to the adjacent Villages: And that therefore I have acquitted my self of the Promise I made you in the beginning of my Letter, (the length whereof, I hope you will excuse.) My next Ramble shall be, if God permit, farther up into the Countrey among the Indians; of which I shall give you an Account, if not before, at least when I come to London.

Pray

<sup>124</sup>We know at present of no one to dispute with DUNTON the authorship of this Acrostic.—ED.

Pray give my hearty Love to my Cousin your Wife, and to all else that Enquire of my Welfare. And assure yourself there is none does more Unfeignedly desire your Prosperity and Happinefs, than, Dear Cousin,

Your Affectionate Kinsman,

PHILARET.

<sup>100</sup>Since DUNTON has so much to say relative to John Eliot, it may not be inappropriate to give here a list of Eliot's publications, and of the titles of the pamphlets relating to the work of Christianizing the Indians here.

In the admirable Biography of John Eliot, contributed by the late Rev. Dr. Convers Francis to Sparks's "Library of American Biography," will be found a list of eleven pamphlets, relative to the Indian affairs, published between A. D. 1624 and 1671. As will be seen, all but one of these have been reprinted, but not in any one volume, or by any one publisher. We therefore give with the titles the reference to the reprints.

I. (*Massachusetts Historical Society's Collections, 1st S. Vol. viii., and 2d S. Vol. ix.*) Good Newes from New-England: or, A True Relation of things very remarkable at the Plantation of Plimouth in New-England. Shewing the wondrous providence and goodness of GOD, in their preservation and continuance, being delivered from many apparent deaths and dangers. Together with a Relation of such religious and civil laws and customs, as they are in practice amongst the Indians adjoining to them at this day. As also what commodities are there to be raised for the maintenance of that and other Plantations in the said country. Written by E. W., who hath borne a part in the fore-named troubles, and there lived since their first arrival. Whereunto is added by him a brief Relation of a credible intelligence of the present state of Virginia. London: Printed by J. D., for William Bladen and John Bellamie, and are to be sold at their shops at the Bible in Paul's Church-yard, and at the Three Golden Lions, in Corn-hill, near the Royal Exchange. 1624.

II. (*Sabin's Reprints, No. 7.*) New-England's First Fruits: in respect, First, of the (Conversion of Some, Conviction of Divers, Preparation of Sundry) of the Indians. 2. Of the Progress of Learning in the Colledge at Cambridge in Massachusetts Bay. With Divers other speciall Matters concerning that Country. Published by the instant request of sundry Friends, who desire to be satisfied in these points, by many New-England Men who are here present, and were eye or care-witnesses of the same. *Zach. 4: 10. Job, 8: 6, 7.* London, Printed by R. O. and G. D., for Henry Overton, and are to be sold at his Shop in Popes-head-Alley. 1643.

III. (*Sabin's Reprints, No. 9.*) The Day-Breaking if not the Sun-Rising of the Gospell with the Indians in New-England. *Zach. 4: 10. Matth. 13: 13.* Ibid., verse 33. London, Printed by Rich. Cotes for Fulk Clifton, and are to

to be sold at his shop under Saint Margaret's Church on New-fish-street Hill. 1647.

IV. (*Sabin's Reprints, No. 10.*) The Clear Sunshine of the Gospel breaking forth upon the Indians in New-England. Or, An Historiell Narrative of GOD's Wonderfull Workings upon fundry of the Indians, both chief Governours and Common people, in bringing them to a willing and desired submission to the Ordinances of the Gospel: and framing their hearts to an earnest inquirie after the Knowledge of GOD the Father, and of JESUS CHRIST the Saviour of the world. By Mr. Thomas Shepard, Minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, at Cambridge, in New-England. *Isaiah 2: 2, 3.* London, Printed by R. Cotes, for Bellamy, at the three golden Lions, in Cornhill, near the Royall Exchange. 1648.

V. The Glorious Progress of the Gospel, &c., title already cited in full. See *ante*, p. 199.

VI. (*Massachusetts Historical Society's Collections, 3d Series, Vol. iv.*) The Light appearing more and more towards the perfect Day. Or, A farther Discovery of the present state of the Indians in New-England, Concerning the Progress of the Gospel amongst them. Manifested by Letters from such as preacht to them there. Published by Henry Whitfield, late Pastor to the Church of CHRIST at Giltford, in New-England, who came late thence. *Zeph. 2: 11.* London, Printed by T. R. & E. M., for John Bartlet, and are to be sold at the Gilt Cup, near St. Austins gate, in Pauls Church-yard. 1651.

VII. (*Sabin's Reprints, No. 5.*) Strength out of Weakness, Or a Glorious Manifestation of the further Progress of the Gospel amongst the Indians in New-England. Held forth in fundry Letters from divers Ministers and others to the Corporation established by Parliament for promoting the Gospel among the Heathen in New-England, and to particular members thereof, since the late Treatise to that effect, formerly set forth by Mr. Henry Whitfield, late Pastor of Giltford, in New-England. Published by the aforesaid Corporation. *Cant. 8: 8.* London, Printed by M. Simmons, for John Blague and Samuel Howes, and are to be sold at their shop in Popes Head Alley. 1652.\*

VIII. (*Massachusetts Historical Society's Collections, 3d Series, Vol. iv.*) Tears of Repentance: Or a further Narrative of the Progress of the Gospel Amongst the Indians in New-England: Setting forth, not only their present state and condition, but fundry Confessions of sin by diverse of the said Indians, wrought upon by the saving Power of the Gospel: Together with the manifestation of their Faith and Hope in JESUS CHRIST, and the Work of Grace upon their Hearts. Related by Mr. Eliot and Mr. Mayhew, two Faithful Labourers in that work of the Lord. Published by the Corporation for propagating the Gospel there, for the Satisfaction and Comfort of such as wish well thereunto. *Isay. 42: 3.* London: Printed by Peter Cole, in Leaden-Hall, and are to [be] Sold at his Shop, at the sign of the Printing-Prese in Cornhill, near the Royal Exchange. 1653.

IX. (*Massachusetts Historical Society's Collections, 3d Series, Vol. iv.*) A Late and Further Manifestation of the Progress of the Gospel amongst the Indians in New-England. Declaring their constant Love and Zeal to the Truth: With a readinesse to give Account of their Faith and Hope; as of their desires in Church Communion

\* Sabin says there were three editions in the same year, and gives the titles in his reprint.

Communion to be Partakers of the Ordinances of Christ. Being a Narrative of the Examinations of the Indians, about their Knowledge in Religion, by the Elders of the Churches. Related by Mr. John Eliot. Published by the Corporation, established by Act of Parliament, for Propagating the Gospel there. *Acts* 13: 47. London: Printed by M. S. 1655.

X. (*Sabin's Reprints, No. 6.*) A further Accompt of the Progresse of the Gospel amongst the Indians in New-England, and of the means used effectually to advance the same. Set forth in certaine Letters sent from thence declaring a purpose of Printing the Scriptures in the Indian Tongue, into which they are already Translated. With which Letters are likewise sent an Epitome of some Exhortations delivered by the Indians at a fast, as Testimonies of their obedience to the Gospel. As also some helps directing to the Indians how to improve naturall reason unto the knowledge of the true GOD. London, Printed by M. Simmons for the Corporation of New-England, 1659.

[This tract Mr. Francis had never seen, but copied an abstract of the title from Rich's Catalogue.]

XI. (*Title copied from Stevens' NUGGETS.*) A Brief Narrative of the Progress of the Gospel amongst the Indians in New-England in the year 1670. Given in By the Reverend Mr. John Eliot, Minister of the Gospel there, In a Letter by him directed to the Right Worshipfull the Commissioners under his Majesties Great-Seal for Propagation of the Gospel amongst the poor blind Natives in those United Colonies. London, Printed for John Allen, formerly living in Little-Britain at the Rising Sun, and now in Wentworth Street near Bell-Lane. 1671.

[Of this, Francis wrote that it was a small tract of eleven pages, which he had not been able to find,—but that its title was in Rich's Catalogue. We do not know that it has been reprinted.]

As to Eliot's other publications, we have not deemed it necessary to cite their titles, since so many were in the Indian language. In the Eliot Genealogy will be found the following list, which agrees with Dr. Francis's notes.

*In Indian.*

1. Indian Catechism. 1653.
2. The New Testament. 1661.
3. The Indian Bible, Catechism, and Psalms of David in metre. 1663.
4. Indian Psalter. 1664. (Supposed to be part of No. 3.)
5. Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted" translated. 1664.
6. Indian Grammar. 1666.
7. Indian Logic Grammar. 1672.
8. The Practice of Piety, translated. 1685.
9. Indian Primer. 1687.
10. Shepherd's "Sincere Convert" and "Sound Believer," translated. 1689.

*In English.*

11. The Christian Commonwealth. 1660.
12. Communion of Churches. 1665.
13. The Harmony of the Gospels. 1678.
14. An Answer to Norcott's Book against Infant Baptism.
15. Dying Speeches and Counsels of such Indians as dyed in the Lord.



## LETTER V.

TO HIS EVER HONORED FATHER,  
THE REVEREND DR. SAMUEL ANNESLY,  
IN LONDON.

**M**OST Honoured and Reverend Father: Tho' the Providence of God has so order'd things, that I am at this time many hundred Leagues distant from your sight, yet I am sure I am not out of your Mind; for I am confident there is not one day passes wherein I am not remembered by you, in your Addresses at the Throne of Grace: And this I am bold to believe, not only from that Universal Charity you have to all Men, which has shin'd so illustriously through the whole Course of your Life, but also as I have the Honour to be related to you, and as I undertook this long (and to me tedious) Voyage, both by your Leave, and under the happy Auspice of your Solemn Prayers for my Protection and Preservation in it: Which I have found the good Effects of, in my Deliverance from a Thousand Dangers which have Threatned me (and through God's Goodness only Threatned me) since I saw you last: On which account (amongst many others) I can never enough Adore that Wonderful Providence that brought me first to know your Family: Which makes

makes me recollect how I first saw one of your Daughters, who pleas'd my Eye, and in a little time after married another, who engag'd my Heart: The first, indeed, was most Beautiful and Taking; but the last, most fit for me. And tho' I remember I first told you 'twas good to love with Discretion, yet I have found by a happy Experience, 'tis the greatest Discretion to marry a Suitable Wife.

I have, Sir, often reflected in my long voyage on the Sea, how you try'd my Love to your Daughter, by your Tunbridge Journey, thereby delaying the Consummation of my Happiness; and now 'tis my Turn to try her Love by a long Ramble to another World: Not that I need a Tryal on't to satisfy my self, who am so far from Doubt in this particular, that I am well assur'd we are bound up in one another's Souls: But that by this she has an opportunity to give the World a more Illustrious Evidence of that Affection which yet it is impossible for any one to know, but those that do possess it.

There is a Proverb, Sir, which tells us, *Matches are made in Heaven*; and if a Man may judge of things either by antecedent Providences, or subsequent Events, I dare be bold to say that ours was such: Why was it else that Mr. Cockeril, (who by the Copies of your Morning Exercises became first considerable) shou'd after a long Courtship, strengthned by your Approbation, lose that bright Jewel, which my self, assisted by kind Providence, and by your Favour, have had the Happiness to gain in a much shorter time? It is on this Account, Sir, that to this moment I retain a most particular and high esteem for all those worthy Instruments that Divine Providence was pleas'd to make use of in the making up of this happy Match: Amongst whom I must mention with due Honour, my Reverend Uncle, Mr. Marriot, as he that first made way for me; and I shou'd be Ingrateful, shou'd I forget my good Friend, Mr. Isaac Brinley, who seconded what Mr. Marriot had begun, with good effect;  
and



and who was, Sir, so zealous in the Match, and so well satisfied in the Worth of your Vertuous Daughter, that the first time I saw her, ere I had scarce an opportunity to speak to her, he cry'd out publickly, 'Speak to the Point, Man;' which put me to the Blush, and had almost dash'd a young Lover out of Countenance.

(I hope, Sir, that you'll pardon me if I divert you a few moments, since it is only the effect of my sincere Affection to your Daughter, that makes me thus repeat the several Steps by which I was conducted to my Happiness.) Nor shall I ever, Sir, forget, (as there's a Heartiness peculiarly proper to you in every thing you do) that you were more particularly so in this, as your going to Church with me, and doing me the Honour there to put into my hand the Greatest and best Gift the World cou'd give me, do abundantly Evidence: I cannot but again acknowledge, Sir, That you have given me a Gift so truly valuable, that if the greatest Queen shou'd court me to her Bed, and in her Lap bring me a World of Wealth, I shou'd refuse the Offer, and think my self a Loser by the Bargain: Nor are these Empty words; your Daughter knows 'tis but a Copy of that which is Engraven in my Heart. Nor is it any thing but what you, Sir, Exhorted us both to, when you were pleas'd to preach our Wedding Sermon (a Favour which I ever shall acknowledge,) wherein, Sir, you were pleas'd to tell us, Our Love must be a Non-such-Love; and pardon me, Sir, if I tell you, We both endeavour that it may be so.

But I have other things to thank you for, besides my Wife, (tho' she it is indeed that I esteem the Crown of all my Earthly Happiness.) I shou'd be much to blame, shou'd I forget your Tenderness to me, express'd on all occasions, in a peculiar Care both for my Soul and Body: And give me leave, Sir, I beseech you, to make my boast of this, (for I account it worth the boasting of,) That I have yet the Honour to be esteem'd your Darling Son-in-Law: Which

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I can attribute to nothing but your Goodness; and that you thought the Steps I took to be so, appear'd more Regular than that of others, as having your Consent in what we did.

But 'tis not, Sir, in England only that I have receiv'd Favours from you; For as your Universal Goodness has spread it self not only thorow England and the Neighbouring Kingdoms, but is diffus'd even to remoter Worlds, so it has reach'd America, and here I find its comfortable and benign Influence: Your Works, Sir, have been before me in New-England and obtain'd so just and deserved a Reputation, that the Honour I have to be related to you, gives me a free Access, and hearty Welcome to the Chiefest and most Worthy Persons in the Country: That Great Apostle of this Country, (as he is justly called here, for that great Care he takes,—like you in England,—almost of all the Churches,) has Publickly Express the mighty Value and Esteem he has for you; and the Countenance which upon your Account, Sir, he has given me here, has been of great Advantage to me. And Mr. Burroughs, one of your old Hearers, (whose Character I have already given to my good Friend, Mr. Larkin, the Printer, your Neighbour,) thinks he can never enough express his Love to you, but by that Continual Respect he shews to me. And once on your Account I met with a good Dinner in a Country Town, where I was a Stranger, and must otherways have gone without one. On your Account, Sir, I have been Treated by the Government at Boston, and receiv'd no small Honours from 'em.

And since in this Letter I design to give you an Account of my Ramble to *Natick*, a Town of Converted Indians, I have made choice of you, (and hope you'll pardon the Presumption,) to direct this Letter to. That I have not writ to you directly before, is not from any Neglect of the Duty I owe you, but because I thought the Subjects I then wrote on, was too light for your more grave and Serious View.  
But

But this, Leading me to say something of the Conversion of the Indians, I am very sure it will be acceptable to you as being what you have always labour'd for, and delighted in, I mean the Conversion of Souls: And if, in this relation of my Rambles you find me in any place too light and airy, I doubt not but your wonted Goodness will Pardon it. Upon which assurance (without any further Preface) I shall begin the Relation of my Rambles.

And since I am sure, Sir, that you desire to be informed concerning the Conversion of the Indians in this Countrey, I will give you here a True Account thereof in few Words: It is, (as I am informed,) about forty years since that the Great and Good Mr. Eliot, Pastor of the Church at Roxbury, (about a mile from Boston) even that Mr. Eliot whom I but just before mention'd, who has such a great Esteem and Value for your self, being warmed with a holy Zeal of Converting the Indians, set him self to learn the Indian Tongue, that so he might more easily and successfully open to them the Mysteries of the Gospel; upon account of which he has been (as I have already said, and that not undeservedly) called the Apostle of the American Indians.

This Reverend Person, not without very great Labour and Pains, Translated the Bible into the Indian Language; (Twelve of which he has presented me withal, Charging me to let you have one of them;) he has also Translated several English Treatises of Practical Divinity and Catechisms, into the Indian Tongue. And by the blessing of GOD upon his Indefatigable Labours, about Twenty six years ago he gathered a Church of Converted Indians, in a Town called *Natick*, being about Twenty miles distant from Boston; These Indians confessed their Sins with Tears, and professed their Faith in Christ, and afterwards they and their Children were Baptized, and they were solemnly joyned together in a Church-Covenant, and the said Mr. Eliot was the first that  
administred

administred the Lord's Supper to them: Tho' afterwards there was ordained for them a Pastor of their own.

In this Town of Natick, being the first formed Town of the Converted (or as they are called, Praying) Indians, there was appointed a General Lecture to be annually kept, and the Lecture to be preached, half in the Indian, and half in the English Tongue for the Benefit of all that did repair to it: To this Lecture (being kept in the Summer time) it is very usuall for several of the Bostonians (or Inhabitants of Boston) to go; and I being acquainted with some that intended to go thither, and being (you know, Sir,) of a Rambling Fancy, and still for making New Discoveries, as also because I had a great desire to be among the Indians, resolv'd to take that opportunity, and go along with them. And communicating my Intentions to some particular Friends of mine here that were of the Fair Sex, (for such I have, Sir, here, and yet without the being false to Iris, even in a thought,) they likewise did agree to go along with us: And I must now divert you, Sir, with a Relation of my Ramble to the Indian Town of Natick, and hope you'll pardon it, altho' it be a Digression from what I principally aim at; and yet 'tis not so much a Ramble from it, but that it may be Introductory to it.

The Day of the Natick Lecture being come, and all things being ready for our Journey, I mounted on my steed with Madam Brick<sup>128</sup> (the flower of Boston) behind me, accompanied with Mr. Green and his Wife, Mrs. Toy, the Damsel, Mr. Mallinson, Mr. King, and Mr. Cook and Mrs. Middleton: With thirty or forty Persons more unknown, who went on the same Errand as we did, *videlicet*, To hear the Natick Sermon preach'd to the converted Indians, as is the usuall

<sup>128</sup>In his printed "Life and Errors" DUNTON was ungallant enough to write, "When we were setting forward, I was forc'd out of Civility and Gratitude, to take Madam Brick behind me on Horfe-

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."—ED.

usuall Custom every year. Being thus equipp'd, Sir, and my Companions such as I have mention'd, (whose Particular Characters I have given in my Letter to Mr. Larkin,) we set forward for Natick, the Indian Town, we set forward through many Woods whose well-spread-Branches made a pleasing shade, and kept us from the Sun's too scorching heat: Which made me say to my fair Fellow-Traveller behind me, That we were much beholding to those woods for their refreshing Shade which they afforded us: (of which we then were the more sensible, because we had but lately rid over some open Commons.)

Madam Brick told me, that what I said was very true; 'But,' added she, 'if these poor Woods afford us such a delightful shade, O what a blessed shade is Jesus Christ, who screens us from the Scorching Beams of Divine Wrath; and whom the Scripture represents, with respect to his People, as the Shadow of a great Rock in a weary Land: To signify that Comfort and Refreshing that true Believers find in him:' 'Madam,' said I, 'you have spoke true in what you've said; and yet Christ is represented as a Sun, as well as a Shade.' To this, Mrs. Toy, who rid by us, reply'd, 'He is indeed represented both as a Sun and as a Shade, and yet no contradiction: He is a Sun, shining with the Warm Beams of Love and Grace, to cherish and revive the Drooping Soul, and as a Shade for the Refreshment of the Weary and the heavy laden.'

'You are right,' said Mr. Green, who over-heard us, 'Christ is set forth in Scripture, under several Denominations, to represent to us, that fulness that is in him, and to shew us that there is nothing we can want, but 'tis to be found in him.' 'And such a Saviour (said his Wife) it is we stand in need of, that is an All-sufficient Good, and adequate to all our wants.' 'And surely,' said I, 'such a Saviour is only Jesus Christ: He is the great Panpharmacon, who cures all our Diseases, and supplies all our Wants; if we want Riches, he

he exhorts us to buy of him Gold try'd in the Fire; if we want cloathing, he has the only Garment of Salvation; if we are sick, he is the great Physician; if we are wounded, he is the Balm of Gilead; if we are hungry, he is the Bread of Life; and if we are thirsty, he can give us Living Waters: And when the Royal Psalmist wou'd sum up all in a few words, he tells us, He is both a Sun and Shield, and will give Grace and Glory, and no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.'

I had scarce done speaking, when Mr. Cook rides up to me, and says, 'I thought we had been going to Natick to hear a Sermon there.' 'Why so we are,' said I: 'Why then,' said he, 'do you fore-stall the Market, and make a sermon on the Road?' I told him 'twas no Sermon, but only a discourse that happen to be rais'd among us. 'If you'll discourse,' says he, 'pray tell me how I may Court the Damfel, so as to obtain her?' To this the Damfel answer'd, 'You need not be solicitous about your Courting me: I have already, I hope, given my heart to a more worthy Lover: Or, as Mr. Norris in his Miscellany has it,

A Nobler, a Diviner Guest,  
Has took Possession of my Brest:  
He has and does ingross it all,  
And yet the Room is much too small.'

'Well,' says Mr. Cook, 'if this be all the Comfort you'll give me, I'll e'en Court Mrs. Middleton,' and so rid on before to *Water-Town*; whither we all came presently after, and where we alighted and refresh't our Luggage. And while others were Engaged in Frothy Discourses, the Widow Brick and I took a View of the Town, which is built upon one of the Branches of Charles River, very fruitful, and of large extent; watered with many pleasant Springs, and small Rivulets: The Inhabitants live flatteringly. Within half a mile is a great Pond divided between the two Towns. A  
mile

mile and a half from the Town is a great Fall of Fresh Waters, which convey themselves into the Ocean through Charles River. 'Tis to this Town (as I'm told) that Mr. John Bayly (whose Character I sent to my Friend Larkin) will be chosen Pastor. He has a great Esteem for you, and is a valuer of all your Writings, but especially of your Sermons of Communion with God.

Having well refresh'd our selves at Water-Town, we mounted again, and from thence we Rambled through severall Tall Woods between the Mountains, over many rich and pregnant Vallies as ever eye beheld, beset on each side with variety of goodly Trees: So that had the most Skilful Gardner design'd a shady Walk in a fine Valley, it wou'd have fallen short of that which Nature here had done without him; which is a clear Demonstration that Nature Exceeds Art, and that Art is but a weak and imperfect Imitator of Nature; which has far more Beauty in her Works, than Art can e'er pretend to: Art may (for instance) delineate the Beauty of a Rose, and make it very lovely to the Eye, but Nature only gives it Life and Fragrancy.

Whilst I was thus Communicating my Thoughts to Madam Brick that rid behind me: She reply'd, 'If the Productions of Nature are so excellent, as this Lovely Prospect now before us shews they are, how much more Excellent and glorious is the God of Nature, the Great Cause of Causes! Compar'd to whom all the Sweetness, Beauty, and Goodness of the Creature, is but as a drop to the Vast Ocean: And without doubt the Excellency that's in the Creature, was design'd to lead us to himself, as Springs to the Fountain:' The Damfel being by, Reply'd, 'Tis only then we make a right use of the Creature, when by them our Hearts are drawn forth to adore and magnifie the Great Creator: And therefore, David, having survey'd the works of Creation, breaks forth into this Pathetical Admiracion, How manifold are thy Works, O Lord! In wisdom hast thou made 'em all!'

As

As we rid along that lovely valley I have mention'd, Sir, we saw many lovely Lakes or Ponds, well stored with Fish and Beavers: These, they tell me, are the original of all the great Rivers in the Countrey, of which there are many, besides lesser Streams, manifesting the Goodness of the Soil, which is in some places black, in others red, with clay, Gravel, Sand and Loom, and very deep in some places, as in the Valleys and Swamps, which are low grounds, and bottoms, infinitely thick set with Trees and Bushes of all sorts; others having no other Shrubs or Trees growing but Spruce, under the Shades whereof we Rambled two or three miles together, being goodly large Trees, and convenient for Masts and Sail-Yards.

While we were Rambling on under this pleasant Shade of Spruce-Trees, Mr. Cook, a wild young Gentleman, who carried one Mrs. Middleton behind him, (of whom more anon) came riding up to Mr. Green and I, who rid together, saying, 'Come, Gentlemen, methinks we make but a dull Ramble on't: Some of you tell a Story to pass the time away.' 'Well,' (answer'd Mr. Green) 'to pleasure you I will: It is a story I was told by a very honest English Gentleman, who told it for a certain Truth, and said He knew the Persons who are the subject of it: And perhaps some of you may think it worth the Hearing: The Preface Mr. Green made to his Story, made all resolve with a profound Attention, to be his Auditours. Upon which he thus began: <sup>127</sup>

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[We <sup>128</sup> had about Twenty Miles to Natick, where the best Accomodations

<sup>127</sup> To our profound regret the manuscript is here defective, and only a very small portion of a story about John Bunyan remains. As DUNTON had written part of another story to go in this place, it is not uncharitable to

imagine that Mr. Green did not narrate a story at this particular juncture.—ED.

<sup>128</sup> Although the manuscript is here defective, we are enabled to supply the missing passage from "Life and Errors," as enough remains to show the connection.



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 Greensward, 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,<sup>129</sup> 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

tion. In all probability, in this instance as in a preceding one, DUNTON took part of his manuscript for his printed book. The variations are slight, and due probably to his own revision.—ED.  
<sup>129</sup>The matter of his Ruffles has already been explained at p. 30.—ED.

of the same sort; her Mantle was of fine blew cloath, but very short, and ty'd about her Shoulders, and at the Middle with a Zone, curiously wrought with White and Blew 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.]

Having given you, Sir, this account of the King and Queen, it is necessary that I may say something about their Government. Their Government is altogether Monarchical; and as for those Princes whose Dominions extend further than the Princes Personal Guidance will well admit, it is committed into the hands of Vice-Roys, or Lieutenants, who govern with no less absoluteness than the Princes himself: Notwithstanding, in matters of difficulty, the Prince consults with his Nobles, and such whom he Esteems for Wisdom, In which, its wonderful to see the Majestick Deportment of the Prince, his speech to his Council, and the Grave and Deliberate Discussion of any matters that are propos'd for their Advice: After which, what is resolv'd on by the Prince, or Sachim, is presently applauded by all, and afterwards Executed with all readines.

The Crown (or Government) always descends to the Eldest Son, (unless in case of Usurpation, which sometimes happens) and not to the Daughter, or any Female, unless the Male Line be extinct: For the Indians [have] such an high Esteem for the Royal Blood, that if a Prince had issue by several Wives, he shall succeed as Heir, who is Royally descended by the Mother, altho' he be the youngest: For they look upon his Issue by a Venter of lesser Quality as not much better than a Nobleman.

Besides their Subjection to the highest Sachim, to whom they carry Presents, they have also particular Protectors under the Sachim, to whom they carry Presents likewise;  
and

and upon any injury received, and Complaint made, these Protectors will revenge it.

Their Nobles are such who are descended from the Blood Royal, or such whom the Prince bestows part of his Dominions, with the Royalties thereof, upon : Or else such whose Descent has been from Noblemen, who have been Esteemed such, time out of mind.

Their Commons, or Yeomen, are such who have no stamp of Gentility, and yet are esteemed, as having a Natural Right of living within their Princes Dominion, and a Common use of the Land, and are distinguished by two Names or Titles, the one signifying Subjection ; the other, Tiller of the Land.

There are also another sort of People below these ; who are descended from such Strangers or Foreigners as heretofore came among them : For tho' the Indians know no Letters, and by consequence can have nothing of Records, yet they have a Tradition from Father to Son, that these are the Descendents of Strangers, and that they are not Priviledged with common Right ; but are subject to the Commons, and are not allow'd to attend the Prince in Hunting, unless invited so to do by the favour of their Prince.

The Indian Princes have no other Revenue than the Presents brought them by their Subjects ; which Presents are not look'd on as a Kindness or Courtesie, but as a due Debt ; also the Wrecks of the Sea, and the Skins of all Beasts kill'd in the Water, are a Royalty belonging to their Dominions : And this is as much as they need, for in case they make War, both People and Estate are wholly at the Princes Disposal, and therefore none either demand or expect any Pay. And tho' their Courts are not like those of the European Princes, yet is there a sort of Magnificence in it, with respect to the difference that is between them and their subjects, which is all that any other Princes with all their Grandeur can boast of : For their Families and Attendants

ants are well clothed with the Skins of Moos, Deer, Bear, Beaver, and the like: The Provisions for their Tables are also large, as Flesh, Fish, Roots, Fruits, Berries, Corn and Beans, and all these in great Plenty and Variety is always brought by their Neighbouring Subjects; So that these Indian Kings live as free from Care, as the greatest Princes in the World.

But tho' these Princes Exercise an Absolute Authority over the People, yet will they not conclude of Laws, Subsidies, or Wars, without their consent; tho' it be not easily gain'd, for the People are generally averse to it, and are brought to consent with much persuasion.

The most usual Custom amongst them in Executing Punishments, is for the Sachim to beat, or whip, or put to death with his own hand; to which the common sort most quietly submit: Tho' sometimes the Sachim sends a Secret Executioner, which is one of his Chiefest Warriors, to fetch off a Head, by Some unexpected blow of a Hatchet, when they have feared a Mutiny by a Publick Execution.

This, Sir, is all that I can say, as to the Government of the Heathen Indians: As to that of the Converted Indians I shall give you an Account anon, when I come to speak more of their Conversion.

After we had been Entertain'd by the King and Queen, and left them, We were told the meeting was near beginning: Upon which Notice we went to the Meeting, where Mr. Gookins preached upon this Text. *It is appointed unto Men once to dye, and after that, the Judgment*: From which Text he insisted on the certainty of Death, as a Divine Appointment, from which there cou'd be no Escaping: And that therefore it was the duty of all to prepare for that, which cou'd no way be avoided; and that this shou'd be done with so much the greater diligence, because Death is but a Prologue to Ensuing Judgment; and there wou'd be no standing in the Judgment without a solemn Preparation  
for

for Death: And then shew'd what this Preparation for Death must be and wherein it doth consist, which is, in getting an Interest in Christ by Faith, and true Repentance; and then in his Application exhorting all Persons speedily to set about this Preparation for Death, lest Death shou'd come upon 'em unawares, When they are not prepar'd, shewing them the Dreadful Consequence of Dying unprepar'd. And lastly the blessed condition that those were in who were prepar'd for Death whenever it came.

The poor Indians appear'd to me to fit under the Word with great Seriousness and Attention, and many of them seem'd very much affected under it.

I remember, Sir, I promis'd at the beginning of my Letter to give you some account of the Conversion of the Indians; and I will now be as good as my word; But the Account<sup>130</sup> I shall give you, is what I have received from other hands, because it is of things transacted before my coming hither: But I have receiv'd them from such undoubted hands, as leaves me no room to question the Truth of 'em.

Here, Sir, it will not be amiss to let you know, that the way of living among the unconverted Indians is extremely barbarous, the Men being most abominably slothful, and making their poor *Squaws* (for so they call their wives) do all their Drudgery, and Labour in the Field as well as at Home, planting and dressing their Corn, and building also their Wigwams, (or Houses) for them. While the Men in the mean time walk about, and take their pleasure; and if they'll condescend to any Business, it is that of Hunting; and then they'll go out some scores, if not hundreds of them, in a Company, and drive all before them. They continue in a place till they have burnt up all the Wood thereabouts, and then remove their Wigwams, and follow that  
therefore

<sup>130</sup> This account is from COTTON MATHER's Life of Eliot.—ED.

Wood which they can't fetch home to themselves: And therefore thinking all others like themselves, They say the English came hither because they wanted firing. They have no knowledge of Arts and Sciences, nor are they understood amongst them, unless just so far as to maintain their brutish Conversation; which is little more than is to be found among the very Bruits themselves.

Their division of Time is by Sleeps, and Moons, and Winters; and by their lying abroad, they have somewhat observed the motion of the Stars: They have very little (if any) Traditions among them worthy of our notice; and Reading and Writing is altogether unknown to them; and yet there is a Rock or two in the Countrey that has unaccountable Characters Engrav'd upon it. The Sum of their Religion is, They believe there are many Gods who made and own the several Nations of the World, of which a certain Great God in the South-West Regions of Heaven bears the greatest Figure, and commands in Chief.

When they have any great thing to do, they have their solemn assemblies, where after the Usage of some Diabolical Rites, the Devil appears to 'em, to inform 'em and advise 'em about their Circumstances; and sometimes there are very odd Events of their making these Applications to the Devil; As an Instance whereof, I have been told, That the Indians in their Wars with the English, being sensible of a great Inconvenience they sustained by the Englishmens Dogs, which wou'd make a sad yelling in the night, when they scented the Approach of the Indians, they took a Dog and sacrific'd him to the Devil: and it was observed, that after this, no English Dog would bark at an Indian, for several months ensuing. This, Sir, was that miserable People that Mr. Eliot propounded to himself the saving of! In which he had a double work upon his hands: First to make them Men, and then to make them Christians: They must first be civiliz'd, ere he cou'd hope to make them Saints.

I

I remember, Sir, that I have read that Gregory,<sup>131</sup> Bishop of Rome, seeing some Children of the English Saxons exposed to Sale in the City of Rome, enquired of what Countrey they were, and being told *de Anglis*, he said it was pity that such beautiful Children, whose Countenances were like Angels, shou'd be subjects of the Prince of Darknes; and asking farther of what Province there, was answer'd, *Deira*; 'Then,' said he, 'I will Endeavour that such Angelical Countenances shall be no longer the objects de ira Dei;' and accordingly sent over Austin the Monk to convert the Pagan Saxons.

But Holy Mr. Eliot cou'd see nothing Angelical among these Indians to bespeak his Labour for their Eternal Welfare, for all among them was Diabolical. To think of raising a Number of these hideous Creatures to the Elevations of the Religion of the blessed Jesus, was an Argument of a mighty Faith in the Undertaker, and such was the Faith of Mr. Eliot. You know, Sir, what insuperable Difficulties in the Eye of Reason, you yourself have overcome by Faith, in the Great things you have done in England for the Conversion of Souls (which has so deservedly gain'd you a Universal Esteem among good Men of all Perswasions) and therefore can be the better Judge of this.

I have already told you with what indefatigable Labour and Industry Mr. Eliot apply'd himself to learn their Language, and that he attain'd it to so great a Perfection that he Translated the Bible into it, which considering the Uncouthness of their Language, and the length of their words, was an almost insurmountable Labour: But as he himself writes at the close of his Grammar, *Prayers and Pains through Faith in Christ Jesus, will do anything*. I have also already given you an Account of his Preaching to the Indians, and gathering this Church of Converted Indians at Natick, and  
of

<sup>131</sup> DUNTON has here enlarged upon MATHER's reference to Pope Gregory.—Ed.

of his Settling of them in a Church-State, according to the Order of the Gofpel. Of whom I have this further to fay, That as foon as they had felt the Impreffions of his Ministry, they were quickly distinguished by the Name of Praying Indians; and being Converted, they were quickly for a more decent and English way of Living. For whereas before, they went according to the Custom of the Indians, they were now for putting on an English Garb: And here, Sir, I think it will be no digreffion to give you a brief account of the Indians way of Cloathing themselves.

Their<sup>132</sup> Ordinary Cloathing is a Beasts Skin, or an English Mantle, which only covers their hinder parts, and all their fore-parts from top to Toe, (except their secret parts, which are covered with a little Apron, after the Pattern of our first Parents) are open and naked. Their male children go stark naked, and have no Apron, until they come to Ten or Twelve years of Age; the Females they are so modest as to cover with a little Apron of a hands breadth, from their very birth. But their Men often abroad, and both Men and Women in the House, leave off their Beasts Skin, or English Cloth, and so, (Excepting their little Apron) are wholly naked; yet there is but few of the Women but will keep their Skin or Cloth (tho' loose) near them, and ready to gather it up about them. Custom hath used their Minds and Bodies to it, nor does it excite any kind of Wantonness in them.

Their coats are made of divers sorts of Skins, whence they have their Deer-Skin-Coats, their Beaver-Coats, their Otter-Coats, their Rakoon-Skin-Coats, their Wolves-Skin-Coats, and their Squirrel-Skin-Coats; they have also a Coat or Mantle curiously made of the finest and fairest feathers of their Turkies, which their old Men make, and is with them as velvet is with us, in Esteem. Within this Coat or Skin

<sup>132</sup> DUNTON here reverts to WILLIAMS' Key, p. 203-205.—ED.



Skin they creep very contentedly, by day or night, in the House or in the Woods; and sleep soundly too, counting it a great happiness that every Man is content with his Skin. They also make Shoes and Stockins of their Deer-Skin, which they tan very well, and is excellent for travel in wet and Snow; and is so well tempered with Oyl, that the Water clean-wrings out; and being hang'd up in their Chimney they presently dry without hurt. They have also the Skin of a great Beast call'd a Moose, as big as an Ox, which some call a red Deer, which they commonly paint for their Summer Wearing, with variety of Forms and colours.

They have always a Tobacco-Bag which hangs at their necks, or sticks at their Girdle, which is to them instead of an English Pocket. Our English cloaths are so strange to them, and their Bodics so inured to endure the Weather, that when some of 'em have had English cloaths, yet in a shower of Rain they will rather expose their skins than their Cloaths, and therefore pull their Cloaths off to keep 'em dry. Several of them whilst they are amongst the English will keep on English Apparel, but as soon as they come into their own Houses and Company, pull off all again.

Having thus, Sir, given you an account of the Indians Nakedness and Cloathing, I<sup>133</sup> will now proceed to say somewhat more of the converted Indians at Natick, who upon their being converted, were for conforming themselves in their Apparel according to the Custom of the English, and also for a more fixed cohabitation: And accordingly in the year 1652, those that before had lived like the Wild Beasts of the Wilderness, now compacted themselves into a Town, and then first apply'd themselves to the forming of their Civil Government: The General Court for Massachusetts Colony at Boston, (notwithstanding they were always careful

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<sup>133</sup>This account is in MATHER'S Life Increase Mather to Dr. John Leusden, of Eliot, in the notes to a Letter from of Utrecht.—Ed.

to keep these Indians sensible of their subjection to the English Empire) yet had allowed them their smaller Courts, wherein they might govern their own smaller Cafes and Concerns after their own particular modes, and might have their Town orders peculiar to themselves.

With respect Whereto, Mr. Eliot on a Solemn Fast made a Publick Vow, That seeing these Indians were not prepossessed with any Forms of Government, he wou'd instruct them into such a Form as we had written in the Word of God, that so they might be a People in all things ruled by the Lord. And according he expounded to them the 18th Chapter of Exodus; and then they chose Rulers of Hundreds, of Fifties, and of Tens: And there with-all, entered into the following Covenant: 'We are the Sons of Adam; We and our Fore-fathers have a long 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.'

Mr. Eliot has such an Opinion about the Perfection of the Scriptures, that upon this Occasion he express'd himself thus: "God will bring Nations into distress and Perplexity, that so they may be forced unto the Scripture; all Governments will be shaken, that men may be forced at length to pitch upon that firm Foundation, the Word of GOD."

The little Towns of these Indians being pitched upon this Foundation, they utterly abandoned that Polygamy which had before been common among them: They made severe Laws against Fornication, Drunkenness, and Sabbath-breaking,

breaking, and other Immoralities, which they began to lament, and mourn over, after the Establishment of a Church Order among them, and after the several Ordinances and Priviledges of a Church-Communion: Which before they were instated in, a Day was fet apart which they called, A Day of Asking of Questions, when the Ministers of the adjacent churches, assisted with all the best Interpreters that could be had, publickly examined a good number of these Indians about their Attainments both in Knowledge and Vertue: And after great Satisfaction there received, the Indians were afterwards called to make open Confession of their Faith in God and Christ, and of the Efficacy which the Word had upon them for their Conversion to God; which Confession being taken from their Mouths by able Interpreters, were inspected by the People of God, and found much Acceptance with them, which I cannot better relate, than by reciting the Words of the Reverend Mr. Richard Mather, in an Epistle of his published on this Occasion: His Words are these:

“ There is so much of God’s work among them, as that I cannot but count it a great evil, yea, a great Injury to God and his Goodness, for any to make light of it. To see and hear Indians open their Mouths, and lifting up their hands and Eyes in Prayer to the Living God, and calling on him by his Name Jehovah, in the Mediation of Jesus Christ, and this for a good while together; to see and hear them exhorting one another, from the Word of God; to see and hear them confessing the name of Christ Jesus, and their own Sinfulness; sure this is more than usual: And tho’ they spoke in a Language of which many of us understood but little, yet we that were present that Day, we saw and heard them perform the Duties mentioned with such grave and sober Countenances, with such comely reverence in their gesture, and their whole Carriage, and with such plenty of Tears trickling down the Checks of some of them, as did  
argue

argue to us, that they spake with the holy Fear of GOD; and it much affected our hearts."

At length (as I have mention'd at the beginning) a Church-State was settled among them; and they entred (as all the Churches in New-England do) into a holy Covenant; wherein they gave themselves first unto the LORD, and then unto one another, to attend the Rules and helps, and expect the Blessings of the Everlasting Gospel: And holy Mr. Eliot having a Mission from the Church of Roxbury unto the Work of the LORD JESUS CHRIST among the Indians, thought himself sufficiently authorized unto the performing of all Church-Work about them, and accordingly administred first the Ordinance of Baptism, and then the Lord's Supper, unto them.

Thus, Sir, I have given you an Account of the Conversion and Settling of the Church of Natick, through the Blessing and Power of GOD, accompanying the Unwearied Labours of Mr. Eliot: between whom and your self, Sir, there seems to be a great harmony and agreement of Spirit, both in the breathing of your Souls after the Conversion of Sinners, and the Labour and pains you have taken to bring that blessed Work about.

The Providence of GOD having placed Mr. Eliot in New-England, his Work lay among the poor Heathen; who tho' Captives to the Devil, yet had not receiv'd or entertain'd any Prejudice against the Word of GOD; and his Business was to perswade 'em to become Christians; but in this, Sir, you had the harder Task; for your Province lay in perswading Unbelievers, (who thought themselves Christians,) that they were not so, that thereby you might make 'em such; and sure it was a different Work to perswade those Men and Women that they were no Christians, that had all along boasted of their Christianity; tho' at the same time as far from being true Believers, as the very Indians: And that Grace that accompanied Mr. Eliot in the Conversion of them,

them, was not wanting to give Success to your Ministry, in a thorow Conversion of these, as Cliff in Kent can witness, who tho' so prejudic'd against you at Your first coming thither, as to rise against you with Spits, and Forks, and even threatening you with Death it self, yet by the success God gave to your Ministry among them, they wou'd afterwards have laid down their lives for you, as appear'd by their loud Cries and Many Fears, when you judg'd your self obliged to remove from them. The opposition in your Work, Sir, which you met withal at Cliff, obliges me to give you some account of the Opposition that holy Mr. Eliot found in the Converting of the Indians.

The<sup>134</sup> Devil saw his Kingdom was a going down, and his Captives like to be rescu'd from him, and this fill'd him with rage, so that he stirr'd up several of the Sachims, or Princes of the Indians, against him; who generally did all they cou'd that their Subjects might not entertain the Gospel; and the Devil having their Princes on his side, thereby kept possession of the People too: And the *Pauwaws*, or Devil's Priests, did all they cou'd to maintain the Interest of the Devil in this Wilderness: They were those Children of the Devil, and Enemies of all Righteousness, who did not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord. And their Sachims wou'd presently raise a Storm of Persecution on any of their Vassals that shou'd pray to the Eternal God.

And the Reason of this averfeness of the Sachims against the Gospel, was, That they were afraid it would deprive them of that Tyranny, which they had always Exercised over their Vassals: For like the Devil whom they worship'd, they held their People in an absolute Servitude, and rul'd by no Law but their own Will, which left them poor Selves nothing which they cou'd call their own. And now they suspected that Religion wou'd put a Bridle upon their Ufurpations,

<sup>134</sup>We are again favored with extracts from Mather, very slightly modified.—  
Ed.

pations, and oblige 'em to a more equal way of Government: They therefore had the Impudence to address the English, That no motions about the Christian Religion might ever be made to 'em.

But Mr. Eliot, tho' sometimes in the Wilderness without the Company or Assistance of any other Englishmen, and has been Treated in a very Threatning and Barbarous manner by some of these Tyrants, has yet been inspir'd with so much Resolution, as to tell 'em, "I am about the Great Work of GOD, and my GOD is with me, so that I neither fear you, nor all the Sachims in the Countrey; I'll go on, and do you touch me if you dare": Upon which, the stoutest of them have shrunk, and fell before him: And one of them he at length conquer'd by Preaching unto him a Sermon upon the Temptations of our Lord, particularly, the Temptations fetch'd from the Kingdoms and Glories of the World.

The Averfation that was in the Great Men among the Indians, was a powerful Obstacle, as I have said, to the Success of Mr. Eliot's Ministry: But it is very remarkable that several of those Nations that thus refused the Gospel, were quickly afterwards so infatuated as to begin an Unjust and bloody War upon the English, which issued in their utter Extirpation. And it has been particularly remark'd in *Philip*, the Ring-Leader of the most calamitous War that ever the Indians made upon the English, That Mr. Eliot made a Tender of the Gospel to him; but that haughty King refus'd it with Contempt and Anger; and then taking hold of a Button upon the Coat of the Good Man, told him, 'That he car'd for his Gospel just as much as he car'd for that Button.'

But he quickly found the fatal consequence of thus despising and refusing the Gospel: For<sup>135</sup> having causelessly broken  
broken

<sup>135</sup> In the *Magnalia* (Life of Eliot) writes, upon a certain occasion, took off MATHER writes at this point, "It was the jaw from the exposed skull of that not long before the hand which now blasphemous leviathan."—ED.

broken his League with the English, and plotted a general Infurrection in all the English Colonies, killing, burning, and destroying the English with the greatest Barbarities imaginable, Divine Vengeance pursued him to that degree, that after the loss of his Treasure, and of his Wife and Son, whom he was forc'd to leave Prisoners to save his own Life, and having been hunted like a Savage Beast through the Woods, for above an hundred miles to and fro, he was at last forc'd to take Sanctuary upon his own Den at *Mount-Hope*, from whence endeavouring to escape, he was shot through the Heart by an Indian of his own Nation; and that Eminent Minister, Mr. Samuel Lee, is now Pastor to an English Congregation, and sounding forth the Praises of GOD, upon that very spot of Ground where Philip and his Indians were lately worshipping the Devil.

Sometimes a more immediate hand of GOD appear'd, making way for Mr. Eliot's Ministry, by cutting off the Principal Opposers of the Gospel among the Indians. Mr. Eliot himself relates, that an Association of Prophane Indians near Weymouth, in this Countrey, setting themselves to seduce the Neighbour Indians from the right ways of the Lord, GOD sent the Small Pox among them, which like a great Plague soon swept them away, and thereby engaged the rest unto himself.

Tho' I am afraid, Sir, that I grieve you by the length of this Relation, yet I must beg your Patience, whilst I further relate one Attempt made by the Devil to prejudice the Indians against the Gospel, which had something in it very extraordinary: The Account I had of it is this: While Mr. Eliot was preaching the Gospel to the other Indians, a Demon appear'd to a Prince of the Eastern Indians, in a shape that Resembled Mr. Eliot, or of an English Minister, pretending to be the English Mans GOD; The Spectre commanded him to forbear the Drinking of Rum, and to observe the Sabbath Day, and to deal justly with his Neighbours

bours (all which things had been inculcated in Mr. Eliot's Ministry) promising therewithal unto him, That if he did so, at his Death his Soul shou'd ascend unto a happy place; otherwise descend unto misery; but the Apparition all this while never said one word about Christ, which was the main Subject of Mr. Eliot's Ministry.

The Sachim received such an Impression from the Apparition, that he dealt justly with all men, (except in the bloody Tragedies and Cruelties that he afterwards commit on the English in the Wars;) he kept the Sabbath-day like a Fast, frequently attending in the Christian Congregations; he wou'd not meddle with any Rum, tho' usually his Countrey-men had rather dye than undergo such a piece of Self-Denial; that Liquor has neerly enchanted them. At last (and not long since) this Demon appear'd again unto this Pagan, requiring him to kill himself, and assuring him that he shou'd revive in a Day or two, never to dye any more. He thereupon divers times attempted it, but was still prevented by his Friends: But it seems at length, he found a fair Opportunity for this foul Business, and hang'd himself; but was deceiv'd in his promis'd Resurrection. But by this means a stumbling-block was laid before the miserable Indians.

Besides the Church of Converted Indians at Natick, there are in the Massachusets Colony, four Indian Assemblies, where the name of the True GOD and Jesus Christ, are solemnly called upon; these Assemblies have some American Preachers: Mr. Eliot formerly used to preach to them once every fortnight, but now he is so weakened with Labour and Old Age, being in the Eighty-third year of his Age, that he preaches to them but once in two months. There is also another Church of Converted Indians about fifty miles from hence, called *Mashippaug*; the first Pastor of the Church was an English-Man, who being skilled in the American Language Preached the Gospel to them in their own Tongue:  
This



This English Pastor is now dead, and that Church has an Indian Preacher in his stead.

There are besides that, five Assemblies of Indians Professing the Name of Christ, not far distant from Mashipaug, which have Indian Preachers: Mr. John Cotton, Pastor of the Church in Ply[mouth] hath made very great Progress in Learning the Indian Tongue, and is very Skilful in it; and preaches in their own Language to the five last mentioned Congregations every week. Also in *Saconet*, in Plymouth Colony, there is a great Congregation of Praying Indians. In short, Sir, there are Six Churches of Baptized Indians in New-England, and Eighteen Assemblies of Catechumens Professing the Name of Christ; and of the Indians there are four and twenty who are Preachers of the Word of God: And besides these, there are four English Ministers who preach the Gospel in the Indian Tongue. So greatly has the Word of God prevailed among them.

And now, Sir, that you may see something of the Spirits and Tempers of these Converted Indians, and the Effect that the Gospel has had upon them, I will insert the Dying Speeches of several of them, which were given me by Mr. Eliot's own hand, and Published<sup>130</sup> by himself; and I am confident (so much you long after their Conversion) that you will not think your time lost in reading them.

I shall first prefix Mr. Eliot's Preface, when he Published them, which begins thus:

'Here be but a few of the Dying Speeches and Counsels of such Indians as died in the Lord. It is an humbling to me that there be no more: It was not in my Heart to gather them, but Major Gookins hearing some of them rehearsed, he first moved that Daniel should gather them in the Language as they were spoken, and that I should Translate them into English; and here is presented what was done that way: These things are Printed, not so much for Publishment, as to

<sup>130</sup> We have not seen the original edition, which must be very rare.—Ed.

to save charge of writing out of Copies for those that did desire them.

JOHN ELIOT.'

1. *Waban* was the first that received the Gospel; our first Meeting was at his House; the next time we met, he had gathered a great Company of his Friends, to hear the Word, in which he had been stedfast: When we framed ourselves in order, in way of Government, he was chosen a Ruler of Fifty; he hath approved himself to be a good Christian in Church Order, and in Civil Order he hath approved himself to be a Zealous, Faithful, and Stedfast Ruler to his Death. His Speech is as followeth.

'I now rejoyce, tho' I be now a dying; great is my Affliction in this World; but I hope that GOD doth so afflict me, only to try my praying to GOD in this World, whether it be true and strong, or not; but I hope GOD doth gently call me to Repentance, and to prepare to come unto him; therefore he layeth on me great Pain and Affliction. Tho' my Body be almost broken by Sicknes, yet I desire to remember thy Name, O my GOD, until I dye: I remember those Words, *Job* xix. 23 to 28. Oh that my Words were now written! Oh that they were Printed in a Book; that they were Engraven with an Iron Pen, and Lead, in a Rock for ever! For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter Day upon the Earth: and tho' after my Skin, Worms destroy this Body, yet in my Flesh I shall see GOD, &c. I desire not to be troubled about matters of this world; a little I am troubled; I desire you all, my Brethren, and you my Children, do not greatly weep and mourn for me in this World; I am now almost dying, but see that you strongly pray to GOD; and do you also prepare and make ready to dye, for every one of you must come to dying: Therefore confess your Sins, every one of you, and believe in Jesus Christ. I believe that which is written in the Book of GOD. Consider truly, and repent and believe: Then GOD will

will pardon all your great and many sins. GOD can Pardon all your Sins as easily as one; for GOD's free mercy and Grace do fill all the World. GOD will in no wise forget those that in this World do sincerely repent and believe: Verily this is Love, Oh my GOD! Therefore I desire that GOD will do this for me, tho' in my Body I am full of Pain.

As for those that dyed before we prayed to GOD, I have no hope about them. Now I believe that GOD hath called us for Heaven, and there in Heaven are many Believing Souls abiding: Therefore I pray you, do not over-much grieve for me, when I dye in this World, but make yourselves ready to dye and follow me, and there we shall see Each other in Eternal Glory; in this World we live but a little while; therefore we must be always preparing, that we may be ready to dye. Therefore, Oh my GOD! I humbly pray, receive my Soul, by thy Free Mercy in Jesus Christ, my Saviour and Redeemer; for Christ hath dyed for me, and for all my Sins in this World committed. My great GOD hath given me long life, and therefore I am willing to dye. O Jesus Christ help my Soul, and save my Soul; I believe that my Sicknefs doth not arise out of the dust, nor cometh at peradventure, but GOD sendeth it, *Job* v. 6, 7. By this Sicknefs GOD calleth me to repent of all my Sins, and to believe in Christ; now I confes myself a great Sinner; Oh! Pardon me, and help me for Christ his sake.

Lord, Thou callest me with a double calling: Sometimes by Prosperity and Mercy, sometimes by Affliction. And now thou callest me by Sicknefs; but let me not forget thee, O my GOD! for those that forget thy Name, thou wilt forsake them: As, *Psal.* ix. 17. All that forget GOD shall be cast into Hel; therefore let me not forget thee, O my GOD. I give my Soul to thee, O my Redeemer, Jesus Christ: Pardon all my Sins, and deliver me from Hell: O do thou help me against Death, and then I am willing to dye; and  
when

when I dye, O help me and receive me.' In so faying he dyed.

2. *Piambohou*: He was the second Man, next *Waban*, that received the Gospel: He brought with him to the second Meeting at *Waban's House*, many; when we formed them into Government, he was chosen Ruler of Ten; when the Church at *Hassnameffit* was gather'd, he was called to be a Ruler there in that Church; when that was scatter'd by the War, they came back to *Natick Church*, so many as survived, and at *Natick* he died. His Speech as followeth:

'I rejoyce, and am content and willing to take up my Sorrows and Sicknes; many are the years of my Life; long have I lived, therefore now I look to dye: But I desire to prepare my self to dye well. I believe God's Promise, that he will for ever save all that believe in Jesus Christ. O Lord Jesus help me! Deliver me, and save my Soul from Hell, by thine own Blood, which thou hast shed for me, when thou didst dye for me, and for all my Sins: Now help me sincerely to confesse all my Sins: O Pardon all my Sins! I now beg in the Name of Jesus Christ, a Pardon for all my Sins; for thou, O Christ, art my Redeemer and Deliverer: Now I hear God's Word, and I do rejoyce in what I hear; tho' I do not see, yet I hear and rejoyce, that God hath confirmed for us a Minister in this Church of *Natick*, he is our Watchman. And all you People dwell with him, both Men, Women, and Children; hear him every Sabbath-Day, and make strong your Praying to God; and all you of *Hassanmesue*, restore your Church, and Praying to God there. O Lord, help to make me ready to dye, and then receive my Soul: I hope I shall dye well, by the help of Jesus Christ: O Jesus Christ, deliver and save my Soul in Everlasting Life in Heaven, for I do hope thou art my Saviour, O Jesus Christ.' So he dyed.

3. *Old Jacob*: He was among the first that pray'd to God; he had so good a Memory, that he cou'd rehearse the whole

whole Catechize, both Questions and Answers: When he gave thanks at Meat, he wou'd sometimes only pray the Lord's Prayer. His Speech is as followeth :

' My Brethren, now hear me a few Words: Stand fast, all you People, in your Praying to God, according to that Word of God. *1 Cor.* xvi. 13. Watch ye, stand fast in the Faith; quit you like Men, and be strong in the Lord. Especially you that are Rulers and Teachers: Fear not the Face of Man, when you Judge in a Court together; help one another, agree together: Be not divided one against another: Remember the Parable of Ten Brethren that held together; they cou'd not be broken, nor Overcome; but when they divided one against another, then they were easily overcome.

' And all you that are Rulers, Judge Right Judgment; for you do not Judge for Men, but for God, in your Courts. *2 Chron.* xix. 6, 7. Therefore, Judge in the Fear of God. Again, you that are Judges, see that ye have not only Humane Wisdom, for mans Wisdom is in many things contrary to the Wisdom of God, counting it to be foolishness: Do not Judge that right which only seemeth to be right; and consider, *Matth.* vii. 1, 2, Judge right, and God will be with you, when you so do.

' Again, I say to you, all the People, Make strong your praying to God, and be constant in it. *1 Thes.* v. 17. Pray continually. Again, lastly, I say to you, Daniel, our Minister, be strong in your Work: As *Matth.* v. 14, 16. You must bring Light into the World, and make it to shine, that all may see your good Work, and glorifie your Heavenly Father. Every Preacher that maketh strong his Work doth bring precious Pearls: As *Matth.* xiii. 52. And thou shalt have Life Everlasting in so doing. I am near to Death; I have lived long enough; I am about 90 years old: I now desire to dye in the Presence of Christ. O Lord, I commit my Soul to Thee.'

4. *Antony:*

4. *Antony*: He was among the first that prayed to God; he was studious to read the Scriptures and the Catechism, so that he learned to be a Teacher; but after the Wars, he became a Lover of strong Drink: was often admonished, and finally cast out from being a Teacher. His Dying Speeches follow.

'I am a Sinner, I do now confess it: I have long prayed to God, but it hath been like an Hypocrite; tho' I was a confessing Church-Member, yet like an Hypocrite; tho' I was a Teacher, yet like a Backsliding Hypocrite. I was often Drunk: Love of strong Drink is a Lust I could not overcome; tho' the Church did often admonish me, and I confessed, and they forgave me, yet I fell again to the same sin, tho' Major Gookins and Mr. Eliot often admonished me; I confessed, they were willing to forgive me, yet I fell again. Now Death calls for me, and I desire to prepare to dye well.

'I say to you Daniel, beware that you love not strong Drink, as I did, and was thereby undone: Strengthen your Teaching in and by the Word of GOD: Take heed that you defile not your Work, as I did; for I defiled my Teaching by Drunkenness. Again, I say to you, my Children, Forsake not praying to GOD: Go not to strange places where they pray not to GOD, but strongly pray to GOD as long as you live, both you and your Children. Now I desire to dye well, tho' I have been a Sinner: I remember that Word that faith, That tho' your Sins be many and great, yet GOD will pardon the Penitent, by Jesus Christ our Redeemer. O Lord, save and deliver me by Jesus Christ, in whom I believe: Send thy Angels, when I dye, to bring my poor Soul to thee, and save my poor sinful Soul in the Heavenly Kingdom.'

5. *Nehemiah*: This very hopeful young Man, going out to hunt with a Companion who fell out with him, and stabbed him mortally and killed him: A little was gathered up spoke by him, as followeth.

'I

' I am ready to dye now, but knew not of it, even now when I went out of my Doors: I was only going to hunt, but a wicked Man hath killed me: I see that word is true, He that is well to-day may be dead to-morrow: He that laughed yesterday may forrow to Day. My misery overtook me in the Woods: No man knoweth the Day and Time when his misery cometh. Now I desire patiently to take up my Cross and Misery: I am but a Man, and must feel the Cross. Oh Christ Jesus, help me: Thou art my Redeemer, my Saviour, and my Deliverer: I confess my Self a Sinner: Lord Jesus, pardon all my Sins by thine own Blood, when thou diedst for us: Oh Christ Jesus, save me from Hell: Save my Soul in Heaven: Oh help me! help me!' So he dyed. The wicked Murderer is fled.

6. *John Owuffumug*, Sen. He was a young Man when they began to pray to God; he did not at present joyn with them; he would say to me, ' I will first see into it, and when I understand it, I will answer you.' He did after a while enter into the Civil Covenant, but was not entred into the Church Covenant before he dyed; he was propounded to joyn to the Church, but was delayed; he being of a quick, passionate temper, some witty liggations prolonged it, till his Sickness, but had he recovered, the Church was satisfied to have received him: He finished well. His speech as followeth.

' Now I must shortly dye: I desired that I might live; I sought for Medicines to cure me; I went to every English Doctor at Dedham, Medfield, Concord; but none could cure me in this World: But O Jesus Christ, do thou heal my Soul, now I am in great pain: I have no hopes of living in this World; a whole year I have been afflicted; I could not go to the Publick Sabbath-Worship to hear God's Word: I did greatly love to go to the Sabbath-Worship. Therefore I now say to all you, Men, Women, and Children, Love much and greatly to keep the Sabbath; I have been now  
long

long hindred from it, and therefore now I find the worth of it.

'I fay unto you all, my Sons and children, do not go into the Woods among Non-praying People; abide constantly at Natick: You my Children, and all my kindred, strongly pray to GOD: Love and obey the Rulers, and submit unto their Judgment; hear diligently your Ministers: Be obedient unto Major Gookins, and to Mr. Eliot, and Daniel. I am now almost dead, and I exhort you strongly to love each other; be at peace, and be ready to forgive each other.

'I desire now rightly to prepare my self to dye; for GOD hath given me warning a whole year by my Sickness. I confes I am a Sinner; my heart was proud, and thereby all Sins were in my heart: I knew that by Birth I was a Sachim; I got Oxen, and Cart, and Plough, like an English Man; and by all these things my heart was proud. Now GOD calleth me to Repentance by my Sickness this whole year: O Christ Jesus, help me, that according as I make my Confession, so through thy Grace, I may obtain a Pardon of all my Sins: For thou, Lord Jesus, didst dye for us, to deliver us from Sin: I hear and believe that thou hast dyed for many, therefore I desire to cast away all worldly hinderances; my Land and Goods, I cast them by, they cannot help me now: I desire truly to prepare to dye.

'My Sons, I hope Christ will help me to dye well: Now I call you my Sons, but in Heaven we shall all be Brethren: This I learned in the Sabbath-Worship: All misery upon Believers in this World shall have only Joy and Blessing in Jesus Christ: Therefore, O Christ Jesus, help me, in all my Miseries, and deliver me, for I trust in thee. Save my Soul in thy Heavenly Kingdom. Now behold me, and look upon me who am Dying.' So he dyed.

7. *John Speen*: He was among the first that prayed to GOD; he was a Diligent Reader, he became a Teacher, and carried well for divers years, until the Sin of Strong Drink did



did infect us, and then he was so far infected with it, that he was deservedly laid aside from Teaching. His last Speeches were as followeth :

'Now I dye, I desire you all my Friends to forgive him that hurt me ; for the Word of GOD faith, in *Matth.* vi. 3, 4. Forgive them that have done you wrong, and your heavenly Father will forgive you ; but if you do not forgive them, your Heavenly Father will not forgive you : Therefore I intreat you all, my Friends, forgive him that did me wrong : ' (for *John Nunnusquanit* beat him, and hurt him much, a little before his Sicknefs.) ' Now I desire to dye well, now I confesse all my Sins : I am a Sinner ; especially I loved strong drink too Well ; and sometimes I was mad Drunk, tho' I was a Teacher : I did offend against praying to GOD, and spoiled my Teaching : All these, my Sins and Drunkenness, O I pray you all forgive me : O Jesus Christ, help me now, and deliver my Soul ; and help me that I may not go to Hell ; for thou, O Christ, art my Deliverer, and Saviour : O GOD, help me ; Lord, tho' I am a Sinner, O Lord do not forget me.' And so he Dyed.

8. *Black James* : He was in former times reputed by the English to be a *Parawaw*, but I cannot tell this : I know he renounced and repented of all his former ways ; and desired to come to Christ, and pray to GOD ; and dyed well, as appears in what followeth.

'Now I say, I almost dye, but you all my Sons, and all you that pray at *Chabanukongkomuk*, take heed that you leave not off to pray to GOD, for praying to GOD is exceeding good, for praying to GOD is the way that will bring you to the Heavenly Kingdom : I believe in Christ, and we must follow his steps. Especially you, my Sons, beware of Drunkenness ; I desire you may stand fast in my Room, and Rule well : I am almost now dead, and I desire to dye well. O LORD JESUS CHRIST, help me, and deliver my Soul to dye well.' So he dyed.

Thus,

Thus, Honoured Sir, I have given you an Account of the Conversion of the Indians; and a Specimen of the Effects thereof, in the Dying Speeches of them. I will not pretend to make Observations or Reflections thereon, to you, Sir; which besides the Presumption of it, wou'd be but like holding a Candle to the Sun. But I hope I may without offence, Sir, divert you with what the Divine Mr. George Herbert, in his Poems called the Church, writes upon this Subject.

Religion stands on Tip-toe in our Land,  
 Ready to pass to the American Strand  
 When height of Malice, and prodigious Lusts  
 Impudent Sinning, Witchcraft, and Distrusts,  
 (The marks of future bane) shall fill our Cup,  
 Unto the Brim, and make our measure up:  
 When Sein shall swallow Tyber, and the Thames  
 By letting in them both, pollutes her Streams:  
 When Italy of us shall have her Wile,  
 And all her Callendar of Sins fulfil;  
 Whereby one may foretell what Sins next year  
 Shall both in France and England Domineer:  
 Then shall Religion to America flee,  
 They have their times of Gospel e'en as we.  
 Religion always sides with Poverty;  
 For Gold and Grace did never yet agree.

It now remains, Sir, that I give you an Account of my Return back from Natick (whither myself and several others went to hear the annual Lecture, as I have already related) to Boston again; and then come to the Conclusion of my Letter.

To go on then with my Natick Ramble (you see, Sir, Rambling is so natural to me, that it makes me sometimes Ramble so from my Subject, that 'tis hard to get in to't again.) It was about Four in the Afternoon when the Lecture was ended. And we having 20 long miles back to Boston, were making the best of our way, and therefore Mr. Mallinson, one

one of our Company, presently cry'd to Horfe, to Horfe, which we did accordingly in the same Order as we came. Discourfing as we rid of the Sermon we had heard, and of the great Sobriety we observed in the Converted Indians.

But Mr. Cook one of our Company dropt us, and went another way; and having behind him one Mrs. Middleton (who was of a temper fo fuitable to his, that moft believed they were pretty well match'd) it caus'd fome of our Company to fay, 'Twas no longer Cook upon Littleton, but Cook upon Middleton now.'

But tho' they were more charitable in their Opinions concerning Phil. and Madam Brick, yet truly Sir, my She-Companion and I loft the rest of our Company in the Wood, being Earnest in difcourfe, and not minding 'em; and easily wandring out of the Road, (by a mistake of the nearest way) we fell into a Tract of Land full of Delfs and Dingles, and dangerous Precipices, and other inextricable Difficulties, which might juftly have daunted, yea, quite deterr'd me (for the Night grew on a pace) from Endeavouring to pafs any further: (And by the Way many fuch-like places are to be met with in New-England) but all this did not fright me, for I had now the Flower of Boston behind me, and did not doubt but the good Angel attending either her or Iris, (two Living Saints worth all the dead ones of the Papifts) wou'd bring us at laft into the right Path; or at worft, I told her, (shou'd we have Rambled feven years to find where we were) that I was ftill at home in fuch company: And the truth is, not only now, but at other times, I have never been better, than when I have been in fuch a Labyrinth of Difficulties, that I cou'd find no way out by the clue of my own Understanding.

But at length, we efp'y'd Six Horfes ty'd to a Gate, and found they belong'd to our ftragling Friends, who had here put into a Houfe for a Supper of Curds and Cream: And remembering the old Proverb, That the latter End of a  
Feaft

Feast is better than the beginning of a Fray, we alighted, and took part of their Banquet with them. After which, we mounted again for Boston.

As we rid along, I cou'd not but observe that one of our Company who was very merry in the morning, was extreemly melancholy all the way home: I took occasion therefore to ask him how he did, and whether he was not well? He told me, As to the health of his Body, he was very well; but, (said he,) 'I am extreemly troubled in my Mind, that I, who have been brought up in the Profession of the Christian Religion from my Infancy, shou'd be no more mov'd under the Preaching of God's Word, than a very stone, and yet I have this day seen that the poor Indians, who never knew any thing of God till t'other day, (as it were,) melted into Tears under it, and mightily affected with it: Which makes me afraid least what our Blessed Lord threatned the Jews withal, shou'd be my Portion, when he told them, *Verily I say unto you, Men shall come from the East and from the West, and from the North, and from the South, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the Kingdom of Heaven, and you your selves shall be shut out.*'

I told him we had all too much reason to make those Reflections: And that the Fear he had upon him, was a good Preservative against the Evil feared; I told him also that I believ'd there was nothing more prejudicial to the Souls of Men, than that Mistaken Notion of their being Christians from their Infancy, which makes men so careless in looking after Conversions, as thinking they need it not: Whereas it is plain we are all by Nature the Children of Wrath, and without being born again, and made new Creatures (that is, converted,) our blessed Saviour, who is Truth it self, assures us, we cannot enter into the kingdom of Heaven: But these poor Indians being sensible of their Unconverted State, and their being strangers to God, the Word falls with greater Power and Efficacy upon them. He told

told me, What I had said was undoubtedly true, tho' he had not before so well consider'd it.

But after three hours hard Riding, we got safe home to Boston, (all but Mr. Cook, who having (as was guess'd) some private Business to Dispatch with Mrs. Middleton, did not come till some time after us.) And after a Bottle [of] Wine at Mr. Greens, we took leave of each other, and after conducting our Friends of the Fair Sex to their several homes, each of us repair'd to his own.

Thus, Sir, having given you an Account of my Ramble to and from Natick, It will be time I put a period to this Letter, having, I am afraid, too long diverted you already from your more weighty Studies. And yet I must not be so rude as to conclude, without presenting my Duty in a kind Remembrance to my Mother-in-Law; whom I have ever esteem'd, as my own Mother, both as she was the old Acquaintance of my own Father, at Little Missenden: and also because I have always receiv'd as much Love and Kindness from her, as my own Mother cou'd have shewn me.

And as to your self, Sir, I am bold to say, That I owe all the Blessings of my Life to the many Fasts that you have kept on my Account, and to the many Prayers of my Dearest Wife. And I have this peculiar Blessing to thank God for, above others, That I am not only happy, but that I know my self to be so. And tho' I have lost some hundreds by being bound for my Wives Sister, yet I have no-body to blame on that account, for 'twas all the Effect of my own pure Choice, being glad of an Occasion to shew my respect to your self; and my Tenderness to your Daughter, whom I have found the best of Wives. And were I to act the same Part again, I shou'd still think I cou'd n't purchase your Esteem too dear, nor that of any Branch of your Family.

I have only now to acquaint you, That the Reverend and holy Mr. Eliot, presents his Christian and hearty Love to you,

you, desiring the Continuance of your Prayers for him, while it shall please God to lengthen out his Aged Life. Also, the Reverend Mr. Increase Mather and his Sons, and divers other Ministers, whom I cannot name, do present their hearty Love to you. But more especially my good Friend Mr. Burroughs, (one of your old hearers) presents his Cordial Love and Service to you.

This is also further to acquaint you, Sir, that I have herewith sent you Six kegs of our New-England Sturgeon, Esteem'd the best in the World, which I hope will come well to your Hands. And which with my humble Duty to you, begging the Continuance of your Prayers for me, is, Sir, the Earnest request of

Your most obliged, most humble, and

Most Dutiful Son-in-Law,

PHILARET.



VIEW OF THE FIRST KING'S CHAPEL IN BOSTON



LETTER VI.  
TO MY DEAREST WIFE.

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**M**Y ever Dearest Love! At that great distance in which the Providence of God has at this time plac'd us from one another, it is a great Satisfaction to me to think, That tho' our Bodies are divided, our Souls are United; and we still live in one another. And we have all a way left us by writing to communicate our Sentiments, our hearts, our very Souls, unto each other: And this I never fail of doing as oft as the going of a ship for England, gives me an Opportunity. And tho' sometimes I take the Advantage of such a convenience to write to others, I never fail of writing to your Self: Of which I hope the many Letters I have sent you, are a sufficient Evidence. And in all this, I chiefly gratify myself: because my Mind is most at ease, when you are made the Subject of my Thoughts. My Dear, I do not write thus, to fatisfie you of the Truth of my Affection, (for never did that Tender Brest of yours harbour the least suspicious Thought of Philaret) but to acquaint you of that new way of Converse which Love has found out for us, even without the help of Letters; and this consists only in Sympathy of Souls: You have not one kind thought of Philaret, but what

what I meet with here; nor do I breathe one sigh after my Iris, but straight it flies away to you in England; and at this distance we are both made happy, tho' we scarce know how: And this, my Dear, is such a Mystery, as all the Masters in the Art of Love have yet been strangers to. Nor yet will this be call'd Platonick Love, for that's an Airy thing; but our Affection centers in Enjoyment. But I must change my Theam, my Dear, and from the thoughts of Love, descend to Business; and tell you how 'tis my Affairs go on here; for since you have an Equal Interest with me in my Affairs, 'twou'd be unkind not to acquaint you with 'em.

I write to others the Relation of my Rambles, but unto you, my Dear, I write of Business: And so it happens, that 'tis my Business here to give you a Relation of my Rambles: For having stock'd the Town of Boston with my Books; (some having bought more, I'm afraid, than they intend to pay for) and having still a Considerable Quantity left, Several Gentlemen have given me great Encouragement, (by their Promises of Assisting me in the Disposal of them) to send a Venture to Salem, (the next considerable Town to Boston in New England) and particularly one Mr. Sewel,<sup>127</sup> who is a Magistrate in that Town, has given me Assurance of a Kind Reception there. Besides, I am the more Encourag'd to it, as 'tis in this Town the generous Mr. Herrick has taken a House; to whom for his Bottle of Water at Sea, mention'd in my Letter to Brother Lake, I was

<sup>127</sup> From the series of very thorough biographies of the officers of the Essex Probate Court, furnished by A. C. GOODELL, Jr., Esq., to the Historical Collections of the Essex Institute, we learn (iii. 1-5) that this was Major Stephen Sewall, great-grand-son of Henry Sewall, Mayor of Coventry in 1606. The grandfather and father of Stephen, both named Henry, came to New-England. Stephen was born in Baddesly, Co.

Warwick, 19 Aug., 1657, and was brought here at the age of four years. In 1682 he married Margaret Mitchell, and removed to Salem. He was Register of Probate and of Deeds, Major in the militia, and held various other offices. He died 17 Oct., 1725. He had seventeen children, one of whom, Stephen, was Chief-Justice of the Province.—ED.



was so much beholden: So that upon these considerations being resolv'd to send a Cargo thither, I thought it wou'd be first convenient to go my self, and see the Town, and take a Warehouse there, before I sent my Books. For I design to intrust Palmer as my Factor; for having trusted much in the adjacent Towns, (especially at Connecticut) I cann't be above three Days absent from Boston: And having thus resolv'd to Ramble to *Salem*, it is my Ramble thither, my Reception there, and the Success thereof, relating to my Books, that I intend shall be the Subject of this Letter.

I rambled to Salem all alone, (save that by an Intercourse of Souls, my Dear, I had your Company) and upon Byard on Ten Toes too, like a meer Coriat: I shall say nothing of the several Towns I Rambled through to Salem, designing to describe them in my Ramble to *Ipswich*: But it may not perhaps 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 no Company; for I convers'd with every thing I met with; and cou'd in some measure say with one of the Antient Fathers, I was never less alone than when I was alone.

The first that saluted me in my Rambles was a Curious Bird, whose Feathers were as various as the colours of the Rainbow; and appear'd very delightful to behold; from whence I cou'd not but reflect, That if GOD does so gloriously adorn the Fowls of the Air, which are here to day, and gone to morrow, and which he has Created for the use of Man; how glorious must the Garments of Salvation be, those Robes of Righteousness with which the Saints shall be cloathed, when they shall shine forth like the Sun in the Kingdom of their Father: Here indeed 'tis oftentimes their portion to be cloath'd in Rags, like Lazarus, while the Rich are array'd (like Dives) in purple and fine Linnen: But yet a little while, and the Scene will be chang'd; their  
Rags

Rags shall be turn'd into Robes of Glory, as soon as they shall be lodg'd in the Bosom of Abraham.

But this Bird that I met with, was not only observable for the fineness of her Feathers, but also for the Sweetness of her Notes; the pleasant Warbling of her Melodious Airs, express'd her Joy for the appearance of the Sun, which then appear'd upon the Mountain tops: From the sweet singing of this Bird, I cou'd not but reflect what an ungrateful Creature Man is, who, (when all Creatures in their several kinds, like to this pretty Bird, chaunt forth the Praises of their great Creator) remains dumb and silent, altho' he was created with the most proper Organs for Speech, above all other Creatures, that he might therewith sound forth the Praises of his Munificent Maker: But those that will not sing Praises to God below, shall never be admitted to bear a part in those Celestial Anthems that are Sung above.

Tho' the shining of the Sun in the Morning, promis'd me a fair Day, yet I had not been above an hour upon my Ramble, 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: With what Cheerfulness and activity does the Soul then run the Race that's fet before it? And how easie are the hardest Lessons then made to it? At such a time, tho' the Soul walks through the midst of the valley of the Shadow of Death, yet it will fear no Evil: And therefore David cries out, as in an Extasie, on this Account, Blessed are they, O Lord, that walk in the light of thy Countenance! In thy favour shall they rejoyce all the Day long.

But then I also reflected how uncomfortable a thing it is when God with-draws the Light of his Countenance from a gracious Soul: The Darknes does appear more dismal to him, than if he never had beheld the Light:  
It

It makes the wheels of his Chariot move heavily ; and tho' the Soul may keep on his way, it is very uncomfortable. *Thou hidest thy face, says the Psalmist, and I was troubled.* Yet I observed, that tho' the Sun was hid behind a cloud, he did not with-draw all his Light, it was Day still ; and I cou'd well enough see my way, tho' it was more uncomfortable walking : From whence I reflected, That altho' many times it pleases God to with-draw the shinings of his Face from the Soul, yet it is not left totally in the Dark ; it meets with secret Supports, and still keeps on its way, altho' it travels uncomfortably : It does not indeed run the way of God's commandments, as when its heart was Enlarged : But it keeps going on towards Sion, with its Face thither-ward ; tho' its way lies through the Valley of Baca.

I had not gone half way to Salem, before the Sun was got again from behind the cloud, and shin'd forth with more resplendent Brightness than it did before ; and so it continued shining all the Day after. So that I cou'd not but admire at the Glory of it : And at the same time reflect how bright must that Glory be, which shall darken the Glory of the Sun ; and exceed it much more, than the Sun now does the Smallest Stars : This Sun, as glorious as it is, must set anon, and then the fable Clouds of Night, will muffle up the World in Darknes ; but in Heaven the Sun of Glory shines for ever, for there shall be no Night there. This made me call to mind the Immortal Cowley's Description of Heaven, in his Sacred Poem of the Troubles of David, where he makes the Glorious Rays of the Sun to be but dull in Comparison of the glory of Heaven.<sup>138</sup>

Soon after this, I past by a great heap of Stones, laid there, as I suppose, to mend the Ways, which use to be exceeding dirty in the Winter : These stones took up my Thoughts awhile, which made me think again that some Instruction might be gather'd from 'em : And I consider'd that

<sup>138</sup> We omit the lines quoted by DUNTON.—ED.

that when the ground is Paved with them, they are laid in the dirt themselves, and yet keep others out of it: This made me to reflect upon the sad estate of those who preach to others, and are Instruments of saving of their Souls, and yet themselves are castaways. Again: I consider'd that tho' the Rain falls often on the Stones, and multitudes of People daily pass over 'em, yet there is little or no Impression made upon them; so our Hearts are very obdurate, and hardly wrought upon, notwithstanding we lie under so many quickning, softning Sermons, and awakening Providences.

In going along the Woods, I observed that several Arms and Branches of the highest Trees had been broke off, by the Wind, and lay underneath upon the Ground; whereas the Shrubs that grew below, were out of danger, and all standing whole: This made me to reflect what Pains men take to get into great Places, and mount the highest Pinnacle of Honour, when they but thereby make their Falls the greater. While those that are but in a low condition, live more securely, and are out of Danger. He therefore was much in the right of it, that said,

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 Four 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 reputed the next town to Boston for trade: The Account, my Dear, I have received about the Original of this Town, is, That in the year of our Lord 1628, Mr. John Endicot with a number of English People sat down by Cape Ann, at that place called afterwards *Gloucester*, but their Abiding Place was at Salem, where they built a Town in 1639, and there they gathered a Church, consisting but of 70 Persons; but afterwards it increased

increased to 47 Churches in joynt Communion with one another, and in those Churches were about 7750 Souls: Mr. Endicot was chosen their first Governour.

The first Person I went to visit in Salem, was Mr. Herrick:<sup>130</sup> How kindly he receiv'd a poor Traveller, my Dear, whose Life he had sav'd at Sea, you may Easier 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 several Months since, I found the Deliverances we had then, were still fresh in his Remembrance. When wee were at the Tavern, among other things, I renew'd my Acknowledgments for his former kindness, 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 Jenner, and our Ships Crew.

I have already told you, my Dear, that Travellers take Pleasure in recounting their past Dangers; and had you heard how Mr. Herrick was affected with it, I am sure you cou'd have had a great Esteem for him; he speaks of you with much Honour and Regard, and I believe we drank your health a dozen times in an hours sitting. From hence he went with me to take a Ware-house, which I think stands very conveniently. Having settled that Affair, Mr. Herrick wou'd fain have had me lodg'd with him; which I believe I shou'd have accepted, but that Mr. Sewel, the Magistrate of Salem I before mention'd, sent me word he shou'd take it very unkindly if I did not make his House my Quarters: Whereupon, I desir'd Mr. Herrick's Excuse, and lay at Mr. Sewel's, who gave me a Reception worthy of himself.

The

<sup>130</sup> SAVAGE says this was George Herrick, of Salem, who was aged 34 years in 1692, and was Maribal of Essex during the Witchcraft mania, in which capacity he largely figured. It would seem (*ante*, p. 10) as if Dunton's friend was named Samuel, yet it is only an inference, since of the two friends mentioned, Roger White certainly did not embark for America.—ED.

The Entertainment he gave me was truly Noble and Generous, and my Lodging so Extraordinary both with respect unto the Largeness of the Room, and Richness of the Furniture, as might have Entertain'd a King. So free he was, that had I staid a month there, I had been welcome gratis. To give you his Character, in brief, my Dear, He is a Person whose Purse is great, but his Heart greater; he loves to be bountiful, yet limits his Bounty by Reason: He knows what is good, and loves it; and loves to do it himself for its own sake, and not for thanks: He is the Mirror of Hospitality, and neither Abraham nor Lot were ever more kind to strangers. As he is a Magistrate, he desires to have his Greatness measur'd by his Goodness; and his Care is to live so, as to be an Example to the People. He wishes there were fewer Laws, so that they were better observ'd; and for those that are Mulctuary, he thinks their Institution not to be like Briars and Thorns, to catch every thing they lay hold of, but like Sea-marks to avoid the Shipwreck of ignorant and unwary Passengers. He thinks himself then most honourably seated, when he gives Mercy the Upper hand; and strives rather to purchase a good Name than Land.

Having slept well in my New Quarters, the next Day I went to pay a Visit to the Ministers of Salem: (For you know, my Dear, they are generally the greatest Benefactors to Booksellers; So that my paying them a Visit, is but in other words to go among my Customers) who were Mr. Higgins,<sup>10</sup> an Antient and Grave Minister, in his Stature and Physiognomy very much resembling your Reverend Father. He is one that knows the Burthen of his calling,  
and

<sup>10</sup> By Mr. Higgins is meant the Rev. John Higginson, of Salem. He was born at Claybrook, Co. Leicester, 6 Aug., 1616, and was the oldest son of Rev. Francis Higginson, the well-known clergyman, who came with the colonists in 1629. Rev. John Higginson was of Saybrook and Guilford, Conn., but was ordained at Salem in 1660, and died, 9 Dec., 1708, leaving numerous descendants.—ED.

and makes it [his] business to Feed, and not to Fleece his Flock. In his Discourse there is substance as well as Rhetorick; and he utters more things than Words: In controverfal Divinity, he uses soft words, but hard Arguments; and labours more to shew the Truth of his Cause, than his Spleen: His sermon is limited by its Method, and not by the hour-glass; and his Devotion goes along with him out of the pulpit. He preaches twice on the Lord's Day, and his Conversation is every Days Exercise. I din'd at his House, and he promises me great Assistance in my Business, and Speaks of your Father with a World of Honour. From him, I went to visit Mr. Noyse,<sup>141</sup> his Assistant, who is a hail, lusty Man, appears to be my hearty Friend, and treated me with very much respect.<sup>142</sup>

Having made these Visits, the next day I went to Dine with Mr. Herrick, who gave me a very handsome and genteel Reception, and treated me with all that was rare in the Country, both as to variety of Fish and Flesh, and Choice of good Wine. In the Afternoon he propos'd to shew me the Country round about Salem; and the next Morning we were to visit Drinkwater (the Carpenter of the Ship we came to Boston in) who lives a mile from Salem. Drinkwater was very glad to see his Two Fellow Travellers, and gave us the welcome of his House. And so Mr. Herrick and my self came back again to Salem.

The next morning I took my leave of Mr. Sewel, making my

<sup>141</sup> Rev. Nicholas Noyes, b. 1647, of Haddam and Salem, was son of Nicholas, who was probably born at Choulderton, Co. Wilts. Nicholas, Jr., was ordained as colleague with Higginson in 1683, was a promoter of the Witchcraft delusion, and died unm. 13 Dec., 1717, says SAVAGE.—ED.

<sup>142</sup> In the "Life and Errors," DUNTON writes: "From Mr. Higgins[on]'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[on], to say he is in no ways inferior to him for Good Preaching or Primitive Living."—ED.

my Acknowledgments to him for all his Favours: Who was pleas'd to tell me, I shou'd have been more welcome had I made a longer stay: And renewed his former Promise of giving all the Encouragement he cou'd to my Venture, when it came thither. I then went to take my leave of Mr. Herrick also, to whom I esteem my self very much beholden, for his Generous Treatment and great Civility.<sup>143</sup> And so having spent four Days in Salem, to my great satisfaction, I return'd to Boston; And having made up a very considerable Cargo, I sent Palmer with it to Salem: Where he had very good

<sup>143</sup>At this point in the "Life and Errors" we find the following paragraphs, which doubtless should be in the text:

"I must also remember the great Civilities I met at Salem from Mr. Epes (the most Eminent School Master in New-England): he hath sent many Scholars to the Univerfity in New-England. He is much of a Gentleman, yet has not humbled his Meditations to the Industry of Complements, nor afflicted his Brain in an Elaborate Leg: (he cannot Kifs 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 farewell 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 *Iris* out of my mind, I might perhaps have forgot London; but *Iris* 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, 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 Athes 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 Sponse*, that is, till I am settled so well in Salem as to have nothing to think of else."—  
Ed.



good Trading and took Money apace. But not having my Eye over him, I was told he neglected his Business and fell to shooting; but quite miss'd the Mark I aim'd at, which was, to have my Books sold, that I might hasten to the Arms of my Dearest Expecting, Longing, and Longed for Iris: Whereupon, my Dear, I sent Palmer the following Letter.

*These for Samuel Palmer at Salem:*

SAMUEL,

When I reflect upon that Fidelity I have found in you hitherto, and that Love you Express'd towards me when you voluntarily offer'd to go round the World with me; and when I consider your great care of me in all my Sea-sickness, during our long Voyage hither; and after this, your Care and Diligence in all my Business at Boston, which you well knew I was sensible of, and took it very kindly from you: I say, when I consider all these things, I cannot but be extremely troubled to think that you should by your Carelessness and neglect of my Business at Salem, (an Account of which I have receiv'd from several hands, of too great a Reputation not to be believ'd) forfeit that good Opinion I have hitherto retain'd of you; and lose that Reputation in a moment, you have been so long a building up: That you shou'd be so supine, as not to consider, That 'tis only Perseverance in well doing, that meets with a Reward.

The Credit and good Name of a Young Man, is more than a Portion; for when that's gone, Money can't purchase it: And yet a good Name and Reputation is such a tender thing to keep, that it requires abundance of Care and Circumspection: Remember what Randolph says about it in his Precepts.

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

It is for your sake, Sam, that I am so much concern'd; for the Injurs you do to me by your Neglect, (tho' very prejudicial

dicial to my Affaires, forasmuch as my Return to England depends upon your Dispatch at Salem) is yet but small, in comparison of what you do your self, which may leave such an indelible stain upon you, as cann't be easily wash'd out. And to shew you that it is your good I aim at, upon your Reformation, and returning to your Business with your wonted Diligence, I will both Pardon and forget your Fault, tho' I never will forget your love, in venturing your Life with me: And I the rather hope this of you, because I wou'd carry back your good Report to my Reverend Father Dr. Annesly, who recommended you to me, and also to your Mistres, who has an Extraordinary Esteem for you. And your compliance herein shall still cause me to continue

Your loving Master,

PHILARET.<sup>144</sup>

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

HONOURED SIR,

I received yours, and having read it, the Remorse which arose in my Brest, for offending so good and indulgent a Master, has almost broke my heart: Since my first coming to live with you, I acknowledge I have received nothing but Demonstrations of Kindness from you: But your last Letter has been a greater Kindness to me, than all that I receiv'd before, for it has brought me to a sight of my Sin, in my Neglect of your Business, and has reduc'd me to my Duty. Your Goodness in Promising upon my Return, to pardon and forget my Faults, makes me the more sensible of them, and I hope through God's Grace, will cause me to double my

<sup>144</sup>This letter is signed 'John Dunton' in the "Life and Errors," and is dated "Boston, April the 4th, 1686." The answer is dated "Salem, April the 10th, 1686." Both of them are varied

somewhat from the original drafts as here printed. Dunton says that he inserts them as "a Caution to Eye Servants."—ED.

my Diligence for the time to come; and that I shall give you such evident Tokens of my Repentance for those Neglects I have been guilty of, as shall leave you no room to doubt of the Truth of it. And therefore humbly begging your Pardon for my late Faults, I do faithfully promise that during the Remainder of my Time, I will, by a diligent Application to my Business, Endeavour to approve my self

Your most humble and Faithful Servant,

SAMUEL PALMER.

My Dear, I found my Letter to Palmer had the Effect I desir'd, for he afterwards doubled his Diligence, and acquitted himself honourably; but does not think of Coming for England, least his being concern'd with Monmouth shou'd rise up in Judgment against him.

Palmer did not come with me for England, but rambled into another County for 3 years till the storm about Monmouth had blown over, and he was out of his time. I gave him a kind Reception and he was welcome to me till his sudden death of a horse.<sup>145</sup>

My Dear, Mrs. Comfort, (my Landlord Wilkins his Daughter) whose Character I told you was in my Letter to Mr. Larkin, has treated me with a world of kindness upon all occasions; and well knowing by all my Discourses that I esteem nothing that has not a more than Ordinary value for you, did yesterday deliver into my hands a Noble Looking-Glass to present to you, as an Earnest of her desire to see a Person of whom I have talk'd so many Tender Things.

I

<sup>145</sup>This is thus narrated in "Life and Errors." "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 Book-selling, got a Post in the Army, and riding to see his Captain, was drown'd." —ED.

I heard yesterday at Change the News of your Cousin Noyfe's<sup>146</sup> Death, as he was coming from Jamaica hither: And I am much concern'd at the Report, as he was a brave Assertor of English Libertics against Popery and Tyranny; of which, the Address against it by the London Apprentices, to Sir Patience Ward, Lord Mayor of London, was a Sufficient Evidence; my self and he being Two of the Presenters.

Pray give my humble Duty to Father and Mother, and a kind Remembrance to all other Relations; Particularly to Sister Sarah Dunton: It will be but a needless wasting of Time and Paper to tell you, That I will dispatch my Business here with all the Application possible, that I may be once more made happy with your Embraces. For as the Needle touch'd with the Load-Stone can never rest until it Points to its beloved North: So neither can there be any True Repose Enjoy'd, till in the Arms of Iris, by, my Dearest,

Your ever Faithful

PHILARET.

<sup>146</sup> Nothing has been found concerning this "Cousin Noyes," and what is perhaps worth notice is that no record can be found of George Drinkwater, whom Dunton visited. The name of Drinker is on our records.—ED.



THE TRIANGULAR WAREHOUSE AT THE TOWN DOCK, BOSTON.



## LETTER VII.

TO MY BELOVED SISTER,  
MRS. SARAH DUNTON.

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**M**Y Dear Sister: There are many Reasons that crowd in upon me, for the Addressing this part of my Rambles to your self; and all appear very cogent: Your more than Ordinary Esteem of me does naturally beget in me that respect for you which cannot easily be forgotten; besides your having liv'd with me some years, has given me an Opportunity of Observing divers commendable and praise-worthy Qualities in you, which has very much endear'd you to me; Your understanding so abstruse and knotty a part of the Mathematicks as Algebra, shews you to be a Person of a very great Intellect, and one whose Soul is susceptible of greater things than those.

But there are two Things that Endear me to you more than all the rest; the one is, That very great respect and esteem that my Dearest Love has always had for you above the rest of my Relations, and the many Endearing things she has often said to me of you. The other, which is yet more Engaging, is, That I very well remember, you were always the best Beloved Daughter of my Dearest Father;  
To

To whose Pious and happy Memory, I shall always pay so great a Deference, as to believe where he lov'd most, there must be most of Merit.

So much for the Reason of an Address to you in general; and as to my addressing this part of my Rambles to you in particular, it is, Because this is a Ramble from Boston to *Plymouth*; <sup>147</sup> to which place I was made the Conductor of one of the Fair Sex; and the Discourses with which we whil'd away our Time upon the Road, is a great part of the subject of this Letter; which how manag'd, is left to your Judgment, as one whom Experience has made capable of giving it: For Women judge of Women's Matters best.

My Landlady (Mrs. Wilkins) having a Sister at *Ipswich*, which she had not seen a great while, Mrs. Comfort, her Daughter, (a young Gentlewoman Equally happy in the Perfections both of her Body and Mind,) had a great desire to see her Aunt, having never been at her House, nor in that Part of the Countrey; Which Philaret having likewise a desire to see, and being never backward to accommodate the Fair Sex, Profers his Service to wait upon her thither, which was readily accepted by the Young Lady, who knew Philaret so well, that she thought her self safe enough under his Protection. Nor were her Parents less willing to trust her with him; and Philaret was as careful not to betray his Trust to any Inconvenience.

And now, Sister, all things being ready for our Ramble, I took my Fair one up behind me, and rid to the River-side, 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 went a long with two or three Indians, who courteously saluted us, with, 'What Chear, *Nctop?*' Netop in the Indian Language signifies Friend:

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<sup>147</sup> Thus the Manuscript reads, but Dunton seems never to have visited the South Shore.—ED.

I return'd their Salutation, and pass'd on; not without observing that there is a vein of Civility and Courtesie runs in the Blood of these Wild Indians, both among themselves, and towards strangers.

As we were Rambling along, I ask'd my Comfortable and Fair-Fellow-Traveller, what her Notions of Marriage were? Mrs. Comfort at first seem'd surpris'd at the Question, and told me she did not expect it from me: I then told her, There was nothing in that Question but what she might very well answer: And that since we were now all alone, and there were no Witnesses of our Words, she might do it with the greater Freedom; and that as to my self, I hop'd she had a better opinion of me, and believ'd I had a greater Honour for her, than to take any Advantage of her Words, so as to Expose her for them. 'But, Madam,' continu'd I, 'since we often talk of Marriage and of Love, and you understand the Words, these Words must convey some private Notions and Ideas of the things they signifie, unto your Soul: And what these private Notions and Ideas of things are, is that which I wou'd have you be so free as to relate; this is the Truest part of Friendship, and this is that Unbosoming of our Souls to Each other, by which our Notions of Things are Emprov'd: And whether you will be so free as to own it or not, I am sure your Thoughts are sometimes Employ'd upon these Subjects.'

To this, Mrs. Comfort gave me this Answer, 'I believe, Philaret, that as free as you appear from all the Errours of your Sex, you wou'd not wish your Brest Transparent, nor have all the inward Sentiments of your Soul expos'd: There are some Thoughts there you would not have even your Charming Iris Privy to, as much as you love her; least she might thereby Discover some Obliquity in your so much boasted Affection. Why shou'd you then so rigorously require of me to discover the inmost Recesses of my Soul, and the most private Conceptions of things that I have  
Lodg'd

Lodg'd there? And even as to Marriage it self, is it not much more proper for me, who am a Virgin, and know nothing of it, to enquire of you, who having long been married, must needs know; and since from what I have observ'd of you, you are the best of Husbands; and from your Words I cannot think but that your dearest Iris is the best of Wives: I'm sure I cannot Enquire any where with more hopes to be resolv'd, and know the best of it, than from th' Experience of so happy and so blest a pair.'

'Well, Mrs. Comfort,' reply'd I, 'I see you'll be too hard for me, and have besides turn'd the Question I ask'd you into another, and put it on my self: For 'twas not simply what Marriage was that I ask'd you, but what your Private Notions of it were: But since you have been pleas'd to put that Complement upon my self and my Dear Iris, as to make us the Exemplar of a Married Life, I will be so free as to give you my thoughts of it, that you may afterwards the more freely give me yours. But I see our Discourse has already brought us to Captain Marshalls, and therefore I shall adjourn what we have to say till afterward.' My Fellow-Traveller easily agreed to my motion, and so we rid up to Captain Marshal's House, and there alighted.

This Captain Marshal<sup>148</sup> is a hearty old Gentleman, formerly one of Oliver's Souldiers, upon which he very much values himself: He keeps an Inn upon the Road between Boston and *Marble-Head*: His House was well-furnished, and we had very good Accommodation. I enquir'd of the Captain what memorable Actions he had been in under Oliver, and I found I cou'd not have pleas'd him better; he  
was

<sup>148</sup>Capt. Thomas Marshall is mentioned by NEWHALL in his History of Lynn, p. 155-7. Still there is a great degree of uncertainty about his identity. SAVAGE considers him the same as Thomas M., of Reading, who had children between 1640 and 1655, and at Lynn from 1657 to 1665. He may have

been in England between 1648 and 1655. He was six times a representative from Lynn, and kept a tavern, opened by Joseph Armitage, on the west of Saugus river. He died 23 Dec., 1689, and from an affidavit quoted, was aged 67 in 1683. He left two sons and several daughters. —ED.



was not long in Resolving me of the Civil Wars at his Fingers' Ends; and if we may believe him, Oliver did hardly anything that was considerable without his Assistance; For his good Service at the Fatal Battel of Naseby, (which gave such a Turn to the King's affairs, that he cou'd never after come to a pitch'd Battel,) he was made a Captain; from thence he went to Leicester, and besieg'd that; then went to York, and afterwards to Marston-Moor; and in short, Rambled so far in his Discourse, that if I wou'd have stay'd as long as he'd have talk'd, he wou'd have quite spoil'd my Ramble to Plymouth; and therefore giving Mrs. Comfort to understand that I begun to be uneasy, she very seasonably came into my Relief, and the Captain was forc'd to leave a great part of his Noble Exploits unrelated. My Fellow-Traveller and I, having taken our leave of the Captain, quickly mounted, and went on our Ramble towards Marble-Head.

And now, being all alone again, Mrs. Comfort put me in mind of my Promise to give her an Account what Marriage was. I found she cou'd not forget so pleasing a Subject: For your Sex, my Sister, how coyly soever they appear to mention such Subjects, yet love to hear as much as they can of 'em, and take a Secret pleasure in the Relation; for the Truth of which I appeal to yourself.

'Well, Mrs. Comfort,' said I, 'Since you have put this Task upon me, I will Endeavour to acquit my self as well as I can of it. I do therefore affirm Marriage to be the happiest State on this side Heaven, that a Man can be in: Nor do I speak this as an Empty Notion of my own, but ground it on the greatest and the best Authority; For if we do but reflect upon the great Institutor of it, and the time when, and the place where it was instituted, nothing can be more obvious: The Institutor of it was the great Lord of the Creation, who having framed this glorious Superstructure of the Universe out of Nothing, Created Man as the Lord of it,

it, with a Design to make him happy: And yet, if Heaven it self may be believ'd, the Completion of his happiness consisted in a Married State, God himself declaring it was not good for Man to be alone; and therefore he provided a meet help for him.

'Nor is the time when Marriage was thus instituted, less considerable; it was whilst our First Parents were cloath'd with all that Virgin Purity and Innocence wherewith they were created. 'Twas at a time wherein they had a blessed and uninterrupted Converse and Communion with their Great Creator; and were compleat in all the Perfections both of Mind and Body: 'Twas at a time when they cou'd curiously survey the Beauties and Perfections of Each other without sin, and knew not what it was to lust. 'Twas at this happy time that the Almighty Divided Adam from himself, and of a Crooked Rib made him a fair and Lovely Bride; and so by Instituting Marriage, United Adam to himself again, in Wedlock's sacred Bands.

'And now the Place where Marriage first was instituted, comes next to be consider'd, and that was Paradise, a Place form'd by our Sovereign Maker for Delight and Pleasure: It was a Garden, and must needs be pleasant; but then if we reflect 'twas the Garden of GOD, it must needs be superlatively so: 'Twas in the midst of Paradise, the Center of Delight and Happiness, that Adam was Unhappy, whilst in a Single State; and therefore Marriage may properly be stil'd The Paradise of Paradise it self. And where two Persons of agreeing years and Humours shall Tye this True Love's Knot, and Enter into Wedlocks sacred Bands, their own Experience will tell them more than this. And now, dear Mrs. Comfort, I hope I have made good what I at first asserted, which was, That Marriage is the happiest state on this side Heaven.'

After some little silence, Mrs. Comfort told me, That she cou'd not expect less from me, than such an Account of a  
**married**

married state as I have given. 'But if Marriage,' added she, 'be such a happy state as you have represented, what means those Inauspicious Torches Hymen lights at every Wedding? For now we see none but unlucky hands link'd in the Wedding Ring; and Tears, and Jars, and Discontents, and Jealousies, (a Curse as Cruel,) or else Barrenness, are all the Blessings Crown the Genial Bed: And these things being every Days Experience, make more Impression on such Minds as mine, than all that fine Harrangue that you have made.'

I cou'd not but confes to Mrs. Comfort, That such things are too obvious Every Day; but these things cou'd not so properly be said to be the Effects of Marriage, but rather the Effects of their Irregularities that enter in a Married State, without attending to the Duties of it.

'Then I perceive,' reply'd Mrs. Comfort smartly, 'That Marriage is, as they are that Enter into it; which makes it still extream precarious. And he and she had need be well acquainted with each others humours, before they Tye that Nuptial Knot together, or else they may too late, in vain repent it.'

This Discourse had brought us to *Marvail*, or *Marble-Head*, a small Town or Harbour, the Shore Rocky, upon which the Town is built, consisting of a few scattered Houses, where they have Stages for Fishermen, Orchards and Gardens; half a mile within Land, there is good Pastures, and Arable Land, very good.

It was about Marriage we had been Discourfing as we came a long; and that I think was the Occasion of my asking at this Town, of a Friend Indian,<sup>140</sup> what the Customs of the Indians was, relating to Marriage; and the Account he gave me, was this, That single Fornication they accounted no sin; but after they were married, it was accounted a very  
hainous

<sup>140</sup>The 'Friend Indian,' as might be very familiar with WILLIAMS. See KEY, imagined from previous examples, was p. 228-231.—ED.

hainous Crime for either of them to Transgress, or be found false to the Marriage-Bed. That their Marriages were solemnized by the Consent of the Parents, and also by Publick Approbation: And that they were Married Publickly, before the Chief Persons of the Place where they lived. That in case either Party were found offending, the Party wronged may put away, or keep the Party offending at their own Pleasure. And if it happens to be the Woman that is found false, tho' the Husband may forgive his Wife, yet will he be solemnly revenged upon the Person with whom she offended, before many Witnesses, by many Blows and Wounds; and if it be to Death (as sometimes it is) yet the guilty resists not, nor is his Death revenged. If the like course was taken in Europe, there would be both fewer Cuckolds and less Cuckold-Makers.

But tho' they are such Observers of Marriage, yet is not their Number of Wives stinted, but they may take as many as they please: Tho' the Chief Nation of Indians in this Country, which is the *Narrigansets*, generally Take but one Wife.

Two Causes they generally alledge for their Plurality of Wives; First, Desire of Riches, because the Women bring in all the increase of the Field; and the Husband only fisheth and hunteth. Secondly, Their long sequestering themselves from their Wives after Conception, until the Child be Weaned, which with some is long after a year old; for they generally keep their children long at the breast.

The Husband there buys his Wife, or gives so many fathom of their money (which is the Shells of certain Fishes strung on a Bracelet) to the Father, or Mother, or Guardian of the Maid. And if the Man be poor that he can't give anything, his Friends and Neighbours contribute towards the Dowry.

They commonly abound with Children, and increase mightily; and the Curse laid upon Women of bringing forth

forth Children in sorrow, is mightily moderated to the Indian Women; so that they have a far more moderate Labour, and a more Speedy and Easie Delivery than most of our European Women: Which I believe in a great measure is occasioned by the hardness of their Constitution; and by their Extraordinary great Labour in the Field, (even above the Labour of Men) as carrying of mighty Burthens, digging Clammes, and getting other Shelfish from the Sea, and in beating all their Corn in a mortar, &c. Most of 'em count it a shame for a Woman to Complain when she's in Labour, and many of them are scarcely heard to groan. It is 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, and after four or five Days at Work.

They frequently put away their Wives for other Occasions besides Adultery; and yet are they not so fickle but that I have been shewn many Couples that lived twenty, thirty, and some forty years together.

From this Account of the Indians Marriage, I made this General Observation, my Sister: That God hath Implanted in the Hearts of the Wildest of the Sons of Men, an high and Honourable Esteem of Marriage, and that the Violation of the Marriage-Bed is abominable; which sufficiently shews Marriage to be a Divine Institution.

Having left Marble-Head behind us, we Rambled towards *New Salem*, four miles North of Marble-Head, and directly in our way to Ipswich; but having given a large Account of this Place, and of my Ramble thither, and staying there for some time, in a Letter to my Dearest Iris, which you may see when you please, I shall say nothing further of it here, but that having call'd at a Friends House, and refresh'd our Selves, we Rambled on towards *Wenham*; when by the Way, I thought this a Convenient time for my Fellow-Traveller to perform her Promise, as I had done mine, that  
is,

is, to give me her private Notions of Marriage; and what Ideas of it she retain'd in her own Breast.

But Mrs. Comfort was, I perceiv'd, a good Proficient in the Art of Wheedling, and wou'd have wheedled me out of the Performance of her Promise, by perswading me she had perform'd it already, in Answer to my Discourse of Marriage before mention'd: But having convinc'd her that what She then said was only an Objection to what I had affirm'd, which I had also answer'd, she thus began.

' Since nothing will satisfy you, Philaret, but my Exposing my self, by giving you my Private Notions of Marriage, of which we have had so large an Account from the Indian at Marble-Head, I will run the risque of being thought an Insipid, rather than Disoblige you, or seem to break that Promise which you only say I have made, tho' I know nothing of it. That those words of Love and Marriage do convey some peculiar Notions or Ideas to our Souls, as you affirm, is very certain; or else our Discourse wou'd be altogether unintelligible, and we might as well hold our Tongues, as talk to one another. And 'tis as certain that words convey to us the True Notions of the Things intended by those Words; and if so, what Notion can I have of Marriage, but what the word conveys to me, or what is commonly intended by that Word, which is nothing else but the making one of two, or the Uniting of two Persons in a Married State, so as Death only can dissolve that Union.

' This, Philaret, is my Private Notion of Marriage, which I think to be Right, as far as I understand the Word: And this is enough to acquit me of the Promise you Pretend to. But Philaret, that you may see the Confidence I have in you, and how much freedom I take in your Conversation, I will give you my Private Sentiments concerning Marriage, and they are, That it is a very desirable State; and that there are such Charms and such Endearing Sweetnesses in the Conversation of an agreeable Husband, that renders all  
other

other Pleasures but nauseous and insipid in comparison of this: When two Persons shall be mutually wrapt up, as it were, in one anothers Soul, and Communicate their very hearts to one another, it must needs be a Life of great Complacency and Delight; and yet, Philaret, I am not so great an Admirer of a Married State, as to think 'tis without its Alloys: No, I believe that all those fancy'd joys that I have mention'd, are but needful to counter-ballance its Alloys, which are so many and so great, as that without some such Endearing Charms as I have mention'd, it wou'd be hardly tolerable; no, tho' a Person were so happy as to meet with a good Husband; which is so great a hazard, that 'tis a venturing against mighty odds to run the risque on't: For as I'm sure you don't imagine that every Wife you see wou'd make an Iris; so neither do I think that scarce one Husband in Ten Thousand wou'd prove a Philaret. And therefore since there is so great a hazard in getting a good Husband; and to have a bad one is to be Ruin'd without Remedy, a Single Life is still to be preferr'd: Tho' at the same time this I do declare, that were I sure of having a good Husband, 'twou'd be the first thing I shou'd do to marry him.'

I could not but return my Thanks to Mrs. Comfort, for the Freedom she had us'd in Discovering her Sentiments to me; assuring her that whatever she had said should never be made use of to her prejudice; and also took notice how much she had oblig'd me in the value she had put upon my Dearest Iris and my self; telling her, that howsoever she might be mistaken in me, yet my Lovely Iris was a Person that I deserv'd all the good thoughts she had conceiv'd of her; and that she only wanted to know her personally to be of my Opinion.

I had just concluded my Discourse, as we came to Wenham, which is an Inland Town, very well watred, lying between Salem and Ipswich, and consisteth most of Men of Judgment and Experience in Country Affairs; well stored with  
with

with Cattel. At the first Rise of Ipswich River, in the highest part of the Land, near the Head, are the Springs of many Considerable Rivers; *Shashin*, one of the most considerable Branches of *Merrimack* River; and also at the rise of *Mislick* River, are Ponds full of Pleasant Springs.

In this Town of Wenham lives one Mr. Geery;<sup>160</sup> whose Father is now a Captain in Boston, in so delicious a Paradise, that of all the Places in the Countrey, I shou'd have chosen this for the most happy Retirement: His House is neat and handsome, fitted with all Conveniencies proper for the Countrey: And does so abound with every thing of his own, that he has no Occasion to trouble his Neighbours: The lofty spreading Pines on each side of his House, are a sufficient Shelter from the Winds; And the Warm Sun so Kindly ripens both his Fruits and Flowers, as if the Spring, the Summer and the Autumn had agreed together to thrust Winter out of Doors; He entertain'd us with such pleasant Fruits, as I must own Old England is a stranger to, and amongst all its great Varieties, knows nothing so Delicious. This Noble Countrey Seat, and that Retirement which seems so peculiar to it, brought to my Remembrance the second Epod of Horace, of the Pleasures of a Countrey Life, which I have here inserted.<sup>161</sup>

This Gentleman's Pleasant Countrey Seat, and good Husbandry, stir'd up my Curiosity to inquire into the manners and good Husbandry of the Indians, of which I had this Account given me.<sup>162</sup>

The Indians are very exact and punctual in the bounds of their Lands, belonging to this or that Prince, or private Person,

<sup>160</sup>As we have before shown, by 'Geery' is undoubtedly meant Gerrish. Rev. Joseph Gerrish, son of Capt. William G., was ordained at Wenham in 1673, married Ann Waldron, had several children, and d. 6 Jan., 1720.—Ed.

<sup>161</sup>And which we have omitted.—Ed.  
<sup>162</sup>The account, doubtless a very exact one, was furnished by WILLIAMS, p. 180.—Ed.



Person, even to a River, or a Brook, &c. and make a firm Bargain and Sale amongst themselves for every small quantity of Ground they part with.

They have very good Chesnuts, which they call *Wompi-mincaft*, which they have a peculiar Art of Drying, and so preserve them in their Barns for a Dainty all the year: They dry their Akorns also, and in Case of want of Corn, by much boyling they make a good Dish of them. Yea, sometimes in plenty of Corn, they will eat these Akorns for a Novelty.

They have also very good Wallnuts, of which they make an Excellent Oyl, good for many Uses, but especially for their Anointing of their Heads. And of the Chips of the Walnut Tree (the Bark being taken off) some English in the Countrey make Excellent Beer both for Taste, Strength, Colour, and inoffensive operation.

They have the most Excellent Strawberries in the World: Which is indeed the Wonder of all the Fruits growing Naturally in those Parts: It is of it self so Excellent, that an Eminent English Doctor was wont to say, That he wou'd not say God cou'd not have made, but he wou'd say God never did make a better Berry than this. In some parts where the Indians are settled, I have seen as many as wou'd freight a good Ship, in a few miles Compass. Their usual way is to bruise them in a mortar, and mix them with meal, and so make a very pleasant sort of Strawberry-Bred of them.

They have also another Fruit which they call *Safemineast*, in taste like a Barbary, a fine, sharp, cooling Fruit, growing in fresh Waters all the Winter. Being made into a Conserve, it is very excellent against Feavers.

They have likewise Divers sorts of Hurtle-Berries, some sweet like Currans, some opening, and some of a binding Nature. These Currans are dry'd by the Natives, and so preserved all the year; which they beat to powder, and  
mingle

mingle with their Parch'd Meal, and make a delicate Dish of it, which they call *Sautauthig*; which is as sweet to them as Plum or Spice-Cake to the English.

Tho' the Indians make very pleasant Bread of their Strawberries, having great abundance of them; yet the English exceed them in good Husbandry, and make an Excellent delicious Wine of their Strawberries, as strong and as pleasant as any made of Grapes.

Their Indian Corn (which is of several Colours) is very good either boil'd in Milk, or butter'd; and is more agreeable to English Bodies than our English Wheat, which is generally of a binding nature; whereas this keeps the Body in a constant moderate Looseness.

The Women set, or plant, and weed, and likewise gather and bring in all the Corn into the Barn, and all other Fruits of the Field: Tho' here and there a good Natur'd Man, and one that is fond of his Wife, will help her; which by the Custom of the Country he is not bound to do, neither is it any of his work.

When a New Field is to be broken up, they are very sociable and neighbourly; for all the Neighbours, both Men and Women, will freely come and joyn with 'em in the work, to Dispatch it quickly. Sometimes an hundred, or more, will joyn together, on such an Occasion. Nor is it only on this Occasion that they will joyn together, but likewise on several others, such as building their Forts, hunting in the Woods, stopping and killing Fish in the River, &c. their United strength making difficult things easie. *Concordia parva res crescunt, Discordia magna dilabuntur.*

When their Corn is grown up, they how it, as we do in England; but the Indian Women, tho' they see daily what Howes the English use, will still use their Natural Howes of Shells and Wood.

When they have gather'd their Corn, they dry it carefully on heaps, laying it on Matts before they barn it up: Covering  
ing

ing it over with Matts at Night, and taking them off the next Day when the Sun is hot. The Woman of the Family will commonly raise two or three heaps of Twelve, fifteen, or twenty Bushels in a heap; and if She have the help of her Children or Friends it will be much more.

The Indians have also their Vine-Apples, which the English from them call Squashes;<sup>183</sup> they are about the bigness of Apples, and are of several colours. It is a very sweet, wholesome, and refreshing Fruit.

This Discourse had held us so long, that we both thought it now high Time to prosecute our Designed Ramble to Ipswich, which was now our next stage, and to which we wanted but eight miles: As we were riding along, being pleas'd with Mrs. Comfort's Wit and Ingenuity, and to avoid the tediousness of the Way, I Engaged her again in a new Conversation, thus:

'Well, Mrs. Comfort, Since you find there's so much difficulty in being well Married, Pray tell me what you think of Platonick Love; a Love so Sublime, that you may love on to the greatest heights of it, without Danger; a Love refin'd from all that's gross and Earthy; and divested of all Carnal affection, so that it becomes as pure as Æther. This is a Love that you and I may be Engaged in, without a Crime, or the least thought of Wrong to my beloved Iris.'

To this Mrs. Comfort reply'd, 'I think 'tis very strange to hear a married man commend Platonick Love, since by his Marriage he has over-thrown the Notion. But in your Circumstances, Philaret, there may be some allowance given; and in New-England you may pass with a Platonick Lover: But were you now in London, how soon wou'd you unfay your words, and prove your Love of Iris to be as pure and  
as

<sup>183</sup>In his note on this passage in WILLIAMS, (p. 185) TRUMBULL writes: "*Asg.* plural *asquash*, was a generic name, signifying that which might be eaten *green* or *raw*; and was probably

applied to all the Cucurbitaceæ, or melon-like fruits. The English adopting the plural *asquash* as a noun in the singular, formed a new plural, *squash-es*." —ED.

as refin'd, as that Platonick Love to which you now give so great Elogies: For my part, Philaret, whene'er I love, I will propose some End in doing it; for that which has no End, appears to me but the Chimera of a Distempered Brain: And what end can there be in love of Different Sexes, but Enjoyment? And yet Enjoyment quite spoils the Notion of Platonick Love: You must excuse me therefore, Philaret, if I, (still paying all the deference I ought, to your far better Judgment) declare my self against it, and oppose real Fruition, in your Platonick Notion.'

To this, I repartee'd, 'Tho' I am very well satisfied in the Pregnancy of your Wit, yet I can by no means approve of your Judgment, in Opposition to Platonick Love, which I have so great an Esteem for, that I can by no means part with it. And since your Sex are oftener perswaded by Poetical Composures, than by down-right Prose, I am resolv'd to attack you that way:' And then I repeated the following verses.<sup>154</sup>

Mrs. Comfort testified how highly she was pleas'd with the Copy of Verses I had Repeated, and assured me that they 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 because the Evening was pretty far advanc'd, we were glad of his company; who tho' he was on foot, travell'd as fast as our Horse, and faster too, or else he had not overtook us; and observing his going, I could not but admire to see what paths their naked hardned feet had made in that Wilderness; Even in stony and rocky Places.

This honest Indian offered, if we had any thing to carry, to carry it for us. And I observ'd that for a small hire, a  
Man

<sup>154</sup> It is highly probable that DUNTON did have some such discourse during this journey, as he has printed a brief account in his "Life and Errors." Still, as he there varies the poetry quoted, we may spare our readers three pages of it.—ED.

Man shall never want Guides who will carry their Provisions for them over Rivers and Brooks, and oftentimes find out Hunting-Houses, and other Lodgings at night: I have heard of many English that in their Travelling have been lost, who have been found and succoured by the Indians very kindly. They are generally very quick on foot; and brought up even from their Mother's Breasts to running; their Legs being stretch'd and bound up in a strange way in their Cradle backward, from their Infancy: Which makes some of them so excel in running, that they will run four-score or an hundred miles in a Summers Day: and they very often Practice running of Races.

As we went along, I ask'd the Indian what was the occasion of his going to Ipswich? He told me he had some Money owing him there, which he was going to receive. Upon which I took occasion to ask him, what Method was observ'd amongst the Indians in Borrowing and Lending of Money, and what course they took to recover their Debts? In Answer whereto, he gave me the following Account.<sup>166</sup>

'The Indians,' says he, 'are very desirous to come into Debt, but very negligent in making their Payments; and he that trusts them must sustain a Twofold Loss, First, of his Commodity, and secondly of their Custom, as I have found,' says he, 'by dear Experience: Some indeed are ingenuous, plain-hearted, and honest; but the most will never pay, unless a Man follow them to their several Abodes, Towns, and Houses, as I my self have been forc'd to do. The most common Excuse they make for not paying, and which they think very satisfactory, is, that they have been sick; because in the time of their sickness they give largely to their Priests, who sometimes heals them by their Conjurations; and also at those times they keep open House for all to come to help to pray with them, to whom also they give money. And this

<sup>166</sup> Almost *verbatim* from WILLIAMS, p. 246-247.—ED.

this they will plead for an Excuse, even when they have not been sick, on purpose to deceive and defraud their Creditors.'

The Indian having made an End of what he had to say, I told him, If the Case were as he represented it, I thought it was very dangerous Trading with them, and that it was a difficult thing to buy and sell amongst them.

To this the Indian answer'd, That if I pleas'd, he would give me an Account of the Indians Buying and Selling. I told him with all my heart, and that I shou'd Esteem my self oblig'd to him for so doing. Whereupon he began thus:

'The<sup>156</sup> Indians among themselves trade their Corn, Skins, Coats, Venison, Fish, &c. and sometimes come ten or twenty in a Company to trade among the English. They have some who follow only making of Bows, some Arrows, some Dishes, some follow Fishing, some Hunting, and the Women make all their Earthen Vessels. Those that live near the Sea-side make money, and store up Shells in Summer against Winter, whereof to make their money. They all generally prize a Mantle of English and Dutch Cloth, before their own wearing of Skins or Furrs; because they are warm enough, and are lighter. Cloth of a white colour they don't care for, but desire to have a sad colour without any White in it; as suiting best with their own natural Temper, which inclines to sadness.

'They have very great difference in their Coyn; some will not pass without Allowance, and some is made of a Counterfeit shell; and their very black counterfeited by a Stone, and other materials: Yet,' added he, 'I never knew any of them much deceived; for their danger of being deceived, makes them cautious. Whoever deals with them had need of a great deal of Patience, and Wisdom; for they frequently tell those they deal with, You lie, and you deceive me;

<sup>156</sup> From WILLIAMS, p. 239-245.—ED.

me; which I know are very provoking words. They are mighty cunning in their Bargains to save a Penny, and very suspicious that Englishmen Endeavour to deceive them: Therefore they will beat all Markets, and try all Places, and run twenty, thirty, yea, sometimes forty miles, and more, and lodge in the Woods, to save six pence.

'They will often confess, for their own Ends, that the English are Richer, and Wiser, and Valianter than themselves; yet this is for their own Ends, and therefore they add, *Nanoué*; which is, Give me this or that; a sort of begging which they are generally given to, tho' the more ingenious scorn it. I have often seen,' said he, 'an Indian with great quantities of Money about him, beg a Knife of an English Man, who has had never a Penny of Money.'

'They are great Admirers of Looking-glasses; and altho' their Complexions are not so white and beautiful as the English, yet they love to be looking in those Glasses, as I my self did, before I became a Friend, or knew how to worship God; but I now see that it was nothing but Pride, which will appear in any Colour. And that makes our Women paint their Faces in all sorts of Colours. Howes, Hatchets, and Knives, are things much esteem'd among the Indians, and will yield a good Price, and so also will Tobacco Pipes.'

The honest *Netop*, or Friend Indian, had but just made an End of his Discourse, as we came to Ipswich: I gave him many thanks for the Information he had given me, and also for his good Company, and wou'd have made him drink, but he very thankfully refus'd it: And so we parted, he going about his Occasions, and I and my Fair Fellow-Traveller, to Mr. Steward's, whose Wife was Mrs. Comfort's own Aunt; whose Joy to see her Niece at Ipswich, was sufficiently Express'd by the Noble Reception we met with, and the Treatment we found there; which far out-did whate'er we cou'd have Thought: And tho' my self was but a Stranger to them,

them, Yet the Extraordinary Civility and respect they shew'd me, gave me reason enough to think I was very Welcome.

It was late when we came thither, and we were both very weary, which yet wou'd not Excuse us from the Trouble of a very Splendid Supper, before I was permitted to go to Bed; which was got ready in so short a time, as wou'd have made us think, had we not known the Contrary, that it had been ready Provided against we came. Tho' our Supper was extraordinary, yet I had so great a desire to go to Bed, as made it to me a troublesome Piece of Kindness. But this being happily over, I took my leave of my Fellow-Traveller, and was Conducted to my Apartment by Mrs. Stewart herself, who Character I shan't attempt to night, being so very weary, but reserve till to morrow morning: Only I must let you know that my Apartment was so Noble, and the Furniture so suitable to it, that I doubt not but even the King himself has been often-times contented with a worse Lodging.

Having repof'd my self all Night upon a Bed of Down, (than which there cou'd be nothing softer but the Arms of Iris,) I slept so very soundly that the Sun (who lay not on so soft a Bed as I did) had got the start of me, and rise before me; but was so kind however as to make me one of his first visits, and to give me the *Bonjour*; on which I straight got up and dress'd my self, having a Mind to look about me and see where I was: And having took a view of Ipswich, I found it to be situated by a fair River, whose first Rise from a Lake or Pond was twenty miles up, breaking its course thorow a hideous swamp for many miles, a harbour for Bears; it issueth forth into a large Bay, (where they fish for Whales,) due East over against the Island of Sholes, a great place of fishing; the mouth of that River is barr'd: It is a good Haven Town; their Meeting-House or Church is built very beautifully: There is store of Orchards and Gardens about it, and good Land for Cattel and Husbandry.

But



But I remember, Sister, I promis'd to give you Mrs. Steward's Character, and if I hadn't, yet Gratitude and Justice would exact it of me: Her Stature is of a middle size, fit for a Woman; Her Face is still the magazine of Beauty, whence she may fetch Artillery enough to wound a Thousand Lovers; and when she was about 18, perhaps there never was a Face more sweet and charming: Nor could it well be otherwise, since now at 33, all you call sweet and ravishing, is in her Face; which 'tis as great a Pleasure to behold, as a perpetual Sunshine, without any Clouds at all; and yet all this sweetness is joyn'd with such attractive vertue as draws all to a certain distance, and there detains them with reverence and admiration, none ever daring to approach her nigher, or having power to go further off.

She's so obliging, courteous and civil, as if those qualities were only born with her, and rested in her Bosom as their Center. Her Speech and her Behaviour is so gentle, sweet, and affable, that, whatsoever Men may talk of Magick, there is none Charms but she. So good a Wife she is, she frames her Nature to her Husbands; the Hiacinth follows not the Sun more willingly, than she her Husband's pleasure. Her Household is her Charge; her care to that, makes her but seldom a Non-resident. Her Pride is to be Neat and Cleanly, and her Thrift not to be Prodigal. And, to conclude, is both Wise and Religious, which makes her all that I have said before.

In the next place, Sister, I suppose yourself will think it reasonable, that unto Mrs. Stewards, I shou'd add her Husband's Character; whose Worth and Goodness do well merit it: As to his Stature 'tis inclining to Tall; and as to his Aspect, if all the Lineaments of a Sincere and honest-hearted Man were lost out of the World, they might be all retriev'd, by looking on his Face: He's one whose Bounty is limited by Reason, not by Ostentation; and to make it last, he deals it discreetly; as we Sowe our Land not by the  
Sack,

Sack, but by the hand-ful : He is so sincere and upright, that his word and his meaning never shake hands and part, but always go together: His Mind is always so serene, that that Thunder does but rock him a sleep, which breaks other Mens slumbers. His Thoughts have an Aim as High as Heaven, tho' their Residence be in the Valley of an humble Heart. He is not much given to talk, tho' he knows how to do it as well as any Man: He loves his Friend, and will do any thing for him, except it be to wink at his faults, of which he will be always a severe Repeater: He is so good a Husband, that he is worthy of the Wife, that he Enjoys, and wou'd even make a bad Wife good by his Example.<sup>167</sup>

Ipswich, my Sister, 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. Hubbard*, the Minister of the Town, who hearing that I was the Person that had brought over so great a venture of Learning, did me the Honour to make me a visit at Mr. Stewart's, where

I

<sup>167</sup> Concerning this Mr. Stewart, not much can be found; but the records at Salem have been searched by A. C. Goodell, Jr., who has kindly furnished the following facts. He was undoubtedly the WILLIAM STEWART, of Ipswich, merchant, whose inventory was taken 22 Sept., 1693. The following items are interesting: 'Apparell and books, £20; cash and silver plate, £48, 17s.; 4 beds, bedding, linen, woolen, trunks, and table linen, £48, 7s.; several sorts of goods and merchandise in the shop, £656, 5s. 8d.; debts due by book, £321, 8s. 8d.; house and barn, orchard and land about it, with Common right belonging, £300; Total, £1,447, 7s. 4d., and debts due from the estate, £302, 1s. 5d.'

The executrix was the widow Anne Stewart, and there was only one child

left, Margaret, aged about 10 years. The sureties were John Stewart and John Harris. This John Stewart went to England the same year, probably. When the mother was made guardian of the child, 4 Aug., 1696, the sureties were Bartholomew Gedney and John Harris, and 15 Nov., 1697, the widow Anne being dead, Barth. Gedney, judge, &c., appoints himself guardian of the orphan. Sept. 2, 1698, the inventory is found of the estate of Wm. and Anne Stewart, *alias* Anne Gedney. As the first wife of Col. Barth. Gedney, Judge of Probate, &c., died 6 Jan'y, 1696, it is very probable that he married the widow Anne Stewart.

We may add that we have shown (*ante* p. 63.) that William Stewart came over with Richard Wilkins, in 1684.—  
ED.

I lay, 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. His writing of the History of Indian Warrs, shews him to be a Person of good Parts and Understanding: He is a sober, grave, and well-accomplish'd Man; a good Preacher (as all the Town affirm, for I didn't hear him) and one that lives according to his Preaching. After some Discourse with him, knowing him to be the Author of the Book called the Indian Wars, I took the Boldness to Enquire of him how the Indians manag'd themselves in their Wars? To which he very courteously gave me the following Account.<sup>166</sup>

'When the Indians go to War, and are ready to Engage with their Enemy, they commonly cry out, Fight, Fight, which in their Language is *Juhetteke*: This is the word of Encouragement they use, when they animate each other in War: For they use their tongues instead of Drums and Trumpets.

'They also make use of another word, which is *Numma-yaontam*, which is, I scorn, or take it in indignation: This is a Common Word, not only in War, but in Peace also (their Spirits in naked Bodies being as proud and as high as those that are more gallant) from which sparks of their lusts of Pride and Passion, begin the flame of their Warrs.

'A Drum they call *Popowuttahig*; not [that] they have any such of their own making; yet such they have from the French; and I once knew a good Drum made among them, in imitation of the English.

'Shott

<sup>166</sup>The Rev. William Hubbard, of Ipswich, the Historian, is well known. A very good biography is furnished by S. G. DRAKE, Esq., in his edition of the "History of the Indian Wars," published in two volumes, at Boston, 1865. Rev. William, son of William Hubbard, was born at Tendering, Co. Essex, in 1621, was settled at Ipswich, in 1656, was twice married, and left issue. He died, 14 Sept., 1704. Notwithstanding DUNTON's assertion that Hubbard gave him this account, we doubt if that clergyman would have so boldly copied from WILLIAMS, p. 258-264. It may be noticed that DUNTON did not put this fiction in his "Life and Errors."—ED.

'Shott they call *Shottash*, which is a made Word from tho' their Guns they have from the French, and often fire many a score to the English, when they are out of kelter for they know not how to mend them.

'They have their Guards as the Europeans have; and once Travelled (in a place that was thought dangerous) with a great Indian Prince, and his Queen and Children in Company, with a Guard of near two hundred: Twenty or Thirty Fires were made every Night for the Guard (the Queen and Prince in the midst:) And Centinels were set by course, as Exact as they are in Europe. And when we travelled through a place where Ambushes suspected to lie, a Special Guard, like unto a Life-Guard, compassed (some nearer, some farther off) the King and Queen, my self and some other English with me.

'They are very copious and Pathetical in Orations to the People, to kindle a flame of Wrath, Valour, and Revenge, from all the Common Places which Commanders use to insist on. They have a mighty Faculty of mocking one another: This mocking (between their Great ones) is a great kindling of Wars amongst them; yet I have known some of their Chief Ones say, Why shou'd I hazard the lives of my Precious Subjects, them and theirs, to kindle a Fire which no Man knows how long and how far it will burn, for the Barking of a Dog?

'The Cry of Fire is very dreadful to them in the Night: I once lodged in an Indian House full of People, when on a sudden the whole company, the Women especially, cried out in Apprehension that the Enemy had fired the House, it being about Midnight. The House was fired indeed, but not by an Enemy, but by Accident; the men ran up on the House top, and with their naked hands beat out the Fire; one of them had his Leg scorch'd, and suddenly after they came into the House again, he undauntedly cut his Leg with a Knife, to let out the burnt Blood.

' Their

‘Their Wars are far less cruel and devouring than the bloody Wars in Europe: for seldom twenty are slain in a pitched Field; partly because when they fight in a Wood Every Tree is a Buckler: And when they fight in a Prison, they fight with leaping and Dancing, that seldom an Arrow hits: and where a man is wounded, unless he that shot follows upon the Wounded, they soon retire, and save the wounded Person: And yet having no Swords or Guns, all that are slain, are commonly slain with great Valour and Courage; for the Conquerour ventures into the thickest and brings the Head of his Enemy.’

Mr. Hubbard having done his Discourse, I gave him my hearty Thanks, for his Entertaining Relation, and begged his Excuse for the Trouble I had given him. And having answered him some questions about the Books I had brought over, and shewn him a Catalogue of them, which he took very kindly, I took my leave of him, and returned back with Mrs. Comfort, and Mr. Steward.

The next day I was for another Ramble, in which Mr. Steward was pleased to accompany me, (but I left Mrs. Comfort with her Aunt) and the place we went to, was a Town called *Rowley*, lying six miles North-East from Ipswich, where most of the Inhabitants had been Clothiers: But there was that Day a great Game of Foot-Ball to be played, which was the occasion of our going thither; There was another Town that played against them, as is sometimes common in England; but they played with their bare feet, which I thought was very odd; but it was upon a broad Sandy Shoar, free from Stones, which made it the more easy. Neither were they so apt to trip up one another's heels and quarrel, as I have seen 'em in England.

After their Sport was over, we returned home, and by the way I enquired of Mr. Steward what other Sports or Games the Indians followed besides Foot-ball Playing? Upon which, Mr. Steward very readily gave me the following

lowing account;<sup>159</sup> which was very satisfactory, and show'd him to be a very good Man. His Relation was this:

'The Games of the Indians (like those of the English) are of two Sorts, Publick and Private; They have a Private, and sometimes a Publick Game, like unto the English Cards; but instead of Cards, they play with strong Rushes.

'Secondly, They have a kind of Dice, which are Plumb-Stones painted, which they cast in a Tray, with a mighty Noise and Sweating: Their Publick Games are solemnized with the meeting of Hundreds, and sometimes Thousands; and consist of many Vanities, none of which I durst ever be present at, that I might not Countenance and partake of their folly, after I once saw the Evil of them. The Chief Gamesters among them much desire to make their gods on their side with them in their Games; (as our English Gamesters so far also will acknowledge God) therefore I have seen 'em keep as a precious stone, a piece of Thunderbolt, which is like unto a Chrystal, which they dig out of the ground under some Tree Thunder-smitten; and from this stone they have an Opinion of Success; and I have not heard of any of them which have had it, prove Losers; which I conceive may be Satan's Policy, and God's holy Justice, to harden them, for their not rising higher from the Thunderbolt, to that God who shoots it.

'When they play Publickly, they have an Arbour or Play-House made of long Poles set in the Earth four square, sixteen or twenty foot high, on which they hang great store of their stringed Money; and have great stakings; Town against Town, and two chosen out of the rest by course to play the Game at this kind of Dice, in the midst of all their Abettors, with great shouting and solemnity: Their Play at Foot-Ball, (which you have now seen) is the most Innocent of all their Sports, but this they only play at in the Summer time;

<sup>159</sup> Mr. Stewart, like DUNTON's other interlocutors, had a marvelous facility of quoting WILLIAMS verbatim. See KEY, p. 254-257.—ED.

time; playing generally Town against Town; and always on some broad Sandy Shoar, as now they did; or else on some soft heathy Plot, because of their naked feet, (for you see they play bare-foot) and tho' they lay great Stakes, yet they seldom quarrel about it. Yet they often regret their great Losings; which, when sometimes I have told them of, when they have Staked and lost their Money, Cloaths, House, Corn, and themselves too, if they are single Persons; they wou'd ingenuously confes their folly, being at such times weary of their Lives, and ready to make away with themselves: Which is an Emblem of the horrour of Conscience which poor Sinners walk in at last, when they see what woful Games they have played in their Life, and now find themselves Eternal Beggars.

'They have another kind of Solemn Publick Meeting, wherein they lie under the Trees, in a kind of Religious Observation, and have a Mixture of Devotions and Sports. But their chiefest Idol of all for Sport and Game, is, (if their Land be at Peace) toward Harvest, when they set up a long House called *Qunnekamuck*, which signifies Long-House, sometimes an hundred, sometimes two hundred foot long, upon a Plain near the Court, which they call *Kitteickauick*, where many thousand Men and Women meet; where he that goes in, danceth in the sight of all the rest; and is prepared with Money, Coats, small Breeches, Knives, or what he is able to reach to, and gives these things away to the Poor, who yet must particularly beg, and say, *Cowequctum-mous*, that is, *I beseech you*: Which Word, (altho' there is not one Common Beggar amongst them, yet they will often use, when their richest amongst them wou'd fain obtain ought by Gift.)

'But I am afraid (said Mr. Steward) I tire you with my long Relation;' I told him it was so far from tiring me, that it was very diverting; but I was afraid I gave him too much trouble:

trouble: 'I shall think nothing so,' reply'd he, 'that proves a Diversion to you; but since I have given you an Account of the Indians Games,' added he, 'I will only make this short Observation<sup>100</sup> from them, to wit, This Life is a short minute, Eternity follows; On the Improvement or Disimprovement of this short minute depends a Joyful or Dreadful Eternity: Yet (which I tremble to think of) how cheap is this invaluable Jewel made, and how many vain Inventions and foolish pastimes have the Sons of Men sound out, to pass away their Time, and pass over this short minute of Life, until like some pleasant River, they pass into *mare mortuum*, the Dead Sea of Eternal Lamentation.

Mr. Steward gave me a great deal of satisfaction by his Discourse; and the more, because I found Religion and Real Godliness had so great an Ascendant in his Soul. But his Discourse ended just as we came to Ipswich Towns End; from whence we were not long a going to his House, where Mrs. Steward had provided us a good Supper, and gave us a hearty welcome home.

You know my Rambling Humour, Sister, and that I am still for New Discoveries, which made me the next Morning Enquire of Mr. Steward's Servants what other Towns there lay near Ipswich; (for I had a Months mind that Day to make another Ramble) and they acquainted me that about Seven miles off there was the Town of *Gloucester*, and that their Mistress had a Kinswoman that liv'd there, and therefore they believ'd she wou'd be very ready to go along with me thither.

I was very well pleas'd with this Information, and presently went in and told Mrs. Steward, that I was for another Ramble that Day, being for seeing as much of the Countrey as I cou'd: She ask'd me whether I design'd to Ramble? I told her I design'd for Gloucester: 'O,' says she  
straight,

<sup>100</sup> Even this observation is WILLIAMS'S.—ED.



straight, 'I have a Kinswoman lives there, I want to see, and therefore Cousin Comfort and my self will go a long with you.' I readily accepted of her Kind offer, it being all I wanted; but Mr. Steward, by reason of some Business he had before appointed on that Day, cou'd not go with us, but sent his Chiefest Man, with one of his best Horses, to wait upon his Wife.

The Way we rid was very pleafant; for there the lofty Trees with their proud Spreading Tops, made a refreshing Shade, and kept us from the Suns too Officious Kindness. Besides the constant Prospect of the Sea on our right hand, brought us such cool refreshing Breezes thence, as made our Journey extream delightful, tho' the Sun shin'd very hot: I know not what Information Mrs. Comfort had given to her Aunt of me, but she was pleas'd to tell me, She understood I had a mighty Passion for *my first Wife*, and that she was a Person that deserv'd it; 'But that which I wou'd know of you, (continued she,) is, *Whether you have ever* lov'd any before her?' 'Yes, Madam, Many,<sup>101</sup> (answer'd I) but none so well as she. Nor do I think that any diminution of my Love for Iris.'

I

<sup>101</sup> DUNTON has confessed in his "Life and Errors" to numerous youthful admirations, or possibly flirtations. He began in his thirteenth year by a love for Mrs. Mary Sanders. At London, at Mr. Parkhurst's, he commenced a flirtation with Susanna S—ing, who lived in the same house. Next came Rachel Seaton, then Sarah Day, of Ratcliffe, Sarah Doolittle and Sarah Briscow, of Uxbridge.

Whether DUNTON did on this occasion narrate his sorrows to Mrs. Stewart, we cannot say. He did, however, confide them to the public, as the same story is told in his conversation in Ireland, reprinted by Nichols in his second

volume. There is no mention of a Mrs. Lucy, which seems an afterthought, but the whole is told as belonging to Rachel Seaton. The poem is there printed, and it is explained that DUNTON termed his mistress Clara. NICHOLS says the same verses were applied by DUNTON to his publisher, Mrs. S. Malthus, and quotes them in vol. ii, p. 460. He does not apparently notice that as applied to Mrs. Malthus they are parodied.

From the references in DUNTON's works we may be satisfied that Rachel Seaton was a real person, and the courtship was not imaginary.—ED.

I told her I admired one Rachel S——, who dyed some years agoe. For all my other Courtships were before I knew her; therefore cou'd be no injury to her; 'but since She has been mine, I can affirm, I have not had one Thought has stray'd from her, nor seen the Person I cou'd better like than she. Not, Madam, that I am so foolish as to think that there are none exceed my Iris; I do believe there may be many that every way excell her; but there are none that do so in my Eye.'

'But, Sir,' said Mrs. Steward, 'what were those Persons that you courted first? There must be something that attracted, in 'em; Or else a Person of your Judgment had never courted 'em at all. I wou'd know therefore from whence your change proceeded.'

'Why truly, Madam,' said I, 'There was none I courted, but there was something I found in 'em, that I thought agreeable. There was one Mrs. — Lucy I had a mighty kindness for; a Venus might have well enough been form'd out of her Person, and yet her Wit did far Exceed her Beauty; I took a mighty pleasure in her Company, and because she extreamly admir'd Poetry, I made my Courtship to the Muses too, that I might be more grateful to her; and I had the good Fortune to write something in her Praise, which met with universal Approbation; I first personated them to her, and she to her acquaintance.'

'But these *Poetick Essays* had an Effect different from that which I intended 'em; for I design'd by 'em only to make my own Addresses to her the more acceptable; but she by shewing 'em abroad, having a Reputation beyond what she had before; began to value herself at a higher rate, and treat me with Disdain and Scorn. I wasn't so blind with gazing on her face or so charm'd with reading her Letters, but I cou'd see with what contempt she treated me; and seeing, cou'd not but resent it, to that degree, that I thought  
'twas

'twas high time to make her low'r her Top-sail; and therefore I soon after sent her the lines I'm going to repeat to you.

Know, Clara, since thou'rt grown so proud,  
'Twas I that gave thee thy Renown ;  
Thou'dst else in the *forgotten Crowd*  
Of Common Beauties liv'd unknown,  
Had not *my Verse* exhal'd thy Name,  
And Impt it with the Plumes of Fame.

That *Killing Power* is none of Thine :  
I gave it to thy *Voice, thy Eyes* :  
Thy *Sweets, thy Graces*, all are mine ;  
Thou art my Star, *shin'st in my Skies*.  
Then dart not from thy borrow'd Sphere  
*Lightning* on him that plac'd thee there.

Treat me then with *Disdain* no more  
Lest what I made, I Uncreate ;  
Let Fools thy *Mystick Forms* adore ;  
*I know thee in thy Mortal State* :  
Wife Poets that wrapt Truth in Tales,  
Know her Themselves thro' all her Vails.

' These Verses pluck'd down her Plumes ; I understand she Repented 'em very much ; which I was not at all troubled at ; for her former Disingenuous Carriage had given me enough of her ; and so I left her. And I appeal to you, Madam,' (addressing my self to Mrs. Steward) 'whether I hadn't reason to change.' Mrs. Steward gave her Judgment in my Favour ; and express'd her self very well pleas'd with the Poem I sent her.

We were now come to Gloucester, which is a pretty little Town. Here it was that the Massachusetts Colony first set down, tho' Salem was the first Town built in that Colony. Here is a very fine Harbour for Ships.

Mrs. Steward's kinswoman, who was a very obliging Country-Widow, receiv'd us very kindly, and made us very welcome.

While

While Mrs. Steward and Mrs. Comfort were talking with their kinswoman, my self and Mr. Steward's Man took a walk about the Town and went down to see the Harbour; as we were walking along, an Indian comes to me and asks me What News? I told him I was a Stranger there, and knew nothing of any News, but only came to see the Town. Whereupon the Indian, after a very obliging bow, went his way. This occasion'd me to enquire of Mr. Steward's Man,<sup>162</sup> what was the meaning of it, and whether or no the Indians us'd to be inquisitive after News? Who gave me this account of it.

'That their desire after, and delight in News, is as great as the Athenians of old, or any other People at this Day; And that a Stranger that can relate News to them in their own Language, they will stile him *Manitto*, a god. Their manner is,' said he, 'upon any News, to sit round, double, or treble, or more, as their Numbers be: I have seen,' said he, 'near a thousand in a round, where half so many English could hardly have sat: Every Man hath his Pipe of Tobacco, and then there is a deep silence made, and attention given to him that speaketh. And many of them will deliver themselves, either in a relation of News, or in a Confutation, with very significant Words, and suitable Action, commonly an hour, and sometimes two hours together. But they are very impatient, and take it as a great affront, when their Speech is not attended and listened to. And at the End of his Speech, they commonly say, You say true, which are words of great flattery, and constantly used to their Princes at their Speeches; for which, if they be eloquent, they esteem them as gods, as Herod was among the Jews.

'The Indians do often use this question, Why come the English men hither? And measuring others by themselves, say,

<sup>162</sup>'Like master, like man.' Mr. WILLIAMS. See KEY, p. 142-147.— Stewart's man was also well read in Ed.

say, *It is because you want firing.* For they having burnt up the Wood in one place, and having no Draughts to bring wood to them, they are fain to follow the Woods, and so to remove to a fresh new place for the Woods sake. In a time of War, a Messenger with News runs very swiftly; and at every Town the Messenger comes, a fresh messenger is sent. He that is the last, coming within a mile or two of the Court, or Chief House, he hollows often, and they that hear answer him, until by mutual Hollowing and Answering, he is brought to the place of Audience; where by his means is gathered a great Confluence of People to hear the News.'

I thanked the Man for the Relation he had given me, and made this Observation upon it, That the whole Race of Mankind is generally infected with an itching desire of hearing News.

So returning to the House again, we found Mrs. Steward and Mrs. Comfort waiting for us to take Horse; which (after taking my Leave of the Widow, and thanking her for our kind Entertainment) we quickly did, and came back in very good time to Ipswich, where Mr. Steward had taken care to have a good Supper ready for us.

The next morning, I was Returning to Boston, but Mr. Steward was very solicitous to have me stay that day, and go with him to *Wanasquam*, an Indian Town, where he had some business: I confess he hit me in the right Vein, for I lov'd Rambling dearly, and knew not how to deny him; and therefore was easily perswaded to go with him.

Having refresh'd our selves before we went, by eating a good Breakfast, we began our Ramble, and had rid almost half the way to Wanasquam, when on the Road we met an Indian Woman, with her face all over black'd with soot, having a very sorrowful and rueful sort of Countenance; and quickly after, two or three Indian Men in the same black and sorrowful Condition, that had I been alone, it wou'd  
have

have frightened me. But having Mr. Steward with me, I was well enough: Indeed they all pass'd by us very civilly, saying only *Ascowequassum*, which is in English Good morrow to you.

Mr. Steward 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 had some Relation very lately dead; and that the Blacking of their Faces, was equivalent to the Englishes going into Mourning for their Relations; and ask'd me whether I had ever seen an Indian Burial? I told him No, nor English neither, in New-England, for none had dy'd that I remember'd, since I came into the Country. Why then, says he, I'll tell you what the Indian Customs are, in reference to their Dead, and to their Burials.<sup>103</sup>

'Where there is any Body Dead, they generally express it by, *He is in Black*. That is, he hath some dead in his House: For altho' at their first being sick, all the Women and Maidens black their Faces with Soot, and other Blackings, yet upon the Death of the sick Person, the Father, or Husband, and all his Neighbours, the Men as well as the Women, wear black Faces, and lay on Soot very thick, which I have often seen clotted with their Tears. This blacking and lamenting they observe divers weeks, and months; and sometimes a year, if the Person dying be great and Publick. But as they thus abound in Lamentation for the Dead, so they abound in Consolations to the Living, whom they visit frequently, bidding them to be of good Cheer, which they express by stroaking the head of the Father, Mother, Husband, or Wife of the Dead.

'He that winds up, and prepares the Dead for Burial, is commonly one of the most wise, grave, and well-descended Men among them. When they come to the Grave they lay the Dead by the Graves Mouth, and then all sit down and lament;

<sup>103</sup> WILLIAMS, p. 274-277.—ED.

lament; so that I have seen tears run down the Cheeks of the stoutest Captains among them in abundance, as well as from little Children; and after the Dead is laid in the Grave, (and in some parts some of their Goods cast in with them) they then make a second great Lamentation: And upon the Grave is spread the Mat that the Deceased Died on, the Dish he eat in, and sometimes a fair Coat of Skin hang'd up upon the next Tree to the Grave; which none will touch, but suffer it there to rot with the Dead.'

I gave Mr. Steward many Thanks for his Relation; and express'd my Acknowledgments to him: But the End of his Story having brought us to the beginning of Wanaquam, put an End to our Discourse; It is a very sorry sort of a Town, but better to come at by Land than by Water: For it is a dangerous place to sail by, especially in stormy weather, by reason of the many Rocks and foaming Breakers all about it. We saw several other mourning Indians in that Town; and upon Enquiry found that one of the chief Indians in the Town was lately dead and buried.<sup>168</sup>

There was nothing else remarkable to be seen in the Town, and therefore as soon as Mr. Steward had done his business, we return'd back to Ipswich. And early the next morning, having paid our hearty and repeated thanks to Mr. Steward and his Charming Wife, for the Noble Entertainment we had receiv'd from them, my self and Mrs. Comfort took our leaves, and made the best of our way for Boston, where we arriv'd according to our Promise, 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 was with her good Company.

Upon my coming to Boston, I heard that the Worthy  
Famous

<sup>168</sup> In the "Life and Errors" DUNTON boldly writes: "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 performed." He then proceeds to copy the account given by WILLIAMS, and described above.—ED.

Famous Mr. Morton,<sup>164</sup> so much celebrated in England for his Piety and Learning, was just arriv'd from England, and with him, his kinsman, Dr. Morton the Physician: I have seen his younger Brother often here, and he has the Name of an Extraordinary Person, and no doubt deserves it. Mr. Morton brought me Letters from my Dearest Iris, by which I understand not only that she was then in good health, but that you, my Dear Sister, were so too; and your kind Remembrance to me, which my Iris writes me word of, I kindly accept, and thank you for.

Mr. Morton did me the Honour to declare he was very glad to see me, and I am sure I was as glad to see him; not only because he brought me Letters from my dearest Iris, but because of his own Personal Worth: And indeed the News of his Arrival was received here with Extraordinary Joy by the People in general; who (to say the truth,) are all beholden to him for the great Character he gave of New-England in London, which was the Chief Motive of my coming hither. I know it wou'd be Presumption in me to draw his character; and yet I cannot but say something of him, as an Essay towards it.

His Conversation shews him a Gentleman: For he has sense Enough for a Privy Counsellour, and Soul Great Enough for a King: And whoever has the honour of his Company, will quickly be satisfy'd that he is not only the Repository of all Arts and Sciences, but of the Graces too; and Will find that for matter, Words, and Manner, he is all that is delightful in Conversation: His matter is not stale  
and

<sup>164</sup> Rev. Charles Morton, says SAVAGE, eldest son of Rev. Nicholas M., of Southwark, near London, was born in 1626, settled at Blisland, in Cornwall, was ejected in 1662, and for several years taught in a seminary at Newington Green. He arrived in Boston in the spring of 1686, and was ordained at Charlestown in November of the same

year. He was chosen Vice-President of Harvard, and died 11 April 1698. With him came his nephew, Dr. Charles Morton, who went home in July, 1687; and the younger brother of the physician was undoubtedly Nicholas Morton, H. C. 1686, who died, 3 Nov., 1689.—  
ED.



and studied, but always resent, and occasional: for whatever subject is at any time started, he has still some pleasant and pat story for it; nor is he stiff and morose, but ductile and plyable to the Company; his Discourse is high, but not Soaring; familiar, but not low; profound, but not obscure; and the more sublime, the more Intelligible and Conspicuous.

His Memory is as vast as his Knowledge, which is so great, that in the Firmament of Learning, the Name of Morton will shine like a Bright Star of the first Magnitude to all Posterity: and as tho' he were the Epitomy both of Aristotle and Descartes, he is the very Soul of philosophy. Yet tho' he be a very Panaretus, or Magazine of all the virtues, so great is his Humility he knows it least of any; and is 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 is a truly Pious and Religious Man: And being thus qualify'd, he must certainly be the fittest to bring up young Men to the Ministry, of any Man in England: And that this is matter of Fact, the many Eminent and Learned Divines, now Preachers in England, of his bringing up, is a convincing Testimony.

This, Sister, is that Great Man, by whose Instructions our Reverend and Worthy Unkle, Mr. Obadiah Mariott, was so well Qualify'd for the Work of the Ministry: You cannot, Sister, but remember Mr. Morton, who formerly liv'd at Newington-Green, but will scarce ever return thither, he seeming resolv'd to Live and Dye here. 'Tis true, he brought up chiefly the Children of Dissenters, yet is (as all good Men are) a Man of Universal Charity. But, Sister, tho' this be not a Theme so proper to entertain you withal, yet I cou'd not but pay my respects to the Worth of this Great Man. But my next Paragraph will be more agreeable.

In the same ship with Mr. Morton, came over one Mrs. Hicks,

Hicks,<sup>166</sup> with the valuable Venture of her own fair Person, which went off at an Extraordinary Rate, having married a Gentleman worth £40,000, as is reported. And therefore I don't wonder that so many fair Ladies venture Themselves to the East Indies, since they succeed so well, and are a Commodity that makes such vast Returns. By this, Sister, you see, That if your Beauty were 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 Beauty in this Market, yields the highest Price. But where they both meet, as in the Instance above specified, they are the best cargo that a ship can carry.

And now, my Sister, in a few Weeks I hope to take my Leave of this New World, and of my Rambles in it, which have been fill'd with various Adventures: And if you've a desire to know 'em; Then as to what besel me from my taking Boat at Ratcliffe-Crofs (where I parted from you,) to my Arrival at the Isle of Wight, you may find [in] my Letter from West Cowes to my dear Iris: And all the Hardships of my Long Sea-voyage, you may find it in my Letter to my Brother Lake. If you wou'd know what welcome I receiv'd at Boston, and how I manag'd all my Business there, you'll find it in my Letter to Mr. Larkin; Or if you'd know all the Adventures that I met with in my Rambles to the several Adjacent Towns to Boston, they are contain'd in a Letter to my Cousin Woolhurst: And if you desire to be inform'd of my Ramble to Natick, and the Conversion of the Indians, you may see it in my Letter to my Father, the Reverend Doct̄or. My Ramble to Salem, is contain'd in my Last to Iris, and my Ramble to Ipswich in this to your self.

But

<sup>166</sup>This was undoubtedly Mary, daughter of Rev. John Hicks, who married Benjamin Browne, of Salem, of a family of distinguished position there, and died 26 Dec., 1703. Her husband was a member of the Council, and died 1708.

In the "Life and Errors" it is said she married 'a Merchant in Salem, worth £30,000.' RANDOLPH, writing July 28, says Morton had been here about two months.—ED.

But having receiv'd a world of Favours from many friends at Boston, I gave 'em all a general Treat, but the last week, at George Monks, the most noted Publick House in Boston: which was accepted by my Friends with the same kindness with which it was given. And was done with so free an air, that 'twas thought lavish by some, who like their Predecessor Judas, were ready to cry, What means all this waste?

And thus, my Sister, having acquitted my self of my Promise, and given you an Account of my last Ramble in New-England, I must submit it to your Censure, who I am sure know how to cover, as well as to observe, the Faults you find in it. You see 'tis chiefly a Conversation manag'd with the Fair Sex; and whether I have acquitted my self well, is what I shall expect to know from you.

But methinks, Sister, I begin to be a weary of New-England; For tho' there be good Company, and many good Accomodations, yet 'tis not home, nor is there Iris here. And were it not for the Dispatch of those necessary affairs that lie upon my hand at Boston, and keeps me here at present, I'd be the Messenger my self of my own Letter to you. But howsoever, I hope it won't be long ere I shall follow it. For I have already agreed to go with Captain Leg in the ———. And to my great Satisfaction I hear Mr. Mortimer and Mr. King are to be my Companions for Old England: And O how do I wish for a quick Passage! That I might once more Anchor in the Arms of Iris!

As for my Iris, she has a Packet from me as well as you, and therefore there's no need to mention her: But when you see my Brother Lake, give my kind love to him, and let him know I'm well: And do the like to all the rest of our Relations. And now, dear Sister, till Providence shall bring me back into Old England, Farewel. And in the meantime rest assured, there's none that more entirely loves you than

Your most Affectionate Brother,

PHILARET.



## LETTER VIII.

TO MR. RICHARD WILKINS IN BOSTON IN  
NEW ENGLAND.

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**H**ONEST Mr. Wilkins: Since you were so kind as to see me on Shipboard, and was the last of my Friends that took their Leaves of me, it will be both rude and Unkind in me, not to give you an Account of my Voyage home: To avoid both which Imputations, I will give a brief Account of my Passage, with as much Sincerity, and as little Ceremony as may be. Mr. York, Mr. Heath and Mr. Tryon, (and all my Boston friends) came to our Ship to shake hands with us, and our Capt. treated 'em with Wine, Beer, Cyder and Neats Tongues, and as soon as ever they took boat again our Capt. ordered all his Guns to fire; at which they all of them (which were about 20,<sup>106</sup>) fill'd the very Heavens with Hurras

<sup>106</sup>In his "Life and Errors," some of the twenty friends are named. "I was attended on board by Dr. Bullivant, Mr. Wilkins, Mr. York, Mr. Gouge, Mr. Heath, Mr. Tryon, Mr. Green and some other of my Boston friends." He adds at this point the following farewell:

"Kind *Adieu* 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 hoop and they hollow,  
Not for Joy I am gone, but for Grief they can't fol-  
low."

—ED.

Hurras and Shouts, and Shaking of Hats and Gloves, as long as they could see us.

The Ship I went in, as you well know, was Burthen about 150 Tuns; and certainly as Tite a Boat as ever Plow'd the Ocean; and the Master, Mr. Samuel Leg,<sup>167</sup> as much a Gentleman as ever put to Sea. Our Ships Crew was very small, and we had not so many in our Passage to New-England, but we had as few in our Return home: There being only my self, and Mr. King, and Mr. Mortimer, (whose characters I shew'd you in the Letter I sent to Mr. Larkin,) that were of the Captain's Mefs: But this was never the worse for us; For tho' (according to the Proverb) the more the Merrier, yet you know the fewer the better Chear; Besides our Mefs, there was only Sixteen Saylor's to man the Ship.

Shou'd I tell you how great a fit of Melancholy seiz'd me, for a Day or two we were put to Sea, when I call'd to mind your self and other obliging Friends I had left in Boston, you wou'd have scarce believ'd that I lov'd Iris to that degree you thought I did; but really, Sir, my Love is all Mystery; for at the same time I cou'd e'en have dy'd to have seen her; and yet even then I was dying too for a sight of your self, and my Friends in Boston: And tho' this may seem a little Romantick, and look like a Paradox, yet is it easily Reconcilable, if you will but reflect, That I love Iris as the true Indented Counter-part of my self, and I lov'd you and the rest of my Friends in Boston as Persons for whom I had a kindness, and in whose Conversation I delighted. So then let the Tide of Love swell ne'er so high to my Friends; yet still the Love of Iris, like a Spring Tide, over-tops 'em all; and will have the Ascendant, tho' every Woman in Boston were as fair a Flower as the Charming Widow Brick.

I am sure I have told you that in our Passage to New-England,

<sup>167</sup> SAVAGE considers Capt. Samuel among the children in John Legge's Legge as the son of John Legge, of will.—ED. Marblehead, but he is not named

England we met with such Tempestuous and angry Seas, as rais'd our Leaky Vessel Mountain high, and even made our Top-sail tilt the Stars: But in my Passage home, it was as calm and gentle as if the Guardian Angel of my Iris had smooth'd the way for my Return to her; and all the Hardships that I met with in my Former Voyage were only the Effects of going from her: For I can tell you now, Sir, what 'tis to have a prosperous Gale, and sail with Wind and Tide: Do you yourself judge of the haste we made: I came from Boston on the Fifth of July and was in London on the fifth of August; which was three months shorter than my Passage thither:<sup>108</sup> So that tho' we had but little Company, they were all brisk and jolly: Our Captain was very serious, and (like a right New-England-Man) went to Prayers duly twice a Day: But Mr. King sung oftener than the Captain prayed; and like a constant Lover, never could give over Chanting, *All Hail to the Myrtle Shades.*

I have little Else to acquaint you with through the whole Voyage, save only that the good Weather made me very Bountiful to the Seamen, and caus'd me to dole my Brandy, and the rest of my good Stowage amongst 'em, like any thing.

When I came within sight of our English Coast, I was so impatient to have a sight of Iris, that I thought I cou'd have jumpt on shore, even at several leagues distance: Nor let this seem strange to you, Mr. Wilkins; for the nearer things are to their Center, the quicker is their Motion; And even a Tyr'd Horse, when near his Journey's End, will prick up his Ears, and mend his pace.

The first Land I saw, was the Lizard; and coming directly up the Channel, we cast Anchor in the Downs; and so was hindred

<sup>108</sup> He left the Downs, November 2, 1685, and on the 7th was out of sight of land. He was made "free" of the town of Boston, 16 Feb., 1686, which was several days after his landing. To make out his four months' voyage he must have dated from Oct. 14th, (see *ante* p. 9.) when he started for the vessel. —ED.

hindred from calling on an Astrologer at Newport, who promis'd to tell me the success of my voyage, when I came back again; which if he cou'd not have done, I cou'd now have done it myself, without the help of an Astrologer. We lay in the Downs but one Night, and the next day anchor'd at Graves-End, where we lay another Night; And Mr. King and my self having both a mind to a fresh Bit, only we two went ashore.

And that very Night two Boys belonging to the Ship, having stolen what they thought convenient, went away with it in the Long-Boat: But tho' I was ashore, I cannot but admire the good Providence of Him that neither slumbereth nor sleepeth, waking on my behalf. I had in my Trunk on Board £400 in silver, which was all the Return I brought home (as you know) of those Goods I carry'd to New-England. This Trunk stood upon a Desk of mine, in which I put my foul Linnen: And these two Rogues designing to rob me as well as others, remov'd my Trunk (wherein was my money) and took away my Desk with my foul Linnen, leaving my Trunk behind them; so that through the good Providence of God, my Loss was inconsiderable, and they left behind 'em the richest Price. The Rogues went away with what they had got, and were never heard on after. Thus that good Providence of God, that in my going, so wonderfully Preserv'd my Person; as Eminently, in my Return, Preserv'd my Substance. For both which, and innumerable other Mercies be the Praise and Glory.

The next morning we sail'd up the River of Thames, and cast Anchor near Ratcliff; where taking our Leaves of the Captain and Ships Crews we were set ashore, and went to our several Friends. And I having a Sister<sup>100</sup> that liv'd at one Mrs. Adams, near Ratcliff-Cross, I went thither first, as well to see her, as to Enquire after the health of Iris. My  
Sister

<sup>100</sup> In "Life and Errors" she is called his sister Mary.—Ed.

Sister express'd so unusual a Joy to see me safe again after so long a Voyage, it cou'd hardly be contain'd within any Bounds; and carry'd with it such an Air of sincere and Undissembled Love, that it will be as hard a matter for her to make me believe she hates me, as it will be for some in the World, to make me believe they love me.

After having told me that my Iris was in good Health, and some other kind Discourses, and my bringing her some Recommendations from my Friend Dr. Oaks in New-England, to one Mr. Gilson at Ratcliff, She wou'd needs bring me on some part of my way, and walk'd with me towards Spittle-Fields; (for I was still moving towards the center of my Happiness.) But as Black and White do make up Chequer Work, so Clouds and Sunshine are Inter-weav'd in all the Concernments of this Life: For my great Joy to see my Sister, soon met with an Alloy, by finding she Labour'd under a Dangerous Melancholy. But she having brought me into the Fields near White-Chappel, we parted; she to her home at Ratcliff; and for my self, I flew, fast as the Wings of Love cou'd carry me, towards my Long'd-for Iris.

When I came into Spittle-Fields, I went into a Tavern at the Sign of the Queens Head; and fearing least Excess of Joy shou'd prove as fatal to my Iris, as it has done to some others, I thought it not convenient to let her know too suddenly, and all at once, of my Arrival; and therefore I first sent for her Sister Sudbury; who being come, and having saluted her, and Enquir'd after the health of all the Family, I desir'd her to go to Iris, and tell her there was one wou'd speak with her, but conceal the Person; which she punctually did; and in less time than half an hour (which yet seem'd unto me a little Age) Return'd again, and brought along with her a Jewel, which I esteem the Richest in the whole World. At the first Interview, our mutual Extasies of Joy swell'd to that mighty height, (for Sudden Joys,



Joys, like Grief, confound at first) that Love lock'd up the Organs of our speech, and made us have a kind of silent Meeting: But when our Joys wou'd give us leave to speak, (like those that had escap'd a Common Shipwreck, and got safe to the shore,) we then congratulated in the tenderest manner this our happy Meeting: And talked all those Endearing things to one another, that Love cou'd Dictate to us. And had almost forgot our Sister Sudbury that brought us thus together, who yet became a Partner of our mutual Joys, and was well pleas'd to see that we were so: But we both paid her our Acknowledgments for the kind office she had done us: And having Drunk each others healths, and that of the good Doctor and his Family, (where Iris had remained a Sojourner while I was absent,) we left the Tavern, and went straight to her Fathers, who gave me such a welcome home, as well became his Generous and Noble Spirit.

Nor was my Mother less ready to receive me with all the Testimonies of a Kind respect and hearty Welcome: And indeed all the Family (as much as they have forgot me since) were equally surpriz'd and pleas'd to see me; each striving who shou'd shew the most affection.<sup>170</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

And thus Mr. Wilkins, being got home in safety, through God's good Providence, and safely Anchor'd in the Arms of Iris, you'd think I now might take up my *Quietus est*, and give my self a Writ of Ease, and rest contented with having seen two Worlds.

[But<sup>171</sup> he that's born to Ramble, must pursue his Fate; And I had now a Lawfull Call to take another Ramble from hence to the Low Countries. And what I observed in these  
as

<sup>170</sup> We here omit a paragraph relative to his wife's health which DUNTON has erased as of no importance.—ED.

<sup>171</sup> The passage in brackets is probably an interpolation. Though the letter is

not dated, the presumption is that it was written soon after his arrival in London, and before his visit to Holland.—ED.

as well as my New-England Ramble, you will see both in Print together. But now (as if I had drunk water distilled from a Woman's Brains) I could not rest till I was on a new Ramble, for now to oblige a Sister in Law (who I hear has forgot every word on't) I staid Ten months in one house without once stirring over the Threshold, and at the Expiration of that time (to oblige the same Sister in Law) I took a trip to Holland, Flanders, Germany, &c., where after 9 months stay I return'd for England.]

Having thus given you a full Account of my Voyage home; I must now take leave to put you in mind of my Affairs at Boston; which are, you know, intrusted in your hand: which I do not at all doubt you will take all the care you can of. I know men there are very dilatory in their Payments; but yet, had it not been to see my Iris, I shou'd have hardly come away, and left £300 in Debts behind me, as I have done. But Mr. Wilkins, that which satisfies me most, is this, That I have left the Trust of all with you and so am sure they are in an honest hand: For tho' Mr. John Baily gave me £150 Bond to secure me, I took that only in case of Mortality, and look upon your Honesty as the best Security. The Dull Paymasters of Connecticut will want your Dunning often; and some in Boston too, you know will bear the Spur.

But, Mr. Wilkins, I must beg your Pardon, for methinks to take upon me to give you Directions, is to distrust your Care; which I am as far from, as the Sun-Rising's from his going down. But if you please, when you see any of those Persons that have given me large Orders for Books, Especially my Friends of Boston, Salem, and Harvard Colledge, tell 'em they shall all be sent in Captain Leg's Ship with whom I came to London.

And do me the Favour likewise to tell Mr. Green the Printer of Boston, That I have sold the Letters that he sent, but they fall extreamly short of his Expectation: And the  
New

New Letter I shall purchase for him will make him greatly my Debtor: But he's an honest Man. 'Twas at his House I spent my leisure Hours, and therefore doubt but he'll be as punctual to pay me, as I have been careful to serve him.

Pray let me hear from you how you succeed in my Business as often as you can: For, as I have already said, my whole D[ependence] is upon your Care and Honesty.

My self and my dear Wife do Remember our very kind Love to your self and Mrs. Wilkins: And also to Mrs. Comfort: And pray give my Wife's particular Respects to Mrs. Comfort, and tell her that she returns her many Thanks for the Looking-Glass she sent her; which<sup>172</sup> . . . . . Noble Present, yet she esteems the care the . . . . . greatest Obligation.

Pray give . . . service to all my Friends in general and in a more particular manner, to the Widow Brick.

And if you have any Business to do in London, if you please lay your commands upon me, there is none shall be more ready to serve you, than, Sir,

Your most obliged Friend and Servant,

PHILARET.

<sup>172</sup>The manuscript is here imperfect.—ED.



## VALEDICTORY NOTE.

We cannot perhaps do a better service to Dunton's reputation as an author than to compare the preceding pages with the contemporaneous "Trip to New-England," written by the infamous Ned Ward. As published in 1704 in the volume of his miscellaneous works, it is entitled "A Trip to New-England, with a Character of the Country and People, both English and Indians"; and covers twenty-five pages. It is without a date or a single touch of natural observation which would assure us that the writer had actually visited this country. The style has a great affectation of smartness, which does not palliate the disgusting obscenity of the author. A few anecdotes are given in disparagement of the inhabitants, but not a single fact of the slightest interest or value.

We have not searched the record to see if Ward were actually a resident here, but there is nothing in his book which might not have been gleaned from books or from the idle gossip of drunken sailors who had returned to London from a voyage hither. This book of Ward's and the anonymous libel already cited in our notes, may rank high among the attacks which have been made on Boston and New-England. They are coarser in language, but not more bitter in feeling, than those succeeding attacks which have been made even up to the present day. As compared with Ward, Dunton rises to the dignity of an impartial or even favorable chronicler. His sketches of New-England certainly contain internal evidence of being the work of a resident here, and on the whole his testimony is favorable to the character of the inhabitants. Unlike Ward, whose abuse is so violent as to destroy its effect, the few malicious remarks of Dunton are evidently the result of a momentary spleen, or of a desire to display a fancied wit. To read in Ward the statement—that on selling "an eminent Planter" a shilling's worth of treacle, he protested "he had lived there fifty years and never saw in the whole term, ten pounds in silver money of his own, and yet was rated at a thousand pounds,"—is simply to provoke a belief that the writer told a lie. To read in Dunton the report of long conversations held with his friends, is not a reason to doubt that he had so conversed, but simply to view the exact wording as an author's license.

In brief, Dunton visited Boston, was received by the clergy and reputable citizens with friendship, and wrote a trustworthy account of what he saw. If Ward came here, he was probably familiar with the wharves and sailor boarding-house, not improbably with the whipping-post and jail. No respectable man would have acknowledged his acquaintance, and his parting memorial was a collection of obscenities and falsehoods.





A P P E N D I X .







## APPENDIX A.

### THE BLUE ANCHOR TAVERN.

---

**T**H has already been shown at page 85 of this volume that Dunton was a frequent visitor at George Monck's house, the Blue Anchor Tavern. As it was promised that something more should be said about the location of this inn, the following sketch of the ownership of the land has been prepared. The estates lying near the head of what is now termed State Street, have varied so little in their boundaries that identification is certain.

It may be noted that Dunton himself was resident opposite the Town House, and that most of his intimate friends lived in the immediate neighborhood. It was the locality most familiar to him, and deserves therefore some attempt at its reconstruction. Commencing, therefore, with the Blue Anchor Tavern, we find that this well-known inn stood on Washington Street, very near the site now covered by the Transcript building. This is evident from the following extracts from deeds on record at Boston.

In Turner's deed to Monck, it is described as a house and land bounded north-west on the fore street leading towards Roxbury; south-east on a narrow lane leading towards Mr. Joyliffe's house, occupied by Thomas Hill; south-west on lands occupied by Mary Avery, and lands owned by the Widow Wooster; north-east on lands of the late elder John Wiswall, and lands of Colonel Nicholas Paige.

March 5, 1695-6, Monck mortgaged these lands to Nicholas Paige, and they were mortgaged still when he died, in 1698. In 1703, (Deeds, xxi. 369,) his widow, Elizabeth Monck, sold the estate to James Pitts, and he sold it, (Deeds xxxi. 62) 13 Feb., 1716, with two adjoining tenements on the south, to Adam Winthrop and others, Trustees. In this deed the bounds are north-west on Cornhill, south-east on Pudding Lane, south-west on J. Campbell, and north-east on E. Cooke and Nath. Oliver.

We

We will first trace the southern boundary from Avery and Worcester to Campbell. (Deeds, xix. 71.) Mary, widow of Charles Lidget, (her father was William Hester, of the borough of Southwark, soap-maker, and her brother, John Hester,) sells to John Campbell, merchant, "all her tenements in Boston occupied by Timothy Cunningham, Theodore Perival and Mary Avery, bounded west, on the front, on the street leading from the Town House towards Roxbury, and measuring 40 feet; south, by house and land belonging to Harvard College, under lease to Enoch Greenleaf, measuring from said street to Pudding Lane, 125 feet in a direct line; east, in the rear, by said Pudding Lane, measuring from said land let to Greenleaf, to a post in a little garden belonging to Widow Wooster, 19 feet 9 inches in a direct line north; thence in a strait line east and west along said garden of Worcester's, to a post or corner of said garden, 18 feet; thence from said corner north and south, in a direct line, along the land of said Wooster to the land formerly of Robert Turner, now in possession of Elizabeth Monck, 34 feet; thence from the corner of Wooster's house, in a direct line east and west, along land of said Monck, called the 'Narrow Lane,' adjoining Mrs. Avery on the west, 56 feet, 6 inches; thence from the north corner of Mrs. Avery's brick warehouse in a direct line north to Monck's house, the breadth of the lane commonly called 'Turner's Lane,' 4 feet; thence along Monck's house on the north, in a direct line, east and west, to said street, 42 feet."

This estate was sold by William Avery and Mary, his wife, relict of John Tappan, to Charles Lidgett.

By Suffolk Deeds, (xix. 203, and xxi. 135.) Constance Worcester, and Constance Tuckerman, her daughter, now wife of John Noiles, Jr., fisherman in 'Brigus be South Newfoundland,' sold in October, 1699, to John Campbell, their house and land, bounded east on Pudding Lane, south on John Campbell, west on Campbell and widow Monck, and north on widow Monck.

It seems clear, therefore, that between Monck's land and the College estate,—a well-known estate, now occupied by Little, Brown & Co.,—there was but the Avery estate, 40 feet in width on Washington Street. The only obscure points are the location of Turner's Lane, and the adjustment of Worcester's western boundary. Probably her house was wholly within Monck's yard, and most probably Turner's Lane ran from Pudding Lane, beside Worcester's house, and ended with Avery's warehouse.

As to the lots on the north, the adjoining estate on Washington Street belonged to John Wifwall, whose daughter, Mary Emmons, sold it in 1709 (Deeds, xxiv. 241) to Elisha Cooke. The house and land were "next adjoining to the house and land formerly known by the name of the Anchor Tavern, now in possession of James Pitts, and bounding thereon south"; west on Cornhill Street; north on house and land of said Cooke; east on land of Colonel Nicholas Paige.

The next house and lot belonged to Elisha Cooke.

The



## *The Blue Anchor Tavern.* 313

The corner lot belonged to Colonel Nicholas Paige, who gave it in December, 1714, to Nathaniel Oliver, (Deeds, xxx. 246,) describing it as bounded north on King Street, 57 feet; east on John Gerrish's land, 132 feet; south on E. Cooke and James Pitts; west on E. Cook and on Cornhill Street.

The next lot on King Street, now State Street, belonged to John Gerrish, who sold it, 13 Feb., 1716, (Deeds, xxxi. 66.) It was bounded north on King Street; east on house and land of John Burrill, occupied by Jonathan Simpson; south on land of said Gerrish; west on Nath. Oliver. It was 22 feet in breadth on King Street, and 104 feet in depth. This as compared with Paige's line of 132 feet, would *seem* to have left a rear lot of 28 feet to Gerrish, and accounts for his south boundary.

The next lot belonged to John Burrill, Jr., of Lynn. He bought it, 11 Dec., 1705, with John Emerson, of Charlestown, (Deeds, xviii. 32,) of John Rollstone. It was described as the house and land formerly of Benjamin Negus, deceased, bounded north on the High Street against the Town House, 19 feet 7 inches; south and west by Nicholas Paige; east by house and land of widow Phillips, house and land of Jabez Negus, by an old stable, and 14 feet on the back lane.

The corner lot on King Street and Pudding Lane, belonged to Henry Phillips, whose widow Mary sold it to her son, Samuel Phillips, bookseller, in 1705, (Deeds, xxii. 402.) It was described as a tenement called the Rose and Crown, bounded north on the broad street over against the Town House, 41 feet; east on the narrow lane leading to Joseph Bridgham's, 83 feet; south on house of Jabez Negus, 39 feet; west on house and land of John Rollstone.

Whoever compares these lines and measurements with those of the present estates, will be convinced that very little change has taken place within the last one hundred and eighty years.





## APPENDIX B.

### MICHAEL PERRY'S INVENTORY.

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**T**HE Hon. John Gorham Palfrey, in the third volume of his admirable History of New England, has noticed John Dunton's visit here. In a note on page 488, he writes concerning the books which Dunton brought hither: "The reader wishes that he had put the invoice of them on record. A catalogue of books in demand in New-England at that day would have been a basis for very interesting considerations."

Although we cannot do this, we have thought it allowable to publish here a copy of the Inventory of the estate of Michael Perry, a Boston bookfeller, taken A. D. 1700. Not only is the date sufficiently near Dunton's time, but as we have already pointed out, (*ante*, p. 106,) Perry was undoubtedly the second husband of Dunton's "Flower of Boston," the Widow Breck.

SUFFOLK PROBATE RECORDS, VOL. XIV. 287-90—3 1-3 PAGES.

*An Inventory of the Estate of MICHAEL PERRY, late of Boston, Bookfeller, deceased, &c., viz :*

<p>1 Large fol. Bible with Common Prayer and Apoc: £1 .. ..</p> <p>1 New body of Geography, 8 ..</p> <p>2 Cambridge Concordances, 2 .. ..</p> <p>1 Stapletons Juvenal, 10 ..</p> <p>2 Quicks Synodicum, 15 ..</p> <p>1 Sturnys Magazine, 12 ..</p> <p>1 Goldmans Dictionary, 18 ..</p> <p>1 Leonards history of the Pa- pice, 1 6</p>	<p>1 Bulls Commentary on the 15 Psalm, 6</p> <p>3 Flavells mental Errors, 6 ..</p> <p>2 Rogers on trouble of mind, 6 ..</p> <p>4 Flavells compafs Spiritual- ized, 6 ..</p> <p>1 Culpeppers Engl: Phy: 3 ..</p> <p>1 Chrif's tears for Jerufalems unbelief, 6</p> <p>1 Dickfon on the Hebrews, 6</p> <p>1 Cultus</p>
---	--

1 Cultus Evangelicus,	3	2 Mr. Doolittles Funeral Sermon,	8
4 Cares last Legacy,	1 ..	1 Table concerning the meas- ure of time,	2
1 Fenners Sacrifice of the faithful,	6	8 Wakeleys Compaſs rectified,	16 ..
1 Ellis English School,	3	1 Vincents conversion of the Soul,	1 ..
14 Gellebrands Epitome,	1 1 ..	20 Youngs Spelling bookes,	16 8
2 Fulfilling of the Scripture,	2 ..	13 Bibles in 12° gilt, N: E: Pſalms,	2 12 ..
1 Gloſſographia,	6	5 Do. plain do,	15 ..
1 Englands heroical Epistles,	6	11 Do. in 24° gilt,	2 4 ..
1 Godfrey of Bulloigne,	6 ..	1 Smetii,	6
2 Hiſtory of England,	6 ..	1 Burgus Dicii Logice,	3 ..
1 Jure maritimo,	6 ..	1 Legrands Philoſophy,	1 ..
18 Colſons Kallenders,	1 7 ..	1 Ovidii Opera, 3 vol.,	6 ..
8 do. with Praſtice,	16 ..	11 Nomenclaturas,	11 ..
4 Loves art of Surveying,	2 8	5 Janua Trilinguis,	15 ..
1 Morning Exercife,	4 ..	5 ——— Linguarum,	2 6
1 Plutarchs Lives, 2d Vol.,	1 ..	1 Art of Gardening,	3
1 Norwoods System of Navi- gation,	6 6	2 Vindiciae Anti Baxteriani,	6
1 Preſtons Liveleſs life,	6	1 Art of drawing Sundials,	2
1 Geometrical Seaman,	3	5 Apology for Congregational Divines,	1 3
1 Uſe of the Quadrant,	6	1 Balls Aſtro Mathematica,	3
1 Forſters Sureties of propor- tion,	3	26 Burwoods helps,	1 6 ..
2 Sellers practical Navigation,	10 ..	23 Doolittles Call,	11 6
2 Salmons Diſpenſatory,	16 ..	1 Young Secretarys Guide,	8
1 ——— Doron medium,	6 ..	1 Method for guiding reaſon,	2
12 Stronges Spelling bookes,	12 ..	1 Cordial Endeavours,	2
1 Lives Juſtinian and his Empr:	2	1 Cares laſt Legacy,	3
1 Innocency and truth,	3	1 Conſpiracy againſt Genoa,	4
1 Infant Baptiſm vindicated,	3	9 Smiths great Affize,	9 ..
1 Hodifdons Sion and Par- naſſus,	2	1 Lees Joy of Faith,	8
1 Small Hebrew Bible,	6	5 Hiſtory of Fortunatus,	3 4
1 Whole duty of Man, imper- fect,	2	11 Hiſtory of the plott,	2 9
3 Myſtery of husbandry,	9	17 Heywoods life,	4 3
4 Vincent on Judgement, 1ſd,	13 9	4 Lattin bibles at 6s,	1 4 ..
2 Shour of Earthquakes,	1 ..	7 Owen Of mourning,	1 9
		16 Pearce on death,	16 ..
		3 Pilgrims progreſs with cuts,	3 ..
		3 Shour	

3 Shour of Grace,	1 6	1 Practice of Repentance,	1 4
1 Lucius Florus Engl :	2	36 Conscience the best friend,	12 ..
1 Sincerity and hypocrisy, &c,	3	19 Early Religion,	3 2
12 Token for mourners,	10 ..	17 Mr. Bailys life with old Mr.	
1 Christian Pilgrim,	6	Mathers Sermon,	8 6
1 Isle of Man,	2	19 ditto, without,	6 4
8 Vernons Compting house,	10 ..	23 Duty of Parents and Chil-	
3 Seven wise Masters,	2 ..	dren, 5d,	9 7
1 Forme of Sound words,	2	31 Willards Desertions,	15 6
1 Gospell call in meter,	4	31 Mathers folly of finning,	12 11
1 Moulins Spiritual Guide,	4	9 Order of Churches,	4 6
1 Violations of property,	2	5 Willards peril of the times,	2 6
1 Piety of Parice,	2	2 Books Bills Lading qt 4qr,	
1 Connecticut Election Ser-		both,	7 ..
mons,	2	5 Æsops Fables Engl: and	
1 Enquiry concerning the		Lattin,	10 ..
Trinity in the Godhead,	1 ..	5 Hools Corderius,	10 ..
1 Alcibiades and Carolina,	6	4 Ovid Metamorph :	8 ..
1 Phillips mathematical manual,	2 ..	6 Tulleys Orations,	9 ..
1 Arrow against Idolatry,	2	8 Lattin Testaments,	12 ..
2 Bunian on the Soul,	1 4	7 Virgill,	14 ..
16 Baxters call,	13 4	12 Accidences,	8 ..
1 Elegancy of Speech,	3	15 Cato's, at 10d,	12 6
7 Clarks Looking glafs,	1 9	19 Greek Grammars at 18d,	1 8 6
1 Brides longing for her Bride-		29 Lattin Grammars at 12d,	1 9 ..
grooms 2d coming,	2	14 do. with construing books,	
2 Calamys ark,	2 ..	16d,	18 8 ..
4 Fall and rising of St: Peter,	2 ..	43 Sententia's, a 8d.,	1 8 2
3 Duty of woman,	6	5 Ovid de tristibus,	3 4
23 Flavels Saint indeed, 10d,	19 2	1 Thesaurus Poeticus,	3
2 Howards precious blood,	4	8 Tulleys Epistles,	4 ..
1 Papice glorying in antiquity,	3	7 ——— de officiis at 16d,	9 4
5 Life of Q: Mary,	1 3	9 Æsops Fables,	18 ..
1 Pharmacopia Hagiensis,	2	8 Corderius,	16 ..
1 Saltmarsh Free grace,	2	8 Accidences,	5 4
1 Pearces concern of life,	3	1 Syntaxis construed,	2
18 Stoddons Pastors charge,	12 ..	4 Smiths great assize,	4 ..
6 Sion in distres,	1 6	27 Pfalters with Proverbs, 9d,	1 3 3
8 Winneys Christian choice,	1 4	3 Testaments,	4 ..
1 Idiot in 4 books complete,	4	28 Primmers,	4 8
			3 Pfm

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3 Pfm. Books 6: d in Turkey gilt,	7 6	9 do. wood,	1 6
5 do. bd. in Calfe,	10 ..	4 one foot rules,	4 ..
2 do. bd. in red Turk :	4 ..	2 three foot ditto,	3 ..
9 do. plain,	13 6	1 two foot do,	1 ..
1 do. Bartons,	6	11 prospect glasse great and Small,	1 2 ..
5 do. by Tate and Brady,	5 ..	18 do. Lignumvitæ,	13 ..
13 Sea Charts,	1 19 ..	109 Ink pots at 4d,	1 16 4
9 packs playing cards,	1 6	77 Ink hornes at 2d,	12 5
4 Paper books qt 8 qr T: C: rd,	12 ..	13 doz. white Spectacles, 3s,	1 19 ..
11 do. qt 27 qr fml. papr. rd,	1 11 3	8 doz. & 3 do. black at 4s,	1 13 ..
6 do. qt 16 qr T: C:	1 2 ..	200 Quills,	2 8
1 do. 4to qt 3qr small,	3 ..	100 Epitome of English orthography,	8 4
1 9 qr paper sewed into books,	9 3	168 French Lettr :	14 ..
21 qr ditto, rd,	15 9	152 Remarkable Judgments,	12 8
21 copy books for boys, qt 6 qr,	3 ..	31 Warning to the flocks,	1 3
68 Books in parchment qt 1-2 qr each, 6d,	1 14 ..	63 Willards Man of war,	10 6
17 do. qt 16 sheets each, 7d,	9 11	13 doz. Assemblys Catechism,	13 ..
54 do. bd. in Leather qt 1-2 qr, each, 8d,	1 16 ..	31 Assemblys do. with proofs,	5 2
7 do. in Leather, qt 16 sheets, S C, 9d,	15 3	32 Important cafes,	2 8
27 best pencils at 3d,	6 3	32 Willard on morality,	5 4
5 pocket books Small bd. in Leather,	3 4	2 doz. gilt horne bookes,	2 ..
26 do. qt 1-2 qr ordinary paper, 6d,	13 ..	1 doz. plain ditto,	6
19 do. in vellum rd and claspt, 16d,	1 5 4	36 Christians Thank offering,	3 ..
11 Letter cafes,	11 ..	3 God the guide of Youth,	9
23 pr. brafs compasses, Small and large,	1 3 ..	9 Lamentation of Mary Hooper,	9
3 Lead Stand dishes for ink,	1 ..	4 Rm. writing paper,	1 8 ..
68 doz. of Ink hornes, 2s 6d,	8 10 ..	2000 Wafers,	4 ..
7 Skins Turkey Leather,	2 2 ..	30 Collection of papers relating to the present affairs of England,	2 6
2 lb. 1-2 Vermilion,	1 10 ..	18 Bartons Thanksgiving Sermon,	1 6
10 Spectacle cafes gilt,	3 4	5 Stevens ditto,	5
13 do. black, not gilt,	3 3	20 Warnings to the unclean,	3 4
		1 1-2 lb. Sealing wax,	3 .
		4 doz. bookes Leafe brafs,	4 ..
		6 Pen knives,	3 ..
		3 Setts of Brafs Letters,	6 ..
		1 box	

1 box of Book binders tools,	15 ..	106 doz. Assemblys Catechism,	5 6 ..
1 pr. of money Scales,	1 ..	7 qr painted paper,	1 3
1 Book binders plow,	10 ..	190 Slates,	2 7 6
1 large Press,	16 ..	62 Sheets past board, 3d,	15 6
2 do. Small,	8 ..	88 qr Bills of Lading,	4 8 ..
2 Sewing presses,	4 ..	261 pr Clafps for Bibles,	1 .. 11
4 Common prayer Books, 1		6 Rm. whited brown paper,	1 10 ..
do. Turkey, 1 do. Shag-		52 Sheep Skins at 10d,	2 3 4
greene, 1 Mordens Geogra-		7 Rm. paper,	2 9 ..
phy, 1 Rawleighs abridge-		6 doz. Pfalters at 9s,	2 14 ..
ment, 1 Stanhops Kempis,		7 Calve Skins at 2s 4d,	16 4
2 Taylors Contempla:	2 5 ..	9 red Sheep Skins,	13 6
<i>Books, &amp;c., in the Chamber, vizt.</i>			
60 pocket books some rd,	3 8 ..	20 bundles of Scale, 2s,	2 .. ..
16 doz. gilt horne bookes,	16 ..	3 Rm. painted Paper,	12 ..
38 doz. plain do,	19 ..	25 Pfalters qrs. at 5d,	10 5
12 Rulers,	2 ..	18 Gumm araback,	18 ..
34 doz. White Spectacles, 3s,	5 2 ..	100 French Lettr:	8 4
17 doz. wood cafes,	1 14 ..	7 doz. Willards man of war,	14 ..
9 Letter cafes,	9 ..	2 lead Stand dishes,	8
1 Corderius,	2 ..	300 Law Books, qrs,	15 .. ..
14 Accidences, at 8d,	9 4	28 doz. Black Spectacles,	5 12 ..
3 Cato's,	2 6	16 doz. wood cafes,	1 12 ..
1 Pearce of Death,	1 ..	20 doz. Leather do,	3 .. ..
2 lb. Holmans Ink powder,	1 ..	4 doz. gilt do,	16 ..
2 lb. Sap green,	5 ..	14 Prospekt glasses, Vellum,	1 8 ..
53 Skins writing parchment,	2 13 ..	1 doz. do. ordinary,	4 ..
4 Skins Vellum,	6 ..	60 Rm. printing paper, 3s,	9 .. ..
6 Parchment Torrells,	4 ..	25 Willards peril of the time, 6d,	12 6
<i>Books, &amp;c., in the Garretts.</i>			
900 Ink pots, at 4d,	15 .. ..	25 — Defertions,	12 6
5 Bottoms pack thread,	1 8	50 Doolittles call,	1 5 ..
536 pieces of parchment for		200 do. in qrs, at 3d,	2 10 ..
folios, 3d,	6 14 ..	9 doz. Willard on morality,	18 ..
450 Stubs Conscience best		28 Warning to the Flocks,	1 2
friend, sheets,	1 17 6	3000 Wafers,	6 ..
18 Rm. Post paper, 15s,	13 10 ..	225 Psalm books, qrs, 10d,	9 7 6
4 Law Books Sticht,	4 ..	2000 Ordinary Quills,	10 ..
44 doz. Primmers,	4 8 ..	300 Primmers, qrs,	1 5 ..
		26 doz. Cards, at 2s,	2 12 ..
		5 doz. Psalm bookes, bound,	
		18d,	4 10 ..
			150 Families

*Perry's Inventory.*

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150 Families well ordered, 9 qrs, 1d,	12 6	43 Willards spiritual descr: bd, 6d.	1 1 6
25 Order of the Gospell, qrs, 3d,	6 3	50 Mathers Familys, bd, 5d,	1 .. 10
125 Spiritual defertions, 9 qrs, 3d,	1 11 3	15 Bailys life, bd, 4d,	5 ..
30 Mathers folly of Sinning, bd, 5d,	12 6	70 Early Religion,	11 8
		100 Doolittles Call, bd,	2 10 ..
		9 Burdwoods helps,	9 ..
		40 Accidences, 8d,	1 6 8

Apprifers, ZEC'A TUTHILL.  
THO. FITCH.  
BENJ. ELIOT.

Presented by the relic, widow JOANNA PERRY.

Date, *Boston*, January 23, 1700.





APPENDIX C.

LIST OF THE INHABITANTS OF BOSTON.  
1687.

**T**HE earliest published list of the inhabitants of Boston, we believe, is one dated in 1695, which was printed in Nathaniel Dearborn's "Boston Notions," in 1848. This list was taken from the Boston records; but as printed, its value is much diminished by the alphabetical arrangement adopted. We hope hereafter to print it in its original form. Two earlier lists, however, have been discovered among the Records at the State House, being the valuations for 1687 and for 1688.

From a transcript made by W. B. Trask, Esq., we now publish the earlier list, as it contains the names of those inhabitants who were contemporary with Dunton.

The figures placed after many of the names signify the number of persons in the family, aged sixteen and upwards.—W. H. W.

VALUATION OF PROPERTY—BOSTON, 1687.—BOOK 126, P. 286-306.  
MUDDY RIVER, 307. RUMNEY MARSH AND THE ISLANDS, 308.

- |                      |                       |                    |
|----------------------|-----------------------|--------------------|
| Francis Hudfon (2)   | William Dey           | Nathaniell Parkman |
| Thomas Atckins (2)   | Thomas Gutridge       | Laurence White     |
| George Hiscott (2)   | Sammuell Rucke, Jun'r | Benjamin Worthyleg |
| John Hiscott         | Mr. John Pennywell    | Robert Moore       |
| Benjamin Williams    | Michaell Shutt        | Robert Lash        |
| John Pollen          | John White            | Francis Whitman    |
| Sammuell Ruck, Sen'r | John Welch            | Benjamin Wardle    |
| Mr. Thomas Berrey    | William Greenough (4) | John Carter        |
| Hezechiah Hinkfman   | Edward Budd           | John Wilkins       |
| Nathaniell Hinkfman  | John Mattune          | John Ransford      |
- Edward



*Inhabitants of Boston.*

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Edward Collens	Jonathan Howard	John Holbrooke (2)
Mr. Sammuell Nowell	Jonathan Bill	John Leach
Percey Clarke	Sammuell Burnell	Sammuell Bayley, fayne- maker
Thomas Eldredge, Jun'r	Mr. Robert Bremston (2)	Joseph Eldredge (2)
Sammuell Wakefeild (2)	John Burredge	Sammuell Greenwood, Sr.
Mr. William Hobbey	Thomas Johnson	Andrew Elliott
George Hooper	William Downes	Thomas Edmunds
William Clough	Mr. Joseph Short	Charles Hopkins
Robert Seers	Edward Hemfeild	James Goodwin (3)
James Smith, Marriner	George Nowell	John Ammy
John Orris (2)	John Roberts	Nicolas Stone
Edward Ransford	Jobe Chamberlin	Widdow Kellond
Nicolas George	Samm'll Greenwood, Jr. (2)	Jonathan Jackfon
Robert Gammin	Joseph Graunt (2)	Widdow Hall
William Harris	William Huff	Widdow Hunt
Jonas Clarke	Edward Brecknell	Widdow Greenwood
Thomas Row, faylemaker (3)	John Pits	Widdow Gaurd
John Atwood (2)	Henery Kimbale	Christopher Hulland
Joseph Williams	John Major	[     ] Robe
George Robifon	John Merhale	Widdow Haneford
Thomas Thurton	William Burrows	Widdow Cotter
John Smith	John Scarlett	Widdow Blackwell
William Hunt	Joseph Tayler	Mr. Inceas Mather
William Everdon	Gabriell Fishlocke	Widdow Margett Smith
Daniell Ballerd	Sammuell Saxfton (2)	William Cundey
William Colman	Richard Shut (2)	Sammuell Hudfon
John Jacobs	William Parkeman	John Ormes
Alexander Seers	Zachariah Davis	Widdow Bell
John Oakey	Elias Parkeman	Thomas Goodall
Thomas Baker (3)	John Jervis, Sen'r	David Cummens
John Jervis, Jun'r	William Shute	Widdow Groves
John Stevens	Aurther Smith (2)	David Fauckner
Samfon Waters	Thomas Hunt (3)	Experience Orris
Robert Smith	Tymothy Thorneton (2)	Richard Tewell
Mr. Humphrey Lifcombe (3)	Erecte Clesbey	David Edwards
Mr. Thomas Lifcombe	David Robyfon	John Gey
John Viall	John Parmenter	Joseph Gallopp
Obediah Gill (3)	John Hulland	Benjamin Gallopp
William Davis	George Beard	William Dennis
Major John Richards	John Nath (2)	

Richard

Richard Whitredge	William Snell	Samuell Dobson
John Hunt	Ellias Kallender (3)	Jonathan Charles
Benjamin Breeme (2)	John Endicott (3)	James Halfey (2)
Richard Knight	Edward Weeden	Robert Lewes
William Trout	John Underwood	John Clesbey
Richard Travers (2)	Widdow Joules	James Howard
Samuell Jackfon	Mr. Addam Winthrop (2)	John Commer
Richard Travers, Jun'r	Thomas Fox	Danniell Turell, Jun'r
Daniell Turrell, Sen'r (2)	Robert Fethergill	William Bedlow
Jonathan Addams (2)	John Goff (2)	Capt. Anthony Howard
David Addams	Mrs. Winsley	(2)
Nathaniell Addams (2)	John Strid	Nathaniell Baker (2)
Abraham Addams	William Mumford	Edward Mortimore
David Eddows	David Copp (3)	Mr. John Foster (2)
Widdow Dowden	Daniell Travers	Caleb Rawlins
Samuell Burrell	Thomas Elliott	Edward Goodwin
Samuell Pecocke	Obediah Reade	Benjamin Rawlins
Rignall Gregnon	Edward Peggy	Mr. Kerke
John Wakefeild (2)	Richard Skinner	John Ketch
Obediah Wakefeild	Gilbert Cardey	John Playsted
John Nicols (2)	James Englifh	John Moore
John Bufhnell (2)	James Graunt	Thomas Kembale
Francis Ellis	George Loverine	Samuell Addams (2)
Mr. Middlecott	Jno : Farnum	John Bayley
Andrew Marriner (2)	William Johnfon	John Scate (2)
George Hallett	William Norton	John Barber
John Worden	David Norton	William Barrett
Joseph Arnold	Mr. Laufon, shipmaster	Thomas Moore
John Langdon, butcher	Andrew Dolberry	Edward Worrell
William Jeffery	Andrew Willett	Andrew Stillings
John Green	Charles Demerritt	Mathew Atkins
Edward Summers	Nicolas Winnopp	Edmund Mumford
John Search	Hennery Rawlins	Moffes Pearce (2)
Widdow Cundey	Erecte Hamlin	John Stanbridge
Samuell Phillips	John Keene (2)	Joseph Russell (2)
Samuell Turrell	Thomas Kellon	Henry Emes (2)
John Figg ( <i>or Higg</i> )	Thomas Beves	George Henly (2)
Widdow Collicott	Jabes Salter (2)	Tymothy Wadsworth
Mr. Morton Braer (3)	William Kent (2)	Thomas Cushing
John Pearce (2)	Thomas Warren	John Bearnard (2)

Thomas

Thomas Bearneard (2)	Sammuell Norden	William Ballentine
Daniell Travers, Jun'r	Sammuell Slack	John Gepfon
Robert Howard (2)	Jacobl Huen	James Rainthrop
Thomas Newman	Hennery Williams	John Courfer
William Roufe	Tymothy Pratt (2)	James Adams
Joseph Jackfon	Eliathar Blacke	Edward Adams
William Robey	Widdow Puglis	Widow Everell
James Thorneberry	Thomas Walter	Joseph Pearfe
Mathew Joanes	Widdow Martine	Samuel Walker
Abraham Gording	Gabriell Warner	Widow Manning
John Granton	Thomas Narrowmoor	Hugh Mullagin
John Trow	John Creassey	Thomas Hitchborn
Thomas Gold	Tho : Ashley	George Hollard, Jun'r
Tymothy Prout	John Blake	George Thomas (2)
Joseph Prout	Joseph Shaw	John Sharp
Robert Cumbey (2)	John Starr	Edmond Draper
Richard Wey (2)	Grigory Wackcom	Widow Elifa : Thompson
Docter William Hufe	James Dowell	Nathanael Williams
Docter John Clark	William Shipein	Ifaac Walker
Capt. Elifha Hutchifon	Richard Weeden	Thomas Stanbury
Widdow Warren	Nicolas White	Sufanna Walker, widow
Sufanah Oliver	Mr. John Jefferd	Jonathan Champion
Jno : Sneling	John Palmer	John Alden (2)
Wido Carwithen, alias Rolph	James Greene	Sufanna Lendall, widow
Daved Farnum	Robert Mare	Thomas Grofs
Widdow Keene	Sammuell Mansfeil	John Dyer
Widdow Saxton	Richard Ricrafft	Samuel Checkley (2)
George Callender	[ ] Litherwood, at the pelican	John Davis (2)
Mary Clarke	John Bolt	Joshua Winfor
Widdow Williams	John Champlin	Ifaac Lorin
John Williams, butcher	John Waffon	Jacob Randall
John Bowden	Joshuah Rawlins	Widow Winfor
Oliver Berry	Josiah Grice	John Cotta
Widdow Tomas	Samuel Grice	Joseph Hiller
Widdow Anderfon	John Lawfon	Thomas Savage
Widdow Baxter	John Barbur	John Nelfon
Deborah Prout	William Boulderfon	Thomas Pembarton
Allexander Plimly	George Briggs	Hannah Prowfe, widow
Widdow Webb	Richard Brookes (2)	John Carthew
		John Clarke

William

William Palfrey	Joseph Callow	John Walley, Sen'r
Edward Lillie	Thomas Cooke	Richard Preift
Lancelot Lake	Timothy Dwight (2)	Joseph Wing
Richard Cheever (3)	Phillip Langdon	John Lovering
David Harris	John Ricks (2)	Henry Mattocks
Gyles Dyer	Widow Newcombe	Richard Muffivant
Mary Milam, widow	Richard Narramore	Constantine Sandys
Francis Marshall	Henry Godfrey	Widow Dickerson
John Ballentine	Lot Gourding	John Holbrooke
William Long	Widow Whitwell	Thomas Veren
Elias Heath	William Smith	William Thwyng
John Yorke	Emm Gepson, widow	John Gwyn
John Coomes	William Bassett	John Ballentine
John Alcock	Thomas Barrington	John Farnum Tertius (2)
Job Prince	Samuel Johnson	John Aulgar (2)
Christopher Talbut	John Smith	Samuell Clarke
Nathanael Jewell	Pilgrim Sympkins	Thomas Barnes
Thomas Paddy	John Hunlock	Edward Crek & 3 men (4)
Ebenazar Price	Thomas Hatherly	Edward Watkins
John Walley, Jun'r	Thomas Pennant	Willi Couch
John Somes	Jacob Everitt	Johnathan Savige
Robert Perrin	Richard Talley	Joseph Soper
Mary Lake, widow	John Tyler	Jarvis Ballard
Thomas Child (2)	Oliver Tomlyn	Joseph Bradinge
Ralph Carter (2)	John Symons	Thomas Cutler, merchant
Robert Johnson	David Bassett	James Burges
Samuel Nanney	Henry Dawson	Capt. Blackwell & 1 man (2)
Samuel Mattocks, Sen'r	Henry Bennett	Robert Purdue
Samuel Mattocks, Jun'r	Edward Evered	James Websteir
Thomas Bishop	John Ferniside	Sammuel Howard
Ann Checkley, widow	Richard Ellis	John Marshall
Capt. William Wright (2)	Abraham Letherbridge	John Tuckerman, Ju'r
John Coney, Sen'r (2)	Jacob Ferniside	William Manley
Matthew Gros	Thomas Inglesby	Arthor Hale
Widow Turell	Thomas Gutteridge	John Fairefeld
Joseph Townfend (2)	William Jones	Bengemen Thrednedell
Widow Rock	Samuel Ruggles	Bartholme Thrednedle
Benjamin Backway	John Veren, Sen'r	James Hawkens & man (2)
Mr. Cotton Mather	John Veren, Jun'r	Ambrose Dawes
Isaac Jones	John Webber	

Jobe

Jobe Ingram	Richard Barrit	James Sherlock
Johnathan Dawes	John Bonner	Josiah Cobham
Dauniell Fairefeld	William Joyce	Monggoe Craford
Elliezur Faimden	Peter Affalli	Jofhuwaye Cobham
Thomas Cooper & man (2)	Thomas Harwod	Jemes Webster
Cristopher Flage	John Robbinfon	James Marshall
William Paine	James Tayler & man (2)	Charles Salter
Stephen Minor & man	Samuell Jacklin & man (2)	Aron Gefferies
David Stephens	Samuell Sparks	Thomas Hamblin
Roger Dubbledaye	John Borland	Richard Shering
Micael Homer	John Cordner	Elhanon Lion
Benjamen Emmones, Sen'r	William Gibfon & 2 men	Thomas Baker
(2)	(3)	William Turnor
Jeames Barton & man (2)	Grimefton Bowd & man (2)	John Jones
John Ruggles & man (2)	Thomas Phillippes	William Griges and man
Thomas Stedman	Nathaniel Collines	George Cable and man (2)
John Davis	Bartholme Chevers & 2	Edward Allin
Benjamen Walker	men (3)	James Prier
Richard Inglish	Samuell Lilli & man (2)	Obadiah Emmones
John Foy	John Waker	Nickcolas Hale
Jonas Clay	Samuell Homan	Thomas Madfon, Se'r
William Billings	Robbert Shelton	Thomas Madfon, Ju'r
Hugh Barton	Allin Noletre	Samuell Cahone
Abraham Smith	Edward Camer	Robbert Patin
John Saffin	Chriftopher Clark	John Vickcers
John Toker	Thomas Scot	Joseph Vickcers
Gorg Perfon	Thomas Duer	William Browne
Sammuell Ravenscroft &	Sampfon Duer	John Birge & 2 men (3)
man (2)	Jeames Nesbit	Henery Ingrum & man (2)
Jeremiah Toye	Lewes Allare	Thomas Hunt & man (2)
Jeames Fowele	John Strang	Widdow Edfell
Richard Lackey	Joffhua Brodbent	Mofes Bradford (2)
Nathanael Leagit	John Tribber	John Hill
Ifack Cufins	John Horton	Nicholas Shapleigh
Francis Foxcraft & man	Thomas Edwards	Thomas Harris (2)
(2)	William Parfons	James Worth
Richard Rodgers	John Wooddie & man (2)	Sarah Barrett, als.
Peter Clarke	James Cooke	Mary Thacher
Anthonie Chekley	Sampfon Stoddard	Widow Harrifon
Andrew Veach	Jeames Butler	Anthony Stoddard

William

William Dawes	Ephrem Saile (4)	Joseph Smith
Thomas Ratlif	John Gill	Francis Smith
James Cooper	John Lowel (2)	John Baker
Tho : Watkins at ——— (?)	Sufanah Stokes	Madam Rebecka Taylor
Steven Bat at ——— (?)	Eben Pierfe	James Loyde
George Hambleton	Tho : Cartor	Mr. [ ] Brockhoven
David Stephens	Tho : Clarke	Tho : Brenly
Dainel Harrife	Coll. Sam'll Shrimpton (2)	Will : Brenly
John Mulligen	Sam'll Hubbert	Will : Lamb
William Laing	Georg Hornebuckle	Nath : Green
James Carne & shopp	Will : Keen (2)	Jno : Gardner
John Edes & houfe	Joseph Phillips	Humpr : Richards
Cornellius Collins	Sam'll Plummer (2)	Sam'll Tylly
Arnold Collins	Ifaiah Toy	Bozone Allen (2)
Willam Griffin	Chriftor. Crow	Rob't Prife
Bengemen Peck	Gibfon Farr	John Thwing
Sammuel Jones	Joseph Rodgers	Joseph Peck
Willi Willfon	Tho : Skiner (2)	Rich : Crifpe
John Holland	Eliezer Moody	Will : White
Patrick Moyfler	Tho : Jackfon	Tho : Bulkly
Sammel Marshall & fonn	Tho : Parris	Manaffa Beck
(2)	Daved Jefferies (2)	Tho : Beedle
Willi Crichfeld	Michel Perry	Jno : Doffett, Sen'r
Richard Warner	Giles Mafter	Jno : Doffett, Jun'r
Dan : Royfe	Will : Lackey	Ezekel Levett
Joshua Atwater	Georg Farwell (2)	Daved Wailesby
Dainell Proctor	Tho : Gutterage	John Weft, Efq.
James Meers	Ben : Harris	Petor Haymon
Will : Bryant	Mary Lechfield	John Bonamy
Ben : Mountfort	John Paintor	Tho : Oakes
James Green (3)	Enock Greenleaf (2)	Ben : Bulifant, Efqr. (2)
Edmont Browne	Abigall Dudfon	Tho : Atkinson
Returne Waite	Edward Hutchinfon	Richard Procktor
John Roberts	Rodger Killcop	John Rowlestone
Experianc Willis	Sam'll Lynde	Georg Nickafon
Michaiel Willis (2)	Margret Thatcher	Jacob Holloway
James Barnes	Mofes Defhan	Sam'll Button
Humphey Perry	Will : Crow	Humpr : Parfon
Will : Browne	Will : Ardall	Joseph Allen
Mr. [ ] Maine (2)	Dan : Powning	Will : Hall

Mary

Mary Swett	Capt'n Nathll Byfield	Benjamin Alford
Nicholas Backfter	Edward Bertles	Richard Bulkley
Jos : Thaxter	William Gilbert	John Fayerweather
Will : Gibbons	Widdowe Smith	James Allin, Minifter
Joseph Davis	Henry Deering	Pen Townfend
Georg Dauson	Widdow Geerish	Humphry Davie
John Hayward	Richard Wilkins	John Davie
Mrs. Belengham	David Johnfon	Thomas Palmer
Francis Burroughs	Widdow Egerton	Henry Palmer
Tho : Bludfto	John Linfey	John Simmons
Thaddeus Macarty (3)	Hudfon Leverett	Joshua Moody (2)
John Kilby	Joseph Brunning	Joseph Belknap (3)
John Kilby, Jun'r	John Eyre	John Conny
Eliakim Hutchinson, Esq.(2)[ ] Maffy y <sup>e</sup> keeper	James Pemberton	Thomas Savage
Georg Elifton	Benjamin Pemberton	John Tuckerman
Joseph Webb	James Dennis, Senr.	Edward Steevens
Dority Hawkins	James Dennis, Junr.	Simon Lynd, Esq.
Habakuck Glover	Dennis Mathews	George Pordige (2)
Ralph Perkins	Simeon Messenger	Samuell Pordige
Tho : Smith	Samuel Legg	Samuell Bednell
Jotham Grover	Jeremiah Bumstead	Jeremiah Fitch (3)
Anne Hunt	Benjamin Negus, Junr.	Thomas Baker
John Wing	Widdowe Messinger	Simon Daniel (2)
Georg Tomfon	Abraham Pierce	John Royme
Hen : Sprie	Richard Christophers	Enoch Greenlieffe
Mary Tyng	Elisha Cooke	Roger Judd
John Tuttle	Madam Leverett	Mary Avery, widdowe
Robert Williams	Ezekiel Cheever	John Cord
Richard Reade	Henry Thyte (?)	Charles Swett
John Higgs (2)	Arthur Mafon (2)	Robert Huffy
Wm : Haberfield	David Mafon	George Monck (2)
James Woodmanfey	Abraham Browne	Henry Tickner
Thomas Kirke	Gamaliel Rogers	Thomas Cottle
Francis Mofs	John Briggs	Thomas Larkin
Thomas Edwards	Henry Sharp	Thomas Brightman
John Allen	Bernard Trott	Henry Brightman
James Cornifh	Thomas Tory	Florence Charty
Timothy Cunningham	Mary Stoddard, Widdowe	John Hurd
Capt'n Benjamin Davis	Peter Townfend	Sam'll Perine
Thomas Creefe		William Machelaffin

Peter

Peter Barker	Thomas Marshall (2)	Theodor Adkinfon
Mathew Rea	Dan'll Allin	Timothy Armatage
Jacob Randal	Widdowe Dudley	Edw : Willys
John Hannikin	Epiphras Shrimpton	Widd : Whetcombe
Jofhua Matfcock	Wm : Burt	Wm : Fisher
Coll. Nicho : Paige	Phillip Finny	Widd : Frost
Thomas Dudley	Sam'll Johnfon (2)	Jofeph Grinliffe
James Munteere	Sam'll Phillips	Jofeph Gridlee
Thomas Mallett	Edward Estill	Edw : Evens
[       ] Paige	Sam'll Landman	Henry Ellis
[       ] Duke	David Gwin	Robert Eable
Francis Legare	Mr. Sam'll Willard	Richard Draper
Warner Werendonke (3)	Thomas Smith	Richard Draper
Andrew Cunningham	John Byre	William Densden
Sam'll Phillips (2)	Widdowe Winflowe Judith	William Howe (2)
Dunkin Cambell	John Winslowe	Jofeph Hill
William Paine (2)	John Alden	Ifack Halem
Ifaac Addington	Thomas Borenger	Henry Calkott
Jabez Negus	John Joyliffe	Rich : Jackfon
John Rawlins	Rob't Butcher (3)	William James
Edward Pery	Ambros Dew	Jofeph Knight
John Adams	Nath'll Dew	John King
Thomas Thornton	Obadiah Dew	Henry Lowdor
Nicho : King	James Maxwell	David Landen (2)
Simeon Stoddard (2)	John Clowe	William Fuller
Edward Shippen (4)	Samuell Clowe	James Floode
James Cravin	Jofeph Bridgham (3)	John Fofdicke (2)
[       ] Glanvill, at Mr.	Sam'll Bill	Rich : Harris
——— (?)	Nath'll Foxe	Ambrofe Honywell
Jeremiah Dummer (2)	James Hill, (3)	Nath : Balfton
John Cole	Sam'll Parris	Tho : Bligh
Ebenezar Ruffell	Richard George	John Barrey
John Wayte	Peter Butler	Edw : Afhle
Coll. Freere	Charles Lidgett, Efq.	Rich : Cornifh
Stephen Werendonke	Mrs. Lewes	James Cornifh
Thomas Peck	Jonath : Bridgham	Caleb Chaiffn
Roger Gilbert	George Vaughan	Tho : Clarke
Robert Monkes	Harry Brenning	Ezek : Gardner
Widdowe Man	Tho : Banifter	Ifack Grigs
John Marshall	Samuell Bayton (2)	Benj : Gillam

Jofeph .



*Inhabitants of Boston.*

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Joseph Lowell, Sen'r	John Denfden	Wm : Robins
Joseph Lowell, Jun'r	Adam Denfden	Tho : Shipcott
John Lee	Joseph Denfden	Tho : Smith
Rich : Lofte	Edw : Drinker	Henry Shearloe
Widd : Langle	Joseph Day	Joseph Stocker
Wm : Needham	Sam'll Green	Tho : Stapleford
Rob't Omen	John Greenliffe	Tho : Wheler, Sen'or
Regnall Odor	Tho : Gretion	Tho : Wheler, Juin'or
Nath : Oliver	James Glaffe	Widd : Woodydy
Rob't Orchard	Wm : Holloway, Sen'r (2)	Edw : Wanton
Edw : Thwinge	Wm : Holloway, Jun'r	Sam'll Wurden
Nath : Thear	Abraham Harrifon	John Pinchin
Rich : Willy	Joshua Hubbert	Sam'll Pearce
Rob't Wright	Tho : Messenger (2)	John Poole (2)
John Winscome	Jacob Moline	Widd : Noife
Tho : Wiborne	John Math, butcher	Wm : Phillips
John Wear	Henry Munford	Edmond Perkins
John Temple	John Math, currier	Tho : Peck, Juinor
Arther Tanner	[Alexander Bulman]	Edw : Tommas
Gorge Turfeere	Edw : Brumfield	Rich : Patifhall (2)
Wm : Slacke	Jo : Apleton	John Peck
Rowland Stoope	Symon Bredstreet	Tho : Prince
Ralph Striker	John Baker	James Pecker
John Smith	John Cooke	James Penneman
Tho : Smith, blacksmith	Widd : Cooke	Barth : Sutton
Giles Silvester	John Curbe	Wm : Smith (2)
Ebenezer Messenger	Gilbert Cole (2)	Gorge Smith
Dan'll Oliver	David Crutch	Widd : Hough
Hugh Price	Tho : Pound	Widd : Stebbins
Henry Duen	Jonathan Pollord	Peter Sargent (2)
Tho : Davis	Joseph Parfons	John Salle
John Booker	Nath'll Pearce	John Merriam, Se'or
Abraham Blush (3)	Danell Quinze	Ifaack Merriam
Jonathan Balfton, Jun'r	John Melloes	Sam'll Merriam
Peter Bowden	Sam'll Marshall (2)	Rob't Sanders
John Balfton	Benj : Marshall	Stephen Sarjent
Jonathan Balfton, Sen'r	John Robinfon (2)	Henry Stephens
Stephen Butler	Tho : Raper	Sam'll Simfon (3)
Sam'll Bridge	Nath : Renolds	Joseph Sowter
Charles Blincoe	Joshua Rice	John Shawe

Widd :

Widd : Sharpe	Peter Warren	Hugh Drewry
[        ] Ratliffe	Wm : Obinfon	Sam'll Vefee
Widd : Pollard	Tho : Waggett	Eneas Solter (2)
Mathew Darbe	Alexander Symfon	Elizar Holioak
Benj : Merriam	Joseph Symfon	Sampfon Sheeffe
Widd : Parfons, for her weare houfe at y <sup>e</sup> dock	Domenick att Alex : Sym- fon's	James Smith
Will : Clarke	Tho : Linckhorne	Mofes Payne (2)
Tho : Saye	Rob't Sanderfon, Se'or	Rich : White
Sam'll Oker	Henry Allen	John Cornifh
Widd : Elizabeth Winfloe	Rob't Sanderfon, Ju'or	John Blake
John Bull	Peter Wyer	Tho : Phillips
Jofiah Fracklin	James Townfend (2)	Joseph Cowell
Wm : King	Laurence Waters	Edw : Cowell
John Balfon	Joseph Hoomes, Se'nor	Hezakiah Ufher
Wm : Rawfon	Joseph Hoomes, Ju'or	John Mafon
John Pell	Edw : Gouge	Sam'll Mafon
Mathias Smith	Gorge Mathews	Michael Shaller
Capt : Sam'll Sewell (2)	John Bennett	Sam'll East
Thomas Cobb	Tho : Walker, Sen'or (2)	Rich : Pearce
Rich : Cobb	David Hemes	Tho : Golde
Will : Tudman	Tho : Baker	Wm : Weaver
Nehemiah Pearce	Tho : Walker, Jun'or	Mathew Mably
Joseph Wheeler (2)	John Clowe	Capt : Roger Clape
Joseph Brifcoe (2)	John Squire	Giles Fifeilde
Will : Baker (2)	James White	Henry Cole
Will : Wallife	George Clark	Ifack Gooffe (2)
Tho : Wallife	Peter Welcome	Charles Martarine
John Cowell (2)	Widd : Elliott	James Johnfon
Timothy Paydon	Widd : Daves	Widd : Barnard
Sam'll Gray	Tho : Downe	Jonathan Wales
Elifha Odlin	Theophal : Frary (2)	Edw : Ellis
John Needham	Henry Lilly	John Goodwin
Jacob Elliott (3)	James Harris	Sam'll Bicknell
Soloman Raynsford	Widd : Elgafon	John Merriam, Ju'or (2)
Elizabeth Barnes	Satisfaction Belcher	John Simkins (2)
Tho : Moufett	Wm : Pollard	Rich : Keats (2)
Widd : Raynsford	John Belcher	Ephraim Hall
David Raynsford	Seth Perre (2)	Anth : Greenhill
	John Unett	Jonathan Francklin, in Wyar's houfe

Fearnott

*Inhabitants of Muddy River.* 331

Fearnott Shawe	Joshua Hues	Rich : Leeke
Rob't Browne	George Hues	Ralph Durdent
John Hewin	Wm: Effett	Sam'll Snow
John Wilkye	John Mulberre	Henry Wright
Wm: Middleton	Ifack White	

MUDDY RIVER VALUATION.

Thomas Gardner, Sen'r	Benjamin White	Daniell Huley
John White, Sen'r	Sammuell Clarke	Joseph Buckminster (2)
Peter Aspenall, Sen'r (2)	John Dvofion	William Parker
John Winchefer, Sen'r	George Bafftowe	Joshuah Kibbey
Robert Harris	Thomas Woodworth	Joshuah Child
Thomas Stedman (2)	William Willis	Andrew Gardner
John Harris	John Parker	Robert Sharpe
Tymothy Harris	Clement Corbin	Thomas Boylstone (2)
Joseph Davis	Roger Addams	Simon Gates
Daniell Harris	Jonathan Torry	Thomas Burton
Dorman Marrean (2)	Joseph Gardner	John White, Jun'r
Josiah Winchefer	Nathaniell Stedman and	Abraham Parker
Erafmos Drew (2)	Mother	George Woodward
Uriah Clarke	Mathew Miller	John Walworth
Joseph White	Arron Clarke	John Clarke
Thomas Gardner, Jun'r (2)	Widdow Clarke	John Winchefer, Jun'r
Joshua Gardner	Ebenezer Heath	James Parker

VALUATION OF RUMNEY MARSH AND THE ISLANDS, 1687.

James Bill, Sen'r	John Floyde	Aron Way (2)
James Bill, Jun'r	Ifaak Lewes	Wm : Ireland
Dean Winthrop	Sam'll Stocker	Sam'll Townfend
Will : Colmer (3)	Benjamin Muzzey	Jeremy Belcher
John Tuttle	Ditto Muzzey, Tenant to	John Sentor
Edward Tuttle	Mr. Page	Wm : Uftis
Elisha Tuttle	Teageo Barry	Wido : Maverick
Jona : Tuttle	Bryant Bradene	Elias Maverick

John

### 332 *Inhabitants of Rumney Marsh.*

John Smith  
Will : Hasey  
John Wifwal  
Tho : Chever  
Joseph Bill  
Gerham Davis  
Joseph Hasey  
Sam'll Weeden  
Sampson Cole  
Abra : Lewes

John Bull  
Rob't Renalds  
Rob't Muffey  
John Pratt  
Aphra Benit  
Hen : Maier, Long Iland  
(4)  
Eph : Savage, for Hog  
Iland (2)

Jno : Hore  
Coll : Sam'll Shrimpton,  
Nodle's Iland (3)  
Jno : Jackfon at Nodle's  
Iland  
Jno : Pittam at Dere Iland  
Nicholas Salsbery at Gov's  
Iland  
Georg Worthylake





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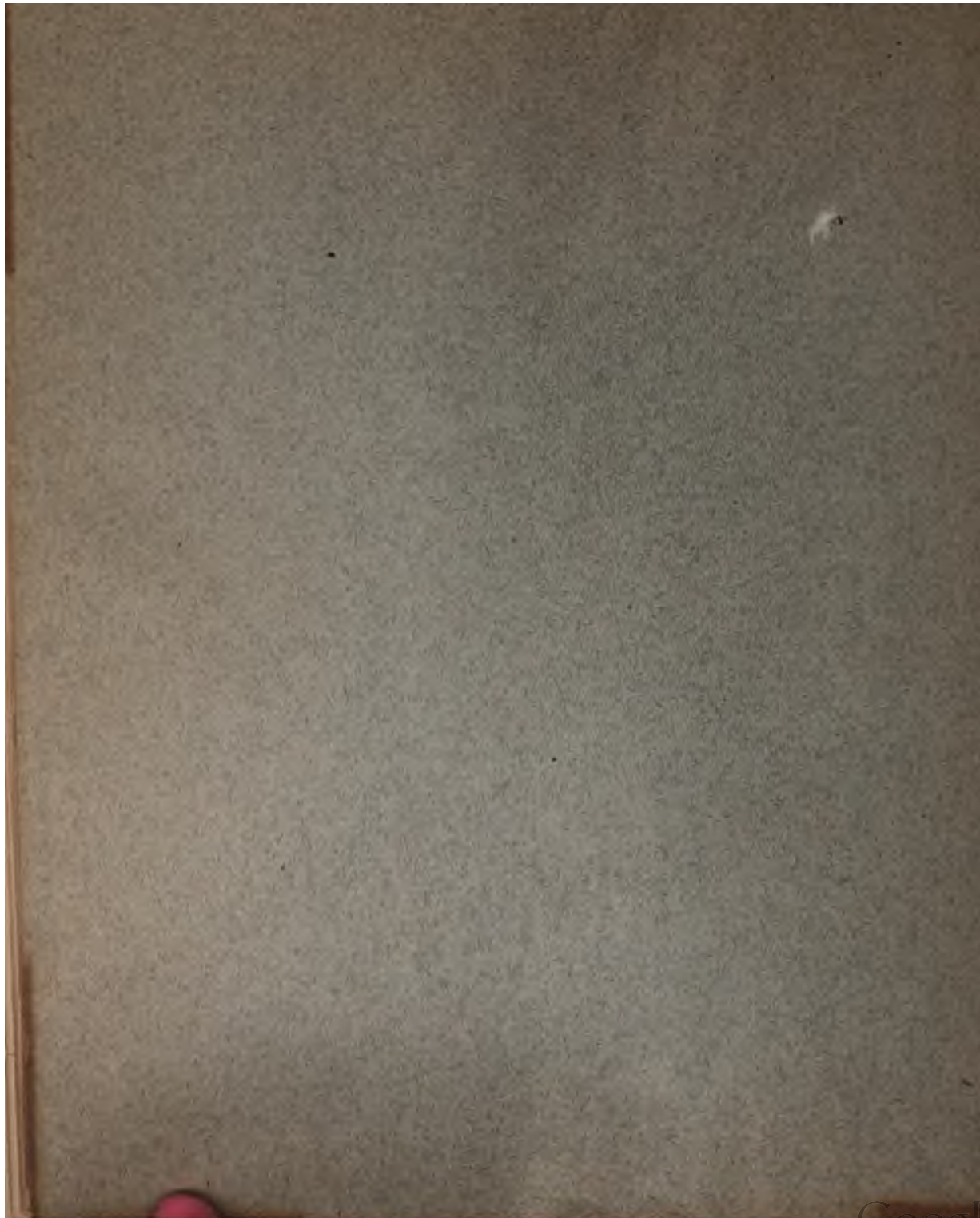
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